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Literary Department.

MARRYING FOR MONEY.

OR,

LIFE AT LAURELDELL.

BY LIZZIE DOTY.

CHAPTER III.

"Before we consider one for seeming what he is, we should be sure that we know what he is."—*Carlyle.*

Upon the confines of the estate of Laureldell was a picturesque looking cottage, almost hidden from view by the luxuriant growth of roses and jasmine, and the spreading lawns which waved their tasseled branches in the wind, and made pleasant music through the summer nights. This was the home of Harry Anderson and his sister Ellen, his nearest surviving relative. Although he was several years her senior, and had enjoyed much more favorable opportunities for education, yet he always looked to her for counsel in all his undertakings; and throughout the whole neighborhood, so useful had she become, both in the way of advice and assistance, that she was considered a common treasure, and Ellen Anderson's word of judgment was sufficient to settle some of the most difficult disputes.

Whenever the arrival of guests at Laureldell rendered the household duties somewhat arduous, for Mrs. Willoghby and the servants usually employed, the assistance of Ellen was sought, and then everything seemed to work by magic. Mrs. Raynor soon discovered her worth, and to no other person did she exhibit a greater degree of friendly confidence and good-will. She even sought her company, and often, upon some quiet summer afternoon, Mrs. Raynor turned away with a look of weariness from the elegantly furnished rooms at Laureldell, and directed her course through the green, shady lane, to spend a few hours with Ellen Anderson in her cottage home. It really seemed a relief to the cold, proud lady, to lay aside her stately dignity for a time, and talk like a quiet, sensible woman, with this gentle-hearted girl.

To look at Ellen's smooth, white brow and smiling eyes, one would suppose that scarce twenty summers had passed over her head, but she was already in her twenty-sixth year, and the same age with Mrs. Raynor. This fact assisted somewhat in attracting the stately lady toward her, and moreover Ellen never shrank from her, or seemed to feel the chill of her presence. She had the happy faculty of saying just the right thing at the right time. Some people considered this friendship rather singular, but Hesper never wondered at it one moment. Everybody loved Ellen, she said, and she looked upon it as a redeeming trait in her step-mother's character, that she should attach herself to one so entirely worthy of love and esteem. In truth, she really envied her the privilege of visiting Ellen whenever she chose. As for herself, an instinctive delicacy, a suddenly modesty, prevented her from turning her steps often to the home of Harry Anderson.

It so happened, that upon the evening of the same day on which Morris Ayer made his first call at Laureldell, that Hesper strolled leisurely along the green lane to gather hawthorn blossoms from the hedges. She had been engaged thus but a short time, when Harry Anderson, walking at a quick pace, came suddenly upon her.

"Ah, Hesper!" he said, "this happens exactly right! Ellen will be entirely alone this evening, until quite late, and will be rejoiced to have your company."

After a few moments' conversation he passed on, and Hesper, glad of the opportunity, turned her steps in the direction of the cottage. She was in one of her happiest moods, and Ellen, who always enjoyed her company, felt that the time was passing too quickly as they chatted and sewed together.

"Hesper," said Ellen at last, in the course of conversation, "how is Mrs. Raynor to-day? I had quite forgotten to ask about her."

"Sick—poor woman!" replied Hesper with a serious look. "After Professor Loveland and his friend called this morning, she had one of her most violent nervous attacks. I had a mind to run directly for you, as you have such a wonderful faculty of soothing her at such times, but she would not allow me to do so. She shut herself up in her chamber, and begged to be left entirely alone. She looked so wretchedly sick and pale, that I pitied her with all my heart, and could not help stealing to her door several times to listen. I am sure that I heard her sobbing as though her heart would break; and though I don't love her any better than I should, yet, like a great simpleton, I could not help crying too."

Ellen made no reply, but bent her head still nearer her work and continued her sewing.

"What do you suppose it means?" resumed Hesper. "I believe she is dreadfully unhappy, and I'm sure I don't wonder. I could not be happy either, if I lived so entirely in myself, with no one to love me. It's her own fault, though, for I have tried often enough to show my friendly feelings toward her; but she is as cold as an iceberg, and meets my advances with such indifference, that I am quite in despair."

At this moment a light tap was heard at the door. Ellen started up with surprise. "That is her rap," she said; "but can it be indeed her?"

"Dear me!" exclaimed Hesper, "I hope not, for I would not have her see me here for the world."

She listened earnestly as Ellen stepped to the door,

and catching the sound of her step-mother's well known voice, the next instant she had safely concealed herself behind the bed curtains. Ellen looked around in surprise upon her return to the room, and then immediately concluded that Hesper had passed out at the door in the rear of the cottage.

"Please take a chair, Mrs. Raynor," said Ellen; "you look pale and sick to-night; will you have a glass of water?"

"Yes, thank you," said the lady, as she seated herself wearily in a chair, and leaning her elbow upon the table, covered her face with her hand. "I am sick in soul and body, Ellen, and after thinking all day, I felt at last that I must speak to some one who could sympathize with me, or I should die from mental suffering."

For several months past Ellen had observed how thin and pale Mrs. Raynor had grown, and what a sad, care-worn expression had settled upon her countenance. Now it was still more apparent, and as the kind hearted girl drew up her chair and took the delicate white hand of the lady in her own, she found it burning with fever.

"Why, Mrs. Raynor!" she exclaimed, "you ought not to have come out to-night. You have already taken cold, and this evening air will do you no good."

"It matters little," she replied, with a careless smile; "my spirit is wearing out my body as fast as possible, and I will thank Nature to assist me. O, Ellen! I am the most unhappy woman in the world! and I have no one to blame but myself."

"Speak out," said Ellen, in a soothing tone, "and tell me what troubles you. There is nothing so trying to a human soul as to be shut up in itself, and struggle with its grief alone, therefore speak out, for I think that you can trust me."

"I know I can, Ellen, and that is the reason why I now tell you a secret which I had resolved no power on earth should wring from me. For the sake of position and influence, I have married a man whom in my heart I despise, and now, when the novelty of my situation is gone, and I begin to feel the worthlessness of such things, my whole soul seeks in vain for that love and sympathy which I so blindly sacrificed to my ambition. O, Ellen! Ellen! it is a terrible thing to live without love. One had better be in the depths of perdition with those dearest to the heart, than in the midst of paradise alone. A woman who dares marry for aught else than the purest affection, calls down the just judgment of heaven upon her head."

"There is only one help for her in such a case," said Ellen, meekly. "Let her love those who should be next dearest, and surely, Mrs. Raynor, you can find many to love, and who would gladly love you in return."

"True, Ellen, such a course might be a slight alleviation to my misery, but I have so outraged my nature, that now the warmth of my affections cannot find expression either in looks or smiles, and I am obliged to present a cold, repulsive exterior to those whom I am most desirous to love. How often have I looked in Hesper's cheerful countenance, and longed to clasp her to my heart! but I was afraid lest she should shrink from me, and that would have been one drop too much in my cup of bitterness. Ellen, I know she loves your brother—loves him with all the sincere affection of a true hearted woman. There is a wide difference between their circumstances in life, but he is entirely worthy of her, and I would sooner cut off my right hand, than place the slightest hindrance in the way of their happiness. If it is in my power, she, at least, shall know the enjoyment of true love."

In an instant wide open flew the bed curtains, and Hesper, with extended arms, sprang forward, clasping her astonished step-mother to her heart, and almost smothering her with kisses. Mrs. Raynor burst into tears and covered her face with her hands.

"O, Hesper," she sobbed, "from you, more than from any other, have I endeavored to keep my unhappiness a secret. But it is too late now. I cannot take back my words, and you know all. Forgive me for my injustice to your father."

"Indeed, you cannot help it," said Hesper, kissing her again and again. "I knew it long ago; but you more than make up for it by your good will to his daughter, so let us bury the hatchet from this time forth and forever, and then the only strife between us shall be which shall love the other most. We will drop at once the idea of mother and daughter, and be to each other as true friends."

Hesper took a seat, and the ladies talked with open hearts together, till the old clock in the corner struck nine.

"We must go," said Mrs. Raynor. "Harry will return soon, and I would not like he should find me here with such a sad face and swollen eyes."

"O, no," said Ellen, "he told me that he thought his business would detain him until quite late; so pray do not be in haste."

She had scarcely spoken, however, when the sound of footsteps was heard. The next moment the door opened, and Harry made his appearance.

"Ah!" he said, "I am glad to find such a nice little party," and then, stepping aside to allow the gentlemen behind him to enter, he continued; "Ellen, allow me to introduce to you my old friend and schoolmate, Morris Ayer. I met him quite unexpectedly, and for the sake of talking over old times together, I have persuaded him to pass the night with me. Miss Hesper Raynor, Mr. Ayer; and the other lady, I believe you had the pleasure of meeting this morning."

More searching and significant glances never

passed from human eyes than from those of Morris Ayer and Hesper Raynor, as they saluted each other for the first time. Both had their secret thoughts, and both made up their minds in that moment, as to their future course of conduct toward each other.

"We were just speaking about going," said Mrs. Raynor in a quiet tone, as she drew her bonnet more closely over her face, and rose from her seat; "and as it is so late, I think they will be alarmed about us if we do not return soon, therefore you will excuse us."

"Then allow us to accompany you," said Harry; and notwithstanding Mrs. Raynor's most earnest protestations to the contrary, the gentlemen insisted upon performing the duty of cavaliers.

As the little company stepped out from the shade of the larches into the clear moonlight, Morris Ayer very politely offered his arm to Hesper, which she readily accepted, and commenced a lively conversation, wherein she continued to mingle so much wit, brilliancy and good sense, that the young author was quite taken by surprise. He exerted himself to the utmost, but Hesper continually gained the advantage. Their friends before them were quite forgotten, nor was it observed that Harry and Mrs. Raynor had taken the most direct way to Laureldell, and were now quite out of sight.

"As it is such a delightful evening, my dear Miss Raynor," said Morris, "let me beseech you to prolong the pleasure of this walk, by taking the path over the hill yonder. In my wanderings, a few days since, I found a most delightful spot in that direction. It was a large rock, near which was a rustic arbor of wild locusts and grape vines, formed in a semi-circle, with a seat of raised turf. It overlooked the pond, and from that point of view was afforded one of the most delightful prospects that my eyes ever beheld."

"Let us go there by all means," said Hesper, "it is one of my favorite haunts; and, moreover, there is a story connected with it which makes it still more interesting."

"A story! indeed! Perhaps it would furnish a fine subject for the pen of an author or poet."

"An author or poet should never hear it from my lips," replied Hesper. "I can't tell literary people. I have a perfect horror of them, and avoid their company as much as possible, for I am continually in the fear that I shall be put into a story or made the subject of a poem, which I should consider an unpardonable insult, and neglect no opportunity to avenge it to the extent of my ability."

"Indeed, Miss Raynor, then I would not for all the world number myself among that class of unfortunate people, for I should consider myself most unhappy to incur the displeasure of a beautiful and accomplished lady like yourself."

"Just hear the Katy-did in the woods yonder!" said Hesper. "I wonder if the foolish thing knows what it says. Perhaps it is like some people who use words without a thought of their meaning. Thank you for your compliment, Mr. Ayer. Flattery is never pleasing to me, but such words, from the lips of a gentleman of experience and judgment, like yours, should always be understood as they were intended."

Morris Ayer hit his lips in silence, and resolved to try another mode of proceeding. As they seated themselves upon the smooth grassy mound, Hesper removed her hat, and the light of the full moon falling upon her beautiful countenance added a new charm to its bewitching loveliness. Morris Ayer was not insensible to such influences, and he gazed at her with an unaffected admiration. There was perfect magic in the smile which parted her lips, revealing teeth of such snowy whiteness, and there was such a beaming light in her large dark eyes as she turned toward him, that he could only look at her in silence, and wonder that God had made aught so surpassing fair. Mentally, he decided that if she had borne the reputation of a flirt, it was because she had not as yet met with any one who could fully understand and appreciate her, and he began seriously to consider how he might commend himself to her, as being the only young man worthy of her most sincere regard.

"Shall I tell you the story now?" said Hesper, with a sweet simplicity.

"If you please."

"Well, then," she commenced, "I suppose you have heard people talk of spiritual attraction—the power that draws two kindred souls together from the greatest distances, and unites them by its mysterious influences forever. Well, it was said that thus two young people met one evening, who had never seen each other before. In the course of a walk they strolled away from their companions, and came to this place, seating themselves upon this very mound where we sit now. The young man had been a wanderer among many nations, and had tried so long that he had almost lost his faith in human goodness. But here again it was revived, and he found at last the living image of the beautiful ideal in his soul. So, as they sat together in the clear moonlight, in this very place where we sit now, and gazed into each other's eyes, they fell deeply in love with one another, though they never met before and had spoken very little together."

How it happened that Morris Ayer held Hesper's delicate white hand clasped in his own, he would not tell, neither did he care to rectify the mistake even when he perceived it.

"Well," said Hesper, "as they sat in this very place where we sit now, with their hands clasped together, they talked of the past as though it were all a dream, and of the future as if life were just commencing with them, and here they parted."

That through all time their souls should be united, and they would ever remain true to each other, though they had never met before and had spoken very little together. To some this might seem strange; but do you believe in love at first sight, Mr. Ayer?"

"Never before to-night," replied Morris in a low tone, for he was becoming very much absorbed. "I confess that I have had many theories upon the subject, but all that I can say now is, that we are dust."

"It is no use theorizing about love, Mr. Ayer."

"No, my dear Miss Raynor, when we least expect it we are its victims. Your story touches an answering chord in my heart, and although we meet to-night for the first time, yet I feel that perhaps our experience may be the same as those of whom you speak."

Hesper dropped her head till her ringlets rested upon her shoulder.

"Ah!" she whispered, "men of genius have such a ready command of language, that they often say more than they mean, and deceive others as well as themselves."

"Hesper," said Morris with much earnestness, "I am neither deceiving, nor am I deceived. I have been much in the company of ladies, but never has the beautiful ideal of my soul stood before me till now."

"Do you believe," said Hesper, half raising her head, and gazing timidly into his eyes, "that you can sincerely love me upon so short an acquaintance?"

"I do," replied Morris, laying his hand upon his heart to add effect to his words; "and if that affection can only be returned, I shall be the happiest of mortals."

With a merry laugh Hesper threw back her ringlets and looked him full in the face.

"Then my story is done," said she. "Mr. Ayer, you must now class yourself among my 'disconsolate admirers,' in whose name you so gallantly volunteered to punish me this morning. There's a nice place to drown yourself off the rock yonder. Good night!" and before the astonished author could recover himself, she had vanished from the arbor, and was already far on her way down the hill.

"Sold!" said Morris thoughtfully, as he thrust his hands into his pockets and stepped forward to the edge of the rock. As for drowning himself, that is altogether out of the question; but I really have half a mind to hang myself for a fool. I would not have believed it possible, though—no I would not; and indulging in a great variety of reflections, he pursued his way homeward.

The next morning Hesper received the following note:

"MY DEAR MISS RAYNOR—After our interview of last evening, justice both to you and myself demands a slight explanation. Our mutual friend, Harry, has spoken to me freely concerning you, and I have now a fair understanding of your true position and character. Not being mindful of the fact that even hayricks may sometimes have ears, I spoke those unfortunate words in your hearing, for which such a weight of judgment has fallen upon me. I acknowledge the justice of my punishment, and if by such concessions, and resolutions of good for the future, I may secure to myself the friendship of a lady whom I both respect and esteem, I will promise never again to condemn a woman as a flirt, until I am fully convinced of the fact.

Very truly yours,

MORRIS AYER.

CHAPTER IV.

"O! I ask not a home in the mansions of pride, Where the marble shines out in the pillars and walls; Though the roof be of gold, it is brilliantly cold, And joy may not be in the torch lighted halls."

The elegantly furnished parlor of Laureldell shone with a perfect blaze of light, and was crowded with all the representatives of wealth, beauty, fashion and genius which the town of C— and its neighborhood could afford. It was evident that this was no ordinary entertainment. Mrs. Raynor's parties were usually termed "elegant;" by the young ladies, but doubtless this, in their estimation, was "perfectly splendid," for a finer opportunity to display their charms to so large a company of admirers was seldom afforded.

