

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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LETTIE ARNOLD; OR, THE BOUND GIRL.

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CHAPTER I.

The last rays of the setting sun fell in golden waves over hill and dale, lighting up the village of Greenville with its parting smile, and falling over the old red almshouse, it seemed to lovingly woo the soul within, that was so soon to take its flight upward.

Silence brooded over the scene, and a strange awe-filled every heart. They knew the Death-Angel hovered near.

Within a small, comfortable room in the western wing of the house, lay a woman upon a cot. The deadly pallor of the countenance contrasted strangely with the masses of dark hair that lay upon the pillow. Her eyes gleamed brightly from beneath the arching eye-brows, while the finely chiseled lips were firmly compressed, as if to stifle the agony that might otherwise find vent.

Near the couch stood the matron. A neat gingham robe enveloped her corpulent form, and the face beamed kindly forth, as if peace and love found an abiding place within her heart.

By her side stood a little girl of about four years. An expression of sadness rested upon her features, painful to behold in one so young; while the glance of yearning affection which was bestowed upon her by the sufferer upon the bed, needed not the striking resemblance between them, to explain the relationship that existed.

Bending over the departing one stood the physician, and though accustomed as he was to scenes like the present, still his eyes filled with tears, as he gazed upon the little child so soon to become motherless.

A clergyman sat near by, occasionally speaking in low, earnest tones to the sufferer, who appeared deaf to his voice, as though the veil which hid the spirit-life from her view had been drawn aside, and the tones of earth sounded far in the distance. Only once had she spoken in his presence, then she said, pointing to the child:

"Pray for her who is in the valley; I who am on the mountain-top, need not your prayers."

After a few minutes she turned to the physician, and said:

"Dr. Willet, would you place Lettie by my side, and then leave us alone together for awhile."

For a moment he hesitated, and then lifting the little one upon the bed, left the room accompanied by the clergyman and the matron.

"Do you think she will live through the night, doctor?" asked the matron, Mrs. Blunt.

"She may, but I think not," was the reply. "Her disease appears of the mind, as well as of the body, and to me she seems like one whose bark has been storm-tossed and driven by the winds and waves of sorrow and suffering, and when at last wrecked upon the rocks of despair, she gladly welcomes the embrace of the icy waters of Death."

So saying, he paced up and down the room, occasionally casting anxious glances toward the door, through which they had just entered.

The clergyman, after passing the salutations of the day, left the house, and Mrs. Blunt left the room to attend to some household duties.

An hour elapsed through the great gate of the Present into the Past, and Dr. Willet and the matron again stood in the sick chamber.

Sleep, like the moonbeams, had glided through the open window and folded the two forms in its close embrace. Mother and child had stood upon the portals of the spirit-life, and as the former joined the bright and glorious multitude beyond, the latter was borne swiftly back to earth-life, in the great chariot of Sleep.

"Life and Death in one embrace," said the doctor. "Happy mother, who has entered into the bright dawn of immortal life! Poor child, who still sojourns in the valley of Death!" and lifting the little innocent in his arms, he left the room.

Three weeks had passed away since the death of Mrs. Arnold, and the bustle of every-day life had crowded her memory from the minds of all, but Mrs. Blunt and Lettie.

The latter is recovering somewhat from the deep passionate sorrow, which, like a whirlwind, at first swept over her young spirit. But now, when the twilight hour rests upon the earth, she comes to the matron with such a deep, yearning look in her great brown eyes, that it fairly makes that good woman's heart ache.

CHAPTER II.

Two months prior to the commencement of our story, on a dark night, when the rain descended upon the earth, the lightning wrote in fiery characters upon the clouds, and the deep-toned thunder sounded the clarion of the coming tempest, Mrs. Blunt heard the wall of a child. Supposing it to be one of the pauper children, she immediately stepped into the open air, and guided by the cry, proceeded down the street. The next flash of lightning re-

vealed to her astonished gaze a female figure extended by the roadside. A child was endeavoring by kisses and entreaties to arouse the insensate form.

"Oh! mamma, awake! Speak to me, mamma! Lettie can't go to sleep! Lettie's afraid, mamma!" The heart-rending tones of the little one brought the tears to her listener's eyes, and returning to the house, she procured assistance, and in a short time mother and child were safe from the inclemency of the weather.

Proper restoratives being applied, the sufferer soon revived, but to all the inquiring looks and eager questions with which she was assailed, she simply replied, that she had traveled far that day, and, at last, weary nature had sunk beneath the burden. Her name she gave as Arnold, and the child's as Lettie.

From the couch upon which the wanderer was laid that night, it soon became evident that she would never rise again, save when her spirit plumed its flight from earth, and her form was placed beneath the sod.

As the sun of her life sank slowly to rest behind the clouds, she at intervals related her sad story to the sympathizing matron.

Born of wealthy parents, and possessing everything that could make life happy, no cloud shadowed the summer sky of her young life, until she reached her seventeenth year.

As wealth, beauty and accomplishments were hers of course she shone the idolized star amid a large circle of friends, while many suitors bowed before her favored shrine.

Phillip Danville, the man to whom Dora Grafton gave her pure young heart's best affection, met not her parent's approval, although they could urge nothing against him, save that he possessed but little of that substance to which the world pays homage, gold. Still, as their darling smiled more brightly when he approached, they permitted his attentions.

But alas! a serpent was entering, poor Dora's Eden; who wore the dark, handsome face, and fine figure, together with the polished address and smooth tongue, of George Arnold.

In a short time he insinuated himself into the good graces of Mr. and Mrs. Grafton, and became one of their daughter's most ardent admirers. Now the shadows descended, and darkened around her footsteps. Phillip Danville came to bid her farewell; with a buoyant heart he was about to cross the ocean, to seek his fortune, and, returning, claim his bride.

Weeks passed on, and snowy messengers came to Dora, breathing love and hope, and she guarded them as her heart's best treasures—for were they not traced by Phillip's dear hand?

At last the storm clouds burst in fury upon her defenceless head. Her father commanded her to dismiss young Danville from her mind, telling her that he was a noted gambler, that he himself had seen him enter the gaming saloon, and his numerous crimes coming to light, he had been obliged to flee to distant lands.

At first, Dora rebelled against this storm, but as no tidings came from her absent lover, refuting the accusations, she sank down and prayed in the bitterness of grief, for death.

When an alliance with Arnold was urged upon her, she told them that a new love could never spring from the dead ashes of the past.

At last her will was borne away by the overwhelming force that was rushing down upon her, and she became that saddest of all beings, an unwilling bride.

Three weeks passed among the things that were, and her parents sailed for their native Italy, to breathe again its balmy air, and gaze upon its smiling skies. Weeks were lost in months, and then came the crushing intelligence to the already miserable wife that the vessel in which her parents sailed had sunk to rest, with all its living freight, beneath the deceitful waves. Closely following in the footsteps of this calamity, came the news that her father's wealth had also taken unto itself wings and flown away. Then as if to fill her cup of misery to the brim, her husband's character was fully revealed to her suspicious heart. The wealth of which he had boasted came from the gaming-table, and then slowly in delight at her keen torture, did he reveal to her agonized heart, that Phillip Danville was worthy of her best love.

Then he exultingly spoke of the cunning by which he had won her. One day as he and her father were in the street together, they saw her lover enter a gaming-saloon, and though he knew that he had gone hence to draw a young friend away, he suppressed the fact from his companion, and, by false representations, succeeded in poisoning Mr. Grafton's ear against him, until, at last, having intercepted the lover's letters, his purpose was accomplished.

Then he told Dora that he only married her for her gold. Then he cursed her for not including her father to double the elegant marriage portion with which he had endowed her, before the rest was laid upon the bankrupt altar.

While this storm of agony was sweeping over the wretched wife, one ray of light penetrated the gloom. A child was given unto her—a noble boy.

Ten years passed away, and Dora's property had melted before her husband's touch as quickly as dew before the sun.

From city to city and from town to town they had taken their weary way, sometimes with scarcely a shelter for their heads, and then again living comfortably for several days together.

But the storm had not yet spent its fury. One day in a fit of drunken rage, Arnold struck his boy prostrate to the floor, as he was endeavoring to shield his mother from his brutal father.

In three weeks from that day the weeping mother saw the last star of life go out in bitter darkness, as she followed the loved form of her noble Walter to its last resting-place.

Five years dragged their slow length wearily by, and Mrs. Arnold was freed from her tyrant. He had lost his life in a drunken brawl, and she was left but a wreck of her former self, with a little girl of one year dependent upon her for support.

She maintained herself, and bade for three years, by the use of her needle; but hearing of more profitable employment that she could procure in a neighboring city, she had taken up her weary line of march for that place, when the Death Angel overtook her in the quiet village of Greenville.

Thus she who was once the heiress of thousands and the petted idol of society, found that repose so long desired, so wearily waited for, in an almshouse.

CHAPTER III.

Swiftly on golden pinions fled the years, until Lettie had attained the age of eight. She was a bright, active child, with a heart brimming with love and affection for Mrs. Blunt. Sometimes her laugh rang out clear and joyous, and again her voice thrilled forth a bird-like note, which excited the admiration of all who listened; but oftener she sang as though her spirit was weeping bitter tears.

As the pauper children were withdrawn from the guardianship of Mrs. Blunt from time to time, and sent forth to climb the hill of life alone, she naturally trembled lest her darling should be taken, and had therefore watched over her with jealous care, hoping that she would yet be transplanted to bloom a loved flower in some happy home.

Ah, Lettie, thy bark is on the broad ocean of Life, and thou wilt meet with rougher winds and waves, that will toss thee on more quickly into the calm peaceful waters beyond!

Again the Angel of Change knocked at the door of the almshouse, and as the matron answered the summons, she disappeared. The view of the young girl, who was the weeping spirit rescued from the angel's throng, and the weary spirit of her mother, as it said, "Well done, good and faithful servant," was sweeter to her ear than all the praises of earth combined.

Soon there was a change at the almshouse; another ruled in Mrs. Blunt's place, and Lettie, with the story of her mother's life written on her young heart, felt most keenly the loss of the kind-hearted matron.

It was no gentle hand now that drew the veil from her mother's memory, and often she was roused to retort, when some cutting word had pierced her sensitive soul. But she zealously guarded her mother's secret, knowing full well, that few natures could appreciate the beauty and excellence of that being she had loved so fondly.

Mrs. Carr, the new matron, conceived a great dislike for Lettie, because of the latter's grace and dignity, which always made her seem so inferior, even in the presence of a mere child; and, like all mean natures, she endeavored to harass the child as much as possible.

"Oh, she thinks altogether too much of herself," she would say, "and I shall have her bound out, at the earliest opportunity; then we'll see if the fine lady won't come down a peg or two with her airs."

In the outskirts of Greenville, two miles distant from the village, was a large farm owned by Deacon Bell. Broad acres of corn and wheat bowed and nodded their graceful plumes to the passing breeze, while waiting for the harvesters.

At the right stretched rich meadow land, where the lowing kine grazed in happy content. On the left, an orchard of fruit trees lifted their heavily laden branches upward, as if proud of their burden.

In the rear of these smiling fields was a beautiful grove of young trees. Lifting their arms toward the blue sky, they seemed striving to ascend higher. A little further on, these young monarchs of the wood, guarded with loving care a murmuring stream, that went singing and dancing over picturesque rocks, and then falling into the dell below, it went on more calmly, as if its descent had taught it wisdom, and it had outgrown the frolicsome spirit of childhood.

The buildings connected with the farm were built by the deacon's ancestors. No tree, shrub, or graceful clinging vine relieved the house of the stoniness that rested about it.

The passing traveler looked in vain for the sweet, bright emblems of Spring. A few sunflowers reigned sole monarchs there; but the deacon and his wife would not have tolerated these, if they had not been conducive to the health of the poultry.

On this morning we find the deacon and his family at the breakfast table. He is a stern, hard-faceted man, and but little beloved by his family. They fear him, and the gloom which surrounds him is so thick that affection cannot penetrate it.

By the steaming tea-urn sits his wife. She is a notable housekeeper. Her features seem to have taken the stern impress of her husband's; but, unlike him, self-esteem sits enthroned in every look and motion. A boy of ten and a girl of six, occupy chairs on either side, while a baby sleeps in the cradle.

"Nancy," said the deacon, "I expect my mind here next week to harvest the corn and gather the apples,

and I think you will need some help, so I've engaged to have a girl bound to us from the poor-house."

"Well, Jacob, that does beat all," exclaimed Mrs. Bell in astonishment. "To be sure the work is very hard; but then to think of taking a pauper! There is no knowing what tricks she will be teaching the children, and I am sure they behave bad enough now."

"I've thought of all that," was the reply. "But then to think how we can lead the child to salvation, and instruct her in the paths of righteousness. If we do n't take her, she may become a curse upon the earth, and I shall always feel as if the sin was laid at our door."

"Well, I do n't know but what you are right," responded his wife. "It is a fearful responsibility though; but perhaps we are the chosen instruments in the hands of the Lord to snatch the child from ruin."

"Well," said the deacon, rising from the table, "I will go after the girl this evening. She may as well come now; then she will get used to our ways some, before the hard work comes on."

At night when the family assembled for evening devotions, Lettie Arnold stood among them. The customary formalities have been observed, and she is assigned to the tender mercies of the deacon and his family, until eighteen summers shall have passed over her head.

CHAPTER IV.

Lettie Arnold had been installed in her new home one month. To-night we find her washing the kitchen floor. She is faint and weary; for no refreshment has she had since noon, nor can she have until her work is done.

Two hours previous, the deacon and his wife, together with Moses and Ruth, went to a prayer meeting, leaving her to put Abel, the baby, to sleep, and to wash the floor.

For an hour, with weary step and aching head, she traversed the room, endeavoring to still the fretting child. At last, tired with his own cries, he sank to sleep, leaving her to finish her task.

The hands upon the clock pointed to the hour of nine, and her work at last finished, with the pail in her hand, she opened the door and was standing out, when Moses, with a groan, sprang up before her. Her burden fell from her nerveless grasp, and its contents were precipitated entirely over him.

"There, miss, see what you've done!" he exclaimed, in an angry tone. "Won't you catch it for throwing all that dirty water over me!"

"You know I did not intend to, Moses," she quietly replied. "Please tell your mother how it was."

At that instant the deacon and his wife came up. They stopped short when they saw the plight Moses was in, and the troubled look on Lettie's face.

"Well, this is pretty doings," exclaimed Mrs. Bell, with an angry flush upon her countenance. "How happened it?"

"Lettie flung all that dirty water in my face," replied the hopeful son. "She pretended she did not see me when I came up. I suppose she thought it would be a good way to vent her spite, because she had to wash the floor this evening."

For the next few minutes the blows descended thick and fast upon the shrinking form of the orphan, and then she was sent to her wretched bed in the attic, faint and weary from hunger and exhaustion.

"That girl belongs to the world's people," began Mrs. Bell, as she returned to the kitchen, where the deacon had already seated himself. "I do n't know what I shall do with her. She'd n't seem to care a bit for spilling Moses's clothes, but went off to bed as sulkily as could be. I do believe she is hardened against all attempts to redeem her from sin."

"We must watch, pray, and constantly strive with her, Nancy," replied the deacon. "I hope she will yet become an ornament to the church. By our efforts, she may yet be laid a worthy offering before the throne of Grace."

Midnight found the angel-sleep resting over the farmhouse, yet one watcher was not folded in his embrace. Poor Lettie's heart ached with the weary burden upon it, and she did not lose herself in dreamy forgetfulness, until morning, with rapid strides, followed quickly in the retreating footsteps of the night.

Several days after the events narrated above occurred, as Mrs. Bell sat busily sewing in the kitchen and listening to Lettie's quick step in the porch, Ruth came in, and flinging herself into a chair, commenced drumming with her feet.

"Go into the other room if you want to make that noise," said her mother, looking up.

The child deigned no reply, but continued swinging her foot, though with less noise than before. Suddenly she hit her mother's work-basket and sent it spinning over the floor. The next instant, a box upon the ear sent her after it.

"You little, good for nothing thing!" exclaimed Mrs. Bell, in an angry tone. "You can't be content on you, unless you are up to some mischief? Now do you pick up all those things, and then take yourself off, and do n't let me see your face again for one while."

Several minutes of quiet ensued, and at last Ruth spoke:

"Oh, mother, I wish you would get me a new dress to wear to meeting. I am actually ashamed of my old one, it looks so shabby. Why, last Sabbath, when I went into Sunday School, it looked dreadful mean by the side of the other girls, and Eliza Green pointed at me, and then whispered to Maria Small,

and they laughed together, and Eliza said, 'poor thing, she do n't have a new dress once an age.' Now, would you get it, mother?"

"I should think you would be teasing for new clothes, after such behavior," replied her mother, in a taunting tone. "What would your father say if he heard you talking about dress and Sunday school, all in the same breath? But go away, now, and I will see what I can do for you. I am sure the child needs it," she said, as the door closed after the retreating form of Ruth; "but I do n't see how I can get it. It won't do any good to ask her father, and I sha'n't have any money to spare, until after the cranberries are sold. Then to think of Deacon Green's daughter making fun of her, when they have hard work to live themselves; rask and scrape as best they can. As for Maria Small's father, he is n't worth half so much as the deacon. I declare, it is too bad that they should have a chance to crow over my child. I must contrive some way, that's certain. The girl sha'n't go to meeting again, until she can hold up her head with the best of them. I can make some excuse to the deacon, next Sunday, if he says anything about her going to church. I think that Deacon Green and Mr. Small had better teach their children good manners, though."

And Mrs. Bell laid down her work, to muse upon the pride and sinfulness of human nature. Suddenly a happy thought seemed to flash through her mind, and a smile attempted to play round her mouth.

"Lettie," she called; "come here. I want you." In a moment the child appeared, and Mrs. Bell's face lighted as her eyes fell upon the beautiful curls that fell in such luxuriance over her shoulders, and nestled so lovingly about the sweet face.

"Lettie," said she, "I am going to cut off your hair. It must be a great trouble to you when you are about your work, and then, again, these frivolous curls are snarled, leading your soul to perdition."

The child stood bewildered a moment, but the sharp click of the shears, as several long, glittering curls fell into her mistress's lap, seemed to arouse her, and she sprang away from her grasp.

"You sha'n't cut off my hair!" she cried, with flashing eyes. "It is all I have left to remind me of my dear mother. She loved it very much, and she would n't like to have it cut out, now, I know. Please let me have my curls!"

"You are a good girl," replied Mrs. Bell. "Come here, this minute, if you know what's good for yourself. I'll learn you to resist me when I'm trying to do you good," and she caught her and shook her violently. "You need n't trouble yourself about your mother; she's where she do n't care for you now. She's got as much as she can do to attend to her own sufferings, if she's got what she deserved. She was a bad woman, and you are just like her, treading in the same path."

The child clenched her small hands, and stamped her foot with rage.

"You shall not talk so about my darling mother!" she cried. "She was a great deal better than you are, and I hate you—you wicked woman. If every one upon earth was like you, I should think God would send down a shower of brimstone and fire upon it, as the deacon read about, the other night."

For a moment Mrs. Bell was struck dumb with astonishment. She could not believe that the excited creature before her was the gentle Lettie of the morning. She finished cutting her hair, without a word; but the child knew that it was only the silence that betokened a storm.

Half an hour later, the deacon's wife sat with her treasure before her.

"Yes," she said, gathering it up triumphantly, "the hair dresser in the village will give me a good price for this, and then Ruth can have her dress. I must n't let the deacon know a word about it, though, or he never would get over it. He says the little jade must be treated like one of the family. Strange, he has n't more pride, than to want to bring a pauper up like his own children!"

