BANNER OF LIGHT.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF ROMANCE, LITERATURE, GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

VOL. XI. {WILLIAM WHITE & COMPANY, Publishers and Proprietors.} BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1862. {TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR, Payable in Advance.} NO. 22.

Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.

LIFE IN EARNEST.

A Thrilling Domestic Tale.

BY KATE CARROLL.

CHAPTER X.

Clouds.

"We've scotched the snake, not killed it."

"Is it possible!" cried Mrs. Pemberton, at length aroused from her fancied security. These words burst from her lips with terrible force. She had been an innocent listener to a passionate declaration of love from her daughter's former lover to another, and that other one on whom she had heaped all manner of kindnesses. True, her imagined superiority was not always quite hidden, but yet, in spite of those partial glances at something unlovely, she had been kind to the lonely girl, had given her position, friends, confidence, and unquestionable hospitality.

"What shall I do?" was her next exclamation. "I do not know;" and in utter wretchedness and perplexity she crept from the garden, stole noiselessly into her chamber, when, throwing herself upon the bed, she gave vent to a flood of bitter tears. She felt reproached for the delay these scalding drops gave her. Something must be done at once. She had not dared to stop for Miss Powell's answer, for fear of lowering herself by indulging in reproaches to an inferior. There it was again—the old, foolish pride! It was a gloomy day. As she lay on her bed weeping and striving for power to act, the wind moaned, and the dry leaves rustled against her windows, like the motions of impatient spirits.

"To think that woman can so desolate the soul of man, and make him barren of all moral sentiments; fill it like a furnace with the fires of unholy passion; and deaden him to a sense of every tie of better, purer, truer hours! But let me master myself, and act! The *mother* in my soul must and shall strive to regain the peace of her child!"

Springing at once to the floor, she rang her bell. While waiting for her servant, she hastily restored her face and dress to a semblance of composure.

Dinah came running up.

"Tell Miss Powell I wish to see her a few moments in this room!"

Dinah did not ask where the young lady might be found, nor did she stir, but stood in painful hesitation at the threshold, twirling her apron strings.

"What is it, Dinah?" asked Mrs. Pemberton, turning in some impatience and surprise.

"I might as well speak out now. Are yer eyes open?" and Dinah drew earnestly near her mistress.

If that lady's eyes had never been open before, they were now.

"Why! *You* cannot know anything of this—Flora's danger!"

"I have all along. So's Venus."

"Why did you not tell me?"

"Yer would not bleeve Miss Layne," said Dinah, with a loss of her usual straightforwardness, and feeling agonizingly culpable in not having spoken before.

"Very true. Oh, my pride! my foolish, sinful pride!"

"What shall yer do? Do n't lose time!" pleaded Dinah.

"Yet—yet, dear mistress, be kind to—to Miss Powell," sobbed Venus, who, unperceived, had entered the room.

"Another traitor!" cried Mrs. Pemberton, broken by her eyes filling at thoughts of Venus's injustice to Flora.

"*No, no!* Do n't call me that!" cried Venus, in great excitement. "But—if you knew!!" and she fell on her knees.

"Venus, do n't yer see how yer distress yer mistress!" said Dinah, sternly.

The voice and manner of this reproof had the desired effect. Venus was again a secure repository, as she indicated by a glance at Dinah, who stood menacingly near.

"Send her straight off, mistress!" added Dinah, when satisfied that Venus was again in command of her senses.

"I will. Bring her to me. She may be found in the garden." And Mrs. Pemberton shuddered as she designated that spot. Dinah went out like a shot.

"Mrs. Pemberton wants to speak with yer," she said, bursting upon Fred and Miss Powell.

The two occupied one seat. They showed some confusion at this unexpected intrusion. Fred's face could not immediately lose its brightness, even before the searching glare of those coal-like eyes. But Miss Powell, angry and apprehensive, cried:

"Go! I heard you, creature."

"*Creature!*" repeated Dinah, with unmistakable emphasis.

Fred raised his cane. Dinah did not stay to receive the indignity, but went off as speedily as she had come. Not that she feared him, but that she dared not stay, dreading what her indignation might urge her tongue to utter.

Miss Powell followed her toward the house. Fred accompanied her as far as the door. He intended to enter, but hearing Flora singing, he could not. This inability showed the tenderness of his conscience; how far from being used to sin he was. He turned away again, and soon grew tranquil, or rather with thoughts only of Ann Powell.

This young lady tapped on the door of Mrs. Pemberton's chamber, lingering yet a moment before she tapped, to bid Dinah go about her work.

"Miss Powell," said Mrs. Pemberton, after having politely greeted her visitor, and herself handed her a chair; "Miss Powell, I need scarcely say more in explanation of my request that you would see me here, than that I was in the garden a short time since, and——"

She hesitated, almost unable to say more. For the cool, insolent gaze of Miss Powell was on her—a gaze that told the scorn and defiance in store for her.

"Well, madam; I am all attention."

"I see it, and also the behavior I am to expect."

"How? I do not understand you."

A gleam of hope shot across the darkness. Mrs. Pemberton seized it, *ignis fatuus* as it was, and proceeded in a lighter tone:

"I thought your attachment to Miss Pemberton would never permit you to take advantage of a weak moment of Fred's. I thought it could not. For you must see that a life-long attachment (as his is,) for an object (how the mother's face kindled,) like Flora, so noble, beautiful and good! could not be overthrown in a moment as it were, and a new one spring up! No; not even if the object of the new one is so charming a person as yourself." She paused, and as Miss Powell did not reply, but sat quietly and respectfully, with an incomprehensible face, she continued:

"You must be aware of the sensation you have made here; indeed, next to seeing my own child happily married, is my desire to have you. Mr Parks, I hear, is quite in earnest. He is an excellent man, my dear."

"Quite too old, and characterless for me, madam."

"Ah! Some young ladies would not dismiss him for those faults."

"Would you wish your daughter to marry him?"

"Why, no!" said Mrs. Pemberton, as if her daughter and Miss Powell were two entirely different beings, and with, of course, as entirely different expectations and *rights*.

"I see you feel that what is good enough for Miss Powell, is not good enough for Miss Pemberton, and *vice versa*."

"Just so," very courteously and complacently said Mrs. Pemberton, deceived by the calm tones and frank speech of her visitor, "just so, and being thus, I should think some one of the *real* lovers you have here might be suitable. It would be very pleasant to have you settled here."

"I like this part of the country very much," granted Miss Powell.

"Will you not, then, make us happy by staying among us? Fred need trouble you no more with idle protestations. A word of yours in kindness and firmness will stop him. He will then see the folly of his conduct, and be more faithful to Flora, dear girl!"

"I dare say," said Miss Powell, laconically, rising, and adding:

"Am I to understand that our interview is ended?"

"Yes; thank you for being so frank and kind. Flora, nor Fred, you know, need not be informed of this little conference."

"Oh, no! And with a graceful bow, Miss Powell left, amused by the ease with which Mrs. Pemberton had deceived herself.

"How glad I am that we have had this explanation," thought Mrs. Pemberton, bathing her eyes in rose-water, preparatory to hunting up Flora, and inviting her to ride. "I will take Fred, too. It's some time since we three rode alone." And she sighed at the recollection. She never had thought it strange before.

"To think to balk me!" said Miss Powell, retreating to her chamber.

She was bursting with rage and hatred. Full of plans to bring deeper misery on the household.

"To think to balk *me!* Sooner than give up Fred, I'd see Flora dropping away inch by inch of grief before my eyes! I am not sure that I should not find excellent sport in the sight. Let her die of grief! It cannot be half so sad a fate, as to be doomed to live on it day by day, for many lingering years, until *life* looks the most horrid destiny mortal can be driven to!" And she paced the floor in an agony of rage none but herself could feel. She resumed more firmly:

"Sooner than be driven from this place till I'm ready to go, I'd take up lodgings with the old man of the Bottomless Pit. Even that movement, my most infatuated admirer, Fred, would not think strange, only another of his charmer's eccentricities. *Eccentricities!* How little can people read, judge, and comprehend me! There must be something wrong; a link lost in my history. I am so full of scheme and hatred. That blank urges me daily to fill it up. It shall be. Strange that Fred has never thought of another name for his idol than Powell. He shall yet remember the little child whom he used to snub and scorn, as he never did his negroes. It's well his proud mother is dead. Were she living, I should be tempted to do something worse to her idolized son than merely bestow myself and all my *eccentricities* upon him. I should. How this same favored Flora used to be petted there, even then. They little knew what sparks were kindling in my neglected breast for this *glad* day! I remember all the trials of that time; and were that woman living, I'd have my revenge on her and here, for their treatment to the friendless thing, that, flying from one pandemonium, entered another, that—wherein she, like sin, sat at the gate!"

But we will leave her to return to Mrs. Pemberton.

"Did you send her off?" asked Dinah, bringing in a lunch to her mistress.

"No. The girl means no harm."

"Oh, mistress, how yer are deceived! She's with Mr. Fred again. I saw her hanging on his arm, and calling him sweet names."

Mrs. Pembroke started.

"How long since?"

"An hour."

"It was about two hours ago, that we had the talk. She is only breaking her disapprobation of his conduct in the gentlest manner. Are you sure you heard aright?"

"If ever my eyes served me true!" replied Dinah, vexed at the blindness of her mistress.

"I do n't know; (reflecting,) if they did, she is not true to me. You may have been mistaken!" (Hopefully.) "Her conduct seemed to imply a different course."

"She do n't know what truth is. When is she going back to school? I wish she'd start now. Miss Flora was crying in Venus's room, as I came by. She did not ride with yer?"

Dinah had touched the right strain. Flora's tears not often came without cause. Mrs. Pemberton went to Flora.

"My dear," she said to her husband in the evening, "does it never strike you that Fred is growing too fond of Miss Powell? We all think so; yet, we would not be unjust to either."

Mr. Pemberton's face was first deep red, then deadly pale, as he listened. Mastering the cause of this, he answered:

"My dear, Fred is politely attentive—nothing more."

"You are mistaken. I heard him this morning make her a matrimonial offer——"

"You did? The rascal! I'll—I'll!——"

"Do n't be so excited. Our child's happiness is safe, if we only send Miss Powell away——"

"What?"

"Send Miss Powell home. I talked with her this morning about Fred's attentions——"

"Mrs. Pemberton, you *did n't* treat that defenceless young creature unkindly!" cried Mr. Pemberton, facing his wife so angrily, that she burst into tears.

"Certainly not;" she sobbed, "but it would seem that *our* child is entitled to some consideration; and if Miss Powell does not discourage Fred at once, she must, ay, and shall take her departure!"

"Mrs. Pemberton, you speak with very unfeminine spirit. Your fears, which I venture to say are unfounded, lead you into this extravagance. If you stop and reason a few moments, you will find Miss Powell innocent of the charges that I see you are willing to lay upon her."

"Still, she must leave."

"Is Flora jealous of her?" with a smile of incredulity.

"She has reason, if she is," said Mrs. Pemberton, very uncomfortable.

"She may be sure that if Fred (which I wont admit,) has conceived a *penchant* for Miss Powell, that the young lady will not encourage it."

"She does. You are the mistaken one, Mr. Pemberton!"

"Impossible! Ann Powell cannot do such violence to her natural superiority to the rest of her sex, as to favor his views! You must see how inferior he is, when compared with her! Why," he continued, warming, "Ann Powell! she is an uncommon girl! Think of her graceful movements, musical voice, intellectual countenance, and mental attainments! Why, Mrs. Pemberton, there never was, nor *will* be her equal!"

"Much obliged, sir!" and Mrs. Pemberton, with a sardonic expression, courtesied to the enraptured man, who thus brought out of his stilts, looked the mortification and dilemma he had brought upon himself.

"Now, husband, she shall go, and at once! I'll turn her out as one would the victim of some dreadful disease! Oh, she is worse than that! *Worse than death!*"

"Wife, she shall not go. I will have no scenes in which she takes part! If she goes, she leaves at her own option. It shall not be said we turned the orphan out of doors."

"Very good! Mighty religious and charitable where she is concerned! But I see through it! It's a very thin cloak, sir!"

And she left, reproaching him, and went to wringing her hands and lamenting her unhappy condition; her happiness wrecked, her hopes trampled upon; her domestic peace sacrificed, her husband's love vanished, her daughter's bright life clouded forever, and by whom? An ingrate, a miserable inferior, a nameless nobody, who had stolen in, and wrought the ruin she desired!

Dinah heard this conversation, and going to Venus, informed her of the turn affairs had taken.

"Will they do harm to *her?*" cried Venus.

"*He* wont. There is no saying what *she'll* do!"

"I'm going down," said Venus, hastily.

"What for, Venus? To ruin our Flora? Stay where yer are!"

As she spoke, and in a manner singularly impressive, Dinah drew Venus from the door, and seating her, stood sentinel over the defeated woman, who, covering her face with both hands, cried:

"Oh, what a web is woven about me!"

"So injustice, Venus; not yers the fault!" benignantly reminded her guard.

"My sin is none the less a sin."

"If yer expose it, who'll be the loser?" demanded Dinah, leaving her post, and thus signifying her prisoner was at liberty to act as she pleased.

"Oh, Heavenly Power, direct me what to do!" cried Venus, sinking upon her knees.

"Insane being, what are yer asking? Do yer desire Flora to be more miserable than she is? Has she no claims upon yer?"

Again Dinah held Venus fast, as she questioned her. Thus governed, Venus could only relapse into tears and submission, and broken murmurs of her unhappy condition, and ignorant of the best course to be pursued.

Soon, violent altercation was heard.

"Mistress has gone to Miss Powell," said Dinah, softly opening the door to listen.

"I must not catch a word that is said. It will not be safe for me to. Close, oh close the door instantly!" cried Venus, writhing from the excess of her emotion.

The door closed, yet the voices reached the listener. Venus' head was buried in the pillows. Louder and more angry grew the tones.

"'*Depart immediately!*' Strange words for a guest to hear," said the silvery notes of Miss Powell, whose whole appearance indicated wounded innocence.

"Not when Ingrate is her name!" retorted Mrs. Pemberton, more and more excited, and in this ebullition, forgetting what was due to her own character for refinement and hospitality.

"'*Ingrate!*'" and Miss Powell clasped her hands in deepest astonishment.

"You disgust me! Do not add *pretended innocence* to your other sins! You know why I appear the reverse of what you have previously seen me. There is no need of enlarging upon the subject. As before, I say again, *go at once!*"

"You are so incomprehensible that you force me to require of Mr. Pemberton an explanation of this treatment," said Miss Powell, rising, and with her usual graceful *abandon*, ringing a bell.

"Ah! I see you would work upon his unhappy passion! Would enlist him against his wife! Try, foolish girl! You'll find I'm mistress here!" cried Mrs. Pemberton.

The servant who answered the bell, was nevertheless told by Miss Powell to ask Mr. Pemberton to come to her instantly.

"In this room?" asked the surprised servant.

"I have no other. This is doubtless mine, till I leave it!" said Miss Powell, in tones of anguish.

Mr. Pemberton obeyed the summons. He expected a scene, for he knew his wife had been with Miss Powell, although forbidden by him to leave his presence; but he was not prepared to meet the sweet forbearance, angelic mercy and tender forgiveness depicted on the face of her rival. He could not help taking that outstretched, velvety hand, nor could he help standing like a protector at the side of the grieved, yet merciful girl.

Nothing more was needed to complete Mrs. Pemberton's wrath. Like a volcano burned the fire within her. With lava force and heat came her mad words. All contained in the vocabulary expressive of contempt, unending hatred and revenge, were poured forth upon the delinquents.

"Do we merit this?" warbled sadly Miss Powell, lifting her tearful eyes to her companion's face.

"'*Merit* it?' By Jehosaphat, *no!* My angel, you shall bear this no longer. Prepare instantly to go to Col. Allyn's. There you will meet the treatment you deserve. *I* will drive you there. *I* will stand by you to the last! Zounds, I'll do it!"

Miss Powell rewarded this valorous outburst by softly pressing her lips upon her champion's hand.

Thus guarded, (notwithstanding Mrs. Pemberton's efforts to the contrary,) Miss Powell triumphantly left Briargrove.

"How d' yer feel, Venus?" asked Dinah, attentively observing the departure.

"Do not speak," said Venus, whose face was still buried in the pillows. "I cannot bear a word."

"Who's revenged?" continued Dinah, with eyes full of such joy that, had Venus seen them, she would have shrank from the sight.

"Will you be still!" cried Venus, groveling deeper and deeper out of view. "The past! the horrible past!" she added, a few moments later. "Oh, how sharply every pang belonging to it comes up and tortures me afresh!"

"But *Flora*," reminded Dinah, wishing to give a turn to such terrible reminiscences.

"Poor child!" sobbed Venus, "to think her fate is clouded and doomed!"

"How do yer know! The traitor is turned out!"

"What avails that to our child!"

"We shall see," encouraged Dinah, as, obedient to a summons from her mistress, she hastened from the room. She found Mrs. Pemberton in violent hysterics.

Flora, aroused by the tumult, came in, and demanded the cause of such suffering. Perceiving Dinah's unwillingness to answer, she commanded her to. When informed as delicately as she could be, she maintained deep silence, and patiently and sadly awaited her mother's return to consciousness.

"Where is Fred?" asked Mrs. Pemberton, at length, aroused again to the painful present.

"It does not matter, mamma. Please keep still till you are quite well."

Flora could not hide the grief that rippled through her voice, try as she might to make it firm and strong.

"I am not weak! Who says I am weak, when I need such strength for my work?"

"To be quiet, mamma. You have no—"

"Work for me, you were about to add. But I have, and for myself, too. Flora, (and her voice sank to a mysterious whisper,) you have no father now; *she* has taken him."

"Oh mamma, mamma, what shall we do?" and here every attempt at firmness broke down, and Flora showed most painfully her feelings.

"Do?" cried Mrs. Pemberton, firing afresh at witnessing her child's distress, "hunt them beyond peace in this world! Hunt them to destruction!"

"The way of the transgressor is hard," absently sighed Dinah, not wholly in reference to the *departed* erring.

Her mistress glanced sharply at her a single moment. A chord had been struck that echoed painfully through a hidden chamber of her proud and stricken heart.

CHAPTER XI.

Many Strings.

"He sees with other eyes than theirs."

From his window, Fred had seen Miss Powell depart, accompanied by Mr. Pemberton. She had seemed unhappy, as nearly as he could judge by the languid tones of her voice and slow step.

She had not mentioned when last with him an intended absence, although there had been time enough for the communication. For the absence of Mrs. Pemberton on the ride, to which she had in vain solicited him and Flora to accompany her, had given him ample time to indulge in the society of his enchantress, to the exclusion of a single notice of the former, who, in this open, gross neglect, passed bitter moments—moments so intensely painful that they left an indelible impress on her after life.

Lost in disagreeable conjectures, feeling quite too culpable to make inquiries of the family, and jealous of Mr. Pemberton, he remained silent, inactive, and irresolute, until aroused by the voices of Venus and Dinah in the room above him. Altogether too anxious to learn the cause of Miss Powell's departure to stop for trifling considerations that he would not once have disregarded, he leaned from his window, and soon, like listeners generally, heard little good of himself. But the information thus obtained gave him a keen sense of his unpleasant position. By it he learned the disloyalty of Mr. Pemberton, the distress of Flora, and the anger of her mother. He had seen enough of the latter to be sure that she would spare no means to obtain revenge on those who had brought ruin to Briargrove. And, with that realization, came up plans for the safety and peace of none but Miss Powell. Flora, in her youthful beauty, affection and despair, was not remembered. How yearningly his heart followed the former in her unknown wanderings. How ardently he desired to overtake and be with her forever. And he would. Time or distance should not long separate them. Had she not promised to be his? Ah, yes; and the silvery tones of that promise lingered fondly in his memory, and ran musically through the present discord of his thoughts.

"I will go to her," he cried, starting to his feet, as a fresh volley of abuse upon her reached his ears. "I will go to her! She shall see she has a true friend—shall learn that my protestations of undying affection were not idle sounds!"

Going to the stable and mounting the fleetest horse to be found there, he was soon on his way to Allyn Hall. Arriving there he was told that a sudden illness of Mrs. Allyn confined her to her room, and Miss Powell, the blessed young lady, was so devoted to Missis, that she could not leave her a single moment. Dido's eyes glistened as they took in the value of the coin Fred thrust into his hand for his praise of Miss Powell.

To the question—"Where is Mr. Pemberton?"

"Smoking with Massa," was given.

This glimpse into quiet and contentment had the effect of rousing anew Fred's jealousy, which for a few moments had slept.

Putting spurs to his horse, he impulsively flew from the door, to the complete mystification of Dido, who stood looking down the path, wondering what had got into Fred that he could treat him so impolitely. For Dido was so great a favorite with all visitors at Allyn Hall, that he naturally enough received and expected very polite consideration.

Fred had scarcely turned from the park into the road, before he was stopped by a female servant, who handed him a note. He looked at the superscription. Those delicate characters could have been traced by none but Miss Powell. He pressed the missive to his lips, even before its bearer had left him, so oblivious was he to everything else. Quickly opening it, he read with palpable pleasure:

"I am here, but know not how long I shall remain. The woman who drove me from Briargrove will very likely visit Allyn Hall to inform against me. Let her. So long as you remain true, I can brave the frowns of the universe. I knew, beloved, you would not be long from me, so had this note ready for you. Perhaps *you* can tell how my heart leaped when I saw you dashing to the door! Mr. Pemberton is kind, but presumptuous. Have no fears for me, however. He is a foolish old man, and can soon be sent to his belongings. Mr. Parks is below, also; I will not see him. I shall never marry for an establishment. I would sooner return to the drudgery of a teacher's life. For Flora's sake, perhaps I ought."

"How generous!" cried Fred, reading the note for the thirtieth time. "What a noble being! Return to drudgery for Flora's sake? *Never!* She shall be mine—*mine* beyond oppression and change! MINE! blissful possession—MINE!"

Fred dared not return to Briargrove, although his horse had turned into the road leading to it. This inability to obey a habit of long standing was not so much owing to fear of meeting just indignation,

nor compunctions of conscience, but to a dread of hearing his former engagement held up as one that must be canceled. This old promise had been shown to him by Venus, as for the last time he finished reading the note now lying close against his treacherous heart. She had seen him depart in great haste, and rightly surmising he would not remain at Allyn Hall because of the present conflicting state of things, had gone out and waited on the road for him. He saw her watching, and conjecturing who was the object of such attention, endeavored to evade her. Finding her determined, he halted and bade her approach.

In a few words she asked him if he knew how surely his unkindness was breaking Flora's heart.

"Women's hearts are not so easily broken," he sneeringly replied, and then demanded if she had anything else to offer.

"Yes; only consider, Master Fred, what you are casting from you, and for whom!"

Venus could not help the look of hatred and contempt that accompanied her words. But it incensed Fred. He raised his whip and laid it on her thinly covered shoulders, that long after bore a deep red mark. No anger burned in the sad eyes that Venus bent in one long gaze upon him, when, as if gathering up her shocked faculties, she slowly turned toward Briargrove.

"Ugh! How familiar her expression was in that look! Where have I seen such? No—yes—it must be! It was Flora's own when she wished, but dared not ask me to stay with her to-day! Strange! strange!"

And he mused on the resemblance, as he bent his course toward his own home. But only for a few moments; affairs of intense importance, nearly connected with his own happiness, occupied his mind. By the time he had reached Lildale, he had argued himself into the belief that nothing but an union with Miss Powell could save him from ruin.

Ill news travel fast, it is said. At Lildale the servants were in possession of his interest in Miss Powell and consequent desertion of Flora. One, the housekeeper, by virtue of her age and faithfulness, commenced a remonstrance. But he cut it short by a promise to sell into Alabama every servant that dared meddle with him in matters not immediately connected with his plantation, volunteering the additional information that his hand, ay, and heart, too, were his own. Bessie, doubting the evidence of her senses, had to be thrice treated to the above information before she could really believe that *her* boy was talking in such a strain, and to *her!*

"I dun want ter see no more of de girl! She can't be much! He was a gentleman before he knew her!" thought Bessie, as she retreated dismayed, to her appropriate sphere.

The absence of Fred and her husband from Briargrove still further incensed Mrs. Pemberton. Early the ensuing morning, utterly disregarding Flora's wishes to the contrary, she prepared to leave for Allyn Hall.

"Oh, what a disgrace to *me!*" sighed Flora.

"A greater, if we allow that plebeian to carry off the best match in the country!" replied Mrs. Pemberton, drawing on her gauntlets.

"Can I do nothing to induce you to remain at home, dear mother?"

"Nothing," came from compressed lips.

"Then, dear mother, I hope you will not *beg* Fred to return to me," said Flora with all the gentleness and firmness she could command, "because," she continued in the same manner, yet with perhaps more humid eyes, "because I will not accept him if you do."

"Think what you are saying," said Mrs. Pemberton.

"She has resolved rightly," interposed Venus, leaving her mistress's bonnet strings to tie themselves, while she crossed the room to lay Flora's throbbing head upon her sympathizing bosom, and assure her by an approving smile that her chosen course was the better.

"Everybody against me, *servants* and all! No wonder when the head of the house goes astray, that all the rest follow! I expected better things of you, Venus; but now, very likely, when Powell wants your services, you'll fly to perform them!" And poor Mrs. Pemberton, in the midst of her hurry and preparations, sat down in tears. But this mood was of short endurance. In a moment more she was on her way to Allyn Hall.

Miss Powell met her at once, hoping by this promptness and daring to subdue the angry woman. But she had reckoned without her host. A meeting of unparalleled acrimony followed; Miss Powell through all, though terribly sarcastic and aggravating, managing to preserve the air and voice of a deeply injured woman. At length Mrs. Allyn entered. She was not prepared, by reason of her illness of the preceding evening, for such disclosures as Mrs. Pemberton immediately made. Delighted at the arrival of Miss Powell, she could not lament sufficiently her inability to entertain her as she ought.

"Is this true?" she asked the young lady, with a trifle of sternness in her voice.

"Did you ever think me one who would stoop to practise the deception Mrs. Pemberton complains of?" asked Miss Powell, raising an angelic glance at the hard scrutiny of her questioner.

"Had I, you would not so often have been my guest," replied Mrs. Allyn, taking the hand of the injured girl affectionately within her own, and assuring her she had one friend, if no more. Most touching were the thanks and tears of Miss Powell for this, and terrific the threats and rage of Mrs. Pemberton, who instantly demanded the whereabouts of her husband. He came at that moment, and (having been closeted for the last hour with Colonel Allyn) ignorant of the explosion awaiting him.

"Look at him—look at the guilty wretch!" were the words of his greeting. His surprise caused him to look as criminal as his incensed wife could have desired.

"Why, Mrs. Pemberton!"

But the lady did not cease at that cry, nor its accompanying look of warning. She declared herself independent of his whims and wishes, and asked him when he intended to leave with his new choice.

"What's the matter, my boy?" asked Colonel Allyn, at this moment thrusting his ponderous person upon the group, and regarding things with immense astonishment.

Before her husband had found voice to reply, Mrs. Pemberton proceeded to make an explanation that covered him with confusion, and compelled Miss Powell to sob and lament that one so unfortunate as herself had ever been born.

"My poor child!" interposed Colonel Allyn, going to Miss Powell, "do not be so distressed. I am confident you are innocent of these charges, and so will Mrs. Pemberton be before long, depend upon it. And if, as she says, the rogue! has taken a fancy to you, no wonder! I've almost done that myself, hey, wife? I have, by Jove!"

But "wife" did not respond. She had, unsuspected, caught that magnetic gleam of Miss Powell's as it was leveled at the sympathizing Colonel. She had seen him start, color with pleasure, then take a chair by the owner of those dangerous eyes, and the language of that gleam she could not misunderstand. It plead for protection and *love*—love as freely returned as had been given. She saw all this with some misgivings, and resolved to have the story she had incredulously listened to repeated again. She began to think, and with sorrow for former doubts, Mrs. Pemberton not the mad woman she had been ready to call her. Instantly resolving to hear the story apart from its subjects, she said:

"I will see you in another room, Mrs. Pemberton. If you are indeed injured by my young and hereto fore welcome guest, I will befriend you, as indeed I have previously promised her, though I sincerely hope there is a mistake."

