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DR. PURDIE'S PATIENT.

A SIMPLE LESSON FROM THE LEAVES OF LIFE.

BY LIZZIE DOTEN.

CHAPTER I.

The well known and much respected Widow Greenleaf sat in her quiet parlor one afternoon in June, knitting very industriously. Now and then, when she had finished a needle, she would lay down her work just a moment, to watch the bees among the honeysuckles at the window, or the great spotted butterflies and humming-birds that came flitting and buzzing about for their share of the sweets. At the same time she would cast a hasty glance up the main road that led from the village, but seeing nothing satisfactory, would resume her work with double diligence.

It would have been very evident to any common observer, from the good lady's outward appearance, and the fact that this most choice apartment was now thrown open to the light and heat of a summer sun, that this was no ordinary occasion. A black silk dress, of rather ancient mode, but still very precious in her eye, adorned her ample person. Upon her shoulders was spread out in snowy whiteness, a wrought muslin collar, somewhat large in the fashion. It was confined at the throat by an antique breast-pin, containing a lock of hair, which, doubtless, was a memento of the deceased Mr. Greenleaf. Her cap seemed to be the work of later years, and with its tasteful arrangement of ruche and green gauze ribbon, was really very becoming to the wearer. In truth, setting aside all the advantages of external adornment, Mrs. Greenleaf was well-favored and fair to look upon, although her years were not few. Her exact age could not be ascertained, but it was somewhere on the shady side of fifty. Time had sprinkled her locks with grey, and left a few furrows on her placid brow; but the glow of health still tinged her round, smooth cheeks, and a look of cheerful good nature spread its light over her face.

Thus she sat in her high-backed rocking chair on this afternoon in June, knitting very busily, when, suddenly, as if she had just recollected something, she put down her work, and turning her head toward a door which stood slightly ajar, she called out:

"Lena! Lena, are you asleep?" But no reply was given. She arose and entered the apartment.

Beside a low work-stand, on which lay an open writing desk, sat a delicate and slightly formed girl. Her hair, which seemed to have been carefully arranged, was now pushed back from her forehead; her elbows rested upon the desk, and her face was hidden in her hands. A sheet of paper, partly written over, lay before her, blotted in many places by the tear-drops which had fallen from between her long, slender fingers.

"Lena!" said the widow again, as she laid her hand upon the girl's shoulder, but still she remained silent. She shook her gently. Lena raised her head and looked up with a bewildered gaze.

"Poor child!" said the good lady in a sympathizing tone, "have you been asleep?"

"No, Aunt Patience," replied the girl slowly, seeming at the same time as if only half conscious that she spoke. "I've only been thinking—thinking—thinking."

"O dear!" responded the aunt, "I believe so much thinking will certainly kill you. Why, child! your hands are as cold as clay; and you tremble like a leaf. Do, pray, come out into the sunshine and warm you. Dr. Purdie will soon be here, and I mean to have a long talk with him about you."

"He can't do me any good," said Lena, in the same indifferent tone.

"Well, at any rate, do come out into the sunshine;" and she looked anxiously at the girl's thin, white hand, in which the blood circulated so feebly that the tips of the fingers were even then slightly tinged with purple.

"Just let me finish this page, aunt, and then I will come."

"Well, only that one page, and pray do it without thinking."

The good lady went back to her knitting, but her countenance had lost some of its serenity, and as she picked up a few truant stitches, a faintly whispered "O dear!" showed that her kind heart was troubled. So absorbing were her thoughts that she did not perceive the sound of approaching footsteps. A loud, double rap announced a caller, and the good lady, started up in great haste, with visible confusion, to answer the summons.

A short, portly gentleman, of some sixty years, with a brown beaver hat and gold-bowed specs, was ushered into the room. This was the same individual whose name and profession were made known to the public by a certain sign in the village, bearing in large gilt capitals, the inscription, "Pelham Purdie, Physician and Practical Phrenologist," which accidental alliteration, rendered him an object of great interest in the eyes of the village children, as thereby he was closely associated in their minds, with "Peter Piper," the famous gatherer of "pickled peppers."

"This is a decidedly warm day, ma'am," he remarked, as he disposed of his hat, and throwing himself into a chair by the window, seized the great palm-leaf fan on the table.

"Very true," replied the widow. She wiped the perspiration from her face with her handkerchief, and observed that the heat overcame her very much.

"Yes," replied the doctor; "all people in whom the sanguine and lymphatic temperaments incline to predominate—take you and myself for instance, for I think we are similar in that respect—are sensibly affected by the heat. Where the arterial system co-operates in harmony with the digestive functions, sufficient animal heat is generated for all necessary comfort; therefore, when the heats of summer prevail, such people as you and I, my dear Mrs. Greenleaf, are obliged to suffer a temporary martyrdom. But after all there is an advantage in it, for we can keep cheerful tempers and warm hearts in our bosoms the year round! Yes, Mrs. Greenleaf, warm hearts the year round!" and this sentiment was accompanied by a light laugh, half stifled in the depths of his capacious lungs, but which added great significance to his words.

"Very true!" replied the lady, and she continued her knitting without looking up.

An awkward silence followed, during which Dr. Purdie unconsciously stretched his hand from the window, and closed up the petals of a half-blown hollyhock. Unfortunately the flower contained a bee, over head and ears in sweats, who, finding himself thus suddenly made prisoner, instinctively avenged the injury by thrusting his stinging into the offender's finger. The doctor gave an exclamation of surprise and pain, which was followed by an explanation. The sympathizing lady insisted upon doing up the wound immediately. It occupied her some time, but at last it was completed to the satisfaction of both parties.

"And now," said the doctor, "where is my patient, that is to be—Miss Helena?"

Upon entering the room, Mrs. Greenleaf found her niece sitting as she had previously, in the same position, with the unfinished page still before her, and apparently insensible to all around. It required some effort to arouse her to consciousness and persuade her to come into the presence of the amiable physician. When she did, however, she seated herself upon the sofa beside him as stiff and cold as a newly frozen icicle, with her face half averted from the scientific gaze which was bent keenly upon her.

The doctor took her hand. "A very feeble pulse," he said, in a low tone, as if thinking aloud, "language circulation—great nervous debility and prostration of the whole system—a morbid state of the liver—impaired digestion and loss of appetite—a strong aversion to active pursuits—extremely sensitive, and at times irritable and impatient."

Lena drew her hand from him by a quick movement. She felt that she was undergoing the same scientific scrutiny and critical analysis which he would have employed upon a lifeless subject in anatomy, and therefore she shrank from his gaze as she would from the touch of the scalpel.

"Stop, my dear!" he said, "I am not quite done with you."

He placed his hand upon her head. "Small lungs, with a large and active brain," he continued, "a great inclination for metaphysical reasoning—ideality large, which, combined with the temperament and a most overpowering sense of the sublime and beautiful, would lead to the composition of poetry. That is bad—very bad! Hope small—a tendency to look on the dark side—great love of approbation—secretiveness pretty full. Bless me, what adhesiveness! Why, an unfortunate attachment would prove fatal!"

A visible tremor shook the girl's whole frame, but she bit her thin lips nervously and remained silent.

"Very excitable," continued the doctor. "Here is this pulse, now, leaping like a startled hare. I tell you what, my girl, you are sick—sick and body; but no one can do half as much for you as you can for yourself. The root of the evil is in your mind, and medicine can't reach it. It is action you want—healthful action—exercise in the open air with cheerful thoughts and pleasant company, and then good wholesome food, such as beef and potatoes, baked apples and brown bread."

There was an expression in Lena's large dark eyes, as she fixed them upon his countenance, which seemed to say that she thought him a most worldly, gross, and carnally-minded man. In her apprehension the dignity of science suffered greatly, when it was thus vulgarly associated with the common articles of food.

"I do not want to live," she said slowly. "I had rather die than not," and a gush of tears prevented further utterance.

"Now do n't," said the doctor in a husky voice, "I never could bear to see a woman cry. And yet, Lena, I tell you the plain truth. You have done altogether too much dreaming. There's no use in trying to be a spirit before you get into the right sphere for it. God placed us here to labor as well as to think. He gave us meat and drink for the support of the body, and he who neglects to supply its need or bring its powers into action, must suffer the consequence, for it will be accounted unto him a sin. Lena, you have no right to die. God made you to live, and if through carelessness and indifference you fail to do so, you will neglect a solemn duty."

She regarded him for a moment with wonder and astonishment. "Have n't I a right to die, if I please?" she asked.

"No," said the doctor, very decidedly, "not the least. You are bound to live and do good both to yourself and others, and if this duty is faithfully performed, life will be a real pleasure to you."

Lena rose from the sofa, and drew herself up to her full height. Her face was white as marble, and her lips quivered with emotion.

"Life a pleasure!" she repeated, in a tone of ex-

citement. "A pleasure to stand alone without father or mother, brother or sister! To spend sleepless nights and weary days! To yearn for sympathy and find it not, and smother in the depths of the soul a lava-tide of sorrow, which overflows and withers up all the fair and lovely things in life! Oh! I tell you there is a grief lies hidden here, deeper, darker, heavier than you can possibly imagine."

"Doubtless some unhappy love affair," said the doctor coolly, "which perhaps exists more in your imagination than in reality. Lena, when you recover from this, you will be perfectly ashamed of such talk."

A flush of indignation blushed upon her cheek, and she cast a withering glance at the doctor.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "how little can such people comprehend a nature like mine!"

Completely overpowered by her emotions, she fell upon her knees, and hiding her face in the lap of her aunt, she wept passionately.

"O doctor!" said Mrs. Greenleaf, reproachfully, "you are almost too bad. I would n't have thought of you. Hush, dear, hush!"

"No, no; let her cry," said the doctor, as he brushed away his own tears. "I know such speech seems harsh and unkind, but it is like the sharp instrument of the oculist which removes the film from the blind eye."

Lena soon restrained her sobs, but it was some time before she rose from her kneeling position. When she did, it was with a quiet and humbled expression. She turned toward the doctor, and extended her hand.

"Dr. Purdie," she said, "you have told me the truth, and I thank you, though it was hard to hear. I hope it will do me much good."

He seized her hand, while tears of sympathy streamed down his cheeks. "You are a good girl," he said, "and I was quite sure you would do no justice. It was a bitter medicine, but I was confident you would take it as it was intended. And now, Lena, put on your bonnet and go out for a walk. Not to the cemetery, however, or into the woods, but along the borders of the brook, where it is both sunny and shady, and the ripple of the water makes a cheerful sound."

"Yes, Lena," added her aunt, "and if you feel much fatigued, you had best stop at Mrs. Ritchie's and take tea, she will be so delighted! And then Mr. Ellery will walk home with you, if it is late."

Lena willingly accepted this advice, for, notwithstanding her reconciliation with the doctor, she secretly dreaded him, and was glad to escape from his presence.

"Thought without action is death," Mrs. Greenleaf said to the doctor closed after Lena.

"Very true!" replied the lady. "I do not know as I exactly understand you, but I have no doubt it is so."

"It certainly is," continued the doctor, "or perhaps I should say that it leads to death—the death of the body. Just, for instance, consider those children who are famed for precociousness and piety. See how the little prim things seat themselves in a corner to read one of those extensively circulated tracts about some dear little Ellen or Edward, who was too wise and good to live, and therefore died in early youth, to the inexpressible grief of surviving friends, leaving an example worthy of imitation to the children of all coming generations. Why, my dear Mrs. Greenleaf, such children do not live out half their days; or if they do, the world for them is all east winds and April showers. Now it is my impression, that before the death of Lena's parents she was subject to such influences."

"Very true," replied the widow. "Before she was fifteen, she had read 'Young's Night Thoughts,' and 'Hervey's Meditations among the Tombs,' 'Dodd on Death,' and—"

"Hold! hold!" interrupted the doctor. "There's quite enough. No wonder she has fallen into this melancholy mood. Besides, in my opinion, it has been no slight injury to her in attending Mr. Ellery's school. The man is tainted with German, and, between you and I, Mrs. Greenleaf, I may venture to say he does not know as much as he might if he knew a little more."

"Very true," said the widow, drawing her chair a little nearer, "but Helena seemed devoted to her study, and I can't tell you how many nights they have sat here reading Schiller or Jean Paul together."

"They had much better been reading the Apostle Paul," said the doctor, heatedly, "where he declares that he had rather speak 'five words' with his 'understanding' than 'ten thousand in an unknown tongue.' I don't like this 'manner of educating the young. It's all false and superficial. Though I must confess, when I look at my own poor motherless children, I am quite at a loss how to proceed," and he drew his chair closer to the widow. "I have excellent theories, but find it hard to put them in practice. It needs a woman—a kind-hearted woman for such things. I believe they have a natural tact for managing children, do n't you, Mrs. Greenleaf?"

"Well, I do n't know," said the widow, modestly; "I've heard say so."

"When my wife died," continued the doctor, "Edward was just ready to enter college. It's three years since then, and I expect he will be absent several years longer, as he intends entering the Medical School, therefore he is no present cause of anxiety to me; but my two youngest yet remain. They only need care to make them good children, but I have no time to attend to them. Herbert is awkward and careless, and Sarah Jane a perfect elf. This morning she took her breakfast in the top of the cherry tree. Soon after, she was wading into the pond in search of young turtles, and the last I saw of her she was riding down to the village, without bonnet or shoes, on the rack of the stage-coach. I must confess that such things trouble me exceedingly, and at times I feel it my solemn duty to marry again, if I can find any one so kind or foolish as to have me."

"Dr. Purdie," said the widow, with a pleasant smile, "it is getting quite late. I shall have supper ready in a short time, and I do hope you will stop and take tea with me, for I should be delighted to have you."

"Should you?" exclaimed the doctor, springing up and extending his hand, "then I will have you, with all my heart. So we will consider it a fair bargain and seal the compact."

CHAPTER II.

As Lena walked thoughtfully down the green and shady lane, which communicated with the main road, those words of the doctor—"Lena, you have done altogether too much dreaming,"—returned in their full force. A flush of indignation and wounded pride burned on her cheek, and her step quickened.

"I don't care for any one's opinion," she said, musingly. "Nobody understands me, or ever will; but I know how I feel myself, and I cannot help it, while there are so many causes."

A shout and the sound of merry voices arrested her attention, and glancing through the shrubbery that grew near the fence, she saw Mr. Ellery, the schoolmaster, playing ball with some of the older boys on the village green. Her path lay directly across this little common. She stopped where she was.

"I would n't meet him for the world," she said. "I wish I never could see him again;" and she pursued her walk another way.

It was now six months since Lena had left school. At first, Mr. Ellery had occasionally come in of an evening and read German with her, which was her favorite study, but ere long his visits grew less frequent, and at last were wholly discontinued. To an imaginative and romantic girl he was a very attractive person, and Lena had become deeply interested in him, but she did not understand character. He was fond of flirting with the ladies, and being fully conscious of his power, used it for his own amusement. When he became tired of one, he turned to another, and as it was uncommon with such general favorites—was usually successful. When Lena was expecting him to call, she was anxious and excited, and if he failed to do so, a sleepless night and a pillow wet with tears was the result. For a time, she struggled with these feelings, but at length they gained supremacy, and she spent many hours in dreams of love and happiness, which her sober senses told her could never be realized. Her face grew pale and thin, and her step slow. Good Mrs. Greenleaf marked the change, and was greatly troubled. Through mistaken kindness she would not suffer Lena to perform the slightest household duty. She kept her in from the air, tempted her appetite with various delicacies, and indulged her in every whim which the diseased state of the girl's mind could suggest.

Mr. Ellery boarded with Lena's most intimate friend, Mrs. Ritchie. The time was, when these ladies would not permit a day to pass without seeing each other, but since the coming of the schoolmaster—through a sense of extreme delicacy—Lena had almost wholly refrained from her visits. To-day, as she came in sight of the house, she perceived her friend seated upon the door-step sewing, while her little boy, a child of some six or seven years, was playing near her.

Mrs. Ritchie was a young, active woman, very pretty and agreeable, and had a peculiar faculty of making everything go just as it should. There she sat, dressed in a delicately figured muslin, with her glossy brown hair arranged in a most becoming manner, while the long gold pendents in her ears, and the tasteful pink bow that confined her collar, seemed to give the finishing touch to her appearance.

"Why, Lena!" she exclaimed, as she looked up and recognized her friend. "Where have you been all this time? I have n't seen you for a long while."

"I have been sick," said Lena, mournfully, "and perhaps I should not have come out to-day, if Dr. Purdie had not called and urged me to take a walk."

"Dr. Purdie!" repeated Mrs. Ritchie, laughing. "O the sly old rogue! He only wanted to get clear of you that he might make love to your aunt."

Lena looked up in astonishment. "What!" she exclaimed, "do you really think it possible?"

"Possible? To be sure I do. Any one must be blind not to see that. Who do you suppose it is that has walked home with your aunt from the Thursday evening Conference, regularly, for these last six weeks? Ha! ha! Lena, you may be quite sure of having the doctor for an uncle, before long, and those two delightful children for companions."

"O dear! What shall I do?" said Lena, in a tone of utter despair. "That will be the last drop in my bitter cup of sorrow. Herbert is intolerable, and Sarah Jane the worst child I ever saw."

"So she is," interposed Master Arthur, whose attention had been arrested by the name. "All the children call her 'cray Jane,' she acts so bad. She gets behind the fence and throws stones at us, and nobody can catch her, for she runs faster than any boy in school."

He was about to enlarge still further upon the demerits of his sworn enemy, but his mother restrained him.

"You must make the best of it, Lena," replied Mrs. Ritchie, cheerfully. "It is n't well to be too

sensitive in such a world as this. You must take it rough-and-tumble, just as it comes, and get all the good from it you can."

"Well," said Lena, after they had talked over the matter some time longer, "I never shall be reconciled to the match, but I will try to bear it in silence."

She turned with a heavy heart, and pursued her way along the quiet and shady path by the brook. Ere long, she came to a large rock which jutted out from the hill-side. Here, weary by her walk, she threw off her bonnet, and seated herself in the shade of a great pine tree. It was a very secluded spot, and shut out from observation by the thick growth of shrubs and trees around. She longed to relieve her aching heart by a gush of tears, and this seemed the very place for it.

"O!" she murmured, "was there ever such an unhappy creature in the world! I know that I am desperately wicked, for sometimes I dare wonder why God made me to suffer thus, or what I have done to deserve it. O, father! dear father and mother! can you see your poor orphan child and take pity on her desolation? If I have done wrong show me the right and help me to receive it."

Again those words of the doctor's, "Lena, you have done altogether too much dreaming," were whispered by her troubled conscience, and then all the days and hours she had wasted in idle dreaming and inactivity rose up in judgment against her. She saw in the clear light of reason how foolishly she had deceived herself, by craving in the first place an undue amount of sympathy, and then by construing every little friendly word and attention she had received from Mr. Ellery into a token of far deeper feeling. She began to grow angry with herself.

"Yes," she said, "Dr. Purdie told the truth when he said the time would come that I should be ashamed of all this, but he little thought how soon. I have suffered these things to crush me down and make me miserable long enough, now I will turn against them, and even could the fondest desire of my heart be granted I would reject it, for I am resolved to 'conquer or die.' I will be a dreamer no longer."

"Lena," said the well known voice of Mr. Ellery, as he made his appearance around a turn in the footpath, "what are you doing? Reciting Shakespeare or Don Carlos?"

"Neither," she replied with great composure, as she arose and put on her bonnet.

There was an expression to her countenance which he had never before observed, and just then he thought she appeared uncommonly dignified and interesting.

