

# BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. IX.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1861.

NO. 25.

## CHARLEY'S REPLY TO PHRANQUE.

BY LITA H. BARNBY.

A very good lesson you've read me to-day—  
Antique, antiquated, and Phrantique old Phranque!  
And one may quick see that alone you will be,  
In life's many changes, or 'neath the grass-bank.

I imagine you now—village long, dried and thin,  
With white tangled locks, all uncared for and dank,  
A tall shriveled form in cold dignity stands,  
Antique, antiquated and Phrantique old Phranque!  
You might have been different, (I'll turn teacher now)  
If you'd but insisted on what was your right,  
Nor made that *tremendously dignified bow*,  
When another one sought to obtain your day-light.

You might then have had one to walk by your side,  
To share in your sorrows as well as your joys,  
And instead of a hopeless, old-bachelor life,  
A home-heaven full of bright-souled girls and boys!

And you wish me to follow example so good  
As you've set the world; but, I own, I forbear;  
Moralizing like yours will do, when time has flown,  
Remember—"A faint heart ne'er won lady fair!"

There is truth in your teaching, my friend old and thin:  
At a full market value, ourselves we should keep;  
But then, there's another extreme we must shun,  
Not to perch us so high, none can mount up the steep!

As for being called "sage" in some ten thousand years,  
T's a tiny inducement; I'll live while I live;  
I go for the pleasures of body and mind,  
Or my loss, in a future, I ne'er shall forgive.

So I'll keep up my courage, and woe night and day,  
Make love by bouquets, or upon the green bank,  
And I'll win, too, "My Annie, my darling, my pride,"  
Antique, antiquated, and Phrantique old Phranque!

Providence, R. I., July 29, 1861.

## A STORY FOR THE CHILDREN.

BY HELEN MAR.

One day last week, a sly little artist crept into my  
sleeping room and hid behind the door till I was in  
bed and the fire went out in my stove.

This little fellow was a very fine painter, but he  
never works in a warm room. Heat spoils all his  
pictures. He has a wonderful facility for creating  
novelties, yet he never uses more than one color, and  
understands light and shade to a charm.

I crept into bed, never dreaming that he was near,  
but not being very sleepy, laid awake thinking of  
the very many pretty children who love to hear me  
tell stories. By-and-by I heard a little click, click-  
ing noise out by my washstand; then I knew he  
was getting his palette and brushes ready for a  
night's work; so tucking the quilts closely round my  
neck, I went to sleep.

When I awoke in the morning, what a splendid  
spectacle was presented to my view! Every window  
pane in my room was covered with beautiful pic-  
tures, and a crystal bridge was built across my wash  
bowl.

On one pane was a beautiful cascade dashing  
among the rocks; then an old meadow, full of rotten  
logs and stumps, with a squirrel sitting on a rail,  
cracking nuts; next came an old ruined castle, and  
mountains in the distance; now a large city full of  
spires; then a dense forest with a log hut covered  
with snow. On another was a frozen volcano and a  
water-spout. One pane looked as if a young hurri-  
cane was just started, and another had an earth-  
quake pictured out. Next came a lake with boats  
all frozen in, and boys skating; on another pane I  
noticed that the great pyramid of Egypt was tipped  
bottom upward on the top of Dunker Hill monument,  
and all the news boys were up there at a picnic!

Trinity church had made a voyage to Rome in a bal-  
loon, and alighted on the dome of St. Peter's, and  
hung out the American flag from the cupola. On the  
next window, the Capitol at Washington was  
propped up with rails, like an old barn, to keep it  
from falling; and all the windows in the Capitol were  
outlined with champagne bottles stuck full with ci-  
gar stoppers.

I thought these very queer pictures, and supposed  
the artist must be crazy to mix things up so, when I  
saw on another pane, a dandy looking in a mirror  
with a monkey, and quarrelling with him about  
which face belonged to him. Poor Jacko was very  
unwilling to give up his phiz, but the dandy would  
claim it as his own, so Jacko was obliged to yield.

Now, children, can you guess who that sly painter  
is? 'Tis Jack Frost, who sometimes nips your ears!  
But there is another painter who makes ugly black  
pictures in your heart. You had better look for him  
and keep him out of your sleeping-rooms. He has  
three names—bad books, bad company, and bad hab-  
its. His paintings are very hard to rub out; they  
will stand heat and cold, and will always stick to  
you, so that everybody can see what frightful daubs  
they are. But if you keep your hearts very clean,  
his colors will not spread, and perhaps the angels  
will come and paint some beautiful pictures there—  
*Life Illustrated.*

IGNORANCE.—Never be ashamed of confessing your  
ignorance, for the wisest man upon earth is ig-  
norant of many things, inasmuch that what he knows  
is mere nothing in comparison with what he does  
not know. There can not be a greater folly in the  
world than to suppose we know everything.

A man flexibly good seems all the better for living  
in the midst of bad men, just as roses and violets  
are said to spring more fragrant near garlic and on-  
ions, the latter imbuing all the ill odor of the earth.

## SPIRIT PAINTING.

CHAPTER I.

"Standish, by all that is acceptable!"  
"Frank Markham, by all that is hairy! Why  
Frank, man, where do you spring from, after being  
lost to the world for years?"

"I have been completing my education as a paint-  
er, my dear Alf. Last of all I come from my studio  
in Brompton, and before that from Jerusalem, where  
I have been painting a big picture; and if you will  
look for it next year at the Academy, your weak  
mind will be astonished to find all my Jews with  
blue eyes and unobtrusive noses, which, after all is  
the most frequent type out there. And now, Alfred,  
what of you during the four years I have been trav-  
elling—married?" (I knew Alfred had been in love  
for years.)

"Yes; my uncle, Sir James, is dead, and I have  
been married these three years and more. And some  
day, Frank, you must see my little son."

"And his mamma," interrupted I. "Why, Sir Al-  
fred, have you forgotten the old agreement that I  
was to take your wife's picture. Luckily, I have  
waited so long that I can now introduce the young  
heir, too."

So it was all arranged; and soon after (it was in  
the pleasant month of August) I found myself on  
my way to Garton. It was a quaint and castellated  
house, consisting mostly of several octagon towers.  
There was a fine view of the sea from the hall door;  
indeed you had not many hundred yards to go to  
find yourself on the edge of the cliff, against which,  
at high tides, the sea impatiently beat, as if longing  
to undermine it all. I found myself alone on arriv-  
ing at Garton; both Sir Alfred and Lady Standish  
were out; but, as I returned from a short ramble  
on shore, I found Lady Standish just alighting from  
her carriage at her own door.

"Mr. Markham, I presume," she said; and apolo-  
gizing for the absence of Sir Alfred, she led the way  
to a bench in the garden, where we sat talking for  
some time.

I remembered how Alfred used to rave to me about  
his Isobel's wonderful hair, in the days when I was  
his confidant; he used to declare it would puzzle me  
when I came to paint it, being the true "blue-black,"  
which was so rare and beautiful. I smiled to my-  
self now, as I glanced at Lady Standish's head, for  
I could see nothing peculiar in her hair; it was fine  
dark hair, but very much like anybody else's. So  
much, thought I, for lover's rhapsodies! I was ex-  
amining her attentively, as we sat talking, and ap-  
proved what I saw very much. She was handsome,  
with a regular style of beauty, and a slightly dis-  
dainful expression about the lips, which I fancied  
deepened as Sir Alfred by-and-by came out of the  
house to us, and began overwhelming me with apolo-  
gies for having mistaken the day of my arrival.

"And have you seen the boy?" asked Alfred eagerly.  
"Oh! I must fetch him to you, he is just gone in  
to his tea; he has been with me all the afternoon.  
Now, Markham, you must admire him!" And off he  
ran to the house.

"Sir Alfred is mad about the child," said Lady  
Standish to me, as we watched his retreating figure.  
"I believe he considers it quite perfect, and thinks  
of nothing else."

"An amiable weakness, we must allow," said I,  
smiling.

"Must we?" said she. "I am afraid I should  
never consider any weakness amiable, at any rate in  
a man."

"You would not expect any very great decision  
from Alfred's chin, would you?"

"You are a physiognomist?" she asked, in answer.

"I could scarcely be a painter without having a  
little knowledge of the science," replied I. "I am  
going to study you for the next two days, if you will  
allow me; for I should like the picture to be a pic-  
ture of you, not only of Lady Standish the outer."

She turned and gave me her first smile, which  
made her face positively beautiful for a moment;  
but the next it faded, as Sir Alfred re-appeared, car-  
rying his son.

"I must go in," she said hurriedly; and passing  
them without a word, she left her husband to show  
off the child to me, which he did with the greatest  
delight; indeed, he might well be proud of the hand-  
some little fellow, though I certainly thought he  
looked delicate.

I thought Sir Alfred and his wife the most melan-  
choly examples of married lovers I had ever come  
across—how sad, I mused, if so much love can so  
degenerate by custom. I knew how madly Alfred  
had been in love, and I saw there was much about  
her that might have warranted it when her manner  
to him had not that blighting bitterness, almost in-  
sulting to a man. It was at times difficult, as I of-  
ten found, to keep up the ball of conversation at din-  
ner. She talked well, and was evidently clever, but  
the moment he joined in the discussion, on whatever  
subject it might be, she instantly closed her lips and  
retired from the field.

It was after one of these rather awkward pauses,  
that to introduce a new subject, I one evening  
brought forward some sentiment about the sea:

"You must love it dearly, Lady Standish, for I be-  
lieve you have lived near it all your life, have you  
not?"

"Never till I married, and I dislike it particu-  
larly," was her reply, and gathering the lace shawl  
she wore round her fine figure, she rose and left the  
dining room.

"I thought Lady Standish used to live near here  
in your uncle's time," I said to Standish.

"It was not that Isobel I married," said Sir Al-  
fred, rising, and going to the chimney-piece, against  
which he leaned his head as he spoke. "The man-  
oeuvres of others, and my own lamentable weakness,  
against which you, Markham, so often warned me,  
separated us."

Then the next moment, as though to console him-  
self, he began talking about his boy. Certainly never  
was any one more wrapped up in another, than  
Standish in that child; a frail tenure of happiness  
I used to think, as I was drawing his pale oval face.  
His very beauty had a warning in it; those strange  
spiritual eyes, in a child, with the dark rims under  
them, predicted anything but a long or easy life.  
Meantime I seemed to have a talent for introducing  
disagreeable subjects: one evening, Alfred Standish,  
approaching a side-table, uttered a sudden exclamation,  
then correcting himself, said angrily, as he took  
up a vase with some passion flowers in it:

"Who brought these flowers here?"

"I did," said I, looking up from the sofa where I  
was lounging, exhausted by the day's labors; "I  
brought them for Lady Standish, thinking she might  
like the novelty of them. I have not seen any in  
your gardens: they are passion flowers, Lady Stand-  
ish, and the place where I found them would make a  
picture in itself—they were the pole-remains of civil-  
ization in a deserted house, about five miles from  
here, along the cliff; it seems partly pulled down.  
Who lived there, Alfred?"

"I—what does it signify? I am sure, Isobel—  
Lady Standish does not care for those flowers."

"You are mistaken, Sir Alfred," replied Lady  
Standish, for once looking full at him with her clear  
liquid eyes. "I like them very much, and am much  
obliged to Mr. Markham."

Before her hand could touch the flower I extended  
to her, Sir Alfred had snatched it from me.

"I can't bear the sight of them," he said—then as  
if ashamed of his impetuosity, he walked to the other  
end of the room.

"Let us have some music," said Lady Standish,  
calmly, after following him with her eyes in a dis-  
dainful questioning manner for a moment; but I  
thought her hand shook as she turned over the mu-  
sic in the portfolio, and her full deep voice was more  
passionate than ever, as its rich cadences swelled on  
my ear. There were tones in her voice that quite  
surprised you with their pathos. When she was  
about to retire for the night, she said: "I forgot to  
tell you, Sir Alfred, that the Bruces were here to-day,  
and I asked them to dinner next week. We owe the  
county a feast, so we may as well get over them all  
at once. I fixed Friday week, the 20th."

When I came back from opening the door for her,  
I found Alfred as pale as death.

"Is it not astonishing, amazing," he said passion-  
ately, "how some women love to wound and hurt  
you? Was there no other day she could have fixed  
for her company than this one—this 20th? She  
knew how I must feel it."

"Is it an anniversary, then?" I asked.

"Markham! it is the day she—my Isobel de-  
stroyed herself for my sake."

He remained silent for some moments, not appear-  
ing to heed my expressions of regret at having in-  
voluntarily introduced so painful a subject; but  
after a while, endeavoring to recover himself, he  
asked me to come to his private room.

"I want you to see her picture, that you may see  
what you might have painted."

He took it from a secret drawer in his desk. It  
was no photograph, none of those soulless things,  
giving the most unnatural of all expressions, a fixed  
one; it was a miniature, beautifully painted; the  
artist had felt what he represented in his own soul,  
and so passed it on to yours. The globular under-  
eyelid, the short upper lip, spoke of a very sensitive  
character, the heavy brow of a melancholy one;  
there, too, was the blue-black hair of which I had  
so little a model; she never wanted to move, and her  
very words came from her lips without seeming to  
make them stir. The subject she liked speaking of  
best, was the Standish child. She never wearied of  
hearing all I could tell about him; she seemed to  
forget herself and all else gazing at this picture, and  
sometimes she would draw me on to tell her of his  
father's great love for him, which it seemed had al-  
most passed into a proverb in the country. I so  
often heard people attacking him for doating on his  
boy.

We were discussing this subject, as usual, one  
morning, about a week after her first appearance in  
my room.

"I really believe," I was saying, "Standish makes  
a perfect idol of that boy!"

"If we have idols, we shall suffer through them,"  
replied my visitor, in her calm, quiet voice.

"Ah, I fear there is only too much truth in that,"  
I answered; "it is not only the heathen who re-  
quire to have their idols taken away from them. We,  
too, almost every one of us, have something—"

"Frank, who in the name of goodness are you  
talking to?"

I looked up, and saw Standish's amused question-  
ing face looking in at the opening window. To  
spring forward and place myself between the lady  
and him was the impulse of the moment.

"What brings you out so early, my good friend?"  
I said, to parry the question.

"The natural restlessness of the individual, I  
suppose. Seriously, Frank, who were you talking to?  
I have heard you morning after morning as I  
passed the window, but have had too much discre-  
tion to look in before, thinking I might disturb  
you."

"You can't come in—do n't come in. Lady Stand-

ish had turned very cold, and the sun gone in; when,  
looking quickly up I saw that a lady had entered  
the room, and now stood by the door, which she had  
closed after her. She was dressed wholly in dark  
violet, and a large shawl of the same material as  
her dress was draped around her. Her face was al-  
most hidden by a large drooping hat with a long  
feather, which she wore very low over her eyes.

"Can I be of any service to you, madam?" I asked,  
advancing to her with my palette still in my  
hand, as she did not seem about to speak.

"Of the very greatest, sir, if you will," was the  
reply, in a sweet voice, which had the peculiarity  
of a total want of intonation. "Indeed, I am com-  
ing to ask you a favor."

I bowed, and renewed my offers of service.

"You will think my request a very extraordinary  
one. I am come to ask you to take my picture."

As she spoke she removed her hat, and stood mo-  
tionless before me, as if prepared for my examina-  
tion. I saw a face, which without having positive  
beauty, you could not look at once without longing  
to see it again. Some memory, I know not what,  
haunted me as I gazed at her. Yet I felt sure I had  
never seen her before. The peculiarity of her face  
was her low white forehead, over which the dark  
hair was tightly drawn. As I looked at her I thought  
what a splendid Judith she would make, after the  
sacrifice of Holofernes. Yet there was a look of  
deep sorrow in her eyes, which when raised, I saw  
to my surprise were deep blue, a most uncommon  
conjunction with such black hair.

"You would not refuse me, indeed you would not,"  
she said, finding I did not immediately reply to her  
request, clasping her hands in front of her, "if you  
knew how much depended on it—and I must add to  
this another petition, strange as you may think it—  
that you will mention to no one my having been  
here, and if you do paint me, that you will show the  
picture to no one until it is finished—then I will re-  
lease you from the promise of secrecy, and you will  
understand the reasons for it."

The mystery of the affair piqued and pleased me.

"I shall be happy," I said, to "accede to your re-  
quest."

"Thank you—I thank you—you know not how  
much. Can you begin directly?"

I looked around, somewhat surprised at this great  
haste. Fortunately, I had brought two ready  
stretched and prepared canvases, not being sure of  
the right size for Lady Standish's picture, and plac-  
ing the one not yet used on the easel, I invited my  
visitor to take her place.

"What is your idea for the picture?" said I.