Thus speaking, with a glance of deep affection upon the Colonel, whom she was leaving in such strange companionship, Mrs. Allyn led the way to another apartment. She had scarcely gone ere the trampling of a horse was heard. Miss Powell's eyes brightened at the sound. Yet with a sigh of seeming regret and a lingering pressure of the hand she held, she allowed the really reluctant Colonel to go to the door to meet this fresh guest.

Taking advantage of the moment, Mr. Pemberton crossed the room to assure Miss Powell that he would provide her a better home than any she had yet entered. She heard this promise with a severe, unseen, internal shudder; still she said, brokenly, "She could not thank him sufficiently, should ever feel grateful, but would not for the world make him more miserable by accepting the offer. Probably the drudgery of *teacher* was ever to be her lot."

Burying her face in her hands, she seemed the impersonation of hopeless grief as she ceased speaking. Mr. Pemberton paced the room in an agony of doubt, hope and fear, until the entrance of the Colonel, accompanied by Fred, who, rushing to the corner where Miss Powell sat weeping, declared he had come to claim her as his wife; that nothing should prevent her being such!

"How?" demanded Mr. Pemberton. "I thought you and my daughter pledged to some such thing!"

"We were," stammered Fred, vehemently regretting his precipitancy, as his former guardian had overheard his words.

"I desire an explanation of these strange words!" fumed Mr. Pemberton, alarmingly red in the face.

"Of course you do!" said the Colonel, hotly. "Do you mean to insult this young lady (taking her hand again and seating himself beside her,) by propositions you cannot carry out?" he continued, turning to Fred.

"My intentions I shall make known to Mr. Pemberton at any hour he wishes. I do not feel called upon to give an account of them to you, sir!" said Fred, stationing himself protectingly at Miss Powell's other side.

"Pretty well, pretty well, sir! But Miss Powell knows her own worth too well (with a warm glance at her downcast face,) to take oaths of fidelity from the self-perjured!"

Here the three gentlemen grew more angry and loquacious, until rising, Miss Powell was about to leave the trio, when the door opened and Mrs. Allyn and Mrs. Pemberton entered.

"I read my fate," said Miss Powell, scanning hastily and aright the forbidding countenances approaching her. "But," drawing herself proudly and insolently up, "I care to burden you with my presence no longer! I have remained among you till I myself am weary, and wish to leave. But I dare you to crush me!"

Then turning to Fred, she added:

"My kind young friend, I will permit you, as the other gentlemen present are *married*, to convey me away!"

The Colonel and Mr. Pemberton looked the chagrin they felt. Said the latter boldly:

"Miss Powell, most injured young creature, remember my promise!"

"I will," and she pressed the hand he extended.

"Also remember me in any emergency," said the Colonel, who, growing frantic at thoughts of separation from one he was finding he had all along adored, added: "May I be forgiven, but I could give my soul to perdition for your sake!"

"Dear Colonel! It is hard to tear myself from two such true friends; but may we hope to meet again?"

"*Friends!*" murmured Mr. Pemberton, reproachfully.

The smile she gave him was a wonderful reassurance! But it made the Colonel angry. She saw this by the deepening flush mounting to the very top of his head.

"I hope you may some time be sensible of the emotions my heart bears toward you," she said, in a low, liquid murmur, to the Colonel.

"How dangerous!" thought both the injured ladies, awaiting with indescribable feelings the termination of this tantalizing, parting scene.

Fred, happy in being allowed the privilege of conducting Miss Powell away from Allyn Hall, saw nothing to murmur at in her manner toward the elderly gentlemen, both of whom felt secretly soothed and flattered by the preference she had apparently shown each.

Mrs. Pemberton went into violent hysterics when Fred and Miss Powell drove away together, for the latter had whispered:

"I go, because my mission is accomplished!"

But her husband, firm in the fondness Miss Powell had evinced privately for him, feared nothing from Fred's vehement declarations of affection, and privately laughed at the *presumptuous* advances the rash boy had dared make to one so superior to him.

"I have friends enough," thought Miss Powell, in the midst of her attentions to Fred as they rode on; "if one fails, another will serve the end I have in view!"

And this end was scarcely more than a resolve to be a drudge no more.

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

Rev. Dr. Storrs, in his address at the anniversary exercises at Mount Holyoke Seminary, said that a returned prisoner lately remarked that while at the South he could easily endure the taunts of the men, but that he had never before realized what and how terrible was the stinging hate of women, so intense, bitter, and beyond all belief, and he had come back with one additional mercy for which to thank God—*that the devil was not a woman!*

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE FLOWERS.

INEZ.

List! we will sing of the Flowers
That perfume the summer air,
That deck the greenwood bowers
And shine in Matilda's hair.
Flowers, sweet Flowers!
They dissipate sorrow and care.

When we the wreath are entwining,
Or tying the fragrant bouquet,
Can we indulge in repining,
Or wishing the time away?
Flowers, sweet Flowers!
What more charming than they?

Their graceful forms unfolding,
Such lovely tints disclose;
Ah! who can tire beholding
The Lily or the Rose?
Flowers, sweets Flowers!
What 's fairer than the Rose?

Their presence ever cheering,
In our gayest or saddest hours,
We welcome, where'er appearing,
The fragrant, beauteous Flowers.
Flowers, sweet Flowers!
We welcome the beauteous Flowers!

MATILDA.

But, sister, they are fleeting,
They last but a summer's day,
Scarcely our footsteps greeting,
They fade and wither away.
Flowers, sweet Flowers!
Emblems of change and decay.

The Flowers are oft deceiving,
Of the sweetest poison is born;
The fairest no fragrance yielding,
And even the Rose has a thorn.
Flowers, sweet Flowers!
But even the Rose has a thorn.

So all our earthly pleasures,
Deceiving and fleeting as they,
Reflect but a transient sunbeam,
Then fade and are passing away.
Flowers, sweet Flowers!
Fading and passing away.

INEZ.

They tell of the Infinite Power,
His goodness and skill display,
Who fashioned their fragile beauty,
And measured their little day.
Flowers, sweet Flowers!
What gentle monitors they!

Fair messengers like the Rainbow,
In its sunny hues above,
Signing to earth's children,
Promise of Mercy and Love.
Flowers, sweet Flowers!
Tokens of Mercy and Love.

Northfield, Mass., 1862. E. F.

Original Essays.

WHAT IS GOD AND WORSHIP?

BY J. COVERT.

The prevailing opinion of the world is, that God is incomprehensible and past finding out. This opinion is strengthened by the religious education of man, which teaches that any attempt to solve the operations of nature is the greatest indignity the race can bestow on the Deity.

But if we assume ignorance to be the chief cause of the infirmities and miseries of the race, as experience and observation have proved, the *real* religious element of our nature consists in the endeavor to fathom the operations of nature, that, by an intimate knowledge of them, man's happiness may be increased. It is written, God is Spirit, and also Truth. As the finite spirit is a portion of the Divine, it must partake of its nature, and manifest itself unlimitably, as man's does limitably. The attributes of the spirit here, and in the spirit-world, are well defined, and man must have from analogy, some conception of the character of the source from which he sprung.

Take a case. Electricity or magnetism is discovered to be an agent so etherial in composition, that it pervades the grossest, as well as the most refined elements of the universe. There is no obstruction to its presence whatever. The opinion formerly entertained, that organized matter was impenetrable, has been by science exploded.

Matter exists in such various shapes and forms, and consists of such diversity of composition, that of its intimate nature the human mind cannot take cognizance, nor can any data be furnished, by observation or experiment, on which to found an investigation of it. All that we can know of it is by the *sensible properties* it exhibits.

Notwithstanding electricity pervades all atoms of matter, it is known to be material substance.

So is *spirit* material substance, and so does it pervade the universe. But spirit substance is found to be indescribably more etherial than electricity, therefore the mind can conceive the method in which spirit, like electricity, invests or pervades all substances.

Man's spirit must have affinity with the original source from which it is taken, and possess the same, or more, attachment to its origin than children feel toward their earthly parents. What child of humanity is there in being, whose circumstances or friends have proposed their departure from the parental care and roof, when wandering o'er the earth, whose heart does not warm with the glow of affection when it contemplates the endearments of home? Such is the case of the finite spirit. It seems from the nature of spirit and the imperative command to worship in it, that all external forms of worship are inadmissible. But God is declared to be *truth* as well as *spirit*, and the requirement to worship Him in this, is as necessary as in the spirit.

Here the query naturally arises, what is truth? Without its proper conception, it appears to be impossible to render acceptable worship, and obtain the witnesses and evidences of it that were delivered to its possessors of old. The prevailing religious sentiment applies it solely to God's veracity and faithfulness. As the *evidence* of the truth is found wanting in this received sentiment, some error must be the foundation on which it is withheld.

Let us see. The sacred record declares that "in God do we live, move, and have our being." Therefore, as all *is* God, it must be incumbent on us to worship him in exact conformity to what has been, is, and shall be. In other words, it is necessary, in order to find out God, to acquaint ourselves with the laws on which hinges the nature and actions of all matter as far as possible. As God is truth, and God is all in all, literally defined, truth is the knowledge of all things.

It is impossible for a part to comprehend the whole; therefore the finite cannot comprehend the infinite. But the finite spirit, by the peculiar composition of its nature, never rests satisfied with its attainments, but is forever aspiring to reach its fountain source, but never arriving at it. This is the steep it climbs throughout all present and future time.

The revealed truths in the Bible must correspond to the facts or developments of science, or they are misunderstood; for, the written law of God cannot conflict with the certain discovered method in which his laws operate. To obtain the truth, requires the constant exertion of our powers through all the sources afforded us. It connects with the attributes of the spirit, that it may be happy through all eternity, with the form in the knowledge of its laws, and in the wisdom to apply them successfully to maintain health, and in the laws of all matter, that we can discover the unity of design in the workings of Deity in one harmonious whole.

In this endeavor after the truth, if sincere, it will be seen that cherished opinions formerly entertained, will vanish away, and newer ones, based on immaculate truth, will usurp their vacant places.

The object of the race is happiness; and the *evidence* of it is in the marvelous works that attended the Christians of old. Departure from the truth is a departure of power. The departure of power is an acknowledged fact, and converse reasoning shows departure from the truth. The embracement of untruth, and the assumption that doing as well as one knows how, will not fulfill the demands of the law; for, if God is a *spirit* and is *truth*, and requires worship in accordance with them, these will produce failure of acceptable worship, and unhappiness will inevitably result. Our happiness is in exact proportion to the quantity of truth received and applied. The highest summit of love, joy, and peace, is not yet attained; for Christ declares it possible for man to do greater works than He, which shows the possibility of becoming more like the Infinite Father than he was.

'Tis true, that Christ's standard of excellence has not been equalled, that we know of, but the bare possibility that it can be equalled or exceeded, is a fruitful source of joy to man.

To conclude, God is *spirit*, and God is *truth*. The *forms* of these pervade the universe as electricity. The first is the *life* of all things; the second is *composition* and *laws* of all things; and to worship acceptably, is to worship in the *former* according to the latter.

PERSONALITY, VERSUS OMNIPRESENCE OF DEITY.

NUMBER TWO.

It is a great thought that, literally speaking, "God is our Father." To fully realize its magnitude, we must both intuitively feel and intellectually accept that "God is a Spirit"—that is, a living, conscious Identity. A great obstacle to adopting this belief, is His supposed omnipresence; for reason teaches that space is endless. And if God is omnipresent, then he must be co-extensive therewith in the volume of his being, which conclusion conflicts with all our ideas of organized individuality. Spirits are now enunciating that "God is a Principle," and Spiritualists, generally, seem disposed to adopt this idea. This new doctrine rests mainly on his assumed omnipresence, and on the declarations of spirits that they have never seen him except as he is manifested in his creation. The fact that they have not met him "face to face" is but negative testimony, and does not determine the question.

Spirits believe and teach that the universe is an organized structure, a unit composed of innumerable parts, but I believe none have yet ventured to define where its centre is, or claim to have found the same. When they have discovered its boundary lines, and learned the condition of endless space, exterior thereto, or found and fully comprehend the nature and condition of its centre, it will be time enough to assume the authoritative decision of the question "Where and what is God?" Until then I claim that each branch of this question is open to our careful thought and study. Let us, then, examine this assumption of omnipresence, testing it by their and our philosophy of creation.

They believe and teach that the organization of our sun preceded that of the several members of the system of which it is the centre. If this is true, analogy will teach it is equally true of all other suns and systems. They recognize our solar system as an organized structure, and analogy will teach that this is equally true of all others. They say the several innumerable suns and systems, composing the universe, collectively constitute a unit, which logically leads us to this conclusion: That space, or so much of it as the universe may occupy, is divided into localities corresponding in number with the suns and systems of which the universe is composed. The question then arises whether all of endless space is thus divided into localities, each being occupied by an organized solar system, or whether the organized universe, being a structure, is not limited in the volume of its being, and, therefore, bounded on all sides by unchanged, unoccupied and endless space.

We accept that our solar system fills a part of space, hence, if the organization of our sun preceded that of the several members of our solar system, the inference follows that there was a time in the eternity of the past when this part of space now so filled, was then unoccupied by planetary organizations. If this be true, then analogy will teach it is equally true of all other parts of space now occupied by suns and systems, leading us logically to this conclusion, that there was a time in the past eternity when all space was thus destitute of any material or planetary organizations—a time which preceded "the beginning of Creation."

To conceive of creation as an effect, we must recognize a pre existing something to act, and a pre-existing something to be acted on. Assuming there was "a beginning of Creation," we may still recognize that the existence of both God and space preceded it, but reason will fail to suggest the then existence of aught else besides, unless as a postulate, that atomic matter is both self-existent and eternal—in other words, matter is both God and space.

We thus find a justification and a necessity for accepting the self-existence of the source or sources of physical nature, presenting for solution the question whether Deity is a self-existent something, distinct in essence of being from another self existent something termed space; and if so, in what consists the difference, and what are their inherent mutual relations?

Believing, as I do, that God is a living, organized Spirit, Identity and Entity, and as such, the source of all conscious individualized being, Spirit Identity, I will now use my best to fairly meet this question in harmony with the proposition that he is not, strictly speaking, omnipresent, but is literally the resident central soul of the universe, it being located between him and self-existent space exterior thereto.

July 26, 1862. PHILADELPHIA.

COMETS ARE WORLDS IN PROCESS OF FORMATION.

BY DAVID TROWBRIDGE.

That the uses of comets in the system of the universe are not understood, is most assuredly the case; but some very rational conjecture has, within a few years grown up, particularly among Spiritualists, or in general, those liberal-minded inquirers, who are not afraid of wounding the old religion, nor the old philosophy. They begin to think that all truth respecting world-making was not given by "express revelation" in that book of doubtful origin—the Bible.

There seems to be some probability that comets are worlds in process of formation. I purpose here of giving some facts that will go to show that such may be the case. More than half a century ago Sir William Herschel came to the conclusion that there exists, scattered throughout the realms of space, a rare, nebulous, or cloudy appearing matter, yet unformed into worlds, but being the material from which worlds are made. This conclusion may be regarded as the origin of that theory of astronomers known as the Nebular Hypothesis. The hypothesis of Sir William Herschel in the hands of the celebrated French astronomer, La Place, received a definite molding, so as to account for nearly all the observed phenomena of the solar system. It may now be said to be pretty well established in the minds of a large class of physical inquirers of the present day.

According to this theory, all the bodies composing the solar system, (and in short, all the systems scattered throughout the realms of the universe,) were once in a state comparing with the nebulous state of Sir William Herschel's theory above referred to. This matter was in a heated, vapory state, (according to the hypothesis,) but during millions of years its surface was exposed to surrounding cold space, the temperature of which is about eighty degrees below zero of our common thermometer, and the consequence would be that there would be great radiation of heat going on continually, and the vaporous matter would hence be condensed. This contraction of the mass would give rise to a rotatory motion, in consequence of the heterogeneousness of the materials. As the cooling process went on, the mass would continue to contract, and the rotatory motion would increase, till finally it would become so much increased, that the cohesion of the outer portions would not be equal to the tendency to fly away from the centre of attraction, and thus a separation would take place, and the separated body would be left in the form of a ring. As the cooling continued, other rings would separate. After one ring had separated, its attraction would exert an influence on the separation of the other rings, until we arrive at a point that is comparatively near the centre of attraction, (as for instance, the place of Mars, the Earth, Venus and Mercury *in succession*,) when the outer rings would exert so strong an attractive influence as to cause the remaining rings to separate sooner than they otherwise would, and thus those planets near the sun should be smaller, as is known to be the case.

After the rings had separated from the parent mass, the contracting process would still go on; and as the ring could not move toward the original centre of attraction, since the tendency to fly away from it would equal the force of attraction toward it, the contraction of the ring would shorten its length, and it would separate in the weaker parts. The attractive influence of the interior rings would exert a perturbative influence on the breaking up of the exterior ring, and hasten the process. The outer bodies, either in the form of rings, or of planets, would also exercise their disturbing influence over the breaking up of the interior rings. I have not space to give a further explanation of this part of the process.

From what we know of the material universe, we have reason to think that those principles which rule in one part of it, also rule in another; and what can be demonstrated as having taken place in one part, may, in a general sense, be considered as having also taken place in another. Hence, since the rings of Saturn are a living example of the process of ring-making, we may conclude that all the planets were thus formed. Prof. Peirce says that the system of Saturn is the only one within the limits of the solar system, that is capable of sustaining rings. He found that the sustaining power resides in the satellites, or moons. He further says, that the only place in the solar system where we might expect a ring is just within the orbit of Jupiter, (where the asteroids (more than seventy in number) exist. The ancient ring was here sustained for a long time, but was finally destroyed, and the small planets called asteroids, were the result of the breaking up.

Comets, with some probability, may be regarded as the remains of the primitive rings that have broken up, and formed the planets. They were formed of the lighter (that is less dense) portions of the fluid that formed the rings, and by the whirling motion of the ring in its rotation, and breaking up, the portions of the ring that formed comets, were projected with greater or less velocity, and in such a manner as to cause a great eccentricity to exist in the orbit. That the eccentricity is dependent on the angle of the projection, as it is called, the reader can see demonstrated mathematically in Runkle's Mathematical Monthly, Vol. 2, p. 160.

And further, if the comets were thus formed, we should expect to see those that were thrown from the larger rings to be the larger comets, as a greater amount of material would be thrown off at once, and a portion of them being thrown off ages before those from the inner rings, they would have a longer time to condense in, and hence they should appear brighter and more splendid, which is the case.

Again, besides those comets of short period being less bright, and of less apparent magnitude, and of less density, we should not expect to find any, or, at most, very few comets of a period so short as perhaps the planets Mars, the Earth, Venus and Mercury, for the rings which formed those planets would be more dense, and small parts would not be so likely to be thrown off; or, if any were, we should expect to find it but a small portion of the vaporous material that would not so easily condense into planets, and this might exist as meteors, such as probably

do exist, and at times come sufficiently near to the earth to come into our atmosphere.

If this theory of comets be true, we should look for a great variety of eccentricity in the orbits of the different asteroids; since, in the process of breaking up of the ring out of which they were formed, the same laws would act, and would tend to give some of the planets a large eccentricity; but different parts of the ring out of which planets were formed would be more nearly of equal density, and the planets would be less likely to become comets.

In confirmation of the preceding principles and deductions, it may be stated, that no known comet has a period of revolution that is less than 1207 days; and in general, the longer the period, the greater the eccentricity.

A further proof that comets are worlds in process of formation, is exhibited in the fact that certain bright comets have appeared—as for instance, the comet of 1585, observed by Tycho Brahe—which exhibited no vestige of a tail.

The Great Comet of 1858, as observed by Prof. Bond, of Cambridge, Mass., exhibited, during its period of visibility, many of the changes that the earth appears to have gone through with in the earlier stages of its development.

Whatever of truth there may be in this theory, there is a great degree of pleasure in contemplating such sublime objects and processes.

"SAVED BY CHRIST."

BY GEORGE W. BURNHAM.

Among the misconceived fallacies of Christianity the preceding phrase is one of the most conspicuous. It has become stereotyped, inasmuch that it is forever quoted, both by the illiterate and learned, as though that was the pivot on which a sure hope could only rest, denying salvation to all who did not endorse the sentiment in the light which they had learned to understand the phrase. Simply, then, how do they understand it, if they do at all? The knowing ones reason in this way:

1st, Christ is God, consequently he has all his characteristics, viz: he is infinite in knowledge, wisdom and power, although it is admitted he came upon the earth like other men.

2d, That our first parents were pure until overcome by temptation by the "adversary," consequently they fell, and their posterity are now in sin, and have not the power, if they would, to extricate themselves from their degraded condition, because they are but finite as men, yet their transgressions are infinite, and must necessarily have an infinite "Redeemer" to meet the necessity of the case.

3d, That at the sufferings and death of Christ upon the cross, he took upon himself all the transgressions of a guilty world.

And here is the idea that I wish to especially consider. The so-called Christian Church do certainly err to an alarming extent in their understanding of results upon man in consequence of the crucifixion of Christ. Show me, if you can—*you* who claim a saintship—what there was about Christ that suffered while on the cross more than hundreds of other martyrs who have been placed in equally trying circumstances? You say Christ took upon himself the nature of man, that he was both human and divine, yet you admit that man has a two-fold nature combining both. Would you deny this last statement, you dare deny the soul's immortality. Not believing the story of the Virgin's conception, I cannot possibly understand an infinity with Christ, only as with other men, excepting in degree. Neither do the so-called Christian world believe, only as they close their eyes against reason, seeming willing to quaff at one draught all theological error, at the expense of common sense.

I once heard a learned Divine assert in his discourse, "That the Bible taught that God came down from heaven and took upon himself the body and nature of man. But that Reason says he did not." Then he asks, "Which shall we believe—reason or the Bible?" Answer.—The Bible, ignoring at one breath the propriety of discussing upon the subject, while at the same time reasoning according to his highest ideas. I am aware that such contradictions are too common to repeat.

Now let us apply the doctrine. Suppose a man steals a horse to-day? To-morrow he is struck with conviction, with reference to his past life; he accepts Christ according to the "Church"; is converted and baptised; he believes his sins are all forgiven, including the stealing of the horse, because Christ died on Calvary for just such a sinner as he. Now the question which arises is this: Is this person actually clear from all guilt or remorse of conscience in consequence of his convictions and faith, or is he only deluded in this hope, and still feels the pangs of his career? You that have accepted Christ according to John Calvin, can answer. We should here bear in mind that we have no proof that death will essentially change the character of any, or make us forgetful of the past.

My earnest advice to you, Christian friends, is to never expect to lay up treasures in heaven with such a philosophy, because I know you will not find them there. When you arrive in that "Summer Land" you will there find that your guilt still rests upon your own head, and that Christ (if you have the good fortune to ever see him) will tell you that he has not, nor can he, atone for your sins; but that "you must work out your own salvation with fear and trembling." Would you not be ashamed to have Christ suffer in your stead? The tendency of such a doctrine is a license for crime. This may seem glaring, but it is nevertheless true.

To illustrate. A man who is called a sinner looks upon the "Church" as right in doctrine and principle. He says to himself, "I'll do this, or I'll do that," knowing it to be wrong, but intends, before it be too late, to accept Christ and be forever saved. There are too many examples of this kind to attempt to deny the truthfulness of this assertion. What difference does it make whether the transgressor, at the time of the act, expected Christ to suffer for the wrong, or that he took no thought of what the consequence would be to himself or Christ? I see no difference, according to Orthodoxy.

Now just as long as the popular faith is, that another has suffered for our sins, clearing us from all guilt, just so long wrong will be prominent in the character of man. "Christ and his teachings I accept, and do not expect salvation except by following them. If I have done wrong, I shall suffer for it. The man who steals the horse cannot, if he would, "cast the burden on the Lord." The man will be judged according to his works. "God is no respecter of persons." And this idea of climbing up to heaven on another's goodness is born of selfishness and uncharitableness, and tends to drag the creature down to hell.

Williamsburgh, Ohio.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE SEAMSTRESS.

BY SAMUEL PHELPS LELAND.

'T is midnight! and she sits alone,
The air is piercing cold,
Her long day's work is nearly done—
Her life is almost sold!

No fire before her warmly glows
To melt away the chilling snows;
But still her hand the needle plies,
While dimly burns the lamp;
And from her almost moveless eyes
The tears fall cold and damp!

Unpitying winds sweep chilling past,
And through the half-caulked walls
The snow is driven wildly past,
And round her chilled form falls;
While ever and anon a sigh,
Half life, half death, comes mournfully;
Revealing what no words can tell—
A form half starved and cold;
A victim on Want's altar fell,
For bread her life has sold.

All day she has not tasted food,
Nor felt her form, the breath
Or warmth of fire. In solitude
Has stitch by stitch neared death.
The lamp's cold glare no warmth can give—
'T were heaven to die, but hell to live;
The needle from her nerveless hand
Drops to the snowy floor,
And by Death's pitiless command
She falls to breathe no more.

Oh, pitying heaven! must human kind
Bow ever to the dust,
And sell their bodies, soul and mind,
But to obtain a crust?
Must Poverty bend 'neath Wealth's nod?
Will man forever make gold, God?
Must nerves, and brain, and thought, be sold,
When Want demands its bread?
And must the one deprived of gold,
Give life but to be fed?

Shame to the land of unfed poor,
Where millions die to live!
Where Christian Wealth stands at the door,
And nought but prayers can give!
And talks about the heathen's doom,
In Bulgaria or Hindoostan,
While thousands left unfed to die
'Neath shade of Christian dome!
Oh, God! is it not charity
To feed the poor at home?

Lyons, Mich., 1862.

Correspondence.

Comments on the St. Charles Meeting.

I saw in the BANNER a report of the St. Charles meeting. I am much pleased with the report. I think it reads beautifully, from the fact that it was a beautiful meeting of the kind; good order, equal rights given to all, from the highest to the lowest, the rich and the poor, the learned and the unlearned, the skeptic and the Christian, the bloomer as well as the hooped and long trailing skirt of the fashions of the present day. All were equally honored and invited to take the free platform; the most ultra and radical, as well as the most conservative Bible Spiritualists, were free to occupy the stand. Surely that reads very well to a free people; but has man developed up into the higher spiritual life, so that he is a law unto himself? Is he sufficiently good and wise to control himself in all things? Some may feel that they are, and frequently say to me, "Bro. Kellogg, you are doing very well; you are getting out of your old fogy notions; come along, rejoice; you will soon be developed up to our plane; then, my good brother, you will be free."

But how little knowledge they have of themselves or of true practical Christianity, judging them by their fruits. There are many things that lead me to believe that all is not right with the moral and physical actions of Spiritualists, as well as of all other churches, or sects, or people. We should feel that we are, or should be, a law-abiding people. The time has come, in these last days of superstition and religious bigotry, that all subjects are suitable to be brought before a refined gathering (each one in its proper place); but in practice all should be very careful what they say or do. The husband should see to it that his life is pure in the eyes of his wife, and it must be so also with the wife in the eyes of her husband. If your loose way of talking and living should engender unpleasant feelings in the mind of any one, the only thing that can be done is to reform, instead of saying that I will be free, or I wish I had my true affinity. My dear brother, you had better sacrifice something, than to offend one of these little ones.

But again, in all these large gatherings called Spiritual Conventions, why introduce the free platform? And what is meant by this free platform? (Free talk on all subjects.) I wish to suggest a few thoughts. I have attended but a few meetings of this kind—four in all. Thus far I must confess that I feel, as many of the old veterans tell me they feel; that is, they have but little or no interest in these large gatherings. We feel that there can be but little good in them. We want, when we go to a Spiritual Convention, to hear the subject of Spiritualism discussed. We do not want politics, bloomerism, Graham bread, and the way to beget children discussed, or complaints made that I have not got my true affinity, &c., &c.

Why not, when you call a spiritual meeting or convention, stick to your text. The people turn out to hear something on that subject. They say, "Is it true that spirits do visit earth's children? Why, it is too good to be true! Do tell us all about it. We have heard enough of dress reform," &c. Many of the so-called trance speakers, that have not as yet got their eyes open, are on hand, always ready at all times, and in all places, to bear their cross. Of course, they have left their homes, and some of them their husbands or wives, to instruct the people; we have a free platform, and they are on it, almost to a man or woman.