But Mrs. Raynor herself shone unrivalled as the star of the evening. Her face was dazzlingly pale, and in her eyes there was a brilliancy almost bewildering to those who beheld her. Her dress of white satin, heavily ornamented with rich lace, and the jewels in her hair and upon her bosom gave her an air of queenly dignity, and she moved among her guests as though amid such scenes alone she found her native element. Morris Ayer gazed at her in silent astonishment, and asked himself again and again if this could indeed be his once humble friend, Gertrude Carysford. He talked with her for awhile, glided through the mazes of the dance with her, and then retired to a quiet corner, where Hesper and Ellen Anderson were conversing with a few choice friends.

In a little side room sat Mr. Raynor, in his dressing gown and slippers, at the whist table, with several fat old gentlemen, wearing most imposing ruffles to their shirts, and the brightest of brass buttons upon their blue broadcloth coats. Here they could sip their wine and puff their cigars, having a jolly good time all to themselves, without particularly disturbing the rest of the company. Nothing but a smoking hot supper could tempt them from their cozy retreat, and here they remained again so soon as that most important part of the evening's entertainment was concluded, and resumed once more their favorite amusement, while the rest of the company, at the suggestion of Mrs. Raynor, took a walk about the spacious grounds which were brilliantly illuminated for the occasion.

Morris Ayer very politely offered his arm to Mrs. Raynor herself. They wandered on, not caring whither they turned their footsteps, until they came at last to the top of a small eminence at some distance from the house. Here they passed beneath a spreading oak, whose branches were hung with a great variety of colored lights. Beneath them was the mansion, resembling some royal palace with its brilliantly illuminated windows—sounds of music and the merry voices of the guests came to them from the extensive groves and gardens, while from a neighboring hill a fine display of rockets and other fireworks were exhibited.

"This seems to me like a scene in fairy land," said Morris. "I can hardly believe that what I am dreaming, more especially when I think of my old friend, Gertrude Carysford, as the enchantress whose magical wand has called up such wonders before my eyes."

"Times have greatly changed since we first became friends together," said Mrs. Raynor.

"Yes," replied Morris, "and I rejoice that for you time has brought such happy changes. Under the influence of such a lively, affectionate nature as Hesper's, with a kind, indulgent husband, with all the pleasures and advantages that wealth can afford, your life cannot be otherwise than happy. I can see now, if you will allow me to speak of the past, how utterly unable I should have been, with my limited means, to place you in a situation which you adorn with so much honor to yourself, and satisfaction to others."

"Let us return," said Mrs. Raynor, and as she placed her hand in the arm of her companion once more, he felt that she trembled violently.

"Are you ill?" he asked, with some concern.

"No," she replied, "the night air is chill, and I am extremely sensitive to cold."

As the guests were assembled in the parlor once more, Hesper hastened with a glowing countenance to Mrs. Raynor, and as she drew her aside she whispered:

"O! I have a delightful piece of news to tell you. Morris Ayer and Ellen Anderson are engaged. Harry has just told me. They made the agreement last night, and are to be married in the course of a few months."

Mrs. Raynor only smiled and bowed, and Hesper found it impossible to understand the singular expression of her countenance as she turned away. A few moments after, the guests were startled by a wild, hysterical laugh. Each one turned in the direction from whence it proceeded, and perceived Mrs. Raynor leaning upon a chair, and intently regarding the group at the whist table, in the adjoining room.

"Well, Raynor," she called out in a loud, excited tone, "what's the trumps now? hearts ought to be, but diamonds were when you took me, though I don't think you won much by the game. Ha, ha, ha!"

"What the deuce is the matter with the woman?" said the astonished husband, as he threw down his cards and rose from his chair.

"O, you needn't stop for me," she continued. "Play away, you'll need another wife before long, for I intend to quit this scene of action as soon as possible. There's a plenty of women who can be bought for money."

"I'll bet she's crazy," said one of the fat gentlemen with broad ruffles and brass buttons; and the same impression seemed to have spread throughout the entire company, for the word was repeated in an undertone from lip to lip.

"Well, this is a pretty fix for a man to be in," said Mr. Raynor, as he thrust his hands beneath his dressing gown, and looked round with a bewildered air—"house full of company, and wife crazy. I say, Professor Loveland, what the deuce is to be done?"

"I consider it only a slight nervous attack," said the Professor, gravely. "The insanity is only temporary, and if she retires at once to her chamber, doubtless she will soon be better. I will ascertain first, though, if the attack be accompanied by fever."

"You touch me at your peril," said Mrs. Raynor, as she advanced toward her; "I am not yet ready for the dissecting knife, you greedy-eyed philosopher! Wait till I am dead, which will not be long first, and then, if you lay the weight of your finger upon me, I will haunt you like an evil spirit night and day."

"Ellen! Ellen!" called out Hesper, as she sprang from her seat where she had been sitting for the last few moments, dumb with astonishment. But no one answered to her call. She rushed out upon the piazza, and the first person she met was Morris Ayer.

"O!" she exclaimed, "for heaven's sake come and see what you can do with my step-mother! She is raving crazy, and I don't know what she will say next. If it is a possible thing, make her go to her chamber."

With a firm step Morris Ayer immediately crossed the room, and laid his hand on Mrs. Raynor's arm. "Gertrude," he said, in a low tone, "will you go with me?"

"Yes," she whispered, as she fixed her eyes on his, "to the end of the world"—and he immediately conducted her from the room.

CHAPTER V.

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The next morning the village gossip had as much

as they could do, to talk over the singular occurrence at Laureldell of the night previous. Anything further than the actual circumstances as they happened, could not be ascertained, for although several of the most eager had been out to reconnoitre the premises, yet the blinds were all closed, and no one was to be seen of whom inquiries could be made. Some, even, had visited the cottage of Ellen Anderson, but the door was locked and no one at home.

Ellen was now the nurse of Mrs. Raynor, and could some of those curious inquirers have looked into that darkened upper chamber, they would have beheld a scene never to be forgotten. Mrs. Raynor was in the wildest delirium of fever, and only by the constant efforts of Ellen and Morris Ayer—the only two whom she would allow to approach her—could she be restrained to her room.

Days and weeks passed by, and her recovery seemed doubtful; but at length the fever yielded, and left her in a state of child-like weakness. It was a long time, however, before she could leave her room and join the family circle. One who had formerly known her would scarce have recognized her now. In that comparatively short period of sickness she seemed to have passed over many years. Her eyes had lost its brilliancy, and her step its lightness, and the beautiful long, dark hair, in which she had once taken so much pride, had gradually fallen away, until now it could no longer be considered the crowning ornament of her beauty. The truth was, that the days of Mrs. Raynor's glory had departed, and looking in her mirror, she smiled sadly as she said:

"Hesper, I must now yield the palm to you. I shall no longer be your rival, but henceforth I will shine in your light alone."

One evening, after Mr. Raynor had returned from the city, and was seated at the back parlor window, reading the paper, she stole quietly into the room, and clasping her arms about his neck, laid her cheek gently to his, as she said:

"Edward, I want to speak to you."

Mr. Raynor very dutifully laid down his paper and waited to hear what she had to say.

"Do you know," she commenced, "that Hesper would like to marry?"

"The deuce!" he exclaimed with interest and surprise; "you don't say so! Well, why don't she?"

"Because she first desires your consent."

"Why, the foolish girl! she knows I won't object. But who is the fellow?"

"Harry Anderson."

"The deuce!" exclaimed Mr. Raynor again, as he thrust both hands into his pockets, and put on his most business-like expression. "I was n't thinking of that though. It will never do in the world."

"He is an active, intelligent man," interposed Mrs. Raynor.

"Don't dispute that in the least; but then to think of my daughter marrying my gardener, when she might have almost anybody she chose! Fie! I don't speak of it."

"Shall Hesper marry for love or money?" asked Mrs. Raynor.

"For both," he replied. "It is not an impossibility that she should find a rich man who is worthy of her love."

Mrs. Raynor laid her hand on her husband's arm, and looked him mildly in the face.

"Edward," she said, "do you remember the confession that I made you with weeping, the other day, when I opened my whole heart, and prayed you to help me that I might become the true and faithful wife to you, that you would have been from the first? Say, now, will you condemn Hesper to live over my experience, or will you do all that lies in the power of a true hearted father to make her happy?"—and as she finished speaking, once more she laid her pale cheek to his, and gently kissed his lips.

"There, Gertrude," said Mr. Raynor, as he brushed his hand across his eyes, "you have such a way of coming into my heart since you were sick, that I find it impossible to deny you anything. If the girl wanted to marry a Hottentot, I should say yes, were you to ask me after that fashion. On the whole, Harry Anderson really is a fine fellow, and if marrying will make them both happy, why I will be the last person to say no—so run and tell the girl as soon as possible. Stop, I'll go with you."

A few weeks after this there was a grand bridal party at Laureldell—a double wedding—for Morris Ayer had gladly accepted the invitation which Mrs. Raynor had extended him, to make his chosen one his own beneath her roof.

As the last words were spoken which made Ellen Anderson the wife of Morris Ayer, Mrs. Raynor clasped her pale hands together and turned away. She leaned her head against the window, and the tears streamed silently down her cheeks. It was but for a few moments, however. She wiped away her tears, and stepping forward once more, she clasped the hands of the happy couple in her own, and wished them all the happiness which love and the true union of hearts could afford.

Her victory was complete. She had married Edward Raynor for the sake of position and influence, but Morris Ayer had always held possession of her heart from her girlhood. She had, however, paid the penalty with unwavering firmness, and only God and her own heart knew the secret—*The Lily of the Valley.*

A FABLE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

A Firefly sitting along the lake,
Observed his reflection below,
And cried, "What a beautiful light I make
To illumine the earth as I go!
Such power to shine, so rarely given,
Is proof that I am destined for Heaven;
Then why do I loiter longer here?
Merely to lighten this mundane sphere?
I'll soar aloft to the azure skies,
There with my sister stars to rise;
From east to west my rays unfurled,
Their splendor shall surprise the world!"
A little worm reposing near,
Those aspirations chanced to hear,
(But who no outward light could boast—
Of Reason's ray she had the most—)
"My friend," she said, "thy brilliant fire
Hath kindled in these wrong desires:
Content thee with thy humble lot,
Remain about thy native spot,
Where, midst the gnat and butterfly,
Thy glories all will duly prize.
Soar to the skies, 'tis plain to see,
When there, that thou wilt nothing be."
Let this admonish you and me,
There's safety in humility.
—M. F.
—Northfield, Mass.

Scientific Department.

THE REGIONS OF SPACE.

THE NEBULOUS STAR STRATUM CALLED THE UNIVERSE.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

Resting on the comparatively familiar station of our solar system, we look out into the regions of space, like a traveler pausing beside the brink of the ocean, gazing off into the mysterious unknown. Having determined that our system is a type of all those which float in space; that there are suns like our own, faintly glimmering through the immense distance, surrounded by planetary orbs, concealed by their comparative minuteness, they possess an interest which the barren considerations of their details would not otherwise present.

The solar system is a member of the nebular swarm of the milky-way, which is a member of that colossal cluster we call the universe. That the number of stars is limited, is proved by the consideration that were they infinite, every point in the sky would present a star, the whole sky would glow with a nebulous light like that of the galaxy. That they shine clearly against the sky, is considered proof that their number is not infinite.

The bewilderment of vision produced by the similarity of the stars, greatly exaggerates their apparent number. They are classified according to size, the first being the largest and brightest, and the sixth the smallest recognized by the unaided eye. The latter should not be taken as positive, as organic differences in the visual organs of different individuals varies at least two sizes, stars too small to be seen by one person being readily seen by another. The mean number seen by the unaided eye throughout the entire heavens has been calculated at from five thousand to five thousand eight hundred; the number distinctly seen by the naked eye in the horizon, from four thousand and twenty-two to four thousand six hundred and thirty-eight.

Of the stars catalogued by the telescope there are twenty of the first magnitude, sixty-five of the second, one hundred and seventy of the third, four hundred and twenty-five of the fourth, one thousand one hundred of the fifth, three thousand two hundred of the sixth, thirteen thousand of the seventh, forty thousand of the eighth, one hundred and forty-two thousand of the ninth magnitude, and the number embraced in the still smaller sizes increases in the same rapid ratio.

When Herschel conceived the idea of star gauging, or, as it were, sending a sounding line into the depths of space, he startled the world by the immensity of the numbers his glass revealed. He assumes that his twenty feet reflector revealed, with a magnifying power of one hundred and eighty, in a cone extending thirty degrees each side of the equator, five million eight hundred thousand, and in the whole heavens twenty million three hundred and seventy-four thousand. With his forty feet reflector, the milky-way alone revealed eighteen million stars. These numbers appeal rather to the imagination than the reason.

The stars scattered broadcast, as it were, in space, present from our earth, assemblages and clusters, which have received names such as fancy and convenience dictated. That the similitude of these constellations are not wholly imaginative, is proved by widely separated nations applying the same name to the same cluster. The seven stars, or Pleiades, the Dipper, and the Cross, are examples. Most of the constellations are wholly fanciful, and must be referred to the imagination of a rude and pastoral people, idly watching the sky from the boundless plains of the East.

The appearance of the fixed stars differs from the planets. The latter shine with a steady light, the former with scintillation, produced by the sudden changes in the atmosphere, which would not be sensible had they discs like the planets. Their scintillation is feeblest in the tropics, and increases in higher latitudes, and imparts a sense of motion strangely contrasting with the frozen solitude of earth. They differ, also, when seen by the telescope, from the planets, the latter increasing in size with the increase of magnifying power, but the stars diminish to a point of light. The discs of the fixed stars are spurious, being produced by the imperfection of instruments and radiation. The spurious disc of Vega is 0.86"; of Arcturus, 0.2".

The difference in color of the stars and planets was observed by the ancients. They, however, only remarked the red and white; but the telescope reveals, in the resplendent regions of space, stars of almost every hue of the rainbow. Sirius, the dog star, was recorded two thousand years ago as a red star, but it is now perfectly white. Having no reason for doubting the record, we must presume that a great revolution has taken place in that star since the observation was made.

The stars regularly increase in number as they approach the milky-way. There are nearly thirty times (29.4) as many stars in the central zone of the milky-way as in the regions surrounding its poles. At the north galactic pole, the regions lying between 0, 30, 60, 75 and 90 degs, the relative number of stars in a telescopic field of vision of 16 min. diameter, are 4.15, 6.62, 17.68, 30.30, 122.00, respectively, an increase of almost 26 times. This fact is of great value in determining the primal source of the universe, for it unites it with the solar system in the disposition of its members in a flattened zone like that of the zodiac.

Though termed fixed stars, they are not strictly so. Immense change of place must occur in bodies so remote, before it can be detected by us; yet every day records changes in stars before considered permanent. In Arcturus Ma Cassiopeia, or a double star in the swan, this displacement has become two and a half, three and a half, and six moons' diameter respectively. In three thousand years about twenty fixed stars will have changed their place one degree or more. As these stars move with very unequal velocity, the form of the constellations will eventually be changed.

Great as is the distance of the nearest fixed stars, it is not so great but that they change their apparent place when the earth moves from one side of its orbit to the other. This change, called their parallax, is very slight, but knowing that the earth is just one hundred and ninety million miles from the place of previous observation, we have a base line by which to compute their distance. This change is estimated for the nearest star at two hundredths of a second, and hence, inappreciable to the eye, and only detected by means of telescope, and even by that means in only thirty-three stars has it been de-

tested. These calculations show that they are all situated at a distance of at least two hundred millions of millions of miles.

The light of Sirius is three hundred and twenty-four times greater than that of a star of the sixth magnitude, and if the distance of the stars is in proportion to their apparent size, the stars of the sixth magnitude would be 57.5 times further than Sirius. This is probably true as a general expression, although some of the fainter stars yield a parallax while those of the first size are not in the least affected. The vastness of the immensity in which these worlds are plunged, appeals to the vigor of imagination. Light travels two hundred thousand miles per second, or fourteen thousand three hundred and fifty-six million of miles per day, yet moving, as it were, with the wings of thought, stars revealed by Herschel's reflector, are two thousand years removed from us when the space is measured by this swift traveler.