"Have you any particular fancy or wish?"

"I wish for no ornament," she replied. "Yet  
stay," looking round, and seeing the passion flowers  
on the table, "if you will allow me, I will place one  
of these in my hair."

She did so, and again stood before me. Where had  
I seen that face before?

"That is a very despairing attitude you have  
chosen," said I, with a smile, as she hung down her  
clapped hands and dropped her head a little.

"That is what it should be," she replied. "Oblige  
me by letting it be so."

It was as well to humor her to her full bent;  
therefore I began to sketch, and continued steadily  
at work for the next hour or more, till the sounds of  
life and resumed animation began to reach us from  
the house. Then she suddenly looked up.

"I will, if you please, return to-morrow morning  
at the same hour," she said, and replacing her large  
hat, she bade me to remember her injunction of  
secrecy, which I promised to do. She made me a little  
inclination of the head, and glided from the room.

Every morning she came again, and the picture  
grew beneath my hand till I almost loved it. There  
was something wild and strange about it for all the  
graceful quiet of the figure before me. I never had  
so still a model; she never wanted to move, and her  
very words came from her lips without seeming to  
make them stir. The subject she liked speaking of  
best, was the Standish child. She never wearied of  
hearing all I could tell about him; she seemed to  
forget herself and all else gazing at this picture, and  
sometimes she would draw me on to tell her of his  
father's great love for him, which it seemed had al-  
most passed into a proverb in the country. I so  
often heard people attacking him for doating on his  
boy.

We were discussing this subject, as usual, one  
morning, about a week after her first appearance in  
my room.

"I really believe," I was saying, "Standish makes  
a perfect idol of that boy!"

"If we have idols, we shall suffer through them,"  
replied my visitor, in her calm, quiet voice.

"Ah, I fear there is only too much truth in that,"  
I answered; "it is not only the heathen who re-  
quire to have their idols taken away from them. We,  
too, almost every one of us, have something—"

"Frank, who in the name of goodness are you  
talking to?"

I looked up, and saw Standish's amused question-  
ing face looking in at the opening window. To  
spring forward and place myself between the lady  
and him was the impulse of the moment.

"What brings you out so early, my good friend?"  
I said, to parry the question.

"The natural restlessness of the individual, I  
suppose. Seriously, Frank, who were you talking to?  
I have heard you morning after morning as I  
passed the window, but have had too much discre-  
tion to look in before, thinking I might disturb  
you."

"You can't come in—do n't come in. Lady Stand-

ish never sits so early," I hastened to interpose,  
thinking perhaps he was jealous.

"Lady Standish—nonsense—come, who was it,  
Frank?" and placing his hand on the window-bench,  
he, to my extreme discomfiture, vaulted in. I looked  
around in terror at the thought of my visitor's dia-  
may.

"It is not my fault, madam; this is Sir Alfred  
Stan—"

I was spared the trouble of explanation.

She had disappeared.

"Frank," exclaimed the agitated voice of Standish,  
"in the name of Heaven, what is this?" He was  
standing opposite the uncovered picture I had been  
interrupted in.

"That—oh—a—fancy—an idea," stammered I.

"Idea! Fancy! Oh, Isobel!" was the reply.

Isobel—the mystery was explained. Yes, I had  
seen that face before, in 'the miniature' but she,  
what was she? and what was I? I staggered and  
sank down on a chair.

"What is the matter, Frank? Nay, are you  
vexed at my coming in and discovering it before it  
was finished? Were you doing it for me, old fellow?  
It was very kind of you. But fancy being able to  
do that from memory, and only of a picture too!  
Oh, Frank! can you wonder if that one short look  
at her picture so impressed her on your memory,  
that the reality can never, never fade from mine?"

He paused, overcome. What could I say! I  
gasped for breath.

"It was not all imagination," I began; then re-  
membering my promise to her, I stopped. "Alfred,  
promise me you will not come here again—not before  
breakfast, till the picture is finished; then—"

"Why, Frank, what is the matter with you?  
You look so queer, and 'not come here'—what do  
you mean? You little know the pleasure it is to  
me to gaze at her."

"But you must not; you must not," I repeated;  
at any rate, not till it is finished. Give me air,  
Standish."

"Why, old man, you are taking it quite to heart!  
Well, till the picture is finished, I will try and keep  
away."

I did not close my eyes that night. Had they  
played me false the whole of the past week, and  
was it all a delusion; or was she— I could not  
mould my thoughts into shape. After a sleepless  
night I rose, still earlier than before, anticipating  
that it being the day of the great dinner party, the  
stir in the house would begin more betimes than  
usual.

Early as I was, she was before me. I felt her  
presence before I opened the door. She was stand-  
ing in her old attitude before the picture of the child  
Alfred. She turned slowly to me as I muttered  
some incoherent greeting—some excuse for our hav-  
ing been disturbed the day before.

"It matters little to me," she said; "nothing  
matters much; my errand is nearly done."

Once more she placed herself as before; once  
more I began my work, and now I began to plead  
with her to make herself known to Sir Alfred.

"He recognized your picture," I urged. "I fear  
he feels only too much for you as it is—for your  
unhappy fate; for his sake, for the sake of his  
future peace, do not hide yourself any longer from  
him; let him know the truth, and then leave."

"The truth!" she repeated.

"The truth!" echoed another voice; and Standish  
was again by my side.

"Frank, my dear fellow! what are you talking  
about! Are you unwell?"

I looked from him to her: she did not move.

"No, Alfred," I said; but see, your lost Isobel is  
there!"

"Frank!" repeated Standish, in apparent aston-  
ishment, "what are you saying?"

"I have promised to keep her secret," I continued,  
"but you have broken your word, so I must forfeit  
mine. Have you nothing to say to her?"

I waved my hand toward her. He stared strange-  
ly round.

"I see nothing," he said.

"He does not see me," the calm voice of Isobel  
said, breaking the silence. "He can neither see nor  
hear me. Tell him from me, the message I come to  
bring. I come from an unhallowed grave to warn  
him."

The drops of agony stood on my forehead as I re-  
peated after her that fearful message:

"This, this is the warning," I continued, still fol-  
lowing her, word for word. "Beware of idols, of  
earthly idols, Alfred! For her great love for you  
she forfeited her hopes of life on earth and peace in  
heaven. She loved you too much for her peace; too  
much to live without you; and when she heard your  
resolution had given way, that you had proved faith-  
less, her brain reeled, and in a moment of madness  
she destroyed the life she no longer valued. Now  
she knows how terrible it is to have an earthly idol  
between the soul and heaven. Now she knows to  
what it may lead: now that she sees you are about  
to fall into the same error—about to set up for your-  
self an idol in the shape of the son as she did of the  
father—she comes to warn you ere it be too late; to  
tell you that is a sin; to remind you if we have idols  
we shall suffer through them."

"Frank, for heaven's sake, compose yourself; you  
will go mad!" exclaimed Alfred, as I paused, almost  
exhausted with the impetuosity with which I had re-  
peated her words. She was calm enough, heaven  
knows!

"Hush! she speaks again," I replied, an irresis-  
tible power again compelling me to be the interpreter  
of the, to him, voiceless warning. "She leaves this



picture to keep this in your mind; to remind you, not in love, but in warning of the one who lost her soul through idleness. Heavens! Standish, she is crying in despair. Alfred! Alfred! do you neither hear nor see her?"

"Dear Heavens, I shall go mad!" exclaimed Alfred, pressing his hands on his eyes, then staggering forwards as I would have dragged him toward her, with his hands out."

"Touch her; feel her; it is no illusion!" I almost screamed, as I tore him on. Then the figure I gazed on seemed to fade before my eyes; the colors grew dim; the outlines blurred. There was a passionate wall of "Alfred!" and the whole vanished into mist.

And with an exclamation of horror all my senses gave way; and when, after tossing in delirium for weeks after, I at last rose from the bed which had almost been my death-bed, I smiled to myself to hear them say, too much work and exertion, and an over-excited brain, had brought on brain fever.

I knew what it was, and Alfred.

[Original.]

## A PRAYER OF NATURE.

BY GEORGE G. W. MORGAN.

Creator, Ruler, Father, Friend,  
Part of the common world,  
In mercy thine attention lend  
This outburst of my soul.

Without a thought, or wish, I find  
Myself upon the earth,  
And scarcely can compose my mind  
To bless or blame my birth.

All seems confusion; all blind will;  
Harsh tyrants rule supreme;  
The world seems robes in darkness; still  
Of sunshine there's a gleam.

Though all seems wrapt in dark abyss,  
This truth at least is plain;  
A world of beauty, such as this,  
Was never made in vain.

All things so wondrous; so profuse  
In all that man can crave  
To yield him happiness in use  
From childhood to the grave.

And were it not from out the whole  
A progress clear I see,  
My grief would be beyond control;  
I soon would cease to be.

My reason tells me all is planned  
With kind paternal aim;  
Yet vice and riot o'er the land—  
'E'en fiends should blush with shame.

No man is perfect; every one  
Has some defect or flaw;  
Were all men tried, but few or none  
Would 'scape some outraged law.

Men live and learn, impart and leave;  
They store the world's wealth;  
The individual loss we grieve  
May yield a public gain.

Though possibly no one may fill  
The place of those who die,  
The aggregate of mankind will  
More than the void supply.

As weavers sometimes mend a thread  
Which others may have dropped—  
So men in others' footsteps tread  
And start from where they stopped.

From former evil, good succeeds;  
Of Force is Freedom born;  
And tolerance from bigot's creeds  
As from dark night bright morn.

While brutes remain as first they were,  
Man's heart grows fiercer, warmer;  
The records of the world declare,  
Each age excels the former.

Like ships upon a stormy ocean,  
Feel every backward roll,  
As well as forward, upward motion,  
And reach at length the goal.

The good's preserved, the bad's destroyed;  
Fools are by folly checked;  
And all the rocks and shoals avoid  
That may have others wrecked.

If in a pond a pebble's hurled,  
'T will influence the whole—  
The same effect upon the world  
Has one pure, noble soul.

Men feed on others' thoughts and deeds,  
And grow from what they feed on—  
The world will follow—all it needs  
Is faithful men to lead on.

Then, Father, grant it be my fate  
To live a life so true,  
So free from guile, deceit or hate,  
And prove me worthy you.

I want—not honors, wealth or fame—  
A soul, pure and refined;  
To earn a high, immortal name  
For service to mankind.

## In Others' Eyes.

Barnes' address to the house that he saw crawling over a pretty young lady's bonnet, during church service, has a point to it which he did not omit to make the most of himself. It is compressed into this immortal couplet:—

"O, wad some power the gifle gie us,  
To see ourselves as others see us!"

and he rationally concludes that—"fra many a blunder it wad free us," when we were inclined to go astray. A capital thing it is to be able to go out of one's self and look at one's nature at a distance, as it were. We dwell so constantly within ourselves, and are so closely occupied with our own thoughts about pleasure or business, that the season we devote to self-contemplation is little enough at the best. Hence, criticism from others, who are not in half as favorable a position as we are ourselves to bestow it, comes in to supply the place which is naturally left us to supply; and the unfair, cruel, and even malicious judgments passed upon us, from time to time, by others, are the only standards by which we permit ourselves to be superficially known of men.

We protest heartily against living for other people's eyes, or prejudices; let us live for our own at first, and so live nobly and consistently. Yet we cannot refuse, occasionally, to turn and estimate the values that are placed upon us, in a hasty and haphazard way, by others. Even their total ignorance of us, when made up into a presumptuous opinion, may contain many a hint that is capable of being turned to account. So let us not lament, or give others over to scorn, though we think ever so little of their notions and their prejudices. Wisdom bids us live, first, to ourselves, and live truly and not falsely; it also tells us that others may see us at an angle of vision unattainable by ourselves, because their view is outward and distant. We are not to forget that, even while we appear to ourselves to be almost above criticism, we may be laughing-stocks indeed to those who look out of eyes not our own.

## Original Essays.

### ANCIENT OLIMPIES OF THE SPIRIT-LAND.

NUMBER THIRTY-TWO.

Another early bulwark of the church, St. Austin, appeals to the precedent phenomena of all past time as a basis of the so-called Christian miracles—such as healing diseases and raising the dead to life, &c. "The miracles of cures, without mentioning the rest, would fill a great number of volumes. When I saw the effects of the Divine powers, like to those of the ancients, so frequently exerted also in our own times, I deemed it unwise that such things should be lost from the notice of the multitude."

Says Middleton, "I have dwelt the longer on these miracles than the importance of them may be thought to require; but they are so precisely described and authentically attested by one of the most venerable Fathers in all antiquity, who affirms them to have been wrought within his own knowledge, and under his own eyes, that they seem of all others the best adapted to evince the truth of what I have been advancing, and to illustrate the real character of all other miracles of the primitive times, both before and after them. Dr. Chapman, however, speaking of the very same miracles, roundly declares them all to be so strongly attested, both by the effects, and the relations of them, that to doubt their reality were to doubt the evidence of sense."

Can a church, built upon the misunderstood phenomena of the past, afford to sneer at a church arising upon the scientific reception of similar phenomena, adjusted to law and conditions, with the mesmerio medium opening the way of life between the two worlds, and unveiling the mysteries of Godliness? Without this key, Dr. Middleton, like thousands of others, failed to open the mystical treasure, and so rejected the so-called miracles as of priestcraft and imposture, colluded with the besotted ignorance and superstition of the multitude. Doubtless, there was much of this, yet there was a mighty basis of truth which modern Spiritualism completely proves. True, there are no miracles or confusion of law. It is only ignorance and blindness that thus interprets—but there is a spiritually natural order of beings where phenomena occur, which can be scientifically attested as being amenable to law and conditions. We know whereof we speak from the experience of a number of years, and our experiments are continued even to this day. We can only laugh at the *Mumbo-Jumbos* of the churches, when we look into the trough from which they drank their living waters. There were some curious reflections as they saw themselves as through a glass darkly. St. Athanasius relates of St. Anthony that he found Satan knocking at his door, having come "to beg a truce of the Saint." We do not learn whether the Saint granted the truce, or signed articles of peace, though it would seem to be well to have done so, for the Devil complained of "needless cures against him," so that if the Saint and the church had "blessed and cursed not—overcome evil with good, and loved their enemy," they had more surely converted the Devil to a lasting peace rather than to a temporary truce, to be ended and followed by the sailing in of the Saint and his adversary to recommence their life-long war.

The church and the Saints never yet have known how to reconcile the good with the less good. They cut the serpent symbol in two, calling the head part good and the tail half evil, without seeing that the lower part of the head half, and the upper part of the tail half, were very close akin, a blending of light and shade, or God and Devil; so that it would be impossible to take a segment of the circle as all God or all Devil, where the universal chain of being is One. God includes all of light and shade; hence the church have never done more than simply to scotch the snake, clapperclawing him even to this day, so that it is difficult to decide which is the more damnable, the Orthodox God or the Orthodox Devil.

Gregory, the medium wonder-worker, relates that the Virgin Mary, accompanied by St. John the Evangelist, appeared to him in a vision, and explained to him the mysteries of Godliness. But where are the tests or proofs that these apparitions were those of Mary and John? Spirits sometimes assume eminent names—even those of Lord or God. It is said, too, that Moses and Elias talked with Jesus. It may have been so; but how did Peter, and James, and John, know that the spirits whom they saw were really those of Moses and Elias? Was it merely supposition, or something more? Spiritual truth may be given to the intuition; but it is well to try the spirits; for something more remains to be done than the mere calling of souls out of the flesh, some Lords, some Devils, and some Moses and Elias. It does appear, however, that Elias was about in those days, and had made considerable progression in the spirit-world; for his possession of John the Baptist was a higher manifestation of the spirit than the slaying of Balaam's puppets at the Kishon brook a thousand years before. Jesus declares that Elias had come as manifest through the mediumship of John, though not recognized by the spiritually unopened. There was a possession in 1697 called the "dreadful dealings of Satan in and about the body of Richard Dugdale." This occurred at Surry, in England, where nine ministers of the gospel failed to charm this Satan out, "charmed they never so wisely." We think the charming must have been of the rough and pharisaical sort, for we read that for "above a year there was a desperate struggle between this Devil and the nine ministers who had undertaken to cast him out;" but he met them, and felled all their panoply of pharisaical assumptions, "insulted them with scoffs and raileries, and puzzled them in Latin and Greek." Thus capturing and spiking their guns, he quitted them in sovereign contempt as foes not worthy of his steel.

We are not to infer, however, that these Satan Spirits are in full possession of the church. There are Dove Spirits or holy ghosts there, as compensations, as well as elsewhere. "Prudentius celebrating in one of his hymns the martyrdom of a noble virgin, sees a dove fly out of her mouth at the very moment in which she expired." So let us hope that wherever the Satans abound the Doves shall much more abound. This would be equivalent to St. Paul's grapes over sin, or the good manifestations of the spirits over the less good, from both the mundane and transmundane worlds.