Now do sensible men and women feel that they are benefited, or in the least profited by their teachings? No; they turn away in disgust, at the same time they are the true Spiritualists, the back-bone of spiritual society. These old brethren and sisters are fast retiring from the field. We had a meeting of the kind, and my house was a general depot, and I hope that will be the last for the present. How Bro. Jones, the President of the St. Charles meeting stands it, I hardly know, for one half or more quartered on him; but his back never gave way. What did he get in return? Some corn and some husks; but the greater part husks, and he knows it, too; but he calls it all good. The fact is, Bro. Jones has a big heart, and he is a full believer in the cause of Spiritualism, and in order to establish this great truth in St. Charles, he is willing to sacrifice his time and money. He sees many things that are not right, but he does not stand aloof, as many others do in St. Charles. Brethren, all take hold together, and right the wrong.

When Christian Spiritualists go to these meetings, they get badly disappointed, and for one, I cannot aid in getting up a meeting of the kind. No, I cannot. At the St. Charles and other meetings that I have attended, two-thirds of the vast gatherings felt, and still feel as I do. Now, I appeal to the minority, (for they are in the minority,) how long shall these things continue? Shall they continue until the better part of community is outraged, and every society lock their doors against us? Or will we heed the warning voice of a just community, and say, when we hold another convention, it shall be a *spiritual convention*, and invite all such to attend and give them a hearing, and none others? Come on, all ye true Christian Spiritualists and mediums, and talk the thing over, and strengthen each other.

HIRAM KELLOGG.

Solon Mills, Ill., July 26, 1862.

Spiritualism in Southern Vermont.

I am now among the green hills of my native State, enjoying the pure air and picturesque mountain scenery; and doing what I can in my humble way to spread the great truths of spirit-intercourse with man; and investigating phenomena. Spiritualism in this section loses no ground, but there is not in every place that lively interest that the ardent advocate might desire. By those who have investigated, there is a firm reliance on the theory; but in some cases there is a lack of the experimental part. Theory is essential. We cannot dispense with it; but something more is wanted—a daily evidence in our own soul that these heavenly influences are around us and with us filling the soul with a foretaste of the joys of future blessedness, which will be the part and lot of the faithful when they come to lay off the clogs of earth and enter the abodes of spirit life. There is also in this section a strong outward current, which comes from the theological world, and which dampens the ardor of believers, and prevents many from investigating, who, if they could stem the current of priestly intolerance and proscription, would gladly be found in the lecture-room and circles for manifestations. I speak now in general terms; but these remarks must not be applied to every place.

Sunday, July 13th I lectured forenoon and afternoon at Simonsville, a village in Andover, on the east side of the Green Mountains. Here I found considerable interest on the subject of lectures, but I did not have an opportunity to visit much among the friends. The only place I visited was at Bro. Hazeltine's. I found his family enjoying not only the theory of Spiritualism, but somewhat of the experimental part; especially a son—Dr. Hazeltine—who is quite anxious for further development in that section. And I will not forget to mention, in this connection, Bro. Bishop Howard, who has long been an earnest, faithful advocate of Spiritualism. My lectures were listened to with apparent interest, especially the afternoon lecture, which was on the subject of Deity; and I left very well satisfied.

In this connection I should mention that I called upon Mr. Henry Stanard, at Chester, Vt. Chester is a hard place for Spiritualism. There seems to be a determined resistance on the part of the Church, and every nerve strained to render it unpopular, and to frighten the devotees at the shrine of Moloch from investigating. There are a few, however, who are doing all they can to give to the people of Chester such evidence of man's immortality as cannot be gained in Church creeds or theological teachings. Mr. Stanard was formerly a deacon in the Baptist Church.

The time is not very far distant, however, when we may hopefully trust that old fogyism will give way to a more rational, and less proscriptive system of faith and practice; and that the light of the nineteenth century will shine into men's hearts then, and give them faith in a better hereafter. And the few there, laboring under trials and discouragements, must not feel that they are laboring in vain, for they are accomplishing a good work.

At Weston, my native town, I found things in about the same condition as at Chester. They have not had lectures for a long time, and I found it useless to lecture there, with the prospect of speaking to bare walls. If it had been in the season for evening lectures, however, I should have attempted it.

At Londonderry and Landsgrove there are liberal minds, and a few interested in the phenomena of Spiritualism. Here are one or two partially developed mediums. But little, however, is being done for the public interest. The few who are interested aid the friends at Simonsville. On account of other engagements I did not speak in either of these places. Wherever I go I find a few copies of the BANNER taken; but nothing in comparison with what ought to be taken, and what the friends are able to take. In some families, I have found several secular papers taken, but no BANNER. This is not right. Spiritualists in this section are well off, and can abundantly afford to take one paper, at least, not devoted to secular interests, and ought to do so. Wherever the BANNER is taken, it is read with interest by more than one family in many instances; and in not a few instances the borrower is better able to take the papers than the lender. I urge upon all the importance of sustaining the BANNER.

Sunday, July 20th, I gave two lectures at Mt. Tabor. The population here is scattered over a large tract of mountainous country. It rained very hard all day, and hence my audience was small; but they compensated me very liberally, for which the friends have my thanks. Here I found liberal and congenial minds, and evidence that talent and culture are not confined altogether in cities and large villages, but found amply developed in the retired spots of earth. To the lover of romantic scenery this section affords a treat. Spent about ten days in this section, among the mountains, and in the beautiful valley on the Otter Creek river, at the foot of the Green Mountains, on the west side. While here I ascended to the summit of a high mountain, where I obtained the grandest view of the varied beauties of nature I ever witnessed. In the north-east, east, and south-east, as far as the eye can reach, are seen one vast field of mountains—mountain piled on mountain in solemn grandeur—one peak towering above the other, covered with a vast forest of ever-green. Along the valley, in the north and west, and extending south as far as the eye can reach, and on the mountains detached from the main range, are seen the Otter Creek river, meandering along through a beautiful valley. The Vermont and Troy Railroad, the villages of Rutland, North and South Wallingford, Danby, the extensive marble quarries on the sides of the Danby mountains, and the green verdure of rich cultivated fields spread out in the valley and over the sides of the mountains. Marble in this section is very plenty. The beautiful mountain towering to the clouds, in sugar-loaf form, and at the base of which, on the north-east, is the village of Danby, is said to be one solid mass of marble. The sidewalks, the fences, the underpinings of their houses, and several buildings I saw, are built of marble. I also visited East Dorsett. Here I found a few warm friends. There has formerly been a deep interest taken in the subject of Spiritualism here, but, at present I found what might appear a backward movement, on account of the war and other causes, which are well understood by those who most ardently desire advancement in that place.

Sunday, July 27th, I lectured at Danby. Liberal sentiments prevail here, and the friends manifest an interest to sustain what has been acquired in the past, and to encourage those who are making personal sacrifices for the cause. By the kind invitation of Bro. F. A. Stevens, I made my home in his family while I stopped in Danby. Friend Stevens takes a deep interest in the subject. I also formed the acquaintance of Bro. Wm. Pierce, who is devotedly attached to the cause. My visit to the friends at Danby, was pleasant and satisfactory, and I hope will result in good to all. Yours fraternally,

A. H. DAVIS.

Mt. Tabor, Vt., July 28, 1862.

Slavery, Polygamy, and Land Monopoly.

Three kindred and corresponding evils to any but a barbarous age—they should pass away together, and no more be instituted or tolerated by an age of intelligence nor in a democratic government, not even in a fractional section. Any system of government or law that holds, or allows one or more men to hold, by title, the land which is necessary for all, and fix a price on it beyond the reach of others, and while they do not use it themselves, prevent others from using it to produce the necessaries of life, is false to human nature, and only equalled in wickedness by a corresponding system of monopolizing a portion of the race as slaves to work the land, which, of course, must be held in large tracts, at prices out of the reach of such laborers; and whether the laborers are owned in title or starved into subjection, makes very little difference to them, if there is no way of escape.

Kindred to this is the system of polygamy, which *by law* allows one man to retain and control more than one woman, of course to the exclusion of others' rights. If, as most Christians assert, each is entitled to one, and the sexes are in about equal numbers, I do not admit the right of one man to *own* even one woman or man [slave]; nor do I admit any law is right which gives a husband *any* advantage or superiority over a wife; but any law is of course still more unjust, than our marriage laws that allows one man to hold, by marriage, more than one woman. It is a serious question how far the *law* can bind one of each sex together, and not infringe upon the natural rights of either; but when the law allows ten men to hold one hundred women, and thus deprive ninety of their companions, it is so palpably wrong (notwithstanding the All Right doctrine) that even the sectarian Christians can see it, and repudiate Solomon and the Salt Lake Mormons, and Congress interferes with the religion and the Bible both to stop it, and the Christians all say amen. But if Congress takes up either of the other kindred evils above referred to, modern Christians will raise a howl over the agrarianism of the age, and show the Bible authority for both, although polygamy is equally defended by it.

These are *my* wives—these are *my* slaves—these are *my* acres. How came you by the acres? Who gave the first deed, and by what authority from God? What different is your title to land from your title to slaves or to woman? Who married the first couple, and by what law? (Of course I accept no answer from the old Jewish fable.) Occupancy of land is of course at the time a title, and sufficient. Land never should be taxed, for there never was property in land, nor should it be titled except as used. The man who voluntarily labors for me for a price which he fixes, without compulsion of any kind, is, of course, for the time, and only for the time, my servant; next day I may be his. But if he is compelled to labor for me for a price he has no voice in fixing, he is deprived of some right, and the same is true in relation to the woman as a wife; but all monopoly robs somebody.

WARREN CHASE.

Marriage.

On reading Bro. Warren Chase's essay on Marriage in the BANNER of June 7th, a few queries arose in my mind, which, not being able to answer to my entire satisfaction, I send to you, thinking, perchance, they may call forth something from a more able pen, which will aid in shedding new light on the requisite conditions for making this very popular but much abused institution more generally a happy one; believing, with the brother, that the subject should be discussed more generally than it has been.

The queries I would suggest for consideration are these: Is it not productive of a more harmonious development of the human race for those who are opposite in temperaments and dispositions to unite in marriage, if drawn together by mutual attraction, or rather by pure, disinterested love? Should not this be the test-rule by which to be governed in the choice of a companion? Will not one extreme rather balance against, or modify another, and thus produce a more evenly balanced offspring?

I have often heard it said, and thought there was "more truth than poetry" in the saying, that if two persons whose ruling passion is acquisitiveness are joined together by the ties of matrimony, (and I would add, especially if conscientiousness is small,) the next generation will very likely be thieves; and, if true in that case, of course it will have the same effect where any other passion predominates; that is, to increase it in the offspring. If so, and we must always have "like to like, kind to kind," &c., what will be the result?

If it can be shown that *true love* cannot exist, unless the parties are united on all the four corners spoken of by the brother, then I am with him on that subject entirely.

AUNT MYRA.

A RECIPE.—To be a woman of fashion is one of the easiest things in the world. A late writer thus describes it: "Buy everything you don't want, and pay for nothing you do—smile on all mankind but your husband—be happy everywhere but at home—hate the country, but adore the city—read novels and neglect your children—nurse lap dogs, and go to church every time you get a new shawl."

Written for the Banner of Light.

LINES

FROM A FRIEND OF MISS SPRAGUE.

BY MATTIE G. V. SMITH.

"Welcome, welcome to our sister!"
Caroled forth the angels bright;
"We have waited for thy coming
To these realms of love and light."

Sister, loved one, pure and true,
Faithful servant, hast thou been;
Thou hast saved from want and woe
Many a sorrowing child of sin;

Comforted the lost and lonely,
With thy words of heavenly truth;
Soothed the sad and broken-hearted,
Cheered the aged and the youth

By thy precept and example,
Thou hast guided in the way.
Well hast thou fulfilled thy mission,
Thou hast left a brilliant ray

On this little earth of ours,
And our tribute we would bring;
We would join our heavenly sisters,
And with joy thy praises sing.

We would echo back the anthem,
We would chant our sweetest strain;
Lovely sister, we would fondly
Welcome thee to earth again.

SONS OF DIRIGO.

Sons of Dirigo! we joyfully greet you,
Clad in the armor of justice and truth;
Firm as the pine tree when foeman shall meet you,
Stand by the Banner you've loved from your youth.
Soon may that Banner wave,
Over each traitors's grave;
Crushed be the treason—triumphant the right,
While the whole land shall ring,
Praise to Jehovah—King,
Who moves the arm and heart for the fight.

Sons of Dirigo! march onward to glory!
Green be your laurels and safe your return;
Proudly your kindred shall list to your story,
Proud, though in sorrow, your loss they may mourn.
Free as the ocean wind,
Still may your country find
Each to his duty—swift to obey;
Thus shall the sons of Maine
Honor and victory gain;
While the whole world owns Columbia's sway.

A TEST.

Many thanks to you, Mr. Editor, for the publication of Dr. Samuel Curtis's message, received and written out by Dr. S. W. Howard, of Indianapolis, Indiana.

More than eighteen years since, I bade farewell to my now spirit-husband, as I then thought, till the "mortal should put on immortality," and though enshrined in my heart of hearts, remembered only by his relatives and past friends in this and other places—only alluded to as one far removed from earth and all its occupants.

Imagine my surprise on being written to by my sister, that he had manifested himself to a man in Indianapolis, and was, through him, doing wonders in curing all forms of disease, not only when the afflicted were present, but by their pictures, or a lock of their hair; that the medium was wholly ignorant of Medicine and Anatomy, only as derived from his Spirit-instructor, (Dr. S. Curtis,) but, guided by him, he could examine and describe any case with accuracy and precision, giving the proper anatomical terms with ease and correctness.

Being desirous of knowing for myself, I wrote to Dr. Howard, telling him I had heard of his success as a healing medium, and sending him a picture,—though not one of myself—intending to puzzle him. I had written him two letters previous to sending the picture, and had withheld my first name, except the initial, to lead him to suppose I belonged to the masculine gender. This took, and he addressed me as Mr.; but when I sent for an examination and prescription, the case was described perfectly and minutely. The medicine procured from Dr. Howard and lady has benefited me more than I can describe. With the picture and description of my physical condition, the following test came, recalling to mind an incident that occurred two or three years previous to the departure of my loved one from my sight:

"But I will give you a little test. Think back to when I was in the material form, to one evening when you and I were sitting in the office, and you were coughing; and you thought something gave way in the left lung, and you said to me, it felt just as if something broke and ran down in the left lung; and I told you it was the reaction of the blood from the lung to the heart—it strove to make its revolution from the heart to the lung through the pulmonary arteries, but failed, and reacted back to the heart. Now think of this.

Yours, beloved one, forever,

SAMUEL CURTIS."

At the time the above was sent me by Dr. Howard, he had not the least idea to whom he was writing it, but supposed me to be a man, as I had signed my name merely, F. F. Sperry.

With respect, FANNY F. (CURTIS) SPERRY.

Columbus, Ohio, July 31, 1862.

WHAT IS AN OLD MAID?—Never be afraid of becoming an old maid, fair reader. An old maid is far more honorable than a heartless wife; and single blessedness is greatly superior, in point of happiness, to wedded life without wedded love. "Fall not in love, dear girls, beware," says the song. But we do not agree with the said song on this question. On the contrary, we hold that it is a good thing to fall in love, if the loved object be a worthy one. To fall in love with an honorable man is as proper as it is for an honorable man to fall in love with a virtuous and amiable woman; and what could be a more gratifying spectacle, even to the angels in heaven, than a sight so pure, so approaching in its devotion to the celestial?

No; fall in love as soon as you please, ladies, provided it be with a suitable person. Fall in love, and then marry; but never marry, unless you do love. That's the great point. Never marry merely for a home, or a husband. Never degrade yourself by becoming a party to such an alliance. Never sell yourself, body and soul, on terms so contemptible. Love dignifies all things; it ennobles all conditions. With love, the marriage-rite is truly a sacrament. Without it the ceremony is a base fraud, and the act a human desecration. Marry for love, or not at all. Be an old maid, if fortune throw not in your way the man of your heart; and though the witless may sneer, and the jester may laugh, you will still have your reward in an approving conscience and a comparatively peaceful life.

Most modern authors lard their lean works with the fat of older works; and so their predecessors did before them.

Written for the Banner of Light.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO THE REGIMENTS OF NEW YORK.

BY BELLE BUSH.

Ye have come in the glory of manhood's might,
From your homes by the sounding sea,
With waving banners and armors bright,
And the tread of the brave and free.
Ye have come with pride and in stern array,
Bearing rich treasures forth,
Gifts on a glorious shrine to lay,
Oh, men of the loyal North!

To the notes of the trumpet's stirring blast,
And the bugle's echoing strain,
Ye have come, and the hills, as ye hurried past,
Have answered you back again!
And the voiceful wind that above them sweeps,
Seems sobbing out wild alarms,
As he tunes his harp on the mountain steeps,
To the sound of your clashing arms!

With aspect firm and the steady will
That is born of a purpose high,
Ye have come—and tones that my being thrill,
Inquire, *will ye tell us why?*
Oh! why have ye come in ranks so bold—
With the tread of the brave and free,
Leaving the scenes and the haunts of old,
And your homes by the sounding sea?

Seek ye a land where the soul is bright
With jewels of wealth untold?
Ah no! there are springs and a fount of light
More precious to you than gold:
FREEDOM! all pleasure that hath its birth
And lives in that burning word,
By which our spirits to joy and mirth
Are deeply and wildly stirred!

High hopes and the visions that wander down
"The harp of a thousand strings,"
When it thrills with yearnings for that renown
That courage to mortals brings;
All these have waked in your manly breasts
The power of their syren spells,
Till ye hear no longer the mournful guests'
That murmur of sad farewells!

Ye have heard the cry that through all the land
Hath rung like a clarion blast,
And it seems a challenge of high command,
From the heroes of ages past,
Calling you forth in the prime of life,
From your homes by the sounding sea,
To vie with them in the coming strife,
For the triumph of Liberty!

Ye have heard, and ye come with a zeal that takes
Its flame from a hallowed urn;
But a low deep voice in my soul awakes,
And asks, *will ye* ALL *return?*
Ye will! ah, yes! ye will all come back!
But I fear to answer how;
Not in the flowery or pleasant track
That your feet are treading now;

Not to the roll of the stirring drum,
With banner and waving plume;
Not thus will ye all in your glory come—
There's room in the grave, yet room!
And some will find there a calm repose
For the dust that enshrines the soul,
Ere it drinks the last of earth's bitter woes,
And is freed from its stern control.

For some will the chords of sweet love be stirred,
Till they tremble, but not with glee.
Oh! there shall be sorrow and mourning heard
In the city beside the sea!
But why should we linger the sad notes o'er,
Or list to their plaintive strain?
Wake, harp-strings! thrill to the higher lore—
If we *die* we shall *live again!*

And ye will, ah yes, ye will all come back!
Though some may have viewless forms,
With a power to o'ersweep the eagle's track,
When it flees from the realm of storms!
Ye will glide in the stillness of summer eves
To the homes where the loved ones dwell,
And your wings shall rustle the evergreen leaves
That hang in sweet memory's cell.

Oh! Love, the immortal, hath many a voice,
And many a sigh can give,
To bid the mourners of earth rejoice,
And tell us our dead still live!
They live to love, to enjoy and hope;
What matters it *here* or *there*,
Where souls have a wider and freer scope,
Unfettered by grief or care?

Then go! with your gifts of undying worth,
In the glory of manhood go!
'T is a holy summon that calls ye forth
To baffle a nation's foe!
Go win the laurels that wait for those
Who, with armor and helmet on,
Shall guard from the host of its traitor foes
The Freedom our fathers won.

'T is a glorious thing for the soul to bear
High part in a sacred strife,
Till the standards of victory wave in air
O'er the battle-fields of life!
An hour of such triumph outweighs the years
Allotted to us on earth.
"Without are fighting, within are fears,"
Is the hymn of the spirit's birth.

For we rise, in quelling the foes within,
To conquer the hosts without.
Thus Truth is born from the death of Sin,
And the Wrong is put to rout.
Then go! and return as the Father's hand
In wisdom and love shall plan—
Through paths that shall lead to the "Better Land,"
Or those that are made by man.

But bring ye back with its stars undimmed
The Banner that o'er us waves,
And your praise on earth shall be sweetly hymned,
Or chanted o'er honored graves;
And a pæan shall gush from the hearts of men,
With the echo, *we still are free!*
Oh, there will be mirth and rejoicing then
In the city beside the sea!

Adelphian Institute, Norristown, Pa., 1862.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE COLORED REGIMENTS.—The doubt which we suggested some days ago, whether it would be found that the President had in fact resolved not to accept regiments raised *bona fide* from colored citizens of Free States, seems to be confirmed. It now appears from a variety of authorities that the President's remarks to the Western gentlemen were very incorrectly reported, and the whole matter is now left in doubt. Gov. Sprague's movement, however, is likely to bring the question to a decision of some sort. —*Daily Advertiser.*

STAMPEDE OF SLAVES.—Six black boys belonging to Mr. Grant, of the Parish Plaquemine, ran away from the plantation and came up to town like Yankee Doodle, not exactly "on a pony," but on six mules. When near the city, they came across a man named Jean Moutin, and indulged in the gentle amusement of thrashing him. A member of police came to the rescue, and the unruly runaways, after considerable trouble, were finally secured.—*Delta, July 22d.*

A clear conscience is sometimes sold for money, but never bought with it.

This Paper is issued every Monday, for the week ending at date.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1862.

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

WILLIAM WHITE, LUTHER COLBY, | ISAAC B. RICH, CHARLES H. CROWELL,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

FOR TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION SEE EIGHTH PAGE.

LUTHER COLBY, ... EDITOR.

The Wisdom in a Man.

Many persons practice the arts of cunning and craft, thinking they are acting the part of wise men; as if a low shrewdness were a lofty wisdom. It is a fatal mistake though a too common one; and, we recover from its effects only at a vast cost. Many an one heads himself off in trying to head off somebody else. Many an one throws up, unknowingly, his own chances, in trying to wrongly get the benefit of what rightly belongs to another. The *highest* prudence—says Emerson—is the lowest prudence; that is to say, in following our truest instincts in reference to most matters, we are apt to do nearest what is right and for our advantage.

Too many throw away the many resources of their native wisdom, by losing their temper. All men of honest intent have deep and warm feelings, and it is these very feelings that are most apt to betray them. The heat of this furnace is very often needed, we allow, to generate the steam that shall propel us along; but it will never do to let the glow become so red as to burn through and consume the very receptacle in which they are placed. He is wise who knows when to keep the temper under the rein, let the provocation to give loose to it be what it may; who wastes nothing of his strength before the time comes for him to put it forth; who casts about and sees how the special truth he embraces is related to all other truths; who knows when to keep silence as well as when to speak, and can be gentle and persuasive even as he can be overwhelming and irresistible.

We might all of us get genuine wisdom faster, if we only dared to trust ourselves. There is one serious trouble. We go chasing off after what we think is much better than anything of our own could be—the wisdom of others. The best way would be, to stay at home and cultivate the closer acquaintance of our own faculties. We cannot too much trust ourselves. We are not wise when we believe some other man may have that in him which will interest us more and serve us better than what we have in ourselves. It is the truest wisdom to find ourselves out as fully as we can; and that is not done by superstitious trust or blind imitation and copying. Though we should blunder every day, and every hour, it is far better than to seek to run even the risk of blundering, and so of gaining no experience or wisdom.

Wisdom—that is, of the common sort—is a sort of inspired common sense. Oh, how refreshing good common sense is, after all! There is nothing in human character that wears anything like it. We have all fallen into the way of passing over so homely a means of wealth as this, and suppose our richest resources are ever so many stories higher. What would we not give to see a general return again to common sense, and to the worship of it! That is the embodiment of worldly wisdom. It looks at matters as they are, squarely, and fair in the face. It refuses to be deluded with vain shows, but drives straight at the core of the reality. It does not go off mad and vaporing because it cannot have its own way to day, but is rather content to wait until to-morrow. There is no wisdom more excellent than the wisdom that lies hidden away in the folds of common sense. A man who puts his trust in that, is in little danger of being deceived.

Unless we each appeal finally to this element, or faculty, that is within us, we fail utterly to gain that knowledge—*self*-knowledge—which is the compendium and crown of all the rest. But reposing upon that, and with souls always open and receptive to the influx of tides from the spiritual world all around us, we may become greater than we dream of, even in the midst of pettiest perplexities and cares.

The Indians.

Father Beeson's movement in behalf of the Indian tribes in the United States is a laudable one, and should meet with the coöperation of every true man in the country. The Indians have too long been hunted down and murdered by "border ruffians" for greedy gain. The time has now come when this much abused race should have ample justice done them. If we would receive justice from our fellow-men, we must award equal justice to the red man.

We are gratified to see that a move in this direction has recently been made in New York city. At a public meeting, held at Cooper Institute, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

Whereas, Traitors and speculators have placed our frontier Indians in circumstances of discouragement and suffering, therefore,

Resolved, That a committee be appointed to prepare a statement of their condition for publication through the leading newspapers, and to suggest means for the redress of their wrongs.

A lengthy paper was submitted by Mr. Beeson, setting forth in a lucid manner the wrongs the Indians have been compelled to submit to at the hands of their "pale-faced brethren," the details of which are enough to mantle with the blush of shame every man with a spark of honor and humanity in his heart. If Retributive Justice rules the hosts of Heaven—and many believe it does—why do we wonder that the great calamity of civil war is overwhelming the nation to-day? Too long have the weaker ones of earth been trampled under foot by King Mammon and his parasites; but the time has now come, with a terrible reality, teaching mankind to deal justly with one another; the time has now come when King Mammon shall be dethroned, and the Kingdom of God established upon the earth.

Father Beeson proposes not only to set on foot means which will settle existing difficulties with every tribe in all the States and Territories, wherever located, but also to secure an appropriation of land in Nicaragua, or in one of the States of Central America, where the Indians are in the predominance, so that those Indians who desire to emigrate from our States to a country which shall be genial to them, where, in process of time, there may be a great confederation of tribes into one nation, which shall insure to the soil of Central America freedom for all castes and colors throughout all coming time.

Letters or donations in furtherance of the foregoing should be addressed to JOHN BEESON, care of Dr. Trall, 15 Laight street, New York.

It is Just So.

They may sneer at what Spiritualists say as much as they please, and still they are found, to be practically confessing to the truth of Spiritualism at every point. Here is what Fremont says, for example, and it is just what we would have liked to say ourselves: "A true man will always find his best counsel in that inspiration which a good cause never fails to give him at the instant of trial. All history teaches us that great results are ruled by a wise Providence, and we are but units in the great plan." Is n't that true as it can be? Truth utters itself, whether we will help it or not.

Robert Dale Owen.

The views of this distinguished Statesman and well-known Spiritualist, are universally sought after, and we do not at all wonder that a recent long and elaborate letter of his, to the Secretary of War, on The Policy of Emancipation, should be widely disseminated by the press of the Northern States. We are not to forget that, even after the inauguration of President Lincoln, and while the disputes between South Carolina and the Government were in progress of an attempted adjustment, he addressed the Indiana Legislature in the Representatives' Hall of their State House on the subject of national affairs, counseling peace, even if it was obtained by quietly conceding separation, and imploring both our public men and the people themselves to turn their backs, once for all, on the old world theory of using force and violence in the work of pacification, and to teach all men that there was a vast deal more of power in Love than in Force, any day, in settling difficulties personal or national. He spoke at that time in the style of a genuine Spiritualist, from a heart overflowing with charity and love even for his enemies, and resolved to trust to that plank to the very last, believing that the world *could* be rescued by it more easily than on the old shattered rafts of violence and passion which it had always hitherto trusted.

But, as he says, he has gradually been changing his convictions and views. Since war was offered the Government, by war he has felt obliged to abide. The still, small voice has been silenced by the terrific roar of cannon. He now advocates measures that he would have deprecated then, and defends the change by citing the change in circumstances. We wish to republish in this place—as showing our readers what are the expressed views of at least one Spiritualist Statesman—a few pregnant extracts from his letter to the Secretary of War, and to ask our readers to give them due reflection. They are as follows:

"To save the country, then, the war must not terminate without a sufficient guaranty against its resumption.