Of the size of the stars we have little positive knowledge. From rough calculation, the light of the sun is twenty millions of millions times greater than that of Sirius, the brightest and nearest of the stars. Sirius is five hundred and ninety-two thousand two hundred times the distance of the earth from the sun, and therefore if placed in the position of our sun, would appear 3.7 larger than the sun, and give 13.8th times more light. Our sun, and even Sirius, are among the smallest of the stars.

There are a great number of stars which, to the unaided eye, or to the low power of the telescope, appear as points of light, that, viewed closely, with powerful instruments, are divided into two or more stars revolving around a common centre. The principle of gravitation only demonstrated to belong to our solar system, was, by the discovery of these stellar systems, at once removed to their remote dominions, and proved to be universal. It is evident that two stars, if situated on the same line of vision, will be projected against the sky as near each other. Such have often been mistaken for real double stars, but can be detected from remaining stationary, while the true double stars rotate around each other. But the extreme slowness of revolution renders long intervals of time necessary to determine the fact, and undoubtedly many of the six thousand supposed double stars are no more than single stars thus situated. Rotation has been observed in only six hundred and fifty of the above number. The relative motion in some of the double stars is so rapid, that one at least has completed a revolution since its discovery. The stars of gamma Virginis revolve around each other once in six hundred and twenty-nine years; the period of time of Sigma Coronae is two hundred and eighty-seven years; of Castor, two hundred and fifty-three years; of sixty-one Cygni, five hundred and forty years.

The stars of gamma Virginis, in the last century, were so far apart that they were considered two separate stars; now they have approached until they apparently touch each other.

It often happens that the edge of the orbit of the revolving star is turned toward the earth, and the star then appears to move in a straight line, oscillating on each side of its primary.

The calculations of motions, so inter-related as a binary system of stars, or when more than two, even six stars are thus related, are among the most intricate problems of mathematics. To an astronomer, resting only on the planetarium, standing around one of these stars, resolving the perturbations and explaining the motions of worlds subject to such multifarious influences, must far exceed the limits of our calculation.

Not the least remarkable phenomena connected with double stars, is the contrast of color presented by the stars so related. Of the six hundred principal double stars in three hundred and seventy-five, the color of both stars is the same and equally intense; in one hundred and one the color is the same, but the intensity is different; in one hundred and twenty, or a fifth of the whole, the colors are entirely different. Of one-half of the whole number, both stars are white. Combinations of yellow with blue, and orange with green, are of frequent occurrence. The colors of the component stars are a complimentary—i. e., those which united appear to be white, as red and green, green and violet. There are instances when a brilliant white star is accompanied by a small blue companion, and others, where both stars are blue.

It is curious to fancy the variety of light the planets of such systems must receive. As each alternate sun arises in their horizon, they enjoy a white, blue, red and green day, and a strange aspect would be imparted to their landscape, when two or more suns of diverse colors appear in their sky at the same time. This variety of color indicates a difference in the gaseous envelop of the stars, by which a preponderance of rays of one color are thrown out.

Stars have vanished from the heavens, and others, never before observed, have suddenly appeared, and shining with a bright light for a time, have disappeared. The idea, that they were "burned up," belongs to the ages of barbarism. There can be no doubt but their obscurity and brightness are periodical, and connected, in some unknown manner, with their revolutions. The periodicity of some of them has been determined with approximate accuracy.

Far out in the regions beyond the most distant stars, revealed by aid of the most powerful telescopes, are faint, cloud-like, patches, gleaming with an indistinct light. These, from their faintness, have received the name of nebula. Many of these, when seen by the telescope, appear to be aggregations of countless hosts of stars; others yield not to the highest magnifying powers, but remain indistinct clouds. Whether these irresolvable nebulae are clusters of stars, or self-luminous vapor, is an important question in the solution of the problem of creation. There number is very great, at least, 1,270th of the whole surface of the sky being covered by them, and although many are at the same distance of the stars, many are vastly removed beyond. Herschel catalogued two thousand two hundred and ninety-nine nebulae, and one hundred and fifty-two stellar clusters in the northern, and one thousand two hundred and thirty-nine nebulae, and two hundred and thirty-six clusters in the southern hemisphere. It is thus seen, that the irresolvable vapory masses greatly predominate over those which are aggregated worlds.

They present a wide variation in form. The spheroidal is regarded as the typical form. Nebulae of this form are generally irresolvable into stars, when to the telescope, they appear globular; but irresolvable when flattened and elongated. Transitional forms are presented in the heavens to long and oval shaped discs. The nebulous matter is generally condensed around one, or more, points.

Auricular Nebulae are the most rare, only seven appearing in the northern hemisphere to the strong-

est glass. These are rings of nebulous matter, often faintly luminous, but within the circle, sometimes quite black, small nebulae are observed, having the aspect of planetary discs, and hence called planetary. They are round or oval, distinct and sharply defined, or vaporous at their margins, and present no trace of central condensation. Their light is generally blue, a fact which does not refute their being stellar clusters, for the stars of which they are composed may be all blue, as many clusters are observed composed of blue and red stars, mingled promiscuously together.

Stars are observed surrounded by milky nebulous envelopes, connected with and dependent upon them. This nebulous matter appears to be self-luminous. The irregular nebulae are, as their name imports, of the most diverse forms. They are scattered thickly along the margin of the milky-way, like fragments torn from it.

The nebula in Orion can be seen by the unaided eye, appearing like a light portion of the milky-way. It is remarkable for the change of form observed in it. That which surrounds the star Eta Argus, is celebrated from the same circumstance. It is not irresolvable into stars, and to the highest magnifying power, exhibits none of the granulated appearances which precede irresolvability. It is composed of several irregular masses, and these, according to observation, coalesce and are drawn together as by a common central attraction.

Stellar clusters are quite distinct from Nebulae, although both appear to low magnifying powers as the same; when high powers are used, one is resolved into stars, the other changes not in appearance. Our solar system belongs to that stellar cluster we call the milky-way, that is, our sun is one of the component stars of that group, and as it is similar to all other clusters, we treat its description at length, instead of giving a dry description of a multitude of these clusters scattered through the heavens; all of them are almost exactly alike.

No portion of the heavens fills the mind with such feelings of sublimity and awe as the broad zone of the milky-way. Its soft, almost spiritual light, contrasting with the brilliancy of the stars in and around it, produces on the contemplating mind a sense of sublime repose. This zone, or ring, passes quite around the heavens, and its beauty is greatly increased by its ramifications. It only remains entire about two-fifths of its whole length; the remainder of its course is composed of branches and tortuous streams.

Such is the aspect of the milky-way, as it spans the arch of night. I said it was a cluster of stars, a fact revealed by the telescope. These stars are so distant and contiguous, that their light blends before reaching the eye; the number of stars thus concealed is wholly incalculable. Herschel counted in the field of view of his telescope, five hundred and eighty-eight stars, "and as the gradual motion of the earth carried these out of view, and introduced others in their place, while he kept his telescope steadily fixed to one point, there passed over his field of vision in the space of one quarter of an hour, no less than one hundred and sixteen thousand stars, and at another time two hundred and fifty-eight thousand." Inconceivably vast is the space occupied by this cluster, for it is probable that these stars, so remote that their light is confused, are as far from each other as from us.

Placed as we are in this star-cluster, if it was spheroidal in form, and the stars regularly distributed, its appearance must vary in accordance with our own situation. If we were placed entirely on one side, the whole cluster would be projected on one body of our firmament, while on the opposite side we could look out into the clear, almost starless regions of space; if we were placed in the central region, our cluster would be equally projected on the sky. Such is not the aspect it presents, and hence it cannot be spheroidal. If it were lens-shaped, an extremely flattened sphere, and we were centrally located, it would appear as at present, looking out through the radius of the lens-shaped mass, we should see more stars than by looking out in the direction of its poles, and hence the former regions would appear crowded with stars, while the latter would present scarcely any.

Herschel conjectured that the stars of the milky-way were not irregularly disposed, but were placed in separate concentric zones, or rings, a fact uniting the solar system, and this stellar cluster into a unity as indicative of a common and universal law of genetic evolution.

Having completed this rapid survey of the heaven of the fixed stars, in our next article we shall treat of the theory of creation, which unites them together, and makes the universe a complete and harmonious whole.

LIGHT AND SUBSTANCE.

BY DAVID TROWBRIDGE.

Having noticed, in the BANNER of March last, some questions from friend Cooley in relation to Light and Substance, with your permission I will answer them so far as I am able.

Quzs. 1. "Can that be and travel which has not substance? Is force or motion the result of nothing acting on and through something?"

Yes, I say to the first part of the question. Sound has an existence, and it travels, and yet we know that it is not a material substance, but it is the result of the action of material substances. The geometrical principle that, in any plane triangle, the sum of the three angles is equal to two right angles, has an existence but not motion, and yet it is not a material substance. Sound is known to be the result of the action of waves in the air, but the air in which the waves exist has no progressive movement. If we throw a stone into the water, waves are produced, and they appear to and do spread; but if a piece of wood chance to be near, and within the waves, it will, in general, not be urged forward by the action of the waves. The same holds true in the great tidal waves produced by the action of the sun and moon. We thus perceive that from the action of waves that effects can be produced, and yet there is no progressive transfer of materials. Although this is not a case that comes exactly to the point, yet it will serve as an illustration. But the case of sound seems to be, and is, directly to the point.

In the case of light there are two theories that have been proposed to account for its phenomena. The first that was proposed, that was used for explaining the various phenomena of light, is due to Sir Isaac Newton, who did much for the hypothesis. The theory is known as the *Corpuscular Theory*. It supposes light to be composed of minute particles of matter that are shot off from luminous bodies

with a very great velocity, (192,000 miles a second.) Many of the phenomena of light can be explained upon this hypothesis, but there are others, as the *interference of light*, that cannot be explained on the Newtonian hypothesis. But of this we shall say more further on.

The other theory, which was proposed many centuries ago, but which has only been thoroughly investigated within the last hundred years, is that known as the *Undulatory Theory*. It presupposes the existence of a rare and very elastic ether distributed throughout the realms of universal space, and then the action of luminous bodies on the ether puts it into a vibratory or undulatory motion, and these waves, acting on the visual organs, produce the sensation called light.

The only way of testing the correctness of these theories, is to take the various phenomena of light, as elicited by direct experiment, or otherwise, and then to see if they can be explained upon either or both the above hypotheses. This is the plan that has been pursued. Many of the phenomena of light have been explained with equal facility upon both hypotheses. The following phenomena cannot be explained on the first:

When two equal rays of red light, proceeding from two luminous objects, fall on a piece of white paper at the same point, the intensity of the light will be twice as great as when they act singly, provided the difference in the lengths of the two beams from the luminous points to the red spot on the paper be exactly the 0.0000258th part of an inch. The same effect will take place if the difference in the lengths be two, three, four, or any whole number of times that quantity. But if the difference in the lengths of the same beams be one-half, one and a half, two and a half, &c., times the same quantity, then absolute darkness will be produced. If the difference in the lengths be one and a fourth, two and a fourth, &c., the same quantity, then both rays thus combined will only be equal to what one ray, acting singly, would produce. These phenomena are known as the *interference of light*. It has hitherto been impossible to explain them upon the corpuscular hypothesis; but they are very easily explained upon the undulatory hypothesis, by the interference of waves. It is by its adequacy to explain nearly everything that has yet presented itself, that the latter theory seems to be so well established.

According to this hypothesis, then, light is but the effect of undulations, or waves, in the ether, that there is, otherwise, some probability of existing throughout the realms of space. There will then be no real progressive movement of substance. But without this ether (substance) no light could be produced. This, then, is what is meant, when it is stated "that light is not material substance, but undulations of ether;" light is the effect of the undulations of ether; that is, the effect of the motion of material substance.

Quzs. 2d. "Is light more instant to perceive than light to disclose? Or, can the sight, by aid of the telescope, perceive an object in two seconds, which it takes light sixty thousand years to accomplish?"

To this question we answer, no. Nor is it necessary. The travel of light is simply the travel of the undulations of the ether. We can see no object until the undulations from that object reach us. The telescope can reveal distant stars only by its being able to collect more light (that is, a greater amount of the waves) than the naked eye can. These rays of light are concentrated so that the eye can take them in. We know that waves can be concentrated, from the fact that sound can be concentrated; and also that the great tidal waves rush into the Bay of Fundy, and are there so much concentrated as to cause the tide to rise to the height of seventy feet. The same thing holds true on a smaller scale elsewhere.

Quzs. 3d. "Can a 'luminous body' cause undulations without contact, and so produce motion without matter?"

We have no experience that enables us to answer this question in the affirmative; and we can only be guided by experience. So far, then, as we can answer, we must say, no. But it does not follow from this, that light is necessarily produced by combustion, as we understand the term. Hot iron will emit light, and it is a question whether there is any combustion. M. Arago proved that the solar photosphere (sphere of light) is of the nature of luminous gas. There is some evidence that electricity in some form or state is largely concerned in producing sunlight.

Perry City, New York.

Good Manners.

Good manners implies a complete fulfillment of all duties. A single duty left undone is an ill-mannered act.

It is ill manners to speak ill of any one. Good manners requires silence when we cannot speak well of another.

It is ill manners to take more of the good things of this world for our own use than our neighbor has.

It is ill manners to oppose another man's creed.

It is ill manners to judge another man.

It is ill manners to pray that another man may be as good as "I" am, for this pretends that I am better than he is.

It is ill manners to go to law with another man.

It is ill manners to go to war with any man or men.

It is ill manners to require another to do the necessary toll which nature requires each one to do. All emulative efforts are ill-mannered, for they are supported by selfishness, and a want of generosity.

A woman who tries to excel her neighbor in dress is purely selfish in the effort of emulation; so is the man who tries to build a handsomer house than his neighbor, or a greater political or religious reputation.

In good manners there is amiability, generally and charity—no selfishness, no emulation, no oppression, no pretension of religious or moral excellences, no effort for self-display and self-enjoyment above another, no court-houses or battlefields, no servants distinct from lords, no pretending saints, disguised praying for generous sinners, undisciplined.

If all men and women filled up the measure of good manners to one another, our life would be more peaceful, more pleasant, more lovely. To make our manners good is but to do our duties well.

"And so make life, death, and that vast forever, One grand, sweet song." —A. J. C.

"I have one request to make of you, my dear Mr. Grant. 'My dear widow I will grant anything you say.' 'Well, sir, I want to be Graciously myself.'"

ABSTRACT OF A DISCOURSE DELIVERED AT THE FUNERAL OF CAPT. JOHN L. HACKSTAFF, OF COLDWATER, MICH.

BY FREDERICK L. H. WILLIAMS.

[Published by Request.]

My friends, it is with feelings too deep for utterance that I stand before you this morning. For the first time during my ministrations to this society, extending over a period of four years—death has come to one of our own number; one who was constant in his attendance upon the stated services of this chapel, who loved to be here; one with whom we have walked and talked and held familiar intercourse; who always had a pleasant smile and a word of cheer for us all. His manly form has been stricken down and lies cold and still. His busy brain is no longer the center of the soul-power that animated it. The light of the eyes from which that soul looked forth so genially, has faded away from them. The pleasant smile that we all remember so well, has given way to the placid stillness of death, and into its place has come an expression that speaks the peace and rest of Heaven. Serenely and beautifully, with scarce a struggle, he breathed out his life, and the beautiful light of the immortal world stole over his countenance, as yet the fever flush had left it and stamped thereon the beatitude of rest.

Death came to the outward man and life to the spiritual. For do we not know that death is swallowed up in victory, and that the freed spirit of our brother and friend lives glorified and radiant in the beautiful home that awaits us all? Who that witnessed that closing scene, so peaceful, so followed by a sense of grateful joy at his release from suffering, that welled up even in the midst of grief from the hearts of those that loved him best, can doubt this? We know, too, that it is only for a little time, only for a few days that our spirits shall be clothed upon with mortality, and then we shall stand as the freed spirit of our brother stands to-day, among the ministering angels—the comforters of those left behind—and touching the earth with our affections and love, shall yet touch the heaven of heavens with our faith and aspiration.

Oh, friends, with this event standing before us, pressing heavily upon our hearts, does not something speak to us? Yes; we hear the voices of reality. We feel the beat of the great heart of Humanity, and our own hearts respond. We hear, too, the voices of the Spirit; voices that speak to us from out "the veil that separateth life to come, from life that is;" voices of the loved ones gone; and numbered now among them is the voice of our brother. Yes, though dead, he liveth. Though dead, he speaketh. He speaks to us in all the pleasant memories he has left behind. He speaks to us in all the sublime and lofty truths of that philosophy and religion which were so dear to his heart; which he drank in joyously, and which gave to him a faith so unwavering in the blessedness of the life to come, and made the unseen and eternal so vivid and real to him.