Middleton, though a D. D., cut a very wide swath in the Broad Church, even though more than a hundred years precedent to the Broad Church of to-day, as set forth from England's pinnacles by Baden Powell, Jowett, &c. Though sometimes speaking with a little of bated breath, yet did he ponder

boldly, and openly assert that the Holy Ghost through the apostolic mediums, was not infallible; that "the apostles, generally speaking, were in the condition of all other men, subject to frailty, error and sin—sometimes envying and reproving one another—ignorant of their master's purpose, blundering about his words and meaning and, from fear at last, deserting and denying him—which facts manifestly prove that during this period of their apostleship they were not under the perpetual guidance of the Holy Ghost." And if under the larger effusion of the Holy Ghost we find the same marks of frailty upon them, differing from each other in points of fact, and sometimes from themselves in points of doctrine, quarrelling, dissembling, and temporising, we shall be obliged from the same premises to draw the same conclusion; that they were not under the continual direction of an unerring spirit. All which the Doctor goes on to prove very fully and at large. St. Jerome is cited as showing that the dissimulation between Peter and Paul was only the same as that of the lawyers who seem often to scold and quarrel with each other, when they mean nothing more than to deceive the bystanders, gain the greater credit with their clients by an affected zeal for the cause which they have undertaken to defend. He thinks that if Paul did really withstand Peter, Paul himself "must be condemned of the same hypocrisy" when he became all things to all men—a Jew to gain the Jews by shaving his head at Cenchrea and by paying his vows in the temple. A Gentile by adoption and roper-in of the Gentiles. "With what face," asks Jerome, "could he have the assurance to condemn that in Peter, the Apostle of the Jews, which he himself was guilty of, though Apostle of the Gentiles?"

This device, to harmonize the operation of the holy spirit, very much staggered St. Austin, so that between these two great Doctors of the primitive church, there was an epistolary correspondence to unravel so great a mystery of godliness. St. Austin charges it "with being nothing else but a defence of useful and seasonable lying, and insists that if Paul knew Peter to be innocent, at the same time when he declared him to be blamable, and not to act according to the truth of the gospel, it was in reality a lie." Jerome, on the contrary, persisted in his opinion, which he confirmed by many arguments, as well as the testimonies of all the best interpreters before him, challenging Austin to produce any one good author of a contrary sentiment, and declaring that it would have been the greatest impudence and audaciousness in Paul to reprove Peter so smartly for practices, of which, he himself was more eminently guilty."

It was "the vulgar hypothesis" in those days, as in ours, "that the Apostles could not err" because they were mediums for the Holy Ghost, as if there were not changes of possession by the spirit less holy of the same mediums according to surroundings and the status of impressibility.

Of course Middleton does not fail to notice the "practice and habit" in all pulpity "of wresting the Scripture on all occasions till they acquire a dexterity of extracting what doctrines they please out of it." He shows that Peter and Paul did both compromise the higher truth to expediency, which proves them, at the time of so doing, as being not very high upon the scale of the Holy Ghost. "The truth against the world" would have shown a better front; while a fallacious light would have sought no compromise with the unfruitful works of darkness.

Paul, says Chrysostom, was various both in his words and actions; at one time he complied with the ceremonies of the law; at another, he contemned them; at one time he sacrificed, and shaved his head; at another time he denounced anathema against all who did so; at one time he circumcised, at another rejected all circumcision.

Our author thinks that Peter was the more cautious of his countrymen "when he recollected that they had stoned Stephen for declaring that Jesus came to change those customs which Moses had established; whereas Paul had carried his zeal for Christian liberty so far, that when he was driven to change his conduct, or compromise, his dissimulation proved too late, and instead of pacifying the Jews, provoked them only the more, so that they laid violent hands upon him in the temple, and would certainly have destroyed him, if the chief captain had not come to his rescue with a band of soldiers." A very significant parallel to the back-downs of our own days to the infernalisms of slavery, whose priests show its divinity from the bibliolatrious "book of books" as inspired through the barbarisms of old time, "whose sacred monuments," says Middleton, "both of the old and new Testaments, furnish many instances of the sins and frailties of those who are there celebrated, as the principal favorites of Heaven."

Again, "these same Apostles never made any pretension to an infallible spirit, nor their converts, who paid the utmost reverence to their persons, ever entertained a thought of ascribing it to them." Erasmus shows that the Apostles "were capable of error, even after they had received the Holy Ghost." And Mr. Dodwell to the same purport, when he says that "Barnabas erred, St. Peter also erred, and St. Paul, though they were endowed with the very highest degree of extraordinary gifts." When St. Paul says, "I speak after the manner of men," St. Jerome observes "that he makes good what he says, and, by his low and vulgar way of reasoning, might have given offence to understanding men, if he had not prefaced it, that he was delivering his own human sentiments."

What say the Boston Courier conductors—who so pharisaically ensconce themselves behind the spiritual unfolding of old time, and grossly charge the modern—to the genealogy of Jesus as set forth by the Fathers of the Church, "as a thing to be noted, that no women are numbered in the genealogy, but such as are mentioned in the Scriptures with some blot upon their characters, that he, who came for the sake of sinners, and was himself descended from sinners, might wipe out the sins of all?"

Paul, to get rid of the equivocal genesis of Jesus, advised "to give no heed to endless genealogies, which minister questions, rather than godly edifying, which is in faith."

Our author finds the memories of the Apostles very inaccurate in finishing up what they had witnessed, or were told by others, which would prove rather weak links in the chain of infallibility. The story of the two thieves crucified with Jesus, graveled the Fathers, and they took great pains to elude the charge of contradiction in the conflicting accounts. One charges the passage in Matthew "as little better than a lie; or such an account as one would expect from a man in his cups." While others, "to clear the Evangelists," suppose "that both the

thieves blasphemed Jesus at first, till one of them, convinced by the eclipse of the sun and the trembling of the earth, quickly changed his note to a sudden conversion and repentance, and implored his mercy."

Upon the resurrection, Grotius is cited as assigning "a special reason why John might think fit to use a little artifice, and industriously invert the true order of the facts; 'for, lost the testimony of women, in a point of such moment, as the resurrection of Jesus, might be suspected and ridiculed, as it afterwards really was.'" While Origen declares "that if any one carefully examines the inconsistencies of the four Gospels with regard to historical facts, he will find himself giddy, as it were, and no longer insist upon the truth of them all." Of which, says Middleton, "by his indefatigable study of the Scriptures, he was of all men the most competent judge."

"The belief," says Middleton, "of the inspiration and absolute infallibility of the Evangelists, seems to be more absurd than even the Transubstantiation itself; for this, though repugnant to sense, is supported by the express words of Scripture; whereas, the other, not less contrary to sense, is contrary at the same time to the declarations of the Evangelists themselves. Yet such is the force of prejudice, that the generality of expositors take great pains to search out texts and arguments for the support of this favorite hypothesis; not considering, that if they were able to produce any, from which they could extort such an interpretation, it would tend only to the hurt and discredit of Christianity itself, by fastening upon it a doctrine contradictory to fact and experience."

Upon the prophecies, "Mr. Whiston, whose piety and zeal for Christianity no man can doubt, has freely and candidly owned that the Apostles might possibly be supposed to have been mistaken sometimes in their applications of these prophecies." Another Orthodox writer speaks of "the obscurity of the prophecies," which graveled the Jewish Doctors. Upon this, Middleton remarks: "What this writer thinks so probable of the learned Doctors of the Jews, must needs appear more probable of the Apostles, who were not learned; who, as I have shown elsewhere, being liable to slight mistakes and inadvertencies, in the representation of plain and ordinary events, may more reasonably be presumed to be so in the interpretation of dark prophecies."

To heal the contradictions of the Bible, St. Austin says, "that Matthew was directed by the Holy Spirit to commit the mistake of putting Jeremiah for Zachariah, and that there was no occasion for Matthew to correct this seeming blunder, when he knew himself, at the time of making it, to be under the direction of the Holy Ghost." If a heretic, however, had made such a blunder, the same manner of Holy Ghost would have been called a lying spirit of the Devil.

Upon the text "that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophet, saying, behold, thy king cometh, sitting upon an Ass and a Colt, the foal of an Ass, the commentators are puzzled to determine on which of the two Jesus rode—whether on the Ass or the Colt; while the letter of the text seems to declare that he sat upon both; as some of the Ancients, and of the Moderns have also interpreted it; who solve the seeming absurdity by supposing that he first mounted the one, and then the other; the Ass denoting the Jewish, and the foal the Gentile Church."

Ah! we see now. The Jewish Church is represented by the Ass on which Balaam, the prophet, rode, while the Ass uttered his oracles as the spirit gave him utterance, and the Colt, or Christian Church, fed upon the sincere milk of its Mother's Word, rather too long before weaning, which accounts for so much Biblical milk for babes, and so little strong meat for men. But now the new heavens invite us to a broader food than the ancient "thin potatoes." Not that the "milk" is not good, but that it dwarfs the soul by confinement thereunto, as if it were the sovereignest thing in all the world for an inward bruise.

"The power of working miracles," says our author, "is so far from proving those who are imbued with it to be perpetually inspired, or specially favored by God, that it does not prove them even to be good and honest men, since according to the constant testimony of the most esteemed and orthodox of the primitive Fathers, it was possessed sometimes by wicked men, heretical Christians."

Those who have been so hasty of harshly judging Modern Spiritualism while yet in its swaddling clothes, of its great amount of drivel, &c., overlook the estate of their first nurslings in the church. To say nothing of the Apocryphal gospels, "if the language," says Middleton, "which the apostles made use of in propagating the gospel by preaching or writing, had been inspired into them by God, we should expect surely to find it such as is worthy of God—pure, clear, noble, and affecting, even beyond the force of common speech. But if we try the Apostolic language by this rule, (the dictation of Plato), we shall be so far from ascribing it to God, as to think it scarce worthy of man; I mean of the liberal and polite; for we shall find it in fact to be utterly rude and barbarous, and abounding with every fault which can possibly deform a language."

Says Erasmus, "If any one contends that the Apostles were inspired by God with the knowledge of all tongues, and that this gift was perpetual in them—since everything which is performed by a divine power, is more perfect, according to St. Chrysostom, than what is performed either in the ordinary course of Nature, or by the pains of Man, how comes it to pass that the language of the Apostles is not only rough and unpolished, but imperfect also and confused, and sometimes even plainly solecising or absurd?—for we cannot possibly deny what the fact itself declares to be true." To which adds Middleton, "It is somewhat curious to observe that there was a controversy of the same kind among the ancient Heathens concerning the style and composition of the Delphic Oracles. For as these Oracles were delivered in verse, and the verses generally rude and harsh, and offending frequently, both in the exactness of metre and propriety of language, so men of sense easily saw that they could not be inspired by the Deity; others, on the contrary, blinded by their prejudices, or urged by their zeal to support the credit of the popular superstition, constantly maintained that the verses were really beautiful and noble, and worthy of God, and that the contrary opinion flowed from a false delicacy and sickly taste, which relished no poetry but what was soft and sweet, and breathing nothing as it were, but spices and perfumes. The dispute, however, seems to have been compounded, and a distinction found, in which all parties acquiesced, by allowing some sort of inspiration and divine authority to the matter of the

Oracle, but leaving all the rest to the proper talents and faculties of the prophets."

Here we find the difficulties alike on Heathen and on Christian ground; both growing out of the misunderstanding of the true nature of oracles—a misunderstanding which has continued unto this day, but which the present unfolding fully clears up. The Spirits speaking were neither infallible Lords nor Gods, but simply transmundane human beings, and liable to fallibility as when existent in the flesh. The development of the medium, or prophet, also modified and measured the ability of the controlling spirit, hence the more or less of incongruities of all the revelations which have ever been given. Hence, too, the language of the unlettered fishermen of Galilee, though often inspired by controlling angels known as the Holy Ghost, yet was the language spoken illiterate and discordant, as compared with the cultivated diction of Plato. The capacity of a medium may be modified by the angel controlling, but not even the holiest of Ghosts can make the trumpet sound beyond the compass of its volume.

Says our author, "As for the ancients, whatever sort of inspiration they ascribed to the Apostles, they all allowed their language to have been entirely their own, and such as we naturally expect from ignorant men, in the lowest state of life." "Wholly illiterate," says Justin Martyr. "Idiot in speech," says Origen. "Rude and barbarous," says Eusebius. "Illiterate, idiot, inelegant, poor, without any force of words, or rhetoric, or science, to recommend them; but fishermen and tent-makers, and of a strange language," says St. Chrysostom. "Induced with a power of working divers sorts of miracles, lest nobody should otherwise believe a set of rustic, unlearned and ignorant men; wanting every ornament of speech to enforce their promises of the kingdom of heaven," says St. Jerome. "Men of mean birth, ignoble, ignorant and illiterate—the divinity of their doctrine thus displayed itself the more illustriously in convincing the world by such contemptible witnesses; whose eloquence and persuasive powers lay in their wonderful works, not in their words," says St. Austin.

Modern Christendom generally endorses the ancient on this head. Now let Modern Spiritualism be judged by a criticism equally fair, and we are content. For our own part, we rejoice that the humble spirit is received before the Pharisee in the vanity of his learning, that the weak things of this world are chosen to confound the wisdom of the wise, and to bring to naught the understanding of the prudent, when they seek with haughty steps to take heaven by violence. It is then that we see pride going before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall; while from the mouths of babes and sucklings the commonwealth of heaven is brought nigh unto us:

"The land of souls beyond that sable shore,  
That shames the doctrine of the Sadducee  
And Sophist, madly vain of dubious lore;  
How sweet it is in concert to adore  
With those who made our mortal labors light!  
To hear each voice we feared to hear no more!  
Behold each loving shade revealed to sight.  
A vision of life to be where all was doubly night."

C. B. P.

P. S.—We noticed, in the BANNER, the first volume of "Buckle's History of Civilization." The second volume is published, and though, like the first, a temple unroofed with regard to spiritual dominations which move consonant to the phenomena of the more sensuous visual plane, yet is the very history of histories, and necessary to be "read of all men."

C. B. P.

## CRIME IN SOCIETY.

Our Statute Books are partly filled with matter, which defines the qualities and degrees of crime as viewed by society; for, theoretically, statute books, more especially in this country, are but the expressed opinions, will, or wishes of the people.

Ecclesiasticalism and its instruments, the religious presses and pulpits, so far as it is their function, to deal in the causes and nature of crime and its penalties, or evil in a more general sense, have never given us any rational clue to the root of the matter; but taking their standpoint in the cloud-land of legend and necromancy, wrapped in the robes of their own self-righteousness, they presumptuously claim all understanding of the infinite councils of the Almighty, and from their audacious heights of impudence issue their bulls and hurl their anathemas against crushed humanity, and against all who dare to question their authority. We have done looking at any of these sources in their organized capacity for any light touching the causes, true remedies and composition of what society calls crime.

Without undertaking to travel back to the regions of "original sin," or to track that pair whose sensitive palates craved the taste of an innocent, juicy apple, or to follow them and their innumerable descendants, and thus vainly hope to find the cause of evil and consequent human suffering, there are some things which cannot be mistaken if we only open our eyes to see.

We mean to say that much—we had nearly said most—of what society calls crime is not the deeply conceived, malicious, voluntary choice of those who commit it. It is the result of a supposed necessity. Who but the necessities, or those who imagine themselves so—from whatever cause—ever commit depredations—we use this word in a sense to embrace the whole brood of tricks and cheats in trade—upon property? Men steal to supply their necessities, or what they consider necessities. The mass of men are not inclined to waste or to destroy. It is simply with them the question how the gifts of God shall be equitably divided, and placed in a state of necessity either above or within their own control—still a necessity, as they feel it, they steal or rob, as it is called, and become thereby amenable to the laws of society. All crimes, we think, have their origin in a supposed necessity, and the object sought is a supposed good—whether they be committed by individuals or by society, whether an individual commits murder, or steals his neighbor's goods or lands, in opposition to law, or whether a nation murders fifty thousand innocent men on the field of battle or robs its neighboring nation of its territories, under the dictum of its own government, and in defiance of the laws of all other nations.