"Well he continued, 'I am a knight errant sent forth by your friend, Mrs. Ritchie, to secure the favor of your company at our evening meal; which request I shall second with great earnestness, as tomorrow I depart for the West, and know not how soon I shall enjoy such a pleasure again.'

"I hardly think I shall accept the invitation," said Lena quietly. "I am in rather too serious a mood to make my company agreeable to-night."

"Wayward one!" said Mr. Ellery, playfully, as he drew her hand into his arm, "you tempt me to say that you are agreeable in any mood, and surely you will not refuse another the last request I can make of you."

Thus they walked along together while the schoolmaster endeavored to make himself uncommonly entertaining, but Lena's quiet, reserved manner was a great puzzle to him, and when, in the course of conversation, she differed from him in opinion, and defended her position with quite unanswerable arguments, he wondered that she had never before appeared so interesting. At the urgent request of Mrs. Ritchie, who met them at the door, she stopped to tea, and when she returned home Mr. Ellery was very ready to accompany her. Lena was still firm in her resolution, and the perplexed schoolmaster found it quite impossible to understand the singular but pleasing change which had taken place in her manner toward him. His admiration for her increased in proportion to her quiet reserve. As they walked up the pleasant lane, shaded on either side by luscious trees, there was a painful silence.

"Lena," said Mr. Ellery in a low tone, "we must part now, and to me it is no easy task."

She took the hand which he had extended. "Good-by," she replied quietly, "and may God bless you!"

She had thrown back her bonnet from her head and the moon shone full in her face. He could trace no sign of deep emotion there, and he was much surprised, for he had flattered himself that she loved him.

Moved by a sudden impulse he threw his arms around her, and pressing her to his bosom with almost crushing force, he kissed her again and again. The next moment he was gone.

CHAPTER III.

That great, and to Helena most trying event, was at length consummated. Dr. Pelham Purdie and Mrs. Patience Greenleaf were united in the holy bonds of matrimony, and the seat of government was removed from No. 8 Main Street to the cottage in the lane. The advent of those two unruly children into the hitherto quiet household was like the descent of the northern barbarians upon ancient Rome. Herbert, although he invariably overruled and disarranged everything with which he came in contact, was possessed of quite a sense of propriety; but his eldier sister ranged the house from top to bottom, like an unsoiled magpie, thrusting her head and hands into every sly nook or corner, and freely inspecting all that appeared new or strange. Even Lena's chamber was not free from her depredations. Closets were explored, drawers ransacked and boxes

emptied of their contents; inkstands were overturned, sentimental poetry twisted into lamp-lighters, and gaudy pictures done in Prussian blue and carmine, from a choice box of water-colors, ornamented the window seat and doors. A person of much greater patience and endurance than Lena would have felt themselves tried, as by fire, but she had resolved to meet the trial bravely, and was not easily discouraged. Indeed, she was glad to find a refuge from her own thoughts, even in the midst of difficulties; for the parting scene with Mr. Ellery haunted her like an unwelcome guest, and many a time she would have sat down and dreamed it over again and again to her sorrow had not the circumstances around her called for constant and energetic action. At first she feared the doctor, for he seemed to keep his eye on her, and she felt inwardly conscious that he could read her most secret thoughts, but at last his unvarying kindness and good will won her confidence, and she talked with him freely. He seemed to know precisely how to understand her, and though at times she winced before the keen, sharp treatment which he bestowed upon some of her mental ailments, she felt that he was a true and faithful friend. In her endeavors for the right, there was a mighty struggle in her soul. Life seemed dark and cold and dreary, but she had resolved to bear it without murmuring, even though she could not enjoy it. Occasionally a paper would come from Mr. Ellery, or a note, of pleasing remembrance, which would send a thrill of joy through her heart, but it was only for a moment. She put them all aside, and turned her mind directly to her duties. She had undertaken the education of the children, and it required her undivided attention. In spite of her endeavors, Herbert would shuffle, and talk through his nose; and as for Sarah Jane, it was like taming a March wind, or making friendly advances to a briar-bush. By degrees, however, she secured a favorable influence, and at last became the very centre and the main-spring of the children's enjoyment. Herbert would often sit an hour at a time gazing into her face, with open mouth and earnest eyes, as if vainly attempting to comprehend the secret of her goodness, while his sister was almost as overwhelming and troublesome in her services of love, as she had been in her deeds of mischief.

Thus several years passed on, and the precious seed which Lena had sown with weeping began to yield an abundant harvest. Her rosy cheeks and bright eyes seemed to have a magical influence, and all who came within her sphere of action rejoiced in the sunshine of her love. One summer evening, just as the sun was withdrawing his last rays from the earth, Lena sat with her work by Sarah's bedside. The poor child had been sick of a fever, from which she had not entirely recovered. She had amused herself about the house all day, but growing very weary, had thrown herself upon the bed, and begged Lena to sit beside her. Although she had become more gentle and tractable, yet she was still ready for action, at any moment. An unknown step ascending the stairs aroused her. The next moment, little Arthur Ritchie's smiling face, half hidden by flaxen curls, peeped in at the door.

"How are you, crazy Jane?" he asked, roguishly. "Away with you!" exclaimed the weird child, as she seized a pillow and prepared to launch it at him. He threw in a letter upon the floor, and, without a word of explanation, beat a hasty retreat. Lena took it up. It was addressed to her, and she recognized the handwriting of Mr. Ellery. She broke the seal, and read it with a smile. It contained an offer of marriage, urged in a most eloquent manner. He said that he had received such pleasing accounts of her from his friend, Mrs. Ritchie, that his feelings had become deeply interested, and now the dearest desire of his heart was to win her to himself, as his future companion in the pilgrimage of life.

"How strangely people alter!" said Lena thoughtfully, as she laid the letter on the table. "Once, I could not have craved a higher blessing, and now, I have not the slightest desire to accept it. Mr. Ellery appears very differently to me from what he did when I was blinded by my own foolishness." "Lena!" called out the doctor, who had just returned from the village, "will you please come down, one moment?" She instantly obeyed the summons, and, upon entering the parlor below, was somewhat abashed to find herself standing face to face with a tall, handsome young man—an entire stranger.

"My son Edward," said the doctor, who evidently enjoyed her surprise, "and this lady," he continued, turning to the young man, "is Miss Helena, of whom I have so often written you. Though I, by election, am the head of this household, yet she is the heart, and rules us all by the power of her love; therefore you, also, will be expected to do her homage."

With courtly grace Edward fell upon one knee, and kissed her hand in the most deferential manner. Poor Lena received the honor very awkwardly, and was much relieved when Herbert, who had just heard of his brother's arrival, came shuffling into the room in great haste, while Sarah Jane, ever on the alert, bounded down the stairs like a ball.

There was a joyful time in this little family circle that night, and they did not retire till a late hour. Edward had talked himself hoarse, and the children were so much excited they could scarce sleep. When all was still, Lena stood by the window, with her head leaning against the casement, lost in thought, while the time sped on unheeded. At length, the sound of the clock striking twelve aroused her.

"Is it possible," she exclaimed, "that I have been dreaming all this time? And so, the old habit is yet strong upon me, and the enemy only waits for an unguarded hour to enter his former dwelling place. Poor orphan Helena! though you have no foes without, there is a host within you must yet conquer."

She brushed away a falling tear, as she kissed the cheek of the sleeping child upon the bed, and then with a prayer for strength and patience, lay down to rest beside her. Edward was to remain at home on a visit of several weeks, before he departed for the town where he was to enter upon the duties of his profession. It was in vain, however, during that time, that he sought the company of Helena. It was evident that she avoided him. If he came into the parlor, she would slip into the kitchen. When he entered the garden, she made her escape to the orchard—over vanishing before him like a spirit.

The doctor, who anxiously regarded her movements, grew very uneasy. "Hang it!" he said to his wife, in his usual blunt way, "I am vexed with myself, for an old fool. The girl has learned her lesson far too well, and now she is so much afraid of doing wrong, that she goes quite

into the opposite extreme. I wish her no ill, but I hope she will be seized with an affection of the heart before another day, and will apply to me for medical advice; I shall render it gratis, and will be most happy to do so."

"But the good doctor was not kept in suspense much longer. One morning, as Lena was alone in her chamber, the door was suddenly thrown open, and Sarah Jane stood before her, with pouting lips and tears of indignation in her eyes.

"I wish you would go down and scold at brother Edward!" she exclaimed. "He is unrolling all the lamp-lighters I made last night, and placed in the parlor vase, and when I threatened to tell you, if he did not stop directly, he said he did not care."

"What is he doing that for?" asked Lena, carelessly. "Why, he said he wanted to read your poetry."

"My poetry?" exclaimed Lena. "What have you done?"

"Why, I only used those old pieces of paper you threw out of your desk last night, and said you should kindle the fire with them in the morning."

"Dear me!" said Lena, greatly confused, "I shall go down and take them right away from him."

"I wish you would," said the child, in high glee, who anticipated quite an active conflict.

Lena threw the remainder of the flowers into the child's lap, and ran down stairs in great haste. As she entered the room, Edward stood by the fire-place, with his attention riveted upon the piece of crumpled paper which he held in his hand. Lena glanced over his shoulder, and recognized a poem in her own handwriting. It was the same unfinished page over which she was bending, when we first introduced her to the reader.

"Pray don't read that, Edward," she said entreatingly, as she placed her hand over the words. But instead of minding her, he imprisoned the little hand in his own, and holding the paper above her head, he repeated the last stanza aloud.

"In those few words, my stricken heart
Makes all its sorrows known:
Unloved, unloved, I stand apart—
Alone! all, all alone!"

"Lena," he asked, "how long is it since you wrote this most melancholy poem?"

"O! it is a great many years," she replied, "and now that I have overcome such feelings, I am perfectly ashamed of it."

She bowed her head to conceal her blushes from Edward's inquiring gaze. He gently lowered his arm, and as it encircled her waist, he drew her close to his side.

"Lena," he whispered, "you must stand 'alone' no longer."

"Have you conquered him?" cried out Sarah Jane, as she flew down the stairs in eager haste, and rushed into the room.

"Yes, little sis," replied Edward. "She has gained a complete victory, and henceforth I shall become her most willing subject, for only they know how to triumph, who have first learned to conquer themselves."—*Rose of Sharon.*

Written for the Banner of Light.
HYMN FOR THE TIMES.

BY DE VERE VINING.

Lo! a glorious day is breaking.
On the world of Thought and Mind;
Truths sublime the world are shaking,
Man is from his slough awaking.
Tyrant hearts with fear are quaking,
Lest their power be undermined.

Justice, long in silence sleeping,
Now asserts his sway again;
Eyes long wet have ceased their weeping,
Every heart with joy is leaping,
As stern Justice, onward sweeping,
Hastes to right the wrongs of men.

Long has slavery cursed and blighted,
With its breath, our native land;
But the fires of truth are lighted,
Every wrong shall now be righted,
And this "sepulchre all whitened,"
Purged and cleansed by Freedom's hand.

Freemen! on, from hill and valley—
Onward to the glorious fight!
From your homes and loved ones rally,
Round your standard firmly rally,
God himself is now your ally,
And your cause immortal right!

Written for the Banner of Light.
MY DREAM.

BY SUSIE YERKON.

Weary, heart-sick and discouraged, I turned the key of my counting-room and commenced my homeward walk.

The soft, mellow rays of an Autumn twilight were flooding the earth with beauty; the chariot of the Day-king had just passed over the horizon, decked with resplendent hues of crimson and gold, and leaving tracks of radiant brightness along the pathway of the sky.

Sadly, with lingering step, I passed on, seeing with my outward vision, yet giving no cognizance to the beauty spread out before me. The air was calm, soft and balmy, yet its peace-laden sighs brought no refreshment to my spirit, for the lessons of care which I had learned that day were written down deep in the inner recesses of my being, as if "the point of a diamond" had graven them in imperishable characters. And yet the beauty of the night, so utterly at variance with the loneliness and dearth of my heart, oppressed, and seemed to render my own desolation more apparent to my aching senses. Inconsistently I quickened my pace. I longed to find myself within doors, and to sit down in my empty, silent room, and converse with my own, unspoken thoughts.

As I drew near my home, the full moon was just peeping over the purple hill which lay behind the grounds adjacent to my mansion. Her silver light shone on the windows of my apartment, illuminating it with a gentle radiance, and as I gazed thereon, a thought of the gloom within smote my heart-strings with a deeper thrill of anguish.

The tall old maples which lined the avenue, wore their autumnal livery of scarlet and gold, but the branches of the elm were shorn of their foliage, and the withered leaves strewed the garden-walks and rustled in the evening breeze. Even the late flowers of the season had fallen, too, and their delicate petals lay brown and sere among the cast-off draperies of the forest denizens. Neglected and uncared for, the slender stalks were following the same road to decay, and as I gazed upon them, and thought of their departed verdure and beauty, I murmured—"It is

well; death and decay come to the loveliest of human kind—why should not their cherished possessions share the same fate?"

I entered my home. Alas, I scarcely felt that my abiding-place deserved that endearing appellation, since they who made the light and joy of that sacred spot, had passed away with the Summer roses, and the song, and left me and my dwelling in more than Winter desolation and gloom. She who had been the morning star of my boyhood, the idol of my youthful aspirations, the angel of my wedded life, had gone hence; and she, too, the little bud who rested latest on my bosom, and twined closer and closer around my heart as every day revealed new and more striking resemblances to her more perfect and matured counterpart—she, too, had gone to unfold her blossoming beauty, her ripening charms beyond my yearning sight.

Never more might her fair head, every sunny tress of which was dearer than all the wealth I could call mine own, be pillowed upon my breast; nevertheless might her delicate form be supported by the arm which would willingly, nay, even gladly, have interposed its shield to guard her from any threatened evil; nevermore might those dulcet tones, sweeter than the strains of the most perfect musical harmony to my ear, soothe my weariness, and cause me to forget my care, as I drew near the sacred sanctuary of home. Their faces I might never more behold, till those who part on the shores of Time meet in the blessedness of eternal re-union in the mansions of the upper strand.

One solitary blossom was all that I could now call mine own, and she, years before, had been transplanted to a Southern bower, where she reigned the fair mistress of a pleasant home, nurturing the buds of immortality which were unfolding beneath her care, and finding shelter in a true and manly breast. Not for me were her caresses; the soft words of love met not mine ear from her silvery tones. Only through the cold medium of the silent pen, could I embrace my only remaining treasure.

I passed through the lonely hall, and my tread, though listless and faltering, awoke the sleeping echoes as I went. I hastened onward to my own room—that which the moonlight so beautified as I drew near.

The soft rays stole across the carpeted floor, flooding the apartment with a gentle and mellow light, which revealed every object therein with shadowy, yet real distinctness. Upon the table lay a casket of rare and beautiful workmanship; how sacred, how infinitely dear the memories which its sight awakened. I opened the delicately chased lid, and there, among other and precious things, itself the fairest, most precious of them all, lay her picture. I held it where the moonlight fell with bright, yet gentle radiance, full upon her face.

Tenderly, lovingly, the dark hazel eyes looked into mine own, as tenderly, as lovingly, as when, twenty years before, in all her bridal beauty, they had been lifted for one brief moment to my face, and then veiled beneath their soft fingers as she hid her blushing cheeks upon my breast. Gracefully the sunny curls hung around the low, fair brow, and a smile of infinite purity and exquisite tenderness rested upon the full, red lips, which looked as if just about to breathe forth some loving or joyful word.

Ah, those memories were becoming too painful. With reverent tenderness I replaced the picture, and closing the casket, opened the Bible which lay near it. Ah, there were memories hidden, too, beneath the shining glass, bound in with the embossed cover. I opened to the title-page, and the faithful moonlight revealed in perfect distinctness the inscription thereon: "Ella: a birthday gift from her affectionate husband."

Her hands had clasped this sacred treasure almost with their dying pressure; her voice had repeated its precious words in my hearing, and here and there were the marks of her pencil, pointing to the favorite passages from which her heart gained strength as she approached the dark valley.

"Oh!" said I, as I pressed it to my lips with tearful love, "be thou my talisman, as thou wast 'here,' to guard me from evil here, and, at length, to lead me where she has gone before."

I opened the wardrobe. There hung the well preserved garment, whose shining folds had helped to compose the bridal array of her who now lay the bride of death, enwrapped in her shroud, with the damp mould forming her bridal veil, and the withered autumn leaves her garland, instead of the orange blossoms. By its side hung the rich dressing gown, of soft and beautiful fabric, fraught with still more tender and touching reminiscences. Often had I supported her slender form while enrobing her in its comfortable drapery, and marked day by day, with a pang which no comfort could assuage, the increasing fragility of her figure, and the weariness which the slightest exertion caused her to suffer.

There, too, upon the floor, were the soft slippers which she had worn in the last lingering days of her seeming convalescence, when hope illumined our hearts with rays of fitful brightness before taking her final departure. The prints of her feet still indented them, and gave them their well remembered and peculiar shape. Ah, I remembered well the day when I stole from her side as she slept, to purchase them, that she might smile on her awakening, as she always did with inexpressible sweetness, as she thanked me with loving words for any act of thoughtfulness for her comfort. Well, too, did I remember the changing beauty of her cheek, the tearful light of her eye, as she beheld them, and the words which she uttered as she lingered in admiring pleasure over the delicate embroidery of grape leaves and fruit, surrounded by their graceful tendrils.

Turn which way I would, the tokens of my lost one were present to my view, and the unerring pencil of memory recalled past scenes with a vividness which seemed to obliterate the lapse of time, and make each a true and living picture. Here, in this sacred retreat of wedded love, for twenty years we had mingled our joys and sorrows, blending the fond endearments of satisfied affection with the tender words, or the equally expressive silence of sympathy, as joy or sorrow predominated in the recesses of our being. Here, we had together mingled tears of gratitude and love, as the tiny wall of our first-born rose upon our ear; here, we had pressed the nightly kiss upon the brows of our darlings, as they sank into the peaceful unconsciousness of innocence, and here, too, we had knelt, with crushing hopes and the anguish of breaking hearts, by the bedside of our youngest born, as she spread her spirit-wings for the shores of the upper home. Here, too, I had listened to her last earthly tones, fraught already with the liquid sweetness of angelic numbers, and watched the joy film as it spread over those eyes whose clear light had never been obscured by taint of earthly passion or selfish love.

And here, alone, I had knelt, in the agony of a doubly-bereaved soul, shedding such tears as we never shed but once, and here, the Comforter for which my angel companion had bled me seek, with her last intelligible accents, revealed himself to my soul, and bade me look above the clouds, for the bright rays of the promised morning, which should dawn not only in perfect, but eternal radiance upon my earth-wearied spirit, when "the Master should call for me." She had said many times during those last precious seasons of communion which we enjoyed while her feet touched as it were, the shores of the Heavenly Canaan, before the dismantled bark had dropped anchor in its blessed harbor, that if angelic spirits were indeed permitted to visit their loved ones on the earth-shore, she would come often to my side in the stillness of the evening, when no rude influences might break in to mar the blessed consciousness of her presence, and I had almost unconsciously, even to myself, found comfort in that sweet assurance while she spoke.

Involuntarily, her words came to mind on this evening, while lingering with even more than usual tenderness and regretful longing amid the tokens of remembrance shrouded with such loving and jealous care as the most precious of all my earthly possessions, and, as I breathed my nightly prayers in my lonely room, I asked that her presence might still visit me in my earthly sojourn and that, if consistent with the wisdom of Divine arrangement, I might be allowed a consciousness of her nearness at the time. Then, as I commended my absent, beloved one, and all the dear ones of my affection wherever they might be, to His unerring loving kindness and watchful care, I felt at last the long-desired balm of peace descend upon my lacerated heart, and, as a sweet sense of the all-pervading Divine love grew strong and inexpressibly near to my soul, I sought my lonely couch, and, with the soothing hope that perhaps angelic ministrants would watch over my unconscious hours, I soon fell asleep.