Poor Lettie lay writing in agony upon her little bed in the attic; but the cruel stripes which Mrs. Bell had laid upon her body, were nothing compared with the soul-anguish that was cutting her spirit.

"Mother, mother!" she sobbed; "oh, take me away from this cruel world. No one loves me here. I know I was wrong to speak so to Mrs. Bell, but I could not help it. I felt just as if I could have killed her. Oh dear, I am so sorry, now!" and the child again gave vent to a paroxysm of tears.

At night, when the moon-beams bathed the earth with their mellow light, Lettie stole out from the house and flew down to the murmuring stream. The silvery, dancing water smiled brightly as she bent above it.

"One leap," she thought, "and then I can lay calmly at rest beneath those waves. No one will regret me, if I do leave this world of sorrow and care," and she sat down upon the bank, with her feet in the water.

Then the wind-harp sent forth a mournful sound, and it thrilled the child's heart, and she paused and looked up. The moon seemed to smile lovingly upon her, and the quiet scene soothed her spirit, and she said:

"Nay, I will not leave this glorious world until a message comes to me from the Father of souls. But I will strive to be good and pure, and seek to be so truly that I shall go with joy and gladness to meet my angel mother, in heaven."

As those words fell from her lips, it seemed as if the wind anthem caught them up and responded with joy.

CHAPTER V.

The Sabbath was a day of dread to all the children.

at the farm house. In pleasant weather, they always walked to church; a distance of a mile and a half. To Lettie, the way was a delightful one. The trees met above their heads, forming a beautiful green arch, while the sunlight played amid the leaves and the birds sang their morning orisons upon the topmost boughs.

All this was lost upon the Deacon and his wife, as they marched with military precision forward, keeping a strict eye upon their youthful charges, lest they should, by a skip or a jump, violate the sacredness of the day.

The deacon always required Moses and Lettie to repeat as much of the discourse as they could remember, every Sabbath; if they could not do this satisfactorily, they were obliged to learn a chapter in the Bible in addition to "Watts's hymns for infant minds," which was their regular Sunday evening lesson.

Weeks passed on, bringing no change to the monotonous drudgery of Lettie's life. Winter had ascended earth's throne, and now reigned supreme. The old year lay stretched upon its funeral bier. The snow formed his winding-sheet, and the winds sighed his requiem through the leafless branches of the drooping trees.

Poor Lettie was now very lonely. Oh, how her heart yearned for sympathy. Life seemed almost unendurable. Sometimes, as thought rose surging within her, it seemed as if her soul would burst with its pent-up emotions. One day she ventured out to the hill back of the house. The music of merry voices had been borne to her ear by the passing breeze, and very delightful did the swift, gliding motion of children's miniature sleighs appear to her wondering gaze. Suddenly she was aroused by the cry:

"We don't want any paupers here," and a snow-ball, aimed by a rude hand, struck her cheek. Instantly, with shouts and laughs of derision, the snow fell thick and fast around her, and turning, she entered the farmhouse, followed by epithets and abuse, and, loudest above all, she heard the voices of Moses and Ruth.

"I wonder if I am any worse for being a pauper?" thought she.

The deacon's oldest children were now attending school, and Lettie longed to go, too, but did not dare to make the request. She studied what books she could find in the house, but her thirst for knowledge almost grew intolerable, and what little she could acquire only seemed to feed the flame.

"Slowly the roses faded from her cheeks; her step lost its elastic spring, and she grew pale and languid, with a sharp pain in her side, that made her catch her breath in agony.

One morning she did not come from the attic at her usual hour, and her mistress sent Ruth to call her.

"Come, lazy-bones; mother says you must come right down this minute," was the girl's rude greeting, as she opened the door.

"Oh, my, ain't I glad I ain't in your shoes; wont you catch it when mother gets hold of you?" she added by way of encouragement.

Lettie heard her footsteps die away in the distance, and then strove to rise, but the room seemed to whirl before her eyes, and she sank back upon her pillow, unconscious. The next thing she knew she stood in the middle of the floor, shaking under the vigorous hand of Mrs. Bell.

"I'll learn you to lay till you are called," screamed the exasperated woman. "Pretty well, if I've got to come up here and get you out of bed. I guess you won't want me to come again, though! Now, clap on your duds and be down stairs in no time, if you know what 'd good for yourself!"

Very soon she appeared below; but it seemed to her as if she was walking in a dream. She eat no breakfast, and when the Deacon inquired the reason, his wife replied:

"Oh, she's only got a fit of the sulks.

An hour or two after, as Mrs. Bell sat sewing in the kitchen, she heard a heavy fall in the porch.

"I wonder what that girl's broke, now?" she muttered. Stepping to the door she opened it, and beheld Lettie extended at full length upon the floor. Her face was deadly pale, and the small hands were clenched as if in pain.

Now thoroughly frightened, the woman raised her in her arms and placed her upon her own bed. No signs of life appeared. Hastily stepping to the door, she called Moses and told him to go with all speed for the doctor. When the latter arrived, he found the child delirious. To all the questions with which he was assailed, he gravely shook his head.

"I cannot do much for her," he said.

Only once that day was the sufferer conscious. Then a feeling of delight shot through her heart, as she thought that perhaps this might be a summons from the Death Angel.

For weeks her hold upon life was very weak, and it seemed apparent to all that a greater master than the Deacon was about to snatch her away ere she had completed her years of servitude.

But the child was not yet to go through the silent passage to the world of spirits. Earth had not done with the little "bound" girl.

When Lettie again walked forth, winter had retreated, step by step, before the conquering spring. The dawning water laughed joyously that it had been freed from its fetters, and all nature rejoiced in its gala dress.

For a time, Moses and Ruth were more kind than before, as if they realized that Lettie had struggled back to life, even when the shadows of the dark valley had fallen about her.

The school for the summer term is about to be again opened, and the child sighs as she thinks that she cannot walk in those pleasant paths of learning.

Everything now drags on in its accustomed routine at the farm-house, from which they have been turned aside to let the car of sickness pass.

One evening, when the twilight hour rested upon the earth, Mrs. Bell gave Lettie permission to walk out for a little while. To the beautiful grove and the running brook, she wended her way, and seating herself upon the mossy bank, her thoughts traveled into the dim future. The quiet of the hour, the gentle zephyrs toyed lightly with her soft, dark hair, the bright silvery stream at her feet, and above all, the blue canopy overhead, with its diamond eyes, filled her soul with a lofty inspiration, and tuned her harp to sing the praise of the All-Wise Father.

How grandly, solemnly, rang forth her voice in the dim aisles of these woods, until the whole scene was bathed with the rich glow of melody, and the voices of the Night were hushed before it. She sang of the strife between Truth and Error, and her soul seemed filled with the desire to go forth and battle for the Right. Then she sang of suffering Humanity, of the chains of bigotry and superstition that bound them;

of the oppressors' proud and mighty foot placed firmly upon the neck of the miserable and the lowly. Again her voice grew soft and gentle, as she dwelt upon the cries of agony that had been wafted to the angel-world upon the speaking breezes, until bright spirits had bowed their heads in sorrow as they listened; and now, with their hearts filled with love from the Great Fountain, they had gone forth to give "hope to the hopeless—to the dying life."

And when the orphan returned to her dreary life, the light that dwelt in her heart radiated about her person, and for a time the fogs and clouds of her daily life were powerless to reach her.

CHAPTER VI.

One evening the Deacon came in with a flush upon his countenance. There was no one in the kitchen but his wife, and she looked up in surprise when he appeared, knowing by his manner that something had happened to disturb him.

"You know, Nancy," he exclaimed, throwing himself into a chair, "that Bro. Grant has been strangely neglectful of our meetings, lately? He has not been to the missions for several months, and his seat has been vacant for many weeks when we have assembled for prayers. A fortnight ago he was superintending the putting down of a new carpet in his parlor, and to-day I saw a cartload of furniture at the door of his house."

"You do n't say so!" exclaimed his wife. "Well, I thought sister Grant was getting very worldly; but really, I did n't think it had come to this!"

"So, to-day," continued the Deacon, without noticing the interruption, "I met him in the street, and I thought it was my duty to admonish him of the error of his ways, and strive to win him back to the paths of peace. He heard me through, very patiently, and I began to think I had convinced him of the many pitfalls that are open ready to receive him, and of his certain destruction if he kept on in his present course; I saw the glory that would be mine if I restored this lost sheep to the fold, and I prayed earnestly that I might be successful; when he spoke in this manner:

"Well, deacon Bell, I think you have overlooked the beam in your own eye, in striving to get the mote out of mine. You say you were at the missionary meeting last night, collecting funds for the heathen, when you have one of them in your own family, only a great deal worse off, for you ought to know better. Now every one knows that you and your wife make a perfect slave of that little 'bound' girl, and you even grudge her the time she ought to spend in school."

"Oh, how I wish I had been there, I guess I would have given him a piece of my mind!" exclaimed Mrs. Bell, who could scarcely restrain her indignation until her husband had finished. "The little busy must have been complaining to somebody! Oh, was there ever such depravity? Why she do n't even earn her salt, and if she went to school, she would only be a burden to us; besides, she's only a pauper, and precious little good would it do her to go to school. Oh, every day I realize that the devil is indeed going round like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour! I declare, though, it is melancholy to think that Brother Grant has become one of his victims."

"We must watch and pray constantly, Nancy, that we may not fall into his clutches also." And the deacon leaned back in his chair, and sank into a reverie.

She went on with her work, her tongue still busy. "Mrs. Grant, I know, is at the bottom of all this; she is leading her husband astray. Mrs. Lane, Mr. Lane's new wife, has filled her head full of notions, and enticed her into the path of sin and folly. They do say that that woman has induced her husband to go over to the Universalist meeting, and I suppose the Grants will follow soon. If anything could make Mr. Lane's first wife rise up in her grave, it would be to see that young frivolous creature the mother of her children. Poor things, how my heart does bleed for them! Why, only this afternoon I saw little Lettie out in the yard, so I just stepped over there with a piece of cake in my hand, and says I,

"Does your new mother whip you, Nettie? Come here and tell me all about it. Here's a nice piece of cake for you."

Then the child looked up with the tears running down her cheeks, and said between her sobs:

"My new mamma is real good, and Nettie loves her dearly."

But, land! it sounded to me just like a parrot saying something it had been taught to say.

"What are you crying for, then?" I said. "Tell me—you need n't be afraid."

She replied, "Cause my little birle is dead."

"Perhaps your mother killed it," I said. "She would if you loved it."

Upon that the child screamed out,

"Let me go, you bad, naughty woman! She's Nettie's dear, pretty mamma!"

I know she was afraid though, for at that minute Mrs. Lane came out, and the child ran up and put her arms round her neck; but I knew she had been made to do so. There Mrs. Lane stood, with her long dangling curls, looking as vain as could be: There is no knowing what sins that woman will have to answer for, especially in regard to her treatment of those children.

Then I hurried home, and found Lettie had let my apple-sauce burn; so I boxed her ears smartly, and told her she should n't have a mouthful of supper."

Here Mrs. Bell arose and went to the deacon's side, and found him sound asleep.

"Well, I never," she soliloquized; "if that man has n't gone to sleep; I declare I do n't believe he's heard one word I've said. Dear me, I do wish the deacon would get a carpet for our keeping-room floor—but only to think of the worldliness of those Grants!"

The next week, to Lettie's great joy, she was told by the deacon that she was to attend school. Moses and Ruth objected strongly to this; but their father was firm. His eyes had been opened somewhat by the application of Mr. Grant's plain words. Of all things he desired his name to stand high in the estimation of his fellow men. He had spoken, and the child should go to school. Now did a ray of heaven's own sunlight stream across Lettie's path.

Ruth tried her utmost to make her situation as bad as possible; but even her rude manner was sometimes checked by the meekness with which the gentle girl bore her revivings.

There were a few pious, proud girls at school that wondered her young spirit with allusions to her poor-house life, but when they went beyond this, and dared with sacrilegious hands to lift the veil that

shrouded her mother's memory, then did her dark eye flash, until they covered before the stormy spirit they had themselves evoked.

Miss Allen, the teacher, was one of those gentle beings that walk the earth, of whom the world has many, although unrecognized by the multitude. Their trials and sufferings are not brooded upon the martyr's list, nor their courage and fortitude heralded to the world with a blast of trumpet. When will Humanity learn to give to these their due?

Miss Allen was much interested in her new scholar. Her character she studied earnestly; proud and passionate, yet open-hearted and generous, scorning a mean action, yet pitying the actor. Genius had placed its impress upon her regal brow, and inspiration dwelt in the rich cadence of her voice.

Oh, earnestly did this true-hearted teacher pray for strength and judgment from above, to assist her in developing the latent powers of this glorious creature!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Written for the Banner of Light.

MY MOTHER.

BY BELLER DUSH.

My Mother's a beautiful Spirit, and her home is the holy Evangelist's; There she feels neither sorrow nor pain, and treads not the path of the weary. Years ago, in the bud of my being, I knew her a radiant mortal, But the house of her soul decayed, and she fled from the crumbling mansion, And over the sea of eternity, bridged by the hands of the angels, Uniting the links of belief with the golden chain of repentance, She passed, with the torch of prayers, to the opposite shore in safety; Where, crowned with the garlands of love, she mounted the steps of the city, And the angels of Mercy and Truth, keeping watch at the heavenly portals, Beheld her approach from afar, and flung open the pearly partitions; With songs and with loud hallelujahs they welcomed the earth-ransomed stranger, And guided her steps, till she stood on the brink of the Life-giving fountain, Where, tasting its Lethean waters, all joys of the world were forgotten, Save the beautiful bloom of the soul—the love in the heart of the mother. This, the light of her life upon earth now budded and blossomed in heaven—Stately and fair it towered, and the hue of its leaves was immortal. Strong tendrils grew out from each bough, and twined round the chords of her spirit, While the zephyrs of Paradise played and toyed with the delicate branches, Till each leaf like a harp-string swayed and murmured in strains of Zion, And oft with their musical numbers reminded the wondering mother Of the flowers she had left in the desert—her weary and sorrowing children. In their half open leaflets she read the pledge of her glorious mission, And rejoiced that her love should gather those earthly buds to her bosom. The angels beheld her with gladness rise up on those radiant pinions, Which float on the wings of a sunbeam, and rival the dove of Noah's ark.

Oh! my mother's a beautiful spirit, and her home is the holy Evangelist's; But she comes on her soft floating pinions to look for her earth-bound children; She comes, and the hearts that were weary no longer remember their sorrow In their joy that the lost is returned, our beloved and radiant mother! She comes, and our spirits rejoice, for we know she's our guardian angel, O'er our journey in life keeping watch, and giving us gentle caresses. She comes, she comes, with the light when it opens the gates of the morning, And her voice is our music by night—of perils and storms giving warning; Her robes are of delicate pink—sweet emblem of holy affection— And twined o'er her radiant brow are the amaranth blossoms of heaven. She smiles, and the light of her smiles bringeth joy in our seasons of darkness; She whispers, and soft are the zephyrs that echo her musical numbers, As they waft o'er the chords of our being her thrilling and fervent emotions. We listen to her in our sorrow, and yield to each gentle impression, Till pleasant to us is the path leading down to the rushing river; O'er the swift rolling current of death we shall pass to the homes of the spirits, And waiting beside the still waters, our mother will be there to greet us; With songs she will welcome our coming, and fold us to rest on her bosom, And teach us, like lapping children, to murmur the language of heaven!

Oh! my mother's a beautiful spirit, and her home is the holy Evangelist's; But she comes on the pinions of love, to watch o'er her sorrowing children. She comes, and the shadows depart, as we thrill to her gentle caresses. Our Father in Heaven, we bless thee that our mother's our Guardian Angel!

"SAY OURS!"—Mr. Spillman had just married a second wife. A few weeks after the wedding, Mr. S. remarked:

"I intend, Mrs. Spillman, to enlarge my dairy."

"You mean our dairy, my dear," replied Mrs. Spillman.

"No," quoth Mr. Spillman, "I intend to enlarge my dairy."

"Say our dairy, Mr. Spillman."

"No, my dairy."

"Say our dairy! I say our—" screamed she, seizing the poker.

"My dairy, my dairy!" yelled the husband.

"Our dairy, our dairy!" re-echoed the wife, emphasizing each word with a blow on the back of her originating spouse.

Mr. Spillman retreated under the bed. In passing under the bed his suspenders broke. He remained under cover several minutes, waiting for a full in the storm. At length his wife saw him thrusting his head out at the foot of the bed, much like a bursting his shell.

"What are you looking for?" exclaimed the strong-minded wife.

"I am looking for our breeches, my dear."

The wife looked ally.

"Better to be alone than in bad company." True; but unfortunately, many persons are never in so bad company as when they are alone.

Original Essays.

ANCIENT GLIMPSSES OF THE SPIRIT-LAND.

NUMBER THIRTY-FIVE.

From the very beginning of our Glimpsse, we have shown that Hebrew Spiritualism did not essentially differ from that of cotemporary and surrounding nations. The bloody sacrifices as a means of placating the wrath and enlisting the favors of their tutelary Gods—the means of obtaining a *quid pro quo*, were alike common to Jew and Gentile as the Scriptures of both fully bear witness; that the Lords, Gods, Angels or Demons, were the beings to be nourished in these manifestations of the spirit in blood, entrails and incense. Through the peculiar merriment or odyllo aura as resultant from these sacrifices, we understand how the grosser spirits would both seek and delight in bloody sacrifices. Search the Scriptures, for in them you will find that the Hebrew Lord was as fond as the Gentile Gods of the "sweet smelling savor" of blood paunches and incense. Probably, for this reason, some of the early Christians classed the Deity of Israel with the subterranean Gods.

Let us seek to the ancient views of these matters. Again we turn to Ralph Cudworth, *Doctor of Divinity*, to gather from his exhaustless garner of antiquity. He shows that the Ancients, for the most part, believed "that in angels there is a complication of incorporeal and corporeal substances, both together, or that they are animals consisting of soul and body; that they had bodies, and yet were not bodies, but as other terrestrial animals, spirits or souls clothed with ethereal or aereal bodies. And that the generality of the Ancient fathers did not conceive angels to be mere embodied spirits is unquestionably evident from hence, because they agreed with the Greek philosophers in that conceit, that evil demons, or devils were therefore delighted with the blood and nidours of sacrifices, as having their more gross, airy, and vaporous bodies nourished and refreshed with those vapors which they did, as it were, luxuriate and gluttonize in. For thus does Porphyry write concerning them in his book *De Abstinentia*:

"These are they who take pleasure in the incense fumes and nidours of sacrifices, wherewith their corporeal and spirituous part is, as it were, pinquified; for this lives and is nourished by vapors and fumigations." And that before Porphyry, many other Pagan Philosophers had been of the same opinion, appeareth from this of Celsus, who says: "We ought to give credit to wise men who affirm that most of these lower and counter-rentaneous demons are delighted with geniture, blood and nidour, and such like things, and much gratified therewith; though they be not able to anything more in way of recompense than sometimes perhaps to cure the body, or to foretell good and evil fortunes to men and cities." Upon which account himself—though a zealous Pagan, persadeth men to moderation in the use of these sacrifices, as principally gratifying the inferior or worse demons only.

In like manner Origen frequently insisteth upon the same thing, he affirming that devils were not only delighted with the idolatry of the Pagans, but that "their very bodies were nourished by the vapors and fumes arising from them." And before Origen, most of the ancient fathers, as Justin Martyr, Athenagoras, Tatian, Tertullian, &c., and also many others after them, endeavor to disparage those material and bloody sacrifices upon the same account, as things whereby evil demons were principally gratified.