Men are not disposed to doubt the great central, world-wide, all-renewing truths which stand out so prominently in the teachings of Jesus Christ, or of any other great seer or intuitive genius—till they see these truths wickedly violated by those occupying high places and making loud professions. When kings and potentates, popes and cardinals, and the whole host of magnates who know better, begin to erect their monuments of wickedness on the pedestals of ignorance and superstition, it is only at this point that men begin to doubt and to distrust their native power to see essential truth, and further they



would never begin to doubt the right of any man to his property, however valuable, provided it were at the same time clear that said property was accumulated by honest industry. No one would think of doubting the inalienable right of a man to his own, provided that in its acquisition he rendered for it an equivalent. When poor simple Lord Timothy Dexter sold his warming pans in the West Indies and made a good profit thereby, nobody was ever found to complain that he overreached his neighbor—he rendered, as we all know, a most useful equivalent. But when the flour speculator piles up his thousands of barrels while others are famishing for bread, for the sole object of extorting an exorbitant profit out of the necessities of the suffering, then the people begin to doubt each other's rights—however strongly sanctioned such acts may be in statute books. There are higher as well as lower laws, and when the latter attempt to usurp the place of the former, the higher descends from its own imperial heights and challenges the validity of the lower.

There is no man of "woman born" that does not love what is true and just when he once sees it, whatever his previous character or surroundings, and when he once sees it, he mourns in dust and ashes that he should have been so blind as not to have seen it before.

Another thing the close observer cannot have failed to notice. The condition of none is so low, that when divine order as it reigns throughout all created existence, is only approximately presented—for it can only be thus presented—that the picture does not fall responsive upon the perception of the recipient.

The beautiful asks not the aid of school or academic training to be perceived both by the lowly and the gifted. What nature is not made gentler at the sight and fragrance of the sweet flower? Who does not feel delight coursing his nerves as he gazes on a well-proportioned edifice, or a finely obelisk statue, or a picture stamped with marks of high art? If they are genuine productions of genius, too high up to be reached by the shafts of criticism, they rain down upon us all, in spite of ourselves, their infinite nameless ennobling influences.

The evidences are all around us that there is no difference between the most highly educated and the most ignorant in the power to perceive and to appreciate, genuine moral and spiritual truth and order and beauty; the more perfect these, the more emphatic the response in every human heart.

If these principles be true, are we not bound by the strongest of all reasons to pause and reflect when prone to denounce and punish crime? Are we not bound as men with human hearts to find ourselves earnestly inquiring into the causes and remedies for the crime of which we so loudly complain, especially as it presents itself in our large cities and towns?

We do not undertake to set up any theory of right while making these statements. We do not believe in the force of any sophistry which will allow an individual or a nation to reason itself into the fallacy that it can for one moment, on any pretence whatever, violate the legal rights of a neighbor. And further, we fully believe it to be both the duty and the right of society to protect itself against all violations of rights which it has seen fit to establish, and to exert its utmost power to reform as well as to punish the offender. But it is also the duty of society to institute inquiries into the cause and origin of what it calls crime in its statutory enactments, and thus not only to provide for the punishment of crime when once committed, but to see to it that there shall be no existing or seeming necessity for it.

We have no faith in the oft repeated maxim—snuffed up from the pestiferous air of Billingsgate and Pandemonium—"that the world owes us all a living," and thus attempt to shield our meanness and cowardice, when we yield to the temptation to steal to supply even a well demonstrated necessity.

The world owes no man a living who does not work. We are all bound to serve and to labor all our strength will allow, least of all for ourselves, most of all for others; and when the true man finds himself woven into a web of circumstances, from no fault of his own, but the victim of a false social and commercial system, his own brave heart will point to him two things he may do. If he can't find an honest calling, then to die at his post in his best endeavors or to wheel off in a tangent, if he can, and go where work is suffering to be done; but never, never for a moment, as he resists his own manhood, to engage in a useless calling (and there are enough of them) or to lay a finger on what is not his own. Not that the thing itself has any value—but it is simply another's, and therefore to touch it, he can't but do violence to his own immortal nature.

O, when will the great truth be made clear to us that we cannot harm our neighbor, even in an infinitesimal degree, without doing ourselves tenfold more injury? When shall we see that the effect of each wrong thought and act is but to deface in us the well-defined line between right and wrong established from the foundation of the world? When shall we see that by lifting our neighbor upward we ourselves are elevated in a geometrical proportion?

If it be the duty of society, as we have said, not only to punish crime when committed, but wisely to institute inquiries into its origin with a view to its prevention, then the age in which we live is far more propitious for such inquiries than any preceding. Physical science is casting its light all around, and we shall ere long be able to see that most of what we call crime, or evil, or wickedness in high places, or low, is the result of false relations in our industrial connections; that all these evils and false relations spring, but from one source, viz., ignorance, and not from our own "evil hearts," as the clergy tell us. We do not believe it to be within the compass of the most searching analysis to find any other evil in the world than simply ignorant conflict with the laws of Nature, resulting in our own inevitable discomfiture, in confusion, disorder or lack of right relation, or, if you prefer it, evil—ignorance and not human perversity.

History, rightly interpreted, shows original, native longing in mankind to work itself into harmony with God's laws, and every advance in knowledge of art or science has better enabled men to see and feel the necessity of such conformity. What then we need in order to guide us in our researches after a well balanced system of labor, so that all departments of industry shall naturally adjust themselves to each other according to the best methods and in truest relation—is knowledge, and when we shall have determined those relations, enlightened by knowledge of science, of God, and of man, then the evils which so beset us to-day on every side will be superseded by ample provision for not only the comforts, but there elements of life, for all. Instead of

that dread isolation and antagonism, over reaching and hypocrisy now obvious among individuals and bodies of men in search of wealth—we should see in a sense never dreamed of before, what it means to "love the neighbor," "to love God," "to believe in Providence," and many more blessed and true sayings, thrown so carelessly from the tips of our tongues, and having as little rational meaning to most of us as so much Syriac or Chocotaw. We should then see that men in all ages have been, consciously or unconsciously to themselves, in the constant attempt to construct and to reconstruct their various institutions in accordance with divine or self-evident truth.

If, then, we have made it appear, however imperfectly, that crime or evil has its source in ignorance of some sort, and as a consequence that the commission of crime, when properly understood, is not the product of deliberate malice or love of doing injury, but of a supposed necessity originating in ignorance, it clearly becomes reflecting minds to survey calmly the evils under which we suffer, and to suggest remedies if possible.

#### WAR.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

It were easy to write an essay on the evils of War. A horrid spectacle it presents itself, turn it as we will, and it seems, like one of those inventions of the embodied evil, without one redeeming quality, alone intended to torment humanity.

We say: There goes the hero dragging mighty nations into the terrible maelstrom of destruction, or trampling them beneath his bloody feet. Behind him the smoke of oilier rolls up to the red horizon, and the air is rent with the groans of the dying, the shrieks of widows and orphans. We talk of war as though it were foreign to humanity—something forced upon it, and which it were always best to avoid.

But let us look deeper than the attendant events which excite our pity and emotions, and ask for causes. Nothing which is, can be foreign to the plan of Nature. Its very existence proves the necessity for that existence. In the world of animate forms, or the mystic realm of principles, this holds equally good. Weird beings dwell in the cold olive of the deep caverned ocean, never seeing the light, or holding concourse with the upper world; in the ooze of the rank swamp lands, and the green seam of stagnant waters, swarm countless forms, seemingly fulfilling no function, and but waste gases of creative energy. Ah me! tell us not so. Not a sand-grain is moved on the beach of the ocean in vain. The office of these hideous beings may not be a pleasant one, but be assured it is unavoidable. It is quite as useful for the mud-worm to suck up the miasmatic slime, as the humming bird to drink nectar from the odorous flowers. So is it as necessary for bad men to live, and carry out their principles, as for good men. Without this lower stratum of organic life there could be no higher; so without the play of passions, there could be no lofty mentality dwelling in the stratum above it.

From where I am, and where I wish you to be, at least for the present, I view man as a being who through toil and tribulation has progressed from, I will not say how low an estate, and furthermore, as having a mind composed of distinct faculties, the harmonious cultivation of which constitute his progress.

Man was first a nude savage in the wilderness. As protection against wild beasts, and drawn by ties of consanguinity, he united in bands. These bands enmeshed on each other. Disputes arise. Now we let loose the energies, before used in combating the beasts of prey in real war. The untoward growth of the passions stultify the weak morality and intellect. We mark the commencement of the true war age, when war was pursued for its delights alone, and everything else bent to its iron dictation—a very long ago, stretching from the dawn of history to the end of the feudal system of Europe, and still ruling the barbaric nations of the earth. During the war age the hero is worshipped. In its early periods he is made a god. Success in war is always commendable. All other pursuits are ignoble and fit for slaves. The sword is the emblem of power.

They make a sad mistake, who suppose the hero drags the world at his chariot wheel. It is the world which crowds onward the hero. The man is nothing more nor less than the exponent or index of his time. He is powerless for good or ill, unless born to his mark by the impulse of the age. Analyze closely the history of any hero, and you will find this true. Alexander the Great led his armies to the conquest of the East through a deluge of fire and blood. Did he compel them? No. The decaying government of the Persian Empire awaited a Ruler, and had there not been an Alexander in readiness, another would have come forward, and the difference would have been another name in the place of his on the scroll of fame. The events were bound to happen; the names which represent the actors are but arbitrary and incidental terms. It is not men who overturn the world; they represent that vast, unfathomable energy which underlies all.

I said there was an age of war. It was an unavoidable outgrowth of man's advancement from a savage state. "He was defenceless, except for his mind, the most defenceless of any animal in the forest. Creative energy was aroused. He had not the strength of the lion, nor the swiftness of the wolf. He must invent weapons of defence and aggression, or live miserably and starve. Stimulated thus, he bends the bow, tips with keen flint the reed arrow; makes the rude stone axe; the bone knife; and, supported by his supple talent, stands master of the animal world—made such by mind."

Savage tribes, equipped thus, stand on a level. If they war, numbers and bravery must conquer. It is from this equality of weapons vast hordes in the early ages made such boundless conquests, numbers deciding the event. But let some nation invent engines of destruction greatly superior to surrounding nations, and that moment they make those nations subjects.

War, the combat for existence, has awakened all the energies of the human mind, and kept them in constant activity. It built up the empires of Chaldea, Persia, Greece and Rome, and remorselessly destroyed them. It has concentrated the past in the present. It destroyed the civilization of the past, because victory was decided by numbers, the nations being almost similarly armed. Civilization had no defence. The savage hordes could sweep it out at any moment. Self-preservation sought and found a means for defence, terrible and swift as the elements hurled by Nature. Shall I speak that word which at this moment is the real foundation of the empires in the civilized world, and the Chinese wall, built

heaven high around civilization, and without which it would sink beneath the dark waves of savagism? It is Powder!

Unchristlike it may be called, but the black throated cannon are the bulwarks of our race. We made them, we better than any other can use them. Let barbarism roll in one dense mass over the lines which hedge our domain, but as the lightning falls on the forest tree, from their deep mouths shall fall the avalanche of iron, scattering their torn fragments over the plain. The more terrible the means, the more destructive, the fewer slain. In olden time, when they fought with swords, often the half of an army were slain; now rarely is an army decimated.

The result in another direction is, that we have attained a degree of progress we never otherwise could have reached, and now having planted an impassable barrier around our civilization, we can as soon as necessary, do away with war and all its evils. I say necessary, for I believe war still necessary, so long as it exists. Men who have advanced beyond the war plane, do not fight. It is those who live in it. It is no worse for such to fight to-day, than a thousand years ago. The controlling minds stand at the helm, and give the bent to these. There is work to be done; they are told what, and they do it. A great wrong exists. It must be washed out with blood. The sacrifice is terrible, but the end is great. The controlling intelligence of the nations, far in advance of the war-age, viewing the matter philosophically, moves the war-stratum to wipe out the wrong, and they set at the task. A hundred thousand men may die—a horrid picture of desolated hearth-stones and broken hearts, sobs, groans and tears; but if the end be equally great, and accomplished by their deaths, they have accomplished more by dying than if they had lived a thousand years. We are here for what we do, and little matters it how we do it.

Written for the Banner of Light.

#### THE LAND OF HOME.

BY E. CASE, JR.

There is no land like the land of home,  
Wherever it may be.  
Whether upon the mountain top,  
Or by the sounding sea.  
Whether amid the fiery climes  
Where torrid flowers unfold,  
Or where auroral, arctic skies  
Flash down their blue and gold.  
No voices ever gladden earth,  
Such as are lingering there;  
No flowers are half so sweet to us,  
Or so divinely fair;  
No heavens are shimmering with such stars  
Through such deep peerless blue.  
Telling their tales of mystery,  
Thrilling the deep soul through.  
And not on all the wide, wide earth  
Are hearts so good and true,  
Causing our own to thrill with joy.  
A joy forever new—  
Joy that wastes not nor decays,  
But deeper, deeper still.  
Its channel wears through smiles and tears,  
Through sunshine and through ill.  
What music o'er was half so sweet  
As when, on the rude floor,  
The little feet run swift to meet  
Your coming at the door!  
When merry hearts and laughing eyes  
Speak all the soul within,  
And you forget all worldly care,  
All sorrow and all sin.

Yes, there indeed the world can't come,  
Its rudeness, acorns and jeers,  
Its cold, dead hearts and soulless forms,  
Untouched by misery's tears.  
But in the heaven of loving hearts,  
Whose sunshine shimmers there,  
The shadows of our griefs depart,  
And gladness drives out care.  
O blessed home! O loving hearts!  
O heaven begun below!  
How wretched must that being be,  
Your sweets to never know!  
But far more wretched must he be  
Who once has known your power,  
To feel he never can know again  
On earth your loveliest hour!  
Or when with strangers, far away,  
The heart turns back again,  
And time and distance lengthen out  
The heavy dragging chain;  
And through the long, long weary hours,  
The soul, to memory true,  
Longs to return. O home, sweet home!  
To happiness and you.

O, what is all the world can give  
To that altar and that hearth—  
To the skies that bend, and the landscapes green,  
Round the home, our all of earth.  
O paltry fame! O worthless gold!  
How much for you depart,  
When we turn from home to give for you  
The sunshine of the heart.  
O give me but some fond, fond heart,  
To hold my aching head,  
With wife and children standing round  
Perchance, my dying bed—  
And sad though it may be to part,  
I'll fearless cross the sea,  
And wait with joy on the other side,  
Till they shall come to me.

July 24, 1861.

#### Spiritualists' Meeting.

At a meeting held at the house of Dr. Jons W. Field, in Knoxville, Ill., the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, The President of the United States, by Proclamation, has set apart the last Thursday in September, as a day of public humiliation, prayer and fasting; therefore,

Resolved, That we, the professed Spiritualists of Knoxville, Ill., observe with due reverence the day set apart by our worthy brother, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, and be it

Resolved, That on the said last Thursday in September we will meet at a place hereafter to be designated, of which due notice will be given, and observe said day by such devotional exercises as may be deemed appropriate to the occasion, and unite our request—with those of the various denominations of Christians that may observe the day—for the maintenance of the Union, the establishment of law and order in our land, and the speedy restoration of Peace; and that in observing this day of fasting and prayer, we lay aside all worldly care and employments, and meet only as loving children of a kind Heavenly Father, who "doeth all things well," and the good and glorious results of whose chastisements we cannot now see.

The poor support a yoke of iron, the rich a yoke of gold. The latter is the most costly and showy, but the heavier and more galling.

## Correspondence.

#### Letter from the Great West.

The crops and the farm in these Western States are wonderful. A few days ago the whole country was one vast sea of waving green, as far as the eye could reach, of wheat, oats, rye, barley and corn. Now the fields present a rich, golden harvest, of ripe, spring grain, and only the grass and corn remain to mark the green sea that waved so freshly in the morning breeze, but in their stead the promising shock of unthreshed grain.

The wheat crop of Wisconsin will average fifteen bushels to the acre this season of as fair grain as Wisconsin has ever produced. Last year it was twenty-five thousand bushels; the yield was at least double what it is this year per acre; the number of acres put into the ground this year, full one quarter more than last year. The failure of the wheat crop this year is from three causes; first, continued cold rains up to the first of June; second, twenty-five days without rain; and lastly the chintz bug, which has done a good deal of damage. But with all these drawbacks, Wisconsin will have more wheat than she will know what to do with, and wheat must remain cheap, unless there is a great foreign demand. We have now on hand of the last year's crop, eight millions of bushels, or one-third of the crop. Add to this the new crop, with the extra amount of ground put into wheat, and we shall have twenty-five millions of bushels of wheat in the market on the first of September, 1861. Our oats, peas, barley and rye, are all good, and the corn promises well, although somewhat late. Yet if we have twenty days more of as hot weather as the last ten have been, we shall have a great corn crop.

Few sections of our country can exceed Wisconsin, in the production of small fruits. All kinds of berries from strawberries up to blackberries, are raised in abundance, and of the best qualities. Apples are doing better this year than usual, and I believe that the day is not far distant when Wisconsin will produce as good apples as Michigan. We are too far north for peaches, pears, plums, apricots, and the Siberian crab apple will ultimately do well in this State.