How can the war be quickly and effectually terminated? What guaranty is sufficient that it will not be resumed?

Gradually, very gradually as this contest proceeded, have I been approaching the conviction that there is but one such guaranty—the emancipation of negro slaves throughout this continent. Perhaps—but as to this I am less certain—that measure is the only sure means of terminating, quickly and effectually, this war.

The recent reverse under General McClellan, the scattered rebel fires daily bursting forth in States which our forces had already overrun, the fact that we are fighting against brave men of our own race, all increase the probability that we must deprive the South of a legal right to its four millions of laborers, before we can succeed against their masters in a reasonable time and in an effectual manner.

I am not an advocate of revolutionary shortcuts out of a difficulty. I am not in favor of violating the Constitution by way of escaping a danger. There might be immediate advantage, but the precedent is replete with peril.

Could slavery have been abolished by Northern action, while peace yet existed between the North and South, without a violation of the Constitution?—in other words, without a revolutionary act? Clearly not. Can slavery be eradicated now, in war, without such violation? If emancipation be necessary to ensure the permanent peace and safety of our Government, and if we are willing to pay to all loyal slave-owners a reasonable price for their slaves, clearly yes:

For no principle in law is better established than this, that when important public interests demand it, private property may be taken at a fair appraisement for public use. The opening of a street in improving a city, the running of a railroad, are held, in this and other civilized countries, to be objects of sufficient importance to justify what the French law calls 'appropriation forces pour cause d'utilite publique.'

But of importance how utterly trivial is the opening of a street, or of a railway, compared to the preservation, in its integrity, of the greatest Republic upon earth.

Ought we to declare general emancipation, coupled with a provision for the payment to all loyal slave-holders, of the fairly appraised value of their slaves? This question resolves itself into another. Have things gone so far that the Union, in its peaceful integrity, and negro-slavery within its borders, can no longer co exist? That is *the great question of the day.* I think it must be answered, even now, in the affirmative. Every month that passes, is converting hundreds of thousands of moderate and conservative and peace-loving men to the same opinion. They despair of sectional friendship, or national peace, until the teeming cause of mortal hatred and civil war is rooted out forever.

Have we the means of paying loyal slave owners a fair price for their slaves? If we act now before a protracted contest has exhausted our resources, yes. If we wait the termination of a three or four years' war, very certainly, no.

In that price deportation must not be estimated. The South asserts that negro slaves are indispensable to her. That is only so far true, that she does absolutely need hired negro workmen, and ought not to be deprived of them. Her agriculture would, for a time, be ruined without them. But no good man desires a settlement under which any section of our country would be even temporarily ruined.

Nor can it be doubted that the South, however strong her prejudices and traditions in favor of owning her laborers, has herself been brought, by the perils of the hour, to think seriously of a change of system, as the only means left her to obtain aid and comfort from Europe. Nor can all her leaders be wholly blind to the fact, that such a change of system would advance, in the end, beyond calculation, her material prosperity."

o o o o o o o o o o

"Look now at the question in its foreign aspect, under the chances of European intervention. Be those chances great or small, intervention may occur, and that ere long.

If it occur, its character will chiefly depend upon what shall have been the antecedent action of our government in regard to slavery.

If, previously to such intervention, we shall have issued a general declaration of emancipation, then we shall stand before Europe as the champions of human liberty, while our enemies will be regarded as the advocates of human servitude. Public opinion in England, in France and throughout Europe generally, will then prevent the respective governments from intervening, except it be in our favor. No European government dare place itself in the attitude of a slavery protector.

If, on the contrary, we shall have left the issue as it now stands, our policy indicated only by the Confiscation act, not broadly and boldly announced, and more especially if the South, despairing of saving her favorite institution, concedes, as the price of foreign recognition and support, a voluntary system of gradual emancipation—not at all an unlikely move—then the sympathy of public opinion throughout Europe will be with the South, and will sustain any action in her favor.

Think, too, in such an event, how false our position! How low we shall have fallen in the eyes of the world! How unenviable the place we shall occupy in history through all time!

It is idle gasconade to say that, thus situated, we can defy Europe. Let the South, by conceding emancipation, secure the sympathy and the permanent services of her four millions of laborers, without action of ours; then throw into the scale against us the thirty millions of England, the forty millions of France, and who shall say how many tens of millions besides?—and what chance for success, or for reputation, shall we have, struggling for nothing nobler than self-existence, in equivocal attitude before the world, matched against opponents who shall have forestalled us and assumed the initiative of progress?"

o o o o o o o o o o

"I think the people are ready. I believe that the loyal citizens of the North, with such small proportion of exceptions as in radical national changes must be disregarded, are to-day prepared for emancipation. They have paid for it in treasure, in blood; not by their opinion. They feel that the sacrifices they have made, and have still to make, are too vast to have been incurred, except in purchase of a great pledge of perpetual safety and peace.

Reflecting men feel too, that such a pledge is a national, not merely a Northern, necessity. The South, exhausted and suffering, needs it to the full as much as we. She will soon perceive, if she does not already, that two parts of one nation, or even two coterminous nations, can never again exist in amity on this continent, one slave and the other free. She cannot but see that fugitive slave law difficulties, if no others existed, would suffice to prevent this.

It is not the question whether a paper declaration, easily issued, will or will not be followed by a thousand practical difficulties. The uprooting of an ancient and gigantic abuse always involves such. Nor should we be called upon to predict in advance (for who can entirely foresee?) how each of these will ultimately be solved. The true question is, whether greater difficulties, even insuperable ones, do not beset any other policy. Pressed home as we are, to avoid obstacles is impossible. We can but select the least formidable. The lives of the best of us are spent in choosing between evils.

When dangers surround us, we must walk, in a measure, by faith. Let us do what we can, and leave to God the issue. We may best trust to him when we enter his path of progress. He aids those who walk in it.

I feel assured that final success awaits in pursuing such a path. And I see no other road out of the darkness."

Another Battle in Virginia.

BANKS'S QUALITIES FOR A GENERAL WELL TESTED.

The rebel Generals Jackson, Ewell and Longstreet, make an attack on General Pope's army on the 9th inst. A force of about thirty thousand made a fierce advance on Major General Banks's division, numbering about seven thousand. The battle raged furiously all day, with severe loss on both sides. Our noble troops fought with the obstinate bravery of veteran patriots, against enormous odds in numbers.

One account says, that so heavy was the fire to which our comparatively small force was exposed, the only wonder is that the entire command was not completely annihilated at the end of half an hour, instead of bringing off so large a proportion at the expiration of an hour and a half—the time taken in making three successive charges on the enemy's batteries. Rebel prisoners say that their troops were mowed down by our fire like grass. Three times were the rebels reinforced. When our troops retired, the enemy were too crippled to pursue, and during the night made a rapid retreat to Gordonsville, which they have since evacuated.

This is regarded as one of the most important battles of the war; for it has completely frustrated the rebel scheme of an advance into Maryland, and if possible, then on Washington.

Our loss is estimated to be about fifteen hundred in killed, wounded and missing; and that of the rebels by the admission of prisoners, two thousand.

Gen. Pope having concentrated his army, and been heavily reinforced since the battle, has advanced in pursuit of the rebel army.

The Tribune's correspondent, writing from the battle field, says: "The position of our army could not have been worse. The enemy had every advantage of position and numbers. General Banks covered himself with glory. There is not a man living who could have managed his men with more skill under the same circumstances. He was constantly in the thickest of the fight, and shared all the dangers of the common soldier." General Bank's horse was killed under him, and several of his aides were wounded or had their horses killed. Another account says, "Gen. Banks was constantly active, moving to every part of the field, and those who were in constant communication with him remark how wonderfully he preserved in his memory the minutest details of the fight. No man could in any circumstances have been more calm and self-possessed." General Banks was badly injured during the battle by a cavalry horse running against him, but did not leave the field, however, till the next day, or after the fighting was over.

Sunday night, about eleven o'clock, while Generals Pope and Banks were in conference in the rear of our advance batteries, a body of rebel cavalry charged in a most daring manner through the woods upon the group. The discharge of muskets, and the whizzing of bullets near them gave timely notice of the rebels approach, horses were speedily mounted, and a regiment of infantry fired a volley, checking the charge and probably saving both commanders.

The Tribune's Washington correspondent says: "The President last evening said, 'I regard General Banks as one of the best men in the army. He makes me no trouble, but with a large or small force he always knows his duty and does it.'"

The Woburn Lyceum.

The members of this Lyceum not long ago held a meeting at which a discussion was had on Spiritualism, the following question forming the actual topic under consideration: "Is Spiritualism in harmony with the Bible and Reason?" Mr. Campbell opened the debate affirmatively; and we find, from a report of his remarks in the Middlesex Journal, that he said the only difficulty with him was to prove, with his limited experience on the subject, *what Spiritualism is.* It will be admitted, he said, that "spirits of just men made perfect" visited the earth in times past. The Bible shows this, from the first to the last dispensation. It will be disputed, that they were not angels of a different creation. Instances were cited from the New Testament to show that they were the same as while on earth. The most definite, positive case is that recorded in Revelation, where John is said to have been in a trance, and a medium of communication with the invisible world, telling the wondrous things which came across his spiritual vision while in that state. The whole Bible shows that there is a communication between the two worlds, and in proportion as our hearts are tuned aright will be the intimacy and communion together. Matter and spirit are each governed by unerring laws. It is for us to use our reason in regard to those things which we do not understand, and bow with submission to a Higher Power. Everything in Spiritualism seems to harmonize with reason. It is the Creator's plan, and if it was not the best way, we should know it. What mother who has parted with a dear child on earth, has not often felt the spirit of the loved one hovering near, holding communion with her spirit, imparting sweet consolation, strengthening her in the hour of trial, and exerting a hallowing and sanctifying influence? The immortality of the soul is the first element of Spiritualism. He denied the assertion that Spiritualists do not believe in the Bible, and challenged proof to the contrary.

Footing It.

We see that ten young men from Brown University have been tramping off to the White Mountains, taking a horse along with them to draw their tent and necessary baggage, and that they intend to make a tour of six weeks. It will cost each one less than twelve dollars, for all his necessary expenses. What a fund of fresh health they will all supply themselves with in their absence. How ruddy and brown they will come back from their long and patient walking along the country roads, and their nightly encampments beside old stone walls and beneath spreading trees by the roadside. Who does not envy them their accumulated stock of health and enjoyment both? and who would not be willing to go off soldiering and camping around in this style, getting from it only the freshest benefits of sweet Nature's own self. We admit that we may be spiced with a bit too much of sentiment on this subject; but how can we help, thus schooled as we happily have been by our delicious experiences by shore and woods, across the green meadows and up and down the pleasant country roads? A man never feels quite so independent as when he is footing it across the open country reaches.

Liberal Books.

Calvin Blanchard, bookseller, No. 80 Ann street, New York, keeps for sale a great variety of liberal books, suitable for the times. He advertises to sell Thomas Paine's "Common Sense" for the low sum of ten cents. This work had an extensive run in times past, and its great author has been "run" ever since; but the time is fast approaching when we shall need just such men as Paine to save "the ship of State."

Slander.

Volumes have been written upon this subject by the finest minds the world ever produced; yet it seems to us the slanderer has not profited much by the advice given. Slander seems to be a *disease* with some; it sticks to them till death—there is no medicine powerful enough on earth to eradicate it. Many Spiritualists are not free from this disease, we are sorry to say; although the number of this class is "growing beautifully less" every moment. Thank God for that.

The English language does not contain words of sufficient significance to convey our utter detestation of the slanderer. Hell cannot boast of so foul a fiend, nor man deplore so foul a foe. We quote a single paragraph from an author, who no doubt felt the shafts of the slanderer keenly. He says:

"Against slander there is no defence. It stabs with a smile. It is a pestilence walking in darkness, spreading contagion far and wide, which the most wary traveler cannot avoid. It is the heart-searching dagger of the assassin. It is the poison arrow whose wound is incurable. It is as fatal as the sting of the most deadly asp—murder is its employment, innocence its prey, and ruin its sport."

A Broader System.

We see that the New Republic advocates a system of popular elections not altogether unknown to us as a people—it having been tried in our Constitutional Conventions—whereby the *first* choice of a man may be gratified, he taking his choice of a candidate from any man he chooses throughout the land. He is not to be restricted in his selection from the virtue or the talent of a handful of men within certain geographical limits, but may exercise his choice upon any man living in the land. Thus, the friends of Greeley, Bennett, Beecher, Fernando Wood, Garrison, A. J. Davis, Gerritt Smith, Charles Sumner, and so forth, may be gratified with sending them to Congress, even though they may be entirely without supporters in their immediate locality—owing, sometimes, to small local prejudices. The New Republic, however, qualifies its advocacy of such a measure, and makes it practical and more equitable. We may allude to the matter again.

Poverty is Wealth.

Certainly, if we could only see it. For in consequence of being poor, we have learned how to be industrious and energetic; and by this method we have put our best faculties to school, where they have been disciplined with the rigidness they need. We who grieve because we are not yet rich, have never had a true perception as yet of what real riches are. Our evil fortune—so-called—is most likely to prove our good fortune. When we are best satisfied with ourselves, we are apt to make the least progress. Action is good for us, and we must have it even if we have to be forced to it. In poverty oftenest reside the blessings we really want. Let us not be without faith that we are every day enriched even by our seasons of apparent poverty.

The Future.

It looks bright, though we are obliged to wait to catch only casual gleams of it through the smoke of present conflicts and agonies. We all of us discern glimpses of the angelic forms of beauty that are to rejoice our eyes and hearts in the opening of the new day. We may be all the surer that this day which is to come will be brighter, because it is through such gloom and darkness that it is to come. We need not be downcast. We need entertain no fear. What we are to have and to see we may not now know, nor even dream of. The past is but a faint pledge of what this glorious future is to be. How well it is for us that we cannot see any further before us than we do.

The Army.

Pope is doing dashing things in Virginia, and rapidly crowding the rebel armies down from the north upon Richmond, where they will find themselves ground upon the nether millstone of McClellan's force, and so be finally compelled to relinquish their stronghold and their pretensions together. The people of Virginia, it is confidently thought, will be freed from the governing hand of Jefferson Davis, and rise to the realization of an individuality of their own. The latest operations in Virginia wear a look of decided encouragement. We trust they will continue so to do, and that we shall very speedily hear that the clouds are breaking.

Well, Well!

Do not faint by the way, friend, because the end of your journey is not in sight. Put in a little more courage, just by the force of the will. Understand that strength is born of resistance, and that is the fruit of the will alone; so put a little more stiffening into that, and there you are! Be sure there is a turn in the road for you, no matter if you do not come to it till you reach the threshold of the other life. Did you ever observe how much the patient and quiet ones get out of life, and even out of what other people regard as suffering and disasters? Well, don't fret, then; but take matters as they are—war, drafts, victories and all. The world will come out right side up.

Personal.

Mr. C. H. Foster, of Salem, informs us that he intends to be in Boston for the exercise of his medium powers in the month of September.

Rev. John Pierpoint, in the Government service at Washington, is now on a visit at his home in West Medford, Mass.

Dr. C. D. Griswold, formerly editor of the Sunbeam, is doing good service in the medical department of the army.

Rev. Uriah Clark, formerly editor of the Spiritual Clarion, is doing excellent service in the field of Spiritualism!

Cora Wilburn.

Those of our readers who have been from time to time entertained, if not instructed, by the writings of this excellent lady, we hope will not forget her in this her hour of sickness and distress. We have done all we could to aid her pecuniarily, and now call upon the friends of our Cause, for which she has labored so long and so faithfully, to do what they can in her behalf. Any sums sent to us for her, no matter how small in amount, will be faithfully forwarded to her address.

Our Armies on the Move.

Army movements for the past week, foreshadow that something of importance is to transpire soon, if rumors from Washington are correct. It is said that Gen. Halleck's plans are being elaborated admirably, and thus far have met with entire success in the field of operations in Virginia. McClellan's entire army is making an important movement, but at what particular point is not indicated. Public confidence in Washington is rapidly rising as the plans of those in authority become apparent.

The Lyceum Church.

The subscribers to the free meetings of Spiritualists worshiping in Lyceum Hall, in this city, and those interested in the success of this praiseworthy object, are to have a meeting in the above-named hall, on Monday evening, August 25th, for the transaction of business. A full attendance is desired.

The Davenport Boys.

We hear that these mediums for physical manifestations are at the present time producing quite a sensation at La Crosse, Wisconsin.

Picnic Excursion to Dungeon Rock.

There will be a grand Picnic Excursion to Dungeon Rock, on Tuesday, September 2, 1862, under the direction of Dr. H. F. Gardner. This is one of the most romantic localities in the United States. A grand view of the surrounding country and the bay can be seen from the Rock.

And not the least of the curiosities of this charming grove, is the residence of Mr. Hiram Marble, and the celebrated pirate cave, which he has been endeavoring to open for several years, in search of treasures, said to have been left there by pirates, it having been partially closed up many years ago by an earthquake.

All the friends who wish for a *good time* should not fail to improve this opportunity to visit Dungeon Rock. Some of our best speakers will be on hand.

A Special Train of cars will leave the Eastern Railroad Depot, Causeway street, Boston, at 8.45 o'clock, A.M., for Lynn Common; also at 10.30 A.M. and 12.15, P.M., for West Lynn. Fare to Lynn Common, or West Lynn, and return, 50 cents.

On arriving at Lynn Common, a procession will be formed, headed by a Band of Music, and march to Dungeon Rock. Those preferring to ride, will be conveyed to the Rock for ten cents each.

For full particulars, see BANNER of next week.

[Herald of Progress please copy.]

New Publications.

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN: OR THE WRATH OF HERR VON STOPPLENOZE. By John G. Saxe. New York: Carlton.

Von Stopplenoze's adventures with the *fly*, which accounts for his being the "*Fly*-ing Dutchman," are exceedingly unique and original. They will make you laugh, of themselves; and if *they* wont, the illustrations (outline) certainly will. Of the latter there are sixteen. The face and form of Von Stopplenoze will be indelibly impressed on the imaginations and memory of all who read the story and laugh over its ridiculous nonsense. This is Saxe's own—a real *chef d'œuvre;* and we doubt not that he is willing to stake his reputation on it. The mechanical part of this thin and elegant little volume is beyond criticism. It is *the* book of the season, by all odds.

For sale by Crosby & Nichols, Boston.

We have on our table the PEACE MAGAZINE, published by the American Peace Society, and Mr. Bartol's recent Sermon delivered at West street church, in Boston, on the subject of the war. Both publications are of marked interest. We have already extracted from Mr. Bartol's fine sermon, and mean to do so again in our editorial columns.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for September is out. Published and for sale by Ticknor and Fields, 135 Washington street, Boston. For sale by Sinclair Tousey, and Henry Dexter, New York; A. Winch, and T. B. Peterson & Brother, Philadelphia. We shall notice the contents in our next.

Police Regulation.

Gen. Butler is exercising his authority at New Orleans without fear or favor. Here is a specimen of his management, which we clip from the Delta:

PROVOST'S MARSHAL'S OFFICE,
New Orleans, July 17, 1862.

Major General B. F. Butler:

SIR—It has come to my knowledge that many persons in this city and neighborhood are ordering their slaves to leave and go to the "Yankees," and when such order is obeyed, this office and the police are beseiged to arrest and return them.

As this evil is growing and becoming annoying, I respectfully ask what action should be taken in the premises.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,
S. H. STAFFORD, D. P. Marshal.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF,
New Orleans, July 19, 1862.

SIR—The course pursued by certain persons in ordering their slaves "to go to the Yankees," "to join the Federals," as described in your note, and like acts, has been brought to my notice from different sources previously to your communication, and certainly is a great wrong as well to the Government as to the negroes.

In order to correct the evil, therefore, let it be known that all such declarations by the owners to their slaves will, by the authorities here, be taken and deemed acts of *voluntary* emancipation, and slaves sent away by their master with such declarations as you describe, or equivalent ones, will be regarded and treated as manumitted and emancipated.

You will see to it that this necessary police regulation is carried into effect.

Respectfully, BENJ. F. BUTLER,
Major General Commanding.

Capt. STAFFORD, Deputy Provost Marshal.

Correspondence in Brief.

We are sorry to lose our subscribers, but we are perfectly satisfied with the reason assigned by one of them in the following note. We feel gratified to know that our efforts have been appreciated by him—and we have many similar testimonials in our favor. We sincerely hope that his life will be preserved while defending the old flag, and that we shall, after the close of the rebellion, have the pleasure of again entering his name upon our books:

"Having volunteered in a company from this place, I regret to say that I shall have to part company for a time with the 'BANNER.' You will accordingly stop sending at the expiration of Vol. 11, No. 22—my time of subscription. Having gained many valuable ideas, and added much to my stock of wisdom by reading the BANNER the past year, I feel I cannot depart without thus testifying to the worth of your valuable paper.

Respectfully yours, HENRY STRONG.

Neponset, Bureau Co., Ill., August 8, 1862.

M. A. PENDLETON, an old subscriber, on renewing, writes from Lyons, Wis., as follows: "Of all the different papers that I take, the BANNER is the most welcome. It is the first read and I consider it a family tie—a tie that is not easily severed—and a promulgator of a doctrine that is paramount to any other; one that is founded on the laws of Nature and of God. Welcome, welcome, dear BANNER OF LIGHT."

Announcements.

The Spiritualists, during the vacation of their regular services, continue to hold Conference meetings every Sunday afternoon at the usual hour, in Lyceum Hall.

Dr. JUDD PARDEE will lecture once more at Lyceum Hall, on Sunday morning the 24th, at 10 1-2 A.M. Subject: "The Present and Future of America." Seats free. A collection taken up. Dr. H. F. GARDNER will open the Conference at 3 P.M. of the same day. Subject: "Prophecy in General, with criticisms of the morning's discourse."

Mrs. M. S. Townsend will lecture in Charlestown next Sunday; N. Frank White in Quincy; Frank L. Wadsworth in Plymouth; Miss Lizzie Doten in Portland, Maine; Miss Emma Houston in Sutton, N. H.; Mrs. A. P. Thompson in Groton, N. H.; Charles A. Hayden in Foxcroft, Me.; W. K. Ripley in Stockton, Me.; Mrs. Augusta A. Currier in Bradley, Me.; Mrs. M. M. Wood in Putnam, Conn.; Miss Emma Hardinge in Oswego, N. Y.; Warren Chase in Stowe, Vt.

Mrs. E. A. Kingsbury lectures in Cicero, N. Y., August 31st.

HAPPINESS.—This looking for enjoyment don't pay. For what we know of it, we would as soon chase butterflies for a living, or bottle up moonshine for a cloudy night. The only true happiness is to take the drops of happiness as nature gives them to us every day of our lives; the boy must learn to be happy when he is plodding over his lesson; the apprentice when he is learning his trade; the merchant while he is making his fortune. If he fails to learn this art he will be sure to miss his enjoyment when he gains what he *sighs for.*

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

MASSACHUSETTS IS AGAIN IN THE VAN, having taken the lead in responding to the call of the country for three hundred thousand more men. On the 14th inst. she sent forward to the seat of war the Thirty-third regiment, under command of the gallant Colonel Maggi, being the first of her quota of the above requisition. The other regiments will follow in rapid succession. Most of the volunteers raised to fill up the old regiments had previously been forwarded. Massachusetts can always be relied upon.

Our *smart* railway Train has been imprisoned by the English. He's been a little too fast for them. The Bulls will make one "bull" too many by-and-by. Then we shall be apt to get up steam, and run 'em off the track.

It looks well for the advancement of liberal principles to see clergymen take the field.

It is said that sixty men belonging to the "Skedaddle Rangers," left Newburyport recently for the British Provinces in a fishing smack. *Digby* is anxious to know the exact *draft* of that vessel. He thinks it hardly possible for her to have got over the bar in safety. We do n't believe they belonged to Newburyport, for that city has done nobly. It having paid two hundred dollars bounty to each man of its quota of three years volunteers, now advertises to pay a bounty of one hundred dollars to those enlisting in the second quota for nine months, and to give the same aid to their families as has been given to the families of the three years' volunteers.

A NEW BATTERY OF ARTILLERY has been authorized by the Governor—the men to be enlisted for three years or the war. Mr. Henry H. Granger has received the papers from the Adjutant-General, permitting him to enlist recruits until the 16th inst. The recruiting office will be located in Howard street.

Some one says: "Time is a line that has two ends—a path that begins in the cradle and ends in the grave." *Digby* thinks that when the two ends of the line are joined together we shall have the endless circle of eternity.

Drafting has been postponed until the first of September by the Secretary of War. Orders 4 and 5 are as follows:

The draft for 300,000 militia called for by the President, will be made on Monday, the 1st day of September, between the hours of 8 and 9 A.M., and 4 and 5 P.M., and continued from day to day between the same hours until completed.

If the old regiments should not be filled up with volunteers before the 1st day of September, a special draft will be ordered for the deficiency.

THE QUOTA OF KENTUCKY.—The Louisville Journal says that Kentucky has already obtained her quota under the first call for 300,000, and thinks she will be able to respond to the second call without any resort to drafting.

Up! for the honor of old Massachusetts!
Rally once more for the flag of the brave!
Ne'er be it said that she faltered in sending
Her noblest and dearest to help and to save.

The last official reports of the strength of the steam navy of France, show that that power has 360 war vessels propelled by steam, of which number 172 are in commission, and 30 are ironclads. Ten iron-plated ships are building (each carrying 36 guns) beside the six iron frigates and twelve floating batteries now complete. No wonder England is nervous.

The Suez canal, connecting the waters of the Red Sea with the Mediterranean, is to be completed in eight months. Twenty six thousand men are at work on it now, and fourteen thousand more are soon to be added.

Some of the best men have left the world, bitterly reproaching themselves for two things: lack of zeal, and lack of industry in the improvement of time.

An excited deer, near Malone, ran a race on the Ogdensburg Railroad, recently, with the mail train. The animal kept up even with the engine for a very long distance, and finally bounded off across an open field, amid the cheers of the passengers, who were satisfied he could travel forty miles an hour.

Amesbury and Salisbury have nearly completed their quota of volunteers. They will undoubtedly report full the present week, notwithstanding several of the young men of these towns have enlisted in out of town companies.

Prentice says that since the War Department has dismissed the greater part of the regimental bands from the service, it has *pulled in its horns.*

TO-DAY'S DEMAND.

God give us men! A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands;
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinion and a will;
Men who have honor—men who *will not lie;*
Men who can stand before a demagogue,
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking;
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty, and in private thinking.
For while the rabble, with their thumb-screw creeds
Mingle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps,
Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice sleeps.

If a pair of spectacles were to address their wearer, the name of what great ecclesiast would they quote? Eu-se bi-us.

A surgeon, writing from McClellan's army, speaking of operations upon the field at the battle of Fair Oaks, says he removed limbs and cut out bullets without using chloroform, the patients being so excited by the noise of artillery and musketry as not to mind the pain.

An officer of an Indiana regiment, in passing through one of the streets of Norfolk, met a pretty little girl of eight years, and gently patted her on the head, when the mother, who observed it from a window, rushed to the door and bawled out at the top of her voice, "Come right straight in the house, Susannah, and I will wash your head!"

GOING UP.—The hatters of this city, we observe, have simultaneously concluded to raise the price of the whilom four-dollar hats for five, on account of the new tariff. The price of hats, as well as the hats themselves, will be *felt*, in future.

The ship Windward, from China, when off Japan, between two and three hundred miles distant from land, was boarded by a little bird, which flew to a cage containing a canary. The door of the cage was open, and the little wanderer entered and immediately "made himself at home."

Queen Isabella has sent to the Pope a blank draft on her treasury, as a token of gratitude for her recent safe accouchment. She begs the Holy Father to fill it up with any sum he sees fit, not exceeding $100,000.

TUTTLE'S COMET can now be seen by the naked eye about ten degrees from the north polar star.

The rebel Iron Ram Arkansas has been blown, up to prevent being captured by Com. Farragut's fleet.

A SIGNIFICANT FACT.—The only flag of any nation that has attempted to run the blockade, has been that of England.

Mrs. Sarah Spencer of Middletown, Conn., has procured two substitutes, one for herself, and one for her niece, paying each $50 extra bounty.