We find the following words left in manuscript among the writings of our friend: "Can the God-like essence of man's soul decay? Impossible. The soul cannot die. Hence the hereafter whether the soul goes at the close of the earth-life, is no myth, but as true as the soul's continued existence, and bears the same relation to the earth-life, which is but the shadow of the substance—as our bodies do to the spirits that are encased in them. In other words, 'The things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are unseen, are eternal.'"

Let these words of our friend be to us to-day as the voice of his living, freed spirit, sounding to us from the realm of the immortal life he has now entered. Can there be a nobler, worthier thought to fill our minds and hearts on this occasion, than the one embodied in these, his words: "The soul is immortal. The unseen and spiritual is eternal."

We look upon the body, and it has proved itself mortal. We watched it through weary days and nights of suffering, and wept at our powerlessness to relieve the pangs that were proving its mortality. And now its tollful limbs are quiet; its face is motionless; it has become Nature's, and she claims it to be all her own. We are about to give it up to her; to place it in her opening arms that she may enfold it as her own, until she converts it into more beautiful forms of life. Yes, the body has proved itself mortal, frail, perishable. But what moved the body? What impelled the active energies of muscle and nerve? The indwelling soul. Where is that now? Ah, let us answer in the words of our friend. "Can the Godlike essence of man's soul decay? Impossible. The soul cannot die." And was not the soul, the spirit, the all of the life of our friend? While we gaze upon the body and find him not there; while we turn to the form and face, and the eyes meet not ours, the voice answers not, do we not know that he lives as an individual—as a living spirit?

Ah, in this beautiful season, so full of earth's richest gifts, in this joy-time of the year—this season so loved and appreciated by our friend, who had a rare perception and a keen enjoyment of the beautiful in Nature, can we not hear the Divine voice speaking to us from out of death even, proclaiming its everlasting life? In the winter of the year, when Nature was silent, and slept in the peacefulness of rest, we could better wonder concerning the perfection of all things. But now, as Nature clothes herself with the beauties of her creations, and everywhere verdure and bloom meet the eye, we cannot even wonder concerning life or death. The revelation is before us. The spiritual stands informed, enthroned; it is God proclaiming to us the tidings of great joy—that death is but the fullness of life.

And now, why are we here with solemn mien and fearful eyes? We are not holding communion with death. No, it is for us to seek for life at this time; it is for us to feel the soul is immortal. To-day, the weariness and pain of sickness all over; to-day, the struggle with mortality—as an end, our friend is an immortal soul. We all know how he felt concerning death. No friend of his but has heard his cheering words in regard to the future. With him there was no dread, but the most ardent of hopes ever connected with the laying down of the mortal. "I shall not live long," I have heard him say, "and I am ready to go. The spiritual is beautiful to me. I know to what I am going, and I long to be there, except that my duty keeps me here." There was no horrid gulf to pass; no dreaded darkness; to us, serene between him and the light beyond; no, it was but as the lifting of a latch from out a central luminous with the light that shone through its trans-

parent walls. He has often been heard to say, as one friend after another left the earth, "Ah, if it were my time to go, I would rejoice." And this feeling springs from no moroseness; from no disrellish of life. Our friend loved life and its enjoyments. He was ready to enter into all social pleasures; he was ever genial and cheerful; ever had a word of cheer for neighbor and friend.

Why, then, this faith, this anticipation, this hope? Why did he look forward to the spiritual life with such real pleasure; with such earnest longings to enter upon it? There is but one answer. *He was a devoted, ardent Spiritualist.* He early accepted the glorious doctrine that the spirit-world is no far off locality, but enfolds us all as air enfolds the earth—as God enfolds the universe. And his faith was knowledge. It became a part of his daily life. He ever looked upon death as the putting off a garment, and the future as a home of beautiful realities.

There is nothing in the character of our friend that I so like to dwell upon as his consistency in respect to his faith. He knew whereof he believed, and he never, under any circumstances, hesitated to avow his sentiments. He was ever an earnest preacher of this Gospel. During the last months of his life, while brought into contact with strangers, he most earnestly preached the glorious doctrines of Spiritualism in camp and at the fireside of strangers. It seems to me now as if, feeling that he had but little time to work, he worked with all his might, knowing that life is better used in revealing truth than in gaining renown. And he never let a selfish ambition stand in the way of a ready avowal of his faith. If people liked him less because of his faith, then they were allowed to do it. He would not win approbation or love even, much as he prized them, by being false to truth. This is why we can stand to-day, and with hopeful, grateful assurance, dwell upon the life of our friend just begun in the spiritual world. He entered it no bigot; neither a stranger to its life. He had enjoyed learning of its realities, far more than he had enjoyed worldly pleasures. In the hurry and bustle of business, there was ever an hour for spiritual thought. In the excitement of political contest, there was always a season of quiet, when the higher and better could be dwelt upon.

Our friend was eminently a public man. He was a member of the great brotherhood of the press. For many years he occupied the chair editorial; an office for which he was well fitted by his naturally gifted mind. Nature did much for him, both in head and in heart. As an editor, he was fearless and independent, and won to him the respect of his opponents. He was an active politician; a faithful adherent to one of the great political parties of the country, whose principles he ever maintained in the columns of his journal, which he made an organ of that party, and into the advocacy of which he carried something of the zeal he manifested for his religion. As an editor and a politician he was known to you all, and I need not enlarge upon those points. I would fain say something of him as a man, a friend, a brother. I feel that I knew him intimately. Many and long are the seasons of intercourse I have held with him, and I know he had a noble, generous nature. Yet there are those who have known him far longer than have I, and their testimony is that he was a man of sunny disposition, of prompt, generous impulses, and gifted with a rare power of winning friends wherever he went. Never, till disease made such sad inroads upon his system, did he manifest anything like petulance or irritation; but was ever joyous and hopeful, even when cares pressed the most heavily, and life's struggle was the most arduous and wearing. I do not claim that he was a saint, or that he had no faults. Well do I know what the frailties of our common humanity are; and he was encompassed about with them, as are all of us. But it is nobler and better by far for us to recognize that which is true and good in a man's character, as it appeals to our feeling, than it is to pass criticism upon his outer life as it comes under our observation. And I do say our brother had a noble, generous nature; rich in all genial humanities; keenly alive to the spiritual; richly endowed with affection, that made him faithful and true as a friend, devoted as a husband, affectionate and proud as a father. During the last days of his life, every instant of returning consciousness—and they were rare and precious and only momentary—was spent in the manifestation of affection for his family; pressing the hand and feebly drawing down the face of wife or child, striving with those poor, dying lips to imprint thereon the kiss of love.

I have said that our brother was a politician. When the war broke out he merged the politician in the American; and with the impetuosity and zeal that always characterized his movements when he felt that he was right, he declared himself for his country, one and undivided, and gave all his intellectual energies to the furtherance of the plans of the Administration. He went farther, and offered his services in the army; they were accepted, and he went to Kentucky, as Captain of Company H, 11th Regiment, Michigan Volunteers. But the exposures and hardships of camp life were too much for his already outward frame. There, other diseases developed themselves to quicken the ravages of those already upon him. He was compelled to resign and return home. For a time, he rallied, and thought of returning to the service; even went to St. Louis, to apply for another commission. But while there, the voice of the spirit bade him return to his home, and so strong was its injunction, that he could not resist. He came home to die, and today, we have brought his form to this place to which he loved to come, and here it lies, stricken and helpless before us. But it is well. I can hear no other voice but the voice of his own exultant spirit, saying: "It is well with me. The soul cannot die. The things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are unseen are eternal."

The reality of life is before us to-day more than the reality of death. It is not the life of the natural, but of the spiritual. We will—for all things bid us—look beyond this seeming death into the eternal and spiritual. Morning has waked the earth from its sleep. The freshness of a beautiful awakening has come to nature. We see how, with its splendor, earth puts on her glorious garments, and clothes herself with beauty. Is not the morning's awakening a type of the soul's renewed life? Do we not know that when the body gives up its grasp upon mortality it ascends to the more beautiful spiritual day, where the sun of truth illumines the sky; where the beauty of righteousness is the clothing of the spirit's home; where the flowers of love and of hope bloom, and where the songs of praise overflow in the air, and resound through the electric chains of love and sympathy? Let us look beyond this earthly beauty to that spiritual life.

And while we remember that earth and her loveliness is a meet temple for the worship of infinite truth and love, yet let us look to that better home not made with hands—that home in the heavens. From thence, floating downward, as light from the sun, come those myriad chains of love, binding our lives to the spiritual. Shall we lament that those chords have been multiplied? No; let us rejoice that while another spirit has entered its higher life, we too are brought thereby into closer proximity with the really spiritual; and though now we see but dimly through these mists and vapors of earthly sense, yet there watches close by the portals of love another soul, ready to bless the waiting hearts of earth. Those portals lie within ourselves; and while, with hushed voice and asking eye, we turn from nature up to spirit, let us repeat, "The soul can never die. That which is seen is natural; but that which is not seen is eternal."

And now, with hopeful hearts, may we give unto Nature her own; for closer than we know is the unseen and spiritual; and while the flower-portals stand open, may our hearts receive the benediction of heaven, and our ears catch some of those tones that are uttered for us to hear; tones from the beautiful world of life and love, repeating to us words of hope and of cheer—words of strength and consolation. They bid us be active and courageous, for life is meant for labor and achievement. They bid us be hopeful and cheerful, for but a step lies between the mortal and immortal. They bid us fear not to-morrow; for what lies before God and his angels will fit us. They bid us love much, for love is the chord that links us to heaven. They bid us cease mourning for the infinite power that governs our every step will never defraud us. Oh, let us hear these spiritual voices, and let us know that our friend and brother joins in them, bidding us remember he is not dead, but a living, immortal soul; ready to help those he loves; ready to inspire with courage the timid; ready to prove to us all that the portals of life open through the portals of death, and that the spiritual is full of beauty and of joy.

Coldwater, Mich., June 1, 1862.

Written for the Banner of Light. THE SLAVE MOTHER'S DESPAIRING WAIL.

BY JOYCE JOYCELYN.

Long weary years
Of sweat and tears,
I've passed in unwarmed toil;
Hope gave no spark
To pierce the dark,
Or the oppressor's plottings foil;
I with mute tongue,
Have borne the throng,
And saw the mighty, fearful coil
Of slavery tightening round my race.

With soulless tread
And drooping head,
To my appointed tasks I went,
A ruffian cur,
With whip and spur,
Kept watching with the keenest scent,
And with vile tongue
My heart strings wrung,
And inborn chasteness rudely rent.
And decency and right outraged.

My spirit cried
Could I have died,
And passed below the valley sod,
Or not been born,
To thus be torn,
By insults and the brutal rod,
Oh! in my gloom
And darkening doom
My soul cried out there is no God,
Or right and justice were would live!

Oh, white man! why
Will you belie
The very instincts God has given?
And say my race
Now holds the place,
The very place designed by Heaven!
Your hearts must tell
That only Hell!

Can see a mother's heart thus riven,
And not send up a plying prayer.
In breathless pause,
We heard the cause,
Of the great strife now taking place,
And hoped and prayed
'T would not be stayed
Till every one of Africa's race
Would stand upright
In freedom's light,
And by his strength each stain efface,
And prove his right to liberty.

Midst hope and fears,
Midst doubt and tears,
I on the fearful struggle gaze;
Helpless in bonds,
My soul responds
To the shout of triumph freemen raise.
We roared and spied,
We try to hide
The fires that in us fiercely blaze,
For Liberty and Human Rights.

Oh, Northern men, you
In pity view:
Raise your strong arm and help, oh save!
Why hesitate
To legislate,
When striven strives to dig you grave?
Take the golden key
Of Liberty,
Unlock the fetters of the slave,
And all the world will cry Amen.

THE SLAVE QUESTION.

"The course may be varied, yet the goal the same."
Were this subject, so fruitful in fierce invective, exhausted, no time would be lost in bringing forward some other, that might prove equally fruitful in supplying food to sustain those malignant passions of man's nature, which will have exercise, unless corrected by the severe discipline of self-condemnation. There is a misconception in the minds of many good people upon the slave question, that all who are inclined to see justice prevail, may desire to remove. That portion of the people who demand the immediate and unconditional emancipation of slaves, are designated by the term Abolitionists; and amongst them may be found many who are distinguished by every virtue which adorns humanity.

There is another portion who are as fully impressed with the enormity of the evil, and equally desirous to see the nation thoroughly relieved from its baneful influence, who are no less conscientious in the belief that the extinction of slavery can only be effected by a generally pervading moral influence, which may operate not only upon the nation at large, but upon the mind of the master. They are fully impressed with the belief that slavery is not only sink-

ing everywhere in public estimation, but that the moral progress of the age will inevitably accomplish its entire abolition; and further, that the eradication of the evil cannot be so soon, or so effectually accomplished, if at all, by any other means.

Here is a conflict of opinion, not with regard to the magnitude of the evil, but solely about the best means of securing a remedy. Can it be thought ill-timed, even it be thought idle or impertinent to beseech these equally sincere friends of human rights to reflect seriously upon the fact that nothing divides them but an honest difference of opinion in the means of accomplishing the same result? And should not this consideration induce us all, so far as the imperfection of human nature will permit, to regard the supposed erroneous views of each other upon this subject with charity? And, above all, may we not be admonished to impress fully upon our hearts the essential truth that the best preparation for useful or permanent reform is found in the habitual cultivation of the benevolent affections. *Love is the pure and ever-living fountain which supplies the only motive to good works.*

W. S. W.

Greenville, Ill.

Correspondence.

Spiritualism in Western New Hampshire.

In my last I stated I was at Warrenton, Me. Through the politeness of our good friend, Dea. Barber, I was conveyed across the line into the borders of the old Granite State. My first stopping place was Winchester, a town lying in the south-western part of New Hampshire. I immediately called upon the Postmaster, Wm. H. Gurnsey, and Dr. Ira W. Russell, both firm and active Spiritualists. Dr. Russell kindly invited me to make my home with him while I stopped in the place, which I gladly accepted, and found it a home in every sense of the word. The friends in Winchester immediately decided to have a lecture in their hall, which receives the appellation of Beacon Light Hall, a very appropriate name, the following Sunday evening at 6 o'clock.

That same evening, June 11, I walked from Winchester, passing through Ashuelot village, on the Ashuelot river, over a high hill, to South Hinsdale, N. H. The hill was steep and rough, but when I reached the summit, I was well paid for the fatigue of the walk. The sun was just above the summit of the hills in the western horizon, and shedding its calm and mild rays over a beautiful valley by the Connecticut river. Far in the West were the lofty range of Green Mountains in Vermont. In the East, or rather Southeast, were seen the Northfield Mountains; and in the valley below, the Connecticut river, winding its course along through green cultivated meadows and rich overland.

At a distance of about four miles, is seen the beautiful village of Northfield, Mass. Bursting in suddenly upon my vision, the view was enchanting; and the silvery light of the setting sun, shedding its radiant light over hill, valley and mountain-tops, lent enchantment to the view. But I must not stop to describe scenery. As interesting as it is to my soul, there is a subject still more dear to me and the public.

There are a few choice friends at South Hinsdale, who are devotedly attached to the cause of Spiritualism, and amongst them I must not forget to remember the families of Bro. Sarriel Howard, and Capt. Seth Doolittle, where Spiritualists will always find a warm greeting. There are other friends there, but as I only formed a passing acquaintance, I have not retained their names. The next day I spent at South Hinsdale, and arranged to lecture Sunday afternoon, June 16, in Capt. Doolittle's Hall. At this place I formed the acquaintance of a Mrs. M. A. Carver Brown, a trance speaker, from Sandusky, Vt., who is stopping with the friends there for a season. I heard Mrs. Brown speak several times in a private circle, and if she is controlled as well in public, I think her addresses would be interesting and profitable, and I think I can safely recommend her to the Spiritualist public, who, by employing her to lecture, will essentially aid her in her struggles to overcome the many obstacles which seem to lie in her pathway, and receive good to themselves.