The resources of Wisconsin are wonderful, and she possesses all the elements of a great empire within herself. Rich in iron, copper, lead, and stone quarries, with vast forests of excellent timber, and a climate as genial and healthy as man may wish; and when fully developed, will be second to no State in the Union in agricultural productions. Lying as she does between latitudes 42 degrees 30 minutes south, and 46 degrees 45 minutes north, and between longitudes 11 and 16 west from Washington, she presents to the emigrant the finest locality in the West for a home. On her northern border are the waters of Lake Superior and the Menominee river, with a water power sufficient to move all the machinery in New England. On her eastern side she is bounded by nearly two hundred miles of Lake Michigan, besides Green Bay, which extends sixty miles into her interior; on this are good harbors and safe anchorages.

Beginning with Menominee river going south, we cross the Peshtigo, Cloente, Pensaucke, Little and Big Saukio rivers, before we reach the village of Green Bay, situated at the mouth of Fox river. This river extends a long way into the interior, and is the channel that drains eight or nine counties.

On the shores of Lake Michigan (north side) no harbor exceeds the capacity of Milwaukee for commerce. On the south lies the great State of Illinois, (of which I will write by and by) on the west lies the "Father of Waters," the Mississippi; and on her northwest the river St. Croix and the State of Minnesota. From her interior, emptying into the Mississippi, comes forth the following rivers: Rock, Wisconsin, La Crosse, Black, Trempealeau, Eagle, Buffalo and Chippawa, and into some of these flow other large rivers, all of which afford fine water power, besides many smaller streams running in every direction through the State.

In railroads Wisconsin already abounds. Milwaukee and Racine Du Chien, La Crosse and Milwaukee, Racine and Mississippi and the Northwest-ern railroads are all of them in full operation.

The people of Wisconsin are whole-souled and patriotic; willing to do and are doing bravely for our common Country. From the Governor down to the plough-boy there is but one mind, and that is "obey the laws and support the constitution"—no more compromises.

#### The Good it Does.

In a recent number of the BANNER, Messrs. Editors, I observed an article headed "Extraordinary Manifestation of the Healing Power," which attracted my attention, and which I read with interest.

Remarkable as that case certainly was, it was no more so than my own, which, as it goes still further to show the good which is growing out of the Spiritual Philosophy, I beg the privilege of communicating in brief to the readers of the BANNER.

For a period of eight years I had been subject to a most painful malady, beginning in rheumatic fever. The fever terminated, leaving me with life, but almost a cripple. My lower limbs were seriously affected, the chords being contracted and the muscles so weakened as to prevent my walking, and I suffered most excruciating pains and sensations of great uneasiness in various parts of my body. In addition to this I gave unmistakable symptoms of the heart disease. Of this I had periodical attacks, occurring usually at intervals of three weeks. The attack would commence in sudden and violent palpitation, in which the pulsating sound of the organ could be distinctly heard, the breath would quicken, and it would appear as if dissolution was about to take place immediately. The most eminent physicians pronounced me incurable.

At this juncture I was recommended to visit Dr. Main's Institute, at No. 7 Davis street, Boston, but could not bear the idea for a moment. I was not a Spiritualist. I had no faith in the theory or the practice, and thought I would not still further shorten my life by trying foolish experiments. My opposition finally gave way under the repeated importunity of friends, though my prejudice remained. I was finally conveyed to Dr. Main's house, but with many misgivings as to the result. How happily I have been disappointed. In ten days the disagreeable sensations about the heart had disappeared entirely, and have never appeared since—a period of more than three years. My limbs gradually assumed their natural position, the chords relaxed, the muscles became strengthened, and I was empowered to walk. Surely, said I, these are the days of the miracles, and the Christ spirit is again walking the earth. My gratitude to Dr. Main, as the instrument

through which these wonders have been accomplished in my behalf, is unbounded, and I have felt that I could not better express the same than by telling the readers of the BANNER how much he has been permitted to do for me.

I will not further trespass upon your time and space. I can only say in conclusion that if these are the works by which we are to judge the new doctrine, Spiritualism will live through all time the embodiment of all that mortals can hope for, either of health of body or peace of mind. Men do not gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles, neither do they obtain good results from evil practices. Spiritualism, it appears to me, requires no other argument in its favor than the old but true saying,

"By their fruits ye shall know them."

Very truly and fraternally yours,  
MRS. MARY A. PINK.  
Roxbury, Mass., Aug. 22, 1861.

#### Why Not?

I recently had a sitting, or seance, with Mrs. Kirkham, the medium, and think the messages I received are worthy, as whole, of publication in the BANNER.

First came the mother of my children. Her messages are always messages of love; but she that day came with increased power, to give me, she said, new strength to bear up against the misfortunes of life—that I might in my old age, be deprived of many comforts—that our absolute wants, however, were but few, and that faith in the truth of the beautiful messages I received, was worth more than gold or silver could purchase.

Then came the "Defender of the Constitution." I had some papers to submit to him, in which I had referred to opinions expressed by him, in a former communication. His opinions have undergone a change as to the duration of this fatiguing war—that the people of the Free States have no just conception of the conflict that is upon them—that many are now crying out for "peace," but that there can be no peace that does not bring back the Seceding States to the "Union."

Then came a chant in spirit language. Those who have witnessed such, through mediums capable of giving utterance to the highest and lowest notes, can realize the beauty and pathos of that to which I listened. Presently her hands were crossed upon her breast, and her eyes lifted up in adoration, reminding me of some of the beautiful Madonnas I had seen in Italy. Then the chant was expressed in language that I understood. She had come to earth to give comfort to the sorrowing mothers, who had offered up their sons as martyrs in the cause of Liberty and Right. She had surrendered her son as a martyr on the cross, and knew the wallings of a mother's heart.

When the medium awoke from her trance, and was told who had controlled her, she was greatly agitated, and begged I would not say anything about it.

Then came the strong voice from the strong man: "Why not?—why not? Is it not credible to the medium that she should be upon a plane that the mother of Jesus can control, and give through her her holy teachings? or that you, sir, should be deemed worthy to receive them? The truth need not be kept a secret." PAUL PAX.

#### Is it Right?

Is it right for a community to send out through the press an invitation to lecturers to call, assuring them they shall not be sent empty away, and when one responds to said call, take him empty away to a neighborhood where a lecturer was never known to get much, if anything?

The writer is knowing to the following fact: A lecturer responded to a call as above, paying some \$9 railroad fare, arrived at the place on Wednesday, spoke a few words on the Sabbath at the close of a lecture previously notified, and then taken as above, when he lectured four times, twice on the Sabbath, and received the enormous sum of one dollar, or thereabouts, and a piece of a dog skin to make a pair of shoes. Said lecturer is an old man, gray headed, out of health, no home of his own, having been unfortunate, with a family dependent on him, and here he is, far from home, left to grope his way back as best he can, out of this "purgatory" into which he has been drawn. And all this, after having been furnished with the money and a suit of clothes, by a son, who thought, by so doing, he could place his father in a situation to support his family. Humiliating, truly! So thinks JUSTICE.

Flora, Boone Co., Ill.

#### Dr. R. B. Newton.

Dr. Rufus B. Newton is one of the best, if not the best and most reliable healing mediums we have in the country, using no medicine and relying entirely upon a very wonderful power manifest through the hand. He also gives excellent examinations of disease, and often excellent tests. Yet he has met with great and constant opposition, and is less known than many who are inferior to him.

It is a pity that our best mediums should not be known and appreciated; then our cause would flourish far better than it does now, and those who are suffering would gain more sure and speedy relief.

I have no self-interest to serve in this matter, but speak simply for the good of others.

The doctor has been promised through many mediums that he will also lecture, which he may probably do this winter.

As this place is of such note in our country, I think it would be interesting to your readers to know something of its doings, both spiritually and materially—and we have spirit-guides who I think would be glad sometimes to make your columns the vehicle for some of their noble thoughts, lofty aspirations, and true prophetic inspirations, as they have already chosen Dr. Newton for their sorbo, and have given most excellent communications through him.

Yours in the faith, LUCY A. HUNSON.

Saratoga Springs, 1861.

#### Suspended.

The friends at Troy, N. Y., having suspended specie payment during the war, or for the present, thereby release me for the month of October, during which time I shall circulate in New-England, and if any of the friends want to use me in either of the holy days of that month they must apply soon by letter to Lowell. I shall be mostly engaged this fall with the affairs of the nation, as my tongue and pen will both be used in defence of our country and its constitution. The Spiritualists of Troy and Worcester have not failed, only temporarily suspended, and will soon be at par again.

WARREN CHASE.

Lowell, Mass., Sept. 2, 1861.







## No Long War.

It was not thought possible, at its first breaking out, that this war could be long continued, nor is the impression at all general now that such will be the case. Beside the mutual desire on the part both of the rebel leaders and the loyal citizens against whose welfare they war to bring matters to a final and conclusive task as soon as may be, there is a stern necessity operating behind that, which will force the South to open communication again by some means with the outside world, and enjoy some of those former blessings of which the rash demagogues in that section thought so little. Then, what has a great deal to do with winding up the business of war, in these latter days, with all possible expedition—the wonderful and even astonishing advance that has been made in the destructive character of the various engines of war, since modern ingenuity and skill have been applied to such things, renders it next to impossible for a war to be carried on for any great length of time, where the contestants array themselves in large armed masses.

The war of the Crimea lasted but about two years, or campaigns; while the still more recent war between France and Austria was maintained but three months. A very few engagements are certain now to be decisive. Where, as in our case, the leaders of the rebellious movement feel but partially assured of popular support, and where, too, for no single day they forget that it is chiefly by a system of terrorism and force that the present apparent majority has been secured to their use, they can ill afford, with any hope of safety to themselves, to delay the final decision of the issue any longer than seems reasonable to those whose cause they profess to take in hand. Neither their people nor ours, nor, in fact, the nations outside of us, will permit a long continuance of this contest; we all wish merely to get at a decision as soon as we can, and to let it stand as final. They cannot stand a blockade at the South longer than one year; and, if we should suffer from no foreign interference, that single test will show just how much, or rather how little value ought to be attached to all this bluster about secession and the inherent rights of sovereign States.

## McClellan's System.

Anybody can now see, from the marked improvement that has taken place in the Army of the Potomac, the superior advantages of discipline. McClellan was called to Washington, and found the camp a disolute and forbidding place; not much order; no strict discipline; the military not greatly developed as yet, in its true and vital sense; a loose state of things generally; and, in the short time he has been there, it is easy to see what a marked improvement has taken place in the entire morale of the army. Attention to details seems to be his special forte. While he has a powerful grasp of mind, and a quick instinct for generalization, together with great aptitude for forming combinations adequate to fresh emergencies, all these valuable traits would be as good as valueless if he did not pay unwearied attention to the most minute details of his business. In his report, in the year 1855, to the War Department, as one of the three Commissioners our government sent over to the Crimea for the purpose of studying and reporting upon the modern and most approved modes of European warfare, the reader will find that Gen. McClellan pays his attention as well to the shape of an approved cavalry saddle as to the principle of Todleben's famous earthworks at Sebastopol. Such is the peculiarity of his mind, nothing, however minute, escapes him.

He seems to be the man for our times. It does seem as if Heaven had not forgotten us in our sore trials, but had held the man in reserve that is successfully to lead us out of this Red Sea of battle. We have the greater faith in McClellan, because he has so soon brought order out of apparent chaos, and made power felt where it had scarcely a show left for itself. He has genius, because he has proved himself capable of reducing the theories of genius to practice. Not every man can do that, be he soldier or civilian, commander or dreamer. But we are not to overlook one important fact, in this business; which is, that we owe a great deal more to discipline than to original power; and that no energy, no force, no endowments, however lofty or large, can prove valuable unless they are brought to service after the most patient, protracted, and thorough discipline.

## A Rich Man.

There are many examples of the truth of the teachings of spirits—of and common observation, as well—that what goes to develop a man in one direction, is taken from him in some other. On the street, we often meet a gentleman of this city, who is known to be one of the few richest men in Boston. To be sure, he wears a coat that shows the bare thread at the elbows; his hat is seedy and napless; his gait is agile and awkward; his thin, wrinkled yellow lips set closely over stubbed teeth; his nose looks economically down upon his withered chin, while his eyes have either a quick silvery glint, or, in repose, a dull, cold, nickel look, and his blood is cold and thin—but his name is known on "Change, and respected, and young merchants are prone to consult him on schemes in which they know he has no interest, and treasure his advice as though they knew no higher tribute, even while they shrink from his touch, and turn their eyes away from his soulless face with an instinctive dread.

A few nights ago, a rainy night, too, when people were hurrying home from under the rain and wind, we stopped on Washington street for some passengers to enter a Metropolitan horse car from the crossing that we might go over, when a newsboy, barefooted and ragged, but ruddy faced and happy-eyed, sang out, "Here's the Herald and Journal, last edition." We turned, in season to see this rich man come stooping along, leaning over his hollow breast, and heard him say to the little fellow, "Well, boy, it is cold and rainy. Is n't it time to sell the Journal for a cent?"

Our blood boiled a minute, but soon regained its accustomed flow, while the instinctive impression on our lips turned into a wordless prayer—"God pity the poor rich man!"

## Inducement to Subscribers.

To any one who will send us three dollars, with the names of three new subscribers for the BANNER OF LIGHT, for six months, we will send a copy of either, *WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT*, by Dr. Child, *THE ARCHA OF NATURE*, by Hudson Tuttle, or, *TWELVE LECTURES*, by Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch. These works are all published for one dollar each, and this is an offer worthy the immediate attention of our readers, for we shall continue it in force only two months.

## The Picnic and Oram Bake.

Our friends must bear in mind that the grand Picnic and Oram Bake at Island Grove, Centre Abington, takes place on Wednesday of this week, the 11th inst., weather permitting. Dr. H. F. Gardner, who superintends the Festival, has made every arrangement necessary for the comfort and pleasure of his guests. Eminent speakers have been engaged for the occasion, among whom we are pleased to mention Prof. CLARENCE BUTLER, who will give an account of the secession movement, and his recent expulsion from Texas, after being tarred and feathered by the secessionists. For full particulars see eighth page.

## Sunday Lectures in Boston Examined.

The regular course of Sunday Spiritualistic lectures for the season will commence in ALLSTON HALL on Sunday, September 29th. Mrs. FANNY A. CONANT, the celebrated Trance-speaking Medium, through whose mediumship the communications that have been published in the BANNER OF LIGHT, for the past four or five years, have been given, has consented to lecture on the above mentioned day at 2.45 and 7.15 o'clock.

Miss EMMA HARDING will lecture the four Sundays of October, and Miss LIZZIE DORR the last two in November and first two in December.

## New Publications.

The "History of the Southern Rebellion," Nos. 2 and 3, have been received. They contain the opinions and views of the statesmen of America on the question of disunion or nullification, an account of the financial condition of the country, list of military resignations, and bring the events of the times up to the appointment by Congress of the Compromise Committee of one from each State. We are more and more fully assured that this is one of the most important publications the year will produce, comprising, as it will, a perfect cyclopaedia of events. A. Williams & Co., No. 100 Washington st., Agents.

## Patriotic Envelops.

We have received from the publisher, F. Hedge, Boston, a pack of envelopes, decorated by a cut drawn by a little Yankee boy, twelve years old, representing Lafayette grasping the American flag from the hands of the bearer, who was struck by a cannon ball. The picture is surrounded by a triumphal arch, the two columns of which are inscribed with the names of the patriots of '76 and '61. J. E. Tilton & Co. have them for sale in Boston. The publisher, F. Hedge, will send a copy to any address on receipt of a three cent stamp.

## A Reliable Physician.

Invalids, who are able to do so, and wish to get speedily cured, had better call on Dr. J. T. GILMAN PIKE, No. 2 Hayward Place, who is one of the most reliable physicians in the city; and, moreover, he possesses advantages no other physician has, as he has called to his aid the clairvoyant powers of Mrs. Fanny A. Conant, of whose skill in years past in the cure of disease, many of our citizens are cognizant. When desired, the Doctor will visit patients at their residences.

## Miss Laura De Force.

We are pained to hear that Miss De Force has during the past few months so overtaxed her energies that she is now quite sick at the residence of a friend in New Jersey, and she has been obliged to withdraw all of her engagements during the month of September. She may be addressed for the present in the care of Judge Burr, Vincentown, N. J.

## Special Notice.

All Western Bank notes, excepting those of the State Bank of Ohio, are uncourant in this section; hence our subscribers and others who have occasion to remit us funds, are requested to send bills on the above named Bank, in case Eastern money cannot be conveniently procured—or one cent or three cent stamps of the new issue.