So too, St. Basil, who says: "Sacrifices are things of no small pleasure and advantage to demons, because the fresh life essences are assimilated to the substances of their bodies." "Thus do we see it undeniably manifest that many of the ancient fathers supposed devils to have bodies; neither can it be at all doubted, but that they concluded the same of angels too, these being both of the same kind, and differing but as good and evil men. And though they do not affirm this of good angels, but of devils only, that they were thus delighted and nourished with the fumes and vapors of sacrifices, yet the reason hereof was not because they conceived them to be altogether incorporeal, but to have pure, ethereal, or heavenly bodies; it being proper to those gross and vaporous bodies of demons only to be nourished and refreshed after that manner.

But where in this category will appear the God of old Jewry, who so delighted in the "sweet smelling savor" of the sacrificial stink-pots? On the same principle, too, was the witch's cauldron of "stewed, fried and baked." How comes the parallel so complete between the Hebrew and the Gentile sacrifices, so alike palatable to Heathen Demons and to Hebrew Lords? Will not sauce for the goose, prove to be sauce for the gander? Will the rule that measures the Gentile, fail to measure the Jew and the Christian? That these latter should charge the former with being Demon-worshippers, is simply equivalent to the "pot's calling the kettle black," as our rival Christian sects charge each other with being children of the Devil.—The upright mind must pass judgment above the prejudices of education. In the unlearned sight, the Hebrew sacrifices are found to be in no wise above the plane of cotemporary Gentileism.

The ancient and modern Spiritualisms have apt correspondences to each other as set forth in Swedenborg's, and in every day's experience of the modern unfolding. The more beautiful spirits, or angels of old time, are represented as "sending forth rays and splendors," and the less developed as more or less "dark and obscure, foul and squalid, and grievous to behold, it being deprived of its cognate light and beauty"—the lighter having a facility of passage where the darker one shut out till they bring forth works meet for purgation. "The demons by reason of their tonity, commonly escape our sight, yet have they, notwithstanding, gross matters in them, especially those of them who inhabit the subterraneous places."

Marous, a monk, being initiated in the diabolic mysteries which are only the lower octave on the same scale with the mysteries of godliness, declares that "The demoniac spirit, or subtle being being in every part of it capable of sense, does immediately see and hear, and is also obnoxious to the affections of touch; inasmuch that being suddenly divided or out in two, it hath a sense of pain, as the solid bodies of other animals have, it differing from them only in this, that each of these bodies, being once discontinued, are not easily consolidated together again, whereas the demoniac body being divided, is quickly re-integrated by coalescence, as air or water." He also

affirms that, the bodies of these demons are nourished, though in a different way from ourselves. "Some of them by inspiration, as the spirit contained in the nerves and arteries; others by sucking in the adjacent moisture, not as we do by mouths, but as sponges and testaceous fishes."

On this, our *Doctor of Divinity* adds: "And now we may venture to conclude that the opinion of angels not being not mere abstract incorporeal substances, and unbodied minds, but consisteth of something incorporeal, and something corporeal, that is, of soul or spirit, and body, joined together, is not only more agreeable to reason, but hath also had more suffrages among the ancient fathers and those of the greater weight, too."

Joannes Hessa Conicensis, in his dialogue, approved in the seventh Council, says, "If you find angels or demons, or separate souls called sometimes incorporeal, you must understand this in respect of the tenuity of their bodies only, as not consisting of the grosser elements, nor being so solid as the bodies in which we are now imprisoned," and Origen cites Jesus as declaring himself in a spiritual manifestation that he was not "an incorporeal or bodiless demon," though he showed to his disciples the exact counterpart of the earthly body he had left. Again Origen declares, "Our soul, which in its own nature is incorporeal and invisible, in whatever corporeal place it existeth, doth always stand in need of a body, suitable to the nature of that place respectively, which body it sometimes beareth, having put off that which before was necessary, but is now superfluous for the following state; and sometimes putting on something to what before it had, now standing in need of some better clothing, to fit it for those more pure, ethereal, and heavenly places." It thus appears how fully the Christian Fathers built upon the more extended foundations of the Heathen than the spiritual quarry of the Bible afforded. True, they build on Samuel's ghost who manifested to the witch of Endor as a basis not to be rejected, but as worthy to be placed as a clincher to "become the head of the corner;" for, says Origen, "Samuel also visibly appearing after death, maketh it manifest that his soul was then clothed with a body; that the exterior form and figure of the soul's body after death doth resemble that of the gross terrestrial body here in this life, all the histories of apparitions making good, or the souls of the dead to appear in the same form which their bodies had before." This fully corresponds to modern spiritual experience, and completely removes the stumbling-block of the ghost of Jesus presenting the same counterpart as his natural body. His resurrection was of the spirit, not of the flesh, for "flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of heaven." We doubt not that Jesus appeared a very much brighter ghost than the dark and revengeful Samuel, who hewed Agag to pieces before the Lord, and was otherwise relentless in bloody sacrifices of men, women, children and cattle.

The "ministering spirits" are of all characters, like those encased in flesh. "There are," says Cudworth, "understanding ministers of the Deity, demonia or angells, beings appointed to preside over mankind, called by Plato rulers or presidents of the supreme God who governs the whole world." It was these Rulers or Presidents who were worshipped as the Lords and angels of the Hebrews, and as the Gods and Heroes of the Gentiles. According to the spiritual status of the worshippers, would be the sacrifices to the Gods. The "sin offerings" and "trespass offerings" of goats, lambs, rams, bullocks, &c.—the divination by blood, tripe, and fat—was "heave offerings," give the exact measure of the Lords or the Gods so propitiated. The witch's cauldron was only heretical, because not regularly ordained, but maintained a squalid sovereignty, as come-outers from the house of the Lord. Regular atonement to the spiritual powers was, says Cudworth, made "by the priests who were the mediators of the people unto God and in covenant with him, therefore, they were in their own persons to eat of those sacrifices." They waged a most terrible "odium theologium" to the utter extirpation of those Heathen neighbors who sacrificed on altars not reared by themselves. The blood, tripe, and ram-fat of the Hebrews was the only true "bread of the Lord." "He took a burnt offering and sacrifices for God, and Aaron came, and all the elders of Israel, to eat bread before the Lord."

The mysteries of Godliness of Jewish sacrifices were found most potent in the blood, as containing more of the life essence. Divination by the entrails while yet quokened by the aura of the blood, as well as more potently by the blood itself, was common to Jew and Gentile. Say the Hebrew Doctors, "the very essence of a sacrifice is in the sprinkling of the blood." And the Talmud, with its parallel of the Bible, says, "All Israel killed the passover, and the priests received the blood." So too the Bible runs with the Talmud, which says that "the Levites were appointed to sanctify the work unto the Lord." And again the Bible, "If any man bring a burnt offering to the Lord, he shall lay his hand upon the head of the burnt offering, and he shall kill the bullock before the Lord, and the priests, Aaron's sons, shall take the blood." Says the Talmud, "After the blood was sprinkled, the entrails were taken out and laid upon the altar." It will be recalled that when the Lord was about to kill all the first born of Egypt, he was to know his own people by "the blood marks upon the lintel and sideposts" of their houses. Cudworth shows that "the Jewish religion and the Heathen superstition" were as one in their sacrifices. "And as the Jews, so likewise did the Heathens, in the same manner, use to ratify their covenants between parties, by eating together. In like manner, the eating of sacrifices, which were God's meat, was a federal rite between God and those that did partake of them. For the better conceiving whereof, we must observe, that sacrifices, beside the nature of expiation, had the notion of feasts which God himself did feed upon," and was supposed "to dwell among them in a visible and external manner." "That which was consumed upon God's altar was accounted God's meat, as appears from the first chapter of Malachi, where the altar is called God's table, and the sacrifice upon it God's meat." When the Heathen objected to the God of Israel, that he was grossly material in feeding so much upon blood and garbage, the Hebrew Doctor of the Law replied that "the blood of beasts offered up in sacrifice had an attractive power to draw down Divinity and unite it to the Jews." "In this lies the basic mystery and truth of all the ancient sacrifices. Inquire through your circles of the day of spiritual beings, having knowledge of these things—Indians, physicians, or others—and you may probably learn, as we do, that there is a rapport mode of being between blood freshly shed, and un-

fleshed spirits or souls. Hence, the bloody sacrifices to the ancient Lords, Gods, or Demons.

Again says Codworth, "The sacrifices then being God's feasts, they that partake of them must needs be his convivial, and in a manner to eat and drink with him. And that this did bear the notion of a federal rite in the Scripture's account, I prove from that place, Levit. ii: 15, Thou shalt not suffer the salt of the covenant of thy God to be lacking; with all thine offerings thou shalt offer salt." This shows that the God of Israel was rather partial to salt, as well as to blood and tripe. Salt was also rhymed in the Heathen sacrifices, as appears from Pliny. We have seen that it was only the Orthodox who had Lords and Gods to their feasts. The same things among heretics and Heathens were pronounced as cathedra, as "sacrifices to devils" or demons. Thus Malmonides, an Orthodox Jew, says of those that gathered on the altars of the Synagogues, that "they gathered together blood for the Devils, their idols-Gods, and did eat of that blood with them as being the guests of Devils; and so were joined in federal society with them. And by this kind of communion with Devils, they were able to prophesy and foretell things to come." See also the travels of Bruce to discover the sources of the Nile, where he found the Christian Jews of to-day fond of the bloody meat which was so attractive to their forefathers two and three thousand years ago—outling live steaks from the animal and eating them in their blood, confirmed too by the later travelers over the same ground.

Does it appear, then, in light not clouded by nursery and priest, that the ancient religion of old Jewry surpassed that of cotemporary heathendom? Both were deeply immersed in slime, and their barbarous birth was of their barbarous antecedent causation. Sufficient unto the day was their good and their evil, the exact measure of their status in development, growth, or unfolding. The greater light of to-day must cast the ancient slough rather than continue it as the stationary, infallible mold of God. It is time to be delivered from the body of this death, a Bible as the infallible word of God, which never was, nor ever can be, but only the Scripture limnings, wrought through fallible mediums of flesh—now darker, now brighter, in the coloring, according to apt conditions of mundane and trans-mundane worlds. We do not deny there is light in the Bible, and much of a beautiful character. Nor grant we less to scriptures of the Heathen. Both received as much as they were open to of a common Father's light, of which much comes "glimmering through the things that were," from the beared planes of past humanity, to the more unfolding vision of to-day. It is only the shell of the past we are willing to let slide, that the soul may breathe more freely, that it may ventilate itself broadly from old Jewry confines.

"The mills of the Gods grind slowly. But they grind exceeding small." While we work with might and main, let us wait patiently while beholding the pulverizing of old theologians in these "mills of the Gods."

The Heathen Plotinus, in the fourth century before Jesus, seeks to find a harmonious whole in that "all is for the best," or, that "whatever is, is right." He says, "God made the whole most beautiful, entire, complete and sufficient; all agreeing friendly with itself and its parts, both the nobler and the meaner of them being alike congruous thereunto. Whosoever, therefore, from the parts thereof will blame the whole, an absurd and unjust censurer. For we ought to consider the parts, not alone by themselves, but in reference to the whole, whether they be harmonious and agreeable to the same. Otherwise, we shall not blame the universe, but some of its parts, only, taken by themselves; as if one should blame the hair or the toes of a man, taking no notice at all of his divine visage and countenance; or, omitting all other animals, one should attend only to the most contemptible of them; or, lastly, overlooking all other men, consider only the most deformed Therites. But that which God made was the whole, as one thing, which he that attends to, may hear it speaking to him after this manner: 'God Almighty hath made me, and from thence came I, perfect and complete, and standing in need of nothing, because in me are contained all things, plants, and animals, and good souls, and men happy with virtue, and innumerable demons, and many Gods. Nor is the earth alone in me adorned with all manner of plants, and variety of animals, or does the power of soul extend at most no further than to the seas; as if the whole air, and ether, and heaven, in the mean time, were quite devoid of soul, and altogether unadorned with living inhabitants. Moreover, all things in me desire good, and everything reaches to it according to its power and nature. For the whole depends upon that first and highest good, the Gods themselves, who reign in my several parts, and all animals, and plants, and whatsoever seems to be inanimate in me. For some things in me partake only of being, some of life also, some of sense, some of reason, and some of intellect above reason. But no man ought to require equal things of unequal; nor that the finger should see, but the eye; it being enough for the finger to be a finger, and to perform its own office. As an artificer would not make all things in an animal to be eyes, so, neither has the divine Logos or spermatoc reason of the world made all things Gods, but some Gods, and some demons, and some men, and some lower animals—not out of envy, but to display its own variety and fecundity. But we are like unskillful spectators of a picture, who condemn the limner, because he hath not put bright colors everywhere, whereas, he had suited his colors to every part respectively, giving to each such as belonged to it. Or else we are like those who would blame a comedy or a tragedy, because they were not all kings or heroes that acted in it, but some servants and rustic plowmen, introduced also, talking after their rude fashion—whereas, the dramatic poem would neither be complete, nor elegant and delightful, were all the worse parts taken out of it."

Orthodox Christian Codworth, D. D., endorses this of Heathen Plotinus, with additions of his own. Of the cloudy aspect of things, the ignorance, the darkness, and what thereof is concealed in sin and brought forth of iniquity, we can only say that the effects must unfold from the causes to which they are linked, or, in the language of Jesus, "It must needs be that offences come, but we unto them by whom they come." Again: "Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall." So too the prophet Jeremiah: "Oh, Lord, I know that the way of man is not in himself, nor in man that walketh to direct his steps." And St. Paul's "abounding in sin with a superabounding of grace," is another attempt to adjust the balance as set forth in "Mother Goose's Melodies," as:

Here we go up—up—up—up!
Here we go down—down—down—down!
Here we go backwards and forwards,
And here we go round—round—round—round!

Mr. Pope also is close hauled upon the wind as he pursues the rather difficult navigation between night and day, in their very closely embracing of each other, particularly where he discovers all nature to be anchored fast in fate, with the human will left free to swing from its moorings, to drag at length through the horrible pit of misery clay, and then to throw its grappling to the more solid basis of the delectable mountains, whose far reaching spurs are in the deep bosom of the ocean buried.

The following lines from Pope rather jump with our own way of seeing:

"Extremes in nature equal ends produce,
In man they join to some mysterious use;
Tho' each by turns the other's bounds invade,
As in some well-wrought picture, light and shade;
And oft so mixt, the difference is too nice
Where ends the virtue, or begins the vice.
Fools! who from hence into the notion fall,
That vice and virtue there is none at all!
If white and black blend, soften and unite
A thousand ways—is there no black or white?
Ask your own heart, and nothing is so plain,
'Tis to mistake them, costs the time and pain.
This light and darkness in one chaos join'd
What shall decide? The God within the mind."

Here we find the higher law which also the Heathens taught. The more we cultivate this God-head, the more advanced becomes "the Lord our God" in the line of progression, up the mount of vision, till at last we behold him in the Celestial City, with an innumerable company of angels. C. B. P.

TO THE SPIRITUALISTS OF AMERICA.

BY A. B. WHITING.

NUMBER TWO.

As the reformers of the nineteenth century, you are particularly blest in living in this age of progress and civilization; while our ancient co-believers were subject to all manner of persecution, which affected not only their minds but the welfare of their earthly bodies, and in many instances, their lives and liberties. We who have none of these obstacles to overcome, save a little lying slander, which is the expiring ghost of buried *Auto da fe* and inquisitions, should be very careful not to fall into the path of dead formalism, which the Church leaders of old Catholicism and Jewry, or modern Protestantism, have marked out for us; but ever preserve in its purity, the spiritual truth which the angels, through the enlightenment of this age, have been able to shower upon us.

History, if it proves anything, proves that spirit-communion in some form has existed among all nations, at every period since man's existence. It also proves that no nation, society or church, as such, has ever been able to apply and live out the great principles taught by their prophets, seers, philosophers, and their controlling guides or spirits. Hence, nearly all of the advanced Spiritualists of former ages were obliged to suffer imprisonment or death; or resign their claims at the command of a priest-class, who claimed a direct commission from God, or the gods, to say how far man might extend his observations, and in what way he should be permitted to recognize the existence or presence of his spirit-friends.

The next pretence of this class was to be able to determine and regulate the condition of spirits, establish their respective positions, and define their mental and moral status by the priestly hour-glass of the ruling religious faith. The priesthood, having control over mankind, by the aid of kings, emperors, and infamous laws, have, in all past time, been able to ward off or utterly destroy, for the time being, the influence of the spirit-world.

When Socrates taught the sublime truths of immortal life, and declared to the Athenians "that he was controlled by a spirit or demon who warned him of danger, and forestalled future events," he was straightway condemned by the Grecian priests and rulers for corrupting the Athenian youth and reviling the gods. "He must die," was their edict. So he drank the poison hemlock, and passed on to his guardian angel, a martyr to the ignorance of the age.

Joshua, the seer, commonly called Jesus of Nazareth, for teaching the same great truths, was condemned and crucified by the Jewish priesthood on a similar charge, with no foundation, only he dared to be wise above priests and kings, and joined hands with the other world. The fate of the Apostles and their immediate successors is also a matter of history.

Spiritual gifts were preserved in the Christian circles for centuries after Jesus, until they were crushed out by temporal power. The learned Ammonias Secucus, who opened a school at Alexandria, near the close of the second century, was greatly persecuted because he taught the art of procuring intercourse with spirits. His disciples called this art, Theurgy. Every reader of Catholic history knows how terribly the Church condemns the Theurgists.

Tertullian, one of the earliest and wisest of the Church fathers, was banished by Pope Zephyrinus, because he believed in the doctrines of Montanus, who was a visionist, or medium, who with two spiritual-minded women of noble birth, named Maximilla and Priscilla, was a continual recipient of gifts from on high. In his writings he relates many instances of spirit-control. Among others the case of a young lady who saw and described a spirit to a public assembly, so that it was recognized; and made clairvoyant examinations and prescriptions for disease.

During the terrible persecutions in Alexandria, in the year 230, there were a great many mediums burned at the stake; among them, one named Potamianna, and who afterwards appeared to a soldier, covering his head with a crown. He became converted, and suffered martyrdom shortly after.

The celebrated Irenaeus, bishop of Lyons, also taught spirit-intercourse and practical healing by laying on of hands. He died a martyr, A. D. 292.

According to Eusebius, these things were very common up to the time of Constantine the Great. This we may call the turning point with the Christian dispensation, or whose temporal power, gained its great ascendancy over Spiritualism. Here behold the corner-stone of that religious despotism that crushed out Spiritual gifts, and ruled the people with an iron hand for ages!

Constantine was the father of modern Christianity. He knew too well the power of spirits and mediums; so he passed severe laws against them, as sorcerers, magicians and children of Satan, forbidding all attempts at spirit-intercourse by the most terrible penalties. So truth, being crushed by religious and imperial despotism, struggled faintly, yet resolutely, for existence. Thus it continued for ages.

