

BANNER OF THE LIGHT.



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Literary Department.

THE STEP-MOTHER.

OR,

THE ANGEL'S WHISPER.

CHAPTER I.

The sun, just going down behind the hills, tinged the clouds with rainbow hues; all nature seems sinking into repose, and yet hangs trembling on the wheels of time, that man may sketch the beauty of the scene. Not a sound is heard save the gurgling of yonder tiny waterfall, the sighing of the passing zephyrs around us, and the occasional notes of some feathered songster of the forest, for we are apart from the busy haunts of men, and are refreshing ourselves in nature's temple. But while we are musing the sun has set, the dews are falling, the shadows of night are creeping o'er us, and we must hasten on to the little cottage at the foot of yonder hill.

It is the home of the widow Bancroft, and her only son, a lad of ten years. For nine years the widow has toiled to support her child, and now the hand of disease is laid heavily upon her. For many days she has been unable to leave her bed, and the little George has administered to her wants with untiring care, and all the love a mother has bestowed upon him is now used to soften the pillow of the dying one. Yes, the fond mother is passing on; and as the child uttered the last words of his evening prayer, the angels bore the mother home, and he was left alone. Yes, alone in the wide, wide world.

A few days after that loved face had been concealed from his view, he was leaving the little cottage to try his fortune in the city of the three hills, where, with truth upon his brow and ambition within his soul, he is sure of success.

Two days after his arrival, we find him employed in a large publishing house on Washington street. Ten years have passed, and the seeds of truth, sown by the mother while he watched at her bedside in the little cottage in the woods have become large trees, and the rich fruits of success are hanging from the branches. Yes, the little George has been admitted into partnership, and Prosperity's ample robes of purple and fine linen are folded around him.

The rain is descending in torrents, and the pedestrians are seeking shelter wherever it can be found. George is quietly conversing with his senior partner, when the door is opened by a little girl, who enters with a courtesy, and a "Please, sir, will you come and see my mother? She is dying, and I am all alone."

"Where do you live, my little girl?" said George.

"Oh, only a little ways," she replied. "Do come and see, or my mother will die all alone."

"Why did you come for me?" asked George, as they were hurrying down the street.

"Oh, I don't know, sir; only I looked through the window, and you looked so good I could not help asking you to go with me."

And here she turned into a narrow court, darted in at the first door, and was flying up stairs, motioning George to follow on. Approaching the door at the foot of another flight, she paused and softly opened it and entered, leading George by the hand. Everything in the apartment bore the look of poverty, yet of extreme neatness.

"Mary," said a feeble voice, "come nearer—I am going."

"Oh! no, no, mother—I have brought a gentleman to cure you, and you must not die."

George approached the bed, took the hand of the sufferer, and asked what he should do for her comfort.

"Nothing for me," replied the dying one; "but what you can for my child—my poor little Mary. She has not always lived as you now find us, and I fear she will wither beneath the scorching sun of poverty after I am gone."

"Dompose yourself, my good woman," said George; "I will see that she is well cared for if you are taken away. Ten years ago I was left an orphan, and the present scene forcibly reminds me of my situation at that time."

The face of the invalid became radiant with joy, as she murmured—

"Oh, my dear child, you are the angel sent to protect my precious treasure, my Mary. Now I can die in peace."

In two hours after the angels bore her spirit home, and Mary was an orphan.

After calling in friends who would attend to the dead, George left, promising to return in the morning. As he was hastening to his store he began to reflect upon what he had done and what he had promised to do.

"Where in the deuce have you been with that little beggar-girl?" said his partner, as George entered the store just as they were closing for the night. George related all that had passed.

"What could have induced you to take such a risk?" said his partner; "you certainly do not expect to keep her? Just think how young you are, and yet twenty-one with a girl not yet nine years old to take care of! However, you had better take her home, for she has made too deep an impression on your mind to be easily shaken."

"Not so," replied George; "my promise is sacred, and, by heaven, it shall ever be kept by me."

"Very well," said the partner; "do just as you please. I hope you will meet with success in your novel enterprise."

"Thank you," replied George; "I have no doubt I shall be as successful as the Grecian sage was in his search for wisdom."

And thus the two parted—one to meet his family, the other to ponder over the past and plan for the future.

Early on the following morning George, according to agreement, was found at the house of death.

After comforting the little orphan and giving orders in regard to the disposition of the body, he hastened to consult an old lady friend, who he felt sure would counsel him aright.