## The New Postage Stamp.

The U. S. Government having repudiated all the old postage stamps, those of our friends who forward us postage stamps to pay for subscriptions, will be careful to procure those of the new issue.

We have been informed by one of our subscribers at Meriden, Conn., that the bigoted postmaster there refuses to promptly deliver the BANNER. The postmaster's wife is reported to have said, when the papers were called for, that she "had a great mind to burn them." Such high-handed proceedings should be frowned down by every decent person in the community. Should similar complaints proceed from that quarter, we shall feel it our duty to lay the whole matter before the Postmaster General.

Those who attend Mrs. Conant's Seances, at this office, will please bear in mind that the door is closed at precisely three o'clock, and no person is allowed admission after that time. As "order is heaven's first law," and we are laboring to inaugurate heaven upon earth, we are obliged to strictly conform to this rule. The public generally are invited to attend.

We are under lasting obligations to those friends who have used, and are still using their influence in our behalf. Especially do we feel grateful to those subscribers who, waiving their right to the BANNER at the club rates, have generously forwarded the full amount of subscription.

Our friends everywhere are earnestly requested to aid us in keeping the BANNER on a paying basis during these hard times. As the present volume is nearly out, we trust those of our patrons whose term of subscription expires with number 26, will continue their papers, and induce others to subscribe.

## To Correspondents.

"L. A. D. A." LANA.—Your article is well written, but we cannot endorse the sentiments expressed therein. We do not believe "the Union is a phantom." We are of the opinion that when the war is over, and the "sober second thought" of the people prevails—as it surely will—we shall become a reunited and a prosperous people.

Mrs. C. M. S. WAUKESHA, Wis.—You can remit in bills of the State Bank of Ohio. Those, of course, you can easily procure at the West.

C. S. WOODRUFF, Thor, N. Y.—Your Essay on "Life" is filed for publication. It will appear in due course.

W. S. KENDALL, Fort Des Moines.—We have none of the papers on hand of the dates mentioned.

Mr. Jones says the sunshine of a smiling face will gild everything but cold mutton.

## ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

"CLEVEES DURAND."—Please call and see us at your earliest convenience, or let us know where you can be addressed.

"The wicked flee when no man pursueth." These are the *seas* that generally bite the hardest.

SCIENTIFIC LECTURES.—Dr. H. L. Bowker will give the second lecture of his course on Organic and Vital Chemistry, at the Hall, 14 Bromfield street, on Wednesday evening September 11th. Subject: "The Constructive Energies of Nature." This subject affords the best scientific demonstration of the power of mind over matter. All skeptics and lovers of science will do well to attend.

We shall publish in our next number a fine story, entitled "RICHARD MILBURN, THE MISANTHROPE; or, The Fortune-Teller of Lynn," by Margaret Woffington.

The fair friend who recently sent to this office a splendid bouquet of flowers, will please receive our thanks. May the good angels ever guard her, and so inspire her with noble thoughts, that she may freely impart to those less favored in the earth-life, words of wisdom and consolation.

## IMPROPRIETY OF IRRESPONSIBLE POWER.

So many tyrants do infest mankind, Were all to be beheaded on the block, It would, we think, be difficult to find A headman for the last one of the stock.

The *Revue Spiritualiste*, published monthly in Paris, contains a vindication of the mediumship of Mr. J. R. M. Squire, says the *Herald of Progress*. [The *Revue* has failed to reach this office. Will Mr. S. ascertain the reason it is not sent? The *Banner* is mailed regularly.]

A correspondent writes of a little four year old lad, who was repeating after his mother the Lord's Prayer. Coming to the sentence, "Give us this day our daily bread," the little fellow suddenly opened his eyes, exclaiming, "Is it corn-bread or wheat-bread? If it's corn-bread, I don't want it."

Never was temper so reserved but it has its moments of unbending—moments when the full heart unlocks its secret fountains, and tells of emotions unsuspected, and thoughts hitherto concealed by the guarded brow and practiced lip.

It is reported that strenuous efforts are being made to induce the government to aid in fitting out one or two hundred of the largest and best of the fishing schooners of New England, to be used in protecting commerce in Southern waters and capturing privateers. It is thought they can be fitted and armed at an expense not exceeding \$2000 each. Their fitness for the shallow creeks and inlets bordering Southern bays and harbors, as well as their fleetness, render them well adapted for such service.

Nearly all the Mills at Lewiston Falls, Me., have recommenced running. The Cotton Mills in other places are also starting up.

The National House, Haymarket square, is the most appropriate place for all patriotic travelers to stop at while sojourning in the city.

A St. Louis letter states that there are now about 60,000 troops in St. Louis and within a circuit of about one hundred miles around it. All are well uniformed, armed and equipped, ready and eager for active service. Their number is daily increased by fresh arrivals from Illinois, Indiana and Ohio, and two regiments of cavalry from Iowa are shortly expected.

The grain trade of Chicago, which, in 1840, reached what was then called the "enormous total" of 200,000 bushels per annum, has grown since then in an amazing ratio. The Daily Press of that city reports that the receipts of grain on Tuesday of that week, amounted to 425,494 bushels, and on Monday and Tuesday to 925,696 bushels, of which 520,397 bushels were corn.

A detachment of a Massachusetts Regiment recently captured twenty-two Charleston Home Guards at Harper's Ferry.

The Union prospects in North Carolina, as represented by late arrivals, are of the most encouraging nature. The acting Governor is a reliable Union man. Secret leagues of loyalty exist in every county, and are rapidly increasing, and now number one-half of the voting population.

General McClellan has reviewed, in detail, every brigade of troops now at the capital, thus publishing to the men, in the best and clearest way, that in taking command of the army of the Potomac he intends giving it the closest personal attention. The reviews have shown that the orders issued a month ago for the thorough drill and exercise of the troops, have had valuable results. The men and officers are now effective soldiers; the different regiments are finely disciplined, and the condition of the entire army is far better than before the battle of Bull Run.

It is said that the camp measles are raging frightfully in the rebel army.

The British Consul at Charleston writes to friends in Washington, that the effect of the blockade increases in severity every week, and that the Southern people bitterly lament their destitute condition.

General Wool is taking the volunteer officers in hand to see what they know of military duties. He quite astonishes some of them, inquiring how long it takes their men to cook beans and other rations. The captains at first thought the General was quizzing them, but when they discovered that he was serious, and expected them to pay such attention to the men, as to know how they were fed daily, and to see that they made the best and most economical use of their food, they began to discover that there were duties to be learned which had never entered into their ideas of the accomplishments of officers. The rigid supervision of the various departments of the army now being exercised at all points, is one of the best assurances to the country that it is being put upon a proper war footing, and will hereafter not be disgraced through the blundering and incompetency of its officers.

Miss Dix has left Washington for Missouri, to see that the hospital and nurse arrangements for our troops there are what they should be.

General Butler has written a letter to F. A. Hildreth, Esq., of Lowell, giving his views in regard to political matters, in which we find this patriotic paragraph:

"I know no politics in any sense, save as represented by the question—How best to preserve the Union, and restore the country in its integrity? Peace is desirable to all, and to none more so than to the soldier who has left his friends and his home, to do his duty in this country."

The Hatteras Inlet fight was a splendid affair. As the details have been printed in all the dailies

throughout the country, we forbear giving them to our readers, as we do not like to occupy our columns with *old news*.

General Fremont has issued a proclamation putting the recent confiscation act of Congress into effect in Missouri.

Almost all cases of common sore eyes, with occasional inflammation, says the *Herald of Progress*, can be traced to a disordered state of the stomach and duodenum. Even if the food be properly digested, there is some derangement in the lower departments, where the bile joins the chyle, and where the ultimates of food are prepared, by the magnetic action of the mesenteric glands, for assimilation with the blood.

The landlords in Newburyport, Mass., have come to a general agreement to reduce rents in the centre of the city 25 per cent. Some have even gone back, and taken off 25 per cent. of what was due.

In his recent great patriotic speech at Tunkhannock, Pa., Daniel S. Dickinson, of New York, stated the case as to the origin of the war so concisely and admirably, that it might be taken as the motto of all defenders of the government. "South Carolina began to scrape lint before the votes were counted." And it is a positive historical fact.

A NEW ENGLAND DIVISION.—The five regiments to be raised immediately in this State, are to compose a part of a division of 10,000 men, to be obtained entirely in New England, and to be employed on special service. Brig. Gen. Sherman, whose reputation as an artillery officer is confined to no section of the country, will command this fine body of troops.

Dr. H. L. BOWKER.—It is with a degree of pleasure, as well as a desire to do justice to one of the best mediums now in the spiritual ranks, that we call special notice to the gentleman above referred to. Dr. Bowker is a sound, able, and scientific lecturer upon Mental and Spiritual Phenomena, Physiology, Organic Chemistry, and the theory and cause of disease. For eight years he has been prominent as a public medium, and, in addition to this, has had a thorough medical training under one of the most eminent professors of medicine in Boston. His intuitive and psychometric powers are unrivaled, and have been tested by thousands in an extensive practice throughout New England. We feel, therefore, the utmost confidence in him, suffering from any of the various diseases to which the human race are subject, or to those desiring a true reading of character, or to communities in search of a capable lecturer. Dr. Bowker has an office at 7 Davis street, Boston.

MISS OLIVE HALL, TEST MEDIUM.—The novice will be confirmed, and the people convinced of the presence of remembered friends from the "other side." Miss H. expects a small fee (25 cents) from each inquirer. Her address at present is Walworth, Wis. A. BAILEY.

## Annual Festival.

The Religio-Philosophical Society invites all friends of progress, far and near, to join with them in a three days' Festival, at the Grove and Church on the east side of the river in St. Charles, Kane county, Illinois, thirty-six miles west of Chicago, on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth of September.

A free platform will be maintained, upon which all persons will be at liberty to express their sincere thoughts, without restrictions further than the ordinary rules of decorum requires, each alone being responsible for views uttered.

No pains will be spared to make all comfortable who attend. The friends in the village and adjacent towns and country will provide picnic refreshments.

A general invitation is extended to everybody, and especially to public lecturers.

By order of the Religio-Philosophical Society, St. Charles, July 6, 1861.

## THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

The oldest and largest paper in America and the world, which is devoted to the elucidation of the science and religion of Modern Spiritualism, will enter upon its *THIRTY EIGHTH* year, September 28th, 1861. Though the pressure of the times, which has proved so disastrous to many newspapers, has made us feel its influence sorely, yet we are proud to say we have surmounted all obstacles, and been able to keep the BANNER on a foundation of solidity and respectability; yet we need, and must have, in order for our continued existence, the support of all true Spiritualists. We have resolved to make every personal sacrifice and self-denial for the good of the cause, and only ask our readers to meet us in the same spirit; for they know, as well as we do, that the BANNER is well worth its subscription money, as more labor is expended on it, we venture to say, than on any other weekly paper in America, it being generally filled with entirely original matter, and often—unusually or otherwise—from some of the brightest minds in this and the spirit sphere.

## Its pleasing variety

Has always been acknowledged to be one of its greatest merits, since every one can find that within its columns suited to his growth and scope of mind—from the witty joke to the philosophical discourse; from the absorbing novel to the labored essay.

## Our Literary Department.

Always so popular, will never be the less so, for we have made arrangements to publish two or three continued stories during the next volume, which will equal, if not surpass, anything we have ever published.

## Original Essays

Will hereafter appear, as in the past, from the best pens in the field of Spiritualistic, Theological, Political and Social Reform.

## Our Message Department.

The publication of which we feel is an instrument of incalculable good to the millions of both spheres of life—giving as it does, exact portrayments of character existing in the future life, and demonstrating the beautiful and rational faith of Spiritualism that, as we leave this world, we are destined to enter the world of spirits, and so remain until by labor and perseverance we are able to ascend the road of progression—is under the care of an experienced and skillful reporter, and the

## Public Circles.

At which these communications are given through the mediumship of Mrs. J. H. CONANT, we shall continue to sustain, trusting the public will investigate for themselves, and become fully satisfied in their own minds of the truth of these phenomena.

## Our Editorial Department

Is under the care of a gentleman of twenty years' experience of newspaper life, and whose talents and skill are fully sufficient to sustain the BANNER in the position it has already attained, or, if anything, place it in even a loftier position as a high-toned, literary sheet.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Single copies, one year.	\$2 00
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One year.	\$1 50
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ISAAC B. RICH.

Publisher for the Proprietors.

Editors of newspapers will be entitled to the BANNER one year, by giving the above one insertion in their respective journals, and sending us a marked copy.

A BEAUTIFUL LITTLE MICROSCOPE, MAGNIFYING objects 500 times, will be mailed to any address on the receipt of 25 CENTS in silver, and one red stamp. Five of our best copies of postage, for \$1.00. Address F. BOWEN, Lock box 114, Boston, Mass. Aug. 31.

## New Books.

## A NEW BOOK.

An extraordinary book has made its appearance, published at Indianapolis, Ind. The following is the title:

OR, CATHOLICISM UNMASKED.

BY A CATHOLIC PRIEST.

Containing—"Doubts of Infidelity," embodying thirty important Questions to the Clergy; also, forty Close Questions to the Doctors of Divinity, by ZEPH; a curious and interesting work, entitled, *La Duviv*, and much other matter, both amusing and instructive.

This book will cause a greater excitement than anything of the kind ever printed in the English language. When the "Eye Opener" first appeared, its effects were so unprecedentedly electrical and astounding, that the Clergy, in consultation, proposed buying the copyright and first edition for the purpose of suppressing this extraordinary production. The work was finally submitted to the Rev. Mr. West for his opinion, who returned for answer, that the book submitted for his examination, threatened, it was true, the demolition of all creeds, nevertheless, in his opinion, nothing would be gained by its suppression. Said he, let truth and error grapple.

The "Eye Opener" should be in the hands of all who desire to think for themselves.

Price, 40 cents, postpaid. The trade furnished on liberal terms. For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 158 Washington st., Boston. 10 cents. Sept. 14.

"WHATSOEVER IS, IS RIGHT" VINDICATED.

BY A. P. M'COMBER. A Pamphlet of twenty-four pages, containing clear and lucid arguments in support of the Bible, from deism, and a perfect overthrow of the claims in opposition to this doctrine as set forth by Cynthia Temple, in a pamphlet entitled, "Is it not 'ALL RIGHT'?"

For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 158 Washington street, Boston. Price 10 cents. 10 Sept. 14.

Essays on Various Subjects.

INTENDED to elucidate the Causes of the Changes coming upon all the Earth at the present time; and the Nature of the Calamities that are so rapidly approaching, &c. given through a lady, who wrote "Communications," &c. "Further Communications from the World of Spirits," &c. Price 50 cents (paper), 60 cents. Sold by D. APPLETON & CO., 448 and 445 Broadway, New York, and BELLA MARSH, 14 Bromfield street, Boston. Aug. 24.

OPTIMISM, THE LESSON OF AGES. By Benjamin Blood. Price 60 cents.

NAHVIETHE IS, IS RIGHT. By Dr. Child. Price \$1.

NAHVIETHE OF DR. H. A. ACKLEY, lately of Cleveland, Ohio, in Spirit-Life. Price 10 cents.

The above, together with a great variety of Spiritual and Reform Publications, are constantly for sale by BELLA MARSH, 14 Bromfield street, Boston. Aug. 31.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

Travels.—A limited number of advertisements will be inserted in this paper at fifteen cents per line for each insertion. Liberal discount made on standing advertisements.

MEDICAL TREATMENT.—NUTRITIVE PRINCIPLE. D. ALFRED G. KALL, M. D., Professor of Physiology, and author of the *Nut. Theory of Modern Practice*, on the Nutritive Principle, may be consulted on the treatment of every form of humor, weakness and disease, in person or by letter, from any part of the country, at any address. It is reliable, the most practical, and the most worthy of the confidence of the afflicted. All the Medicines used are purely vegetable. No 250 Washington Street, Boston Mass. April 6.

LOCAL SPEAKING.

To any society of Harmonical, progressive Spiritualists, who wish a permanent speaker, who can earn his own livelihood with the assistance of the clairvoyant, can address Prof. J. EDWIN CHURCHILL, "Our Home," Danville, Fulton County, New York. 30 Sept. 14.

SEMINAL WEAKNESS.—Its Cause and Cure, by a former sufferer—containing also an exposure of Quackery. Enclosing stamp, address, in perfect confidence, box 3818, Boston, Mass. A very important circular to the married, sent on receipt of stamp. Copy address. Sept. 14.

IF you have Weak or Sore Eyes, send one dime for a small quantity of BASSOM'S EYE WATER, as a trial, and it will be forwarded by mail, and if you follow the example of all others, you will send for a larger quantity. Address BASSOM & CO., 274 Canal st., New York. 30 Sept. 14.