Pope Gregory, the Great, who ascended the Papal

chair A. D. 590, added somewhat to the despotism of his predecessors, and established in some respects a new order of things. All historians assert that he was a very learned man; and many declare him to have been possessed of supernatural powers. Certain it is, that he was a believer in the occult sciences, and held converse with magicians, and those that "sought favors from spirits." He was very intolerant, and condemned without reserve the very ones through whom he had received these favors as "children of the devil." Educated in a knowledge of the Latin language, and associating familiarly with astrologers and magi, all of whom believed in spirits, and in progress beyond the grave, he shrewdly caused them all to be banished or put to death, after he had stolen their doctrines and gained from them all the knowledge they would impart. From this he established the idea of purgatory. His methods of expression are very much like Virgil, whom he evidently copied, as will be seen in the following quotations from "Virgil" and "Gregory's Psalms of Penitence."

VIRGIL.

"Human souls are enclosed in the obscure prison of the body, where they acquire a carnal defilement; and they preserve some corruption, even after they have left this life. To purge them, they must suffer different kinds of punishment. Some suspended in air are the sport of tempests. Others expiate their crimes in the abyss of waters. Flames scorch only the most guilty; none are exempt from punishment. Some shades are in the fields of Elysium, where they wait till a long revolution of years has purified them from the defilements of their terrestrial existence, and re-established them in their former purity. After a thousand springs spent in this sojourn, they quit it, and God recalls them to the borders of Lethe."

POPE GREGORY.

"When human souls are delivered from their terrestrial prison, the guiltiest ones are condemned to punishment, whose duration is infinite. Those who have committed, on their passage, lesser crimes, or but slight faults, arrive at life eternal after having been regenerated by purifying flames."

Here, then, behold the origin of the Catholic idea of purgatory, for the discovery of which, among other virtues, Pope Gregory was made a saint. Hence the formula.

Question. How shall souls be released from purgatory?

Answer. By the intervention of saints and the prayers of good men," L. e., priests.

This, though far ahead of the Orthodox Protestant, who will acknowledge no progress beyond the grave, "and no hope for the wicked there," is far from being up to the spiritual idea of progression, inasmuch as it places the power to decide this matter in the hands of the papacy and priesthood, giving them the keys of the holy city, so that without their aid all poor souls must knock in vain at the gates of the heavenly mansion—thus reversing the order of things; and instead of acknowledging all spirits as natural heirs to just what they deserve, and assistants to, and co-laborers with us mortals, it virtually assumes that man can, under certain circumstances, (i. e., the priestly order,) control and determine the destiny of human spirits in the land of the hereafter.

Is it then a wonder that these pseudo deacons of heaven are generally opposed to open intercourse with spirits, when all their pride, conceit, power and hopes of pecuniary reward stand tottering on the verge of human ignorance and gullibility? As the clouds of superstition are dissipated, the people rise and throw off the rule of popes, priests and kings.

In the time of Pope John 224, who ascended the papal chair A. D. 1310, the theory of praying souls out of purgatory for money, was practised to a greater extent than ever before. Pope John was a wicked and unscrupulous man. He was at one time deposed for his enormous crimes, and afterwards reinstated by fraud. He made his palatial residence at Avignon, that sink of papal iniquity and priestly crime. He learned Italian cotemporary, the worthy historian, John Villani, speaks of him thus: "After his death they found in his treasury eighteen million florins in coined money, besides his vessels, crosses, mitres and precious stones valued at seven millions more. I can render certain testimony to this, because my brother, a man worthy of belief, one of the purveyors of the pontifical court, was at Avignon when the treasurers made their reports to the cardinals. This immense wealth, together with the far greater portion which the holy father had expended, was accumulated in part by the sale of benefices and indulgences; but what contributed most to this vast wealth was the tax from the apostolical chancellors for the absolution of all crimes and prayers for the dead." To illustrate this: if an individual had committed a crime, or wished indulgence to commit one, all he had to do was to go to the chancellor and pay so much for the privilege; or if he had some friend in purgatory whom he wished prayed out, he could have it done by paying a certain sum into the treasury, etc., etc. This infamous pope published an apostolical code, which is still in existence, stating the sum required for license to commit all kinds of crime. This kind of a tax became for the popes, his successors, one of the most vast and fruitful sources of revenue that avarice and an infernal genius ever invented.

It is but proper to add that Pope John was a most relentless and violent opposer of all astrologers, necromancers, and all who in any wise "sought favors from the dead," and persecuted most cruelly a spiritual order termed the Fratellocci.

This idea of absolutions for crime, and praying souls out of purgatory, has been treasured in the Romish church up to the present time. But the Catholics, notwithstanding their cruelty and audacity, are far more consistent than Protestants; who will admit of no repentance after death; or the Spiritualist, who arrogates to himself priestly powers and professing to be wiser and better than all the spirits in the other world, with great bombast prates of the silliness of trance-speaking, and the useless and trivial character of spiritual communications," or "the tendency to evil of mediumship, seances, &c." [vide Harris, et al.]; or those conceited ones who suppose they are conferring great favors upon spirits in allowing them to come back and gain wisdom from such giant souls as theirs; like a certain individual I knew in an Eastern city who was wont to sign himself, "—, Controller of Spirits."

I cannot conclude this article without alluding to those articles in the BANNER entitled, "Spirits in Prison," wherein an anonymous correspondent, over the *nom de plume* of Paul Fry, professes to have the power to get souls out of purgatory, or "prison," as he calls it; and reconcile with each other the souls who were estranged on earth.

Is it possible that among all the hosts in the bright spheres above, there are none to be found capable of ministering to these dark souls (admitting

his premises that there are such), that they are obliged to look to this earth for assistance, from a man embodied in the flesh? Are there no fields of progress through which they can pass, no angel bringer there to point to the pure light of goodness, no finer chains of love or friendship, they can feel to draw them toward those from whom by the strife and perplexities of earth-life they were alienated, without coming in servile form to Paul Fry through an earthly medium, in order to be recognized? This looks, to my feeble vision, like a second edition of pretercra, revised and corrected. I am unable to see any difference between paying a Catholic priest, of the order of St. Gregory, to pray out my friends, and paying Mr. Fry, or anybody else in like manner, to relieve their pains by spiritual or spirituous consolation.

I can only think from what I have known of spirits, in a medical and observatory experience of over eight years, that they (that is, the majority) are a step in advance of us, though what they impart to us seems to be on a similar plane of being with ourselves, in order to suit our finite capacity. "They descend to simple things, for simple is the lot of mortals; but they can rise to nobler themes, for the soul hath a heritage of glory."

They are co-workers with us in the great work of human elevation and individual growth. They, like us, progress by growth through knowledge, and not by the special act, edict, or prayer of any being terrestrial or celestial.

Spiritualists, you should take warning from the past, and frown down every attempt on the part of a conceited few who profess to rule the spirits, to make this glorious cause a pack-horse to their own aggrandizement, as also those who are striving to supersede spiritual gifts and mediums, and establish, in their stead, a priest-class that shall tyrannize over the people like those of other dispensations, and like them profess to hold in the hollow of their hands the eternal destiny of immortal souls.

Spiritualists of America, the time is at hand when you will be called upon to choose between Spiritualism and temporal powerism. One or the other must rule. Which shall it be?

You secret believers—by far the most numerous—you who are still connected with the relics of old Constantine and St. Gregory, under the name of Christianity—will you acknowledge the truth you have received, or will you as now only seek the Lord in secret or by night, like Nicodemus of old?

To you, old soldiers of the truth, who have for years battled openly and fearlessly side by side with your true and noble spirit-guides, my feeble pen need give no words of warning. Continue then as you are, free and untrammelled by creedal forms, priestcraft and tyranny!

To you who have resisted the poetic fervor of a Harris, and the stern eloquence of a Tiffany, when they urged you to discard the spirits and follow them back to old formalism, set prayers and written creeds, I will only say, still stand by the knowledge you have received, and watch and labor for the truth we all know and feel must conquer, though kingdoms fall.

Albion, Mich., Nov. 10, 1861.

PRAY AND PREY.

BY WARREN CHASE.

In practical life it has been so long the habit of persons to follow both the above practices, that it may be well to couple them together, and attach them to the engine that has already started for the deposit of fossils. In one, people ask for what is never granted for the asking (unless the request be to a fellow-being, and then it is not prayer) for the immutable laws are never changed, and of course what comes or falls, is regardless of your prayer, whether it be rain or shine, life or death, foe or friend. In the old time, people prayed to secure the favor and make God pleased when he showed anger in an eclipse, or thunder storm, and they were glad when he smiled in a sunshine or rain-bow, and returned thanks. The ignorant and superstitious still go to prayers when the storm comes, if they are caught in a vessel, or in a dangerous place. The wise use lightning rods instead of prayers, and depend on science and skill, and on sailors, instead of preachers, in a storm on ship-board.

But it is not more ridiculous to depend on prayers to save a ship in a storm or a house from lightning, than it is to depend on them to save a wicked, turbulent, stormy soul from hell. The prayers of the congregation will be as effectual in saving the deacon's body from his fever as they will in saving his soul from hell, and God will do as much for him in one case as the other.

Hell is anger, in various degrees and stages, hatred, scorn, contempt, jealousy, envy, malignity, &c. All the prayers of Christendom cannot stop its burning a soul that contains it, and God will aid, as he does in fever or storms, and no other way. Get out of the fever, out of the storm, out of hell, and you are safe, whether by washing, running, cooling or affectionizing the soul.

God drives on the machinery of the universe without the least regard to your health or life, happiness or misery, body or soul—"helps those who help themselves, and works in the working soul." Praying to God for favors for the soul, or in the next world, is about as absurd as praying for them in the body, or in this life; for general not partial laws govern all worlds where God rules, and we must conform or break, yield or fall—prayers or no prayers. Prayers will never answer for wet powder, and chaplains in an army will never secure a victory by the especial favor of the Gods. God will never hoe your corn, weed your garden, nor pluck the thorns out of your heart, or quench the passions in your soul, in answer to your prayers; and in every case they will prove as worthless, so far as God and especial favor are concerned, as the moanings of a fly in the web of the spider, or the howling of a wild beast in the cage of a menagerie.

God is Law, and Law is Fate, and it will not soften or change for prayers, however earnest; but if you can hoe corn better for praying in the morning, then go to prayers, but do not expect God to help you who as a reward for your prayers, for they are worthless to him.

The other—praying—often carried on by the same persons, is worse than useless; it is injurious and destructive to both parties. It is a sort of petty plundering of goods and chattels; loving black mail, or gossiping on reputation, and nibbling at character—pulling threads out of the garments of others. It often gets souls into hell, and prayers cannot get them out, and hundreds of persons keep up a kind of sawing operation, praying themselves into hell; then pulling at the other end with prayer, and in-

stead of getting up and out, out deeper, till the life is worn off. Praying necessitates praying, as the use of tobacco necessitates the use of rum, and rum that of opium. Thomas Paine once said to a preacher, through the late Mrs. Morrill, of Lawrence, that prayers in our world were what slaves and crutches were for the lame, not the sound; but it was no doubt given as a rebuke, for a crutch does bring foreign aid to the body of a cripple, but prayers do not do it, except aid from mortals or spirits—then they should be addressed to them, as a cripple would pray to the mechanic to supply a crutch. Taunton, Mass., Dec. 24, 1861.

LIGHT AS MATTER.

EDITOR BANNER.—Several weeks ago I wrote an article for you, in which I endeavored to lay before your readers a few natural truths, about which the public generally are quite in error.

An article appears in the BANNER of Nov. 16th, page three, signed "A. J. B." in which the writer, in giving his own views, expresses also the general view respecting light as matter. He uses the following expressions, viz: "is light the only material substance, &c.," in which the material character of light is taken for granted.

I will now endeavor to make my remarks upon this subject brief enough for a place in the BANNER.

Light, heat, electricity, magnetism and various forms of attraction are not matter, but forces, and are so demonstrated to be, by modern science. Professor W. Thompson, "On the Possible Density of Luminiferous Medium," conceives that "a cubic foot of luminiferous ether, at the distance of the earth from the sun, cannot contain less than 1500 x 10¹⁷ of one pound of matter," and the inference is obvious that if we regard light as a simple force, propagated through the luminiferous ether as vibrations, as sound is propagated through the air by vibrations, we shall have a better understanding of the matter.

The old philosophers, with all their efforts, could never transcend matter, hence we have light, heat, electricity, classed by them as *imponderable agents*, in which term was left a considerable ambiguity of meaning, but, in reality, only asserting that they did not know that these forces were not matter.

Mechanics who have studied Joule's method of determining his mechanical equivalent of a degree of heat, appreciate that heat is a force. They who are familiar with the steam engine need not have any demonstration forced upon them. The analogies between light and heat are great. Indeed, to a certain extent they seem to be convertible to each other. Of Electricity, we know nothing, except of the phenomena incident to its transfer from place to place. But enough is known to demonstrate its analogy to light and heat, as the equivalent of a mechanical force. Of attraction we can have no idea, except as a force, but light and heat, under certain circumstances, modify attractions, while electricity develops attractions of a peculiar kind. EROS N.

Written for the Banner of Light.

A SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

BY REMUS ROBINSON.

Farewell, dear New England, the home of my birth! Thou dearest and brightest and fairest on earth; Fate, stern, inexorable fate doth decree, That we must be parted—farewell unto thee!

Thy mountains and rivers, thy lone wood-cleaves,
The dark, gloomy gorge where thy proud eagle sweeps;
Thy hills and thy vales where my young feet have strayed,
Are scenes that from memory, never can fade.

But not all the scenes to me beautifully fair,
With the one grandest feature of thine can compare;
But the name that has best thee from moment of birth
Is a halo of light encircling the earth!

Yes, Herald of Freedom—blest land of the free!
'Tis this that instinctively turns me to thee;
'Tis this of humanity, around clustering stand
The hopes of oppressed ones in every land.

Your bright starry banner that first was unfurled
On the ramparts commanding the "hub of the world,"
Has proved a protector, a passport in hand,
To thy children when wandering in far distant land.

But alas! its bright folds have been trailed in the dust
By despots and traitors in whom is no trust;
Yet the world calmly waits thy rallying cry—
Sound it, "Death to all traitors ere Liberty die!"

O, my native New England! I woo befitting the day,
Is thine that thou countenanced Slavery's sway;
And thy children must bear woes and sufferings untold,
In the struggle that follows thy fame to uphold.

Still strong hands are ready, warm hearts wildly beat,
Thy hill-sides resound to the hurrying feet
Of thousands who crave as the heart of one man,
To stand first and foremost in Liberty's van.

Then raise the proud standard and fling to the breeze
That flag known and honored on all the broad seas;
And let it proclaim, as it spans the blue wave,
That no longer it floats o'er the land of the slave!

Make thou this struggle a contest for right,
And who would not answer thy call to the fight,
And speed to the field to redeem and to save—
Dying proud, though we win but a warrior's grave?

Williamatic, Conn., 1861.

A Good Story.—The following is told of a Washington county man, who on his way to Cincinnati became somewhat elevated by sundry "drinks," but, as good luck would have it, found a boat at the wharf and was quickly on his way.

Soon after leaving the wharf, a man came around for his fare. Horrall handed out a five dollar bill, and received four dollars and ninety-five cents in change. He rammed it into his pocket-book with great eagerness, supposing the clerk had made a mistake. That done he leaned back into his chair and fell asleep. A little while, and he was plucked awake by the same man, who again demanded fare. "Discovered the mistake," thought he, holding out a handful of change. The man, as before, took only five cents, and Horrall again went into a doze. Ere he had got fairly to dreaming of home and friends far away, around came the collector again, and thus it went on for a long time.

At last Horrall thought it very inconvenient, and concluded to vote the collector a nuisance, and give him a bit of advice besides; so said he—

"Is (ho) this a da-n-ger (ho) us (ho) boat?"
"By no means," said the man. "Bran now."
"Then, by gummy, (ho) why do (ho) do n't you collect all the fa (ho) hnr all at once—not bother a fel (ho) heller for it every mile as it (ho) comes due?"

"Really," said the man, "where do you think you are going?"

"Cincinnati (ho) hinnatt!" said Horrall.
"Cincinnati!" said the polite conductor; "why, you must be sadly out of your reckoning. This is the ferry-boat, and all this afternoon you have been riding to and fro between New Albany and Portland." That night Horrall staid in Louisville.—*Examiner.*

RESPONSIBILITY.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

The ideas advanced in a previous article, on Duty, in the Banner, naturally lead to the consideration of our Responsibility. This is a broad, and, in part, insoluble question, for, in its wide domain, are included the entire doctrine of good and evil, and the measure of man's responsibility for his own actions, good or bad.

If we acknowledge what is unavoidable, the supremacy of Fate; the necessity for all that has been, is, and will be, we cannot stray far from the knowledge of our true position. If, on the contrary, we consider ourselves free and independent agents, from so erroneous a principle of departure, we can but go wrong.

An individual is the representative of all the circumstances by which his existence is produced. I discard the idea that we have any identified existence before our present life. I can see no necessary connection between such a state and our immortal future.

Here lies the deception. We rush abroad in wild freedom, doing as we please—so we believe—so seems it to our untutored fancy. The man is insane who contends against our free-agency, we cry. Our ships conquer continents; billows; the winds are our slaves; fire, force and insatiate, our vassal, and the red lightning of the storm are grasped in the giant, clutch of man.

In this small realm wherein we are apparently free, lies the fallacy of our free agency. Here, too, originated the primitive conceptions of our responsibility for our acts. This we know: free or not free, we are held responsible.

Take an individual at random from the mass. He is as he is, not from any choice of his. He was ushered into the world without consultation or choice. He was born as he is. First let us inquire how far he is accountable for the characteristics which he inherits from ancestors—how far his teeth are set on edge by the sour grapes ate by former generations, for, be assured that he is the culmination of an endless line of progenitors; of the infinite number of conditions in which it is possible for him to be placed.

A "born murderer," on the slightest provocation he flies at you with the ferocity of a wild beast. Poor, mis-erected children are such; cast into the world like half-formed or ill-burned pottery. As much to blame the wind for blowing; as much sinful the tiger devouring the kid, as they. Yet Nature holds them to account, and compels rendition of the last farthing.

The individual in the other extreme, harmoniously born, and inheriting from noble ancestors goodness, love, charity, wisdom, matures to manhood, and lives to do works of goodness. In a great and constant stream blessings fall on him, and he seizes them only to do better and receive more. Nature smiles on his efforts, and proud of her noblest work—a perfect man, never wearies in bestowing her bounties.

It is glorious to be born right; terrible to be otherwise; dreadful to be held to the rack for the faults of others. Yet the greatest part of our transgressions are ancestral—a fact admitted when we acknowledge our unaccounted birth, and its hereditary qualifications.

Friend BANNER, there is room and a home here for a thousand thousand Harmonialists, and this is the country to produce the most perfect mental, as it already produces the most splendid physical ability of the world. It is not a good country to invite mediums to who wish to live by exorcise of their mediumship, yet I will except a few. We have many good healing mediums. We want first class test mediums, and a few lecturers of the CRUCIFER STAMP, such as I remember Mrs. Spence to have been several years ago, when last I heard her. Any information I can give to any of your readers proposing to journey hitherward, shall be accorded with pleasure. Hoping that pecuniary and every other desirable success may attend the "Banner," I remain, yours, etc.

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It is glorious to be born right; terrible to be otherwise; dreadful to be held to the rack for the faults of others. Yet the greatest part of our transgressions are ancestral—a fact admitted when we acknowledge our unaccounted birth, and its hereditary qualifications. After birth, circumstances over which we have as little control, ameliorate or distort. The individual acquires, by their influence, new qualities, new directions. He may be born in a den of infamy and vice. Naturally good, if good enough, he may, by this central impetus, burst the restraints of villainy and burn a pure star of light over a sea of corruption; or, as does one in millions; if bad, then central fires and the external burn in union, and the lowest Stygian depths of depravity—perdition—are reached. On the other hand, he may be born surrounded by the best of circumstances. If cured with a bad organization, the harmony of surroundings may curb and control him,

and develop a mass of noted goodness; if sufficiently bad, the favorable circumstances expend themselves in vain. He remains distorted.