Sunday, June 16, I spoke at South Hinsdale, to a small, but attentive audience. After lecture, I returned to Winchester, to fulfill my appointment at 6 o'clock, at Beacon Light Hall. The lecture was well attended, and listened to with apparent interest. Spiritualism a few years since, received a severe check at Winchester, but the interest seems to be on the increase at the present time. I found some warm, firm, determined friends here.

I had determined to arrange, if possible, for lectures at either Drewsville, or Paper Mill Village, or both, in Walpole, N. H.; but just before rising, Thursday morning, 19th, my invisible guide spoke to me the words "East Westmoreland." I had not designed to go to East Westmoreland at all, and kept on my way until I arrived at Surry. At Surry, I called upon Mr. Almond Stephens, one of the few Spiritualists in that place. In the course of conversation, he said to me three times, "It is my impression you had better go to East Westmoreland." Accordingly I altered my plans and turned my course toward that place.

I called first upon Mr. Henry Eddy. He spoke discouragingly about lectures, but thought I had better stop and visit. I did not seem to feel that it was any place for lectures, but there was an irresistible impression that I was controlled by my invisible guide to go there. After dinner Mr. Eddy called upon Mr. Winchester, and also upon his brother, Mr. Nathaniel Eddy, whose families are about all the Spiritualists that dare openly avow their belief, in that immediate neighborhood, although there are others scattered in different parts of the town. After talking the matter over, they determined upon having two lectures the Sunday following.

The meeting-house at East Westmoreland is a Union house, and built upon the regulation that each pew-holder shall occupy the house for the promulgation of his views, his share of the time; and the Spiritualists were entitled to the house whenever demanded; hence they gave notice that they should occupy the house the Sunday following, afternoon and evening, and notices were immediately given for lectures, and in accordance with the notices, I lectured there June 22, at one and five o'clock, to good and attentive audiences; and the lectures seemed to be appreciated by most of those who listened. The Spiritualists there seemed to be disheartened, and to think the time had not come for public labor; but my impressions are, that at East Westmoreland "The field is already white for the harvest." I found less outward pressure here than any place I had previously visited.

Yesterday evening previous to the day I lectured

there, Mrs. Helen Mathews, wife of L. W. Mathews and sister of Miss Darby A. L. Allen, well known in spiritual circles in Boston as an excellent test medium, arrived there from Lowell, to take up a temporary residence among them. Mrs. Mathews is also an excellent trance test medium; and with such a laborer in their midst, Spiritualism cannot fail to advance. There are other mediums in the place developing.

I was shown drawings executed through the hand of Mrs. Winchester, wife of Ashley Winchester, which show incontestable proof of spirit-control. Among the finest and least assuming mediums I have met, is Miss Emma Esty. She assumes no medium powers, and rather shrinks from public mediumship. But she is being fast developed to a high plane. She is used in reading character, personifying, and healing. Through her, as well as the mediumship of Mrs. Mathews, I received incontestable proof of the identity of "Mary," that dear spirit-friend who seems constantly to attend me wherever I go, and to give evidence of her presence through every medium she can approach and control.

Before closing this I must not forget to mention that our dear sister, Rosa T. Amedy, whom all the readers of the BANNER will readily recognize, announced her name through Mrs. Mathews, and controlled her to say to me that she desired me to prepare an article for the BANNER on "The Condition of Mediumship;" and that she would come to me and aid me. When I feel that influence I shall, if possible, give way to it, and with your permission, make public the result through the columns of the BANNER.

When next you hear from me, I shall probably be among the Green Mountains.

Yours, fraternally,
A. H. DAVIS.

East West Moreland, June 24, 1862.

California Reminiscences and Home Matters.

Never dawned a fairer day nor shone a brighter sun than on the 21st of March, when the steamer "Sonora," like a bird of passage, passed the "Golden Gate" into the calm blue Pacific, bearing many glad hearts homeward. Home, family, friends! All beautiful words because of the sacred associations connected therewith.

After the first few days a sea voyage becomes monotonous. We tire of gazing upon each other, and then upon such a vast expanse of waters. This sameness is occasionally relieved by a sail on the horizon's verge, a shoal of porpoises, a swarm of black-fish, a regiment of flying-fish, or whales spouting, sea gulls cutting curves and circles, and the more graceful flight of storm-foreboding petrels.

But what of California? As a whole, it is delightful, being the land of vineyards, vegetables of enormous growth, fruits the choicest, with wine, wool and gold for staple productions. The country, having some eight hundred miles of sea coast, presents every possible contrast. The Norwegian may here find mountains capped with eternal snows, the Swissman his rugged hills, the Bohemian his purple clustered vineyards, the Hollander his lowlands, the Chinaman his ricefields and the Spaniard his pomegranate groves. The valleys produce luxuriantly, and the mountains abound in minerals; but communities are not as well organized nor society as perfectly systematized as in the older States, the population being more floating. I traveled extensively in the State, reveling in such grand scenery as caves, mines, mountains, extinct volcanoes, big trees, waterfalls, thermal springs, &c., finding several old acquaintances, and forming many new and valuable ones, and at no very distant day I hope to cordially recoup their hands.

It was my good fortune, during my peregrinations, to form the personal acquaintance of several excellent mediums. Mrs. D. S. Curtis, of Sacramento, has been very successful in the line of healing, as have also Mrs. Sammie, Dr. Josephine, Miss Miner, and others, of San Francisco. Mrs. Pierson speaks beautifully under inspiration. Mr. French bids fair to become one of the best lecturers on the coast. Mrs. Fanny Green delivered a series of lectures, ere I sailed, to highly appreciative audiences upon the divine incarnations. They ought to be published.

Spiritualism is prospering finely on the Pacific shores. The friends only need a thorough organization, and a few reliable test mediums. It gratified me to learn, upon my arrival in New York, that our worthy brother, J. V. Mansfield, had sailed for California. He will meet with a most hearty reception there. The sealed letter I sent him from Sacramento, was answered satisfactorily and beautifully, and a portion in Latin, showing the scholarship of my spirit guide in earth-life. All knowledge gained here is retained beyond death's quiet river.

Home! what sensitive soul does not thro at the mention of the word? In it are garnered, and around it cluster the holiest experiences of life. Family, friends, scenery, garden, library, all have increased charms from a year's travel. But say one tender childish voice I miss; for, during the year, a musical chord in our family-harp was unstrung—unstrung only to swell and sweeten the angel harmonies of the spirit-land. Accordingly, all is well, and "all for the best."

Our desk, I learn from the friends, has been ably supplied by N. F. White, B. Todd, Emma Harding, Belle Scougall, Warren Chase, and F. L. Wadsworth, the latter speaking for the term of six months to great acceptance. I recommended my labors in this city the 1st of June, and for a time shall address the congregation each Sabbath, after which, half of the time for the current year. The other half will be occupied by itinerants. Mrs. D. M. Brown, a most estimable lady, and earnest worker among us, composed, and the quartette sang a "song of welcome" and "response," upon my stepping upon the platform, the first Sunday of this month.

[As the poetry has already appeared in print, and our space is somewhat limited, Bro. P. must excuse us for omitting it here.]—Ed.

The beautiful philosophy underlying the ministry of angels is spreading, so far as I can judge, more rapidly throughout the Western States, than at any previous period. We need a more effective system of organization throughout our progressive Zion; more energy in supporting our periodicals; and more speakers, lifting up their voices like mighty trumpets. Positively, I cannot supply one-fourth of the calls I have had from the various branches of the western lecture-field since my return; and still the Western planary continues, while the angels are "waiting to be gracious." We have a number of good mediums in this place, and devote the whole time thereto. E. G. Dunn, that one of the finest healing mediums before the public, and promises to become an excellent spiritualist speaker. Media that live up to the laws of mediumistic control, walking orderly, reasoning calmly, and living true, noble, dignified and manly lives, are to be more highly appreciated and better remunerated in the future than the past, and vice versa. Be quick to be.

J. M. PARRISH.

Belle Creek, Mich.

Political Parties.

That the old political parties of this nation have filled their mission and gone to the wall is plain to all who are conversant with the real condition of our country. The churches may stagger and stumble on a while longer, but in politics we are fairly in the transition, and a new era is upon us. The great cardinal principles on which we must rally for the new organization, are human rights, vs., exclusive privileges, or monopoly and aristocracy on one side, and equal rights to both sexes and all colors, freedom and protection to all, on the other, and it is time for each person to be preparing for a decision and division on this issue.

The right of every man and woman to "Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness," has long been proclaimed and accepted, if not adopted by the political parties of our country; but now must be proclaimed the right of every person to LAND, LABOR, and EDUCATION, and we will see what parties are ready to accept and adopt it, and then we will see how far each party is ready to make the legislation of States and the nation conform as far as practicable to these principles.

Restrict land speculation, so that no person, or company, can monopolize land and fix prices on unoccupied land, to place it beyond the reach of the landless poor; nor allow them to prevent such occupying it, and make titles equally accessible and secure to male and female, married or unmarried. The marriage laws must be so altered that a wife is no longer a servant, or worse; and if she labors, it must be for herself, and not as a slave, as many now do, and the law of compensation, which is better in this country than any other, must be much more just to the laborer.

Respectability and honor must be a part of the compensation of laborers as well as dinner and dimes, and all must be taught to feel and know the importance of gaining all children, male and female, to moderate tasks of labor, that none need be overtaxed and worn out before the proper age. Equal pay to man and woman for the same amount and quality of labor—no distinction in property, wages, or civil rights between man and woman, equality to all in civil and social rights and privileges.

In education, open all the schools and professions to females and males equally, and free to all, from the infant school to the classics and the law, including ridiculous theology, if it does not dry up before that time comes. Soon as this is over, and the country returns to principles for political action, these new issues will be pressed forward, and the "long roll" beat for a political action, and I trust, if any class of our people are found ready and on the right side, it will be the Spiritualists, for, of all people, they should be the ones to lead off in politics, as they do in religion, and occupy, as they do in religion, the most advanced positions. Let us be up and ready, gird on the whole armor of truth and righteousness, and be prepared for the approaching day.

Slavery has received its death blow, and gone staggering toward its open grave, and now for the emancipation of woman and laborers and homesteads, and the freedom of unoccupied lands—the right of woman to have a home, whether she has a husband or not—the right to labor in any field or profession, and gain honors and riches, if she can, without being obliged to marry and get her honor and property by and through her husband. A bright and glorious future awaits us if such principles triumph. Shall there not be a party to carry them out? I am almost certain that will, and, for one, I am ready to be enrolled in that organization, although I am not yet ready to join any religious organization, and probably never shall, except it be one that takes all men and women into its church and into heaven without regard to any, or no, belief.

Chardon, Ohio, June 27, 1862.

"All Right, except the Cash."

DR. A. B. CHILD: Dear Sir—Having seen notices in the BANNER OF LIGHT of your new Farming Corporation, and having read the organization and by-laws with pleasure, also having read many of your communications in the same paper, and being somewhat of an associationist myself, I take the liberty of asking a question or two.

Your plans are all well enough for men, or families, that have, say, the three hundred dollars, or more, to help themselves with, but I should like to ask what you propose to do with the humble poor? (for many there are who are all right except the cash.) How is the poor mechanic, that cannot help himself, to gain admittance into your Corporation? Do you propose to help those that cannot help themselves? I understand all reforms to be for the object of helping such as need help. On what terms do you propose to receive such? Will you receive them as partners the same as those who have money, or as servants, or not at all? As I have not seen anything explaining this point, please publish an answer in the BANNER, so that all may be enlightened on the subject.

There is a growing feeling here on the subject of association, and, ere long, I think it will be taken hold of in earnest by good men. Yours for progress.

Marion, Ohio, June 22, 1862. E. B. SMITH.

DR. CHILD'S ANSWER.

I have experienced the galling lashes of poverty. I know what poverty is. It is my earnest desire, as I doubt not it is also the earnest desire of every one interested in the New England Agricultural Company, now beginning near Kidder, Mo., that every man, woman and child should have a competence to make themselves comfortable and happy in this life—and not only have a competence, but gain that competence lawfully, honestly. It was the consideration of the suffering poor that gave birth to the idea of this corporation farming movement. And my earnest prayer to God is now, that it may bear fruit to the end for which it was originated, viz., to mitigate and ameliorate, to avert and banish the suffering that comes to humanity by the unequal distribution of the things necessary for our earthly well-being. I mean the two opposites—riches and poverty. A competence goes between the two. A competence for all is the aim of this movement. And if I am not mistaken, angels smile upon the undertaking, and God will let it prosper.

Money is first necessary to start this plan, and those who have it must be called upon, and they will give first for their own good, then for others. This, when invested, will give employment to those who have no money, so they can lay the cornerstones of their own homes in the same corporation, or in another that is already in contemplation.

Men are not yet willing to give much money away to other men, except it be for a consideration. And then the recipient of gift money will generally spend it to bad advantage. The world must be taken as it is, not as generous souls desire it to be.

It is better that a man earn his home and a competence by easy, well directed efforts, than it is for him to have a home given to him. The former he will treat as his own child, and the latter as a foreign child. As soon as this New England Agricultural Company is under way, it is their design to form and direct other corporations on the credit system, and give employment to all who may come and ask it, in such a way that a home complete shall be paid for, and a competence shall be following in a few years after the work is begun. So far as I am concerned, I can black my own boots, and, if necessary, another man's, too! I am at home where I serve in the kitchen or in the dining room; in the parlor, or in the cornfield; at the inkstand or in the pulpit. And yet there is no service that I may choose to do that will make me feel beneath my

master. There is no useful work that is degrading to a man. The meanest thing a man can do is to think and say that he is better than others are.

As soon as the shares are all taken and paid for in the New England Agricultural Company, which is fast being done, arrangements will be made with the Hamilton and St. Joseph R. R. Company, of which arrangement they have spoken favorably, and will give long credit on land, to organize a credit corporation or company for all who desire to engage. This is only yet in contemplation; one corporation at a time is enough for one company. When this first is set a-going, and is successful—as it must and shall be—then another. And then let us see what can be done for the "many who are all right, except the cash."

An Apparition.

About twenty years ago, while lecturing in Concord, N. H., a singular story was related to me, and my opinion, in a metaphysical point of view, was asked respecting the matter. The affair was too well authenticated to deny the existence of the fact, unless one is disposed to deny all human testimony. Some are.

Two persons, under oath, stated that while watching with Samuel Mann, of Benton, N. H., on the night of his death—the doors of the room being closed, and all quiet in the house—there suddenly appeared in the chamber a strange looking man, shrouded in a luminous atmosphere, standing between them and the bed, looking at the sick man, the room being at once "lighted up with an unearthly, crimson colored light." The sick man was much frightened, and made the confession of having aided in the commission of murder forty years before, describing the place, but not the names of the parties, and immediately died. The stranger at once mysteriously disappeared, and the witnesses were dreadfully frightened. In consequence of the story, an old rumor was revived of the murder of a man named Hodgdon, by a man named Noyes, who had since died, to which murder, it was conjectured, that Mann was accessory. The Concord Statesman published the story as related by the witnesses, under oath, at the time, and thus made record of a decided spiritual manifestation in New Hampshire, twenty years ago. Verily, "there is nothing new under the sun."

WM. P. SHATTUCK, M. D.
Waterford, Me., Water Cure.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY JULY 12, 1862.

OFFICE, 158 WASHINGTON STREET.
Room No. 3, Up Stairs.
WILLIAM WHITE, ISAAC B. RICH,
LUTHER COLBY, CHARLES H. CROWELL,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.
FOR TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION SEE EIGHTH PAGE.
LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

The Helpless Poor.

God helps those who help themselves—so says the adage; and it ought, clearly, to be so. What would be the mortal use of assisting anybody who would only want still more help after you had performed your service for him? It is not the highest kindness we can do for a man, to take his burden on our own backs; nor was strength given us to do so, either; one can no better help his brother than by putting him in a way to help himself; if he finds that his work will be done for him, out of some misguided sympathy, then is his prime motive and stimulus for work gone at the start; he will not labor, it is not in human nature, if he finds that there is after all no need of it, but that he can get along just about as well without.