The heavy guns used by the rebels in the late battle in Virginia were of recent English manufacture, with English fixed ammunition.

CAN SHE AFFORD IT?—Great Britain imports food, every year, valued at nearly two hundred and sixty-one millions of dollars! Two-thirds of this she imports from the United States. We are her reserve granary. Can she afford to quarrel with her commissariat?

COLLISION OF STEAMERS.—A collision occurred on the Potomac river on the 13th inst., between the steamers Peabody and West Point, involving the loss of seventy-three lives.

Our Circles.

No public circles will be held at this office until the first of September next.

Married,

In Hammonton, Atlantic County, N. J., August 2, 1862, by Rev. Mr. Davis, DR. A. U. STILES, of Hammonton, to MISS JANE ELIZABETH WILCOXSON, of Stratford, Conn.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

LYCEUM HALL, TREMONT STREET, (opposite head of School street.)—The regular course of lectures will recommence on Sunday, Sept 7th Admission Free. Lecturers engaged:—H. B. Storer, Sept. 7 and 14; Mrs. M. S. Townsend, Sept. 21 and 28; Miss Emma Hardinge, Oct. 5 and 12; Miss Emma Houston, Oct. 19 and 26; F. L. Wadsworth, Nov. 2 and 9; Miss Lizzie Doten, Nov. 23 and 30; J. S. Loveland, Dec. 7 and 14; Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, Dec. 21 and 28.

CHARLESTOWN.—Sunday meetings are held at Central Hall at 3 and 7 o'clock, afternoon and evening. Speaker engaged:—Mrs. M. S. Townsend, during August.

MARBLEHEAD.—Meetings are held in Bassett's new Hall. Speakers engaged:—J. S. Loveland, Sept. 7 and 14; H. B. Storer, Sept. 21 and 28; Miss Emma Hardinge, Oct. 19 and 26; Miss Lizzie Doten, three Sundays in November; N. Frank White, Dec. 7 and 14.

TAUNTON.—Meetings are held in the Town Hall, every Sabbath afternoon and evening. The following speakers are engaged:—N. Frank White, Sept. 21 and 28; Mrs. M. S. Townsend, Oct. 5 and 12; F. L. Wadsworth, Nov. 16, 23 and 30; Hon. Warren Chase, in December.

LOWELL.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings on Sundays, forenoon and afternoon, in Wells's Hall. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. M. S. Townsend, Sept. 7 and 14; Miss Lizzie Doten, Sept 21 and 28; Hon. Warren Chase, during October.

CHICOPEE, MASS.—Music Hall has been hired by the Spiritualists. Meetings will be held Sundays, afternoon and evening. Speakers engaged:—Miss Lizzie Doten, Sept. 7 and 14; F. L. Wadsworth, during October.

NEW BEDFORD.—Music Hall has been hired by the Spiritualists. Conference Meetings held Sunday mornings, and speaking by mediums, afternoon and evening. Speakers engaged. N. Frank White, Sept. 7 and 14; Miss Emma Houston, Sept. 21 and 28.

PORTLAND, ME.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every Sunday in Sons of Temperance Hall, on Congress, between Oak and Green streets. Conference in the forenoon. Lectures afternoon and evening, at 2 1-4 and 7 o'clock. Speaker engaged:—Miss Lizzie Doten, August 24 and 31.

Message Department.

Each message in this department of the BANNER we claim was spoken by the spirit whose name it bears, through MRS. J. H. CONANT, while in a condition called the Trance. They are not published on account of literary merit, but as tests of spirit communion to those friends who may recognize them.

These messages go to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earth-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 Circles.—The circles at which these communications are given, are held at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, No. 158 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:

Tuesday, July 15.—Col Jones, of Montgomery, Ala.; Jas. Sheenan, of Company C, 5th N. Y. Reg., to his wife in New York; Emma Augusta Brown, of South Boston, to her parents in Newton, Mass.

Thursday, July 17.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Thomas Hunt, of Dublin, Indiana; Charles W. Harris, of Lexington, Kentucky; Annette Phillips Hurde to her mother in Montreal, Canada; John Williams of the ship Alhambra, to his wife Charlotte in Liverpool, England; Samuel Mather, of Hamburg, Conn., shot in Florida.

Monday, July 21.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Charles Gordon, of the 22d Mass. Regiment, Company A; Daniel Williams, of the 25th Mass. Regiment, Company G.; Sophia Dhalton, of Baltimore, Md., to her uncle, William Heineman, of Baltimore.

Thursday, July 24.—Invocation; Apostrophe to America; Questions and Answers; Mary Elizabeth Sawyer to her son; John S. Choate, 22d Reg., Co. A; Walter L. Chesswell to his father in Baltimore; Caleb McAllister of Montgomery, Ala.

Invocation.

Our Father, we would bring to the shrine of thy love all thoughts and desires of thy children who are gathered here to-day. Our Father, they have each and all a purpose to attain while here on earth; they are all seeking for happiness each in their own way; and, oh Father, we do not ask thee to bestow upon thy children mere earthly gifts wherewith to obtain happiness, but we would ask, oh Lord, that thou lift their souls above the plane of earth and unto the hill of wisdom. Our Father give unto them that truth which shall enable them to grow spiritually in thy favor each hour of their lives. Our Father, bless them according to their own way, and give them, oh Lord, to see that they are thy children, and as such, are the daily recipients of thy love and bounty. Oh Lord, may they hear thy voice in all things, calling them upward and onward, ever to thy throne of grace. Oh Lord, we would invoke thy aid in behalf of the fallen ones of earth, they whose souls are bowed down with sin and misery. Oh God, they are sending up their cries to thee each hour of their lives, for love and forgiveness, and the two ascend in spiral waves unto thee. Oh, our Father, send unto them thy angels of mercy, that they may commune with these fallen and sin-stained children of earth, and whisper hope and forgiveness unto their troubled souls. Then shall their wounds be healed; then shall they lift up their grateful hearts unto thee in prayer and thanksgiving; then shall the kingdom of Heaven be opened to them, and the kingdom of hell be forever closed. Receive our thanks for all the past, for the present, and for the future. Amen. July 14.

God's Gifts to Man.

The equal distribution of God's gifts to man. This is the theme for our consideration this afternoon. The question which hath been sent to us by the Thought-Telegraph, is as follows:

"Why is it that the gifts of God are so unequally distributed?"

ANS.—We are pained to perceive that the present age is more the age of Materialism, than of Spiritualism. We are pained to perceive you dwelling more in the kingdom of material things, than of spiritual things. Now, if mankind lived more in the spiritual than in the material, they would be able to perceive more clearly the hand of God in all things; they would be able to perceive that that hand was ever fraught with wisdom, and dispensed its gifts equally to all humanity.

"Why are the gifts of God so unequally distributed?"

They are not, or at least not as some suppose them to be. Let us consider what is here meant by the gifts of God. The tinsel of earth; that by which you can gain the applause of Materialism, the friendship of mankind, and the luxuries of earthly life. *That* our friend and questioner conceives to be some of the especial gifts of God. On the contrary, we perceive it to be a child of evil, a something which hath been begotten out of your sensuality. A few conceive the especial gifts of God to be the world's homage, which is the voice of public opinion; gold and silver, or what you call the precious things of earth. Every degree and condition of society are in some way the recipient of God's gifts. Would you be rich in intellect? No. Would you be rich in wisdom, righteousness, goodness and purity? No. What then would you be rich in? In the vain pomp and display of material things. Gold, silver, and the precious stones of earth will build for you a temple, but it will be as unstable as the house which the foolish men built upon the sand, and which the wind and rain swept away.

Let us consider the condition of the rich man for a moment. We who stand upon the other side, and are blessed with spiritual eyes, know to a positive certainty that the rich man sees little happiness. To-day, when stocks are up, and he can move with ease in a certain direction, he is conscious of a feeling of satisfaction, and for the time being imagines himself a happy man. But when his financial affairs take a downward turn, then he is most wretched, and is more to be pitied than he who begs his crust from door to door. Oh, these things destroy the happiness and rack the peace of mind of he or she who aspires only to worldly riches, and sends such to hell—sent there by too much of this world's goods.

Let us glance also at the poor man, in his homely cottage, surrounded by his wife and children, after a day's hard labor. He has given unto his employer a liberal recompense for the money which he has received at his hands. He has no overpowering interests to trouble him; he has no stocks of which to watch the rise and fall; and though poor in worldly possessions, he is at least an honest and a happy man. He has earned, perhaps, his one dollar, or a little more, by the sweat of his brow, and he is perhaps more satisfied than he who has thousands at his disposal. Thus, while the poor man enjoys the comforts of his cottage, with nought of worldly care to distract his mind, or to draw him off from that little circle at the evening hour, the rich man finds himself harrassed and perplexed with business accounts, by night as well as by day, knowing neither the charms of domestic life, nor the pleasures of friendship.

Oh, who would not rather be poor in this world, than to be rich with all the train of annoyances here? Nor does it end here. You cannot carry worldly wealth with you into the spirit-land, for God and Mammon cannot live in one house together. They are in no way allied to each other, and must rule singly. If ye serve Mammon, ye cannot serve God faithfully. If you would find heaven, you must first divest yourself of earthly riches, that their weight may not burden you upon your journey.

Neither is the kingdom of Heaven accessible to the disciples of Mammon. Hence the assertion: "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God." We tell you it is impossible for the rich man to enter the gates of heaven. The rich man must leave his idol behind, if he would enter the kingdom of God, for the door is not wide enough to admit him, and his idol too, to the mansion of our Lord. He must resign his idol if he would know heaven, for so long as he is attached to it, he lives in hell.

Are the gifts of God, then, unequally distributed? Is there not wisdom in all the gifts of our Father? Poverty brings its blessings. It gathers around its possessor purity and contentment, while riches bring bodily comfort and imaginary happiness to those who have known no God but Mammon. So much you have from gold and silver—no more; and while you strive to amass such worthless dross in the earth-life, it brings you hell with all its attendant devils. Then make not for yourselves earthly palaces, in which to enshrine your God; for know you, within that poor homely exterior dwells the Angel of the Almighty. Our good Father hath displayed wisdom in all his gifts. It is only because we in our short-sightedness fail to recognize the hand of God in all things, that we thus murmur at the dispensations of Providence. Were we better acquainted with God, we should not question his love for us, or fail to perceive that he deals impartially with all his earthly children. We contend that our Father "doeth all things well," and in time each individual child of his will echo our words.

Oh ye who worship at the shrine of Mammon, ye who hug so closely to your hearts your earthly idols, allow us to inform you in the name of thousands who have walked over the road and entered the City of the Dead, that you have too long bowed down to the golden calf, too long worshiped the God of your own creation, instead of the true God. Allow us to inform you that the Great Eternal is continually sending you messengers from heaven, to urge you to renounce the society and companionship of Mammon; for the two, again we tell you, cannot dwell together in the kingdom of God. Then lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth; and if it is your misfortune to be the possessor of great worldly wealth, cast it to the four winds of earth; give it to those who seek for it, and who are not spiritual enough to see their folly in coveting the riches of earth; praying at the same time that they may soon see that they are in error, that their desires are of the body and not of the spirit.

Oh, may God in his Infinite mercy give you power to discern wisdom in all he does; power to turn from the evil which environs you upon all sides, and to gather unto yourselves those bright gems of the spirit that shall well adorn you as a spirit in the realms celestial. July 14.

Robert Garrett.

I am exceedingly anxious with regard to my family who are living in Mobile. I have been told much of the use of returning in this way, but I know little or nothing of it. [Have you been long absent from earth?] Since the year 1847. I met my change very unexpectedly, and had no opportunity of saying even a word of farewell to my family and friends.

I was going from Mobile to Tuscaloosa, on business. When we were some ten or thirteen miles out, there was an explosion on board the steamer, and some forty odd souls were sent into the spirit world, and I was among the number. This happened in February, 1847, on board the steamer Tuscaloosa, bound to Tuscaloosa.

My name is Robert Garrett, of Mobile; my age was fifty-four years. I have two sons that I am exceedingly anxious about, for they have seen fit to use their energies against the Government of the United States. I regret this exceedingly, the more because I am no longer with them in body; but I think if they are as considerate of my views as a spirit, as they were while I was in the flesh, I could soon convince them that they are wrong. I have a wife also on earth, with whom I would like to speak, if it were possible so to do. I hardly expect it, but it is of small consequence, as I shall soon meet her here in the world of spirits. But I have strong hopes of reaching my sons, and though I may not be able to overthrow their prejudices entire, I hope to modify them, and to show them that they are somewhat in the wrong in this matter of war, as well as their so-called enemies.

I ask that my sons seek out some one of these subjects, [mediums,] and call upon me to return and speak with them. They may call through the medium of curiosity. I'll admit it; and if I've not power to dispel their skepticism, I shall at least hope to warn them of the danger which is in store for them in the future, should they continue the career they have already entered upon. I am tolerably well informed with regard to the condition of the United States, or more properly speaking, the Disunited States, and I see that a great evil will fall upon those who even seek to withdraw from the Government which has already granted them so many rights and privileges. You'll fail, certainly, if you are divided; for you've hardly been able to stand united, and God alone knows what you'd do if divided.

I never found any great difficulty in getting along with the North. I endeavored to do right, and I think that, generally speaking, when persons try to do right themselves, they are not apt to find so much of wrong in others; and I want to tell my sons that that which seems to be so large a wrong upon the part of the North, would not look so great in their eyes, if they were not somewhat in the wrong them selves. I used to teach my children to govern themselves, and when they had succeeded in doing that, to carefully criticise themselves, and if they found nothing that was wrong, then they might with safety assume the government of others.

Now, I always contended, when on earth, that all reforms commenced with that little word, self; or, in other words, at home; for if you begin a reformation of any evil in this way, it will not be like a house builded upon the sand, which the first high wind and tide will overthrow. I see that my sons are steeped in prejudice against the North; and the pressing voice of the Southern Confederacy has closed the book and sealed it. But I want to break the seal. I pity the condition in which my southern brethren now find themselves at the present day. That's all a result of looking too far off, and of straining your forces to gain other ground than that which belongs to you instead of looking upon the ground you stand upon yourselves. For, if you know not self, how shall you judge wisely of your neighbor? I think you can't.

[Were you a merchant?] I was. I acquired a fair property, or what I considered a fair property, while I was upon earth; but I am compelled to confess, it's been a curse to me. I would I had left the earth without a dollar. I would have been far happier in the spirit-world, if I had never known what it was to possess riches while here below. You'd better seek for poverty, as the good brother who came here a few moments ago told you, if you would be rich in spiritual things hereafter; for gold and silver chain the spirit to earth, and prevent its rise to the celestial world.

[Do you not think there is danger of your message not reaching your sons in Mobile at this time?] I told you a few moments ago, that I was somewhat acquainted with the present condition of your country, and I've taken good care to make myself acquainted with your mail and transportation system, before coming here to-day. [It's all right, then. I merely questioned you upon the subject through a desire to serve you in any way within my means.] I am under deep obligations to you for your desires and your kindness to me in many ways, but I have no fears in regard to my communication's not reaching Mobile.

My son Robert will probably receive my thoughts first. My son Theodore will doubtless receive them through the agency of his brother. I ask that they make as little delay as possible in granting me an interview with them through some spiritual subject. I ask that they lay aside all their prejudices with regard to this new doctrine of spirit-communion, and if it is the work of the devil, I ask that they meet it with sword in hand, precisely after the same fashion they are trying to meet you at the North.

Your country, or my country, was laboring under the yoke of war when I left. The seeds sown then have sprang up, bearing bitter fruit at the present time. [You refer to the war with Mexico?] Yes, I do. I contended that that was a very unrighteous undertaking; that we had no right to interfere there. I think so now; and, although it may have resulted in temporary good to you as a people, yet I must confess, I never could see the justice of it.

The body of one of the American officers was on board the same steamer with me. When it was carried on board, I remained standing upon the landing, busied in thoughts like these: "I wonder if it's possible for the spirit to be cognizant of what is transpiring upon earth? I wonder if the vital part of that poor soldier still hovers round the body, and knows my thoughts?"

Shortly after my entrance into the spirit-world, I met his spirit, and he told me that at the time I was occupied with the thoughts I have just mentioned, he was very near me, and read my thoughts, and oh, he would to God he could have said to me, "Garrett, if I were to live my life over again, I'd take up arms against no one." Here you perceive that this officer, though he had served his country faithfully for years, was far from being satisfied with the course of conduct he had pursued while upon earth. I speak of Lieutenant Inge. Perhaps you know, or have heard of him. Good day. July 14.

Cecil Buck.

I want to go where I can speak with my father. I been here almost two years. I hurt my foot in a gin-house, where I sometimes went to play, and had the lockjaw. [Where did you die?] In Buycksville, Alabama. My name was Cecil Buck. My father's name was William. [Had you any brothers or sisters?] Yes, two: William and Laura. They were both older than me. [Is your mother alive?] She's here in the spirit-world. I hurt my foot in the gin-house. The screw come down and went through my foot.

I want to see my father. I want to tell him what my mother wants. I was once here in Boston. [When?] Most four years since. [Do you remember Boston?] I do. [Where did you stay?] At the American House. [Was your mother with you then?] Yes, my father, too, and Tilly came as far as Baltimore. [Was Tilly your servant?] Yes.

My mother's very unhappy about my father. [Is he at home?] No, sir; he's away. [In the army?] Yes. [Is he an officer?] I don't know; he's in the army. [I suppose your mother desires to speak with him?] My mother does so much, and she don't want to speak so far off. My grandfather has talked to him. Will you say for my mother, she wants to talk? and to Tilly, say Jet is here. He's her boy. He's here with me. [We'll print your message in our paper, and it may reach your father.] I was never here at this place before. Good-day to you. July 14.

Invocation.

Oh, thou who art the only wise and perfect God, we would come to thee like little children, with all our weakness and our frailties, with all the darkness that clusters around us; feeling sure that thou wilt forgive our frailties, that thou wilt call unto that spiritual part of our being which must sooner or later return to its parent source, and that part shall answer thee, though it dwell in hell. Oh, our Father, this hour we thank thee for all those aspirations which lie within the calibre of thy being, and are implanted within the hearts of thine earthly children. We need not ask that thou wilt hear us, for thine ears are ever open; we need not ask thee to defend us, for thy strong arm is ever around thy children to sustain and protect them from all evil. We need not ask thee to love us, for thine every act is freighted with kindness and affection. Receive our thanks, receive our adoration, oh Holy Spirit of the Universe, not only in the moment, but throughout all eternity. Amen. July 15.

The Spirit's Opinion of Right and Wrong.

QUES.—What do the spirits think of that class of individuals who profess to know the right, and yet persist in doing wrong?

ANS.—He who questions us refers, doubtless, to some of the delinquent members of the Spiritualistic sect. What do we think of them? We think of them with pity, for we know they are weak and often fall in the way of life. Although we do not countenance their actions, and would not have you follow in their path, yet, at the same time, we would extend to them the hand of brotherly friendship and sympathy, at all times and under all circumstances.

What do we think of those individuals who profess to know the right, and yet persist in doing wrong? Again we say, we think of them with pity. We cannot censure them, for we are not sure that we know the right ourselves. If, therefore, we still walk in darkness, we may not with safety become their guides and attempt to lead them out of the midnight darkness of evil, into the grand and glorious sunlight of God's wisdom.

Go where we will, we shall find more or less of these weak ones of earth. But we should remember that while they stumble and fall in the way of life, we have perhaps somewhat of strength within ourselves to raise them up, and with words of kindness and hope to start them upon their journey anew. It is the duty of all to live holy lives, as far as possible. It is the duty of all, whether Spiritualists, Universalists or Atheists, to live as near God as possible during their brief sojourn upon the earth.

It is of more importance that the Spiritual community especially lead holy lives, because they stand upon the hill with the lights of the Almighty burning all around them, and the multitude below gazing at them and criticising their every act. Therefore it is of vital importance that they, above all others, should lead holy lives, for example's sake. Nevertheless, we would enjoin it upon those who have strayed away from the shepherd's fold to follow the dictates of their own earthly passions, to return from the gilded haunts of pleasure to walk in holier and pleasanter paths, and thus rise triumphant over all sin and evil.

They who know the right have not always the power to do right, because of the overpowering influences which oftimes surround them. We would inform those weak ones that God has in no way forgotten them, nor will he ever cast them off, even though they should continue to live at variance with his laws, but is ever ready to listen to their prayers for mercy and forgiveness, and will cheerfully impart to them that strength of soul which shall enable them to resist the evil which surrounds them, whenever they may see fit to implore his aid.

What do we think of them? Oh, our questioner, not as you think of them. We stand apart from mortality, and can see those who do right, as well as those who do wrong. We worship the one; we pity the other. Oh, in the name of your Maker, forget not to extend to these fallen ones of earth your sympathy and friendship; and if the robe of Righteousness is upon thy shoulders, take it off and place it upon the form of thy erring brother, who hath more need of it than thou; and the angels will resound the eulogy of "well done, thou good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things, thy God will make thee ruler over many." July 15.

Questions and Answers.

There are friends present who desire to know if the spirits are cognizant of the affairs of this country at the present time.

In reply to those friends' inquiries we would say that their deep solicitude in your behalf has opened your vision to the perils of your position, as well as to the cause of this rebellion; but your country politically, socially and religiously, is laboring under the yoke of slavery, and to touch upon even one tithe of this would take more time than we have at present at our disposal. Nevertheless, we will briefly answer such questions concerning the present war as the friends present may choose to offer in the few minutes we have to devote to that purpose.

QUES.—Can you tell us how the two armies stand?

ANS.—We behold two contending forces. Each feels that they are right, and from each point there ascends to the spirit-land earnest prayers for Divine aid and for strength to subdue their enemies. And in answer to the prayers of these contending armies there comes many a class of attendant spirits to minister to their wants and necessities. The Confederate army waits for power. The Federal army waits for power also. The conflict will be great, and longer than you suppose it will be, and many a spirit will be hurried into eternity unheralded and unprepared to meet its God. You ask, will the Confederate or Federal army be victorious in the end? If the most of right rest with you at the North, the Great Eternal gathers you to himself in closest bonds of sympathy and love, and will turn the tide of victory upon your side. If with your enemies, then the victory shall be theirs, for the *right* shall conquer the *wrong*. See to it, then, that you pursue the right and avoid the wrong; that you, as individuals, do all in your power to court the company of the angels, and insure for yourselves hereafter a place in heaven. See to it that you cultivate the good within yourselves, that the army of the Eternal may dwell with you.

Q.—Does the spirit recognize the body?

A.—Sometimes the condition of your atmosphere renders it impossible for us to see your external forms clearly. At other times we are enabled to see both the body and spirit. However, we are told that there are many in the spirit-world who are able to see the body much more clearly than the spirit. How to account for this we know not. At present we only know that this is a law of life. A part of those who are gathered here in form to-day we see in spirit and body; a part in spirit only. July 15.

William Gilman.

I have a wife and family. What would my wife think to know I am not dead? I lived on Hunneman street, Roxbury; was a painter by trade; died of typhoid fever at Fair Oaks Hospital; was sick two weeks. I want to talk with my wife about her getting the money belonging to me. Tell her to go to some medium.

This spirit came July 28th.

SPIRIT COMMUNICATIONS.

John C. Calhoun.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., JULY 22, 1862.

The following message, which is full of emotional regret, purports to come from our departed, misguided brother, John C. Calhoun, and it is desired from the *inner life* that you give it a place in the BANNER; and, to this end, I enclose it just as it was originally written—not taking the pains to copy it. Whether it be from our departed "Southern Rights" brother, or not, I feel that it was not the result of any deception on the part of the medium; and if it be truly the utterance of a sorrowing, repentant mind, shall we withhold from him our forgiveness and sympathy? Shall we not bid him be happy, and thereby inspire him in his efforts to overcome the evil with the good? Surely, that is what our beautiful philosophy teaches us. Here is his humble message:

My Friends—I wish to say a word to you all. My name is John C. Calhoun, of which you are all familiar. I wish to say to you, that I am, and ever have been since I entered spirit-life, very unhappy, because of the ruinous course I pursued relative to this best and noblest of Republics; and to-day could I renew my physical body to walk among the men of America, I should never again raise my voice against the Union. NO—NO—NO! Oh, what would I not give had I never raised my voice against this beautiful country! But to lament the past, may seem unwise in me; yet a profound sense of the wrong I have done so many others, both in and out of the body, calls forth these lamentable regrets. And in thus openly making so great a confession, I fervently pray that Humanity everywhere will forgive me. And oh, may I be enabled to work out the evil I have done by devoting my highest energies to the entire freedom and complete restoration of this great and blessed Republic; may I, in thus performing an act of justice, due alike to all mankind and my own unworthy nature, become purer and more Godlike. And oh, may my efforts to restore peace and tranquility to this dearest of lands, be blessed by all of infinity, throughout the vast realm of immensity.

Oh, my friends, you cannot conceive how distressed and unhappy I feel at pursuing so unwise and ruinous a course as I did relative to this hallowed Union. Oh, my friends, let your prayers go out for me; and while I am laboring to bring about a peaceful solution of this unhallowed war, speak of me more as an object of pity than of hate—for thereby you may help me on in my truly earnest and sincere endeavors to retrieve and retrace my misdirected and unhallowed work in behalf of Disunion and "Southern Rights." Oh, friends—for so I feel I must call you—think kindly of me, pray for me, and believe me grown humble, and truly penitent for all past misdeeds. In spirit, JOHN C. CALHOUN.

New Orleans, July 11, 1862.

Daniel Webster.

Just as the medium was about at the close of the message, it was asked by him (there being another medium present, the company consisting of three only with himself,) if there were any doubts felt as to its true purport—whether it was truly from Mr. Calhoun?—to which it was answered, *quickly*, that it was really Mr. Calhoun who was communicating, or that, in substance. And ere the words had passed from their lips, as to its real source and genuineness, the medium was influenced to write, and the following, which was signed—"In Spirit, Daniel Webster," was written, affirmative of its true source.

You need have no misgivings with regard to this communication. It is really from the spirit of Mr. Calhoun. He is a most unhappy spirit, and what he has given you is only a partial expression of what he feels and would like to say. But you will, I know, let your hearts' deepest sympathies and compassions go out in his behalf. Oh, that he had lived a different life in relation to his political aspirations and efforts! He would not to day be pleading thus, and your lovely country would not now, in all probability, be groaning under the weight of war and distress. But let us not dwell upon the past. Rather let us help him to overcome all evil with good, and thus work out the ultimate destiny of this great and beneficent Republic. In spirit,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

New Orleans, July 11, 1862.

John Tyler.

But here is another brother and statesman, who prays to be forgiven, that he, too, may grow in goodness, and progress toward the Eternal Mind. This is from the spirit of John Tyler. And will you not open the door to him? Shall he, too, not tell his own sorrowful, repentant story, and be forgiven by the world and you?

This message, written three days previous, came through the same channel as that of Mr. Calhoun, and, notwithstanding the disturbed condition of the elements, and the great uncertainty of our messages from spirit-life through mediums residing here and in the South, for many months past, having actually been in the midst of a veritable pandemonium, for almost a year, as the medium through whom these messages comes can too well affirm, (and he rather philosophically concludes that even pandemoniums are not to be lain aside when a great and glorious Republic like that of America is to be *saved* and purified.) Yes, I repeat, notwithstanding all unfavorable conditions, this message may be truly from the spirit of John Tyler. And this is his prayer, his confession, his desire:

"My name is John Tyler, late President of these great States. My visit to you this morning is to inform the inhabitants of America that I feel a profound sorrow at the course I pursued during not only the greater part of my presidential *term*, but more especially at my latest conduct in uniting with the rebellious mind in its efforts to dissolve and overthrow this most liberal and beneficent Union.

I now see clearly the foul error into which I had permitted myself to be drawn in every case where I have combatted the interests of America, and labored to overthrow its magnanimous foundation. Oh, may I be forgiven—may heaven forgive me—may all the world forgive me, is my unceasing, fervent prayer. And may the bonds of this hallowed Union become so firmly united as to set at defiance all the powers and combined efforts of the entire globe for all time to come. May I be forgiven, that I may the better be enabled to labor unceasingly for its speedy restoration and everlasting safety and advancement in purity and greatness. And may I be forgiven by all—all—all! And, above all, may I be forgiven for the sins I have committed against Heaven and Humanity in my recent efforts to overthrow the American Republic.