Be it right or wrong, just or unjust, all receive their just dues and penalties. With a broad gaze, Nature has marked out the proper pathway, and she never asks how we came to stray from it; let her become aware of the fact that we have strayed, and immediately one of her myriad janitories are on our track, armed with a hundred knotted thongs. How they sting as they cut deep into the quivering flesh, or a thousand fold more terrible, twice with keen fangs around the soul!

Then we cry out in agony, "Evil! Evil!" and prate about sin. I will not quarrel about terms. I had as soon use these as others. Let me first define them; as it is, however, preconceived ideas attached to those terms, will be very liable to lead to confusion and error.

To subject ourselves to laws and conditions detrimental to our being, or, in common language, transgress the laws of our existence, is sin, and the consequence is evil. To obey the laws of our being is good, and the reward happiness. Whatever in the vast external appears detrimental to us, individually, we call evil; whatever is beneficial to us, we call good. But how little do we understand!

What we consider evil is imperfection in the relation of the Universe to us—imperfections in a Universe striving to become perfect. A doctrine which obliterates the time-honored distinction between good and evil, and teaches that man is punished for deeds for which he is not to blame, may reasonably be considered unjust. A very plausible and very untrue consideration. All we know are the stern facts as we have presented them, which it were vain to set aside.

If we theorize from them, such are the unavoidable conclusions.

Matters in San Francisco. FRIEND BANNER—Wonder if it has never occurred to a wise man of the "Modern Athens" since making the assertion that that city is the "Hub of the Universe," that a hub is, after all, only a revolving power; that the axle-tree is the really important thing—the central idea, the great truth, progressing without turning. Well, we of this young Giant of the Pacific, are willing to acknowledge that Boston may be the "Hub of the Universe," but—San Francisco is the axle!

With an equable temperature, a geographical position, in regard to commercial importance, second to none on the globe; an entrepot alike of the products of the Frozen Zones and Tropical climes, visited by the merchant service of every nation; a harbor, capable of floating five times the naval and merchant marine of the world; metropolis of a vast territory, whose agricultural and mineral resources are inexhaustible and incalculable. Truly, may this proud city of the sea, say, "I sit as queen, and am no widow, and shall see no sorrow."

But while our material interests are so immensely and rapidly, yet healthfully growing, our spiritual is not by any means being neglected. One after another has visited our shores, of the army of Humanity's teachers, and last, but far from least, came P. B. Randolph, and of him—as an acknowledgment of his services, gratifying to his many friends, but more because knowledge of the noble self-sacrifice of any person should be the world's property, as an example—I wish here to speak. We may praise, for he has gone again, sailing this morning via New York—where he will make but a very short stay—for Egypt, Persia, and the Orient.

Arriving here on the 5th of Sept., this strange (to those who have not studied him) and gifted man, has compressed into ten weeks a work which many a man would be proud to achieve in a life-time. He has written two small, but important works, delivered something like twenty lectures, or orations, rather, and the universal testimony of friends and foes of Liberalism is, that no lectures ever given on this coast have equalled them for scope, power and eloquence.

Pouring forth the tale of his own trials, temptations, falls, and efforts to rise again, he has carried conviction to many an obdurate heart that there cometh much good out of Spiritualism. Many a narrow-minded bigot who listened to him, at first under protest, has had his soul expanded, and openly declares, "Where I was blind before, now I see!" He was some little time in gaining a foothold, but did it. Large-hearted, condemning none, speaking well of all, and speaking just the needed words to all, his rooms and places of resort became daily a crowded levee, where, as he felt their needs, he dispensed spiritual and material healing to those who asked for it. Pecuniary success rained in upon him. Friendships clustered warm around him, yet, strange to say, when everything that makes life pleasant was being lavishly offered him, he electrified us by telling us that he had received commands to depart! Refusing money (the writer is cognizant of sums having been offered him varying from twenty to two hundred dollars, and in one case one thousand dollars,) with the words, "I am a Rosicrucian, and cannot accept money; keep it. All I want will come as I need it;" untwining the daily deepening associations forming to keep him here; putting back fraternal love strong as that of woman's heart—with tears in his eyes, sorrow in his heart, he has gone on a journey of over thirty thousand miles, for two years in strange lands among inhospitable solitudes. And all for an idea!

Let no one hereafter condemn P. B. Randolph. He is a self-sacrificing, grand, moral hero! God bless you, Paschal! And hundreds now, and thousands hereafter, will echo the benediction. You have commenced a work here that is already assured of immortality, and let it comfort you in all your wanderings that through you, "Try," the motto of every Rosicrucian will have a power, a psychological influence never before possessed by word of angel or mortal utterance.

Friend BANNER, there is room and a home here for a thousand thousand Harmonialists, and this is the country to produce the most perfect mental, as it already produces the most splendid physical ability of the world. It is not a good country to invite mediums to who wish to live by exorcise of their mediumship, yet I will except a few. We have many good healing mediums. We want first class test mediums, and a few lecturers of the CRUCIFER STAMP, such as I remember Mrs. Spence to have been several years ago, when last I heard her. Any information I can give to any of your readers proposing to journey hitherward, shall be accorded with pleasure. Hoping that pecuniary and every other desirable success may attend the "Banner," I remain, yours, etc.

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Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1862.

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

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

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Moneys sent at our risk; but where drafts on Boston or New York can be procured, we prefer to have them sent, to avoid loss. No Western Bank Notes, except those of the State Bank of Ohio, State Bank of Iowa, and State Bank of Indiana, are current here, hence our Western subscribers and others who have occasion to remit us funds, are requested to send bills on the above named Banks in case Eastern money cannot be conveniently procured. Canadian bank notes are current here. Postage stamps—ones and threes only—of the new issue, will be received for subscriptions; subscribers will please see none of the other denominations, for they are of no use to us. Subscriptions discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for.

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ALL BUSINESS LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS MUST BE ADDRESS TO: "Banner of Light, Boston, Mass." ISAAC B. RICE, Publisher for the Proprietors.

IN GOOD STANDING.

The business man makes it his special object to stand well with his fellows; success, advancement, credit, all depend upon that. No man knows better than he, what is the actual market value of reputation; no man, therefore, takes greater pains to secure so much of it, of the right sort, too, as will place him on what he esteems a sure foundation, and keep him there.

We have in what is called Society, a standard that is altogether sui generis in respect of merit and manners, and those things. A more conventional, and really baseless standard could not at once be found to which to compel people to conform. We would not run a tilt at it just because it is worthless, but because, being what it is, it is set up as something that embodies the very highest merit. It has unfortunately come to that pass, where, if a person can but appear to be honest and honorable, it is just as well as if he were really so; and growing naturally out of it, where, if he find himself in danger of discovery and disgrace, he makes good his moral deficiency with the additional turpitude of bulliesm and lying. All deceit begets pretension, even if the paternity does not run just the other way; and when a man finds that it is the seeming, rather than the being, that makes him respected and thought valuable, and that he has "let down a stitch," even in his pretensions, and feels the lack he cannot on the instant supply, he takes to lying as naturally as duckslings do to water for the only remedy that is left him in so sore an emergency.

It is not much, after all is said and done, to be considered "in good standing." We of course mean—in good social, and not commercial, standing. Any one can compass it, if he is only willing to make the sacrifice; all he has to do is to conform as closely as he can to the current fashion and estimate, and make himself appear to be something and somebody, whether it is a fact that he is or not. This is the mischief of the matter; that all this reputation business has no solid foundation for itself, but is altogether hollow, baseless, false, and ruinous. And if it is something that a ruined man may secure, what can it be worth to a sound and sweet one?

When Sir Roger de Coverley takes his guest around the hall where hang the portraits of his ancestors, it is excessively gratifying to hear him descend on the character of one of the personages there represented on canvas, which he does in the following strain: "This man," pointing to him I looked at—"I take to be the honor of our House, Sir Humphrey de Coverley; he was in his dealings as punctual as a tradesman, and as generous as a gentleman. He would have thought himself as much undone by breaking his word, as if it were to be followed by bankruptcy. He served his country as Knight of this Shire to his dying day. He found it no easy matter to maintain an integrity in his words and actions, even in things that regarded the offices which were incumbent on him, in the care of his own affairs and relations of life, and therefore dreaded (though he had great talents) to go into employments of State, where he must be exposed to the snares of ambition. Innocence of life and great ability, were the distinguishing parts of his character; the latter, he had often observed, had led to the destruction of the former, and used frequently to lament that Great and Good had not the same signification."

Addison has here drawn a beautiful picture. Few of the men of our time—we much fear—can say that its outline was sketched for them. Were it possible to people our world of a sudden with such characters, it is astonishing what a change would come over the social state; so radical, so thorough, so complete. Instead of politicians who begin with real desires to be servicable to their country, but end with selfish ambition, with obsequy, and outright knavery—we should have men in abundance who were rather sought for than went after place themselves; we should find men determined to keep their honor rather than gain an advantage by the slightest compromise of their honesty; we should have reality and substance placed before semblance and shows, and men would instantly take precedence over things and mere appearances.

Emerson says somewhere, in speaking of the trouble to which fashion is wont to subject its sometimes none too willing followers—remove your residence three or five miles away, and you will be surprised to find how very small is the radius to which its influence is limited. And if any fashion, tyrannical as it is, cannot control all influences within a circle whose radius is but a few miles at furthest, what shall be said of the worth and strength of that man's character who has not the stuff in him to overcome so feeble an obstacle?

In good standing—can be nothing better nor worse, therefore, than acquitted to one's own judgment and conscience continually. It is not every man who stands well, let him think he does or not. Not all, who can absolve themselves to themselves. To do a mean, or dishonest act, and yet feel no stinging accusations concerning it afterward—this is to stand self-disgraced continually, and not to know even one's own loss and deficiency.

The Marthas. Our neighbor of the Springfield Republican gave us an excellent article on this topic, some time since, that abounded with reflections of the justest character. The gist of it was, that the merely attractive and beautiful women of the time were not of one-half the worth of the good and servicable ones, no matter how plain they might be. Now we all know that, without any tugging; and still we are in the practice of running off, better skelter, after the beauties and the belles who are called Marthas, leaving the better Marthas to pine in oblivion and neglect.

The spirit that actuates the Marthas is not well enough understood. They are the salt of the earth. Little parade do they make about their good deeds; they go about their work with quiet gentleness, and you could not persuade them that they had done more than anybody else would have done in performing servile of marked patience, generosity and kindness. Love is the speech of their presence. They do exactly what other people do not do, and allow those others to take the credit for it afterwards. They are always at hand when they are needed, whereas the Marthas happen invariably to be out of the way. They form the ranks of mothers, of nurses, of nice aunts, and of universal benefactors. Looking on the bright side of things themselves, those who come in contact with them insensibly become genial and warm-hearted, too.

The world, especially in its youth and the hey-day of its young blood, is too much in the weak habit of running after the Marthas and letting the Marthas go neglected. Not that the latter care, or seem to care, much about it; but then, it shows up the world to such a decided disadvantage. We run for the soap-bubbles of Marthas, painted all over so prettily, with open arms; and when we stumble and bruise ourselves in our headlong chase, the Marthas are all ready, without any satirical smiles, either, to bind up our wounds and set us on our way rejoicing. What would the world be without the Marthas—the self-denying, the humble, the trustful, the sweet-hearted, the always true Marthas? For ourselves, we consider them the angels of the earth; not exactly as angels in form and feature as the Marthas, but certainly possessed of a better magnetism, fuller of soul, more unwearied in exertion, profuse of self-sacrifices, and holding us all steadily on the way to heaven. Let not their name be forgotten.

"Merrie England."

We have a fancy that Old England must feel in an excessively merry mood, just at this present time. After such a display of anger, after throwing such a storm of threats at us for what she chose to imagine our disposition to insult her, after picking a quarrel with us ever since the rebellion showed itself in the Southern States, after affecting the airs of injured innocence and playing off before the world such pranks as a rogue is always apt to play when he has special designs of his own to subserve—after all this, we say, England has to be brought straight down upon her knees before the civilized world by an act, not less of true magnanimity than of strict international justice, and is actually placed in a position where, if she would wince and snarl, she cannot, and where she is obliged to meet our own generous conduct with equally generous conduct of her own, or else stand in an attitude of disgrace before the civilized world.

We think this will prove itself to be the most difficult posture in which the mother country ever found herself placed; for she is now obliged absolutely to conquer her prejudices, which are a part of her very life, and to act a part of real generosity which the world has a good right to expect at her hands. Russell has belied the character of our people in his scurrilous letters to the London Times, and those letters have had their due effect; it now remains to be seen whether the people of England can in a day, as it were, rise superior to the false influences and passions that have of late so steadily controlled them, and prove their right to say and believe that the American people are no better than "a mob," (as Russell wrote,) who would immediately displace the President and his Cabinet by force, if they dared to give up the persons of Slidell and Mason. Johnny Bull must be in a tight place just now. We never had much faith in his magnanimity, but if he has the least particle of it, the world will wait patiently to see him show it now.

The Free Meetings.

The Committee chosen a few Sabbaths ago to consider the subject of opening the Spiritual meetings at Lyceum Hall free to the public, and to make arrangements, therefor, met last Thursday evening, Jan. 2d, and chose Messrs. D. Farrar, H. F. Gardner, P. E. Gay, Jacob Edson and John Wetherbee, Jr., a committee of five, whose duty it shall be to form a board of management or standing committee of twelve, (thus adding to their number seven names) such as in their judgment will act in the matter, and be satisfactory.

The meeting adjourned, after other unimportant business, to meet again next Monday evening, Jan. 6, at half past seven o'clock, to hear the report of the Committee, and perfect what organization may be necessary.

A sufficient amount has not yet been subscribed to carry these meetings free through the year, but enough is pledged to warrant the belief, that what will be added hereafter, the success of the enterprise is certain.

New Music.

The following sheets of new Music have been received this week from Messrs. Oliver Ditson & Co., No. 217 Washington street, Boston. They are all the publications of this celebrated firm: "A Loving Heart," ballad by Mrs. Blanchard Jerrold. "Delaware, my Delaware," Dedicated to the Delaware Volunteers. Words by Henry W. Draper, Music by John R. Sweny. "Ellen of the Lea," ballad by Stephen Glover. "Massachusetts Boys," Patriotic song and chorus, written by James Otis Sargent. "Battle of Port Royal," a fantasia by Ch. Grobe. "Bell Blair," ballad by E. A. B. "Allendale Waltz," by Lottie M. Wheeler. "Grand Union March on the Potomac," composed for the pianoforte, by A. G. Pickens. "Beauties of La Jolie," (the Jewess) arranged for the piano by James Bellak.

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.

Morals of Trade.

Men are selfish beings, it is said; and so are they noble, too. But perhaps it is through their selfishness that they finally attain to nobleness. Still does a great work for and within us all. Evil is by no means without its good uses and ends.

A writer says, and says with point, that the sadist of the nineteenth century may tell our dishonest men of business that they need care nothing about the means they employ, as long as they are successful in making money. They may lie and cheat as they like, especially if they put on an air of sanctity; if they have plenty of money, they are "substantial men," "men of position," and so forth. And he adds, that, in the most degenerate days of Greece and Rome, we do not read of men writing books to publish to the world their own infamy—boasting of the cleverness and success with which they had imposed habitually for years on their fellow citizens by false representations and the lowest of cunning, and then, after an interval of a year or two, unblushingly resuming the same species of trickery. Even in Nero's time, the finger of scorn would have pointed at the charlatan capable of such baseness, so that he would have lied in vain for the rest of his life, except he shifted the scene of his operations. Now, it is different.

The question in our day is, not what a man is, or has been, but what he has. Let him be a model of all the Christian virtues, he is an insignificant person if he does not possess, or be supposed to possess, a certain amount of gold, or its value. In short, the latter makes the most contemptible liar and swindler an honest man, while the want of it makes the honest man a rogue—the truthful man a liar. It is a sorry picture to draw, but who can deny its likeness? Can it be that we are suddenly, by revolutionary movements, to be made aware of the valuelessness of money by the side of manhood and truth? Is there no other way, and no less destructive way, by which mankind will consent to be taught so simple a truth?

Buckle's History.

A great many small men—preachers and teachers of halting Orthodoxy, all of them—have striven hard to make it appear that Mr. Buckle is no great man in intellectual power, after all, and that his books are only calculated to unsettle human belief and lead to a chaos of conscience and principles. We are glad, however, to find in an independent and able American Review—the National Quarterly—so fair and apt a summing up in favor of the author as is to be read in the following candid paragraph:

"With respect to the tendency of Mr. Buckle's work, an unprejudiced mind can have but one opinion. It is calculated to awaken independent thought, and to diffuse a spirit of scientific inquiry. Written in an easy and elegant style, it will be read with pleasure by many who would not otherwise have the patience to go through with the subjects of which it treats. Thus, grand and startling in its views, impressive and charming in its eloquence, it cannot fail to arouse many a slumbering mind to intellectual effort. Such has its tendency already been, and such it will continue to be. Indeed, with Mr. Buckle's diligence, his honesty, his freedom of thought, his bold outspokenness, his hearty admiration for whatever is good and great in man, the tendency of his work could not well be otherwise. All these are qualities which will be remembered, when his inaccuracies and errors, however great, shall be forgotten. And whatever may be thought about the correctness or incorrectness of Mr. Buckle's opinions, the world cannot be long in coming to the conclusion that his History of Civilization in England is a great and noble book, written by a great and noble man."

This is many and outspoken. We can put faith in a critic who has it in his power to speak like this, for we can thoroughly respect his opinions, even when we radically differ from him. Any man who sits down thoughtfully to the reading of Buckle's two volumes, will be not less pleased with his calmness than astonished at the extent of his learning, the depth of his thought, and the closeness and perseverance of his logic.

"A Happy New Year!"—An Incident.

Last Tuesday evening the second party of the course of Dances given by some of the Spiritualists of Boston, and their friends at Lyceum Hall, called the "Union Sociables." A large company were gathered together, and all were pleased and happy. The night wore on, and graceful limbs abscorted the hours till the dial-point was on the hour of twelve. Something like sixty couples were on the floor, seemingly thoughtless of all save the graceful figures of the many quadrille, when, as by a panic, the music stopped instantly, and many a fair maid and handsome cavalier lifted their eyes inquiringly to the balcony, mutely asking "what had broke." They were not long in suspense. There, with his face wreathed in smiles, which seemed to radiate in a halo around his lofty forehead and handsome head, where the white threads are slowly and carefully replacing the black, stood Dr. GARNEZ, quietly waving his compliments to the dancers below. Said he: "Ladies and gentlemen, I wish you each and all, a Happy New Year!" The Doctor retired; the musicians picked up the thread of their melody where they had laid it down the moment before; the dancers finished their figure in the quadrille. On, on, they danced, till the "wee sma' hours ayont the twal," found the order-list exhausted, and then they put on their things and went home, to steal from the clutches of his Lordship Morpheus, a few hours repose, to give them strength to perform the duties the New Year will impose upon them. It is a New Year pregnant with great events; and more than ever now need we

Be up and doing With a heart for any fate."

Cavour on Napoleon.