Ere long I wandered through the mazy purities of the land of dreams, and it seemed to me as if winged speed were given to my footsteps, so light and buoyant was my tread, as I pursued the pathway over which my wanderings led me. At length I drew near the shore of a river whose blue waves rolled between banks of the softest and most delicate verdure, while flowers of rare loveliness and grateful perfume clustered profusely amid its bright luxuriance.

As this unexpected obstacle arrested my progress, I looked anxiously about me for some means of crossing the stream. A boat, light and graceful as that which Titans' self might guide, lay moored by the bank, but my eager eyes could discover no ferryman who should pilot me in safety over the wave.

What shall I do? thought I, with many an anxious foreboding, and an irrepressible feeling of loneliness, as I stood alone upon the bank of the stream. I must cross before the eventide, and already the sunset is giving its parting look of radiant brightness to the wave. But a now hope suddenly grew strong within me, and I exclaimed aloud in the first flush of my enthusiasm,

"I will launch the boat myself, and ply the oar, and it may be that through my own exertions I may reach the other shore in safety."

As the words left my lips, I sprang into the boat, unlashed the fastenings which united it to the shore, and, seizing the oar, was about to impel it forward. But no sooner had my hand given freedom to the little craft, than it bounded with graceful buoyancy over the empurpled wave.

My heart thrilled with a strange and unwonted surprise, and I looked anxiously around me, as if to search for some before unrecognized object, while mingled thoughts crowded my brain and overflowed in indistinct murmurs from my voice.

"What power unseen," said I, "hath come, in mine hour of need, to waft me over the river?"

But not long did my wonder continue, for as I turned my gaze toward the stern, I beheld a shadowy figure, of exceeding grace and beauty, such as no mortal form has ever worn. A soft halo surrounded her head, composed, as it appeared to my admiring vision, of innumerable stars of serene, yet radiant lustre, while tresses, finer than gossamer, yet shining with silvery splendor, flowed over her graceful shoulders, as with light touch she steered the little bark across the waves. Her robes, of the purest, yet most lustrous tint, seemed to float around her form of slender, ethereal mould, and clothed her with an untold grace, surpassing all which my most imaginative fancy had ever portrayed.

But how shall I describe the emotions of joyful rapture which pervaded my whole being, as with an overwhelming flood of bliss, as she turned her eyes to mine—those angelic eyes, beaming with the effulgence of immortal beauty, and I beheld, even amid the glorious garniture with which she was enshrouded, the well-remembered lineaments so long engraven on the most sacred shrine of my loyal heart, the features of my angel wife! Yes, it was indeed the spirit of her who had blessed my pathway in those earlier, happy years, but whose removal my aching heart still mourned with undivided tenderness and unceasing regret.

Sweet tears of joy bedewed my eyes as I sat gazing on the beautiful vision by my side, and such an indefinable sense of satisfaction stole through my frame, and thrilled every pulse with ecstasy, as the mortal nature could scarce endure. Fain would I have spoken to the lovely visitant, fain would I have clasped her in my fond embrace and lavished the pure endearments of adoring affection upon her lips, but words came not; and, powerless to break the spell which bound me with its sweet enthrallment, I gave myself up to the all-pervading delight of her presence.

But all too short were the precious moments, for soon the little bark, sped by angelic fingers, reached its destination, and as I sprang upon the shore, and seeking to free myself from the magic power which rendered me incapable of speech or motion, turned to clasp the hand of my companion, behold, she had flown, and alone, as I had approached the opposite shore, I stood upon the beach!

But from the cloudless heavens, upon my onward path, shone a light, clear, serene and glorious as the unshadowed rays of the mid-day sun, revealing its dewy windings with certain and true fidelity, and making its narrowest precincts shine like a thread of purest silver amid the green banks of the fields through which it lay.

And as I looked from the shining path before me to the serene brightness of the wave, and thence upward to the glorious splendor of the heavens, lo, there I saw my angel love—she who had been my pilot across the stream, returning over the heavenly pathway to the mansions of her spirit home! Clothed in those robes of gossamer lightness, shin-

ing with the lustrous heavenly rays, she floated through the silent air, while round her soared with graceful evolutions a group of shining ones, all wearing lineaments of the same wondrous beauty and adorned with the same celestial halo.

But while I gazed upon the scene with rapturous and exquisite delight, until my whole soul, entranced with its glory, seemed itself dissolving from its mortal encumbrances, and ready to join the departing spirits in their upward flight, the curtain of slumber unclosed, and lo, it was a dream!

Yet still around my earthly way shines the radiant brightness of that glorious vision, and oft fond memory loves to recall the blissful emotions which pervaded my being as I crossed the sea of fancy with my angel guide.

And, receiving it, as I do, from the hand of my Father in Heaven, I draw, therefrom rays of sweet comfort, which cheer me in my otherwise lonely sojourn, while I never cease to thank him from the abundant fullness of a grateful heart, that He has thus given me a token that his "angels encamp around me," and that she, whose nicer perceptions, whose finer intellect, shed light and brightness on many an intricate subject, whose unwavering footsteps ever drew nearer the heavenly goal than mine own more impetuous and changeable ramblings, is still permitted, from the higher sphere of the immortal life, to commune with my loneliness, and send rays of transcendent brightness to guide me amid the sadness and gloom of my overclouded pathway safely to its ending; helping me, meanwhile, to keep myself "pure and unspotted from the world," that I may at length become meet to rejoin her in the mansions of the upper shore.

Written for the Banner of Light.
YANKEE DOODLE, UP TO DATE.

BY A. P. M'COMES.

Yankee Doodle long time ago,
Bethought himself a man, *sirs*,
And set up shop on his own hook,
He thus the world began, *sirs*!

Yankee Doodle all for peace,

Slow to wrath and anger,

But when insults still increase,

You can wake his dander.

His sons grew cotton, corn and hogs,
And in the same connection
Came clocks and steam cars by the score,
Under his wise protection.

Yankee Doodle, &c.

So he kept gaining wealth and strength,
Spreading o'er the continent;
His children wise and envied were,
'Till one became a malcontent.

Yankee Doodle, &c.

This petted child thought himself king—
Had his own way 'till spoiled,
And when his brothers dared to speak,
In rage "rule or ruin" boiled.

Yankee Doodle, &c.

Then Yankee Doodle senior called
Upon all his loyal sons,
To vindicate his rightful rule,
And chastise his rebel ones.

Yankee Doodle, &c.

Then Johnny Bull across the sea,
Winked at cotton on the sly,
Nullification and "eighteen twelve"
Said were ugly in his eye.

Yankee Doodle, &c.

He sent his Lyons over here,
And thought us much his debtors;
When we our duties failed to know
He read us law and letters.

Yankee Doodle, &c.

He gabbled much of nation's rights,
And taught us who was master;
But when he crossed Bill Seward's path,
He met a sad disaster.

Yankee Doodle, &c.

It was a strange and startling fact,
That we our own employers,
A people free to know our rights,
Must go ask British lawyers!

Yankee Doodle, &c.

We Yankees laughed, the Bulls all growled,
That he knew naught of barter;
The whole affair he'd nicely botched,
And rightly caught a tartar.

Yankee Doodle, &c.

Their growlings swelled both loud and bold,
About his awful grammar,
And down on his defenceless head
Fell the Thunderer's hammer.

Yankee Doodle, &c.

John's much concerned about our loan
Fearful that we'll be tasked;
And tells his bankers not to touch—
He'd better wait till asked.

Yankee Doodle, &c.

Why bless your stupid, simple souls,
We land enough can find to
Feed you all, or starve you out.
Just as we are a mind to.

Yankee Doodle, &c.

Our western hills o'erflow with gold,
'T would scare your English Jew, *sirs*;
Your little island we can buy,
And never miss the pewter.

Yankee Doodle, &c.

And if you wish to try our strength
In our affairs meddling mix,
And you will soon have cause to know
We're worthy sons of seventy-six.

Yankee Doodle, &c.

Or if you want to make a fuss,
About the rebel Slidell,
Taken from beneath your flag,
When about to slip the bridle—

Yankee Doodle, &c.

Come on now while our dander's up,
You'll find us no defaulter,
You'll see some sights, and get some fits,
And be, perhaps, a halter.

Yankee Doodle, &c.

For rather than surrender now,
The honor of our nation,
We'll spank our own domestic foes,
And fight outside creation.

Yankee Doodle, &c.

A man who really loves traveling, would not consent to pack a day of such happiness into an hour of railroad, as one who loved "setting world aglee," if it were possible, to concentrate his "dinner into a pill."

Most books in these days are like some kinds of trees—a great many leaves and no fruit.

Original Essays.

THE OFFICE OF SPIRITUALISM.

BY EDWARD B. FARRINGTON.

Spiritualism came in an age prepared for its advent, and to a world hungry after truth. The fountain from which the Christian world had been accustomed to draw nourishment were dry, and no new springs of living water had been, as yet, discovered. The creeds in which men had lived, and by which they had bounded their spiritual lives, had first been rent by the enlarging capacities of the soul, and, finally, had fallen into the expressed discredit of the lips. The faith which once burnt bright and strong in the dimly enlightened mind of the past, was rapidly yielding to the unmythifying influence of increasing knowledge; and, as the great force of the last judgment is fading, fast fading from the ceiling of theistine Chapel, and now retains but an indication of its former magnificence, seen dimly through the dust and smoke of ages, so the faith which vivified the apostles, fired the martyrs, and lifted the world from selfishness to a broader love, was growing dim and uncertain in the stronger and clearer light of the advancing centuries. The outward form and show of belief still lingered in the dead churches and the skeptical congregations, but the living belief, expressed in the daily life and in the peaceful soul, was waning, and almost wanting. A higher development of truth, a more soulful interpretation of the divine was demanded, and, to satisfy this craving, Spiritualism came to our ripened senses.

No religious movement ever equalled it in the rapidity of its acceptance among the cultivated and enlightened classes. In this respect it differs essentially from any and all of the religious movements of the past. As a general rule, in proportion as persons are high or low in the scale of life, in that proportion are they Spiritualists; or where there is the most enlarged and harmonious development of the religious, intellectual and spiritual nature, there is the belief in Spiritualism most powerful. In England, it has received its adherents chiefly from the middle and upper classes; in America, class lines are not so distinct, but the Spiritualists, as a body, hold in their ranks the representative leaders of the country, in every department of thought and activity.

The work thus far accomplished by Spiritualism has been predominantly personal and individual. It superseded upon, and carried to its logical ultimatum, the Protestant development of individual judgment, substituting for the convictions of intellectual deliberation, the illuminations of an interior state, or the teachings of Spiritualized beings. It has brought to the knowledge of men an interior kingdom, a heavenly kingdom, within themselves, and breathed new significance, and deeper meaning into the mystical words of the Seer of Nazareth: "The kingdom of Heaven is within you." To a world dead in trespasses and sin, lying in hopelessness and despair, lost to a knowledge even of its spiritual possessions, amid the depths of material and mental energy by which it was engulfed, Spiritualism revived the belief in a higher life and a nobler human nature, and checked the immoderate tendencies of the age. Faith in religion and religious things, in God and a future life, was revived, and a new and vital impulse given to the higher and holier aspirations of the soul.

This much has Spiritualism done, but this is the beginning only of its work. Indeed, it is hardly that. It is rather the preparation for work. The soul has been brought into the domination of its interior and higher nature, the true destiny of man has been made known, the powerful auxiliaries ready to aid him in achieving his birthright have announced their presence, and all things are ready for the establishment of the kingdom of Spirituality upon earth. But the work is yet to be done, and that no light task. While I write, the air is filled with voices, and thunderings and lightnings. The spirit of the age is abroad, and the earth is rocked to its foundations. Europe in her kingdoms and empires is shaking in its blast. Famine, insurrection, upheaval, overthrow, is written on the lines of the Continent. Asia feels the throes of her new birth, and rushes to peace and civilization through the sword. America reverberates with the tread of the combatants in whose deathful embrace slavery is to be stifled. What more is to come, who shall say? Africa prepares for her long waited and hourly expected jubilee. Deep in the sinews of Commerce, Government, Materialities, Religions, thrills the impending and long predicted revolution.

A deeper sensation, a vaster thrill vibrates in the soul of things. The silent, noiseless influence of the spirit-world has been silently, noiselessly doing its work, and the mightier revolution, the grander change comes with no shock of contending armies, no announcing heralds, no trumpeted intentions. He who has carefully watched the faces of the crowd during the last ten years, especially during the last five, has noted the wondrous change from physicality and stupidity to spirituality and intelligence which has been gradually dawning into them, and is now changing them with accelerated rapidity. He who has noted the course of intellectual opinion in the same length of time, is startled at the advanced, unaccountable celerity with which it has advanced from point to point of progressive development. The voice of prophecy, too, has been heard, announcing the advent of a new era, and all things betoken a mighty intellectual and spiritual change, accompanying the material, and the advent of a new and more perfect society upon earth. The minds of men are prepared for it; the laborers in the work of introducing the new order have been prepared for it; the weapons have been placed in their hands, and the time comes rapidly, even now is, when they should be up and doing in the work of Human Salvation—in inaugurating the spiritual society for the world.

A vital hindrance to this proposed work exists in the erroneous views entertained of the spirit-world and its relations to this, by not a small class of Spiritualists. Entirely engrossed in the contemplation of the harmonies of the spirit-world, and expecting there to rest from the trials and labors of this life, they take no interest in the present or future welfare of our earth life, which they regard as a season of trial and probation, intended only to suffer in and pass from as speedily as possible. Hence their thoughts and exertions are not turned toward improving this world and harmonizing its conditions, but toward getting through with the present life and achieving the other. The extent to which this view of the two worlds, and their respective uses, draws

the attention and solicitude of Spiritualists from the miseries and inharmonies of this world, and affects their desire to redeem and change it, is hardly known to themselves. Yet this undesirable tendency has mingled with the opening of the spirit-world to our ken; and our great good has not as yet been winnowed of its evil.

To be centered in spiritual thought, to be vitalized by the revelations of the upper world, to be lifted up and buoyant in the expectation of a divine life, and to walk this world joyously in daily communion with loved ones in the land of the great departed, and in expectation of a happy reunion with them hereafter, is beautiful, glorious and true. But when this is carried to the extent of rendering us careless of the present or the future of the great world around us; when we are soled into quietude and inaction, and are content to let humanity go mourning here in anticipation of a glorious hereafter, we fall into the same mistake which has beset the world in all ages, which shut monks in monasteries, to waste their lives in pious inaction or abuse themselves by self-inflicted miseries, and which still emasculates the Indian seer in his continued contemplation of the Divine Being. It is but another and more subtle form of that selfishness which besets us in so many ways, is so hard to discover, and so difficult to eradicate when found. Those who yield to this tendency cultivate one part of their nature at the expense of another. The soul culture which we gain by personal sympathy with suffering and an earnest effort for its alleviation, is as great and as essential as that which we obtain by communion with the spirit-world.

There are weighty reasons why we should be interested and earnest in relation to the affairs of this world, even if looking for joy and happiness only to the other. "As the tree falleth, so it lieth." What we are here, we shall be potentially in the after-world. The organization which we are endowed with, the training which we receive, the education we obtain, the experience of our life, all go to make up the beings we shall be when we pass the line of this life and stand upon the other side. All these elements of our individuality will be good or bad, harmonious or inharmonious, accordingly as the world in which we live is miserable, ignorant and torn, or happy, wise and peaceful. All our interests, spiritual and temporal, demand of us to do with our might the work which looms up before us, and which we, as Spiritualists, are alone fitted to undertake.

Carlyle says, "We must have a new world if we are to have any." To create this new world is and must be the legitimate and magnificent task of vital Spiritualism. How vast the work, and how urgent, grows upon our understandings as we contemplate the present and its insufficiencies, and compare it with the future and its requirements. The New World must have Commerce, Trade, Government, Religion—institutions by which to express in outward form its interior life. Are they to be such as we have now? Shall Commerce and Trade be conducted upon the false and unjust principles of Political Economy and commercial honesty which now prevail? Truly not. For the New World must have justice and plenty, not oppression and want; must have love and reciprocity, not hate and destructive competition. The weak and the condoning must be equally benefited with the strong and the knowing.

The commercial polity of the present day is unjust, deadly, and monstrous. Not because men desire to do the wrong, but because, upon the principles which govern our dealing, it is impossible to do otherwise. The fundamental axioms of our trade-system, and its generally acknowledged principles, are radically erroneous, and must be laid aside for those of a truer nature by any society which would be permanently progressive, and whose foundations are to be everlasting. Poverty, starvation, physical misery, are the legitimate offspring of a false commercial system. In a true order of society, they should have and need have no place. And until the physical and material welfare of mankind is thoroughly secured, there can be no large, permanent, spiritual advancement. So long as we have material necessities, and our inability to supply them subjects us to disease, misery and death, so long we must be exempt from these inharmonies, before we can hope to achieve a harmony of the spirit, which, having its home in the body, necessarily partakes of its condition, and is sick or whole, weak or strong, according as its outward citadel is secure or in danger.

As surely as we need new principles of commercial dealing, so surely do we need new institutions for the outward expression and mutual exchange of the deepest feelings and emotions of the soul—the religious nature.

In a previous article, I have referred to the evident tendency of Protestant sects to relapse from their intellectual tendencies toward a more heartfelt and devotional worship, and to the barrenness and unsatisfying nature of merely intellectual piety. Spiritualism has borne us out of this region of mere intellectuality, and opened a sphere of life in which the spiritual nature of man may find abundant and inexhaustible stores of nourishment. The rapidity with which a starved people seized upon the new element, the vitality which it has infused into a religionless generation, and the vigorous advances it has made, attest its divine origin. As yet, however, the work which has been accomplished among individuals, unfolding them, and opening to their apprehension the wisdom and the wonders of the hidden world, has ultimately in no combined action, no grand installation of a grand organization. In their interior development, Spiritualists have advanced far beyond the appreciation, or even the comprehension of the society around them. As yet, they hardly understand one another; so strange, so diverse have been their individual experiences, and so completely have they been absorbed in their personal development, as necessarily to be, to a great extent, unconscious of the change, taking place in those around them. This infantile stage of Spiritualism is, however, at its close.

The conviction is ripening in the minds of Spiritualists, that the inward preparation is already sufficiently advanced to demand an outward expression. It is also beginning to be perceived that the higher and grander results of Spiritualism can be achieved only by the methods of practical organization and combination. That individual development and isolation, however potent, are unavailing and inadequate to the exigencies of society; and that the union of the spiritually unfolded and illuminated in a powerful cooperation is necessary to the possession of the ultimate benefits which Spiritualism has in store.