New Orleans, Tuesday morning, July 8, 1862.

How beautiful is this! A departed statesman, president, and brother, returning to ask the world's forgiveness, that he may be enabled the better to labor for the restoration and peace of this great land, that he was endeavoring so recently to break up. And shall we not bid him be of good cheer, and labor on? But why does he thus return to be forgiven? Why does he thus come sorrowing to ask Humanity to look with compassion upon him? Was it because of his superior intelligence? Had his light been under a bushel?

Almeda M. Goodell.

A short time ago I penned a few thoughts connected with the Dial operation, which in many places is eliciting quite an interest. Since that time I have received many communications through this instrument, from a sainted companion who bade us an earthly adieu the 31st day of last March, and went to live among angels and glorified spirits. Thinking the following may interest many of your numerous readers now investigating this peculiar phase of spiritual manifestation, I send you a communication recently received, subject to such disposition as you may make of it. JOHN GOODELL.

Cleveland, O., July 27, 1862.

TO MY DEAR HUSBAND, AND FRIENDS LEFT BEHIND—Presuming a few facts touching my departure from your earth-sphere, entrance into my new mode of existence, beauties and enjoyments of my spirit home, and employment since leaving my earthly habitation may not be uninteresting to you, I therefore will attempt through the "Dial," by which I am so often permitted to commune with you, to address you very briefly upon the several particulars named. Twelve or fifteen hours before taking my earthly leave of you, my physical suffering had entirely ceased, but my mental excitement rose to a high pitch, not in view of death alone, but seeing weeping friends anxiously watching around my bedside very much enhanced the agitation and perturbation of mind during my last remaining hours in the earth form. Oh, had I then known what I now know by happy experience, how joyfully should I have welcomed death, or the change that ushered me into a blissful state of existence. However, the trying ordeal was passed with greater composure and resignation than is generally the case. Let me say to you, dear friends, when you come to Jordan's swelling tide, be not afraid to launch out into the stream, for you will be safely borne to the other shore amidst the happy greeting and welcome of dear friends, who stand with extended arms to embrace you in that happy home.

In the last fading, closing moments of my physical vision, there was, as near as I can describe, a sleepy, dreamy, unconscious state, then all was over, bright and clear as the noonday sun. My earthly form, so recently inhabited, lay in the cold embrace of death; those eyes, once so animated and sparkling with delight, were forever closed. But why dwell upon the inanimate tenement of clay? On it my freed, disincarcerated spirit looked with mingled emotions of wonder, surprise and delight. Wonder and surprise at the tenacity with which we stick and cling to the earth form, delight to think I was a freed spirit.

The first being to greet and embrace me in my new home was a sainted brother. Soon an angel sister took me by the hand, and introduced me to many bright spirits, whom I recognized as having been my friends in the earth sphere.

Till my body was committed to its mother earth I lingered nigh. Weeping friends, sad looks, and all the solemn preparations for interring my thrown-off form were before me, and as visible as though I had been one of the unhappy group. Here are things on which I could dwell with profit to the living, but I cannot now. After my body was decently buried, I took my flight from earth, and in company with bright angels soared away, and amidst scenes and beauties that dazzled the eye, glories and splendors surpassing the power of language to describe, we reveled amidst heavenly delights, fully (and never till then) realizing the import and spirit of the saying, "Ear hath not heard, eye hath not seen, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive what God hath reserved for them that love him."

From that transcendent height of infinite effulgence of light and glory, I looked down upon this little earthly ball floating in etherial space, surprised at the thought that I was once an inhabitant of its green-clad hills and flowing vales. But to tell you of the beauties and enjoyment of my spirit-home would be beyond the power of language to describe, or your feeble ken to conceive. Permit me to say that not among the least of my enjoyments is the privilege of oft returning to earth to hold sweet and endearing converse with those I so dearly love. Deprive me of this, and heaven would be shorn of much of its bliss.

You may be curious to know what is my employment here, for all are active and busy—no drones or idlers here. Teaching is my employment; children and infants, early ushered into spirit life, are my pupils. Sweet employment, too, in directing their pure minds to look up the shining path of eternal progression. Hoping oft to come to you by aid of the so-called Spiritoscope, and fearing I may too much weary you now, I will bid you adieu for the present, promising again to greet you with my presence. Farewell. ALMEDA M. GOODELL.

THE LADIES.—Dr. Hale was very partial to the society of ladies, with whom he was generally a great favorite, and kept up a continual correspondence with several. He expressed great value for the general character of the sex. It was his opinion that women, generally, much excel men in constancy, and that they would be, in several respects, superior to men, if they had the same advantages of education. He disliked sentimental young ladies, and remarked, that they had generally less refinement than those who made no formal pretensions to it.

The discipline of our life is portioned out by no unloving hand. It is just what we need, although we may not always realize it. It is designed to make us strong and wise, and humble. Bitter indeed are some of the draughts we drink, but most tonics are bitter, and they do us good, if we do not relish them. The hidden trials are often the most difficult to bear. How the soul starts back with a fearful shudder from even the memory of them. In heaven this agony of remembrance will be over. No sorrow, and no sad remembrance of sorrow can enter there.

SUMMER.

Lo! lazy Summer, swarthy, in the sun,
Lies panting, with bare breasts, upon the hills,
Swathing her limbs in hazes warm and dun,
Where splendors into dusky splendors run,
And sultry glory all the heaven o'erfills.

Not a white dimple stirs amid the corn,
Not a low ripple shivers through the leaves;
Since, wrapped in gold and crimson gleams unshorn,
Came flashing through the east, the regal morn,
No throated twittering gurgles round the leaves.

Flooded in sunny silence sleep the kine;
In languid murmurs brooklets float and flow;
The quaint farm gables in the rich light shine,
And round them jasmined honeysuckles twine,
And close beside them sun-flowers burn and blow.

Amid the growing heat I lie me down,
And into visions swarms the moted air;
Gleams up before me many a famous town,
Pillared and crested with a regal crown
Outshimmering in an orient purple glare;

Lo! lowly Tadmor, burning in its sands—
Baalbeck and Babylon: I see slow streams
Gliding by mosque and minaret—see the gleams
Of seas in sunset—lips of strands,
And drowsy Bagdad buried deep in dreams;

See swarthy monarchs flushed in purple rings
Of silken courtiers; through half open doors
Catch the spice odors, and the cool of springs,
Leaping forever in a maze of wings
See light forms dancing over pearly floors;

Sleeping seraglios, spire, and tremulous dome
Winking in drowsy splendor all the day—
See forest haunts where thick the lions roam—
See thirsty panthers splashed in bloody foam,
Leap terrible as lightnings on their prey;

Or stand with Cortez on a mountain-peak
Above the Aztec city—see unrolled
Gem-threaded shores of Montezuma weak—
See the white temples swarming thick and sleek,
And sunny streets stretch up by towers of gold;

See silken sails float by, ambrosial,
Laden with spices, up a Persian glen;
Or stand on Lebanon, 'mid the cedars tall,
Or hear the soft and silver fall
Of water down a jut of Darien.

But lo! a waking shiver in the trees,
And voices 'mid the hay-cocks in the glen;
The sun is setting; and the crimson seas
Are shaken into splendor by the breeze
And all the busy world is up again!

LIST OF LECTURERS.

Parties noticed under this head are requested to call attention to the BANNER. Lecturers will be careful to give us notice of any change of their arrangements, in order that our list may be kept as correct as possible.

DR. JAMES COOPER will speak at the Monthly Meeting of Friends of Progress, at Greensboro', Indiana, on Saturday and Sunday, September 6 and 7; at Cadiz, Monday and Tuesday, 8 and 9; at Mechanicsburg, Wednesday and Thursday, 10 and 11; at Anderson, 12; Chesterfield, Saturday and Sunday, 13 and 14; Morristown, 15 and 16. He will take subscriptions for the BANNER, and have books for sale.

L. K. COONLEY, trance speaker, will lecture the Sundays through the month of August in Central Wisconsin; Sundays during Sept. in Milwaukee, Wis.; Elkhart, Ind. Oct. Toledo, Ohio, four first Sundays in Nov.; Clyde, Ohio, last Sunday in Nov.; Cleveland, O., in Dec. Mrs. S. A. Coonley will give Recitations. Both are clairvoyants. Will speak week evenings in vicinity of Sunday appointments. Address accordingly.

N. FRANK WHITE can be addressed through August at Quincy, Mass. Will speak in New Bedford, Sept. 7 and 14; in Taunton, Sept. 21 and 28; Stafford, Conn., Oct. 5 and 12; Somers, Ct., Oct. 19 and 26; Springfield, Mass., the five Sundays of Nov.; in Marblehead, Dec. 7 and 14; Putnam, Conn., through Feb.; Philadelphia in March.

WARREN CHASE speaks in Stowe, Vt., Aug. 24; in Roxbury, Aug. 31; in Bethel, Sept. 3 and 4; in Rochester, Sept. 5 and 7; in Lowell, Mass., four Sundays in October; in Quincy, first four Sundays in Nov.; in Taunton, four Sundays in Dec. He will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light.

MR. and MRS. H. M. MILLER will answer calls to lecture on the Principles of General Reform, anywhere in Pennsylvania or New York. Also, attend funerals, if desired, as well as make clairvoyant examinations of and prescriptions for the sick. Address, Elmira, N. Y., care of Wm. B. Hatch, or Conneaut, Ohio, care of Asa Hickox.

MISS EMMA HARDINGE will lecture in Oswego during August, (address care of J. L. Pool, Oswego, N. Y.;) in Boston, October 5 and 12; in Philadelphia during November. Address, care of Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield street, Boston, Mass. Letters will be forwarded.

MISS LIZZIE DOTEN will lecture in Portland, August 24 and 31; in Chicopee, Sept. 7 and 14; in Lowell, Sept. 21 and 28; in Springfield through Oct.; in Marblehead, Nov. 2, 9 and 16; in Boston, Nov. 23 and 30; in Philadelphia through Dec. Address, care of Banner of Light.

H. B. STORER, inspirational speaker, will lecture in Boston, Sept. 7 and 14; Marblehead, Sept. 21 and 28. His service may be secured for other Sundays in this vicinity, by addressing him at 75 Beach street, Boston. Not engaged for July or August.

F. L. WADSWORTH will lecture in Plymouth, August 24 and 31; Quincy, four Sundays in Sept.; in Chicopee, during October; in Boston, Nov. 2 and 9; in Taunton, Nov. 16, 23 and 30. Address accordingly. He will answer calls to lecture in the east.

MRS. SARAH HELEN MATHEWS, of Lowell, Mass., will speak in Surrey, N. H., on Sunday, Aug. 24. She will receive calls to lecture in towns in the Western part of New Hampshire, or Southern and Central Vermont. Address East Westmoreland, N. H.

For lectures by MRS. CORA L. V. HATCH, along the line of Southern Michigan, Lake shore, New York Central and Boston and Worcester Railroads, address E. T. Scott, at Lake Mills, Wisconsin, during the month of August.

S. PHELPS LELAND. Friends desiring lectures on Geology or General Reform, in the West, should write soon, as engagements are being made for the winter. Address, Cleveland, O.

MRS. FANNIE BURBANK FELTON may be addressed at Worcester, Mass., care of James Dudley, during August. She will speak in Stafford, Conn., Sept. 7 and 14; in Somers, Conn., Sept. 21 and 28.

MRS. AUGUSTA A. CURRIER will speak in Bradley, Me., August 24 and 31; Bangor, Sept. 7, 14 and 21. Address box 815, Lowell, Mass.

MRS. M. S. TOWNSEND will speak in Charlestown, during August; Lowell, Sept. 7 and 14; Boston, Sept. 21 and 28; Taunton, Oct. 5 and 12; West Randolph, Oct. 19 and 26.

MISS EMMA HOUSTON will speak in Sutton, N. H., Aug. 24, 31, and Sept. 7 and 14; in New Bedford, Mass., Sept. 21 and 28. Address, East Stoughton, Mass.

SAMUEL D. PACE, trance speaking and healing medium, answers calls to lecture in the Middle and Western States. He will pay special attention to the healing of diseases, wherever he may be called. Address, Port Huron, Mich.

LEO MILLER will speak in Pultneyville, N. Y., every other Sunday during the present Summer. Persons in Central and Western New York, desiring his services, will address him as above.

MISS NELLIE J. TEMPLE will speak in Lee, Mass., the first and second Sundays in Sept.; in Ashfield the last and first Sundays of August, Sept. and Oct. Will answer call to lecture in the vicinity on week days.

MRS. M. M. WOOD (formerly Mrs. Macumber,) will lecture in Putnam, Conn., during August; Lowell, in November. Address, West Killingly, Conn.

MRS. S. E. WARNER will answer calls to lecture abroad two Sundays in each month. Is engaged the remainder of the time in Berlin and Omro. Post office address, box 14, Berlin, Wisconsin.

CHARLES A. HAYDEN will speak in Foxcroft, Me., Aug. 24; Buckfield, Sept. 7; Philips, Sept. 14; Kenduskeag, Oct. 5; Bradford, Oct. 12; Exeter, Oct. 19. Address as above or Livermore Falls, Me.

W. K. RIPLEY will lecture in Stockton, August 24; West Winterport August 31. Address, Bangor, Me.

J. S. LOVELAND, will speak in Marblehead, Sept. 7 and 14; in Boston, Dec. 7 and 14. Address, for the present, care of Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield street, Boston.

MRS. SOPHIA CHAPPELL, during August, will speak in Binghampton, N. Y., Cortlandville, Hunt's Corner, and Lisle. Her permanent address is Hastings, N. Y.

MRS. C. M. STOWE will spend the Summer and Autumn in Iowa and Minnesota. Address, till further notice, Independence, Iowa, care of "Rising Tide."

MISS L. E. A. DEFORCE can be addressed care of Mrs. Eliza A. Tolls, Vincennes, Indiana, till Oct. next.

MRS. M. B. KENNEY will speak in Putnam, the three first Sundays of Oct. Address, Lawrence, Mass.

M. TAYLOR will speak in Stockton, Me., August 24; Bangor, Aug. 31.

MRS. A. P. THOMPSON will speak in Groton, N. H., August 24; in Lebanon Centre, Aug. 31; Winsor, Vt., Sept. 7.

M. A. HUNTER, M. D., will receive calls to lecture. Address, box 2001, Rochester, N. Y.

WM. F. WHITMAN, trance speaker, and healing medium. Athol Depot, Mass.

E. WHIPPLE's address for the Summer and Fall, is Vandalia, Cass Co., Mich.

DR. H. F. GARDNER, Pavilion, 55 Tremont street, Boston.
DR. E. L. LYON, care of Banner of Light, Boston, Mass.
MRS. FRANCES T. YOUNG, trance speaker, 56 Myrtle street.
MISS ANNA RYDER, Boston, Mass., care Banner of Light.
MISS LIZZIE M. A. CARLEY, care Dr. A. B. Child, Boston.
L. JUDD PARDEE, Boston, care of Bela Marsh.
CHARLES H. CROWELL, Boston, Mass.
MRS. MARY A. RICKER, Chelsea, Mass.
J. H. CURRIER, Cambridgeport, Mass.
MRS. SARAH A. BYRNES, 33 Winter st., E. Cambridge, Mass.

Mediums in Boston.

THE BOSTON HOME OF HEALTH,

No. 7 Davis Street, Boston.

DR. MAIN'S
HEALTH INSTITUTE,

AT NO. 7 DAVIS STREET, is now open as heretofore for the successful treatment of diseases of every class. At the request of numerous parties who have been permanently benefitted by the Doctor, the Institute will be kept open under his personal supervision, until October, at which time he will make a visit to Europe, if he can do so with justice to his patients—the Institute remaining open as a HOME OF HEALTH, until his return.

Dr. Main's office hours are from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

Patients will be attended at their homes as heretofore.

Those who desire examinations will please enclose $1,00 a lock of hair, a return postage stamp, and the address *plainly* written, and state sex and age.

☞ Medicines carefully packed and sent by Express.

A liberal discount made to the trade.

☞ Remember! DR. CHARLES MAIN, No. 7 Davis street, Boston, Mass. tf June 28.

DEVELOPING BATTERY.—Strength to the nervous system will be found in this. It cools and gives strength to the brain, and puts a healthy action into the whole system. Those in the negative condition, will find strength from this power. It is a dry battery; the power runs on ropes. Use of the battery, 25 cents; full operation with batteries, $1.00. DR. WM. B. WHITE, No. 4 Jefferson Place, from South Bennett street, Boston. 3 mos. Aug. 9

COME AND BE HEALED.

MRS. A. C. LATHAM,

CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN AND MEDIUM for the HEALING POWER, No. 292 Washington corner of Bedford street, Boston. Open day and evening. *Magnetic Remedies furnished.* 4w° August 2.

SAMUEL GROVER, Trance, Speaking and Healing Medium, has removed to No. 21 Bennett street, corner of Harrison Avenue, Boston. Hours from 9 to 12, and from 1 to 6 P. M., Sundays excepted.

Medicines prepared by him.

S. Grover will also visit the Sick at their homes, if requested, and attend funerals. Residence, No. 3 Emerson street, Somerville. 3m° July 12.

H. A. TUCKER, CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN, of Foxboro, Mass., will be at his Office 75 Beach street, BOSTON, on Wednesday of each week, from 2 to 6 P. M. At TAUNTON on Thursday, at 13 Porter street, from 1 to 5 and 7 to 9 P. M. At PROVIDENCE, on Friday, at 85 Carpenter street, from 2 to 6 o'clock P. M. Private examinations if desired. tf July 26.

MRS. R. COLLINS, Clairvoyant Physician and great Healing Medium, wholly controlled by forty celebrated spirit Physicians. Patients at a distance can be examined by inclosing a lock of hair. No. 3 East Castle street, second door from Washington street. Terms—Examinations, prescription and Healing Power, $1. tf Aug. 16.

MRS. S. J. YOUNG,

CLAIRVOYANT AND INSPIRATIONAL READER.—Office 583 Washington street. Hours from 9 o'clock, A. M., to 4 P. M. Circles, Tuesday and Thursday, commencing at 2 1-2 o'clock, and Wednesdays at 8 o'clock P. M. 3m Aug 9

DR. WM. B. WHITE, Sympathetic Physician, by Laying on of the Hands, No. 4 Jefferson place, (from South Bennett street,) Boston. Examination or operation, $1,00 SOMETHING NEW.—Planetary and Harmonizing Batteries, for all Nervous Diseases. 3m° July 26.

MRS. M. W. HERRICK, Clairvoyant and Trance Medium at No. 21 Bennett street. Hours from 9 to 12 and 2 to 6; Wednesdays excepted. 3m° July 12.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

SPIRITUAL ASTROLOGY!

PROFESSOR DEEYOU, the celebrated *Electic Physician and Spiritual Astrologer*, whose advertisements appeared in the *Banner* two years ago, and whose *Life Charts* and *Revelations* gave such universal satisfaction to the eleven hundred readers of the *Banner* who patronized him, has returned to his old residence in *Baltimore, Md.*, where he continues to write out *Charts of Future Destiny* in regard to *Wealth, Health, Love, and Marriage; Absent Friends, Law Suits, Business, etc.*

Terms for Charts, $1, $2, $3 and $5; which in all cases must be enclosed in current money, or postage stamps. Send the day of the month, and year of birth; whether single or married, and sex. Address, DR. R. DEEYOU, Aug 16. 3m No. 9 South Green street, Baltimore, Md.

MRS. D. S. CURTIS,

CLAIRVOYANT AND MAGNETIC PHYSCIAN. Absent persons examined by the aid of a LOCK OF HAIR. Especial attention to FEMALES and CHILDREN. No. 114 Ninth street, between L and M, Sacramento, California. Aug 2

"A MAN OF A THOUSAND."—DR. H. JAMES discovered, while in the East Indies, a certain cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and General Debility. The remedy was discovered by him when his only child a daughter, was given up to die. His child was cured, and is now alive and well. Desirous of benefiting his fellow mortals, he will send to those who wish it the recipe, containing full directions for making, and successfully using, this remedy, free, on receipt of their names, with two stamps to pay expenses. There is not a single symptom of Consumption that it does not at once take hold of and dissipate. Night sweats, peevishness, irritation of the nerves, failure of memory, difficult expectoration, sharp pains in the lungs, sore throat, chilly sensations, nausea at the stomach, inaction of the bowels, wasting away of the muscles. Address CRADDOCK & CO., Ap. 5. 1y 225 North Second st., Philadelphia, Pa.

TO THE PUBLIC.

EVERY one knows the importance of procuring fresh, genuine and unadulterated Medicines for the sick. After studying medicine for nearly twenty years, and dispensing and prescribing it for ten years, the subscriber may say, without egotism, that his Medicines, of which he has every variety used in the Botanic and Eclectic systems of practice, may be relied on as the very best to be procured in the country. His extensive experience and practice have enabled him to compound remedies for Scrofula, Humor, Lung, Liver, Kidney, Urinary, and other diseases incident to the climate, which are unsurpassed. OCTAVIUS KING, ECLECTIC AND BOTANIC DRUGGIST, Feb. 1. tf No. 654 Washington Street, Boston.

A NEW BOOK.

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

AN EYE-OPENER;

OR, CATHOLICISM UNMASKED.

BY A CATHOLIC PRIEST.

Containing—"Doubts of Infidels," embodying thirty important Questions to the Clergy; also, forty Close Questions to the Doctors of Divinity, by ZEPA; a curious and interesting work, entitled, LE BRUN, and much other matter, both amusing and instructive.

This book will cause a greater excitement than anything of the kind ever printed in the English language.

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

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

Price, 40 cents, postpaid. For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT Office, No. 158 Washington st., Boston. tf Sept. 14.

STANDARD WORKS.

THE following Standard Works have been added to our already extensive assortment of Books, and will be sent by mail to any part of the United States, at the prices annexed. All orders must be addressed "Banner of Light, Boston, Mass."

Letters on the Law of Man's Nature and Development. By Henry George Atkinson, F. G. S., and Harriet Martineau. Price cloth, $1. Postage 15c.

A Few Days in Athens; Or, An Abstract of the *Epicurean and Stoic Philosophy* being the Translation of a Greek Manuscript discovered in Herculaneum. By Frances Wright, author of "Views of Society and Manners in America." Price, cloth, 50c. Postage 8c.

The "Electrical Theory" of the Universe; Or, The *Elements of Physical and Moral Philosophy.* By T. S. Mackintosh. Price, cloth, $1. Postage 15c.

Hume's Essays and Treatises on Various Subjects. By David Hume, Esq. With a brief sketch of the Author's Life and Writings. To which are added, Dialogues concerning Natural Religion. Price, cloth, $1. Postage 17c.

The System of Nature; Or, Laws of the Moral and Physical World. By Baron D'Holbach, author of "Good Sense," etc. A new and improved edition, with notes by Diderot. Two volumes in one. Price, cloth, $1,25. Postage 24c. Feb. 15.

CONSUMPTION.

HOW TO PREVENT IT, AND HOW TO CURE IT. By James C. Jackson, M. D. This is one of the most instructive and valuable books that we have ever seen. The information presented in its pages, relative to that alarming disease, *Consumption*, as to what it is, and how to avoid it, and how to cure it, makes the book in every sense valuable to those who consider life and health worth possessing. For sale at this office. Price, $2,25, including postage. May 31. tf

New Books.

JUST PUBLISHED,

AN EXTRAORDINARY AND THRILLING WORK

DEALINGS WITH THE DEAD!

THE HUMAN SOUL: ITS MIGRATIONS AND ITS TRANSMIGRATIONS!

BY P. B. RANDOLPH.

SYNOPSIS:

A dying woman makes a promise that, if possible, she will come back after death, and reveal the mysteries of the land beyond the grave. She keeps her promise. The second part of the work relates the experiences of a man, who for a time, was completely disenthralled of his body. An interesting phenomenon. Two souls in one body. "How dead people live, and where! The Blending! How a living person thinks a dead one's thoughts." Invisible beings, with human characteristics, who never lived on earth! The mysterious prophecy of a disembodied soul. What the dead lady discovered in regard to sound, soul, and spirit, after death. A curious thing regarding light and darkness. She discerns two phantoms from behind a mystic veil. Difficulty of going between the three worlds! Souls existent from all past time. Pre-existence. "The souls were clothed in garments. Do they feel the weight of years?" Three grand discoveries. The dead lady experiences difficulty in getting out of the door; a terrible alternative; "I must wait till the house decays!" Another grand discovery—a universe within a room. The Vastitude! An important discovery—hills, lakes, valleys and rivers in the soul. Death, life! Something nobler than intellect. Difference between the spirit-land and the soul-world. Her strange sense joys. Something worth knowing by all who expect to die. The dead lady's organs, "her hands are blue and wrinkled, her cheeks are pale and haggard." She falls into a singular state. Her passage from the spirit-land to the soul-world! Finds herself in a new realm—a miracle. The law of images! How the future is read. What material a disembodied soul's clothing is made of! Where the dead lady was—a new universe. What animals really are. Concerning the origin of the human soul. Its pre existence. Why beasts are, and are not, at the same time, immortal.

THE STORY OF A SOUL BEFORE IT OCCUPIED THE HUMAN FORM! Where it originated; how it started out upon its journey. The Bath of Fire. The Burial—the rock—the earthquake. The chain from moss to man! Why gorillas and apes resemble men; why the latter are immortal and the former not! The Transmigration of Souls. The Soul-Republic. A mystery. Heaven and hell—their nature. The dead lady describes her dress and her person. The meaning of the word love. Do phantoms grow? A singular law governing the dead! The harlot in the Phantorama! What befalls those who never become wives and mothers. The dreadful sentence—"To be alone!" The child and its mother—and what befalls many a dead father! a thing well worth studying. Why spiritual mediums are lonely and unhappy! Something that is neither mind, matter, nor spirit. The material whereof thoughts are made! How a woman can always tell whether she is loved truly or not, whether the lover be dead or alive. Organization and destiny. Valuable—especially to sensatives! How they become mediums—are beset by people of the midregions of space—and what comes of it. The consequences of making compacts with the *unholy dead!* Mediums and their friends. Etherial asps, toads, serpents. Why mediums blow hot and cold in the same breath. Comparative value of diverse methods of dealing with the dead. Will the loving living ever meet the loved dead? Yes! no! why? the answer. Why children of the same parents are not always brother and sister. A mystery and its solution. How the loving dead can elevate the loved living. Man and the iceberg. How hell loses its inhabitants—and whither they go! A thornless route to the Soul-Worlds. The philosophers on the corner. The picture and the voice—what it said! What is inside of every tree and flower. How deformed people look when fairly dead. Shooting a soul. The arch-way to the Soul world—she passes through it—a fete in heaven. Cottages, palaces, graves, flowers, birds and animals in the Soul-world—musical trees! She discourses about "eternal affinities," and dissects that doctrine. Marriage here and there! Why love is often here—a one-sided affair! Her own love and lover—the meeting of the spheres—and the strange thrills that danced through her being. She crosses the threshold of a third universe! Curious analogies. A man creates a world! A beautiful law—a mystery, and its explanation—a sublime view, and a new one, of Diety, and His attributes. She declares that "the material universe, with all its countless starry systems, is, after all, but a little island, which, like an egg-shell on a lake, floats upon the crest of a single wavelet of this infinite sea of Spirit. Soul weaving! The loom and the fabric Spiritual locomotives, and how they are built. Society in the Star-land. Mahomet—how each Islamite is blessed with seventy-thousand wives, and where the ladies come from—very curious, and true! Sex, and its uses on earth, a curious revelation. "Up amongst the dead folks." How a man on earth may really be a woman *there*, and vice versa. Singular divorces in the soul-world. A penny's worth of wit—a dollar's worth of common sense! A sure test by which any woman can *tell whether what is offered her be love or its* counterfeit. How those who fancy there is no hell hereafter, will find themselves mistaken—something hotter than fire and brimstone! She desires to look into Gehenna—and her wish is gratified! She gazes into the Gulf of Horrors. The crown of snakes! Lakes of burning fire, and hundreds of souls therein. The constituents of the flames! Atheists, drunkards, gamblers. Do souls exist eternally, or are they finally absorbed into Diety? The answer! Are idiots immortal? The reply! Monsters, one only of whose parents are human—are they immortal? The response. Malformed monsters, both of whose parents are human—are they immortal? The answer! A woman may bear a human body without a soul! How? The conditions essential to immortality. *What becomes of a wasted soul germ?* Are abortions immortal? Answer—"Some!" when, which? How are we to tell when? The reply. Why some disembodied souls are compelled to dwell near earth! Sometimes a child is born with two heads, or two bodies—are there two souls also? The answer. Can a virgin bear a child? Yes! Explanation! Are children born—do the sexes cohabit in the soul worlds? The answer. Extraordinary statement concerning the results of spiritual intercourse. The hierarchy of the skies—the ascending orders of disembodied beings, and their rank and names. The dead lady declares space to be bounded, and tells what the Nebulæ is! Man's final destiny. The omniscient faculty of man. Two hours in the Soul world. Climbing up the sky!