The late prime minister of Sardinia once confided to a friend in England his estimate of Louis Napoleon, in something like this style. He did not give the French Emperor credit for quite as much skill in combination as by his reticence he seems to have acquired over Europe; but he thought Louis possessed a marvelous knack for making his plans all obey the natural course of events. In other words, he never ran his head against the stone wall of Fate. He set out in the Presidency, and afterwards in the Emperorship, with certain leading and fixed ideas respecting the welfare of France. Of course he has directed his efforts altogether to the single end of her elevation and growth. But when he found that his course was about to come to a short turn in one direction, he made way for circumstances, and gave them as full play as they demanded. Hence, he checked himself in his career in Sardinia, just at the moment when he was not safe to go further. He is equal to anything of that sort, and hence has complete power over himself, and possesses wisdom. Any man can have eminent success in the world, who will take a hint from Napoleon.

Written for the Banner of Light. HOW SHE CAME.

BY EMMA TUTTLE.

I thought I had Aladdin's lamp, And said, "Oh, Genie, rise! Bring to my home a sunny maid. With soft and loving eyes— With cheeks that dim the rose's blush, And lips that pale the morning's dew."

LIZZIE DOTEN AT LYCEUM HALL, BOSTON, Sunday Evening, December 29, 1861.

In the afternoon, the spirit of John Bunyan spoke through the organism of the medium, giving "The Pilgrim's Progress through the Spirit Land." The allegory commenced with the passage of Christian and Hopeful over the river called Death, and carried them onward to the portals of the Celestial City.

In the evening, the discourse was of a far different character. It was promised that the evening should be devoted to the illustration of a doctrinal subject, adapted especially to the Spiritualists of Boston, but generally to all who bore the name—according to the custom of old Doctors of Divinity, who sat aside certain days to enlarge upon doctrinal points, to the end that belief might be refreshed, and the hearers know what kind of men and women they were.

She made a neat allusion to the BANNER OF LIGHT, the standard of spiritual freedom, gemmed with spiritual truths from all parts of the land, and around which are rallied the liberty and truth-loving souls of every plane of existence, and which indicates to the spiritually wise that Boston is to be the Banner-town—the "hub" of the new light.

The spirits desired from their friends in Boston a New Year's present—a hall, opened to all spirits and mortals, without money or price. The controlling influence closed by saying: "Wishing every one of you a happy New Year, let us be sure that your present will be ready for us next Sunday."

We should like to report this lecture and that of the afternoon in full, but we cannot this week. Both are masterly productions, each in its own class, but as different from each other in style as one can imagine.

The Herring. Few people have any idea of the countless millions of this fish that congregate in the various seas, bays and straits of the world. They see them packed away, heads and tails, in boxes, but that furnishes them with a slight conception of the way they are stowed in the great deep.

The Death of Prince Albert. Has thrown a cloud of gloom over the entire British nation. Just at the very moment when the people and presses of England were rampant for war with the United States, the husband of the Queen was stricken down, and Death visited the royal household.

"The Star of Hope." We have on exhibition at our rooms, 168 Washington street, a large sized Crayon picture of exquisite workmanship—the production of Miss Adelaide E. Sawyer, of this city. The public are invited to call and examine it. It will be sold for \$25. Patrons of the fine arts would do well to make the acquaintance of this talented young lady.

The Banner of Light. Bound Volumes of the BANNER for the year 1860—Vols. 5 and 6—can be procured at this office. Price \$3 each.

Beware how you have dealings with a man taller than yourself; he can always overreach you.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

We detect growlers. They are the worst sort of vermin humanity has to deal with. A growling man or woman, or dog, are on the same plane of mind. There are a variety of growlers. Some are jaundiced-eyed, and all are devils but themselves. It is consequently their "mission" to growl at them. Sometimes through the newspapers, sometimes by letter, and sometimes orally. But this class of growlers soon get "growled out." We are sorry that human nature is so constituted. But so it is. We have ample evidence of the fact. Yet, notwithstanding all the annoyance that comes from the vermin aforesaid, we have learned to pity as well as despise them.

For some unaccountable reason, nothing has been received from our regular New York Reporter this week.

There will be given a Musical Entertainment at 14 Bromfield street, on Tuesday evening, January 7, 1862, by the "Nucleus Quartette Club," consisting of Miss Hattie Stevens and Miss Adams, and Messrs. A. M. Cushing and J. W. Adams. If sufficient encouragement is given, these entertainments will be given once a fortnight through the Winter, of which due notice will be given. Admission ten cents.

Last week we inadvertently understated the price of Leo Miller's lecture on the Great Conflict, for sale at this office. The price is twelve cents a copy.

Bro. F. M. Wheat, of Floyd Co., Iowa, says:—"The cause of Spiritualism has already got quite a footing here, but we have no good mediums as yet developed; and as a general thing, we are all too hard up for money to think of sending East for one to visit us at present. At the same time we know that a first class lecturer would open the eyes of many that now grope their way on in darkness."

The Gardener's Monthly, edited by Thomas Meehan, is on our table. It is one of the most chaste, well-printed and edited journals which we receive, and should be in the hands of every person interested in horticulture, or its kindred branches—fruit and tree growing. It is published by W. G. P. Brinkloe, at No. 23 North Sixth street, Philadelphia, at one dollar a year.

ENGLAND'S DEMAND FOR SLIDELL AND MASON. The Salem Gazette contains the following sharp hit at "John Bull":

Take them and welcome. Old England—the traitors! Though a slave cannot breathe on your boasted free soil, Your arms open wide to receive their oppressors; Should any one hinder, the world you'd embroil!

Take them and welcome. Old England—the traitors! They could not breathe long in our free Northern air! Take with them the scorn of a free-hearted nation— Then put forth another demand, if you dare!

Why is a vain young lady like a confirmed drunkard? Because neither of them is satisfied with the moderate use of the glass.

A general order will make important changes in the uniforms of our troops. Sky blue cloth is to be substituted for dark blue for the pants of officers and privates of the cavalry, artillery, and infantry arms of service. The saving in the cost of indigo will be very great—they say, something like three quarters of a million dollars a year.

THREE GOOD MOVES.—The suspension of Digby Payson by the Banks is a "capital" move, Digby is of the opinion; and that the removal of Slidell and Mason is another good move; and that the removal of the Boston Post Office to its old, time-honored quarters, was the best move of all.

AN INCIDENT.—Mr. Archelus Morrill of Salisbury last week cut up a tree which girded fifteen feet—one limb of the tree girded nine feet. He cut from this tree five cords of wood. But the most remarkable fact is, that Mr. M., who is now 80 years old, planted this tree when a boy, has watched its growth for a period of seventy years, and now, in his old age, when the tree, unable to bear the heavy blasts of winter, is thrown down, he is vigorous enough to use the woodman's axe upon it. Few, indeed, are the records of such an occurrence.—Haverhill Tri-Weekly Publisher.

The cheerful are the busy; when trouble knocks at your door or rings the bell, he will generally retire if you send him word "engaged."

There are melancholy men to whom life is only a dismal swamp, upon whose margin they walk, making signals to death to come and ferry them over the lake.

The oldest house in Boston is the ancient wooden building in Washington street, opposite Milk street, which was built in 1656. Its solid oak timbers, out near the spot, are still sound and in good state of preservation. It was the residence before the revolution; of the Secretary of State, and Gov. Hutchinson.

Orestes A. Brownson has given a new turn to an old idea, in the following style: "We have talked about the sublime courage of dying for our country—of standing up in the ranks to be shot at—to be killed for this glorious cause; but what is needed now is the courage to kill somebody!"

"A man can't help what is done behind his back," as the scamp said when kicked out of doors.

A Clever Trick.—The papers tell the following story of Gen. Schoepff, of Kentucky: "When the General arrived in the neighborhood of London, after the Wildcat fight, he found that Zoll-offer had been levying on Union men for provisions, forage, transportation, &c., and had paid them in Confederate bonds. Imitating an example which the secessionists thought so unexceptionable, General Schoepff commenced levying on the secessionists for similar supplies. In the meantime he assembled the Union men, and, opening an exchange office for their benefit, set at defiance all banking rules by taking Confederate bonds at par, and supplying the Union men with good Ohio and Indiana money in its stead. Then when the secessionists presented their bills, he paid them off, with the utmost politeness, in their own currency! They did not know enough to be thankful for the arrangement, but that was n't his fault."

The following highly interesting nautical information is given by that magazine and receptacle of all kinds of jolly things, the Boston Saturday Evening Gazette: "The Berths on board a ship do not necessarily add to the census. The Hatchways are not berths' nests. Puggilists are not engaged to box the compass. The Boatwain does not pipe all hands with a meerschaum. The Bracons are not suspended. The Deck is not a pack of cards. The men are not Beat to Quarters with a club. The Bow of a ship is no evidence of its politeness."

Reported for the Banner of Light. BOSTON SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE, WEDNESDAY EVENING, JANUARY 1, 1862.

Question.—Insanity. DR. CHENEY.—Spiritualism has dealt with insanity, and does deal with it, as no philosophy or religion has ever done. It has, or will, recognize insanity as real spiritual manifestations, though generally broken, absurd, unintelligible and confused. In passing over the dividing line between material and spiritual perceptions there is of necessity a most mysterious and inexplicable manifestation of what conservatism does call, and may justly call, insanity. It has heretofore been thought that all that digresses from consistency in materialism, may be said to border upon insanity—I mean insanity viewed as being an evil. In Spiritualism we learn that many of its devotees are, purely from being such, called insane, and by the standard of material philosophy, are justly called so. One who takes a Spiritual view of these devotees, cannot but say that their insanity is an evil in the sense that insanity has been viewed, for a use and beauty, by Spiritual eyes, is discovered therein. The marked cases of insanity in Spiritualism, lead the reasoning man to a different view from that heretofore taken of insanity—and he asks, is not all insanity but the effect of a transition of perception from material things that have limits, and are defined, to spiritual things that have no limits, and are not defined? And it is thus that the thinking, reasoning spirit-loving man, is brought to take a new view of what has ever been considered a terrible affliction of humanity, called insanity. Spiritualism extends a more lenient and kinder hand to a criminal man than does the civil authorities, or than does the Church, for the reason that every criminal is as truly insane as are all the inmates of a crazy house. All mistakes that come of the wreck and ruin caused by injudicious and malignant human acts, Spiritualism treats with kindness and forgiveness for the reason that the actors are what material perception call insane men and women. I thank God that Spiritualism has opened a new perception with which to view the insane actions of men, and all the physical causes flowing therefrom; for in this direction Spiritualism will lead us to the lovely, amiable virtue of charity—Charity for the wicked and overdone actions of men that are ever the offspring of insanity in this family of human beings on the earth.

Mr. WETHERBER.—This question has been commented on thus far generally, that all the world is insane in a degree, every face on the right hand and on the left, covers a mind more or less under a partial eclipse, and I do not doubt the fact; it is very near the truth from one standpoint—namely, it is every one would suppose. But I have no reflection to make upon poor human nature, from which exhalates so much that is Godlike, as well as the reverse, from out of this boiling, bubbling, hissing cauldron of humanity. I am rather inclined to take a look at insanity in more specific character—where the individual loses the consciousness of his identity. Is there any evil a man can conceive of so dire and dreadful as this? Take the thought home; you and I now realize our existence, our self-hood, our relations, and our surroundings. By disease, by hereditary influence, perhaps the over-taxing our powers, some calamity, an experience of religion, or loss of wealth, and our mind is a wreck. I can conceive nothing comparable with it as a misfortune.

Any provisions made to cure, to ameliorate, or to restore such afflicted ones, or to prevent the evil, I hail with pleasure. It is some of the sunlight of God shining through the chinks of humanity. And we who believe in modern Spiritualism, that the air is full of spirits, that thousands of beings surround when we are most alone, to quote from Milton, what I subscribe to, and more, too:

Not think, though men be none, That heaven would want spectators—God want praise. Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth Unseen, both when we sleep and when we wake. All these, with ceaseless voices, His works behold, Both night and day."

And of all these, once with us, some may have been insane. And it appears to me all such souls went out in night, before the King of Terrors knocked at their door, when they wake up in the better land, must feel with a peculiar interest in these darkened ones, and it may be the interest now taken in them, and increasing so apparent and practical in this age, is the angel voices from that better land whispering in our hearts, and thus cooperating with us.

As there is a growing idea that insanity is obsession—the thought is a suggestive one—it is said by some conversant with this class that all cases of delirium tremens, and most of other kinds, is obsession by spirits. As for myself, I am confident some are, as I am that the sun is the source of light and heat to the bodies in the solar system. Many of the details of cases would prove this. What I have said does not contradict my former remarks. In a broad sense all are slightly angular from the perpendicular; but I have now been talking in the narrow sense—insanity in its special significations.

MR. CHENEY.—I assume as a basis, that while the spirit dwells in the form, there can be no mind independent of the brain. The spirit may pervade all parts of the human form, but the mind is a manifestation of the brain only. A sailor, wounded in the battle of the Nile, in consequence of his skull being fractured, remained unconscious for thirteen months, but was instantly restored to consciousness, spoke, and concluded a sentence which he had commenced, when wounded—the moment the surgeon removed the pressure from the brain. All this time the mind had been a blank—it had been like a music box, stopped in the middle of a tune, but if started thirteen months afterwards, would commence precisely where it stopped, and conclude the tune. Numerous cases might be cited, proving that even a slight pressure upon the brain suspends all action of the mind, notwithstanding no function of physical life is impaired; but I must not occupy my time by referring to them.

From these premises I deduce that the mind is deranged, only through the action of the brain. Hence, numerous and almost numberless are the causes which produce insanity. From the strong sympathy existing between the stomach and the brain, a diseased action of the former often produces insanity. Overloading the stomach, or long fasting, tend to the production of insanity. Unwholesome diet, alcoholic and other deleterious stimulants, have that tendency. Sometimes insanity results from a violent shock to the nervous system, (of which the brain constitutes an important part) sometimes from overtaxing the brain, sometimes it is hereditary, etc., etc. Insanity is very common in cases of high fever, which is explainable in this wise: The pores being closed, the perspirable matter falls back into the circulation; nature then tries to relieve herself of this enemy to health by an increased action of the heart and arteries; thus the blood is pumped to the brain faster than the capillaries and veins return it, leaving a constant pressure upon the brain, and producing insanity just as long as this pressure continues.

It seems to me that insanity is a quickening of some of the faculties, and a corresponding weakening of others. This appears to be in harmony with a law of nature, always tending to maintain the equilibrium, making amends for withholding her gifts in one department, by bestowing more bountifully in another. Thus we frequently observe in the insane a degree of shrewdness and intelligence in some directions, far surpassing any manifestation of the intellect in their normal state. So, too, in cases of somnambulism—many of the mental faculties are greatly quickened. I make a distinction between insanity and spiritual manifestations, and place somnambulism as the connecting link between the two. Yet I believe there are many cases of obsession which physicians call insanity, and that there are others wherein the mind becomes partially deranged, and these rendered receptive to spirit-influence, when some mischievous spirit, finding the door ajar, walks

into the temple, overturns the tottering reason, and drives the intellectual machinery according to his own whimsical caprices. To me this is the most interesting and important subject we have ever discussed. By making ourselves familiar with the causes and cure for insanity, we may not only do much toward alleviating the anguish of the unfortunate insane but be enabled to guard ourselves and our friends against the insidious approaches of the destroyer of human reason. It has not been long since the insane were treated more like criminals than objects of sympathy, and even now I believe that much remains to be learned and practised in their behalf, which can come only through the channels of kindness and love."

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. When sent by mail, 10 cents additional for postage.

The Spiritual Reformer. 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. When sent by mail, 10 cents additional for postage.

The Arcana of Nature. This volume, by Hudson Tuttle, 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.

America Steel Pens. We have been using these pens for some time, and find they are not only better, but cheaper than foreign manufacture. We also learn that Snow's Pens have been adopted by the Board of Education of the City of New York. All persons who want good pens at low prices, will consult their own interest by addressing a line to J. P. Snow, Hartford, Conn., or 335 Broadway, New York, and getting terms, prices, &c. By enclosing \$1, you will get one hundred and forty-four samples, by return of mail.

A Child's Book. Scripture Illustrated by Moral and Religious Stories for Little Children. By Mrs. L. M. Willis. Mrs. Willis's pen has frequently added attractions to our columns, and she is well known to the little ones, and to all who love them. This volume of 64 pages, contains twelve stories and poems, alternately, and is a beautiful little gift book for the young. It is especially adapted for the use of spiritual and liberal Sunday Schools. For sale at the Banner of Light office. Price 10 cents.

AMUSEMENTS IN BOSTON.

BOSTON MUSEUM.—Tremont, between Court & School streets. Admission 25 cents; Orchestra and Reserved seats, 50 cents. Performance commences on the evening of 7 1/2 o'clock, and Wednesday and Saturday afternoons at 3 o'clock. AQUARIUM AND ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.—Central Court. Living Whales, Animals, Reptiles, &c. Open from 9 A. M. to 10 P. M. Admission 25 cents; Children under 10 years, 10 cents. MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL AND TROWBRIDGE'S OPERA HOUSE.—Nearly opposite the Old South Church. Tickets, 25 cents.

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.

MRS. M. W. HERRICK, Clairvoyant and Trance Medium at No. 17, North Street. Hours from 9 to 12 and 2 to 6; Wednesdays excepted. Terms, \$1. 8m Jan. 11.

History of the Council of Nice. A World's Convention, A. D. 325. By Dean Dudley, Attorney at Law and Member of various Historical Societies. This valuable book, bound in cloth, is for sale at this office. Price seventy-five cents. When ordered by mail, fifteen cents must be added to prepay postage.

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 Strawberry vines. 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 \$20 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 cottage lots, of from one to five acres, from \$50 to \$200 each. Also, Tract No. 16, Two beautiful, improved places, for sale, on a fine lake of pure spring water, with vineyard, fruit, &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. R. J. BYRNES, Hammonton, Atlantic Co., N. J., Jan. 1862. 5w Jan 4.

WANTED.—BY MRS. J. H. CONANT.—One or a suit of black cloth, near this office. The charges must be moderate, and the pay will be prompt. For full particulars inquire at this office, or of Mr. J. H. Conant, at White Brothers, 88 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. Dr. F. also examines disease and prescribes by a lock of hair, terms, \$1.—In each case two 3 cent postage stamps must be enclosed. References can be given from persons of high standing, in Boston and vicinity, who have received great benefit by means of his magnetic powers. Medical consultation free. Office hours from 2 to 6 P. M. Nov. 9. 8m

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New Books. A B C OF LIFE. BY A. B. CHILD, M. D. AUTHOR OF "WHATSOEVER IS, IS RIGHT," &c. IS NOW READY, and will be sent, post-paid, to any part of the country for 25 cents. This book, of three hundred pages, 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, 168 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. Single copies 12 cents; ten copies \$1, mailed free; one hundred copies \$8. All orders addressed to B. L. MARRIS, 14 Bromfield st., Boston, BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, or ROSS & TOUSEY, 121 Nassau street, New York, will be promptly supplied. Dec. 28.

English Works on Spiritualism. THE NIGHT-SIDE OF NATURE; OR, GHOSTS AND GHOSTSTORIES. By Catherine Jones. For sale at the Banner of Light Office. Price 80 cents. LIGHT IN THE VALLEY. MY EXPERIENCES IN SPIRITUALISM. By Mrs. Newton Crossland. Illustrated with about twenty plain and colored engravings. For sale at the Banner of Light Office. Price \$1.30. Dec. 21.