Certainly, this must be so, if Spiritualism is to be

anything more than a sublime selfishness, uplifting and elevating the individual, but failing in the nobler and more generous work of unfolding, enlightening and cherishing those not able, by reason of undevelopment, to apprehend and appreciate their higher nature and the divine life. Spiritualism is the new Gospel of the age, and it is our work to proclaim the glad tidings of great joy, and to see to it that unto the poor and needy this Gospel also be preached. It comes to bind up the broken-hearted, and to lift the burden from the weary, if we who have first known its blessings are faithful to the responsibilities imposed on us. It is destined to mark an era in the history of the world as important, if not more so, than the advent of Jesus. As the legitimate fulfillment of his predictions and those of the prophets and seers of all religions, it stands the crowning wonder and glory of the Ages. The surpassing results predicted to follow and flow from it are sure to come. But not of their own strength, or unaided. Spiritualism comes, a John the Baptist in the wilderness of this world's wanting hopes and crushing miseries, awakening the nations and preparing the advent of the New Heavens and the New Earth. As we are wise, sacrificing, earnest and untiring, the coming will be glorious and speedy, or laborious and slow.

New York, Nov. 27, 1861.

WHAT SHALL WE DO TO BE SAVED?

BY WARREN CHASE.

This oft unuttered inquiry is felt by nations, societies, families and individuals, at some period of existence; but it is often made too late for the answer, if accepted and adopted, to save the subject from effects which causes have long been operating to produce. We feel an alarm and inquiry running along the wires of our national existence, and are aware that our republican institutions are in danger from internal and external foes. It is too late to be saved from rebellion, or from war, for the causes have already produced it; the hour to apply a preventive passed by, and the salvation was neglected, in the two last national administrations; but it is not too late to be saved from destruction, or from permanent dismemberment and division, and the preventive is, to unite head and heart, hand and purse, power and kindness, and, laying aside all side-issues and minor subjects and considerations, put down and subdue the rebellion with force superior to it (and we surely have enough to do it), and when we have again established the Constitution and Laws over the whole country, then weaken or remove all causes that lead legitimately to such results.

If you have been exposed and got the ague, it is wise to cure, and then prevent in the future.

What shall we do to be saved from a war with England? Deal justly, honestly, kindly; not nobly, honorably, promptly, and show her we mean to do right and risk the consequences, and it will not be like England to take advantage of our domestic trouble and national sickness to pick a quarrel and attack us. She will not have her meanness and weakness recorded in her history, for attacking us when we were sick, because she feared us when we were strong. She could find a cause for war at any time, if she chose, and if she makes one now, which she would not when we were united and sound, she will be disgraced in the eyes of the world. England is not ready for that, and we have only to do right to be saved.

What shall we do to be saved from bankruptcy and financial ruin? Keep at work, on land and in the shop. Industry will save nations and individuals. If it is sometimes slow, it is always sure. Work up the raw material, and dig up, or raise more. The soil and mines are as prolific in war as in peace, and these, with labor, are the source of wealth. General industry brings general health and wealth, and saves from poverty, vice and crime.

What shall we do to be saved from anarchy, tyranny, despotism? Keep the power in the hands of the people; let all men, and women also, vote and have a part in the Government, and guide the popular elements of power to and for its own safety, and you will be saved. "Crucify him, crucify him," was the cry of those who feared, or sought the power of priests, not from fear or hatred of Jesus. And such is the history of nearly or all mobs and riots. Our rebel soldiers are fighting through mistake, against their own interest. Enlighten them. Let them vote. Give them homes and schools, and they will love and fight for the Government that does it. The rebel leaders have robbed them of their natural rights, and scared, or forced, or hired them into the fight on the wrong side. Thousands of them are true, honest and good men, as are many who join the scandalous mobs that break up anti-slavery, temperance and social meetings. Deprive a man of his rights, and if he has spirit he will fight for them and often on the wrong side, and not get them at last, even though he gets the victory. Keep the Government in the hands of the people, and the people will keep the Government alive and strong. Aristocracy rots a country out as old decay branches do a tree. Scatter the sap all through the tree, and keep the young shoots growing.

Scatter wealth, education and industry throughout a nation, and feed all the rising generation with the three blessings, and your country is saved. Monopolize these, and it is ruined; rapidly it may be, or slowly it must. There never was a time since the Revolution, when these principles came so close to us as at the present. One part of the country—or a few wealthy leaders, combined with political knaves and aspiring demagogues, are trying to overthrow all we have gained as a nation, in planting a Government in the hearts of the people, to be administered by their hands, and as they will; while the loyal States and families are trying to sustain what we have gained, with here and there a Cerberus at the gate, snarling and barking at the leaders, because they do not go further and assert and establish more than we had gained, or could maintain in times of peace.

I have ever contended for the right of woman to vote. But if I should abuse every officer and not of my State or nation, because it did not assent, and secure their right at this time of trial and struggle for life, I should be little less than an enemy to my country. I would save what we have, and get more if we can. The same is true policy with the subject of Slavery.

Bunton, Dec. 27, 1861.

A witness in court being asked his profession, said that he was a shoemaker, but that he kept a wine and liquor store besides. "Then I suppose," said the counsel, "you are what may be called a sherry-cobbler?"

THE WAR CRY OF ABOLITIONISM.

Many good men may join in the full belief and declaration that universal emancipation should be the object and avowed motive of the existing war. But there is one most serious and insuperable objection to this assumption, which exists in the fact that an overwhelming majority of the whole American people do not unite, and cannot be made to unite in such a war cry.

The Abolitionists, so designated, in the Free States, are generally considered, not only by our Southern brethren, but by their own neighbors, as violent and impracticable in their views or immediate emancipation, and are looked upon by many as the sole flag-bearers of the existing rebellion; whilst there are some good men in the Free States, who conscientiously believe that slavery should be tolerated, and that it was the design of Providence that the African should be led into slavery amongst a more civilized race, that he might be redeemed from the hopeless ignorance and horrible despotism which prevail in his native clime.

But however this may be, the belief is so general that it may be justly declared universal throughout our nation, that we are pledged to the slaveholding States both by the Constitution and the Laws which sanction its provisions, to tolerate amongst them the practice of slavery within their own borders. So far the people have shown no disposition to violate this pledge.

We ask our kind-hearted friends, and know there are many such in the ranks of Abolition, to moderate their ardor sufficiently to take a cool and comprehensive view of the existing state of the public mind on this subject. There is probably less than one-tenth, surely not more than one-fifth of the American people who can be made to listen patiently to the project of universal emancipation, or that do not look upon the doctrine of Abolition as wicked and impracticable—many entertaining the firm belief that the Abolitionist would not only place the blacks upon a political, but upon a social basis of equality, and encourage an amalgamation of the two races.

At this moment, whilst an unnatural war rages, and husbands, fathers, and brothers, the nearest of kin and the nearest to the heart, are drawn out and led indiscriminately to the slaughter, the whole bitterness of previously existing prejudice against the Abolitionist as the promoter and original instigator of this conflict, is forced at once upon the mind. We need not and do not stop to inquire how well founded this prejudice may be—it is enough to know that it exists, that it burns at the heart's core.

Such being the state of the public mind on this subject, did the government proclaim that universal emancipation was the object, and to be the desired result of this war, not one regiment could be brought into the field by voluntary enlistment for its prosecution.

There is no reason to fear that the Government can be so regardless of the true interests of the nation and of its own existence as to propose such a measure, but may we not beseech our brethren of the Abolition School to reflect seriously upon this view of the subject, and consult their own hearts and consciences, and their own dispassionate judgment, whether it is judicious, whether it is patriotic, at this impossible moment, to urge such a measure, when the only probable or possible effect of such a position must be to discourage the work of composing this rebellion, and prolong and render more bitter and acrimonious the bloody contest.

As a case of expediency, as an act of mercy to their suffering brethren now pouring out their heart's blood in this conflict, will not the advocates of universal emancipation refrain from urging this measure at such a season upon public attention, whatever may be their feelings with regard to its ultimate expediency and justice?

The Southern master is as well assured in his own mind of a perfect right to the slave, as we in the North are of our right of self-government and individual sovereignty. To deprive us of these rights might only be accomplished by a war of extermination. To deprive the master of his slave would be an enterprise of the same desperate complexion. Any serious attempt to enforce the general emancipation of the negro, will be accomplished only by exterminating the white race who hold them in bondage; and the slaves who might survive the convulsion would scarcely profit by the sanguinary agency of fire and sword. Whilst, on the other hand, the slow but sure progress of moral reform, if permitted to take its own course, added to the growing conviction that slaves as property are an unprofitable investment, point out not only an inevitable, but the surest, the best and most humane and practical termination of this great national evil.

Whilst we bear in mind that this war is a war against a portion of the people who rebel against the general government, from whom no terms but those of unconditional submission to the constituted authorities can be accepted, with what pretence of consistency or justice may we demand of them an obedience to such authority if we violate the Federal compact by seeking to deprive them of a right which is guaranteed by the same Constitution and laws whose integrity and unviolability we have taken upon arms to sustain?

W. B. W.

THE POWER OF TRUTH.

The soul of man loves the true. There is an affinity in the mind of man for the truth. God has made the laws of His Being to be a power unto man, when he understands the true and sees the improvement of his laws. The end of all investigations of man is to find the Great First Cause. Mind is not in the true condition until it finds the true and real. The desire to know the first and last of all things, makes the soul's endeavor to find the true. There can be no truth where there is no corresponding mind to discover it. Truth is the forerunner of the God that men wish to find.

The mind of man lives in the true. It is the truth which makes men know that they exist. Truth teaches the spiritual nature of man. There can be no sense of right and wrong without the true. There is in the laws of God an adaptation to the mind of man. The science of correspondences is not without its significance. That Heaven is the true condition of mind in earthly life, when man is in the true condition of thought, cannot be doubted. There can be no heavenly condition of mind, unless the true is in the element.

The science of correspondences is the true and false, teaching man that Heaven is a condition. The soul is in harmony with the true. It lives in the true. It has no existence "only when truth is the restraining power." Men know not that the God of

Heaven is in their souls when His truth is a power to unite the finite and the infinite.

There can be no design without an effect. God makes man the dependent power, but man makes God to be nowhere. The rising sun distributes its rays to all, independent of man's endeavors, and men feel that God is good, but they forget the same God requires that his laws of life must be obeyed.

The sense of right and wrong makes men feel that God exists. There is not in Nature a truth which does not bring the soul into correspondence with the God of all truth. The greater the truth in its influence upon the soul, the nearer it brings the God of all truth. Men have yet to study God in His works.

E. J. L.

Portsmouth, N. H., 1861.

SNOWBALLING.

The soft, loose gold of helplessness
Is straying about her face,
And the wind through its silken meshes
Is running a frolicsome race.
Her violet eyes—how they darken and flash!
Her rose-red cheeks—how they glow!
As she stands ankle-deep, in the milk-white drifts,
Pelted me with snow.

She tosses the soft flakes around her
In her pretty heedless play,
Till she looks like a sea-nymph rising
Through the billows of foam and spray.
She moulds the balls with her little bare hands;
Do you think she would put out or scold?
If I nuzzled the pink palms down in my breast
To warm them?—they look so cold!

Her white wool mittens are flung in the snow
Each one in itself a lake,
And her silken scarf besides them lies,
Colled up like a crimson snake.
All about me the tracks of her soft brown feet
Have printed the downy snow.
And know by them where another Spring,
The prettiest flowers will grow.

She laughs and scoffs when my snowballs fly
Harmlessly over her head,
And she flirts her curls in a saucy way,
And crouches in mimic dread;
She calls me a sorry marksman.
An awkward fellow—and still
She, my little witch, knows well enough,
It is n't from lack of skill.

She knows I would sooner think
Of tearing a butterfly's wing,
Of beating a fly or throttling
The first sweet robin of Spring.
Than of aiming at her in earnest.
Or hitting her if I could,
Or harming so much as a tassel
Of her little scarlet hood.

Gay, beautiful Madge! Oh! what would she do
If my mouth was half as bold
As the crystals which fall on her lips and her hair.
Like pearls among rubies and gold?
While her pride and her willfulness trample my love
As her light feet have trampled the snow?
That the missiles she flings, which are ice to my face,
Are fire to my heart, does she know?

Sweet tease! does she guess I am wondering now
Whether she'll ever be
In the long, long future before us both,
Anything more to me
Than a little boyden with wild, gold hair,
And rose-red cheeks in a glow,
Who stands ankle-deep in the milk-white drifts
Pelted me with the snow?

QUESTIONS TO THE CHURCHES.

BY T. J. O'SULLIVAN.

"Come, let us reason together, saith the Lord."

—Isaiah.

"All Scripture is given by inspiration of God."

—Paul.

1. Did God inspire Moses to tell us in Genesis i: 20,

21, that the waters brought forth abundantly, fowl that may fly above the earth in the open firmament of heaven; and then to tell us in Genesis ii: 19, that it was out of the ground God formed them?

2. Did God inspire Moses to tell us twice in Genesis ii. that God rested on the seventh day from all his work that he had created and made? and did the same God inspire Isaiah in xl: 28, to tell us that the Lord, the Creator, fainteth not, neither is weary?

3. Did God inspire Moses to tell us in Genesis i, that the earth brought forth grass, and herbs, and trees, after their kind, on the third day—without the general influence of the sun; and that it was on the fourth day that sun was made? If so, was God then working backward, contrary to the order of Nature, of which himself is the author?

4. Did God inspire Moses to tell us in Genesis vi: 6, that it repented the Lord that he had made man on the earth, and it grieved him at his heart; and then to tell us in Numbers xxiii: 19, that God can neither lie nor repent?

5. Did God inspire Moses to tell us in Exodus xxiv, that Moses, and Aaron, and Nahab, and Abihu, after seventy elders, saw the God of Israel on Mount Sinai? and did the same God inspire John in iv: 12, to tell us that no man hath seen God in any time?

6. Did God inspire Moses to tell us in Genesis xxxii: 30, that Jacob saw God, face to face, and did not die; and then to tell us in Exodus xxxiii: 20, that no man can see the face of God, and live?—and yet add in Exodus xxxiii: 11, that the Lord spake, face to face, to Moses as a man to his friend?

7. Did God—who says in the decalogue, according to Moses, "Thou shalt not kill,"—command that same Moses to be a wholesale murderer? (See also Joshua, chap. xii.)

8. Did God—who says in that decalogue, "Thou shalt not make unto thyself any graven image,"—command Moses to make the "Brazen Serpent"? And did He also command Solomon to place "two Cherubims" on the "Mercy Seat" in the "Holy of Holies"?

9. How much was David "a man after God's own heart," while he was living in Polygamy and Concubinage—guilty of falsehood and fraud—and commanding Solomon to kill Shimei? (See I. Samuel, xxvii: 10, and I. Samuel, chap. xli.)

10. Did God inspire any man to write such soul-scaring threatenings as these: "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord"—"I will laugh at their calamity, and mock when their fear cometh,"—do, and then inspire another to contradict every syllable of them, by saying several times in only one Psalm, that "God's mercy endureth forever?"

11. What claim has the "Song of Solomon" the love-sick speaker, to inspiration, when he who wrote it, the young wise Solomon, died an old fool, and was not deemed worthy of a place for his name among the more honored ones recorded in Hebrews xi, by inspired Paul?

12. What claim has "THE BOOK" itself to inspiration, which abounds with contradictions—contains such chapters as Ruth iii. and Leviticus xv., and although it tells us: "He that runs may read,"—and "The wayfaring man, though a fool, cannot err therein"—yet informs us, there are "some things in it hard to be understood, which the unlearned and unstable wrest to their own damnation"?

13. Are such as the foregoing, without mentioning hundreds of others, the qualities of a revelation from God to man?

Banner of Light.

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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

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Happy New Year!

To all the readers of the BANNER OF LIGHT, to their friends, and many more whom we yet hope to make our friends—we proffer sincere congratulations on having reached a New Year, and send hearty greetings for the occasion. This is like no other new year we have yet had in our national history. War is stalking, with red hand, through the country. Death is walking into doors and surprising families that had not dreamed of its present approach. We are all in a state of turmoil and tumult. Where another new year will find us, it is hard indeed to tell. Yet we may all keep our ground, as men and women, even if the earth is reeling under our feet. The divine truths that enter the heart through the distinct teachings of Spiritualism, are capable of making every one of us firm in our faith, let circumstances shift and combine around us as they may. That our thousands of friends and readers may experience newer and fresher joys during the coming year, in consequence of their faith in the reality of spirit-communication, is the warmest and dearest wish we have in our heart to extend them.

A GREEN OLD AGE.

It were worth something to every man and woman in the land, to know the secret of growing old gracefully. Superficial natures are easily deluded with the notion that there is no happiness so full and fresh as that of youth, and that the further we depart from that era of our lives the fewer the delights there are left us. But such is not the ordinance of Nature, by any means. No more is age to be lamented, as it comes on toward us by easy stages, than is the gradual but sure growth and ripening of the fruits of the year. Spring would not be so welcome to us, nor the pleasant Summer, either, unless they were each to culminate in the substantial products of the annual Autumn.

We perhaps press all the energies down to the work of growing rich, believing that, if we can attain to material wealth, age may come, and do its work with us; satisfied that the bare provision against want, or against the inroad of longings and desires of all kinds, will answer as the complement to that high enjoyment which is supposed to be the one aim of human existence. Well, and we grow rich, perhaps; and old age comes on; gray hairs and crow's feet, dim eyes, and difficult hearing, and short memory remind us of the changed position to which Time has steadily led us along. But, along with the wealth, has an improved nature come, too? Have we secured money and nothing else? Having provided with such anxious care for the physical comfort, has any measure been neglected that is essential to the comfort of the heart and mind also?

There is where the pinch lies. Men overlook the ulterior, or else are content to keep it out of sight and mind until they come pat upon it; and then they are plunged in a deep sea of chagrin and woe, to think that they had suffered life to pass without providing for this most to be expected state of things—all of which but shows that the we are children at the best, short-sighted, and full of a greedy eagerness, taken up altogether—or nearly so—with the shows and appearances, and surface-livers who care not to penetrate to the soul of life, or to its real meaning.

Few enough are the instances we behold of a placid, serene, and thoroughly ripe old age; and it may be that the spectacle is the more beautiful, and longer remembered by us, because it is so rarely seen. We confess we are too apt to call up the anecdote of the little boy, when we think of an old gentleman, who replied to a question of his mother that he was sure he did not want to go to heaven if grandpa was going to be there; for no sooner would the old man see the children around than he would brush up to them, with arms extended, and say, "When! when! what are these boys doing here?" Yet such are not the reflections we would prefer to have rise to the surface of the mind, when our thoughts turn to the sober contemplation of age. We would much rather picture a scene of placidity, in which the old people formed central figures, beloved of all and listened to of all, giving forth the hidden treasures of their long experience without exciting a thought of weariness or satiety in those who listen. We would call up scenes of domestic attachment, that have become a thousand-fold more beautiful and touching than those of the early boy-and-girl love—that first budding of the young heart—scenes in which the love-principle shows that it has undergone a true and natural development, by purging itself of all mere passionateness and impulse, and taking the higher and nobler form of a sentiment that lives and works and abides.

There is no growing old gracefully, save as the soul is cultivated with the passage of the years. There is no such thing as attaining to a green old age, and being both lovely and beloved, except by the careful, thorough and persistent improvement of the heart. This is at the bottom of everything like benignity and attractive ways. All Golconda cannot confer good manners, because that is not the place where they are raised and nurtured. The only mine from which sweet, gentle, and serene ways may be quarried is that of the heart. Out of that soil spring all the affections and the lusts, all the loves

and hates, all the kindness and the malice, all the good and the evil of whatever kind or measure. Wealth is for physical conditions alone; and it is at once allowed that there are certain physical conditions much more apt for the development of the soul than others; but, at the best, and after all, the soul must go back and rest upon itself, taking the Divine Spirit for its sole companion and counsellor. All other props must needs fall away, for they can furnish no sort of support in an hour of want. They may have to do with conditions, and that is all; with the realities they are totally unacquainted.