"Well, my son, what has brought you here so early this morning?" said old Mrs. Baxter, as George entered, looking rather excited.

"Well, mother," said he, "I came to ask you to advise me upon a subject I know but very little about." And he related the incidents of the past twenty-four hours.

"My son," she replied, "you have acted wisely, and I feel sure the holy ones will assist you to keep your promise. If you will call for me this afternoon, I will go with you to see the child, and will then advise you in regard to her."

At two o'clock George and the old lady were entering the house of sorrow. Yes, of sorrow! for sure it now dwelt in that young, desolate heart. As they softly opened the door the frail form of the orphan was seen bending o'er the sheeted dead, praying God to take her home to dwell with her mother.

Mrs. Baxter and George stood still and gazed upon the angelic face of the little bud, as she prayed to be transplanted beside the parent flower in heaven.

"Oh, I cannot wonder at your promise," said the old lady, the sound of whose voice startled the little one from her devotions, who came forward and fell down at their feet from utter exhaustion and grief combined.

"This child is very sick," said the old lady, "and should be immediately removed from this place, where she can have good care, or I fear she will not live; and if you think it best I will take her home and take care of her for the present, at least."

"Thank you, thank you," said George; "I will get a carriage and remove her at once."

After her removal it was deemed advisable to send for a physician, who pronounced her case brain fever, a result of grief and over-taxation. For many weeks the little sufferer lingered between the mortal and immortal city; but at last nature rallied, and she was pronounced out of danger. On coming to consciousness her first inquiry was for her mother and the good gentleman who had promised to take care of her.

"Your mother is in heaven," said the good old lady, who was bathing her hands with cool water, and the good gentleman comes to see you every day, and will take care of you, as he promised to."

"Oh, yes—now I remember; my dear mother came last night with the angels and took away my pain, and told me he and you would take care of me, while she and the angels would bless you for it."

A sweet smile swept over the pale features of the child, and she slept, and two hours after awoke to meet her benefactor, and thanked him so sweetly for his kindness to her, that he in return inwardly bestowed upon him.

Weeks passed on, and little Mary grew strong again, and the plant of love between the three grew strong also. The old lady was not willing to part with her charge, and finally it was agreed that she should keep her and send her to school, while George was to furnish money for her support.

"Well, George," said his partner, as they were conversing one day, about one year after, "how do you get along with your little protégée?"

"Oh, very well," said George; "I should not know what to do with my spare change if I did not have her to take care of. By the way, did you ever see her?"

"No," he replied, "I never did; but my children have told me about her. They say she is a very smart scholar, and is extravagant in her praises of you. Bring her in, sometime—I should like to see her."

"She is coming in this afternoon," said George, "to get some books, and then you can see her if you wish."

Just then a pretty little maid of ten summers entered, and timidly approached George, saying—

"Mrs. Baxter had told her Mr. Bancroft wanted to see her at his store."

"Yes," replied George, "I wished to furnish you with a new supply of books," and at the same time he led her forward and introduced her to his partner.

After selecting what she wished, she thanked him and departed.

"What do you think of her?" said George, after she had gone.

"What do I think of her?" replied his partner; "Why, I think she does credit to her guardian, and if she is as good as she is pretty, I think she will make a good companion for somebody in time."

CHAPTER II.

Eight years have been whirled into the past by the never-beating wheels of time, and the little orphan has blossomed into a lovely woman, and many a pretty face has been shown upon the streets, and the golden chords of love that were ever played

at the bedside have existed between the orphan and the guardian, his ward, strong and holy, and to-day the ceremony at the altar, and the blessing of the angels, will bind the guardian and the orphan together, and many kind hearts will rejoice at the union. But none are more happy than the old lady Baxter at witnessing the marriage of her children, as she calls them.

Two years have passed, and the home of George and Mary is blessed by the presence of a little daughter, who bears upon her cherub face the image of both its father and mother; the full, blue eyes and high forehead of the former, and the regular features and mild expression of the latter, speaking of intelligence and love combined.

Love lights the sacred temple of the soul; while intellect expands and comprehends the whole.

The little Annie is now four years of age, and peace and prosperity still reign in the household; but alas! every joy has its sorrow, every sunshine its shadow. The frail form of Mary is fast sinking beneath the heavy hand of consumption, a disease she inherited from her mother. The best medical aid is consulted—but all in vain. The respirator is there, and he will gather the harvest home.