EVERY ONE'S BOOK. JUST WHAT IS NEEDED IN THESE TIMES! A New Book by Andrew Jackson Davis! THE HARBINGER OF HEALTH! CONTAINING MEDICAL PRESCRIPTIONS FOR THE Human Body and Mind. BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS. How to repel disease, regain health, live as one ought, treat disease of every conceivable kind, recuperate the energies, recruit the worn and exhausted system, go through the world with the least wear and tear and in the truest conditions of harmony—this is what is distinctly taught in this volume, both by prescriptions and principles. There are no cures of disease which its directions and rules do not reach. All climates, and all states of the climate come equally within its range. Those who have known the former volumes of the author, will be rejoiced to know that in the latest one Mr. Davis REACHES THE WHOLE RACE, and is freely lending himself to a work of the largest value to the human family. It should be in the hands of every Man and Woman, for all are as much interested in its success as they are in their own health and happiness. Here is the PLAIN ROAD TO BORN! A handsome 12mo., of 432 pages. Price only \$1. Single copies mailed free on receipt of price. For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, Boston, Mass. Nov. 23.

JUST PUBLISHED. "AMERICA AND HER DESTINY," AN INSPIRATIONAL DISCOURSE, given extemporaneously at Davenport's Hall, New York, on Sunday Evening, Aug. 25, 1861, before EMMA HARRINGE, by THE SPIRITS. Price, \$3 per hundred, or 5 cents single copy; when sent by mail, one cent additional. Just published and for sale wholesale and retail at the Banner of Light office, 168 Washington street. If Nov. 2.

A NEW BOOK. An extraordinary book has made its appearance, published at Indianapolis, Ind. The following is the title: AN EYE-OPENER; OR, CATHOLICISM UNMASKED. BY A CATHOLIC PRIEST. Containing—"Doubts of Infidels," embodying thirty important Questions to the Clergy; also, forty Choice Questions to the Doctors of Divinity; by ZEPH; a Curious and interesting work, entitled, L. B. L. and much other matter, both amusing and instructive. This book will cause a greater excitement than anything of the kind ever printed in the English language. When the "Eye-Opener" first appeared, its effects were so unprecedentedly electric and astounding, that the Clergy, in consultation, proposed buying the copyright and first edition for the purpose of suppressing this extraordinary production. The work was finally submitted to the Rev. Mr. West, for his opinion, who returned for answer, that the Book submitted for his examination, threatened, it was true, the demolition of all creeds, nevertheless, in his opinion, nothing would be gained by its suppression. Said he, let truth and error grapple. The "Eye-Opener" should be in the hands of all who desire to think for themselves. Price, 40 cents, postpaid. The trade furnished on liberal terms. For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, No. 128 Washington st., Boston. If Sept. 14.

Essays on Various Subjects. INTENDED to elucidate the Causes of the Changes coming upon all the Earth at the present time; and the Nature of the Calamities that are so rapidly approaching, &c. by Joshua, Quiver, Franklin, Washington, Paine, &c. given through a lady, who wrote "Communications," and "Farther Communications from the World of Spirits." Price 50 cents, paper. When sent by mail 10 cents in addition for postage.

Further Communications from the World of Spirits, an subjects highly important to the human family, by Joshua, Solomon and others, given through a lady. Price 60 cents in cloth—10 cents addition for postage, when sent by mail. The Rights of Man, by George Fox, given through a lady. Price 6 cents. The above works are for sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, No. 128 Washington street, Boston, Mass. Oct. 5.

"WHATSOEVER IS, IS RIGHT" VINDICATED. BY A. P. MCGOWEN, A Pamphlet of twenty-four pages, containing clear and lucid arguments in support of the ALL RIGHTS doctrine, and a perfect overthrow of the claims in opposition to this doctrine as set forth by Cynthia Temple, in a pamphlet entitled, "If It is n't ALL RIGHTS." For sale at the Banner of Light Office, 168 Washington st., Boston. Price, 10 cents. If Sept. 14.

BOOKSELLERS' AND NEWS-VENDEES' AGENCY. ROSS & TOUSEY, 121 Nassau Street, New York, General Agents for the BANNER OF LIGHT. Would respectfully invite the attention of Bookellers, Dealers in Cheap Publications, and Periodicals, to their unequalled facilities for packing and forwarding everything in their line to all parts of the Union, with the utmost promptitude and dispatch. Orders solicited.

JUST PUBLISHED, SECOND EDITION OF FALSE AND TRUE MARRIAGE, BY MRS. H. F. BROWN, with the addition of "Mrs. Durney's Letter." Price, 10 cents, post paid, \$8 per hundred. All orders should be sent to H. F. BROWN, Cleveland, Ohio. Oct. 10. 8m

A BEAUTIFUL LITTLE MICROSCOPE, MAGNIFYING objects 500 times, will be mailed to any address on the receipt of 25 CENTS in silver, and one red stamp. Five of different powers, sent free of postage, for \$1.00. Address F. BOWEN, lock box 250, Boston, Mass. Dec. 21.

ORGAN FOR SALE. SUITABLE for a small church, vestry, hall or parlor, in good order, and will be sold low. Inquire at Phipps's, 244 Washington street, where it can be seen. If July 27.

The Messenger.

Each message in this department of the BANNER we claim to be spoken by the spirits whose name it bears, through the medium of H. CONWAY, while in a condition called the Trance. They are not purporting to be communications from spirits, but of spirits in communication to those friends who may recognize them.

We hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earth life to the beyond, and to do away with the erroneous idea that they are more than spirits here. We believe the public should know of the spirit-world as it is—should learn that there is evil as well as good in it.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns, that does not comport with his reason. Each expresses so much of truth as he perceives—no more.

Our Circles.—The circles at which these communications are given, are held at the Bazaar or Lecture Office, No. 128 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 3 (upstairs) every Monday, Tuesday and Thursday afternoon, and are free to the public. The doors are closed precisely at three o'clock, and none are admitted after that time.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

- The communications given by the following named spirits will be published in regular course:
Monday, Nov. 12.—Invocation: "Visitation of Law"
"Daash and Immortality." George Vail, Charlestown, Mass.;
Horace Plaford, Walker street, New York; Allen Keating, Fall River, Mass.; Mary Murphy, Cross street, Boston.
Tuesday, Nov. 13.—Invocation: "Moral Diseases." Frank Garmon, actor; Dr. John Thayer, Dehlmam, N. B.; Amelia Davis, St. Charles, Texas; Hiram Dudley, New York City; Andrew C. Lincoln.
Wednesday, Nov. 14.—Invocation: "Why are Spirits unable to manifest before the Professors of Harvard College and their friends?" Andrew M. Murray, Halifax, N. B.; Mendham Javru, Portsmouth, N. H.; Francis Cecilia Babbitt, New Haven, Conn.
Thursday, Nov. 15.—Invocation: "The Redemption of Souls from the desire for Stimulants." William M. Coates, C. B. A. Gaston, Greensboro' Co., Ala.; John Lee Taunton Inman Asylum; George Barnard; Eva S. Walker, Salem, Mass.; "Lily."
Friday, Nov. 16.—Invocation: "Development of Animals and of Man." Thomas P. Hopewell, Benningville, Ohio; William T. Sava, New York City; Mary Jane Loveloy, Concord, N. H.; Jonathan Laid.
Saturday, Nov. 17.—Invocation: "Joy in Hell." Friedrich, to a friend in Dehlmam; Matilda Mason, Lunenburg, Pa.; James Flynn, New York; Geo. M. Midwell; Archibald de Witt, to his son.
Sunday, Dec. 2.—Invocation: "First Manifestation of God to Man's Physical Senses." Geo. W. McFarland, Trenton, N. J.; Henry Wright; Charlotte K. Tapley, Brookfield, N. Y.; Lily Knix.
Tuesday, Dec. 4.—Invocation: "Is the Progress of the Spirit immediate or is it by distinct degrees?" "Will Electricity ever be used in the movement of large material Machines?" Reuben Price, Johnson, Vt.; Patrick Smith, New York; Charles Pettes Anderson, Georgetown, D. C.; Maria, to Louise Moore.
Thursday, Dec. 6.—Invocation: "What is a Miracle?" Herr Schrader, New York; Elizabeth Martin, to her father; Herbert Langdon, Chinojake City, N. J.; Lizzy Porter.
Monday, Dec. 9.—Invocation: "Was there ever a Universal Deluge?" John B. Rogers, Boston; John M. Johnson, Digloss, to her mother, Frances Tyler; John M. Whitmore, Cambridge; Isaac T. Hopper (published in No. 13).
Tuesday, Dec. 10.—Invocation: "What is Life?" "Is Consciousness an Emerging Guide?" Samuel T. Jacob, Oberlin, Mich.; Hannah Conolly, New York; Patrick O'Brien, Dublin, Ireland; James Morgan, to Margaret Ellsworth; Wm. Stone, to his wife.
Thursday, Dec. 12.—Invocation: "The purport of the messages from England." Theodore Jackson; Catherine Perkins; Joseph Wilsey; Nelly Otison.
Friday, Dec. 13.—Invocation: "The Celebration of Christmas." Dennis Sullivan; Rhoda Watson; George S. Moore, Catoville, Indiana (printed in No. 13); Alice Maria Buckley.
Saturday, Dec. 14.—Invocation: "Do the Spirits come as the call of mortals." Leander B. Rice, to his mother; Peter Sears; Mary Ann Powers; Harriet Sewell; Capt. Israel Hill.
Monday, Dec. 17.—Invocation: "Is the Soul's Progression Endless?" William Watson; Elizabeth Perkins; Freddy Davis; Josiah Copeland.
Tuesday, Dec. 18.—Dr. Wm. Clark, Boston (printed in No. 16); Catherine Boyce, Princeton, N. B.; Charles P. Young, San Francisco, Cal.; Thomas Gould, Orleans, Mass.

Dr. William Clark.

"Will the spirits give us the true method of cure in cases of eruptive fever?"

This question the attendant spirits of this circle have this day received from one of the disciples of Esculapius—one who is, at all events, in all material points, thoroughly antagonistic to the new found light that is being shed this hour upon the earth. We care not how many intelligent minds on earth or in worldly degrees of life, declare that they do not believe in the existence of the spiritual plane. They may declare they have no belief in the communion of disembodied spirits, but to us it is only a declaration from the external. There is something in the temple of each nature that declares a probing or real belief in Modern Spiritualism. According to the material standard of life, we will say that our gall brother who has questioned us at this time, has no belief in Modern Spiritualism.

He asks this question when alone, as he supposes—alone; and he says, while communing with his own thoughts, "If the desire of my soul is answered at yonder assemblage of spirits and mortals, I will believe." Here seems to be a contradiction between the internal and the external. He sends his question to this assembly of spirits and mortals, and desires it to be answered by them. Does this desire come from the external or the internal nature of our brother? For the time being it seems to us he has laid aside the external, and come to us in the spirit of truth and simplicity.

But to the question: "Can the spirits give us the true method of cure in case of eruptive fever?"

In answering this question, we can only give that which seems the greatest truth to us. There are as many degrees of truth as there are degrees of mind. Each and all are acceptable to God—none are excluded. I have my truth; the friend questioning has his. So has each individual mind. Now, then, he is to understand that I, as an individual, give that which is the truth to me. If it satisfies him, it is well; if not, it is equally as well.

The old mode of treating cases of eruptive fever is fast falling into disrepute, because the spirit-land is being too rapidly peopled by those who have been sent forward because of ignorance of true remedies on the part of the medical faculty. We know our brother, though very closely to the old. He believes, honestly, too, that the old truth has served the races well in the past, and he does not know of any new thing that will serve it as well; therefore he says, I am satisfied there is truth in the old theories, and I am resolved to comply with them. All right, good brother—do so; but when satisfied that there is something better, study it in the name of truth, and you do well.

It may be well to state here that our good brother has at the present time two severe cases of eruptive fever, and he has a fear that their spirits will pass from their mortal bodies while under his treatment. He desires extremely to save them. He says, when alone with his own spirit: "I have tried all the remedies I know of, and they have all proved good for nothing in these two cases;" and while he stands thus folded around with the mantle of death, he sees coming before him only that which he has tried, and which has proved unsatisfactory to him, because he does not see that he has acted contrary to nature in the treatment of his patients. Now nature has offered him a solution to the mystery before him, and which will produce the desired result if he will but follow it. There are in the future glorious views of the boons man must yet receive from the hand of the angel-messengers. They were veiled from our eyes, but now are plain to the favored sight—and in particular one that we have to give you, that will apply to the cases in question.

Purgings, low diet, and poison that may and may not prove adequate to the disease, which is itself a poison, introduced into the system, have been the method of medical practice in the past; but the present has a more pleasing view, and a more natural method of cure.

We recommend that our questioner, in the first place, should subject entirely, with warm water, that they are well-manipulated with the hands of some one who has been a victim to but recovered from the same disease. The patients should be kept in a warm room, with about seventy-five degrees of temperature. After this, prepare some nourishing food for them, for this is one of Nature's remedies. The old forms of treatment deprive the body of nourishment, and expect it to live, at the same time. Now, the material forces need assistance to regain their life healthy action, which cannot be

gained unless the body is the recipient of a proper amount of nourishment. Begin with well-boiled rice, or oat-meal, or rye-meal pudding, or mullein broth made very plain. Give this to the subject in quantities from a tablespoonful up to a tumbler full containing half a pint. Never fear, our questioner, for Nature demands these remedies, and we know they can be applied with no detriment to the weakened system.

After that, if the tendency is not too great to the brain, give to the patient from a teaspoonful to a wineglassful of Santa Cruz Rum. Do not fear to do it. If you have let the mortal fires burn so low by the use of your medicines, we know of no better stimulant to keep up a healthy action. Do not forget to keep the room as dark as possible. Negative conditions are required. Light is positive, and so is the atmosphere, and you will be careful to admit no more of either than is necessary. The patient should be kept warm—the thermometer being at about seventy to seventy-five degrees—neither below nor above. Observe these simple conditions of heat, and other surroundings, as we have stated, and your patients are saved. Neglect those, and they come to us.

We would here add, that the advice which is designed for these two cases, may answer for the million; and where there are thousands who now enter the spirit-world through the agency of such diseases, there need be only hundreds, at most. If you would always act in harmony with Nature, in the administration of remedial agents, fewer lives would be sacrificed by disease, and the actual pain of disease be greatly lessened.

My good brother may ask who has answered his questions. Tell him Dr. William Clark, formerly of Boston, has responded to his call to-day, and stands ready to answer any other questions he may feel like asking. We trust, in this, he will be at least honest and true with his own soul, if not with us.

Invocation.

Oh, thou glorious life of the world, who breathest in the soft evening zephyrs, and in the terrific tornado—who art everywhere moving upon the waters of Eternity, and in whom is all wisdom embodied—thou who art our Father and our Mother, and who ever regardest us with a fond parent's care; we come at this time in at the portals of thy holy temple. Oh, our Father again we beseech of thee to bless us, and not only us, but all spirit in the flesh. Oh Lord our God, we behold thee ruling among thy children everywhere, and we feel the consciousness of thy loving presence in every phenomenon of Nature and manifestation of life. And oh, Father, for the great blessing of modern days, we thank thee, and in behalf of those who are still in the confines of creeds, do we thank thee for the glorious future of freedom awaiting them. Oh, our Father, for all the blessings of the past, present, and great eternal future, we lift up our spirits in praise and thanksgiving unto thee. Nov. 11.

Forgetfulness—Remorse—Fear.

Have the friends a question to propose to us? If so, we are ready to hear and answer.

"Does the spirit in its higher condition forget the circumstances of a former or lower condition—lose the memory of its former state?"

Memory, with the spirit, is eternal. The spirit of man may fly ever so high, may go far beyond the scenes of humanity; but however high the spirit soars, it forever retains a memory of all the past. There may be times when the scenes of the present may obscure those of the past, but they can never sweep the past from memory's receptacle; and under certain conditions it is re-illumined to the gaze of the soul. Nothing can wash it out, or make it less than it was in the beginning. Memory is Eternal, as the great author of Memory is Eternal.

"Is Remorse to be endless, then?"

The Memory of Remorse is to be Eternal, but when that condition of the mind which is equivalent to Hell, has accomplished its work of purification the spirit of Remorse will pass away, for it is not immortal—not eternal.

A friend from one of the sister States desires to know something concerning the record of Ananias and Sapphira; desires to know if it is indeed true that sudden death visited them in consequence of their telling lies?

We must here say that the record is entirely false—that no such event ever took place—that they are disposed to disbelieve that these persons died in consequence of telling an untruth, the death of the human never being, according to Divine Providence, the result of a lie, imposition, or whatever you may choose to term it. The record informs us that those two persons not only lied to man, but to God. It was a sin committed against the Holy Ghost, and as such, the thought struck terror to their souls. Now, that these persons might have passed on, or died, through the agency of Fear, we do not doubt. We are aware that it might have occurred from this cause, for there are many such instances upon modern record, and no doubt, many such are known to some of you. But if our friend believes that God himself stepped out of the natural course of his law, and by means of a Divine Providence deprived Ananias and Sapphira of earthly existence, and deprived them of their immortality, in consequence of their deception, he is greatly mistaken. We desire here to state that we do not doubt the record of the sudden demise, but question the cause of the event as therein stated. Many travelers have stranded upon this rock. But the time is come when hidden things are made plain, and the mysterious things of the past are read and interpreted under the light of a newer power, and subtler wisdom. The laws of God have changed not, but are the same now as they were in the Apostolic age. Those two persons, if they died at all, as represented, gave up their mortality, not because God smote them for their falsehood, but through the influence of fear.

Bill Sewall.

Humph! If God should strike everybody dead that's guilty of lying, I reckon he'd have his hands full about all the time. That's my way of thinking.

My name is Bill Sewall. In the first place, I hailed from Bradford, Vermont—that is, I was born there; but the last place I hailed from was Brownsville, Missouri. I lived there, but did not die there. I'm in a sort of a do-it-know state. I can tell the truth, but do not know how to dress it up very well. Some folks can dress up what they say, and make it sound very well; but I can't.

Well, stranger, I am here to get a chance to square up things, if I can. I don't like this way of dressing up a fellow, but I suppose I must put up with things I don't like, hain't I? Well, I can't spread, that's the amount of it. This medium seems too small for me. I hardly know myself. I am myself inside, but somebody else outside.

I want to send a word to a brother of mine, if I can. I'm Union—I want you to remember that! I don't want you to class me with the cursed rebels—for I ain't one of 'em. I am Union—ever sir, and I belonged to the Second Indiana Regiment. I was a private in Capt. Phillips's company, and I was killed—killed in a private brush of my own, with a—d—d rascal. I ventured a little too far from the quarters, and got surprised and killed.

Now I don't want my brother Ben to come to me yet; and if I can warn him, I will. In the first place, I want him to stop drinking whiskey. I should have been a good deal better off, and I should not have been here now but for whiskey. I hadn't been right for two or three days, and if I had not been too drunk, I should not have gone off and got killed. I'm hard enough off on account of it; but I want Ben to know what the matter was. Write it down, stranger, and if he or my wife Eliza wants to know how I happened to be killed when I was, tell them whiskey did it—was just what did it. It's no use trying to keep the truth out of sight.

Another thing: I want my brother to fix up all my business matters and other traps right and straight as he can, for the good of my wife and little ones. He's somewhere in Indiana—somewhere. I do not know where. Send my letter to her, and tell her to

send it to my brother. She can find out where he is. All you have got to do is tell her to send it to him. I've got money, but can't get it. I'd give a good deal to be cured of drinking—that is, if I was always going to want and never get it.