To lament the coming on of age is to regret existence itself, with its most obvious and natural courses. The man has not begun to know what life is, or is worth, who pettishly wishes he had never been born, or who mopes and sorrow because his physical being is growing old. In such cases, the education has been all wrong, or, what is about the same, it has been nothing; no conceptions of existence, certainly none of immortality, can as yet have been attempted by such. He does but vegetate, secreting bile as he gets on; he does not live. Age is as beautiful as youth, and far richer in its compensations and its fruits. It is not all weariness and a glimmering of life's lamp; it is positive, repeated, profound, serene enjoyment. Of course, we speak but of that old age which comes as the crown of days and the culmination of all earthly joys.

Emerson says some fine things on the subject of "Old Age," taking up the matter where Cicero, in his "De Senectute," laid it down. Among others, he says with a truthfulness of perception as pleasant as it is startling at first, "The passions have answered their purpose; that slight, but dread over-weight, with which, in each instance, Nature secures the execution of her aim, drops off. To keep man in the planet, she impresses the terror of death to perfect the commissariat, she implants in each a little capacity to get the supply, and a little over-supply, of his wants. To insure the existence of the race, she reinforces the sexual instinct, at the risk of disorder, grief and pain. To secure strength, she plants cruel hunger and thirst, which so easily over-do their office, and invite disease. But these temporary stays and shifts for the protection of the young animal are shed as fast as they can be replaced by nobler resources. We live in youth amidst this rabble of passions, quite too tender, quite too hungry and irritable. Later, the interiors of heart and mind open, and supply grander motives. We learn the fatal compensations that wait on every act. Then—one mischief at a time—this riotous, time-destroying crew disappear."

WORSHIP.

Words are not worship. True devotion does not consist of gilded periods; nor do men adore in solemn looks and tones. Nay, nor yet by folding the limbs together and bowing the face to the earth, do men rise from the base elements and the cold formalism of this dull sphere into the supernal realms, where all worship is spiritual and real. To worship truly, the human faculties and affections must be harmonized. The spirit must retire in silence from the external plane of its being to that inner world, where indestructible principles assume the place of temporal objects; where thoughts are things, more palpable than marble fancies and solid bastions; and essential principles and qualities are perceived to be more substantial than the earth itself. It is from this world within that the soul derives the elements of its strength. Here it finds true liberty and divine light. This association and intercourse of the spirit with homogeneous elements and kindred natures in the invisible empire, is—with occasional exceptions, most perfect when we have least to do with selfish pursuits and earthly interests.

The cerebral and oral exercises denominated prayer, are frequently irreverent and profane. We do not mean to say that they are so in the judgment and intention of the worshiper; but critically analyzed, from an enlightened and spiritual point of view, they are certainly most irreverent. The religious sensibilities of men who are stigmatized as infidel, are constantly disturbed by a somewhat numerous class of pious blasphemers. Frequent oral proclamations are made, ostensibly designed to instruct the Divine Omniscience! The All-wise Creator is periodically memorialized by millions, who know not what they ask. He is informed first, in general terms of what he is; also of what he has done, and what the people, judging from past experience, naturally expect of him in the future. Then the constitutional infirmities and necessities of human nature are duly represented; the wiles of the devil are faithfully exposed, and the present desires and demands of the worshippers are made known. Sometimes, in this part of the service, we observe a remarkable change in the manner and form of the communication. Instead of an humble petition, it assumes the style and character of a slight draft on the Divine bounty, or of a note payable to order and on demand. The deeply religious mind may be startled at the thought; and yet while this picture owes nothing to the imagination, it is too feebly drawn to give any adequate conception of the scenes we have all witnessed in seasons of intense religious excitement. True worship is something very different from a fever or a fit of delirium; and we cease to wonder that infidels (so called) are shocked when the God of Nature and the Soul is thus blasphemed by those who labor much to honor him with imposing ceremonies and a stereotyped devotion.

The forms of worship observed in modern churches, are too often mere forms which at best present only distorted pictures of living realities. They are automatic expressions of a dying spirituality that gasps for breath beneath the weight of its gilded covering. Alas, its temples are its sepulchres! We are not of course insensible of the great beauty and significance of that eloquent symbolism wherewith the Ancient nations clothed their ideas. But that which was most vital in their religious systems was beyond and within. Symbols are only serviceable so long as they contribute to inform and impress the mind with a knowledge of the facts and principles they are designed to represent. So long as visible images are suggestive of essential truths, they are instructive and useful. But wherever the semblance is mistaken for the substance, whenever the reality is not before the mind and in the heart, the image alone is worshiped, and the whole system is rendered corrupt and idolatrous. Thus the religious idea often suffers a base incarceration in its outward forms. Too often, indeed, it is left to perish in darkness and in chains. Daylight is excluded from the fane; and the waning fires on its deserted altars—like dim tapers burning in the thick atmosphere of tombs—throw a sickly glare over this scene of moral darkness and spiritual death.

Thank heaven, the religious sentiment itself is

not dead and cannot expire! Its ancient temples may fall; unclean birds may inhabit the ruins; the infidel may revel where the altar stood; the ox draw the plowshare over consecrated ground, and wild beasts dwell by its haunted streams and in its sacred mountains; but Religion, deathless and immortal as the soul, hears the trumpet of the resurrection in the very shock that hurls its material symbols and temples to the dust. Grand and imposing as are the outward revelations of inward principles; greatly extended and diversified as are the visible illustrations of the religious sentiment; they are only imperfect images that dance in the soul's twilight—dim shadows that haunt the early morning of our immortality—or fleeting forms of everlasting realities which the coming daylight of our spiritual illumination will clearly reveal.

In the most essential sense whatever is visible, is not—does not exist except in appearance; that which is not seen, was from the beginning, is now, and shall endure forever. Thus all outward forms and visible phenomena are but the shadows of real things. This is true in its application to all the forms of Nature and Art, and to all human systems and institutions. All sensuous manifestations of the religious idea; all stereotyped creeds, prayers and confessions of faith; the peculiar claims of Greek and Hebrew manuscripts, and the divine authority of carved stones; all temples and altars that human hands have reared from the beginning, or shall build hereafter to the end of time; all sacred places and solemn words, are less—less by a degree that admits of no comparison—than the Religious Sentiment itself, as it dwells apart and alone in the charmed silence of the conscious Soul. S. B. B.

Humor for Health.

Your long-faced fellows are the ones for wretchedness. Your nasal men, who dwell long and sanctifiedly on the last syllable of the long words, are the ones to do just what they profess not to do, and are the very regiment that marches behind a band of melancholy music. They do not believe in genial humor, which is so interwoven with all the other elements of life and philosophy; but if they can get up either a good cold or a good fit of the blues, they fancy the great end of life has been attained by them. Heavens, keep us clear of such; they are the dismal companions going, to be sought after of none.

Humor is as necessary for health as exercise. The proposition carries its own proof along with it. Nature gave us certain soul-faculties with which to get up a ludicrous side for every idea, or set of ideas, that enters the mind. If the thoughts were kept on a tension all the while, turning over and over what entered the mind in a mood of never-broken seriousness, how long would it be before the nature would go wholly crazy with the tiresome task, and come to an end which all thoughtful minds must regard with terror?

When we do our best with our work, we are working just as if we were at play. And so, when we are most addicted to a humorous mood, do we feel the play of our faculties helping on the most of the work which they are capable of performing. Let work and play alternate, and it is very well; but let us make our hearts and thoughts so cheerful that when we work the hardest we feel we are but playing, and then it is that we can accomplish something indeed. Dullness is but the total absence of humor in the composition; work in a little more of that, and the dull person becomes as active as a cricket, and all obstacles cease, by reason of the new view he has learned, to take of things around him.

Ireland.

It was no more than right and humane that Congress should be memorialized, as that body already has been by Hon. Robert J. Walker, on behalf of sending immediate relief to the suffering poor of Ireland. Report says that their chief reliance, the potato, has proved almost a total failure in every district but one of that unfortunate land, and that all the horrors of famine are to-day at their door. It is one of the saddest of all pictures to contemplate. Mr. Walker's reasoning is, that while the sons of Ireland are enlisted in the present war for the perpetuation of the Constitution and the Union, to the number of certainly 100,000 men, it is no more than right that this Government, on whose behalf they stand in battle-array, should generously send over of the country's surplus of grain for the relief of their friends and relatives who are suffering such present misery at home. We helped Ireland in 1847, but the obligation to offer aid is now much greater, and put to our common feelings of humanity in such a way that we cannot with decency resist them. Yet we are prepared to see persons argue in Congress that we have no constitutional power to do such a thing, while they shout in the next breath that the Union and the Constitution were both gone long ago.

A Little Economy.

Preachers sometimes love to discourse to their audiences of "God's economy." And it is a plain fact, that the spiritual realm is but an example of how grand results are wrought with apparently small means, nothing being misplaced or wasted, nothing having been created without a purpose and plan. If economy is the law in matters spiritual, we may take the hint for matters more purely material and external. The art of life is to make a little work its utmost; all success consists simply in getting what energy there is in one out of his organization. To that end alone are obstacles thrown in the way, and we feel all the stronger when they are surmounted. Nobody is regarded as having done much if he merely gets his desired results out of abundant external help; the admiration is excited only when he has done something which has taxed his own resources more than outward adjuncts and favoring combination. Herein lies the true economy, therefore: to do much with little; always to be greater than we even thought we were; to make all the silent energies tell; not to drop a stitch or let go an opportunity or relax a single effort.

Notice to the Public.

Mr. Mansfield has now ceased answering letters directed to us and enclosing two dollars for the Banner; and if our readers desire his services hereafter, they must enclose him the letter to be answered, with his usual fee—one dollar. The reason for this change is, that Mr. M. has too much business of his own to attend to, and as the offer was in the first place voluntary on his part, we cannot find any fault at its withdrawal.

The grade is the little pilot-boat of humanity—wherein the young navigator on the sea of life takes passage.

Shell and Kernel.

The world does move, and the truth is not quite past finding out. We, with others, have talked long and earnestly on the subject of paying so much attention to the forms, and letting go the essence of religious belief; and it may be not have failed altogether in doing good in more quarters than one. The fact is, if we would be strengthened in our belief, or disabused of our error, in regard to any special opinion or theory, nothing is so certainly good for us as to attempt to reduce it to practice. It has proved with the creeds, to be as it is with everything else; the whole load has been put on their shoulders, as if they could carry all there was of life, and they have simply broken down. Or rather, they have proved themselves to be eleven—they won't hold water. It is beginning to be seen that an intellectual subscription to a logical system of dogmas and notions is no part of a truly religious life, and that the most eloquent and earnest advocates of such systems may be, all the while, the most radical soundrels.

The Baptist Chronicle of New York has an article on this subject, which shows which way the wind blows. It goes on very frankly to say that "it has long been a question with thoughtful Christian men, whether piety has not, on the whole, been rather limited than nurtured by strict dogmas and confessions of faith. The tendency to remove the sphere of religion from the heart to the intellect, to put good theories and logical doctrines in the place of faith and love and holy living, is evinced more or less in the history of every church, and not a few men who have observed much, and thought much, have been coming more and more to inquire whether a state of religious attainment may not be reached now-a-days, as in apostolic times, when Christians shall walk so worthily in the vocation wherewith they are called, with so much lowliness and meekness, and long-suffering, and forbearance that they will 'keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace,' without any human formulas, and by the force of spiritual affections, and the all-discriminating power of Christian grace and love. It is notorious that denominations that are most elaborate and formal in their confessions of faith, are not by any means secure against the inroads of practical error. The history of the most nicely guarded systems of orthodoxy has shown that they may be made the shelter for the practical implicity of thoroughly selfish undevout lives. Nay, it is within the experience of almost every Christian of mature years, that under the most rigid system of formal creeds, a genuine disciple of Christ may be actually driven out of the church, for some slight aberration of belief, while at the same time dozens of men are retained in it who make a religion of orthodoxy, but whose lives are hard and sapless, and barren of all the fruits of holy living."

Charleston.

To appearances, the fatal blow has already been struck which terminates the prosperity of the wealthy capital of South Carolina. To have nearly six hundred buildings consumed in a day, and that, too, in the most populous portion of the city, making a clean and wide sweep of destruction from river to river, is virtually to lose the flower and strength of the entire place. Any population would be likely to be disheartened over such an event, even in ordinary times; but in a state of war, when all the resources of the locality are put under constant contribution for maintaining a state of successful resistance, it is another matter altogether. Then the "stone fleet" has co-operated with the flames, and to-day the main channels of proud Charleston are said to be effectually blocked up. In case we go to war with England, her "raising the Southern blockade" would not amount to much, should all the main Southern ports be treated in the same way.

We may naturally look now to see Beaufort occupy the position of Charleston in state and national importance, and its magnificent harbor become the place for all the commerce of the world to ride in safety.

Commentaries.

When a waiting man feels pretty "shore" (as the piney-woods women in Georgia say) that he can do nothing in particular, by virtue of his original wit, he goes to work and sees what he can make off those of other people. There are plenty of insufferably dull and insipid commentators on the Psalms, on Isaiah, on Job, and on all the finest books of the Hebrew Bible, who of themselves, could not hope to keep an auditory awake through a forty minutes' sermon. And so of other topics; commentators fasten, like lice on rare plants, upon the great works of Shakespeare, misinterpreting "readings" which they could never understand, and seeming to think that any subject, to be learned and interesting, must be stuck over with thickly with marginal notes as stale meat ever was with maggots. Just see the regiment of writers upon Shakespeare and his plays. And speaking of them brings up again the witty and deserved retort of Sheridan, who said to a stupid clergyman who brought him some "notes" he had written on the great poet—"Spoil your Bible if you like, but have the goodness not to meddle with ours."

Greatness.

Some are born to greatness, and others have it thrust upon them, while others still, &c. &c. &c. This country was born to that inheritance. We are a "great country." Our people are a fast people, by their own confession; but not so fast as great. There is nothing we cannot do, from "whipping our weight in wild-cats," to teaching the world the rudiments of science and the arts of civilization. No height that we have not reached, no depth to which we have not sounded. We knew all there was worth knowing about war, till we woke up one morning to find one on our hands. We understand all the intricacies, as well as all the principles of international law, which promote the country of the world—until we unexpectedly find that we are come very near being embroiled with one, or two, or three foreign nations. We are smart at settling up new countries, at building bridges, at pushing on railroads and telegraph lines, and at making money; but we are opening our national eyes at last to the fact that the world is not moved with brag, and that to be smart and rich is not to be great in any sense at all.

Lizzie Doten's Lectures.

Miss Doten delivered two excellent lectures last Sabbath at Lyceum Hall. Her subject in the afternoon was, "The Angel Teachers;" in the evening, "The New Spiritual Revival." We regret the necessity of omitting further mention this week, owing to unavoidable pressure of circumstances; but we have carefully laid our notes aside, and in some future time, when there is a dearth of such things, we shall write them out in full.

Making Presents.

The return of the Christmas and New Year's holidays naturally suggests certain remarks on the subject of gifts and gift-making. Most persons feel that the chief, or only value of a present, is in what it costs at the shops; they bestow no thought upon the possible taste, sentiment and delicate perception on the part of the giver, but look merely at the number of dollars which they suppose he must be out of pocket by the transaction. It is a mean and unworthy estimate, and they who make it deserve to learn better by receiving no gifts at all, until they become wiser. Few, too, like to make presents merely as a matter of custom—unless, perhaps, they like to be regarded in this matter in proportion to the amount of money they spend for presents. Nor do many persons, either, like to make presents just because they are expected to; fearing that they shall be thought mean if they do not. There is a current habit in society of bullying people out of presents; a great many will not be bullied into or out of doing anything. The only real value of a gift to persons who are mature beyond childhood, lies in the sentiment expressed both in its selection and in the manner of bestowal; fitness likewise adds to its practical worth, but is in no true sense joined to its intrinsic value.

Free Meetings.

The committee to raise funds to establish free meetings, met at the house of D. Farrar, Esq., on Thursday evening last, when it was ascertained that about one half of the sum necessary for this purpose was pledged. Several times before, attempts have been made to establish free meetings, but in the end Dr. Gardner has invariably been compelled to rely upon his own exertions, and carry on the meetings at his own risk and expense, trusting to the pittance taken at the door to reimburse him. Now, the Doctor has secured a fine hall, which can be had at about half the ordinary expense, and he has again called upon the enterprising spiritualists of the city to release him of further responsibility in the matter. Accordingly a meeting was called and Messrs. Daniel Farrar, Edward Haynes, Jr., Phineas E. Gay, H. F. Gardner and John Wetherbee, Jr., were appointed a special committee to prepare subscription lists and receive funds for the object in view. The effort will unquestionably prove successful, this time, and in the course of a week or two we hope to be able to announce that arrangements have been fully made to supply the truths of the new dispensation to the hungering masses without money or price.

Trees.

There is much sentiment about a tree. One comes to love such a creation almost before thinking of it. A child loves the elm, or the oak, or the maple beneath which he plays, and all his after years are streaked and inlaid with most delicious memories of his little experiences in that sacred shade. We soon personally a tree that stands before the door, or near the window, and invest its trunk, and boughs, and sprays, with all the attributes of the living heart. A home that is not set off with fine trees—to say nothing of shrubbery, and vines, and hedge growth—is but a bald affair; it is but a poor repository for sentiment and affection, and cannot be loved in the future with any of the endearments that belong to a spot altogether lovely. Plant trees over bare places, and you are a creator indeed. There can be no grace added to home like those that dwell within their umbrageous shelter. He who has not learned to love a tree, and love it as a personal friend, is not yet very far advanced in the march of life. There is a great deal to be done for his education.

Old Style.

The old things have the most wear in them. Old truths are the most stable. Old shoes fit easiest to the feet. An old coat, when one is tired is a luxury indeed. The old fashioned manners were the best, and will have to be gradually returned to, because they had the most meaning in them. Old associations are the dearest. A painful or a book is better because it is old, and has withstood all the shocks and tests of time. Old style morals, Puritanic though some may think them, are better than this glazing over sin with a show of wealth and possessions. The old men and women are most interesting, because they carry with them a valuable freight of experience. Everybody tells stories of the old time, but few say much of the new, except rhapsodically, and in such a way that they are not any too well understood. Old wines and old truths, old manners and old people, all have the best and the ripest flavors to them. They all combine to prove that the new things are not worth the pursuit, save as they give us back the goodness of the old many times over.

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

Our anonymous correspondent in Stowe, Vt., will pardon us for not printing his bulky communication on the present times, as the opening of the Millennium. We do not question the keenness of your spirit vision, brother, nor the correctness of your intuitions; but we fear they are rather too transcendental to be appreciated just yet.

C. H. W. SYRACUSE, N. Y.—Newly developed mediums should be careful lest they are led into extravagances by playful spirits. You know very well, all communications over the spiritual telegraph are not reliable, more than those which come to us over the electric wire, in these perturbed times. There are spiritual Roobacks as well as mortal ones, and many a spiritual Munichhausen has prided himself on telling the greatest falsehoods. But then these deceptive messages are only so much stronger proof of the reality of the mode of communication; this cannot be gainsayed, for no sane man delights in humbugging himself. We do not know anything of the lady whose communication you speak of, but can give it little credence, from the fact that there is no such street in Boston as the spirit names.