Lazy dogs we get to be, unless we are continually whipped up to it by the lash of fate. We need the spur and whip more than we need help. He is generally a worthless weed, who would cry because so one else will not grow and stand erect for him. It is a mere baby notion that we must take hold everlastingly of some one else's hand. We ought to go on our knees before stern Fate, and thank the tender-hearted tyrant for knocking us about so unmercifully. Attrition, chafing against obstacles, kicking at opposition, getting up the gritty texture in the character, resisting, defying, qualifying ourselves by a hard discipline to be active and restless forever—this is the true education for life, and nothing less than this is worth a dry rush. To moan and groan because the luck is so hard, is to die of dry rot. To call for some other Hercules to put his shoulder to the wheel for us, is to confess that life is not worth the struggle and the effort. We exist in exertion; no matter if our aims and particular aims are not reached, the end of all exertion is, and that is all we get and keep, any way.

When the poor are wretched—we speak of course of their condition in our own country chiefly—it is because they have never taken the resolution to be happy. If they would stop only long enough to find out how to be—that is, first by working to the best advantage, then by saving up their earnings as many who are called rich save their incomes, and finally by exercising frugality and forebearance, so far as their narrow means permit them, about affairs at large—never dissipating their forces at all, whether money, health, or industry—there is no question at all that they would be many times better off than they are, and always in a more proper condition to help themselves. Their leading fault is, their tendency to be managed by others, instead of gradually securing and maintaining power over themselves.

While we clearly enough discern the multitudinous wrongs of the poor, and will cordially, and even eagerly exert ourselves with all co-operating forces to bring about as speedy and certain relief as possible, we still see how much power of redress lies yet unused in their hands. They have not the courage to seize and hold on. They give over their chances, even the slightest ones, as if they somehow had no good title to existence, and bow a slender right in the world. It is not essential that they should assume or claim more, but that they should do and be more. They throw away their few chances. They neglect the slender chances that are offered them, waiting for their fortunes to come by a sudden turn and in the lump. They fail to understand, and intelligently defend their simplest rights; but live along as if by favor of those who assume more loudly and magnificently than they. If they would watch their opportunities, husband their resources, and make the most of their means, there is no small question they would very soon have at least as much voice in their own affairs as they now silently, but sullenly, permit other people to employ.

A Working Bishop.

If we all suffered our works to keep pace with our faith, we should be much happier and get a good deal more out of life beside. The better our hearts, the better should be our deeds; for it is to be remembered that all true life lies in action, and not in profession, or even in meditation alone; we are ourselves chiefly when we are engaged in the work of creating, developing, enlarging, acquiring, amassing. Such reflections rise most naturally to the mind, on reading the account of what Bishop Williams, of Connecticut, (Episcopal,) has done in his diocese within the past year. The record shows that he has visited one hundred and six churches, preached one hundred and sixty sermons, made seventy-four public addresses, and confirmed (by laying on of hands,) seven hundred and ninety-four persons. He is doing his whole duty, and his own conscience must hourly yield him a bountiful blessing.

Selling a Church.

If a believer in Spiritualism shows any degree of worldly wisdom, or even if a medium receives proper reward for his or her time when employed in the service of others, a great hue-and-cry is raised by those who think they certainly ought to have souls above such things; but then these same makers of the outcry never forget to practice indescribable sharpness themselves, when they have a chance, and think of course it must be all right in the catalogue. A writer in the Boston Transcript has been overhauling one of the shrewd practices of these over-sensitive Christians, and he takes ground with respect to them, which we think cannot be shaken. It is all about the sale of churches in growing cities, where the owners of pews take the proceeds of what was subscribed and given outright for purposes of worship by people of several generations ago. He puts the question of conscience to these Jewish Christians in this style:

"When the church edifice is closed, what ought to be done with the proceeds of the sale? Ought they to be divided among those who chance to be the last proprietors of the building? We believe this has been done. We think that the pew owners at the time the church is sold, have sometimes put the money in their own pockets. And yet, the building may have been erected a hundred years before by the contributions of the pious, who, out of Christian benevolence, subscribed for a new place of worship. They did not give their money in order that the accidental owners of pews a hundred years after might make a little speculation by selling the church. What ought to be done in such cases? It has seemed to me that at least half of the proceeds of the sale of every church should be devoted to the erection of another edifice in a place where a new one is needed. There are associations in every denomination who would take charge of such funds, and see that they were properly applied. I do not see how one can be satisfied to appropriate to his own use funds originally given for the extension and maintenance of public worship."

Strawberry Festivals.

There is no prettier way of observing an anniversary (one can make these anniversaries) than by choosing a day somewhere along in this just ended strawberry season, and inviting one's friends out into the garden to a feast of the delicious, beneath a canvas canopy. It is useless for us, with such a belated and eccentric climate as we have, to undertake much very seriously in the May-day line; it does not work, and probably never will; if anything, May mornings are getting more wintry every year, and March is growing more summery. But in the last part of June, and first part of July, when the strawberries are in their season, we need not be afraid of being overtaken with bad weather, or threatened with chilling skies. Then we can all go into the garden together, stroll at our leisure under the leafy trees, and loil as we will on the grassy banks. The air is magnetic and vitalizing; the spirit is not driven in upon itself with a series of convulsive shudders, but is continually invited out into the delicious balm of the odorous atmosphere. The delicate flavors of the ripe red strawberries chime in exactly with the tone and temper of the season. Why do not our country friends begin seriously and make a regular anniversary of the Strawberry Party? It would be full of sweetness.

Bone Ornaments.

The people have heard a good deal of the ghoul-like disposition shown by the rebel soldiery, after the battle of Bull Run, to make ornaments, trinkets, charms, rings, and bijouterie generally, of the bones of the dead Union men, and been duly horrified at the revelation, too. But we now have this fiendish taste duly preserved in verse, where it will keep for many a generation to study and admire a practice at this era of the world's history. The verses are by Mr. Ireland, editor of the CONTINENTAL MONTHLY, and as follows:

Silent, the lady sat alone;
In her ears were rings of dead men's bones;
The brooch on her breast shone white and fine,
'T was the polished joint of a Yankee's spine;
And the well-carved handle of her fan
Was the finger-bone of a Lincoln man.
She turned aside, a flower to cull,
From a vase which was made of a human skull;
For to lose her hair for the sake of a flower,
Her lovers had riden dead men's graves.
You do think I'm describing a witch, or a ghoul?
There are no such things—and I'm not a fool;
Nor did she reside in Ashantee;
No—the lady fair was an F. V.

Very.

What a common word! It is in the mouths of everybody who would express himself with the least emphasis. Not a school-girl but feels—oh, very tired with her walk, very much pleased with her new friend, and thinks the last novel very beautiful. The old adverb has become a greater nuisance than the old copers were. It does not serve as spice and emphasis to speech any longer, but makes it tame and flat. Few persons open their mouths to say anything, without uttering a very almost at the start. It seems to be a national—for it is more than a local—peculiarity; and it is a tiresome word to hear all the time, too. How much more would language convey, if it were simple. Few words are more eloquent than many; straightforwardness of speech more forcible than adverbial emphasis. Our habit of talking has become so intense; we use so many adjectives and strong superlatives; our conversation is so rank with the phrases that spring from a soil made up of all sorts and kinds of foreign deposits!

The Fork of the Road.

One person asked another, "How am I to know that I am right; if I follow only my conscientious promptings?" "I will tell you," was the reply; "when you come to a place where the first doubt rises in your mind, then go back to the place where you felt no such doubt, and keep on that road!" It is a perfectly safe rule. One man's conscience may be a great deal better tutored and developed than another's, and, therefore, more sensitive to impressions; how, then, can the less developed monitor be as safe a guide for its possessor as the other's is for him? Clearly enough, by following this very rule; when you come to the fork of the road, and have your doubts which way to go next, one way seeming sure and the other questionable—then fall not to take the sure path. Thus you obey your impressions, which are made by the invisible guides upon your thoughts at the moment when they are in the most truly receptive state.

"Boy Brittan."

We have for sale a beautiful likeness of this young patriot—the son of Prof. S. B. Brittan—a steel engraving, just received from the artist in New York. Those who have read of the son, and those who know the father, will be eager to possess themselves of such a memento. The engraving is to be sold at half a dollar, and the proceeds are to go to the erection of a suitable monument over his mortal part in Rosendale Cemetery. A committee have this matter in their own charge, and will thus devote not only all proceeds of these sales, but any additional contributions that may be made by sympathizing friends also. The beautiful patriot soul should have its grave marked worthily.

Barnum's Baby Show.

On July 14th, Mr. Barnum, the famous, will open his Baby Show in Boston. Thousands are waiting now to rush in. He pays out \$1,500 in premiums for choice babies, and admits a hundred. Fifty are on the list already. It will be an interesting sight to behold these little lumps of mortality, lying about, drooling and gooning, and staring at the ceiling. Everybody who loves babies—and who does not?—will crowd to hang over, and dream over, and laugh over, this battalion of babies. July 14th is the day, and the old Aquarial Gardens the place.

New Publications.

PARSON BROWNLOW'S BOOK. G. W. Childs: Philadelphia. For sale in Boston by Ticknor & Fields. There is not much use in saying anything now about Parson Brownlow. He has bided his time, and the result is that he is known to the nation. His book is like nothing, of course, but himself; for if ever mortal man might call himself an individual, it is the martyr-hero, the preacher-politician of East Tennessee. The fact that his book so accurately reflects him, is just the item that will secure for it readers. It is not to be criticized from any literary or intellectual standpoint, but from the Brownlow standpoint alone; and thus considered, it is a wonderful success. Brownlow was not more faithful with his Johnson than Brownlow has been with himself. Vehement, bold, trenchant, blasphemous, full of hell in the real sense of the word, telling us tales of woe from which common nerves shrink and at which ordinary organizations shudder, he shows what an indescribably horrid thing rebellion is, and how very wicked, how wholly infernal men are, when they give rein to the demon passions that slumber in the cavernous depths of their natures. He who would become possessed of a true and detailed history of secession as it worked in Eastern Tennessee, including the wrongs, the fiendish cruelties, the tyranny, the heroisms, the nobleness, and, in fine, the highest and the lowest manifestations of the heart of man when operated upon with powerful influences, will sit down to this narrative of Parson Brownlow's personal observation and experience with a greedy pleasure which will not be gratified till he has devoured the last chapter.

The volume is very handsomely printed, neatly bound up, and embellished with a striking likeness of its author.

BRADLEE'S POCKET GUIDE TO THE WHITE MOUNTAINS. LAKE WINNIPESCOGUE AND LAKE MEMPHREMAGOOCH—WITH MAPS. Boston: Published by John Bradlee, 49 Devonshire street.

This work is a reliable guide to the White Mountains, giving as it does in detail the various routes by which to reach them. It contains a complete map of railway and stage routes to and around the mountains, and much other valuable information to the traveler. Two other maps embellish the book. It is enough to say that every particular the traveler desires to know will be found in this "Guide," which appears in a much more improved style than heretofore.

For sale by A. Williams & Co., 100 Washington street, Boston.

THE AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST FOR JULY, published by Orange Judd, A. M., is a splendid number of a fine month. We never fail to read it with the utmost delight, and consider it a part of our regular education.

Butler on Consuls.

Gen. Butler has "a word and a blow" for some customers, and the blow first, sometimes. A person has been annoying him considerably of late in New Orleans, who claims to represent the English government at that port. The General got his dander up finally, and addressed a letter to all the foreign consuls in that city in a body. He treats without mercy on their toes, and snips their vanity without any sort of consideration. He winds up his communication in a style like this: "In order to prevent all misconception, and that, for the future, you gentlemen may know exactly the position upon which I act in regard to foreigners resident here, permit me to explain to you that I think a foreigner resident here has not one right more than an American citizen, but at least one right less: i. e., that of meddling, or interfering, by discussion, vote, or otherwise, with the affairs of the Government." They'll find it a hard matter to get all the way round "old Ben."

The Fighting on the Peninsula.

From detailed reports of the battles of Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, June 26th, 27th, and 28th, it appears that the right wing of our army, about 20,000 men, while changing its front, was attacked by a rebel force of not less than 50,000, and after a gallant fight, our troops crossed the Chickahominy in order.

On Saturday night and Monday our whole left wing, under Gen. Heintzelman, Keyes and Sumner, fell back along the line of Railroad and Williamsburg road and marched to James River.

The rebels crossed the Chickahominy in great force on Sunday, reaching the railroad, but made no pursuit, remaining, however, in possession of the ground previously occupied by our troops on both sides of the Chickahominy, including the bridges and earthworks we had erected against their approach.

All our stores, &c., were withdrawn in good order, without much loss. Of course, there was tremendous fighting during these movements, and heavy loss on both sides.

Lectures.

Rev. J. S. Loveland is to speak in Charlestown next Sunday, July 13th.

Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith will lecture in Taunton next Sunday.

Mrs. Lizzie Doten is announced to address the Spirituists of Foxboro', next Sunday.

Frank L. Wadsworth will speak in New Bedford during the month of July.

Mrs. Emma Hurlidge speaks in Chicopee the last three Sundays in July.

N. Frank White will speak in Lowell next Sunday.

Mrs. Fannie Burbank Felton will address the Spirituists of Portland the remaining Sundays in July.

A Text for Thinking Minds.

It is plain that if radicalism was not held in pace by the check-rein of conservatism, it would dash along at a speed to carry us all headlong into ruin and a social break-up. It is equally plain that if conservatism prevailed universally without the spur of radicalism, there would be no progress and no advancement. Hence radicalism and conservatism are the political centripetal and centrifugal forces by which we secure progress and development, without endangering the equilibrium of society.

Discussion.

"The Platform and Principles of the Society of the Lyceum Church of Spiritualists" was the subject for discussion at the Bromfield street Conference Meeting last Wednesday evening. Some half a dozen gentlemen spoke pro and con, on the subject.

The same topic will be discussed in the same hall on Wednesday evening next.

To My Friends.

Having had numerous inquiries from my friends throughout the Union, in regard to my book, I will state to all concerned, that my friend and publisher, Mr. Childs, of Philadelphia, allows me a very liberal copyright. I am interested in the circulation of the work, and am benefited by every copy sold. Whilst I am not offering a book to the public that is not worth what is asked for it, I need all that I can realize from the work, for the rebels have possession of all my effects, save my wife and seven children.

W. G. BROWNLOW.

New York, June 12, 1862.

MR. JAMES V. MANSFIELD. We cannot refrain from noting the advent to our city of this world-acclaimed, vidual, whose powers in what is called *Ten Mediums*, are so wonderful as to astonish all who call upon him. We believe these singular phenomena should be investigated, and, if possible, explained, by the savants of the age. If they do it not, then the common people must take hold of it, and decide whether it be of God or not. Mr. Mansfield is located for the present at the Russ House, in this city. His kind and gentle, and candid investigation, should at once be taken advantage of by all who feel any interest in this new science, or any desire to communicate with the loved & departed ones.—*Hesperian, San Francisco, Cal.*

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

"PRINCIPLES OF ORGANISATION."—Article No. 4 of the series will be printed in our next issue. Subject, "Government."

The fine discourse of Bro. Willis, delivered on the occasion of the funeral of Capt. John L. Hackstaff, will be found on another page of the BANNER.

Mrs. Hatch's lecture on our eighth page, upon the subject of *Ancient Spiritualism*, is unusually interesting. Her next discourse will be: "Spiritualism, as founded upon Christianity."

We learn from Bro. Morse, of Waukesha, Wis., that Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, of Cleveland, O., has been lecturing in Milwaukee with great success.

The Hon. Mr. Secretary Seward, and Mr. Weed, of Albany, visited this city July 2.

It is beauty's privilege to kill time, and time's privilege to kill beauty.

Bridge burning has been recommenced in Kentucky by guerrillas.

DEAR BANNER—If there are degrees in civilization, and ours is a civil war, how much are we in advance of what we term a savage state? WISCONSIN.

The wife of General Scott died at Rome on the 10th of June, aged seventy-two years.

If the editor of the Springfield Republican desires to exchange with us, why do n't he send his paper along?

MORE TROOPS CALLED FOR.—The President issued a Proclamation, July 1st, calling on the States for three hundred thousand more troops. He says: "I trust that they may be enrolled without delay, so as to bring this unnecessary and injurious civil war to a speedy and satisfactory conclusion." See official orders in another column.