I'd give my note, but who the hell would take it? You will? Well, then, I'll give you as many as you want. I would not object to a glass of whiskey, now. Will you send that to Eliza Sewall, Brownsville, Mo.? How about this erysipelas I had before I died? I thought I had got rid of it when I died. Do I feel because I think of it? Well, I'll be pretty sure not to think of it again, then. Well stranger, I'm going now. Nov. 11.

Mariam Lester.

It's been a dreary way to me—dreary, because I know not how fortunate I shall be when I arrive at the end of my journey. I have been here some three years, striving to return; but when I thought of success, something would take place to prevent my coming. I promised, if this Spiritual religion be true, to return within three months after my death. I thought I could do so, but I found so many obstacles in the way, that months unfolded into years; and this is the first time I have controlled a mortal body since I lost my own.

My name was Mariam Lester. I died on Oak street, Philadelphia. If the friends I promised to return to are not weary with watching, I shall now be glad to do all I may be able to, to convince them of the truth of the new light.

I was twenty-one years of age. I had one sister and two brothers. My mother passed to the spirit-world when I was about eleven years of age. My father has entered the new life since I left him.

I will now my delay in coming will make it all the harder for me to find entrance to the hearts of those I loved on earth, but I feel disposed to try and do all I can to convince my friends of the reality of spiritual communication.

There are some incidents that may serve to identify me to my friends. A few hours before death, I asked my sister to read Christ's Sermon on the Mount to me. She commenced it, but was so overcome with sorrow, that she was obliged to desist. But some one else, whom I had not seen, finished the chapter, in a very clear, distinct voice. I desire to convince my sister that the chapter was finished by one of my guardian spirits.

Circumstances led me to believe there was truth in modern Spiritualism; consequently I promised to return, if it was true, within three months, bringing them knowledge they never had found in all their researches through the Scriptures and the Church. I was unable to fulfill my promise, and my friends may deny me a hearing. But I would say to my brothers and sisters, that the spirit world is not as they suppose it is. In many respects I am strangely and happily disappointed. I would ask for the privilege of giving to them privately many things it is impossible for me to give here.

I have seen my mother since I came here. She is far in advance of me, having been in the spirit-life many more years. She died when I was eleven years old. She comes to me, but I do not know that I can go to her. Perhaps I can, but I never made the effort, my thoughts being so much upon the earth, and the memory of my loved ones being ever uppermost.

Circumstances connected with my father's death are such as prevent his returning immediately. We do not always count the impediments when we make our promises to return. Nov. 11.

Horace Cameron.

Surely, surely may you ask of death where are the terrors that were once his, and where is the victory of the grave. I should like to know. It seems to me the grave claims only that which belongs to it, and it is only the entrance door into a kingdom where men truly live.

This is the first time I have used a mortal body since death. My name was Horace Cameron, of Queenstown, Penn. This spiritual light was shown me before death. I received certain messages from friends in the spirit-world, that called my attention to the subject and interested me in it. Before I died, I promised to come to this place and give my name and age—which was fifty-one—my place of residence, manner of death, term of sickness, etc. I suppose my disease was dropsy of the chest. I was sick something like four months, and died suddenly, while sitting in my chair. I only give this that I may be identified, to my friends. I must express a desire to come into closer communication with my friends. Let them put themselves in a condition that I may approach them, and I'll do all I may be able to convince them of the return of spirits and of an immortality beyond the grave. Farewell, sir. Nov. 11.

An Invalid of Twenty-five Years Standing, Cured in Six Days.

EDITOR BANNER OF LIGHT.—For a period of more than twenty-five years I had been an invalid. Some twenty-eight years ago, a small tumor, resembling an ordinary "push ball," appeared on my body near the base of the spinal column. In three years' time it had attained to the size of a pigeon's egg, and began to cause me some alarm. I consulted several physicians, those who were considered as standing in the front ranks of the medical profession, and to whom the faculty looked for the highest expression of medical skill; but I was told by them that the removal of the tumor would endanger my life. For a period of twenty-five years after this time, it kept gradually increasing in bulk and elongation, until the first of July, 1860, when it had attained to a size of about seven inches in length, and ten in circumference. The peculiar location of the tumor rendered it exceedingly uncomfortable. It prevented my sitting or riding. During the twenty-five years, my health gradually failed, ultimately becoming very poor. I was about my business most of the time, but with very little comfort to myself. In my distress I sometimes thought I would remove the tumor myself in some desperate manner, but was dissuaded from the attempt through fear of the consequences.

During the July of 1860, I applied to Dr. Charles Main. I had no faith in Spiritualism, but I had heard of so many cures performed by him on parties with whom I was intimately acquainted, that I could not doubt his skill. I was astonished at the complete accuracy with which he translated my feelings and located the disease. He describes the protrusion as being a soft tumor, comprising a collection or concentration of humors drawn from the system. This he said could be removed under his care, with no risk to my life, while my health subsequently would be greatly improved. I received a little preliminary treatment from him at first, which helped me very much, and the doctor's assurances that the tumor could be successfully removed, were of so positive a character—involving the forfeiture of hundreds of dollars in the event of failure—that I went to his house, at No. 7 Davis street, for the purpose of having the operation performed. On the third day I left the house in a carriage, a comparatively well man. At the end of six days I was about my business, entirely cured, and with hardly a scar to mark the place where the tumor had formerly been located. The sensation of relief which I experienced, it is impossible to describe. A period of fifteen months has elapsed since the operation was performed, and I am now in the enjoyment of excellent health, better than I had ever known before.

I remain truthfully your friend, R. DUTTON. Boston, October 26, 1861.

A BUDGET OF CRITICISMS.

MRS. SPENCE, A. J. DAVIS, PAUL PRY, CE EMPER, DOCTORS CHILD, COONLEY, BOWKER, L. JUDD FARBER, AND LIZZIE DORSEY, ALL DULY NOTICED; WITH A SLIGHT TOUCH AT THAT PROPOSED NEW AMERICAN FLAG, WITH "BLUE STRIPES."

We are now, in serious times, approaching serious subjects; yet, as even the most momentous occasion may be beneficently tinged with a little of the festive spirit, so here, as heretofore, I send to the "BANNER OF LIGHT" one more communication, having something of the merry thought about it, yet reaching out after solid results in the improvement of divers philosophies, antipathies, &c. This may be the last, in the peculiar touch and topple style which, for various reasons, I have adopted in the brief hints I have from time to time thrown out; for I am now about coming into closer contact with certain portions of the public than I have yet done; and the relation may be far more genial and pleasing than at present, providing others are willing it should be so; though, under any circumstances, it will continue to be quite striking all around, so far as every description of human perversion is concerned.

Mrs. Spence, in a number of her public addresses, has represented herself as having "ascended from God," as well as from other relations—a circumstance which is abundantly evident from the general tenor of her published writings; or rather that such is her feeling on the subject, is thus apparent. This being the case, there is nothing more important for her than to heed that good, sound, old maxim, to "seek and ye shall find." Persons of far less intellectual polish than she is, have been able through their God, Faith, to hold on upon and to improve upon holy ties, where Mrs. S., by her own account, and evidently by rude influences, has been impelled—so, compelled—to snap them asunder. Hence her estimate of "Spirit Cultivators," and other topics, is yet more of a mere intellectual perception than it is a well-balanced, religious idea; and she evidently loses sight of the fact, that the "Workers," (or rough-handlers,) have quite as much of a mission (to earth) to be tried, taught and influenced themselves, as they have to try others. And it will be quite as well for sister S. to be just a "little" less positive in some of her negative expressions; for instance, to the effect that great numbers are yet to be turned aside from their matrimonial connections; for the "brakes" are to be put upon a good deal of that down hill business, and the steam pressure to the uphill work, which has for so long been going on in such an unbalanced fashion, so that the car of human progress won't be so much broken, and scattered in detached fragments from the track, as has heretofore been the case, while the people draw nearer to one another, rather than rush further apart in their onward movement. And here let me say that Mrs. SPENCE has my warmest and best wishes for success in her proposed enterprise in behalf of the mentally diseased; but here, too, it will, beyond any question, be a most effective aid for her to "seek and find"—GOD.

Speaking of the fact that "undeveloped spirits" have quite as much of a mission to be themselves influenced, as they have to influence others, puts me in mind of the controversy that has been raised on the "Harmonial" side of the house against the statements of sirs COONLEY, PAUL PRY, etc. A. J. DAVIS and his friends do not seem to think much of the idea that "spirits" produce any form of what we call "evil," in the earth, and are not at all given to patronizing spirit medication, claiming that however much the "consequences" of earth-life may go into spirit-land, the "causes and conditions" of evil do not. But the "Harmonial" friends should remember that the connection with earth is not broken by the departure of the spirit, and, in many cases, may not be purified. Then, too, the "Harmonial philosophy" relates more distinctively to the progress of the human spirit, while other points may be the legitimate sphere of others. Indeed, the faculty denominated "spirituality" is decidedly small in A. J. DAVIS, which, in addition to some other considerations, would naturally prevent him from being so accurate in respect to spiritual "conditions," &c., as others might be—the which fact I have often had occasion to specify and illustrate in my lectures.

Yet friends COONLEY and PAUL PRY ought to be aware that exaggerations might easily occur on their side of the question. Paul P., especially, should consider that it is very easy to get up a representative pantomime through an impulsive medium. Such is very apparently the case in much, if not all that P. P. publishes of his experiments. Dr. Webster's voluntary communications to me have never indicated any such state of things between him and Dr. Parkman as that specified in the "Pry" communications; and, indeed, the changes or cures alleged are too much like the shifts of a drama—too methodically sudden and mechanically alike to be genuine. There is evidently, however, a spiritual principle involved in these affairs, which should be spiritually, rather than spiritually treated. I have no reason to believe that undeveloped spirits need to throw so much of their burden on mediums as is commonly alleged among Spiritualists; but rather the contrary. And, certainly, if the logic or modus operandi of "Paul Pry" holds good, then many other classes besides departed "tapers" ought to be relieved with a little of that same which consumed them while in the earth; and mediums would have to be dozed, over and over again with almost every kind of trash under heaven, to check the time-accustomed craving of some disembodied unfortunate. How is it that tobacco, as well as liquor, is not in demand? What does PAUL PRY say to titillating the nose of the medium with snuff, to regulate the prostrate energies of some "gone" snuff-taker in the spirit-land?—or are n't the spirits "up to snuff"?

Dr. A. B. C.'s "spirits, however, are evidently up to snuff," and more too, decidedly, however it may be with others; for with him, snuff and smooth of every description are as pretty as pink—"all right." Does friend CHAM know what a gross Phariseism he exhibits, when he conveys the idea, as he has repeatedly done, that the person who believes in no evil, no wrong, can do none? How unlike is such a philosophy to that of the humble man of the parable, who cried, "Lord, be merciful to me a sinner," and was justified rather than the other, who conceived himself guilty of no sin! And in all conscience, by what right does Dr. C. on his standpoint, talk, as he has, in a late article, about the "different colors" among the human race; pronouncing one man "white" another "copper colored," another "black." If there are no moral distinctions in life and action, and if, as he has said, "evil is good, and good evil, discord, harmony and the crooked straight," why, then, there can be no discrimination of colors as well; white is black, and black is white, &c. Does n't friend CHAM know that there are those who can't tell

one color from another, or who cannot distinguish discord from harmony; and that in each case, there is a mental faculty wanting? And this being so, what mental faculty is lacking in those who cannot see the difference between right and wrong?

L. JUD DORSEY seems to hold quite a consistent attitude on the question of "good and evil," nor is he lacking in various well balanced estimates of truth on various other subjects. He has, of late, simplified his style, and freed it from a redundancy of words, which, in his earlier essays, somewhat disfigured it. He is one of those whom we must, ere long, call more widely into the field of public labor and appreciation.

So also of Dr. H. L. BOWKER. None have done better than he, laboring as he originally did, under several unfavorable conditions. And he has succeeded thus well, because he has, to a certain degree, sifted his spirit connection, taking as his counsellors those whom he finds to be possessed of a true integrity—a course which many mediums would find it for their advantage to pattern after; always promising that it is their sacred privilege to be themselves, counsellors and correctors of the untrue.

MISS CARLEY, some little time ago, in Boston, broached a prophetic idea relative to our National Flag, to the effect that the "stripes" are to be banished from it; an idea which was previously and probably for the first time, thrown out by me, years ago, at a Democratic Caucus, in Connecticut, just previous to the election of President PIERCE. The idea has since then been reiterated but two or three times within my knowledge, and one of these was from my own lips, in some emphatic statements at the Convention at Worcester, last Spring. And here, it should be understood, that these points are within a range of subjects, which are not entrusted in full detail, to merely mediumistic speakers. Hence Miss C. will probably find her pletoric embellishment of "blue stars" not quite so reliable as the idea of the wiped-off "stripes." The "flag" itself may be blue; but the heavenly orbs do not shine with a sky-color—and "blue lights" would be far more befitting to the British Ensign than for the American Banner. All about our National Flag, will be a good subject for by-and-by. There is, already, much suggested, and two grand odes or anthems are preparative—the other distinctive—adapted to the times and occasions yet to come. More anon.

Propos to this subject, LIZZIE DORSEY has lately talked up, that (by some) supposed to be phantom, called "The Coming Man." Her propositions are considerably above the average of much that has been said in this direction; yet shows a little too much of the every-day, prevalent, spiritual aura, for the clear truth. Thus when she says, "there are three Grand Masters—Moses, Jesus, and another yet to be revealed," she places the CHRIST too much on the same plane with those who are his mere assistants. Hence the phrases "new Jesus" &c., which we sometimes see in mediumistic expressions, are grossly at fault. Lizzie's lips tell us what has been substantially stated before, that the new "builder" will show "his credentials." Please treat them as well as you would a servant girl's "recommend." And here let me state that the projected "Church" will be a real, genuine, vital and true BIBLE CHURCH, in spite of the tendency of certain parties to ridicule and set aside the good old Book. D. J. MANDELL. Abol Depot, Mass., Dec. 14, 1861.

Written for the Banner of Light. "MADONNA."

By MRS. A. L. CARSON.

She came to me, the fair unknown. Onward passed, like a bird that's flown. With scarce one breath of trembling song. To tell her native note and clime— And that so low, so sad, so sweet, No echo heard—but when the heart is still, like pulse of throbbing world Asleep, and wakeful mine own soul To dream of beauty. "Stars of night," Not more than eyes divine with light— Proud with the pride of Castle fire, Flamed with the flame of fond desire. Soft with the lay of lyric love— Something of worlds beyond to prove— Unraptured by mortal gear one hour To waste on "dust" a golden shower Of pearls inlaid— for prouder soul That tells its tale to heartless worlds Each night, where panic holds her breath. To let the living play of death; Then hies away to dream of—what? Of glittering morn and new found bears, Plucked from the jostling, jilting mass, That scent of "hawthorn," as they pass— Some odor for life's solitude. At eve, or midnight's deeper shade, Where ghosts and dreams, alike the art Of sternest play, to make a "farce," From out the woof of yesterday— Some thread of love and mystery. So subtle woven that every ill Dissolves in bliss, and only shills With grey of dawn, proclaim the light To curse the morn and bless the night! For who that's wandered dreamland o'er— Ay, who that's swam the happy shore Of some soul sorrow harshly blent, With triple sunshine haughty spent, As lightning chains unlock the clouds To swell the swollen rage of floods, And make more proud the giant calm, Where mighty hounds outside the storm, And learn to woo, then spurn each grief, Beguiled like infant dreams of peace, For cause no dearer than to show Virtue in monarchy below. In that that man lets reason rule, The knave mayhap but ne'er the fool. The first, the slave of passion dire— The last, the fend of no desire— But slattern-like, lives out his day, Till winding sheets wind up the play— Since nothing won, then no fame lost, When fools and idlers turn to dust. Ay, who that's dreamed the summer nights Away in love and wild delight, Where elfins dance, the sparkling wine, Of neared bliss and ruddy grape; And dagers shaped to fencer's steel, Bewilder Cupid's blushing wheel, And victory proud in flashing eyes, When slaughtered knight in death expires From sabre stroke of skillful hand, Well dealt to serve the lord and man, And purchase dearer life than pride; Hope where faintest love may feed. Ay, who that's seen the vision pass And trailing near the ghastly face Of phantom-morning, cold and dim, Ah! has not cursed all daylight time, And prayed for dark Egyptian night, To dwell with Love and Love's delights (and Plymouth) N. H., Nov. 1861.

Parls.

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

NO TIME NOW FOR COMPROMISE. Once, to every man and nation, comes the moment to decide.

Her might is gentleness, she winneth away By a soft word and a sober look.

THE BARK. In Bertha's fragrant bosom lay asleep The sweetest babe that ever mother blest.

EXPOSITION OF SPIRITUALISTS. BY A. B. CHILD, M. D. Does Spiritualism have a good or bad effect upon the lives and actions of those who profess to be its believers?

stolen, rather than reeminate; he will forgive seventy times seven rather than reproduce the offense by condemning and punishing the offender.

unopened, save to kindle fires. It is not probable that the war will advance the churches at all, but they will rot down in spite of war.

Some Suggestions from Willimantic. Perhaps one of your readers, Mr. Editor, would be glad to know how we get along in Willimantic.

1861. The year has gone to its place in the historic pages, with its events, as the ancient animals have gone to the fossil rock.

TRUTH. No power can die that ever wrought for Truth; Thereby a law of Nature it became.

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During the year whose departure I record, I have been constantly engaged in speaking and writing, partly on the political and military conditions and prospects, and partly on the social and religious.

My services for most of the ensuing year, are already engaged, and in places wide apart, but between the Mississippi and Penobscot, and my pen will aid my tongue in the cause of my country, and of humanity, and of Spiritualism, as superior to any form of sectarianism and partial Christianity.

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When a change in regard to the instruction of our children can be had, then something will be gained, and not until then "shall we see of the travail of our soul, and be satisfied."

So let each faithful child Drink of this fountain mild, From early youth.

At the Christmas night circle, kindly arranged with a view to my gratification, the manifestations were highly interesting, and more remarkable than a few hasty lines of description could portray.

For my own part of the Augusta programme, I must say but little, except that it has never been my fortunate lot to speak to a more intellectual, appreciative and candid audience.

Those who by painful drudgery in books have attained to knowledge in one or more departments of science, never fail to appreciate the marvel by which the unstudied utterances of mediums, combining fragments from almost endless varieties of sources, are poured forth after a fashion which modern orators alone can understand the wonder of.

Compelled to return to Portland in time to fulfill my Sunday's engagement, I left Augusta with the conviction that the sublime truths and blessed uses of Spiritualism need but to be heard, but to be known to the truly wise and good, to be hailed as what they are: the world's Saviour from mental, spiritual and physical slavery.

TRUTH. No power can die that ever wrought for Truth; Thereby a law of Nature it became.

This latter condition is the most favorable for obtaining room and seats at the Spiritualists' Sunday evening meetings in Portland—at least as I saw them on the last two Sabbaths.

Obituary Notices. Departed to Spirit-Life on the morning of the 5th of December, LUCRETIA ANN, only daughter of T. F. and Susannah Burck, of Smith's Mills, N. Y., aged 18 years the 4th day of July last.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS. LYONEL HALL, TOWNSEND STREET, (opposite head of School street). The regular course of lectures will continue through the winter, and services will commence at 2:45 and 7:15 o'clock.

CONFERENCE HALL, No. 14 BROADWAY STREET, BOSTON. Spiritual meetings are held every Sunday at 10 1/2 A. M. Conference meetings at 8 and 7 1/2 P. M.

NEW BEDFORD. Musical Hall, during March. New Bedford. Musical Hall, during March.

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