T. O. MENDENHALL, MARLBORO', Ohio.—We have received your "exposure" of Mr. Mansfield's mediumship. We hardly see what fault you can find. You wrote falsehoods in your letter submitted to Mr. Mansfield, according to your own admission, and were answered by a spirit in rapport with your own mind. You practiced deception, and were paid in your own coin. You allege that the letter was opened by Mr. Mansfield. We cannot dispute your word, nor do we wish to; but it hardly stands to reason that Mr. M. should take pains to open your letter when he could answer it just as well sealed—as he has often done sealed letters which we have submitted to him, in our presence; and entirely satisfactory. It is no uncommon thing for him to answer a letter brought to him by a stranger, without his taking it from his pocket.

Book Notices.

THE BEAR-HUNTERS OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS. By Anne Bowman, author of "The Boy Voyagers," "The Kangaroo Hunters," "The Young Exiles," "Hesperus," etc., etc.
The leaf shall be greener, the sky shall be purer. The eyes shall be clearer, the life surer. And stronger the arm of the fearless endurer. That trusts not but heaven in his way through the woods."
Boston: Published by Crosby & Nichols. 1862.

This volume contains near five hundred 12mo. pages. It is neatly executed and handsomely illustrated. The author's previous writings will be a sufficient commendation to give popularity to this new and thrilling work. It is admirably adapted for the instruction and entertainment of children, as it is also for grown people. It is a thrilling record of daring adventures with wild men and wild beasts. It tells of Indian life, of sports in the woods, of dangers and mercurial deliverances, of prairie traveling, of destitution and of abundance; of hospitality and of animosity; of treachery and constancy; of vengeance and forgiveness; of defeats and victories; of daring efforts and brilliant successes.

ROUND THE WORLD. A tale for Boys. By W. H. Kingston, author of "Old Jack," "Peter the Whaler," "Blue Jackets," etc. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 1862.

This book contains four hundred and forty-four pages. It tells of the adventures of the home, the wonders of the ocean, adventures in the Falklands, rounding Cape Horn, adventures in Chili, Robinson Crusoe's Island, adventures in Mexico and California, capture of pirates, and a voyage in a pirate vessel; voyage to Japan, and many more adventures. It is a capital book, worthy the high reputation of the house that gives it to the reading world.

FRANCIS ENNIS'S THREE HOMES. A tale of North and South. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 1862.

This neat, little, illustrated volume contains over three hundred 12mo. pages. From our knowledge of this excellent, well-known house, Crosby & Nichols, we feel quite safe in saying that every book it gives to the public, will be amply deserving of the public patronage.

"THE DUCKER BOY." A story of the War. In verse. For the young folks at home. By Cousin John. With illustrations from original designs. Boston: Crosby & Nichols, No. 117 Washington street. 1862.

This little poem, following the life of the little Federal drummer boy through the fortunes of war, is the best holiday gift for the little ones we have seen this year. It is neatly illustrated by about a dozen cuts, representing martial scenes. "Cousin John" has done a good thing here for the boys, and may his reward be great in the thanks of the swelling little patriotic hearts. The book is stoutly and neatly bound, contains 48 pages, and its price is 25 cents.

THE GREAT CONFLICT; OR, THE CAUSE AND CURE OF SECESSION. By Leo Miller, Esq. Boston: Bela Marsh.

Bro. Miller delivered this lecture and repeated it by special invitation in Providence, lately, to crowded houses. It is an eloquent address, and was well calculated to produce a good impression on his hearers, since he would emblazon on our starry banners, "freedom for all!" For sale at this office. Price 10 cents.

George S. Moore.

[We depart from our usual custom this week, and print the following communication on this page, at the spirit's urgent request. It was given at our circle Tuesday, Dec. 24, through Mrs. Conant.—Ed.] I don't know but little about using a body so different from the one I owned when I was here, yet I should do very well if that lady just gone had not taken away almost all the power to navigate. But I'm getting along very well, considering I have only been a freed spirit since last Saturday.

I was nineteen years of age, and I belonged to the 2d Indiana Regiment, Company G. Private Geo. S. Moore, is my name. I have been a prisoner at Richmond since the battle—[Bull Run]. Yes, sir, and I have been sick a good share of the time. I was not wounded, but gave out from fatigue, and last Saturday I died of fever, which set in after I had had what they told me was inflammation of the bowels. I suppose it was caused by the climate and water, but I don't know and don't care.

My folks don't know, but I think I was killed. I want to tell my sister Catherine, and brother Joe in the army, and Caleb—he's in Troy, N. Y.—that I am all right; I'll be quite happy when I get used to things. I was treated pretty well by the out-throats, but not so well as I would like to have been. But they are in a tight place, and I don't blame them much. If they have got nothing but salt pork to feed us on, they are not to blame, but if they have, they are.

I want Joe to fight like a good soldier, and not feel afraid of death, if he falls into the rebels' hands. And I want Caleb to go home and take care of mother and well, too. Be just to her, and me, too. I have supported her while I was at home. I have been told by my father, who is here, that she will see hard times, if he don't take care of her, and if he don't, I'll make him. I ain't strong, Cap'n, but I shall do better after I get used to this business. My mother lives in Cabotville, Indiana. How'll they know? It's me, sir, and no mistake, as sure as you live. My brother Caleb I want to get hold of first, and if you will publish this at the head of your list, I'll make it right with you. Poor old woman, she wants bread, and she cannot wait; she might starve if she had to wait. [We will publish it in the next number.] That's it—that's right; Cap'n, if you will, I'll pay you when you get on this side. All day.

Hollis Squire in Paris.

The *Revue Spirituelle* announces that our friend, Mr. Squire, has permitted his wonderful mediumship to be witnessed by a great many of the literary and scientific since his return to Paris from Africa. Among his visitors is M. de Sauloy, member of the Institute and Senator, who has investigated the phenomena of Spiritism, and who, says the *Revue*, "has courage to publicly express his convictions."

A NOTEWORTHY INCIDENT.—A little incident occurred in the Senate on Tuesday last, which is worthy of note. Mr. Grimes, in reviewing the finding of the court of inquiry in the case of Col. Miles, intimated that he could put no trust in any public man addicted to intemperance. This sentiment called down such a round of applause from the galleries that the Vice President had promptly to rebuke it. There were present at the time quite a number of our brave volunteers, from whom this outburst of feeling spontaneously proceeded. We learn that there are a number of temperance societies in the various regiments, while there are whole regiments that refuse to touch a drop of ardent spirits, and hence it was that the remark was so signally responded to.—*National Intelligencer.*

EPHRAIM ON BUTLER, AUTHOR OF HUBBARD'S. When Butler, needy wretch I was still alive, No generous patrons would a dinner give; See him, when starved to death, and turned to dust, Presented with a funeral! The poet's tale is here emblem above; He asked for bread, and he received a stone.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

Hon. Warren Chase will speak at Lyceum Hall next Sunday—the first Sabbath in the New Year. Our readers know Bro. Chase very well.

Professor Clarence Butler speaks at Putnam, Ct., Sunday, January 5th.

NEWSPAPER CHANGE.—The New York Independent has changed its proprietorship, and its management passes from the hands of its former editors—Leonard Bacon, J. P. Thompson, and R. S. Storrs, Jr.—to those of Henry Ward Beecher. Mr. Beecher appears before the public with his salutatory, in the course of which he announces that the paper "will still continue explicitly and firmly to hold and to teach those great cardinal doctrines of religion that are substantially held in common by the Congregational Orthodox churches of New-England, and by the Presbyterian churches of our whole land." Mr. Beecher also says, with profound truth, that "in that silent realm of influences out of which proceed the actions of men and the events of history, the Editor is the invisible Leader. Votes cannot raise him higher. His pen is more than a sceptre." If the new Editor of the Independent is impressed with such ideas, he cannot fail, with proper ability, to make a paper that will help wake and keep awake the world. We wish Mr. Beecher all success in his new and responsible vocation.

Western papers speak favorably of Prof. Stearns, the psychologist. He has been lecturing and giving entertainments at Racine, Wis., for the benefit of the Soldiers' Aid Society, in that city.

Tom Diddie, a convivial, but always a sober man, gives the following toast: "May the man who has a good wife, never be addicted to liquor (lick her)." Dr. Bowker's lecture at Charlestown will be on Friday evening, Jan. 3d, instead of Wednesday evening, as previously announced.

Our readers will bear in mind the capital time anticipated at the party next Tuesday night at Lyceum Hall. The "Union Sociables" bid fair to be a marked feature of the season here.

Silence is sometimes commendable. Persons cannot wash themselves clean in dirty water.

We are glad to welcome back to our table our old friend with a new name—the Cape Cod Republican, formerly the Provincetown Banner. The Republican hails from Harwich, and is under the management of the redoubtable Emery.

A PRAYER ENCORED.—The Newark Mercury gives an account of the Anniversary exercises of a Mission School in that city, from which we extract the following:

"During the singing of 'Our Glorious Union Forever,' two sisters aged four and seven, stood on the left of the singers; both having dresses and head wreaths of red white and blue, the eldest representing the Goddess of Liberty, and the other the presiding Child-Genius of the Republic. The song finished, the youngest child knelt and folding her tiny hands, offered up the following artless prayer for her country:—

"Oh Lord look down from out the sky, And hear a child who prays to Thee; A child that loves the United States, And every wicked traitor hates. Oh bless our soldiers and our sailors; George Washington, and the others; Our pretty flag with victory crown, And don't let any one tear it down. Bless all that's good, no matter what, And don't forget old General Scott."

As the child uttered this little prayer, with all the earnestness and simplicity of her innocent nature, a breathless silence came over the audience, and in the lowest depth of every heart there stirred and trembled a gush of genuine feeling that finally burst into wild applause. The prayer went up to Heaven once more, and two handsome bouquets fell at the feet of the children."

A man when asked, what induced him to make a barrister of his son, replied, "Oh, he was a lying little fellow, and I thought I'd honor his leading propensity."

A Parisian asked to describe the ocean, said:—"Tis a mighty big pond, with an awful smell of tar." A French gastronome present when he gave this definition, begged to correct him:—"No, monsieur," said he, "the sea is a vat of brine, where Nature pickles lobsters, oysters, codfish and mackerel."

A YANKEE'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

Sir, I was born and raised in Connecticut; Brought to sea, and was wrecked in Japan; Quite a respectable figure I speak I cut. When coming back to keep school I began. Guess at the saw-mill I was a Bragg Volunteer. And as a minister made a small splurge; Reckon I felt more at home as a lawyer. Ere as a doctor, I learned how to purge. But the long words in the medical lexicon Soon I forgot, from a couple of years Spent in campaigning against the damned Mexican. When I came back the Bragg Volunteers Just for a change, then a paper I edited. Scorched politicians, and pitched into books; That was before I was envoy accredited, Austrian plenipotentiary—General Snooks. 'Tis a slow life, that of Minister resident. Posting despatches to kings and what not; But as they propose to run me for President, Hang'd if I care to repine at my lot.

A plucky little British midddy recently slapped the august ears of his royal highness Prince Alfred, who thereupon indignantly reported him to the officer in command. Investigation showed that the indignity was the result of princely impertinence, and all the satisfaction which his highness got, therefore, was a piece of advice to the effect that in future he had better keep a civil tongue in his head.

Father Taylor, the eccentric seaman preacher, was once asked where he thought Ralph Waldo Emerson would go after death. The witty old man replied, "The dear, good, blessed soul! I don't see in him any evidence of saving faith; but then I don't know what Satan could do with him!"

A pair of stockings, sent to the ladies' committee of Portland; for the use of the soldiers, was accompanied by the following rhyme:

"Brave sentry, on your lonely beat May these blue stockings warm your feet, And when from war and camp you part, May some fair knitter warm your heart."

The following is from the Chicago Tribune of last week:

MINISTERS AT LARGE.—I want to find a home for a male infant a few days old. It is entirely hearty, has dark blue eyes, and black hair, and will be given for adoption so as to leave no possible chance for the mother to trace it. Apply at 177 Randolph street, up stairs, from 1 to 4 p. m., to Robert Collyer, Minister at large.

Ought "Ministers" to be thus running at large? Sheridan gives the following humorous definition: "Irishman—an ingenious machine for converting potatoes into human nature."

There are at the present time in the United States Navy, 264 vessels, carrying 2567 guns, and of 218,016 tons-burden. The number of seamen is not less than 22,000.

Diminution of the Turkish Race.—A letter from Dr. Dwight in the Missionary Herald says:

"I shall have some interesting and deeply instructive statistics to present in my report, if I live to complete this tour, respecting the gradual diminution of the Turkish race in this country—the drying up of the Euphrates—but here I will speak only of Diarbekir in this respect. Several entire quarters of Diarbekir, that were formerly Turkish, have now passed into Christian hands, and the process is continually going on. Christians, that is, Armenians, Jacobites, and Protestants, are continually buying Turkish houses, but never does it happen that a Turk buys a Christian house. Around the outskirts of the city there are extensive Turkish quarters, all in ruins."

A Methodist brother had occasion to preach a discourse against the doctrine of immersion, but could not find a text, until, with great shrewdness and good sense, he hit upon this: "Beware of divers!—and strange doctrines."

In the game of life men most frequently play the knave, and women the deuce.

The Kingdom of Heaven.

The Kingdom of Heaven, or the Golden Age, by E. W. Loveland, is, in many respects, a remarkable book. The author illustrates several chapters of the teachings and miracles of Jesus Christ, in an original manner, giving them a spiritual or philosophical bearing. Subjoined to these are several essays: the Ages of Iron, Silver and Gold, one Family in Heaven and Earth, Spirit Impression, Guardian Spirits, Consulting God, Progression, Selfish Loves and Appetites, Prophecy, etc. The whole work is neatly printed in large type, on stout, durable paper, and for sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT office. Price thirty-seven cents.

The Spiritual Renouncer.

This work by E. W. Lewis, M. D., of Watkins, N. Y., is a record or journal of spirit-teachings, communications, and conversations, in the years 1861, 1862, and 1863, through N. S. Gardner, medium. These conversations are held between a band of intellectual investigators, and the spirit of John Locke, Lorenzo Dow, Osceola, etc. Many interesting queries were put to the higher intelligences by this little band of inquirers, and the answers are pregnant with thought. The volume is for sale at the Banner of Light office, Boston, at thirty-seven cents a copy.

The Arcana of Nature.

This volume, by Hudson Tattle, Esq., is one of the best scientific books of the present age. Did the reading public understand this fact fully, they would have the work without delay. By reference to the seventh page of this paper, last column, the reader will find an enumeration of its contents. This work has found its way into Germany, been translated into the German language by a gentleman well known to the scientific world, and has been extensively sold in that country. We will send the book by mail to any part of the United States, on the receipt of \$1.00.

Annie Lord Chamberlain.

At the solicitation of many friends, has decided to devote her time for a few months, to holding Circles. Those who desire her services as a musical medium, will please address her, care of Philo Chamberlain, box 103 Boston, Mass. Persons in the vicinity of Boston, wishing her to hold Circle, one, or two evenings, only, will please address immediately, and their favors will receive prompt attention.

Meeting at Greensboro', Indiana.

Dr. James Cooper, of Bellefontaine, Ohio, will speak at the New Hall of the Progressive Spiritualists, at Greensboro', Henry county, Ind., on Saturday and Sunday, January 4th and 5th, 1862. He will take subscriptions for the "Banner of Light," and have the late works on Spiritualism, Reform, &c., for sale.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

LYCEUM HALL, TREMONT STREET. (opposite head of School street.)—The regular course of lectures will continue through the winter, and services will commence at 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 o'clock, p. m. Admission 10 cents. Lecturers engaged: Warren Chase, Jan. 6; Mrs. Annie Davis Smith, Jan. 12; Miss Lizzie Bolen, Jan. 19 and 26.

CONFERENCE HALL, NO. 14 BROADFIELD STREET, BOSTON.—Spiritual meetings are held every Sunday at 10 1/2 and 12 1/2 o'clock, p. m. P. Clark, Chairman. The Boston Spiritual Conference meets every Wednesday evening at 7 1/2 o'clock. (The proceedings are reported for the Banner.) The subject for next Wednesday evening is:—"I, sanely."

CHARLESTOWN.—Sunday meetings are held at Central Hall, at 3 and 7 o'clock, afternoon and evening. Speakers engaged: Miss Lizzie Bolen, Jan. 6; Warren Chase, Jan. 12; Mrs. M. A. Hicker, Jan. 19; N. B. Greenleaf, Jan. 26; Clarence Butler, February 2.

MAINEHURST.—Meetings are held in Bassett's new Hall, Boston, on Thursdays, at 7 1/2 o'clock, p. m. Speakers engaged: Mrs. J. L. Wadsworth, last three Sundays in June.

LOWELL.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings on Sundays, forenoon and afternoon. In Wells's Hall, Speakers engaged:—Ralph Waldo Emerson, Sunday, Jan. 6; John Oliver Butler, Jan. 13; Mrs. Annie Davis, two last Sundays in Jan.; Mrs. F. Finney, Esq., during February; Belle Scougall, during March.

NEW BEDFORD.—Music Hall has been hired by the Spiritualists. Conference Meetings held Sunday mornings, and speaking by medium afternoons and evenings.

LAKEVIEW, MASS.—The Spiritualists of Lakeview hold regular meetings on Sunday, at the Town Hall. Services commence at 1 1/2 and 7 1/2 p. m.

NEWBURYPORT.—Regular meetings are held every Sunday at 1 1/2 and 7 1/2 p. m. at Essex Hall.

PORTLAND, ME.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every Sunday in Sons of Temperance Hall, on Congress, between Oak and Green streets. Conference in the forenoon. Lectures afternoon and evening, at 2 1/2 and 7 o'clock. Speakers engaged:—G. B. Stebbins, during January; John Oliver Butler, Jan. 13; Mrs. Annie Davis, two last Sundays in Jan.; Mrs. F. Finney, Esq., during February; Belle Scougall, during March.

PROVIDENCE.—Speakers engaged:—Mrs. A. M. Spence, in May; Mrs. M. Macomber in Feb.; Frank L. Wadsworth in May.

NEW YORK.—At Laramie Hall, corner 8th Avenue and 20th street, meetings are held every Sunday at 10 1/2 and 12 1/2 p. m. Dr. H. Dresser is Chairman of the Association.

AT DODWORTH'S HALL 806 Broadway. Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch will lecture every Sunday, morning and evening.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.—Speakers who wish to make appointments at Cleveland, are requested to address Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, who is authorized to confer with them.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Meetings of Conference and circles are held at the new Hall, organized under the name of "Pennsylvania." No. 1221 Chestnut street, below 13th, north side.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—Meetings are held every Sunday at Good Templars' Hall, at 3 and 7 1/2 o'clock p. m.

LOUIS, MO.—Meetings are held in Mercantile Library Hall every Sunday at 10 1/2 o'clock a. m. and 7 1/2 p. m.

AMUSEMENTS IN BOSTON.

HOWARD ATHENAEUM.—Howard street, near Court street. Lecture and Manager, E. L. Davenport. Goodwin & Wilder's North American Circus. Prices:—Private Boxes, \$3; Dress Box, Chairs, Orchestra Chairs, 1st Circle Boxes and Parquet, 50 cents; Family Office, 25c; Gallery, 10c. Doors open at 7 1/2, certain rises at 7 1/2 o'clock.

BOSTON MUSEUM.—Tremont, between Court & School streets. Admission 25 cents; Orchestra and Reserved seats, 50 cents. Performances commence in the evening at 7 1/2 o'clock, and Wednesday and Saturday afternoons at 3 o'clock.

AQUARIUM AND ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.—Central Court, Lining Wharf, Animals, Reptiles, &c. Open from 9 a. m. to 10 p. m. Admission 25 cents; Children under 10 years, 15 cents.

MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL AND TROWBRIDGE'S OPERA HOUSE.—Nearly opposite the Old South Church, Tremont, 50 cents.

BOSTON ATHENAEUM.—Beacon street, near State House. Thirty-seventh Exhibition of Paintings and Statuary. Admission, 25 cents.

TO BOOK PEDDLERS,

AND PERSONS OUT OF EMPLOYMENT. WANTED.—Active and industrious men and women to sell The Farmers' Manual and Ready Reckoner, (see advertisement.) Sell wherever there are Farmers or Laborers. It will be sold to traveling agents at a low figure. This is an excellent opportunity to persons thrown out of employment by the rebellion. Send for a circular, which gives prices and terms, to BENJ. TRIVER, 248 Canal Street, New York.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

As this paper circulates largely in all parts of the country, it is a capital medium through which advertisers can reach customers. Our terms are moderate.

HAMMONTON SETTLEMENT.

LANDS FOR SALE IN THIS BEAUTIFUL AND THRIVING SETTLEMENT.

THE soil is a fine, sandy loam, adapted to the growth of Wheat, Clover, Corn, Peaches, Grapes, &c. It is the best fruit soil in the Union. The climate is mild, healthy and agreeable; the markets are the best, and all facilities are now at hand. This Settlement was started three years ago, and the land sold to none but actual settlers, and the result has been, five hundred houses, two mills, five stores, and four public schools have been erected, and a population of three thousand industrious, liberal, enterprising and moral settlers, from New England and the western States, making a very desirable and thrifty community.

A large number of acres have been planted with Grapes and fine fruits. This settlement offers a rare opportunity for those wanting homes and protection against hard times. The farm lands are offered at the low price of from \$15 to \$200 per acre. Those who cannot pay all cash can pay one quarter cash and the balance in one, two, and three years, with interest. Also, town lots and acreage lots, of from one acre to five acres, from \$20 to \$200 each.

Also, IMPROVED PLACES—Two beautiful, improved places, for sale, on a fine lake of pure spring water, with vineyard, fruits, &c.—desirable for a Water Cure. Grounds well laid out.

To visit Hammonton—leave Vine street wharf, Philadelphia at 7 1/2 a. m. and 3 1/2 o'clock p. m., direct for Hammonton. Inquire of R. J. BYRNES, Hammonton Land Office, near the station. Letters, including a stamp, will be answered.

Hammonton, Atlantic Co., N. J., Jan. 1862. 5w Jan. 4.

WANTED.—By Mrs. J. H. CONANT—One or a suit of Rooms, near this office. The charges must be moderate, and the pay will be prompt. For full particulars inquire at this office, or Mr. J. H. Conant, at White Brothers, 80 Tremont street. Jan. 5.

DR. L. L. FARNSWORTH,

PSYCHOMETRIST AND PHYSICIAN, is permanently located at No. 62 HUDSON STREET, Boston. Persons sending autograph and \$1, will receive a full delineation of character, and a number of cards, each containing a list of life; terms: \$1 in each case two cent postage stamps must be enclosed. References can be given from persons of high standing in Boston and vicinity, who have received great benefit from his magnetic powers. Medical consultation free. Office hours from 8 to 6 p. m. Nov. 9.

MANFIELD'S

WILD FOREST BALM.

THE wonderful power of this compound is without a parallel in the history of Therapeutics at the present day. The virtues of a remedial agent peculiarly adapted to disease of the surface on all the interior organs of the structure, opens at once a new and interesting feature in the Science of Medicine, especially when presented by a band of eminent Physicians of the higher spheres, ministering through this agent effects and results which carry to the suffering in this life "Naxos's Oves Cures." Facts of a remarkable character, clear, satisfactory and conclusive, will be made public, which the skepticism of the age possibly may undervalue, but that which, when realized, will be sustained by the extraordinary effects of this simple yet efficient and harmless compound. Such time and care have been employed to prevent and detect a fallacy as regards the Wild Forest Balm, by the friends of Mr. M. Information beyond the ken of the human understanding has been revealed, with an accuracy, determination and careful illustration of its virtues which cannot make it pre-empted as a restorative, alike healing and cleansing, soothing and invigorating to every irritated surface, thus allaying pain and removing disease and nervous debility in a manner scarcely creditable—only as its application is made to confirm the truth. In Coughs and Lungular Irritations, it is valuable as well as that which refers to all other more delicate organs.

For sale at his rooms only. Price \$1; sent by express to any part of the Union. 12 Avon Place, Boston, Mass. Dec. 21.

DR. MAIN'S HYGIENIC INSTITUTE,

NO. 7 DAVIS STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

ESTABLISHED FOR THE TREATMENT OF EVERY KNOWN DISEASE.

DR. MAIN'S HYGIENIC INSTITUTE is open at all times for the reception of patients. Parties who have suffered at the hands of unskillful practitioners, or whose cases have been pronounced incurable by the most skillful, will find it to their advantage to consult a physician who combines

Science, Philosophy, Reason,

and common sense, in the treatment of disease. Do not be discouraged. Call on Dr. Main and test the power that enables him to discover the origin and cause of your difficulty without a word being uttered by the patient. Truly a new era has dawned in the history of medical science; the most intricate and complicated diseases not only being alleviated, but

THOROUGHLY AND PERMANENTLY CURED, by the Doctor's improved methods of treatment.

CANCERS, ULCERS, TUMORS, and every affection of the blood, successfully treated and their causes eradicated from the system. Diseases of Females, caused by exhaustion or excesses of any kind, receive speedy and permanent relief. Surgical operations are performed with the utmost skill when absolutely necessary.

Persons suffering from the use of poisonous drugs, or from diseases of the most delicate character, are assured that nothing but the best and most effective treatment will be given them, such as will lead to a restoration of decayed or exhausted powers.

Dr. Main has prepared a few medicines with reference to special diseases, which are of so invaluable a character in his general practice as to induce him to present them to the notice of the public at large.

THE TONIC SYRUP.—A most reliable Dyspeptic Remedy. The Tonic Syrup is prepared for the removal of Pimples and Blisters from the face; also for the eradication of Venereal Humors, Scrofula and Erysipelas.

THE FEMALE RESTORATIVE.—An effective remedy in profligate uteri, leucorrhoea, and all other diseases of the pelvic region.

THE DIURETIC SYRUP.—For affections of the Kidneys. An excellent medicine.

THE UNIVERSAL TONIC.—For strengthening the blood and imparting tone and energy to the whole system. Those who desire examinations will please enclose \$1.00, a lock of hair, a return postage stamp, and the address plainly written, and state sex and age.

Medicines carefully packed and sent by Express.

Dr. Main's Office hours are from 9 a. m. to 12 m., and from 2 to 5 p. m.

Patients will be attended at their homes when it is desired.

Dr. CHARLES MAIN, No. 7 Davis street, Boston, Mass. Nov. 9.

CONSUMPTION AND ASTHMA CURED.—DR. H. JAMES discovered, while in the East Indies, a certain cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and General Debility. The remedy was discovered by him when his only child a daughter, was given up to die. His child was cured, and is now alive and well. Desirous of benefiting his fellow men, he will send to those who wish it the recipe, containing full directions for making and successfully using, this remedy, free, on receipt of their names, with stamp for return postage. There is not a single symptom of Consumption that it does not cure, and it is a safe and reliable remedy. Night sweats, hemorrhages, irritation of the nerves, failure of memory, difficult expectoration, sharp pains in the lungs, sore throat, chills, sensations, nausea at the stomach, inaction of the bowels, wasting away of the muscles. Address

GRADDOCK & CO., Sept. 15. early 225 North Second st., Philadelphia, Pa.

MRS. B. SMITH, CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN.—Residence No. 6 Parvonia Place, Jersey City, New Jersey.—attends to calls from 10 to 12 o'clock a. m., from 1 to 5 p. m., and from 7 to 10 evening, every day in the week, Saturdays and Sundays excepted. She will hold circles Tuesday and Friday evenings, for Spiritual manifestations and communications. Admittance 10 cents.

For examination of diseases and prescriptions, \$1. patient present; if absent, or by lock of hair, \$2. Can see and describe friends, in the trance state. 5m Nov. 9.

THE MISTAKE OF CHRISTENDOM; OR, JESUS AND HIS GOSPEL BEFORE PAUL AND CHRISTIANITY.—414 pages 12mo.—is sent by mail for one dollar. GEORGE STEARNS, Dec. 15.

LOVE AND MARRIAGE, OR HOW TO MARRY TO THE END OF CONJUGAL SATISFACTION.—A small gift-bound volume is sent by mail for nine letters. GEORGE STEARNS, Dec. 15.

PRINTING NEATLY AND PROMPTLY EXECUTED AT THIS OFFICE.

New Books.

A B C OF LIFE.

BY A. B. CHILD, M. D. AUTHOR OF "WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT," ETC.

IS NOW READY, and will be sent, post-paid, to any part of the country for 25 cents. This book, of three hundred Aphorisms, on thirty-six printed pages, contains more valuable matter than is ordinarily found in hundreds of printed pages of popular reading matter. The work is a rich treat to all thinking minds. For sale at the office of the Banner of Light, 128 Washington street, Boston. Dec. 21.

NOW READY;

THE GREAT CONFLICT!

OR, Cause and Cure of Secession.

BY LEO MILLER, ESQ., delivered at Pratt's Hall, Providence, R. I., on the evening of Sunday, Dec. 8, 1861, and repeated by universal request, at the same place, on Tuesday evening of the following week. This work will be mostly printed in large type, making about thirty octavo pages, and will be ready to mail by the FIRST DAY of January, 1862. Single copies 12 cents; ten copies \$1, mailed free; one hundred copies \$8. All orders addressed to BELA MARSH, 14 Broadfield st., Boston, or to LEO MILLER, Hartford, Conn., will be promptly supplied. Dec. 23.

English Works on Spiritualism.</

Pearls.

And quoted odes, and jewels five words long,
That on the stretched fore-finger of all time
Sparkle forever.

OUR SKATING SONG.

On long, long nights of winter,
Upon our inland seas,
Our flashing skate steel rivals
The swiftness of the breeze;
Once more our course we venture
On the rapid gliding heel,
And proudly sweep, o'er the icy deep,
With many a curve and wheel.
Hurray for the flashing, forward dashing,
Clearly ringing steel!

We need no gas, nor parlor,
Stars for our lamp suffice;
Our canopy the Heaven blue,
Bent round the glassy ice.
Hurray for the brave old Norsemen!
Hurray for the steel shod heel!
O'er the deep we swim, 'till shores grow dim,
Then a homeward course we wheel.
Hurray for the flashing, forward dashing,
Clearly ringing steel!

Steel for the sturdy warrior,
Steel for the Editor's pen,
The plowman's axe in the forest,
The plowshare in the glen,
But hurray for the steel of the skater!
Hurray for the joy we feel!
When the skates are glancing, like a vessel dancing,
With a wave dividing keel!
Hurray for the flashing, forward dashing,
Clearly ringing steel!

It too often happens that being above the reach of
want just places us within the reach of avarice.

IF I DIE FIRST.

If I die first, dear love,
My mournful soul made free,
Shall sit in Heaven's high portal,
To wait and watch for thee—
To wait and watch for thee, love,
And through the deep, dark space
To peer, with human longings,
For thy beloved face.

'Mid all the stars of Heaven,
One only shall I see,
The Earth-star of my passion,
Half Heaven for holding thee—
All Heaven for holding thee, love,
And brightest of the spheres,
By thy dear smile illumined,
Or hallowed by thy tears.

If I die first, dear love,
I feel that this shall be,
For Heaven will not be Heaven
Until it's shared with thee—
Until it's shared with thee, love,
I'll linger at the gate,
Or be thy guardian angel,
To teach thee how to wait.

He who despises praise will not be likely to practice
the virtues that would entitle him to it.

THE MAIDEN.

Maiden, with the meek brown eyes,
In whose orbs a shadow lies
Like the dust in evening skies!
Standing with reluctant feet
Where the brook and river meet!
Womanhood and childhood fleet.

Gazing with a timid glance
On the brooklet's swift advance,
On the river's broad expanse!
O thou child of many prayers!
Life hath quickened, life hath snared!
Care and age come unawares!

Bear a lily in thy hand:
Gates of brass cannot withstand
One touch of that magic wand.
Bear through sorrow, wrong and ruth,
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth.—[Longfellow.]

It is less dangerous to have a prudent enemy than an
indiscreet friend.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

BOSTON SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 23, 1861.

QUESTION.—Insanity.

Dr. CHILD.—Insanity is the recognition of actual
existences that are not tangible to physical senses.
Insanity sees invisible things, but cannot tell in words
what they are, for the language of words freezes the
flow. This perception of invisible things distracts
the mind from visible things, and we say, by the aid
of conscious philosophy, with propriety, the mind
wanders; is distracted; is insane. Insanity is involun-
tary—so is sanity. Humanity controls neither.
Insanity covers a larger area than sanity does. Sanity
is but a fragment of what we call insanity.

Insanity is lawful; it is one of the weapons that
breaks and mends this beautiful world of ours, and
this physical being of ours. Insanity is a wandering
of the mind and thoughts from temporal things;
never from spiritual things. The insane man is
more absorbed in the spiritual world and the sane
man more in the temporal world. The man we call
insane is to all appearances more earnest in his con-
ceptions of life than is the man we call sane. What
he sees appears more real to him than what a man
called sane sees, appears real to him.

Insanity sees spiritual things, and sanity only ma-
terial things. Sensuous observation cannot comprehend
the spiritual perceptions of the insane man, so
he calls them evidences of insanity, and thinks in-
sanity is an evil. It is a compliment to a man's
spiritual nature to call him insane. All the world is
insane, and the sanest man that dwells therein is
the most so. Every discoverer of a great and
useful thing has held what will sometime be esteemed
the flattering reputation of being insane. Horsey, Jon-
ner, Copernicus, Fulton, Hare, and many others have
been called insane for their promulgation of new and
useful truths.

Where is there a Spiritualist, an earnest, devoted
Spiritualist, that has not been called more or less in-
sane? What is a trance or an obsession, according to
the standard works of medical men, but well defined
insanity? According to the teachings of science, an
enthusiastic believer in Spiritualism may well be
called insane. A new convert in the church may be
justly called insane; a believer in the second coming
of Christ, physically, may be called insane; a heated
abolitionist may be called insane; politicians blow
the bubbles of insanity, and so do warriors; drunken
men are always crazy. Robbers and fraudulent men
are blind to the rule to which their footsteps are fast
leading them, and are not unjustly denominated in-
sane. The suicide is always literally insane, and the
homicide is no less insane. The manly, whether he
saves on the battle field, or in the senate; in his
private home, or on the public street; in "hot
blood," or in "cold blood," is always insane when
he plays his fellow man. The courtesan is an insane
woman. Hell yawns, and she goes in quick, and is
lost to the gaze of earthly eyes. Were that young

woman ever in the exercise of a well balanced in-
telligence, directed earthward along, she would never
dash so summarily into the veriest hell the earth
knows—the courtesan's life; but it is only her ani-
mal body and her animal life that suffers thus and
goes to wreck; it is insanity that makes this wreck.
Her soul is wandering at its own sweet pleasure in a
better world. All the avenues of prostitution are
avenues of insanity, and no human being goes in
them voluntarily.

There is an insanity that affects all men and all
women in the form of attraction and repulsion, that
exists between the sexes. Men and women do what
sanity would not allow; they love along side by step,
and go over the bounds of sanity, driven by the power
of destiny. A man, or a woman, who is largely in
love, is as truly insane as any lunatic ever was.
How many regrets and sighs follow in the wake of
the involuntary love that exists between men and
women!

Vehement hatred is even more dangerous insanity.
How crazy a woman will act towards another woman
when she hates her very much. How unreasonable
people are in the exercise of their hatred. She who
loves strongly, hates strongly. She who loves in-
sensibly can hate insensibly. All men, and women
too, love and hate, and that too, insensibly.
Theft is always evidence of insanity. A man
steals to materially benefit himself thereby—but ev-
ery well balanced reasoner knows that a man was
never, as to this world's prosperity, benefited by
stealing—so the thief seeks to find a reality in that
which is a phantom—he is insane. All men, virtu-
ally, steal a little—more or less; so all men, in this
direction, bear some evidences of insanity. All crime
bears evidence of insanity the same as theft does,
and it will not be hard to find traces of insanity in
most if not all of the actions of humanity. Look at
the great breath of human intelligence all over the
earth, and behold, how full of vagaries, whims,
freaks, delusions, fancies, uncertainties, it is! All
these are present tints of insanity.

Now what is this that we call sanity? When the
full soul looks through the material body, alone, to
the material world, drawn there by its natural love
of earth and earthly things, this is called insanity.
What is insanity? When the soul by its natural
love is distracted from the material world, as it must
be, sooner or later, and wanders in the beautiful
world of spirit away from the physical body, regard-
less of it, careless and reckless with transitory
things—this is called insanity.

Jacou Enos.—Sanity is that condition of soul
which permits the most natural and perfect expres-
sion of life. It supposes a pure spirit properly con-
ditioned in a sound body and well-balanced mind.
There is but one absolutely sane; all other minds
are but approximations to it. Sanity, viewed from
this standpoint, is a thing of degrees in the process
of unfoldment. It is an attained attainment of the
affections and functions of the soul that are in har-
mony with the principles of life, which the soul is
striving to express. The perfectly sane soul has
passed the spheres of discord, contention and strife
and lives in the spheres of charity in the exercise of
faith and hope—in the possession of love. The sane
man cannot go to war with himself or others; his
spiritual perceptions prevent it.

Mr. WETHERS.—If there is one fact more signifi-
cant than another that the world is progressing in
wisdom, it is the attention that is being paid to the
evils of life: whether crime is now treated with the
wisdom that might obtain. And prominent among
these evils is insanity—and it is a question
of a great and growing interest, particularly
among us who, as a nation, are predisposed to it.
The very qualities which make our greatness and
our peculiarities are the cause. Our nerves are
sensitive; we are all nervous energy, and the
advent and impetus of modern Spiritualism among
us, may be owing to the easy flow of spirit com-
munion through the sensitive ends of our nerves.
There have been some attempts to-night at defini-
tions. Dr. Child's are rich, but unsatisfactory.
Bro. Enos's is good, but too indefinite. I will give
mine—it may come no nearer the mark. It means,
I should say, an unbalanced mind, and the idea sug-
gests itself at once, if crime or the tendency or bias
to sin is not an unbalanced mind, and whether in-
sanity does not cover a wider ground than is generally
supposed, and whether, as we extend circle after
circle, we should not be obliged to take in many of
those who pass for sane, some in this room even;
and whether all are not more or less in a partial
ecstasy, though not a total. I am one who upon re-
flection believes that sanity is as scarce as perfection
in this world. I doubt if it exists, strictly speak-
ing.

Poesy, genius and madness are said to be near
akin; what a thought that suggests! Almost all who
leave the practicalities of life, (which means getting
wealth, or trying to), and aim to elevate man, all
reformers, all philanthropists, all fanatics, all one-
idea men, so-called, are called by the wooden souls
of which the world is full, insane. Who can draw
the line of separation? The boundary must be a
disputed territory. State street would say every
man who let a good chance of accumulating wealth
voluntarily slip by, was insane. The man who in
the delight of discovering a new star or a new law,
would say the money-seeker was crazy, because his
soul was not open to the ravures of a naturalist.
Some of the wisest and brightest things that have
been uttered, have come from the acknowledged in-
sane.