PART SECOND.

The thrilling experience of a soul disenthralled for a time from the trammels of the body. There can be not the shadow of a doubt but that the one hundred and twenty pages comprising the conclusion of this book contains more information on the subject of the soul—its looks, nature, habits, moods, powers, phases, capacities, location, origin, destiny and characteristics—than any work ever before issued from the press of this or any other country. State of the dead—their powers and methods of return. The dream state, spiritual state, and "Hashish" state compared. How a person feels when dying! The disenthrallment! Invisible men. The exact seat of the human soul.

The Winged Globe. Pre-Existence of the Human Soul!

The difference between spirit, soul and matter. How a man's spirit looks—its color! Description of an actual, veritable human soul! Its size. The process of thinking described. The lone student. The silent language. The man meets, and is instructed by a dead Egyptian. Where the soul goes and what it does when a person is asleep, both sound and when dreaming. Souls get tired—their curious way of resting. The soul will one day have no body at all—will be bodiless. The "under-God!" Difference between males and men, females and women! He ascends—the two souls get caught in a thunder storm! Do spirits get wet? Are they affected by wind, rain, fire, cold, water? The question solved. The fierce lightnings play around them—the horror. Can a hurricane blow away a spirit? The reply! The Egyptian speaks to him. An eloquent description of a tempest in the air. The republic of souls. The shapes of various thoughts—very singular. The starry alphabet, and its letters! The Egyptian puts a tremendous question which he attempts to answer. Nature. The Rosicrucians. Personality of Deity. *He is still creating worlds; and of what* these worlds are made. He hears a wondrous music voice in the air. The extraordinary things it spoke. A glorious sentence as ever was written. He sees the speaker—a magnificent woman, and wonders if her husband does not come to deep grief on her account. Jealousy—the lady talks about love. A masterly analysis of the constituents of Heaven, and of the human soul. *A splendid definition! The freed* soul fears he shall fall down and be dashed to nonentity. "All things lighter than air must ascend." A spirit is lighter than air, how therefore can it *descend* through air, which is denser than itself? A series of very frequent questions concerning the "physique" of the soul are answered! What a human spiritual body is made of. Can a flame be soaked in water? *The magnetic sun and electric moon, in the human* body—very singular—something for the philosophers. A soul passes through a cold *three thousand* degrees below zero, without being affected! Its fire proof nature! Why Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego did not get burned up! Definition of a Monad? How the soul gets into the body, prior to birth. The process described. Size, color, and shape of a soul germ! *Ghosts—real ghosts—graveyard ones!* Their nature. How to catch the spiritual body of a plant or flower. A startling assertion—the oak, acorn and man! Dreams and dreaming. Visions. Where the soul goes, and what it does when we sleep! If dogs dream—have they therefore souls! Reply. Do souls eat and drink? The answer. The disenthralled one returns to his body. The slumber—the awakening. How long it takes a *soul to go from one state to the* other—and the number of these states. Children begotten and born in the spirit-world—their nature. Man, like God, had no beginning. The soul's form. Do dead infants have spiritual bodies? Reply. How and when every man's soul leaves his body without his knowing it. How a man can be seen in two places at the same time. Are there demons? Answer—two kinds. Explanation. The "*Commune Spirit*"—a fearful truth—and its statement. Common Sense, versus Public Opinion. Adultery. Murder. Conscience. Remorse. The choking!

TAKE NOTICE. The book contains directions, brief, clear and explicit, by means of which any person who chooses, may develop *positive clairvoyance!*

The above work may be had at the office of the BANNER OF LIGHT, 158 Washington street, by wholesale and retail.

Single copies 75 cents. The usual discount will be made to the trade. Mailed to any part of the United States on receipt of the price named above. tf March 8.

PUBLICATIONS

—FOR SALE AT THE—

BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE.

THE PROPRIETORS OF THE BANNER OF LIGHT offer for sale the following list of WORKS at the prices set against them. We take this opportunity to put these works before our patrons, most of them at reduced prices, in consequence of the scarcity of money, and it is our intention to place, as far as in our power, reading matter in the hands of our friends as cheap as we possibly can, in justice to ourselves.

Our friends desiring any of these publications sent by mail, will forward us the amount set against the work, with the postage annexed, except the Wildfire Club Arcana of Nature, Whatever Is is Right, and the Spiritual Reasoner, the postage of which is included in the price set against them. Address—

"BANNER OF LIGHT,"
158 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

NEW PUBLICATIONS:

Whatever Is, is Right.—By A. B. Child, M. D. Price $1. CONTENTS:—Good and Evil. Questions and Answers. Truth. The Pursuits of Happiness Nature Nature Rules. What Appears to be Evil is not Evil. A Spiritual Communication. Causes of what we call Evil. Evil does not exist. Unhappiness is Necessary. Harmony and Inharmony. The Soul's Progress. Intuition. Religion: What is It? Spiritualism. The Soul is Real. Self Righteousness. Self Excellence. Vision of Mrs. Adams. Human Distinctions. Extremes are Balanced by Extremes. The Ties of Sympathy. All Men are Immortal. There are no Evil Spirits. Harmony of Soul that the All Right Doctrine Produces. Obsession. The Views of this book are in perfect Harmony with the Precepts and Sayings of Christ. What Effect will the Doctrines of this book have upon men? A Long Chapter of the Opinions of the following named Persons, with Remarks: Justin Lillie; S. S. W.; Y. C. Blakley, M. D.; E. Annie Kingsbury; Maggie; Correspondent of Spirit Guardian; A. P. McCombs; Warren Chase; Mrs. J. S. Adams; Charlotte H. Bowen; Miss Fannie M.; Miss Lizzie Doten; J. C. W.; A. J. Davis; Miss Emma Hardinge; Lita H. Barney; Mr. Cushman; Mr. Wetherbee; Mr W. H. Chaney; M. J. W.; L. C. Howe; P. B. Randolph Mr. Wilson, and many others.

Twenty Discourses, on Religion, Morals, Philosophy and Metaphysics. By Cora L. V. Hatch. With a Splendid Steel Engraving of Mrs. Hatch. Price 50 cents. When sent by mail, 15 cents additional for postage.

CONTENTS:—*Discourse* 1. Why is man ashamed to acknowledge his Alliance to the Angel-World? 2. Is God the God of Sectarianism, or is he the God of Humanity? 3. The Sources of Human Knowledge. 4. The Beauty of Life, and the Life of Beauty. 5. "'Come, now, let us reason together,' saith the Lord." 6. Modern Spiritualism. 7. Are the Principles of Phrenology true? 8. Light. 9. Jesus of Nazareth. 10. God alone is Good. 11. The Sacrificial Rite. 12. The Love of the Beautiful. 13. The Gyroscope. 14. The Moral and Religious Nature of Man. 15. Spiritual Communications. 16. On Christmas. 17. Creation. 18. Total Depravity. 19. The Religion of Life. 20. The Life of Religion. Answers to Metaphysical questions. The Spheres.

The Wildfire Club. By Emma Hardinge. Price, $1. CONTENTS:—The Princess.—The Monomaniac, or the Spirit Bride.—The Haunted Grange, or The Last Tenant.—Life.—Margaret Infelix, or a Narrative concerning a Haunted Man.—The Improvisatore, or Torn Leaves from Life History.—The Witch o' Lowenthal.—The Phantom Mother, or The Story of a Recluse.—Haunted Houses. No. 1: The Picture Spectres. No. 2: The Sanford Ghost.—Christmas Stories. No. 1: The Stranger Guest. No. 2: Faith; or, Mary Macdonald.—The Wildfire Club: A Tale founded on Fact.—Note.

The Healing of the Nations.—Given through Charles Linton. With an Introduction and Appendix by Gov. Talmadge. 550 pp. Price $1,50. Postage, 25 cents.

Psalms of Life: a compilation of Psalms, Hymns, Chants, Anthems, &c., embodying the Spiritual, Reformatory and Progressive sentiments of the present age. By John S. Adams. Price, 75 cents. Postage 10 cents.

My Experience: Footprints of a Presbyterian to Spiritualism By Francis H. Smith of Baltimore. 50 cts. Postage 10 cents.

The Conflict of Ages Ended—a Succedaneum to Beecher's "Conflict of Ages." By Henry Weller. Price 25 cents, Postage 10 cents.

Bohemia under Austrian Despotism. An Autobiography by A. M. Dignowity, M. D., of San Antonio, Texas, 25c. Postage 10 cents.

PAMPHLETS.

"Whatever Is, Is Right" Vindicated. By A. P. M'Combs A Pamphlet of twenty-four pages, containing clear and lucid arguments in support of the ALL RIGHT doctrine, and a perfect overthrow of the claims in opposition to this doctrine as set forth by Cynthia Temple, in a pamphlet entitled, "IT ISN'T ALL RIGHT." Price 10 cents.

The Great Conflict; Or, Cause and Cure of Secession. By Leo Miller, Esq., delivered at Pratt's Hall, Providence, R. I., on the evening of Sunday, Dec. 8, 1861, and repeated by universal request, at the same place, on Tuesday evening of the following week. Single copies 12 cents; ten copies $1, mailed free.

Great Discussion of Modern Spiritualism between Prof. J. Stanley Grimes and Leo Miller, Esq., at the Melodeon, Boston, in March, 1860. Pamphlet, 170 pp. Price $10 per hundred; single copies 15 cents. Postage 3 cts.

Discussion of Spiritualism and Immortality, in May, 1860, at the Melonaon, Boston, between Elder Miles Grant and Rev. J. S Loveland. Price, wholesale, $6 per hundred, single copies, 10 cents.

Who is God? A Few Thoughts on Nature and Nature's God, and Man's Relations thereto. By A. P. McCombs. Single copies sent by mail, 10 cents.

A Guide of Wisdom and Knowledge to the Spirit-World. Just published by Almond J. Packard. For sale, wholesale and retail, at this office. Single copies, 25 cents.

A Record of Modern Miracles By S. B. Brittan. Price, wholesale, $4 per hundred, single copies 6 cents.

A Lecture on Secession, by Gen. Andrew Jackson, delivered at Dodworth's Hall, on the evening of Sunday, Jan. 19, 1861. Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch, medium. Price, 10 cts.

Two Lectures on the Present Crisis, by Theodore Parker and Henry Clay, delivered at Dodworth's Hall Sunday, Dec. 16, 1860. Mrs Cora L. V. Hatch, medium. Price, 10c.

A Discourse on Faith, Hope and Love, by Cora L. V. Hatch, medium Price, 10c.

A Discourse on the Immutable Decrees of God, by Cora L. V. Hatch, medium, Price, 10c.

"A VOICE FROM THE PARSONAGE,

OR,

LIFE IN THE MINISTRY."

THIS volume, published under the patronage of Dr. Edward A. Park, of Andover, is interesting as a work of fiction, exhibiting the trials and experiences of one who felt called upon to take up his cross and follow Christ. It is a good companion to the "Minister's Wooing," by Mrs. Stowe.

—CONTENTS—

Ordination; Marriage and Commencement of Housekeeping; Harmonious State of the Parish and Peculiar Interest in the Pastor; Crooked Stick; The Pastor a Man of Prayer; The Pastor a sound Theologian and Diligent Student; The Pastor a Promoter of Benevolent Efforts; The Pastor's acknowledged care of the Young—Interest in the Aged and Ignoble; The Pastor a Revival Preacher; Visit of a Connecticut Pastor; A Destitute Parish; Miss Bemis; An Old Parish Debt; Squire Davidson a Delegate to a Council; An Incident at an Association; An Evening in Boston; A Brother's Trouble; Another Phase of Pastoral Life; An Unreasonable Pastoral Tax; The Pastor's Wife; Visit of Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft; The Request; A Model Parish; The Letter; The Difference; The Pastor called to a Professorship; A Disappointment; Call to another Council; The Other Store; Repairing the Church; The Deacon's Son; A Donation Party; The Pastor's Visit to his Native Town; The Pastor's Horse; The Load of Wood; The Pastor's Interview with the Deacon; Request for a Dismission; Parish Meeting and Council; The Ex-Pastor.

Price, cloth, 50 cents; full gilt, 75c. Postage free. Address, BANNER OF LIGHT, Boston Mass. Feb. 22. tf

LOVE AND MOCK LOVE; OR, HOW TO MARRY TO CONJUGAL SATISFACTION.

This is the name of what the Boston Investigator calls "a very handsome little work," and of which the Boston Cultivator says, "a more unique, racy and practical essay has not often been written." Its leading topics are:—

1. Vulgar Conceits of Love.	6. The Pathetism of Love's Pretensions.
2. What the Poets say of Love.	7. Perils of Courtship.
3. Conflicting Notions of Love	8. When and Whom to Marry.
4. Characteristics of Mock Love.	9. Guide to Conjugal Harmony.
5. Rationale of True Love.	10. Wedding Without Wooing.

Sent by mail for nine letter stamps. Address either

The Publisher,
BELA MARSH,
Boston, Mass.

Or, The Author,
GEORGE STEARNS,
West Acton, Mass.

May 3. tf

LECTURES ON
Science, Politics, Morals & Society.

BY EDWARD LAWTON, M. D.

CONTENTS: Natural Philosophy; Philosophy of Language; Varieties of Races; Public Morals; Political Economy; Spirits and Ghosts; Slavery and Rebellion; Education, Friendship, and Marriage.

This volume is designed by the author as an appeal to the good sense of the American public, to take a step forward in the education of their children, especially in the Political, Moral, and Social spheres of life, and to promote in the youth of the country a taste for a higher degree of literary excellence, and a more extended moral and political education, than has heretofore characterized the scholars of our schools and academies. It appeared to me that this would be most readily accomplished by thorough investigating and compendiously arranging the most useful and interesting knowledge pertaining to these subjects, and exhibiting it in the most attractive form possible for the study and perusal of old and young.

For sale at the office of the Banner of Light, 158 Washington street, Boston. Price thirty-eight cents, post-paid. April 19. tf

New York Advertisements.

The Early Physical Degeneracy of AMERICAN PEOPLE.

And the Early Melancholy Decline of Childhood & Youth.

JUST PUBLISHED BY DR. STONE, Physician to the Troy Lung and Hygienic Institute, a Treatise on the above subject, the Cause of Nervous Debility, Marasmus and Consumption, Wasting of the Vital Fluids, the mysterious and hidden Causes of Palpitation, Impaired Nutrition and Digestion.

This is a most thrilling book, and is the result of thirty years' experience of the author in more than ten thousand cases of this class of direful maladies. It has been written from conscientious and philanthropic motives, and appeals most pathetically to Parents, Guardians and to Youth, for it details timely aid to restore the already *shattered bark*, and a rudder to clear the shoals and rocks for childhood. Send two red stamps and obtain this masterly effort. *Fail not to send and get this Book!*

Each case is scientifically determined, and the true plan of treatment adopted from analysis of the secretions of the KIDNEYS from the *blood*, and from printed interrogatories, furnished each applicant. The Institution makes use of a powerful Microscope, and Philosophical Apparatus. Patients applying for interrogatories or advice, must inclose return stamps, to meet attention. The attending Physician will be found at the Institution for consultation, from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M., of each day. Sunday in the forenoon.

Address, DR. ANDREW STONE,
Physician to the Troy Lung and Pygenic Institute, and Physician for Diseases of the Heart, Throat and Lungs,
96 *Fifth-st., Troy, N. Y.*

TO FEMALES....MRS. DOCTRESS STONE, The Matron of the Institution, who is thoroughly read and posted in the intricate nature of the many afflictive and prostrating maladies of more modern origin, will devote exclusive attention to the treatment of this class of diseases peculiar to her sex. Among the many diseases daily met with, and which she treats with unheard of success, are chronic inflammation, ulceration and prolapsus of the womb.

The Medicated Ascending Douche: a most important curative, for arousing the nervous forces. Price, $6. Females can consult Mrs. Doctress Stone, confidentially, by letter or personally. Address MRS. N. O STONE, M. D. Feb. 8. 1y Matron to the Institution, Troy, N. Y.

THE HERALD OF PROGRESS,

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, EDITOR,

Assisted by an Association of Able Writers & Correspondents.

A Cosmopolitan Journal of Health, Progress and Reform, devoted to no Sect, belonging to no Party, not given to ONE IDEA. The attention of all Reformatory, Progressive, and Spiritual minds is invited to the following distinctive features of

THE HERALD OF PROGRESS:

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS,
MEDICAL WHISPERS
AND PRESCRIPTIONS
BY THE EDITOR,
VOICES FROM THE PEOPLE,
TEACHINGS OF NATURE.
DOINGS OF THE "MORAL POLICE,"
SPIRITS MYSTERIES,
TIDINGS FROM THE INNER LIFE,
PULPIT AND ROSTRUM,
BROTHERHOOD,
CHILDHOOD,
LAWS AND SYSTEMS.

Also, choice Poetry and attractive Miscellany, embracing translations from the French and German; faithful historical portraitures, life sketches of notable persons, late improvements in science and art, news, &c. &c.

The **Herald of Progress** is is published every SATURDAY, on a folio of eight pages, for Two Dollars per annum, or One Dollar for six months, payable in advance. To Clubs, Three copies to the same post office, $5; Ten Copies, $16; Twenty copies, $30.

We shall be glad to receive the names of all persons who would be likely to subscribe.

☞ Specimen Copies sent free. Address
A. J. DAVIS & CO, 274 Canal street, N. Y.

A full assortment of PROGRESSIVE BOOKS kept constantly on hand.

AGENT FOR BOSTON,
BELA MARSH, 14 Bromfield street. tf

DR. AND MRS. SPENCE

MAY be consulted at No. 52 BOND STREET, New York. MRS. SPENCE, in her capacity as medium, will prescribe and manipulate for *physical, mental* and *moral* diseases, acute and chronic.

A few patients can also be accommodated with rooms and board.

Letters of inquiry may be addressed to either DR. PAYTON SPENCE, or MRS. AMANDA M. SPENCE, No. 52 Bond St., New York City. tf May 17.

Prospectus of the New Republic.

AT a time so momentous as the present, there is an imperative demand for the exercise of all the wisdom, heroism, self-sacrifice, charity, and the forgetting of all past differences, and the sinking of all worldly ambition, in one sublime, prayerful, determined, brotherly effort to save our beloved country from the terrible ruin that more than threatens to swallow up our liberties, prosperity, peace. How to conquer the rebels, is not all of the great problem that must be settled before there is any certainty that we, as a Nation, have anything in the future to hope for.

The NEW REPUBLIC has two leading and distinctive objects: First, by humble and modest, but earnest and thorough effort, to promote, to the fullest extent of its ability, that fraternity of feeling among all parties and classes of society, on which our salvation so vitally depends. Second, to discuss, in a free, untrammeled manner, but in no partizan, dogmatical or dictatorial spirit, all of those fundamental and practical questions and principles of Government and human rights which the adjustment of our National politics will involve.

The aim of the NEW REPUBLIC will be to combine an earnest and energetic radicalism with a wise conservatism. It will advocate all rational reforms, and seek to promote a greater unity of feeling, and concert of action, and comprehensiveness of view, among all classes of reformers. It will take sides with no party, and will never be involved in personal or party quarrels, of any kind, or in any degree. So far as it acknowledges and follows leadership, Jesus Christ will be its standard in morals, and Thomas Jefferson in politics. It will advocate a reconstruction in our Government so far as to allow of a settlement of the Slavery question in such a manner as not to involve the sacrifice of justice, freedom, human rights, a sound policy and the Nation's safety, on the one hand, or unconstitutional and despotic methods on the other. It will advocate a radical revolution in politics and governmental administration, so far as there has been a departure from the Jeffersonian Platform, and systematic and persistent violation of the fundamental principles of the Government. It will be an especial advocate of simplicity and economy in Government, and attempt to demonstrate the correctness of the doctrine that "that Government is best that governs least." It will advocate a uniform and national system of currency, a uniform and humane system of prison discipline, uniform marriage and divorce laws, a new and improved system of representation, and present suggestive ideas on the subject of schools, internal improvements, post office regulations, &c. It will also give the thoughts of the ablest writers on Anthropological and Physiological science.

It will not aim to be a news-paper, but will note and comment upon, the World's progress, and the leading events of the times.

Published weekly, at the rate of one dollar a year for any length of time. Address, NEW REPUBLIC, July 5. 3m Cleveland, O.

A GENERAL PROSPECTUS OF THE BOSTON INVESTIGATOR.

VOLUME XXXII.

THE cause of Universal Mental Liberty, which seeks to establish the claims and teachings of Nature and Reason, and to *overthrow those of superstition*, bigotry, and priestcraft, still needs the support of a free and independent press. Therefore we propose to continue the BOSTON INVESTIGATOR, and shall commence its Twenty-Second Volume on the 7th of May.

We have no new principles to proclaim, and hence we shall keep to the old landmarks by which we have so long been guided, *endeavoring so far as* we are able to render the paper acceptable to all and subservient to national utility. Believing superstition to be the bane of human improvement—the moral leprosy of mankind—our most especial object shall be, as it hitherto has been, to counteract its pernicious influence, and to expose, by every means in our power, the mischievous practice of that numerous class of pretenders who are perpetually directing the attention of their credulous followers to THINGS ABOVE, that they may the more effectually deprive them of THINGS BELOW, and attempting to reconcile them to misery and degradation in this world, by promising them happiness and honor in another.

Anti-religious, then, and anti-clerical, in connection with universal mental freedom, are the distinguishing characteristics of the INVESTIGATOR. But as our aim is the promotion of human happiness by means of mental cultivation, we shall enrich our columns with whatever we may deem conducive thereto. We shall therefore present to our readers whatever we may find valuable in literature, art, or science. As we pretend not to amuse the idle, or soothe the ignorant, we shall have no pretty tales of mystery, to excite the imagination at the *expense* of the understanding; we shall, nevertheless, as much as possible, associate amusement with utility. In a word, we shall do the best we know how to render our paper deserving of the patronage we solicit, and worthy of the cause we advocate.

To the friends who have hitherto stood by us, and who have kindly tendered their further assistance, we return our most grateful acknowledgments; and we call upon every one of congenial thought and feeling to countenance and support us in our uncompromising hostility to religious imposture, which we consider the master-vice of the age.

TERMS—Two dollars per annum for a single copy—three dollars for two copies to one address. All letters should be directed to J. P. MENDUM, No. 103 Court street, *Boston, Mass., March* 1, 1862. tf mar. 22.

Pearls.

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

THE TRUER LIFE.

Have we not all, amid life's petty strife,
Some pure ideal of a nobler life
That once seemed possible? Did we not hear
The flutter of its wings and feel it near,
And just within our reach? It was; and yet
We lose it in this daily jar and fret.
And now live idle in a vague regret;
But still our place is kept, and it will wait
Ready for us to fill it, soon or late.
No star is ever lost we once have seen;
We always may be what we might have been.
The good, though only thought, has life and breath,
God's life can always be redeemed from death;
And evil, in its nature is decay,
And any hour can blot it all away.
The hopes that lost in some far distance seem
May be the truer life, and this the dream.

Labor, continuance, constancy. Life's trinity—turn them into proper channels and the meanest intellect can rise to usefulness and honor. Without them the finest talents are of no avail.

THE BIRTHDAY OF THE SOUL.

The birthday of the soul, how sweet its dawn!
It comes to me, and yet for all it is;
Upon the skies its colored form is drawn,
The green earth says 't is hers, the sea, 'tis his;
The voice of feathered tribes thick swarming tell
The day is born to fields and waiting grove;
The meadow's song and forest's rising swell
Are heard by gladsome winds that o'er them rove;
'T is music all; but higher notes than these
Bear witness, also, to the day's glad birth;
They but the ear of sense a moment please,
The song I hear is not of sense, or earth;
But such as waiting angels joyful sing,
When, from its wanderings, home a soul they bring.
[*Rel. Mag.*

We pervert God's purpose when we turn a blessing, by the thought of its transiency, into a bitterness. [*Chapin.*

A PASTOR OF THE POOR.

Grey-haired he was, a grey-haired youth,
Kind, humble, just, and wise;
He looked on woe-worn toil and truth
With pity's tearful eyes:
For he, a poor man's friendless son,
Once suffered long distress,
And hard up-hill his way had won
To honored usefulness.—[*Ebenezer Elliott.*

The injustice from which man has most to fear is his own.

PRESCIENCE.

In do distrust the poet who discerns
No character or glory in his times;
But trundles back his soul five hundred years,
Past moat and drawbridge, into castle-courts.
[*E. B. Browning.*

Hope is the blossom of happiness.

From the Monthly Religious Magazine for August.

MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

"Behold, I make all things new."

Having endeavored to show* that there is a true spirituality underlying the external expression of Modern Spiritualism, we would now try to remove the chief obstacle which has prevented many conscientious persons from finding out this inner life, by explaining the origin, growth, and present state of the antagonism between intellectual and pure spiritual culture. This branch of the inquiry may not be interesting to all readers, but we deem it indispensable that it should be thoroughly examined, and fully comprehended, before the more educated part of the community, as a whole, can be in condition to receive the truth. We would reiterate, that we write wholly from a desire, under God's blessing, to give to others the light which has been given to us; understanding that what we have to say cannot of itself persuade, but only make others receptive to the *influences* which God is ready to pour in upon all who will open themselves to the "*flowing in of his spirit of love and truth.*" †

Nothing is more marked in the history of opinion, whether relating to the commonest interests of every-day life or to the most abstruse problems of scientific or metaphysical inquiry, than the disposition of mankind to incline to extremes; on the one side in their tenacity of things already established, and on the other side in their correction of acknowledged errors. Finding out their mistakes slowly, men are apt to adopt views directly opposite to the old ones, and for that reason full of new error. Whether this arises from a laudable desire to find the truth, and hold it firmly when discovered, or whether it has its origin in man's weak conceit, leading him to assume the right and power to fix the limits of knowledge, and declare out of his own mouth the law, to the conception of which he has slowly attained, is a question which we believe might be carefully considered with much profit to self-sufficient humanity. The fact is admitted by all; and the leaders in these opposite positions are deemed the extremists of their time, and properly so considered, whether they are on the side of progress or conservatism. Few, however, are able, though recognizing the fact, to attain a position nearer to the truth; whilst most are content to flatter themselves by pointing out the extreme views of others, and pronouncing judgment on them even to foolishness.

Of all extremists none are so unhappily placed, at least for their own advantage, as those who are on the side of conservatism; their case is almost hopeless. The extremists of reform are ever moving on to new thoughts and new life; making mistakes enough in their self-anointed conceit, but still getting lessons in their experience which their conceit would not let them learn by the gentler processes prepared by God for the teaching of those his children who are willing to humble themselves first before him, in prayer for such light as he will vouchsafe to give them in his own time, and in his own way. Alas for the extremists of conservatism! They never try to rise; they wish for nothing new, no matter how much for the better. They remain, as they suppose, firmly fixed on everlasting truth; till suddenly they discover that the foundation on which they rested has rotted away, or become too weak for the superstructure; and from being the most comfortably secure, they find themselves the most uncomfortably insecure of all the world. Inevitably they either float off without sails, without rudder, without compass, into a turbulent sea of doubt and distraction; or, as the old ties give way, they swing violently to the other and directly opposite extreme, yielding themselves to a mixed rule made up largely of temper and selfish chagrin, though its true character may be concealed from themselves by their declared and acknowledged desire to do as nearly right as they can. Their motive may seem to be good; but they were extremists in their conservatism, and they are become extremists in their new light. We have remarkable instances of this in the political relations of the American people at the present time, when the most ultra conservatists give expression to violent sentiments which fairly leave behind many of those whom they formerly decried as dangerous, if not unprincipled reformers. The same thing may be seen in all the relations of life, if we will observe them carefully, even in the most insignificant matters.