Cover and Dodge will give one of their peculiar concerts at Tremont Temple on the 14th inst. Everybody hereabouts knows how "peculiar" the Great Ossian is, and they will know "where the laugh comes in" when they are seated in his concert room. *Digby* of course will be there.

AN IMPORTANT FACT.—The productive capacity of New England and New York exceeds that of the entire fifteen Slave States, by \$31,000,000, while the State of New York alone, in this respect, \$35,000,000 in the excess of the ten Cotton States together, and the annual product of the little State of Massachusetts exceeds in value the entire cotton crop of the Southern States, at an average price.

A greater breadth of land has been sowed and planted this year than ever before in Maine.

The olive tree is extensively cultivated in the Southern part of the State of California, and olive oil of excellent quality is manufactured and sold in considerable quantities.

Dr. A. Harlow writes from Chagrin Falls, Ohio, that his Spiritoscope is a perfect success.

The Spirituists of New York have taken preliminary steps to open a fall and winter campaign. A glorious season is in store for those who have an ear to hear.—*Herald of Progress.*

What is the difference between a monetary panic and a military one? Answer.—One is a run on the banks, the other Banks on the run.

Walled towns, stored arsenals and armories, goodly races of horses, chariots of war, elephants, ordnance—all this is but sheep in lion's skin, except the breed and disposition of the people be stout and warlike.—*Beacon.*

The British iron-clad steam frigate *Warrior* has made another battle and another failure.

The 20th of June last completed the twenty-fifth year of Queen Victoria's reign.

THE TAX BILL, which has passed both houses of Congress, goes into operation the first of August. No tax is imposed on goods manufactured previous to that date.

The peculiarly waved grain-mark of the Damascus blade has been discovered to be produced by welding woven steel wire. This remarkable fact was found out by a sword-maker in Russia, and has puzzled the brains of modern mechanics more than any other of Mr. Phillips's famous lost arts, says the Monitor.

At a recent meeting of a parish, a straight laced and most exemplary deacon submitted a report in writing of the desolate widow and others who stood in need of assistance from the parish. "Are you sure, deacon," asked another solemn brother, "that you have embraced all the widows?" He said he believed he had.

Mrs. Adelaide Phillips, the American contralto, is at Antwerp, reaping as much success as has been before reported of her at Paris and Madrid.

An Englishman, just from Richmond, states that he had one look at Jeff Davis, and was greatly astonished at his appearance. He looks haggard, sick and woe-begone, and very different, indeed, from the Jeff Davis of other days.

The French are to send out another expedition to Mexico—a corps of five thousand men.

Smart Boy.—"Say, Sam, bub was inquiring after you." Sam.—"Bub? what bub?" Smart Boy.—"Beebeebub!"

"You look like death on a pale horse," said Jim to a toper, who was growling pale and encephalated. "Do n't know anything about that," replied the toper; "but I'm dead on pale brains."

The editor of the Nashville Union advertises for one hundred pounds confederate notes for cigar lighters. *Digby* thinks that is too good a use to be made of them.

The London Times publishes a letter from its New York correspondent, in which he says if England and France intend stepping in at the last moment, now is their time to urge submission on the South; and magnanimity on both; for unless Beauregard and the other leaders succeed in retreating to Texas, there is not the slightest hope for their cause. Their dream of independence has vanished, and they can do nothing further to realize it, except by a hopeless guerrilla warfare.

A lady well advanced in maidenhood, at her marriage requested the choir to sing the hymn commencing "This is the way I long have sought."

And mourned because I found it not."

A letter-writer from Nashville, says that "some of the rebel women in that city, when they pass Federal officers, pull aside their dresses to show their contempt." An unscrupulous wag, not having the fear of rebel criminality before his eyes, expresses his doubts whether it is their contempt they really wish to show, or something else.

The time has long gone by when polemical disputants can put each other down by calling hard names. Luther and Calvin could indulge in that sort of controversy without reproach and perhaps, with effect, for it was the fashion of the age. But the world is wiser now, and Dr. Smith and the Rev. Mr. Brown must have something better than polemics to do any serious damage to the "Rebel" sect, or the most popular creed. Nathaniel Hawthorne, of Haplington

Message Department.

Each message in this department of the BANNER OF LIGHT was written by the spirit who gave it, and is published as such, without any alteration or addition. The names of the spirits are given at the end of each message, and are not to be taken as a recommendation of the message, but as a record of its source.

These messages are given to show that spirits carry the character of their earthly life to that beyond—whether good or evil. 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 Office.—The office at which these communications are given, are held at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, No. 138 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 3, (up stairs), 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, June 23.—Questions and Answers: *Written Message.*—Edith Bantist to her son; Benjamin Barney, Manchester, Eng.; James R. Robinson, of Martin's Battery; Charlotte Davis, New York; Henry Cakes, Detroit, Michigan; Joseph Cates, of Philadelphia, to his wife Jane; Hiram French to his brother Charles.

Tuesday, June 24.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Benjamin Franklin Wood, of New York, to his parents; Elizabeth Hany, of New York, to her brother William; Nathaniel Jackson, of Indiana, to his brother John, in the army; Stephen Gilbert, of Cleveland, Ohio, to his father.

Wednesday, June 25.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: G. C. Felton, late President of Harvard College; Augusta Oldfield, of Chesapeake, N. Y. (published in No. 10); Alexander Currier, of Machias, Me.

Thursday, June 26.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Sarah Ann Stiles, Manchester, N. H.; Lieutenant Morley of Charleston, S. C.; John Salter to his brother Samuel in London, Eng.

Friday, July 1.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Rachel T. Collins, to Dr. Alexander Collins, of Portsmouth, Va.; John T. Forsyth, of New Orleans; Robert James, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; John Nelson Merrill, of Hartford, Conn., to his mother.

Invocation.

Oh thou who art our best friend, though we may never fully understand thee, yet we would draw near unto thee at this time, by prayer through human lips. Our Father we feel that though we make our bed in hell, we shall find thee there, for thou art ever with us. Our Father, as we know thou art our friend, we this hour come unto thee in behalf of that portion of thy children, who have seemed to forget thee. Oh our God, we plead for them, that they may be conscious of thy presence as well as of their deep and lasting obligations to thee. Oh Lord our God, the whole earth seems to be filled with mourning. From every corner of it, the cries of death and desolation are ascending to the spirit-land. And oh, our Father, in view of all this mental darkness, we would come unto thee at this time in the spirit of prayer. We do not ask that thou wilt visit any special blessing upon these afflicted ones, for thou art continually blessing them, whether it be in the form of joy or sorrow. We only ask that these bereaved ones may feel that thou art their Father, their Mother, their brother, their sister, and their friend. Oh most Holy One, we thank thee not for ourselves alone, but in behalf of those who fail to think thee; we pray thee to accept them from our lips; and unto thee in the great eternal future, we, in common with all thy family, will send thee a renewed song of thanksgiving. Amen. June 17.

Christ's Sermon on the Mount.

We have been requested to give our views concerning the 25th verse of the 6th chapter of the Gospel of St. Matthew. If we recollect right, we believe the passage of Scripture referred to, to be a portion of Christ's sermon upon the Mount, or, in other words, his charge to his followers, or disciples, those who had seen fit to come out from the daily walks of life to follow in the new and as yet untrodden path of their Divine Master.

Our views upon the subject presented us, may not, and doubtless will not, accord with those of our questioner, but we shall at all times endeavor to give that which seems to be right to us entirely regardless of the contradictory opinions of others. It will be remembered that the immediate followers of the Nazarene were poor, being dependent upon the labor of their hands for the support of themselves and those connected with them by ties of relationship.

Now it were not strange that they should sometimes find doubt springing up within their hearts, as to whether the course they were pursuing was a right one. We doubt not that they reasoned much after the manner of our modern believers, particularly that class of them who are obliged to labor for their daily support. In order to carry out the mission that was before them, they were obliged to stand outside the world they had lived in; they were obliged to renounce their old field of labor, and strike out a new path, in order to sustain the cause they had of themselves voluntarily espoused.

Now as there was nothing before them but the wide world with its sorrows, and its earthly poverty, we cannot wonder that they should hold council together, and ask of each other, "What shall we do to obtain sustenance for our bodies and those who depend upon us?" If we leave our labor, who will care for us? If we devote all our time to the advancement of the spiritual, who will care for the temporal? We know that those disciples reasoned in this way, because it was but natural that they should do so.

We do not believe that the charge given by Jesus the Nazarene, to his followers, was ever intended for you. We do not believe that you of to-day have anything to do with it. It was given, we believe, to his immediate followers, whose faith in the teachings of their beloved Master was not as yet sufficiently established to enable them to meet with fortitude the trials of every day life. But Jesus, the Christ, saw through all their soul-questions, and doubts, and knowing that by words of his he could sustain them in their weakness and utter lack of faith, said to them, "Therefore I say unto you, take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?"

Now suppose each one of you should come to the conclusion that all labor is unnecessary; that God never intended you to do any more than was required of the lilies of the field, simply because Christ in addressing his disciples said:

"And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow, they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

Suppose, we say, that you should take the external meaning of this passage of Scripture, and apply it to yourselves, what would become of you and those who are dependent upon you for the means of support? You might wait for a thousand eternities for Jehovah to put the food in your mouths, and clothes upon your backs, and he would not do it, if you yourself make no earthly effort to help yourselves in gaining a livelihood.

We often tell our subjects, or mediums, as you call them, that if they will walk in accordance with the dictates of their spiritual guides, they need not care for the body, for we will care for it as well as the spirit. But, because we speak in this way to them, we do not to all. Because their powers are such as to draw to themselves the valuable assistance of God's angels, is no proof that all are equally favored in that respect.

You have often heard it said, "that what is one man's poison, is another's bread." Oh, this is true. The words that fell from the lips of the inspired Nazarene, centuries ago, were addressed to his chosen disciples, and were applicable to them alone. It is for you to bring into play all the vital forces of your nature. Be not idle, no, not at any time, but strive to look into the future, for there you will find an inexhaustible supply of work waiting to be performed. What would become of you? Where your progression, your individuality, your divinity? Oh, read the Bible by the torch of common sense, and

you will perceive that many of the sayings of Jesus were only intended for his immediate followers. June 17.

Question and Answer.

Ques.—What are we to think of those cases where spirits are said to kill some members of a family, to promote the mediocrity of others?

Ans.—You are to judge of them most certainly by their surrounding conditions. The laws of man are not the laws of God; the ways of man are not the ways of God. It is not for us to say whether it be right or wrong for one class of spirits to take human life, in order to advance the spiritual interests of others. Could we know of the circumstances attending the case in question, we might judge of it perhaps with a little more wisdom.

It should be known that there are as many evil spirits in the other world, as there are evil beings in this. There are as many spirits who lack wisdom, as there are persons devoid of that quality upon earth. You are not to suppose that because spirits cast off their earthly garments and take up their abode in the spirit-world, that they leave behind them all the evil that their natures were impregnated with, and become suddenly good and Christ-like. No, self-purification is the work of ages. As they pass from the earth-life, so will they enter the spirit-world. If evil, they are evil still; if good, they remain so. A spirit, or spirits, may labor in the wrong cause for years, even in the spirit-world, and then suddenly awaken to a consciousness of the bad course so long pursued or indulged in. Weigh in the balances of your own reason all which is presented to you from the spirit-world, receiving nothing that does not accord with your own sense of right. June 17.

Henry William Herbert.

I have been called upon by some friends in England, who have recently—in a private way—been investigating the science of Spiritualism, if I may so term it. I have been desired to visit this place, to speak of my condition as a spirit, and give them whatever advice I may see that they stand most in need of at this time. I have communicated before some—three years ago. At that time I believe my friends were not at all interested in this new religion.

It is well known by those who have called upon me, that I took my own life. It is not necessary for me to add my testimony in regard to that unfortunate affair to theirs, but it may be pleasant for my friends to know that I have fully expiated my crime, and that I am now thoroughly happy, being surrounded by kind, congenial friends and loving spirits, and all that I could desire to make me happy and contented in my celestial home.

I had become weary of the dull routine of life here upon earth; all seemed dark and desolate; friends had left me, and the world, to me at least, seemed full of darkness. For months before my death I longed to go. I could scarce contain myself to live from moment to moment. It seemed as if evil forces were irresistibly urging me on to self-destruction. I do not believe at any length in preordination. I believe that when a man has become weary and tired of the earth-life, it is better for him to die—I mean in a bodily sense—than to live on, a curse to himself and to humanity generally. And in that sense, it is lawful and right for one to dispense with life according to the decrees of God.

When I consider the causes or conditions, that, all combined, tended to hasten my death, I feel that I did right in committing suicide; but when I take another standpoint, I see that I was wrong, and exceedingly regret the course I pursued with regard to myself. But, thank God, it is over, and I am free and happy as any spirit need be.

If I have any advice to give my friends, it is that they still continue their investigations in regard to this new religion, steadily, and with all that perseverance which is characteristic of one member of the party at least. What though obstacles rise in your path today?—try it again to-morrow, and for years, if need be, and you may rest assured that however hopeless the task may seem to you, success will at last crown your labors, and reveal to your gaze in the world to come, many beauties which you never can fully appreciate while here, because it is not possible for a man to do so. He is a servant to the laws of the flesh while on earth, and cannot be expected to see many things which are discernible to our sight as spirits.

If I deemed it necessary to give the names of my friends in England who have called for me, I would do so, but at present I do not feel it to be so. As I said before, I would advise them to continue their researches in regard to this new belief, and forget not the way of learning, because Mr. or Mrs. So-and-So advised them to do so. Let them exercise their own reason and judgment in the matter, and all will be well with them hereafter. I was requested simply to give my name, and make some reference to the friends who have called for me. My name was Henry W. Herbert. It may be well for me to give my name in full, which was Henry William Herbert. [The Chairman asked, Do you ever visit your place in New York?] The spirit replied, Sometimes, though I've found another, I like much better. [Do you remember of meeting me there last summer?] I see only your spirit now; I am not able to discern your body, and yet that spirit is in some way familiar to me. Ah, yes, I remember you. I ought to remember you for your kindness and good advice to me. Thanks for it now, as I could not thank you then. Good day. June 17.

Margaret Maloney.

I want to come to my mother. [Where is she?] She's at home, I suppose. [In what place?] In Lawrence; I don't see her at all to speak to her. [She's not here.] I want her to go home to me; that's what I come back for. [Where is she?] He's at home, in Ireland. [Is your father living on earth?] He is, but he's not all right, sometimes. It's me mother I want to come to; I want her to go home to me. He's in Belfast, Ireland. [How long have you been away from earth?] Most two years. I was fourteen years old when I died. My name was Margaret Maloney; my father's, Daniel. It's not him at all I want to come to. I want mother to go away from me father entirely; I was me uncle that sent us out here, because he thought it best for us. Five years in all, since we came out here. [Have you been to your uncle to see if he wants your mother to go home?] I have. He won't touch her, and he's not like some. He drinks much, sometimes, and behaves very bad.

It was for me that she came to this country, that I might gain a support when I was old enough to go to service. Now I'm gone entirely; I want to tell her to go away from me father, to go back to me uncle, or some day me father will kill her. I never had any brothers and sisters at all. First of all, I'd like her to write to me uncle, and he'll send for her. [What she be afraid to go to a medium?] I do not know about that, sir. I do not see anything at all to be feared of.

Will you please to tell her what I say, and may be I'll not have to come again? [Yes, do you know where your mother resides in Lawrence?] She's at work in the mills, or was, when I was here. She was sweeper in one of the mills, I do not know which. Me mother's name was Margaret Maloney. If it was not for me father, I'd not be here. He strike me, and that's what made me look sick. Me mother did all she could for me. They told me should I come to this place to-day, maybe I might wait sometime before she gets courage to do what I tell her. Good by. June 17.

Charles S. Gordon.

Will you be kind enough to inform my friends—a mother, two sisters, an uncle and other relatives living in New Orleans, that I, Charles S. Gordon, am dead. There's no cause for mourning, no use for tears; I would have been glad of a few to cut short my seven hours' suffering, but they're of no use now, and I hope instead of them, I'll get a welcome home.

I fought against you, and would again, if I could, even if I do ask a favor of you. I was nineteen years of age; yet, young as I was, I had will enough to do all I was able to, to gain freedom—a thing you folks here know nothing about. I talk against your rules, say so. I'm not able to say much. [You can say whatever you wish to your friends.] I simply inform them that I have lost my life, and am quite happy, and ask for a welcome home in this way. [I will do so.] Thanks for that, if for nothing else. Good day, sir. June 17.