My ideas are thrown out at random. I did
not expect to enlighten you, but I am impressed
with the idea that there is a broader meaning to in-
sanity than is usually given; and conferring on
this important subject, the idea will develop itself
—at least I trust so.

Dr. Bowker.—We have had here tonight some
rather novel and refreshing definitions of insanity.
My view of the case is, that insanity is always a
diseased action or condition of the body, the mind
never being affected, the derangement being simply
in the organs or manifestations of the mind. In all
cases it either arises from, or produces a derange-
ment in the nervous system. There are a variety of
causes that may produce insanity, or derange the
nervous system. It may be an organic defect, or
weakness in the nervous structure itself, or it may
be caused by too constant application to one thing.
Study, grief, anxiety, ambition, the use of narcotics,
rum, high living, fever, love, religious excitement,
fright, anger, pain, and a variety of other causes,
may conspire to derange the nervous system, and
thereby cause either partial or complete insanity.
Partial insanity is when some one faculty or organ
is lost to the control of reason; the person then be-
comes mad, violent, extreme and irrational on one
thing, but perfectly sane and well-balanced on all
other subjects. But few persons are exempt from
this kind of insanity.

Total insanity is where all the faculties are lost
to the control of the reason. The faculties are all
alive and active, but acting out of harmony, like a
meeting without a chairman. Reason is to the fac-
ulties what a chairman is to a meeting—simply a
regulator; and when any faculty, or the whole, be-
comes lost to the control of reason, then the person is
partially or wholly insane. A momentary insanity
may be caused by the use of oxyhydrogen gas, ether,
drugs, &c. Any extreme or unreasonable act may
in one sense be called an insane act. Yet I must
say in conclusion that some of the greatest achieve-
ments made by man have been made by men in the
extreme violent and insane use of some one faculty
to the destruction or misuse of all others.

Poets, inventors, statesmen, heroes, novelists, &c.,
are more or less men of this stamp; so then we see
that insanity is not without its good uses, however
much the evil may predominate.

Dr. Gardner.—I suppose that some would call psy-
chometrical delineations, insanity, and clairvoyance too.
The standard of insanity, as set up by men, varies
as men vary in opinions. I believe that any depart-
ure from a healthy, well-balanced mind, is insanity.
And I declare that every man and woman that lives
on the earth, exists in some degree of insanity. I
am not free from some species of insanity, neither is

any person living. It is a noticeable fact that in-
sane persons have spiritual perceptions that sane
persons do not perceive. Intoxicating agents pro-
duce species of insanity. *Mania a potu* is called by
scientific men, one kind of insanity. This is pro-
duced by the excessive use of ardent spirits. I be-
lieve that the use of narcotic stimulants make me-
dical developments. I believe that, in a spiri-
tual sense, I cannot conceive of seeing imaginary
things, but must conclude that everything seen by
a man's spiritual perception is real in a spiritual
sense.

Mr. CHANEY.—I cannot agree with the idea that
mania a potu is a Spiritual manifestation. Insanity
and Spiritual manifestations are separate and dis-
tinct. Insanity is an unequal distribution of the
motor power that moves the human system—that
propels the machinery of our animal life. If we as-
sume that there is no mind independent of the hu-
man brain, we must conclude that anything that de-
ranges this seat of the mind, must produce derange-
ment in its manifestations, and produce insanity.
So it, the cause of insanity, lies in that which affects
our physical, not in that which affects our spiritual
being. So we conclude that Spiritual manifesta-
tions are one thing, and insanity is another thing.

THE POLICY OF GREAT BRITAIN.

A LECTURE DELIVERED BY

MRS. CORA L. V. HATCH, AT DODWORTH
HALL.

Sunday Evening, December 22, 1861.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

The subject upon which we propose to lecture this
evening is, Great Britain, her past and present policy
toward this country. We will preface our re-
marks by saying that there are two things we must
request of you. One is, *Silence*, as we cannot speak
very loud; the other is, *Justice*. Our purpose is not
to flatter, but to speak truth, and we do not profess
to be responsible for any consequences, but simply
to present facts, from which we shall draw only
reasonable deductions, leaving consequences to you.
It will be remembered by those who listened to our
former remarks on the subject of Slavery, that we
stated it was not so much the humanity of Great
Britain, as her policy, which caused her to abolish
slavery in her dominions, and to establish the sys-
tem of Anti-Slavery doctrines which she has ever
since advocated. If there are any doubts as to the
real character of her philanthropy in this direction,
we can refer to a few well-known facts. We have
but to witness the operations of Great Britain for
the last fifty years in the East Indies, and her pre-
sent course of oppression toward the people there;
and also her importation of Coolies from China, un-
der the pretence of remunerating them for their la-
bor, into colonies which are unhealthy, because un-
suited to them in climate, and insuring them speedy
death. We have but to look at her oppressions un-
der the name of philanthropy and civilization, but
without real cause or motive, other than her own
aggrandizement. Also, her gain of the Indian Pro-
vinces from their native rulers, where she has sup-
pressed the laws made the religion a source of
revenue by taxing the local worship. If the African
race is subjected to any kind of slavery more ab-
ject, or to any tyranny more vexatious than this,
we should like to know it; and these races, be it
remembered, are not black—they are allowed to have
some show of whiteness in their composition. The
remuneration which Great Britain offers to the
Coolies, is simply nominal; its amount for a month
would not satisfy a common white laborer for an
hour's exertion. The climate is unsuited to their
health, and many are driven by despondency to
suicide.

When, therefore, Great Britain denounces the
African slave-trade, as exposing human beings to all
kinds of atrocities, we admit it; but we refer, in re-
turn, to the fraudulent inducements which she holds
out to men of another race, to become the scape-
goats of her philanthropy. As much for that point.
We believe it has never been known in the history
of Great Britain, that she has favored the cause of
civilization or freedom, except when prompted by
self-interest. The weak have always been the sub-
jects of her oppressive power; the strong, of her
adulation and flattery.

In reference to her domestic policy; England is
one vast factory, manufacturing every article need-
ed by the human family, and producing, for the
millions of her own population, nothing to eat. Her
prime necessities, consequently, are,

I. Markets for her manufactures.

II. Bread-stuffs for her people.
To secure these, is her great end, which she has
never lost sight of for an instant, nor hesitated at
any risks or sacrifices to compass. In proof of this,
we refer to the invasions of India, of China, and of
Japan; all of which, undertaken nominally in the
interests of civilization, had really but one purpose—
the conquest of the people; and we accompanied
with many cruelties unbecoming an enlightened
and Christian nation. You know the immense ex-
ertions which England put forth in order to suppress
the mutiny in India, and to open trade with China.
You are aware of the great expense of her foreign
wars, undertaken for the great purposes of selling
her wares and feeding her people. She has left no
means untried to force her manufactures on other
nations.

You are pretty well acquainted with the history
of her relation with this country. It is one of ulti-
mate friendly and warlike feeling; and of this we
will explain the cause. Previous to the recent trou-
bles, Great Britain had the monopoly of trade with
this country, and its thirty millions of white and
black inhabitants. The amount of exchange had re-
ached annually from two hundred to six hundred millions
of dollars; of which the Americans paid their share
in cotton, rice, tobacco, grain, and a large propor-
tion of the precious metals, by which we were placed
presently and foreverly in debt to the Mother-
country. It must be remarked, that England has
never been able to force her free-trade principles
upon the European nations. Germany has her tariffs,
forbidding the entrance of British fabrics; and
France, under Napoleon 1st, was compelled to man-
ufacture largely for herself. Hence England had
her principal resource in this country, which, until
one year ago, has been the chief market for all her
wares. Therefore, it is not surprising that for a
long time she smiled on us with great complaisance,
and silenced the growlings of her wounded vanity
at our rapid growth, and our somewhat arrogant
demeanor. But of late, a change has come over
the spirit of her dream. She has witnessed in
America a great advance toward maritime and com-
mercial equality.

In the Northern States, manufactures of all kinds
have grown up, and are competing with her own.
Nevertheless, while she had twelve millions of Euro-
pean customers, white and black, in the Southern States,
she was well satisfied with her advantages. But
within the last year, in consequence of a high tariff,
her importations have been comparatively small in
amount; while she sees the Northern States, not only
supplying their own home demands, but even
sending to Europe many descriptions of wares of
which she had formerly the monopoly. Railroad
materials and railroad operatives, for instance, have
been sent from the United States into Russia. It is
not strange that England did not understand this.
Still, she experiences the same necessities—her peo-
ple must have cotton, tobacco, rice, &c.; and her pre-
sent policy therefore, is not very difficult to deter-
mine, when taken in connection with her history in
the past. It is her direct, and only policy, under
the circumstances, to avail herself of any excuse,
however frivolous, to quarrel with the United States,
break our blockade and recognize the Southern Con-
federacy, receiving the products she wants so much,
and giving in return what our enemies are dying
for. It rests with the American Government to do

what it can do, but this does not change Great Brit-
ain's policy, or lessen her power to enforce it.

But we are told that after her former experience,
Great Britain will not have the courage to fight
Prother Jonathan; that she has too much at stake
to venture on another war, from which she would
probably emerge in a worse condition than after
previous contests. Were the United States now
united, she would not, it is true, dare to make war
upon them? But it must be remembered that our
Government has now something besides Great Brit-
ain to attend to; and America might not be able to
stand against a foreign foe, in addition to her domestic
troubles.

The reasons alleged for Great Britain's desire for
peace may be thus enumerated:

I. She must have our bread-stuffs.

II. The amount of stocks held by her subjects here.

III. The danger of her losing Canada.

IV. The position of privateering.

V. The position of France.

To take first the case of Canada. Containing a popu-
lation of three and a half millions, and an extent
of territory which is unmeasured, except stretch-
ing so far toward the North Pole, a poor country
with a sterile soil, Canada would be no loss to Eng-
land, and no advantage to the United States.

Secondly, as to our stocks held in England. The
idea of their being an obstacle to war, is based upon
an exaggerated estimate of their value. They are
represented as amounting to nine hundred millions
of dollars, while under the most favorable circum-
stances, they would not realize two hundred millions,
and are too small a consideration to have any influ-
ence on the action of Government. As to our priva-
teers, they are certainly a very great objection; but
it must be remembered that Great Britain could
play at that game too, and that the Paris Conference
pronounced the practice abolished; the adherence to
this agreement of the American Government being
given in too late to be accepted. Our breadstuffs un-
doubtedly form the most important item in this as-
sessment, but it is quite a mistake that England relies
entirely upon us for her supplies. Southern Russia,
the provinces around the Baltic Sea, Poland, Transyl-
vania, and other extensive districts of Europe, are so
many immense wheat fields, as are also many re-
gions bordering on the Mediterranean. In trading
with these, England would possess the advantage of
not having to pay for their products in hard cash, as
she has now to do with us, to her great dissatisfaction.

The last objection, that relating to the French,
may be met by the fact, that their present ruler has
been in this country, and has no doubt profited by
the example of that famous Mr. Smith, who was
said by President Jackson to have made a fortune
by the simple process of attending to his own business.

In any event, it is not well to lay the flattering
unction to our souls that Great Britain desires peace,
so long as she has any interest in war—that she en-
tertain so high a regard for our institutions as to
sacrifice for their sakes the markets she has so long
monopolized. The state of affairs in this country is
cheered, and, in consequence, her trade is stopped
with that portion of it which had always taken her
wares. We have every confidence in the American
Government and people; their wisdom, integrity,
and independence are not to be doubted; but we do
not trust in the professions of Great Britain when
her policy lies in another direction. Whatever she
may say, her acts will be in accordance with her
interests and necessities. She has never recognized
freedom or civilization any further than suited these.
France is hated, because she encourages home man-
ufactures.

From war, England has everything to gain and
nothing to lose. She has a large navy, which only
wants exercise, having now laid idle for a consid-
erable period. England, also, has plenty of soldiers,
which, however, would not be required for an expedi-
tion to American shores. Our true policy in con-
nection with this matter, is to afford the British
Government no excuse for war; and thus entirely
unset her programme of proceedings against us. It
is not our province to instruct you or your govern-
ment, but simply to state facts in reference to British
power.

Her manufactures being her chief depend-
ence, if they cannot be sold for what she requires,
her policy must be changed; and by force, if not by
diplomacy, these commercial objects must be gained;
and it is proper, in reading the history of Great
Britain, to understand that this is the key to her
policy. With all her outcry on the topics of Slavery,
Civilization, Advancement, Liberty—remember the
policy of Great Britain is to be liberal only within
her own sphere—witness the sufferings of vast num-
bers of poor people within her dominions which do
not come to your knowledge, in consequence of the
provisions of the Government, yet they are held in
a physical bondage more oppressive than the re-
straints imposed on the African laborer in the South.
Her poor-houses are filled to overflowing, and their
inmates are greatly increased to-day from the sup-
pression of means of providing remunerative labor.
To obviate these difficulties, England must have
cotton for her manufactures; she must suppress the
naval power of the United States, at any and every
sacrifice, break up the American blockade and avail
herself of whatever kind of labor offers to supply her
needs. Great Britain cares nothing who produces
the raw material she requires. Think you it is with
her a matter of self-interest whether it is raised by
the Chinese Coolie forced to work for a nominal
compensation, or under the system of American
slavery? Would her benevolence be gratified by
setting free the inferior race, and substituting the
nations she has virtually enslaved? Not at all.

We have stated to you historical facts; and the
final and conclusive fact is, that there is no evading
the issue. Unless the United States are willing to re-
tract their steps, to back down—there will surely be
war. If, on the other hand, the United States are
willing to give way, there will be no war; but no
confidence is to be placed in British expressions of a
desire to maintain peace, except under conditions so
onerous that Jonathan would rather fight the Revo-
lutionary battles over again than submit to them.
If this point be yielded, perhaps the next requisition
would be "Now, please to recognize the Southern
Confederacy;" and, if we obeyed, perhaps war might
be again avoided.

You may be sure that the present, premonitory
symptoms in England are not without danger, and
you may also be sure that, in connection with the
expedition of European powers to Mexico, there is
more meant than is apparent on the surface. One
would suppose that for the ostensible purpose the
resources of a single power would be sufficient, even
were that power Spain; but the three powers un-
derstand their intention, and that is, to establish a di-
rect side issue with the United States, and thus form
a stepping stone to the attainment of objects which,
they well know, could not be compassed during a
time of peace on this continent. So vast a naval
expedition would not have crossed the ocean merely
to suppress disorders in Mexico, where order has
never been known.

England, for several years, has defied all Europe;
certainly she is not less prepared for hostilities to-
day—she has no other country on hand; and what
better pasture, what better source of revenue, what
better achievement, could she desire, than an attempt
on the United States? The North and she have
nothing which they require of each other. The ships
of the Yankees swarm on every sea, and to out
their competition in the carrying trade would be of
itself a great conquest. At the same time, could she
break the blockade, a monopoly of trade with twelve
millions, would be better than no trade at all with
thirty millions; and to conduct that trade without
paying the tariff and charges of Northern cities on
the way, would be a great advantage.

But America understands her position too well to
fall in this crisis. She understands, too, what is due
to humanity, and may yield—but only to gain great
advantage in the future. It is better, sometimes,
to do so. The proud type and symbol of our nation-
ality may fold its wings and bow its crest for a while,
but it must conquer in the end. But there is such a
thing as retributive justice for nations, and no people

are so well capable of illustrating that fact as the
American. For long years this nation, in its infancy,
submitted to British tyranny. At last, rebellion
brought retribution home to the mother country.
For another period, still, Great Britain, presuming on
the weakness of a growing nation, perpetrated wrongs
which at last we could not endure. For many years
success has crowned this country, in all her contests
with people in intelligence and enterprise are the won-
der and the model of all the world; her government
the hope of the oppressed everywhere, and her praises
are upon the tongues of the patriots of every clime.
To-day, she is somewhat humbled and declined, but
only for a time; and so sure as England takes ad-
vantage of this momentary weakness—so sure as our
Eagle sinks to dust—we venture to predict that the
future will bring yet another retribution, perhaps the
most severe of all.

Therefore, let American statesmen and people re-
member this warning—be not too brave, nor hazard
overmuch; but always bear in mind what justice
and equity require. You are thirty millions of in-
telligent and cultivated minds—proud and indepen-
dent—unaccustomed to restraint, free to think, act
and speak for yourselves. It is not to be supposed
that any nation, can effectually subdue your spirit.
It only rests with your government to watch and
wait; suppress the rebellion; prevent England, by
diplomacy, from breaking the blockade—and when
the day of reckoning comes, give Great Britain
what she shall deserve.

We have compressed our remarks into as brief
a space as possible. We trust that to your common
sense, knowing what we have stated to be true in
fact, and that our deductions are in accordance with
reason. We leave consequences to the future—to
reason and humanity, and to that Power from
which even the strongest nation, most boastful of
its virtues, cannot hide its faults. Remember that
the spirit of Civilization and Enlightenment is now
abroad—that development and progression are the
watchwords of every country—that France and
Italy—that all Europe stand on the very threshold
of Liberty's temple, and that even Great Britain,
with all her power, cannot remain behind and set
them at defiance. Remember, too, that that spirit
which regulates the career of nations and keeps the
record of crimes concealed from the world, and of
corruption which works unseen, will finally unveil
what is wrong, purify and set it right again, and
leave Advancement and Progress to pursue, unim-
peded, their triumphant march.

Spiritualism in West Gloucester, Mass.

DEAR BANNER.—On Sunday, the first day of De-
cember, the citizens of West Gloucester and vicinity
had the pleasure of listening to a discourse delivered
by Wm. E. Channing, through the organism of
Mrs. Abba H. Lowe, of Essex. The lecture was an
excellent one throughout. Delivered in a close,
strong, and forcible manner, it held the audience
spell-bound from first to last. He first spoke of the
law of progression, that "however otherwise it might
appear to any, God had stamped this great law upon
every human being, and that all may attain to puri-
ty and perfection." He next spoke of the law of
love, of "doing unto others as you would have them
do unto you," that this principle was more potent
than all others to subdue rebellion in any form,
either in nations or individuals.

He discoursed at some length on the sad condition
of our country, of the dark plague spot of slavery,
which has brought all these evils upon us. He ap-
pealed to all, old and young, male and female, to
stand firm for freedom and truth, to make con-
cession to it, no compromise with it. He said that
no Government that tolerated human bondage in any
form could be secure. The speaker felt sure, how-
ever, that "the war now raging in our midst would
toll the death knell of slavery; that its power was
daily becoming weaker, and it would finally be
swept away." God grant it.

The whole discourse (of which the above is a mere
outline) was delivered in an earnest and feeling
manner. The medium, Mrs. Lowe, would not com-
pare unfavorably with some of our best trance-
speakers. Her utterances are, for the most part,
clear, loud and distinct. She has spoken several
times in this community, and the truths of our phi-
losophy are spreading far and wide. That old cry,
"It's the devil," having lost its power to convince,
men seem willing to "prove all things and hold fast
that which is good."

Yours for human brotherhood,
EDWARD N. ANDREWS.
Essex, Mass., Dec. 4, 1861.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

The oldest and largest Spiritualistic Journal
in the World.
IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT BOSTON, MASS.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

Though the pressure of the times, which has proved so
detractive to many Newspaper Establishments in our
country, has made us feel its influence severely, we are yet proud
to say we have surmounted all obstacles, and are now able
to keep the BANNER on a foundation of solidity and respectability.

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—anonously or other-
wise—from some of the brightest minds in this and the spirit
sphere.

CONTRIBUTORS.

PROFESSOR S. B. BRITTON, of