It is not to be expected that men should be otherwise affected, and experience shows that they are not, in matters regarding their religious and spiritual interests. A few centuries ago, the civilized world was wholly subjugated to the Church, which had usurped to itself all authority over the minds and hearts of men, so that both in mind and heart man's individuality was lost. In knowledge of temporal things he became a child; and whenever the spirit-world and its influences came near him, he fell at once into blind superstition, which culminated, at different intervals among the nations, in the various phases and terrors of witchcraft.

This assumption of the Church, arrogating to itself all knowledge, all power, in things temporal and in things spiritual, though under the name of spiritual rule only, led to the Reformation of the seventeenth century. Breaking from the thraldom in which he had been held, man rushed into the arena which he found world-wide—nay, limited only by the limits of his own capacity. Not all at once did he obtain freedom from church rule. Even now it is far from complete in things purely spiritual; for the dogmatic theology of Protestantism has at times, and does in some directions now, well nigh hold, in spiritual things, the very supremacy which led to the outbreak of the seventeenth century. But the old impulse, the return pendulum-swing of opinion started by the Reformation, continues; and, believing that the old error was in yielding a blind obedience to the rule of those who pretended to act wholly, under spiritual guidance, and thus made distrustful of all things purely spiritual and cognizable first, if not wholly, by the heart, man has been, for the last two or three centuries, going to the other extreme, and has let intellectual forces take the lead and control of his development. The result is a disposition to doubt everything not the subject of absolute independent intellectual conception, and this has led, in different nations, and at different periods, to conditions fatal to his highest spiritual development.

In France, it reached a climax in the fearful reign of Reason, and the bloody scenes of her great Revolution. Throughout all Europe it has resulted often in a miserably unspiritual, if not wholly Godless materialism. In our own country the tendency has been to a materialism, not Godless, but wholly unspiritual. The intellectual conception of the God principle has been retained, and he has been permitted to reign abstractly through such laws as science has been able to investigate; but he has been a God of the head only, not of the heart. The tendency has been to recognize his power in the world's creation, and perhaps in the daily orderings of the world's life, but to ignore and deny the possibility of a spiritual relation between man and his Creator, other than man's ever-varying conceptions of his attributes.

In struggling to escape from the thraldom of the old Church, man has succeeded so far as to be no longer subject in temporal things, and to a great extent in spiritual things, to its dominion. We see comparatively, little of the old superstitious relation between the priest and the people. But in denying the authority of the Church, and exercising his own thought upon spiritual things, man has been carried to the opposite extreme of independence, and come to rely wholly on his own strength, forgetting that there was a God behind the Church whose power, whose love, the Church had arrogated to itself, and therefore lost its influence. Nay, the individual man has fallen into the very error which has led to the destruction of the Church's power, and constituted himself as the Church, with all knowledge, all power. As surely as the Church has lost its high position and power, so surely must individual man be humbled before the true, the only Church, which is of Christ. "It may or may not be a matter of regret," said an observant preacher, recently, "that Church organizations seem to be crumbling; the great fact is left, that where two or three are gathered together in the true Christ spirit, there will always be a true Church." He might have added, there only has the true Church ever been.

Still progress is the law, and from this extreme intellectual development has come the power to resist the tendency to superstition in spiritual things which was almost unavoidable during man's thraldom to the Church—a power without which he would not have been able to bear the recent advent of spiritual phenomena. The want of this power is even now shown in many individuals, who, from mere fear, are unable to approach the subject of Spiritualism, as presented in the more striking physical manifestations, though few are bold and truthful enough to themselves and their fellows to acknowledge their weakness. The old Church supersition is not all worked out of them, though they little suspected it till these recent strange things forced them to show the fact in their actions, if not in words.

A few of these timid ones try to persuade themselves that their fear is a proper fear of trenching upon sacred ground, an unwillingness to pry into the things upon which God has set the seal of mystery. But these either deceive themselves as to the fact, or their feeling is but another form of the old superstition which taught that the priest alone could know the ways of God. Let them remember that Christ died for all men, and to all men is it given to penetrate the very depths of Spiritual things, if they will become worthy to be so blessed. To him that asketh, if it be in the right spirit, it shall be given. To him that knocketh in the name of Jesus, it shall be opened.

Believing, then, that out of this intellectual freedom has come to most men of this day and generation, the ability to bear the approach of Spirit phenomena, so far as to examine into them without falling into the old superstition of witchcraft, we would endeavor to show more particularly how this has been brought about; to explain the working of the elements of head and heart, mind and spirit, which have heretofore held such antagonistic relations, and thus to reach, if we can, the true philosophy of this branch of the subject. We ask the candid reader's careful attention.

Thought and spirit are real things. They have substance, refined, as compared with material things, even up to sublimity; still they are real, substantial existences. It is difficult for us to come to a conception of this idea, this fact; and perhaps it is sufficient for the present to recognize them only as forces, of substance too ethereal and sublimated to be cognizable by the senses of the body, yet living forces. Now it cannot be denied, that since the Reformation of the seventeenth century, it has been the ever-increasing tendency of Protestantism to give unlimited sway and supremacy to intellect, and to reject all phenomena, all manifestations, which could not be discerned through the ordinary avenues of intellectual conception, and recognized through the ordinary channels of external sense. Thus, by the deliberate exercise of his will, the forces of his intellect have been held in direct and successful opposition to the forces of his inner or spiritual life.

The idea of spiritual discernment, as understood in the days of the Apostles, has been utterly repudiated, as having no possible place in our wise-thinking heads, and any suggestion of such a possibility in these days, utterly rejected. Here is a plain, direct antagonism between subjects of external intellectual conception and things of the spirit, to be spiritually discerned. From this antagonism has arisen the difficulty, especially of educated people, in receiving spirit manifestations, whether of the purer and more refined, or of the grosser kinds; there being as many degrees of refinement among spirits, as mansions to receive them in the spirit-world. The more men have been educated in the schools of the day, the greater has been their difficulty as regards these spiritual things. Too great confidence in their intellectual acquirements, or to speak in plain terms, though not in unkindness, their self-reliant intellectual conceit, has repelled, or made impossible, all direct approaches from the spirit-world. Herein we find the key to what has heretofore been considered the mystery of faith.

There are three conditions to which the idea of faith has relation. First, entire disbelief; second, indifference as to belief, or mere willingness not to reject; and third, active belief. In these three conditions are the three degrees: first, direct antagonism of the intellectual forces against the spiritual forces; second, a mere suspension of hostilities, with more or less of a guard to watch the enemy; and, third, the open receptiveness, the glad welcome to all the gifts and graces of the spirit, with all their accompanying blessings as they are worked out into external, or more material expression, on the earth plane.

There is no new law in these conditions. It prevailed equally in those early days when the Holy Spirit was manifested on earth in the form of Jesus. It was amongst the ignorant fishermen that he, the Nazarene, the carpenter's son, found his first disciples; simple-minded men, who had nothing to unlearn, and little, if any, intellectual antagonism to overcome. The educated men of his day would not receive him. To the fishermen it was enough for him to say, "Follow me," whilst it required a miraculous intervention to reach the heart of Paul.

So, too, in the more external workings and expression of the spirit power, what might be called the more physical manifestations of spirit, wrought out through Jesus; the same law prevailed; and we are told in the Scripture record, that the want of faith, or rather their active disbelief, the intellectual antagonism, prevented a certain district of the Jewish people from beholding the wonder-workings of the miraculous power. "Ouk hedunato ekei oudemian dunamin poiesai, ei me," &c., "And he could there do no mighty work, save," &c.; *was not able to do* is the literal translation, as it is the only meaning of the original Greek, though commentators find great difficulty in accepting it, because of the stand-point from which they take their view.°

By this same law of antagonism between mind and spirit-power have many persons been utterly prevented from witnessing even the grossest forms of spirit manifestation in these latter days. Learned men, relying on the education of their heads, have again and again endeavored to hear even the simple rappings, with more or less conscious desire and will not to find out what the strange thing was, but to prove that it was not what it purported to be; and they have gone away reassured in their wisdom of this earth, which in such an inquiry is indeed very "foolishness."

In obedience to this same law, there was a gradual disappearance, and latterly, up to the commencement of the rappings, there has been a remarkable cessation of all the manifestations which in the days of church rule resulted in superstition and witchcraft. Appearing at intervals in the gradual decline of the Church's power, the fact of this final entire cessation has always been to our minds, until recently, quite inexplicable. Here and there, to be sure, we had heard of what were called haunted houses, and we had read of the Wesley rappings; but our education had taught us to consider all such things as manifestations of anything but spirit power, and most probably as the result of deluded imaginations. Still, Mansfield on the English bench, and Sewall on this side, had soberly sat in judgment, and had condemned on the evidence; and the alternative has been either to deny the facts and stultify Mansfield and Sewall, as indeed we believe Sewall, later in life did for himself; or to admit the facts in some way, and wonder why such things had so entirely disappeared in modern times. We now understand that this cessation of spirit manifestations has been owing to the power of mental forces, held by the will in antagonism with the spirit forces.

Let it be supposed, then, for the sake of the argument, if the position cannot otherwise be admitted by our readers, that, in the fullness of time the period had come when the spirit-world was moved through its depths to draw near to the earth life. How could it, under the condition of things which we have endeavored to explain, how could it signify its approach and near presence? It has often been objected to modern spirit phenomena, that their method of expression is so mundane, so unspiritual, though claiming to be of spirit origin. The objectors have demanded that the spirits should come with gentler approaches, and in more ethereal guise. But it must be remembered that spiritual things, in what may be termed their more natural expression, can only be spiritually discerned; and how, we would ask, could these spiritual things be discerned by a race who utterly repudiated the possibility of such a manifestation, and deemed such an idea foolishness? Nay, how could the spiritual world even come near enough to be spiritually discerned by a people who were all the time repelling it, by the antagonism of which we have spoken? A little reflection shows that it was only through material signs, to be recognized by the senses of the material body, that the spirit-world could begin to effect any approach. It was because the world in the flesh was deaf to the still small voice, that resort to the gross, or material manifestations, by rappings, was necessary. Even these manifestations owed part of their influence to, if they were not necessarily preceded by, the phenomena of mesmerism or animal magnetism, to the laws of which recourse has so often been had for an explanation of the spirit phenomena, which otherwise would have compelled many minds to admit that they were what they purported to be. Thus gradually, through the three degrees above named as associated with the idea of faith, has the antagonism been removed, and thus is it still being removed, and the opposition so disarmed, that the finer, and purely spiritual manifestations begin to be received by those who have clambered over the stumbling-blocks in their way, and to the spiritually developed the things of the spirit begin to be opened, and by them spiritually discerned. But oh! through what struggles, what sufferings has this knowledge of spiritual things been attained! The utter repudiation of the possibility of spirit expression and communion has led to public and private persecution worthy of other days. Men have charged the folly, if not the crime, of superstition upon all the early votaries of Modern Spiritualism; and public opinion, instead of the burning stake, has been, and still is, the fiery ordeal to which the conscientious believer finds himself bound in bitter agony, whilst nearest and dearest friends are willing to add fuel to the fire, and blow the flame, till the victim yields his faith, or through spiritual power is raised triumphantly, like the martyrs of old, above all consciousness of suffering.

By degrees the supremacy of pure intellectual knowledge and insight is giving way; and, having become willing to throw aside their conceit of intellect, men are beginning to sit down humbly before true spiritual culture, and receive the inspirations from spirit life that have long been waiting to bless them, but they would not accept. Their intellectual development has liberated men from those idle fears and low conceptions which formerly led to witchcraft and its fearful persecutions; whilst the same condition of development has led, at the outset of the investigation of Modern Spiritualism, to purely intellectual conceptions of the subject, through inquiries originating in the head, much oftener than in the heart.

The idle curiosity, flattering itself often under the guise of scientific authority, which has from the beginning put the questions suggested by its vain conceit, has been met and answered in a way well calculated to put it to the blush. The spirit of the inquiry has been promptly met by its brother spirit in the spirit-life; and all by the force of laws which the wise in the wisdom of this earth have been slow to comprehend, assuming that they were already well enough informed on all matters of spirit-life, power and manifestation, because they had reached to a comprehension of some of the laws by which its Creator regulates his material creation.

It may be claimed by different branches of the Christian Church, that they do not deny the proper supremacy of pure heart-culture when brought into comparison with the wisdom of the head, though they perhaps have not distinctly recognized the antagonism which we have shown to exist. In the Catholic Church, particularly, has the position been maintained, and practically carried out, that the danger in giving free scope to intellectual investigation in spiritual things certainly, and perhaps to some extent in temporal things, was so great, that the popular mind could not bear exposure to it, and hence the argument in support of blind church rule, and mysterious rites in their religious services, conducted in an unknown tongue by the initiated priest. So, too, with the dogmas of the Protestant churches, insisted upon as articles of faith, and involving points of doctrine which had been worked out by the leaders of the Church, who alone could be lifted up to a true contemplation of their inner sense; a position of strange inconsistency for Protestantism, as recognized by all free-thinkers, and justly rebuked by the parent church. But, passing by this question of inconsistency, and admitting the merit in this fear of intellectual supremacy, let us look a little at the character of the substitute offered in compensation for the loss of intellectual investigation which has not been permitted. It is in this direction, as it seems to us, that the Church has deceived itself, and out of this self deception that it is so powerless to put an end to the fearful sway of selfishness, which now rules with nations and individuals. So much stress has been laid upon the importance of articles of faith, that the masses have been content with holding to these, if indeed they have not been directly taught that these alone were sufficient for their salvation. Catholicism and dogmatic Protestantism have pointed out a danger in too independent action of the intellect upon spiritual things, but their position in this regard has been substantially a negative one only, so long as they have furnished no better substitute for the right of free inquiry than simple obedience to their own authority, whether expressed in blind church rule or theological dogmas. Thus has it happened that all the while, in spite of Catholic church rule and Protestant dogmatic authority, the intellectual forces of men, starved into independent self reliant action, have been attaining the ascendency each day more and more, and the antagonism of which we have spoken become established.

If the Church had not assumed to possess all knowledge and all power in spiritual things, and taken upon itself the responsibility of true enlightenment, thus relieving men of their individual responsibility to know and understand their true relation to God and their fellow-men; if it had not offered itself as the Mediator between them and their Creator, but had rather denied itself alway, and offered Christ as the only Mediator; if by its own example it had taught men to humble themselves, each one, before God, in prayer for such light and such blessings as he might see were needed and vouchsafe to send them; then indeed would a good work have been done, and the Church of this day been entitled to a tribute of praise and thanks from its equally humble followers. But pride, conceit and self-reliance have been its attributes, and its children could hardly be expected to be superior to their spiritual guide. The happy middle course of humble, prayerful, individual development was hard to find out under such conditions; and few, very few, have found and followed it.

We do not understand, and would not for a moment suggest, that the intellectual faculties of our nature are to be lost, or even kept in abeyance, but made subordinate to pure heart or spiritual culture, so that only true knowledge can and shall be offered to man's comprehension. Then all things of the spirit shall be accepted by, and made reasonable to, the mental faculties, which will sit humbly waiting for God's movement, and not trusting in themselves to work out their own knowledge in their own way, which leadeth to destruction. The equal development of heart and head, the beautiful harmonious result of a true relation between the spiritual and mental forces, in which alone can be found the perfect man, is yet to come; and the grave question now proposed to the world is, whether the time for the establishment of that harmonious relation is not at hand! It can come in no other way than through a pure spiritual Christianity, such as the world has not seen yet, with the Christ spirit, and not human intellect, under any guise of creed or doctrine, recognized as the only test of a true church. It is then, and not till then, that the prayer so often on the lips of men is to be answered; then, when God's kingdom shall come, and his will be done on earth, even as it is done in heaven.

If it be true—and Spiritualists know it to be true—that messages from angel forerunners have announced the coming of that kingdom as close at hand, when Jesus shall return to earth, and reign in the name of the Father, is it well, nay, is it safe, to pass the messengers, or the message, by unheeded? If it should be that they are messengers of truth, are you ready, are you prepared, to bear the *quickening power* of the Spirit? Already is it at the nation's door. Already have the elements of war and fratricidal strife in this people been worked out into fearful expression. Be not deceived because this appears to have been done by natural causes. Wait not till the influence has penetrated to the very hearthstones of your homes, for there too shall its quickening power yet be felt, and the elements of disease and death be driven out into expression more fearful even than on the battle field. Purify your homes purify your hearts, purify your bodies, purify your lives! Wait not for the purification which shall be a consuming fire. Even now does the mighty voice sound through the air, as heard of old by the Prophet of Revelations, and audible to him that hath an ear to hear are those momentous words, "Behold, I make all things new!"

There is no other Church than this, and no other Christ than he who is ever ready to come into every heart that will open to him. This is the true Church, and Christ is ever with it, and it is his body and his spirit. It is the ever-ready receptive soul, the ever-ready giving forth of the word and work of Christ. It is the church universal, and its creed is written in the hearts of its members, and its members are those who are ever learning the truth of God, and living it out in their lives. It has no creed but the truth, no law but love, no end but the good of all souls. It is the church militant only against error and wrong, against all that would bind the free spirit, against all that would make a man's worship or belief a matter between his neighbors and himself instead of between himself and his God. It is the church that has no sanction but truth, no power but love, no life but the life of God in the souls of his children. It is the church that needs no temples made with hands, no days set apart, no rites and ceremonies, no ministers ordained by man, no creed but the ever-living word of God, no bible but the ever-living souls in which his spirit dwells to make them his children and his ministers to the world. It is the church that needs no sanction of any other church or churches, no patronage of any sect or party, no favor of any people or nation, but stands alone upon the rock of truth, with the spirit of God for its life and light, and the souls of its members for its temple. It is the church that has been from the beginning of the world, and will be to the end of it, the church of God, in which every soul that lives the life of God is a member, and which no man can join or leave but as he joins or leaves himself alone by his own life or death. It is the church which Christ and his apostles lived in, and which they left when they left their bodies and went to their Father and God. It is the church which we all may live in, and which we can never leave but by sin and death. It is the church which we all do live in, if we live the life of God, and love our neighbors as himself and himself above all things and all souls as his children. It is the church which we all shall live in when we have left our bodies, if we live in it now. It is the church which we can live in here and now, and which we must live in here and now, or we can never live in it hereafter. It is the church which we can make our own by our own life, and which we can make our own only by our own life. It is the church which we can make our own by our own life, and which we can make our own only by our own life. It is the church which we can make our own by our own life, and which we can make our own only by our own life.

*Gospel according to Mark, chap. vi. verses 5 and 6; also Matthew, chap. xiii. verse 58. See note to this last verse in Barnes's Notes on the Gospels.

Letter from Canada West.

DEAR BANNER—Away up here in this background of Mother Nature's gorgeous picture are varied pencillings of Jehovah. The sky is full of stars, and the Milky-Way is holding her resplendent exhibition on this side of the American line. Here the little sea of Ontario is obeying the mandate of thus far and no further shalt thou indulge thy surging waves. And here, too, is "God's first temple," the primeval forest.

Oh, thou grand old woods, how beautiful thou art! How sacred is thy sanctuary! How sweet thy pensive solitude, and holy thy breath of Nature! When we stand at thy portals and listen to the anthem of thy leafy bowers, verily, we feel that the glorious diapason of Heaven hath relationship with thee. The finger of God hath written beauty upon thy every page, and the immortal Master-Hand hath tuned the lyre strings of thy myriad choristers. Surely, thou art "God's first temple," and at thine altar we may bow and worship.

Yes, here in all its grandeur, waves the primeval forest. And further in the background at the North we behold the splendors of Aurora, rippling their radiant breath o'er all the concave there, presenting the aspect of a world on fire; but I guess they are Father God's candles burning where Mahomet *is n't* entombed.

And here in goodly numbers the varied types of the "Human form Divine" are representing many portions of our globe. God bless their dear souls, for they have got souls, even the *females;* and they have never yet been "deluded by the writings of A. J. Davis," or heard the sound of our glorious Gospel; have burned no Spiritual books, for they had them not to burn. But surely, if they do not worship whiskey, and tobacco, and dogs, and dogmatic creeds, they must venerate them highly, for such is the esteem in which they are held, that certainly it would indicate the totality of soul aspiration.

And yet away down through the murky mists of these unhallowed conditions I discover holy and divine aspirations, struggling for a ray of sunshine, and a breath to breathe. And oh, all over my soul I can feel that I would be one to help—yes, to help, though it might be only as the drop helps make up the ocean.

Oh, if I were a voice, an immortal voice,
I would traverse the wide world through,
To speak to the hearts of my fellow-men,
And persuade them to be true!

On my arrival here in change of climate, the need of additional garments soon led me to a tailor, who had a wife standing at his side, as if there had been a God-wedding of mortals, at least in one instance, and while they were kindly attentive to my needs, I found an opportune moment to utter to them some progressive thoughts, interesting them so much that they wished me to call often and let them hear more; and the consequence was, that their seats soon became vacant in the Church—for they belonged to the Church in the faith that Christ will come again, bearing his earthly insignia in the year '68 of the present century, and then came inquiries from the Church to know what it meant. And the reply from the missing members was, "that they had found a better faith."

There was a firebrand, and who had thrown it? Well, of course it was easily traced to the erring party. And then came one after another from their number to me to have me give an account of myself, which I did do poorly enough in my weakness, but as best I could, resulting in a request from them that I would meet them on the following Sabbath, where their speaker would be present, which I assured them would give me pleasure. And at the appointed time they found me there, where husbands had brought their wives and Bibles; and as my heart was replete with earnest good will toward them, I called them brothers and sisters, which they said I must not do, for I was of Satan, and they were not. "Let no man call God Father who calls not man his brother," was my reply, and I added that I had often thought that their poor old imaginary Satan was the subject of many undeserved evil imputations.

With an air of triumph their speaker appealed to the listeners, and declared that was just what he expected to find—"a sympathizer with the devil." I then spoke to them in a more extended breath, uttering some progressive thoughts in relation to that poor old Satan who is so heavily burthened by those who cannot well get along without him; and as I spoke, a kind spirit seemed whispering to their souls that I was not a foe to aspirations holy. Their speaker's tone was changed, and as he bowed his head on either side, he side, "*Too true, too true!*"

Then surely did I feel that it was good for me to be there, and to my mind came the thought of the old lady who once attended one of our meetings, in the States, and declared she would not go again for anything, for they said so many good things, she was really afraid they would get her in among them.

After answering many questions from them, in which, for several hours, I strove to hold their hearts fraternally to mine, and taking each by the hand, with the thought that it might be our last earthly meeting, we reluctantly separated.

Wave on, dear BANNER, for as kindly breathings upon the lyre-strings of the soul make the glorious concord of heaven, so are yours making their sweet melody upon the harpstrings of many hearts, and your folds shall embrace this region by and by.

In the harvest field of souls I am your earnest, hopeful

NORTHERN PIONEER.

Centreville Grove Meeting.

A Mass Meeting of Spiritualists, or Progressionists, is to be held in Centreville, Bradford Co., Pennsylvania, Sunday, August 24th, commencing at ten o'clock, A. M. Mr. and Mrs. Palmer, Mr. John Rackiyeff, of Chemung Co., N. Y., and Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Miller, of Ohio, are engaged as speakers; several other *volunteer* speakers may also be expected.

Wellsburg, on the N. Y. and Erie Railroad, is only three miles from the grove, and six miles below Elmira.

Friends here will do what they can toward entertaining speakers and those coming from a distance. A good time is anticipated. Per Order,

H. M. MILLER, *Sec'y.*

Elmira, N. Y., August 18, 1862.

Convention in Vermont.

The Vermont Annual Convention of Spiritualists is to be holden at Rockingham Centre, Vermont, on the 5th, 6th and 7th of September next. A town hall can be had that will seat one thousand persons or more. All speakers that can make it convenient are invited to be present; also our friends, one and all, are expected to meet each other there and enjoy a heavenly feast with the angel-world.

Bridgewater, July 24, 1862.

Convention of Spiritualists.

Ashtabula County Yearly Convention of Spiritualists will be held at Monroe Centre, Ohio, on the 6th and 7th of September next. S. J. Finney and Cora L. V. Hatch are expected. Other speakers are cordially invited to attend. Friends who may come from a distance will be kindly welcomed and hospitably entertained. Come one, come all. A good time is expected.

By order of committee. E. D. WATROUS.

Public Meeting.

MR. EDITOR—We are to have a *Sinners'* Progressive Grove or Hall Meeting here the first Friday, Saturday and Sunday in September. Everybody is invited to attend, especially all those who are in political or sectarian bondage, &c. J. M. REYNOLDS.

Beloit, Wis., June 26, 1862.

The Spiritual Sunday School Class-Book.

This little *brochure* is selling rapidly. We have made arrangements to supply large orders on very reasonable terms. Every family should have this book. For price, etc., see advertisement.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT,

The oldest and largest Spiritualistic Journal in the World,

IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT BOSTON, MASS., BY

WILLIAM WHITE, LUTHER COLBY, | ISAAC B. RICH, CHARLES H. CROWELL,

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

THIS JOURNAL PUBLISHES

Original Novelettes from the best pens in the country.

Original Essays upon Philosophical, Religious and Scientific subjects.

Reports of Spiritual Lectures from Trance and Normal Speakers.

Spirit Messages, given through Mrs. J. H. CONANT, from educated and uneducated Spirits, proving their identity to relatives and friends.

Choice and Original Poetry, Miscellany, Wit, &c.

All of which features render the BANNER a popular Family paper, and at the same time the harbinger of a glorious Scientific Religion.

CONTRIBUTORS.

PROFESSOR S. B. BRITTAN, of New York City.
HORACE DRESSER, LL.D., of New York.
HON. WARREN CHASE, of Battle Creek, Mich.
HUDSON TUTTLE, Esq., of Berlin Heights, Ohio.
GEORGE STEARNS, Esq., of West Acton, Mass.
A. B. CHILD, M. D., of Boston.
REV. FRED. L. H. WILLIS, of Coldwater, Mich.
PROF. PAYTON SPENCE, M. D., of New York City.
URIAH CLARK, of Auburn, N. Y.
W. W. H. MCCURDY, of Ohio.
MISS EMMA HARDINGE, of Boston.
MISS CORA WILBURN, of Philadelphia, Pa.
MRS. A. M. SPENCE, of New York City.
MISS BELLE BUSH, Norristown, Pa.
MRS. EMMA TUTTLE, of Berlin Heights, Ohio,
And many other writers of note.

Terms of Subscription:

One copy, one year,	$2 00
" " six months,	1 00
Two copies, one year,	4 00
" " six months,	2 00
Four or more copies, one year, in one package, per copy,	1 50
Four or more copies, six months, in one package, " "	75

EXPLANATION.—Four or more copies, sent to ONE POST-OFFICE ADDRESS, constitute a club, for which each subscriber will be charged $1 50 per year. When a less number than four copies are sent, we shall charge $2 00 per year for each copy.

☞ *There will be no deviation from the above terms.*

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

Subscribers in Canada, or other foreign countries, will add to the terms of subscription 52 cents per year, for pre-payment of American postage.

Subscribers wishing the direction of their paper changed from one town to another, must always give the name of the *Town, County* and *State* to which it has been sent.

☞ *Specimen Copies sent free.*

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted on the most favorable terms.

☞ All Communications designed for publication, or in any way connected with the editorial department, should be addressed to the EDITOR. Letters to the Editor not intended for publication should be marked "private" on the envelop.

All Business Letters must be addressed

"BANNER OF LIGHT, BOSTON, MASS."

William White & Co.

WHOLESALE AGENTS FOR THE BANNER:

JOHN J. DYER & CO., 85 School street, Boston.
A. WILLIAMS & CO., 100 Washington st., "
FREDERICK & CO., 9 Court st., "
SINCLAIR TOUSEY, 121 Nassau street, New York City
JOHN R. WALSH, Madison street, Chicago, Ill.