Invocation.

Spirit of Infinite Love, which taketh away all fear from our hearts, and robs us of all alarm, we would invoke thy presence among the sons and daughters of earth to-day. Come, oh come, and make known this ultimate mission to all who seek thee! Come, oh come, and still the widow's and the orphan's tears! Come, oh come, and make strong the hearts of thy children! Come, oh come, that our Father may be glorified! Come, oh come, and show thy children the kingdom of God and unto the Great I Am, we, with them, will send forth an anthem of praise forever. Amen. June 19.

The Mission of Angels.

What is the mission of the angels to the inhabitants of earth?

This is the question presented for the moment's consideration. We answer, their mission is to establish the law of love and good will. Their mission is to enforce the practice of that holy law among the sons and daughters of earth. Jesus, the Ancient and Divine, came among humanity to teach that law of love to such of God's children as had hitherto groped their way along the avenues of earth, mid scenes of darkness and sin. But the glorious tide of life hath been flowing down the steep of time for centuries, and to day you are to drink of that life.

The mission of the angels, oh, it is a divine one! They come that they may strip from yourselves your self-righteousness and ungodliness! They come to clothe you in garments of purity and love, and to wrap about your shoulders the mantle of charity! They come that they may teach you to look within your interior! They come to tell you of the God that dwells within each human soul, and through whose divine teachings you are to become heirs of heaven!

The angels, who are they? The spirits of the departed; they who once partook of the cup of mortality with you, who have walked the earth mid scenes of sorrow and suffering, and are therefore the better fitted to comfort you in your hours of trial and affliction. They come by the power of the Almighty, to establish a kingdom among you, such as the past, such as ancient Christians never dreamed of. Through Spiritualism its angels come by the power of Almighty God to give you that which nothing else can give you!

Oh, our brother, come forth from the darkness which has hitherto shrouded your soul, resolved to know more of the eternal future, which stretches dim and shadowy before you. earth-blinded eyes, and asking of the Great I Am to give you light, to dispel the clouds which hide its beauties from your gaze? We answer that our mission is to take you the old and give you the new; to teach you a new religion, by means of which, even the lowest of God's creatures may be saved; to teach you that you have no right to judge one another, but should leave all judgments to the hands of a merciful God.

We come to teach you, oh ye wandering children of the earth, that the Almighty is with you at all times, and in all places! Oh, go not into the desolate haunts of sin and unrighteousness in search of the phantom, pleasure, but turn from the evil which surrounds you, to the path of virtue and holiness, which Christ himself has already marked out for you. Oh, our mission is the mission of Jesus! When future ages shall have rolled on and time shall be to you no more, but eternity be yours forever, then, oh then, shall you fully realize the mission of the angels to the children of earth!

Then raise not in your power of learning, but seek for those higher gifts of God continually, and ye shall find them; and while drop after drop comes to you from the Kingdom of God, oh receive drop after drop as it comes to you, blessing the giver of it. The mission of the angels, oh, it is to give you a Kingdom of Heaven, even here upon earth. June 19.

Solomon Hawkes.

'Tis eighteen years since I spoke through mortal lips. Like many, I have well nigh forgotten the use of language and sound, as we have no need of such as you have need of upon earth, in the spirit-world. I have been poorly off since I came here, and must make confession before I can find peace in any condition of life.

I most earnestly desire to speak with one Hiram Alden who, eighteen years since, lived in New York City, but who now lives further west. The name of the place I cannot give, because it is not familiar to me, but I have been poor off since I came here, and must make confession before I can find peace in any condition of life.

I have a brother on earth who may feel unpleasant—even though he does not believe I can return and speak—at what I am about to unfold. I defrauded the man I wish to come to, out of about \$4,300—his life; and left him sick and almost in prison. I lived in the enjoyment of what I had so cruelly robbed another of, for several years, but how much of hell I gathered to myself in that time, I need not tell here. 'Tis enough that I've tasted hell, and am sick of eating the fruits of unrighteousness.

I wronged him, sir. What can I do to atone for my sin? What more am I to do than to ask his forgiveness and amuse him? [You must do all the good you can to others.] Oh, I've tried to do good, they told me here, in the spirit-world, that all my efforts in that respect would avail nothing. They said, "You must first return to earth, and oh, then, that which you did here in sin." But I've means of restoring that to him of which I so cruelly defrauded him. [No, you cannot do so; you must remember that we are all of one family, and are all liable to err.] Oh yes we are; if we were not, I should not feel this so, and I sometimes think that the sufferings I have experienced because of my sins have been far more terrible than those of the man I so cruelly wronged while on earth.

My poor wife used to beg of me, in the name of God, to restore that which I had so dishonestly obtained, and I used to think I would; but some how or other, I put it off from time to time, until at last death came and left me no chance of making restitution, if I had desired to. I died of apoplexy. I had not time to say farewell to anybody, but more to undo the wrong I had committed. Is there any way for me to meet him and talk with him, sir? [Yes, if he chooses to meet you. You can ask him to do so through our paper.] Well, tell him that I, Solomon Hawkes, have been in hell—a worse hell than I've plunged him in. The taking of his property from him was the feast part of the sin committed; for, by wronging him, I made him unjust to others, and suspicious of those who would serve him only in an honest and friendly way. So there was no sin upon his part; it has all been forced back upon me, its chief author. [That is generally the case with all, I think.] I know it, and I feel the full force of those words uttered by Jesus. My good wife has gone high in the spheres of immortality, while my spirit is still chained to earth by its weight of sin.

My oldest brother holds the most of what I left here, but I might as well call upon the caverns in the mountains to yield up their hidden treasures, as to ask him to give of his gold to pay my debts. [You can appeal to him.] I'll make it; but I know that should be refused, and as I want to; but the time will come when death will claim him as it did me, and then he'll see that this gold has been a millstone about his neck, which even in the spirit-world drags him down to earth, and prevents his rise into higher spheres in the Celestial World. That it

has been a curse rather than a blessing to him through his entire earth-life, his damnation and his sole drawback to spiritual happiness in the future. He's too much like me to be willing to give of his gold to help others; and I know it's useless to knock at the door of his heart for any such purpose. [There's no harm in trying, perhaps you may touch his conscience.] Well, I sat to speak with him; that he will give of his gold to pay my honest debts, and by so doing, ease the soul of his brother.

I appeal, and oh, oh may God in his mercy help me to unlock his heart. My brother's name is Joseph Hawkes, and he resides in New York City. Oh, if I thought I could throw off this terrible weight which now burdens my spirit, I would willingly make any sacrifice required of me. They say we can effect much by coming here and confessing our faults. [You can.] Why, I'd confess the most heinous sin that mortal ever was capable of committing, if I thought I could, by coming here, obtain pardon for my sins.

Oh, forgive me, forgive me, Hiram! I've sinned against you and your kindred, and against myself, and I ask your forgiveness. I've no gold, no silver, nothing but good will to pay you in. Farewell, stranger, and may you never suffer what I have is the best wish I have for you. [Thank you.] June 19.

Watson L. Micks.

Oh, glory to God! Oh Father, I thank thee for this my hour of triumph! I looked forward to this hour of return with a great deal of joy while I lay sick a few months ago, and now that it is mine, I can but thank God for the blessings that were mine, though they came to me in the shape of sickness and death.

I am here, to-day, not because I suppose that by my feeble return I may make even one convert to the glorious faith of this new philosophy, but to assist those who are still dear to me upon earth. I would tell them of the beautiful hereafter they are all coming to, that I am a happy and free spirit in the glorious world of soul, and I would not come back to live upon earth again if I could, for all the wealth that the world ever produced. I would say that I still love and cling to them all, and thank God that he has given them to me, for the glorious philosophy of soul-communication enables me to return and speak with them, in spirit; and I would say to my friends who have some little knowledge of this new doctrine, that they have nothing to fear, but they have everything to hope for in the future.

I ask that my friends may pursue that glorious pathway which God has marked out for them, and upon which their trembling feet have already entered. I would ask that they thank God more for the blessings which they enjoy, and murmur less at the sorrows which fall to their lot. I would say, in behalf of the dear friends of earth, that I am often with them, and sometimes assist in bringing them the sorrows which they are often disposed to murmur at, but which are in reality only blessings in disguise.

I need give no further proof of my identity than my name, manner of death, time of death, and place of residence, as I have already succeeded in making myself known to them.

I passed on to the glorious new life by consumption, after many months of suffering at the hands of the Great Destroyer, on the twenty-second of last February. I lived in Warren, Vermont. My name, Watson L. Micks, (or Mix.) My faith firm in the grand philosophy of spiritual communion. June 19.

Honora McGinnis.

I'm asking all the time for God to be pleased to give me speech with me children. Two years ago I came and ask from God and yourselves something by which I could make myself known to me children, but I got nothing to take me to them.

I was killed at Reading; was run over by the railroad cars. My name was Honora McGinnis, and I have three children living. All the time I seek to find me children. I'm toiled to come here and send what word I like to me children. [Where are they?] They're in Boston. I've two with me, and there's three in all on earth. The youngest was only two years old; the oldest, when I was here, was nine.

I'd like to speak, also, to me brother and cousin, if I could. [Where is your brother?] In Boston. The small little one is with him, I hear. And I hear it was said that I'd not have lost me life as I did if I'd not been in drink. I was not in drink at all. I did not drink at all. I was going about me honest labor, and me death was an accident.

I don't want to talk to any prate; I'd like to speak with me brother. [Is your brother a Catholic?] He is. [Perhaps, then, the priest may tell him that you cannot return, and tell him not to try to speak with you.] Oh, faith, I know all about that, but sometimes one may be glad to have another return and speak with them unbeknown to the prate. Me brother's name was Patrick McGinnis, and I marry a McGinnis, too. He lives to the North End. [Do you know the name of the street?] I do not at all.

I come two years and better ago. I done nothing at all about coming since. [What was your age at the time of your death?] I was, in all, about thirty-eight years. [Is your husband living on earth?] He is, but he's not good at all. I likes to be able to do something for me children, and I likes to be able to tell those me children's with what I'd like to have done for them, and how I'd like them to be instructed. It's much I can do when I can once get the chance, they say.

Me legs were cut off just below the knee, both of them intire. I do not know how long I lived after I was run over.

I want to say about the Catholic religion that I do not see much good of it's done here. Sometimes I think it's all good for nothing. It's what I come for is me children; it's them I want to find and speak with. [Do not you see any priests in the spirit-world?] Faith, I do, but they're no prates at all here. Faith, there's nothing for them to do here. There's nobody to confess, and there's no money to be made. I've seen and learned enough since I've been here to curse all the prates that ever lived. [You should never curse any one.] When I see the little light that the Catholic religion gives us, and the darkness which the prates keep us in while on earth, I feel as if somebody ought to curse them, and, faith, I do not know but it might as well be me as anybody else.

I'd like to ask how many times I'll come before I can speak with me children. [I can't tell. You must pray God to help you find them.] I pray to God all the time, and sometimes I hear voices say: "Honora, go back to earth, and by the help of God, do what you can for your children." And sometimes when I hear these voices, I think they're the angels, but it's not heaven here at all. Suppose God tells us to come back? [Then it's right for you to do so.] Faith, I might ask the prate for help, but that's good for nothing; it's help that comes, when the money comes, and that's all. Good mornin'. God bless you! [Good afternoon. Come again.] Twice I come. June 19.

Harrison L. Brooks.

What are your requirements, sir? [Nothing very special, except for you to make yourself known to your friends.] I am aware that I place myself under obligations to you by coming here as I do. [We shall be most happy to render you all the assistance that lies in our power.] I am aware, also, that you present the boon of freedom to all who visit you in this way—freedom to speak as best they can, freedom to send forth their own thoughts, and not those that belong to another.

My name was Harrison L. Brooks. I claim Montgomery, Alabama, as my home. I have, or had, some knowledge of this return of the spirit before my death, just enough to serve me well on my return. I made certain promises before death to this effect: That should I find the spiritual theory true after death, I would return and give whatever might

be necessary to prove my identity to my friends, and my views concerning the present civil war. I have one brother who still lingers in the Confederate service, and who will doubtless be glad to receive any word from me at this time. I shall say to him, "Go on; and though you meet with some slight losses and defeats at first, do not despair, for you will surely conquer!"

I was wounded at Pittsburgh Landing, and died, as you see, some thirteen days ago. I ask no favors of you at this time, save one, which is that you publish my thoughts, that they may possibly reach my relatives.

In justice to my father, who is with me, I will say that the father and son differ in their opinion concerning this war now going on; but as I am at perfect liberty to express my own sentiments upon this subject, I shall most certainly avail myself of the privilege extended to me upon this occasion. I shall say, as I did before death, that I believe this present rebellion to have been instituted by God, and that God himself will take care of it; and were I here on earth again, in my own body, I'd only yield in death as I did while here. My father would give different advice to his son upon earth. You can publish my thoughts, or not, as you please. [Is your mother alive?] Yes. [Have you no word to send to her?] To my mother, the eternal gratitude of her son—nothing more. My father also, joins me in sending his blessing. June 19.

Charlotte Gurney.

I was eight years old, and lived in Detroit, Michigan. A year ago last March I died with scarlet fever, and I come here, now, to tell my mother that me and Anne live with our uncle Joseph. My mother does not know that I can return, he says, because her spiritual eyes are not open. My uncle Joseph died when quite young. My mother used to tell us about him, how good he was, and how she believed that if there ever was a Christian upon earth Joseph was one, although so young.

Will you please tell her that me and Anne live with him? [I will. Was he your father's or your mother's brother?] My mother's. [Do you know what street your mother lives in?] Lernd street. [Can you spell it for me?] I can't. There's a d in it. Anne says it is not a street, but a passage-way. [Do you remember the number?] She forgets, and I do not know. She was here three years before me. We do everything we wish to, and my uncle Joseph is our teacher. [Would you like to come back and stay all the time with your mother?] No, no, sir. [You'd like to speak with her?] Yes. [Is your father living on earth?] Not with my mother. My mother's name is Charlotte, my father's, Henry. He is in the war? No, he's in Utah. [Have you any brothers and sisters living?] No brothers or sisters on earth. My father has one son, but he's not my mother's son. He's not my brother; he never lived with us.

Can I ever talk to my mother? [I guess so.] Can Anne, too. [I hope so. Is your mother an American or German lady?] She's an American. [What is your mother's name?] Charlotte Gurney, and my name is Charlotte. Can I ever come any more? [Yes, if it is necessary for you to do so.] Do folks die here? Only in the same way you do—simply wish yourself away. June 19.

Elizabeth Fish.

Written: DEAR THOMAS—Those you love will soon return with new truths to cheer you on your journey through earth. ELIZABETH FISH. June 19.

MY SHADOW.

BY SAMUEL PHILIPS LILLARD.

On the death of Miss MARY E. HUNTERMAN, who passed to a higher life, May 4, 1862, in Bushy Prairie, LaGrange county, Indiana, aged 19 years. She was an Earth-Angel, known only to be loved. She died after a protracted illness of nearly eight weeks.

A shadow lay sleeping on my study floor,
One brilliant Summer day,
But a sunbeam entered at the open door
And chased its form away.
"How quickly fled,"
I musing said,
While the sunbeam's laughing eye
Seemed sparkling bright
In glory light
To see the shadow fly.

Where has it gone? That Shadow slept
In sweetness on the floor,
The sunbeam, like an angel, crept
In at my open door.
To kiss the sleeping form that lay
In sweetness at my feet,
It could not live beside that ray,
Just blushing from the Home of Day,
But quickly woke and flew away,
As though afraid to longer stay,
Or that bright ray to meet.

With eagerness my soul asked why
That Shadow must so quickly fly,
Like Love's first blush, or Beauty's sigh,
And leave no trace behind?
I wept to see my Shadow down,
And sighed to think my all was gone—
To know that it had fled so soon—
And transient as the wind.

"'Tis thus with life!" my sad soul sighed,
"That Shadow on the floor,
I courted, loved it till it died—
'Twill bless me nevermore.
And I've loved other Shadows, too,
With forms as fair and sweet to view,
And held them as the flowers the dew
Within my warm

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