MRS. L. K. HYDE, (formerly of St. Lagrange Place,) Writing and Trance Medium, may be found at 16 Beach street, Boston. 10 Sept. 14.

## LET THE AFFLICTED READ!

THE ORIGIN AND CURE OF DISEASE.

DISEASES are successfully treated only in proportion to the knowledge obtained of their cause, and the ability of the clairvoyant and educated Physician to call into action

The Power to Remove Disease!

It is one of the most important developments of the times, that this power IS KNOWN AND EXERCISED.

Its possession has enabled DR. MAIN to treat every class and kind of Disease for the past ten years.

WITH UNPARALLELED SUCCESS.

The origin and cause of the difficulty is known to him in a moment, before the patient utters a word.

IN OVER FIFTEEN THOUSAND CASES

which have come under the Doctor's care, during his long and varied practice, it is safe to assert that there have been more than NINETY-FIVE PER CENT. HEALED. These are facts worthy the attention of those who are seeking the most economical, as well as the speediest and

MOST PERMANENT MODES OF CURE.

Those whose cases have baffled all other medical skill are assured that they need not despair; let them call on Dr. Main, and be assured that there is a balm in Gilead and a

Physician for the People,











## Pearls.

—Elegies—  
And quoted close, and jewels five words long,  
That on the stretched forefinger of all time  
Sparkle forever.

## KEEP THE HEART YOUNG.

Keep the heart young—never mind a gray hair—  
Keep the heart young, and you'll never despair;  
Hopeful and glad, let the old frame decay—  
Who cares for the shell when the jewel's away?

Keep the heart young with full trust in God's might  
To anchor you safely, but follow the right;  
Keep the heart young and be merry and gay,  
Give care to the winds and be jolly away.

Keep the heart young, and be tender and true;  
As loving to others as they are to you;  
Keep the heart young, and do not fly in a rage  
If any one mentions your mellow old age.

Keep the heart young, and let old time appear,  
Ho! it glides on so gently, you'll scarce feel him near;  
A friend—and no foe—bringing peace and delight;  
But keep the heart young, and you'll always be right.

Write your name by kindness, love, and mercy, on  
the hearts of the people you come in contact with,  
and you will never be forgotten.

## MUSIC.

O, lul me, lul me, charming air!  
My senses rock with wonder sweet;  
Like snow on wool, thy fallings are;  
Soft, like a spirit's, are thy feet.

Grief who need fear  
That had he not?  
Down let him lie  
And slumbering die,  
And change his soul to harmony.—[Dryden.]

It is a wise moral dispensation, that those virtues  
are most prevalent which are most wanted.

## EXAMPLE.

Whenever I impatient grow  
Earth's patience to my mind I show,  
Which, as we're told, turns daily round,  
And travels yearly the same ground.  
For what else, then, am I placed here?  
I follow my good mother dear.—[Goethe.]

Hospitality is the virtue of uncivilized, as benevo-  
lence should be that of civilized, life.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

BOSTON SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE,  
TUESDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 3, 1861.

QUESTION.—There is no positive evidence of a future  
life except that furnished by spirit-intercourse in the  
present and past ages.

PROF. CLARENCE BUTLER.—There is a two-fold  
difficulty lying at the outset of this question. What is  
meant by "positive evidence"—by demonstrative  
proof? If you mean proof addressed to the sensu-  
ous perception, then I answer that the evidence of  
the senses deals only with matter, and that because  
the understanding has no jurisdiction over the in-  
spiration which transcends it, you cannot settle this  
question on the basis of objective proof. But if you  
mean the evidence which is addressed by the soul to  
the soul—and which is more certain than the cer-  
tainty of sense—the subject assumes altogether an-  
other phase.

The other difficulty is in regard to the term "a  
future existence." There is no future to the soul. The  
words time and space are only relative expressions,  
born out of the necessities consequent upon our con-  
tact with matter. But all spirit dwells in an ever-  
present Here and Now.

Mother Nature is always veracious, and always  
records herself truthfully. Now I find that the in-  
stinct of immortality is universal in its spontaneity  
among the races; and that all peoples are endowed,  
in order or more advanced forms, with this indig-  
enous preternatural intuition of the everlastingness  
of life. Every race has its theory of future exist-  
ence; its world peopled with longings and dreadings  
and imaginings, where roam the thoughts that wan-  
der through eternity, with fields and blessed isles of  
its own, and an infinite blue convave stretching all  
around. Now, because whatever human nature de-  
mands, God, the father of human nature decrees, the  
immortality of man (which necessitates what we call  
future existences) is apparent.

These primal instincts of the races spring up from  
deeper sources than the region of mere conscious-  
ness; for the intuition of immortality is not the  
product of consciousness; but the consciousness of  
the soul is the result of its immortality. This intu-  
ition is the act of the soul discerning and taking  
cognizance of its own.

For do I think it possible for God to create any-  
thing that is not eternal and immortal. Every Cre-  
ator, whether man or God, puts himself into his  
work, symbolizes his creative force in form. So that  
ever matter is eternal; the symbol changing, the  
idea of the symbol enduring for ever. The meaneat  
leaf that rots on the highway has inherent vitality  
and force; else how could it rot? All life is ever-  
lasting.

Again, no man can think beyond the confines of  
the period of his duration. I think to the everlast-  
ing. Therefore I am to the everlasting, trading the  
outer verge of the furthest centuries of God.

I do not, of course, disparage the usefulness of  
phenomenal Spiritualism; although I think its utility  
consists rather in its tendency to arouse and  
quicken the supersensual instincts of man's nature,  
than in its value as demonstrative evidence and final  
proof. All blood goes to the heart; so does the highest  
proof; for Truth seeks the inner vestibules. The  
intellect is great; but the soul is greater: the first  
is subordinate; the last supreme: the one is Secre-  
tary of State for human affairs; but none of its acts  
or edicts are valid without the sign-manual of the  
other—the Soul—which is crowned King and Lord  
of all.

DR. CHILD.—What evidence have we that the soul  
lives after death? Is there any evidence except  
that furnished by Spirit communion? The fact of a  
future existence needs no evidences called forth, so  
none is furnished. When it becomes necessary for us  
to know that our souls are immortal, we shall know  
it beyond any question. The evidence of immortality  
furnished by the professional religious world is  
unsatisfactory to the multitude, and it is not quite  
satisfactory to the expounders of it. The evidence  
furnished by Spirit Intercourse has the semblance  
of satisfaction with many—yet the character of the  
testifiers is impeached by contradictory testimony.  
A test is given into the philosopher's hand, and  
another test is given into the same hand that con-  
troverts the former. The tests and the testimony of  
Spirits in Spirit Intercourse are unsatisfactory to  
the multitude as to the positive evidence of the pur-  
ported reality—which purport, if clear to all, would  
settle the fact of future life to all. I must confess  
that all of Spiritualism that is given to us in words,  
is but the surface sound and bubbles of the more  
real thing. So uncertain, contradictory, conflicting,  
and generally unsatisfactory is the external evidence  
of immortality in Spirit-intercourse, both in the  
past and in the present ages, that it is not by the  
masses of the people admitted as a positive, certain  
thing. The evidence of immortality, my friends, is  
not here; no, it is not found here. And nowhere in  
the language of words can the positive, undisputed  
evidence of a future life be found. It is not found  
in the Bible, the Shaster, the Koran or any other  
book that tells us how to live a religious life on  
earth. All the evidence of immortality thus far  
recorded in words, has been disputed by erudite and  
thinking men; has been justly contested and re-  
jected by philosophy. Evidence of immortality is  
not furnished to our outward perception—for evi-  
dence for sensuous perception, not the soul. Then  
what positive evidence have we of immortality? It  
is not what is written in the Bible that makes pos-  
itive evidence to this end, for two persons will give

heed to the same testimony, and one will say that it  
is evidence and the other will say it is no evidence.  
Two persons will listen to the same testimony in  
support of a future life, from the utterances of  
modern Spiritualism; one will say it is evidence, and  
the other will say it is no evidence at all. All that  
comes of Spiritualism, in the language of words, is  
the trash and twaddle of the thing, that fire can burn  
up and the mould of time dissolve. To Spiritualism  
there is a great deal more than this. The evidence  
of the immortality of the soul cannot be expressed  
by words. What we call the "evidences" are not  
positive. There is no evidence furnished humanity  
for this end, but there is a germ of positive knowl-  
edge in every human bosom, which, when needed,  
will be developed, that transcends the necessity of  
testimony and evidence. Were there, could there be  
evidence of immortality, that could be restrained to  
words, immortality would be a meaner thing than  
we could wish it were. Those who say that they  
know that the soul lives after death, do not gather  
their knowledge from any testimony; but those who  
doubt the immortality of the soul, doubt entirely on  
the testimony of words; so the direct or indirect  
testimony to this end only furnishes doubts. There  
is but one way by which we learn of immortality,  
and that way is, by actual knowledge, not testimony,  
knowledge that, in due time, will come up and ex-  
pand to perfect certainty, in every human soul.

MR. WETHERS.—Immortality, in his mind, had  
always been associated with Bible religion and Christ.  
Cast the Bible away, and we shall have no anchor to the  
soul—drifting in an unknown sea. As for his part,  
with the Bible he had drifted to where there was no  
bottom; and the Bible, with all the good it had done,  
would not bear him up. People who had seen some,  
or all of the scientific fabric, saw it came in, as true  
knowledge became developed, and were looking else-  
where for corroborative evidence of immortality;  
and many had felt satisfied with the universality of  
belief. The assertion, that what is so universal must  
be true, has no foundation in fact, for not one half of  
the nations had any conception of immortality; and  
more than that, here among us, it is by no manner  
of means universal, and many who professed to be-  
lieve in it, did so from association and habit, the idea  
inhering in them before they knew enough to doubt.  
They hope it, but no more believe it than I do that  
I shall ever be a horse. People here talk of some-  
thing beyond their comprehension. I know nothing  
but by manifestations. Origin, and life essences, are  
too deep for me—and for others, too. They furnish  
no light to me. Reason justifies a belief in immor-  
tality on the ground of comprehensive justice, which  
is not meted out on the earth sphere. Logic leads to  
annihilation—it cannot be avoided. All these varie-  
ties may show the tendency of things toward favor-  
ing immortality, but there is no proof. The only  
proof is in a man's coming back. Now, modern  
Spiritualism gives the best proof—for there are vari-  
ous ways by which the dead can manifest themselves  
—not as we expect, not just as we wish—but it is  
the best we have yet, and explains how the ancients  
came back. By what we have to-day, both are aid-  
ed; and then the other evidences of partial univer-  
sality, and corroboration of reason, altogether, form  
a proof of the fact sufficient in the aggregate to  
justify a certainty for belief, though no separate  
strand alone would bear the weight without break-  
ing.

JUDGE LADD laid down and illustrated the follow-  
ing propositions, upon which he considered the objec-  
tive argument for immortality to be founded.

1. There is a principle of veracity in Nature, from  
the lowest to the highest forms of being. The lan-  
guage of the external and visible is the true expres-  
sion of the reality. The science of facts, if properly  
interpreted, ever leads to the philosophy of principles.

2. Nature ever records herself—every movement,  
every change, is registered indelibly in the great  
Book of Life.

3. There is in Nature a principle of conservation,  
by which all the essential elements and vitalities of  
lower forms of life are aggregated in the higher—  
hence Nature is ever prophetic of nobler forms and  
grandeur uses.

4. The idea of discrete degrees contains a profound  
philosophical truth. All organized forms,  
"From the zoophyte small to the Lord of all,"  
ascend from one plateau of life to another—not by  
graduation merely, imperceptibly growing to a higher  
status, but by discrete degree, as the same atom as-  
cends from the granite, the lichen, and mountain  
flower, evermore refining and nevermore returning  
to its former condition.

From these positions it was argued, that from a  
more intellectual standpoint immortality became a  
scientific affirmation. The doctrine flowed logically  
from the established order of the Universe. It was  
a necessity.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE AT CLINTON  
HALL, NEW YORK.

Tuesday Evening, September 3, 1861.

QUESTION.—Can spirits foretell events?

MR. SWART.—I have been told by Miss Harding  
that once, at a small town in Illinois, she found her  
self so exhausted by attending to a succession of  
callers, that she was obliged to seek a little repose  
in her chamber. She was there sitting with her  
head on her hands, the door being fastened, when  
she looked up and saw, at the open window, the dis-  
tinct appearance of a man. While she looked, it  
seemed to take a razor and deliberately cut his throat.  
Upon this, she went into another room and described  
the apparition to her friends, who could not recollect  
that any such person had committed suicide. Not  
long afterward, however, a man in the place, answer-  
ing her description, did kill himself in that way.  
This seems to be a case of foreseeing, or prophecy.

DR. YOUNG.—Prophecy is the foreseeing of events  
from a knowledge of the past—the result of reason-  
ing from the known to the unknown—and this pow-  
er is owing to a superior development of both the re-  
flective faculties and the memory. I have no doubt  
that men exist who could write the history of Amer-  
ica for a thousand years ahead.

MRS. E. J. FRENCH related, in detail, several in-  
stances in which she had prophetic events, some-  
times extending over many years, with perfect accu-  
racy. She had foretold the dates of the deaths, with  
all their attendant circumstances, of members of her  
family; and her predictions had invariably been  
verified, in the most minute particulars, and to the  
very moment of time. She had prescribed, at inter-  
vals, during several months past, for a patient whom  
she did not see, and whose identity and state of  
health, on each occasion, she had no means of dis-  
covering, except by the looks of hair which were  
brought to her by different strangers; and the re-  
sult had been that she had both conquered his inec-  
rudity and prolonged his life. She did not know  
what to call this gift—if not prophecy—nor did she  
know to what source should be attributed her knowl-  
edge of events so far distant.

DR. HALLOCK.—It seems to me that all the more  
broad and sweeping utterances of prophecy have been  
made by men, in accordance with the more compre-  
hensive grasp and higher generalizing power of the  
masculine intellect. As to the facts which prove the  
existence of the prophetic faculty, there can be no  
more question, than of the fundamental facts of nat-  
ural science, though both the one and the other may  
be wrongly interpreted and applied. We must give  
up the common definition of the term prophecy, be-  
cause none of the operations of nature can any longer  
be ascribed to the exertion of a Supreme arbitrary  
Will—but to Law—the phenomenon of a thing is  
simply and always the effect of what is behind, or  
within it. But, like Mrs. French, I could stand here  
till morning relating instances, within my own  
knowledge, of predictions ranging over years, and  
literally fulfilled. It is the most promising and  
hopeful characteristic of our method, that it forces  
us to interrogate our facts, which the earlier psy-  
chologists never did. They ascribed all inexplica-

ble influences, according as they seemed good or evil,  
respectively to arise from heaven, or blasts from hell;  
and so, between God and Devil, as between two stools,  
man's hope and Reason fell to the ground. We,  
with a happy audacity, have cross-examined our  
facts. Had our predecessors done so, they might  
have got the same answer. That answer, from the  
voiceless intelligences, is, "We are friends," and now  
the idea, that prophecy comes from Will, independ-  
ently of Law, pardonable in our ancestors, would  
be unpardonable in us. The germs of all science are  
in the spirit. All phenomena are spiritual. This  
being so, when we consider that an individual in the  
exercise of his spiritual faculties, looking over the  
field of spiritual elements, is on the plane of  
causes, Prophecy takes the shape of something  
rational, and we may discard the old idea of a thick  
cloud interposed between man's mental vision and  
the future, behind which supernatural power has  
now and then admitted some one to survey the in-  
fluences that crop out into phenomena on this side.

DR. GRAY.—It is believed there is one Omniscent  
Being in the universe; and if it be in accordance  
with His Divine order to communicate His yet un-  
fulfilled purpose to mortals, there is no denying that  
it could be done. The question is, is there reason to  
believe that it ever has been done? Has there ever  
been direct communication, by a short cut, between  
Divine Omniscent and the human faculties? I  
have no evidence of it. Assertion does not make it  
so. Prophets, like other clairvoyants, are deceived  
by what appears to them in their trance state, as  
solid truth—not to be questioned, and argued, and  
qualified, like propositions addressed to man in his  
external state. The impressions thus received, they  
are ready to erect into a Gospel, and the gaping  
multitude, following their lead, ascribe the utter-  
ances, if true, to a wise spirit; if not true, to a de-  
ceiving one.

There is a modification of prophecy, which I would  
refer to the operation of a law of physical transfer.  
I have already illustrated this by the manner in  
which the chameleon changes the color of its skin,  
according to that of the cloth or other substance it  
is placed upon, and which constitutes the most  
familiar example of the principle in question. I  
have, in my own practice, been led to the most ac-  
curate diagnosis of obscure diseases, without pre-  
liminary examination and without reasoning, but  
merely, I should say, by an unconscious transfer of  
the patient's whole state into my own system—and  
this is analogous probably to the mode in which  
spirits communicate to us impressions of existing or  
impending facts. When they wish to warn a mortal  
of an approaching danger, as for instance, a collision  
on a railroad, they transfer to the subject's mind, a  
sort of panoramic picture of the calamity, which  
their own more comprehensive vision and rapid  
powers of calculation have enabled them to conceive  
in what to us would be an incredibly short period  
of time. In my opinion, there is no such thing as  
absolute ratiocination. I would arrange all cases  
of prevision under three classes. 1st. Prophecies  
made by deduction from known elements. Such  
were the predictions of the birth of the Messiah,  
uttered at least 160 years before the advent of Jesus.  
The prophet in this case had passed into an interior  
state, in which he enjoyed the widest insight into the  
requirements and circumstances of whole tribes and  
generations of men. The famous poetical prophecy  
of Socrates, the Latin tragedian, respecting the dis-  
covery of the Western World, and which is as clear  
as that just referred to, comes also under this head.  
I suppose that any one in the requisite trance con-  
dition, could perceive the state of the earth, and that  
such a discovery would necessarily be made, as easily  
as I could predict that our plump friend, Dr. Hal-  
lock, will be sound asleep before the next twenty-four  
hours are over. 2d. Cases in which angels have  
communicated to mortals impressions of facts which  
they could not otherwise have obtained, for purposes  
of use. 3d. Knowledge based on a sympathetic per-  
ception of the states of those around us by the law  
of transfer.

MR. ALBERT BRISBANE.—I believe in relative, but  
not in absolute, prophecy. That, is, there must, in  
my view, be some connection between the mind of  
the prophet and the chain of causes leading to the  
event he predicts, or prophecy is, in the nature of  
things, impossible. For instance, a person in a cer-  
tain state of susceptibility, may be able to perceive  
and follow the course of magnetic currents round the  
globe, and thus to discern the subtle indications  
which they afford of moral and physical perturba-  
tions depending upon them. But that any power of  
prophecy could enable one to predict correctly the  
unnumbered things that are drawn in a lottery, is simply  
impossible, because there is no conceivable connection  
between the intellect and the purely fortuitous oc-  
currence.

## Spiritualists' Picnic and Clam Bake

—AT—

ISLAND GROVE, ABINGTON,  
ON WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1861.

The Spiritualists of Massachusetts are invited to a  
Social Re-union and Clam Bake, at the above Grove.  
Eminent speakers are expected to take part in the  
exercises on this occasion.

An excellent Band will furnish the music for dan-  
cing. No refreshment stands, or exhibitions of any  
kind, allowed upon the grounds, except such as are  
furnished by the proprietors of the Grove, and of  
these an abundant supply will be found.

Clams fresh from the sea will be had in abundance,  
and will be served up in the best manner, together with  
Green Corn, by an experienced cook. Tickets for the  
dinner not to exceed \$1.25 cents each.

A special train cars will leave the Old Colony  
Railroad Depot, Boston, for the Grove, at 8.45 and at  
11.30 A. M.; and returning, leave the Grove for Boston  
and Way Stations at about 5 o'clock P. M., or in sea-  
son for the friends from Lowell, Waltham, Woburn,  
Salem, Marblehead, Lynn, Stations on the Worcester  
Railroad, Revere, and the South Shore Railroad,  
and Stations between the Grove and the above named  
places on the different Railroads connecting therewith,  
the same evening.

On the Old Colony Railroad, between Plymouth and  
Hanson, ONE HALF the usual fare, by the regular  
trains.

On the Fall River Road, from all the Stations be-  
tween Fall River and Middleboro', the friends will be  
conveyed to and from the Grove at ONE HALF the usual  
fare by the regular trains. The friends in New Bedford,  
Fairhaven and Taunton, can make their own arrange-  
ments upon favorable terms, thus preventing con-  
fusion.

Fares from Boston to the Grove and return, by spe-  
cial train: Adults, 60 cents; Children, 30 cents. Tick-  
ets for sale at the Depot.

Friends from all the Way Stations between Boston  
and South Braintree, will take the regular train that  
leaves Boston at 8.30 o'clock, A. M., just in advance of  
the Special Train.

Fares from the Way Stations, to the Grove and re-  
turn, will be as follows: From Harrison Square, 60  
cents; Neponset, 55 cents; Quincy, 50 cents; Brain-  
tree, 45 cents; South Braintree, 40 cents, for Adults.  
Children, half price.

Should the weather be stormy, the Excursion  
will take place on Thursday, the 12th instant.

Boston, September 5, 1861.

## Picnic and Grove Meeting.

A Spiritual Picnic and Grove Meeting will be held  
at Churchill's Grove, near the junction of the W. B.  
V. M. and Fr. De O. Railroad, on the 19th and 20th of  
September, 1861. Good speakers will be in attendance.  
Cars arrive at the junction from Milfranklin, Water-  
town and the West, at 9 1/2 o'clock, to 10 1/2  
o'clock A. M., and leave from 5.10, to 5.51 P. M.  
Friends will do all that they can to make strangers  
happy and comfortable. Come one, come all.  
N. B.—If the days prove stormy, the first fair day  
after these dates will be improved for our meeting.  
By order of the Meeting.

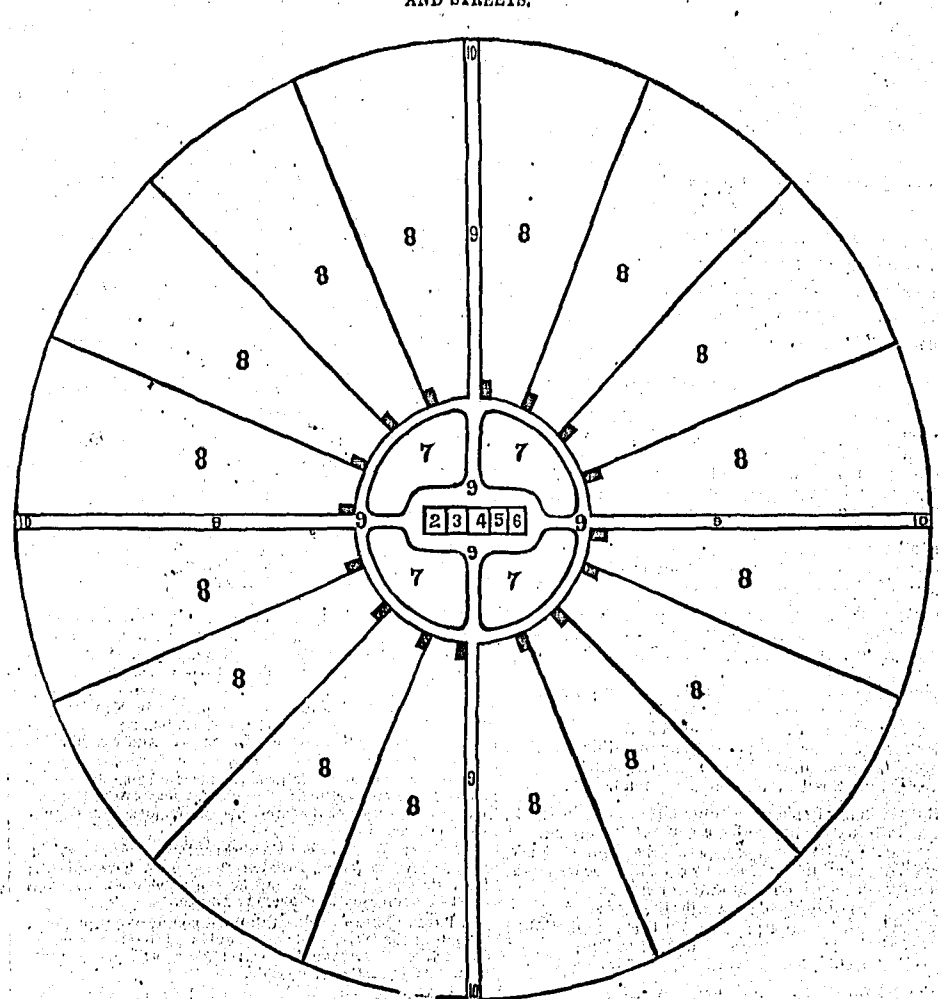
## Grove Meeting.

The friends of Reform will hold a two days' Grove  
Meeting at Berlin Green; Lake Co., Wis., on the 14th  
and 15th of September.  
A general invitation is extended to all. Mediums  
and speakers are especially invited.  
Per Order Committee.

## FARMING CORPORATIONS.

BY A. B. CHILD, M. D.

A PLAN FOR THE PRIVATE RESIDENCES AND GARDENS; CORPORATION FLOOR, ORNAMENTED GROUNDS  
AND STREETS.



[A full description of the general features and  
advantages of a plan for Farming Corporations was  
published in the BANNER OF LIGHT of July 27, 1861,  
to which reference is made for an understanding of  
the purpose of the above diagram.]

## EXPLANATION.

The circumference of the above cut is 320 rods,  
one mile; the diameter is 102 rods, one third of a  
mile. The inner circle is 82 rods in circumference,  
one quarter of a mile, the diameter is 26 rods. The  
distance from each cottage to the dining hall, which  
is in the centre of the central block, is 13 rods,  
exactly one minute's walk. The cottages stand five  
rods apart, from centre to centre. The length of  
each garden, extending from the inner to the outer  
circle, is 40 rods; the average width of which is  
about 12 rods; each containing an area of over  
three acres. The inner circle on which the central  
block stands contains between three and four acres.  
The whole circle represented by the diagram con-  
tains about sixty acres. These sixty acres contain  
only the private residences of the stockholders, their  
gardens and the necessary productions that are con-  
venient for comfortable, pleasant living. The farm-  
ing operations are mostly carried on outside of these  
sixty acres, covering an area of one thousand or  
more acres, the work being conducted under pre-  
cisely the same features that characterize corpora-  
tions for other purposes.

—Sixteen private cottage houses surround the  
inner circle, before each of which runs a street, mak-  
ing a circle, having four outlets; and in the rear  
of each is the private garden attached.

FIGURE 2—The store house and counting room of  
the Corporation, where all the stores and accounts  
of the Corporation are kept, and from which every-  
thing that is needed by the families of the Corpora-  
tion is furnished at cost.

FIGURE 3—The kitchen and laundry, in which all  
the cooking and washing for the families of the cor-  
poration is done by the direction of the Corporation.

FIGURE 4—The dining hall, on the European plan

—in which every family of the Corporation has a  
private table, and is supplied by the Corporation  
with a great variety of food three times a day, and  
from which meals may be sent to private residences,  
as circumstances may direct.

FIGURE 5—The hall, for public meetings, lectures,  
exhibitions, lectures, amusements, schools, and any  
other purposes for which it may be required.

FIGURE 6—Reading room and library—which is  
supplied by the Corporation with all the valuable  
and interesting reading matter of the day, in the  
form of books, periodicals and papers, and is open  
and free to all the families of the Corporation.

FIGURE 7—The flower garden, which is immedi-  
ately in front of each cottage house, and is all around  
the central block, and is on all its borders entirely  
surrounded by fruit and ornamental trees.

FIGURE 8—The private gardens, each containing  
over three acres of land, to be cultivated as each  
owner may direct.

FIGURE 9—Streets that run the whole diameter of  
the circle, crossing at right angles in the centre, di-  
viding the sixty acres in four quarters; also run-  
ning in the lesser circle around in front of each  
cottage house. These streets are all ornamented on  
each side throughout with fruit and flowering trees.

FIGURE 10—Four gates, by which the enclosure is  
entered.

This plan may be set in operation, more or less  
expensively, as means and taste directs. Fifteen  
hundred dollars each share, on the rich level land of  
the West, will do it comfortably, and even handsomely.  
Twice that amount might be used; or half of it,  
or one quarter of it, with economy and industry,  
would make it practical. And I do not know but it  
could be set in operation entirely on credit, if the  
movers are industrious, careful, judicious, energetic  
business men. Two men or more may begin the  
scheme, and gradually fill up the Corporation to the  
number of eight, sixteen, or twenty-four. Men of  
kindred business capacities, education, taste and  
desires may combine their interests and efforts in  
this scheme to great advantage to one another.

## Diarrhoea and Dysentery.

A CURE WARRANTED FOR 50 CENTS.  
The purchase money refunded to all persons dissatisfied  
with its results.

## TOWN'S SUMMER CURE.

A SIMPLE sweet syrup, compounded of roots and bark,  
containing no drugs or deleterious substances; mild  
and safe in its operation, agreeable to the taste, and does not,  
like other diarrhoea preparations, constipate the bowels,  
thereby endangering the system, and necessitating the im-  
mediate use of cathartics; but it gives immediate relief, in-  
vigorates and strengthens the patient, and leaves the bowels  
in a healthy, natural condition. One bottle of the Summer  
Cure is sufficient for any ordinary case; one or two bottles  
being sufficient to cure up the most violent attack; and four  
to six bottles warranted to cure any one case of confirmed  
chronic Diarrhoea. The Summer Cure is adapted to  
all ages, sexes and conditions; none can be injured by its  
proper use. For children and infants, and particularly for  
children teething, it has no equal. The Summer Cure has  
been used in a great variety of cases for three years, with  
astonishing results; never yet having failed to effect a cure.  
To mothers with large families of children, the Summer Cure  
is a truly invaluable.

All agents selling this medicine, may at their discre-  
tion refund the purchase money to persons dissatisfied  
with its results.

Price, 50 cents a bottle.

G. O. GOODWIN & CO., Boston, General Agent for New Eng-  
land. H. H. HAY, Portland, and B. F. BRADBURY, Bangor,  
General Agents for Maine.

Sold by all good Druggists. 10w

## NEW MEDICAL TREATMENT.

THE GREAT REMEDY FOR THE CURE OF DISEASE

## HOT AIR BATH,

Of Roman and English Origin, is now in successful  
operation at No. 12 Essex Place, Boston.

## DR. L. TILTON

MAY be consulted upon diseases of the skin, such as Salt  
Rheum, Scrofula, Erysipelas, Boil Head, Eruptions of  
every kind. In hundreds of cases they cause Consumption,  
Asthma, Throat Disease, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Fe-  
male Diseases, Rheumatism, Catarrh, Cough, Lung Difficulties,  
etc., etc.—in fact, most diseases originate from a poisonous,  
unhealthy action of the skin. The Hot Air Bath Remedy we  
have found to be an extraordinary solvent on eruptive disease,  
thoroughly convinced, also, that a proper treatment  
of the skin will tend to eradicate diseases located internally,  
we commend our system to the consideration of the public.  
Persons residing at a distance, wishing to take medical ad-  
vice, etc., may do so by forwarding in writing a description of  
their case.

Dr. T. will visit any part of the country for medical pur-  
poses. All consultations free. By letter enclose postage  
stamp for return mail. Office hours for consultation, from 9  
to 12 A. M., and 2 to 5 P. M. Address,  
DR. L. TILTON, 12 Essex Place, Boston.

Aug. 17. 8w

BOARD FOR YOUNG CHILDREN.—Infants and young  
children can be accommodated with board, and careful  
attention, on application to Mrs. J. M. Spear, No. 1 Newland  
street, out of Dedham street, Boston. Terms reasonable.  
Oct. 18. 1f

## HEBARD'S PATENT OIL!

No More Accidents by Burning Fluid. A Safe Sub-  
stitute to burn in Fluid Lamps.

THIS OIL is prepared to burn in all kinds of Lamps with-  
out Chimneys, such as Fluid, Spirit or Lamp Oil Lamps,  
and will burn at half the cost of Fluid in all Lamps fixed  
with Hebard's Jet Burners, and is the Greatest Artificial Light  
yet discovered. It gives a steady, clean and soft light, and  
does not choke the lungs with foreign matter, such as re-  
sults generally from using Rosin and Kerosene Oil, and will  
burn in Kerosene Lamps free from smoke and smell by tak-  
ing off the cap and chimney.

It is also a COMPLETE SUBSTITUTE for Spirit and Lamp Oil,  
and is just as safe and harmless to burn, and may take the  
place of the common fluid and other dangerous compounds  
that have been thrown into the market of late.

The above Oil is perfectly clean and free from grease and  
smoke or unpleasant odor, and is now considered the SAFEST  
and most OIL ever offered to the public. It is a most desir-  
able article, and what is more than all, it is unexpensive.

Any person can have samples sent by express, if desired.

State, County and Town Rights for sale, with full directions  
to make, by addressing the Patentees.