The mild face of the old lady Baxter is again seen bending over the stricken form, and her hands are again ministering to its wants. George is almost constantly at the bedside of the loved one, and the little Annie is continually asking if her mother will not get well again.

Months pass on, and still the loved one lingers. It is now midsummer, and the shadows of evening are covering the earth like a gloomy pall. The sky is dark with heavy clouds, and the distant thunder betokens an approaching storm. The vivid lightnings illumine the dark dome above us, and the heavy thunder peals forth like the voice of an avenging angel.

"Listen!" said the invalid; "the voice of God is calling me home through the medium of the angry elements, and my hour is come. My dear ones, my loved ones; for I am happy and already I see the angels who have come to welcome me home."

One blessing, one farewell, and the angels bore the spirit on. The respirator was removed, and the elements have ceased warring, and a thousand stars are calmly looking down upon us, and the soft zephyrs are breathing forth a requiem for the dead.

Three days later and loving friends are crowding the house of mourning to take a last farewell of the form they loved so dearly. The long line of carriages is slowly moving toward the churchyard, and the much loved form is consigned to its kindred dust.

For dust thou art and unto dust shalt return; But the spirit is of God, and unto God it hath been borne.

The once happy home is now left desolate, and George moves on again in the busy throng, gathering comfort from the little bud left to cheer him in his hours of loneliness; and all the wealth of parental love is lavished upon the little Annie, who is now six years of age.

George, said his partner, as they were one day conversing together, about two years after the death of Mary, "why do you not marry again, and thereby obtain a mother for your child?"

"Oh," replied George, "I have not thought of it as yet; but provided I had, who would you advise me to marry?"

"Marry who you please, if you can; but why do you not marry the rich Miss Harper? You know you can, if you wish. She has wealth, is handsome, has a fine education, and would no doubt prove an excellent companion and a good mother to your child."

"What leads you to suppose that I could marry this lady if I wished to?" said George.

"Why, my reasons are simply these. I know by every look and act of the lady when she is in your presence, that she loves you; and if you doubt my word, ask her to marry you, and receive proof from her own lips."

"Well," replied George, "I will think of it; but I must be better acquainted with her before I ask her to marry me and become a mother to my child."

A few evenings after this conversation a social levee was given at the residence of the Harpers, and George was among the invited guests.

"Well, George," said his partner the following morning, "how did you enjoy yourself last evening? And what do you think of Miss Angie Harper?"

"Ah, I passed a very pleasant evening," replied George, "and was well pleased with Miss Harper."

Near three weeks after this conversation George is sitting alone in his quiet little parlor reading the Evening News, when he was suddenly interrupted by the entrance of Annie.

"What brings you here so late, my child?" said he; "I supposed you were in bed as this."

"Well, I was," replied the child, "but I could not go to sleep. I was thinking so much of what the girls told me at school to-day; and so I came to tell you all about it."

"Well, my dear, what was it?"

"Why, father, they said you were going to marry Miss Harper, and bring her here to be my mother."

"Well, Annie, how should you like to have her for your mother?"

"I should like her very much, if she was good," replied the child.

"Well, my dear, go back to your bed, and try to sleep; perhaps you will have her some day."

Two months later the doors of Trinity Church were thrown open to admit a bridal party. A large company had assembled there to witness the union of George Bancroft and Angie Harper.

reverable pastor invoked a blessing upon the newly-wedded pair, many of the company were prophesying in regard to their future.

"I tell you what it is," said an old lady to her young female companion, "Angie will never get along with Bancroft's daughter. I lived in Harper's family ten years; and she never did like children, and I am sure she will not like Annie Bancroft, and then there will be trouble."

"Yes, I am afraid it will be so," replied her companion. "But see, the people are nearly all gone, and we must hurry or we shall be left alone."

CHAPTER III.

"Well, Annie," said her father, about two months after her marriage, "how do you like your new mother?"

"Oh, I should like her, father, if she would like me."

"What makes you think she does not like you, my little pet?"

"I don't know, father; only she told her mother the other day she wished she could like me; and she would not say so if she did like me."

"Nonsense, my little one, she does like you very much, and you must not think of this again."

One evening some time after this conversation with Annie, George was detained at the store much later than usual, and in reaching home, as he passed Annie's door on his way to his wife's room, he thought he heard a sound as if some one were crying.

He paused to listen, and distinctly heard Annie's voice. "Oh, entering, he found her crying bitterly."

"What is the matter, my dear?" said he.

"Oh, father," sobbed the child, "I am so unhappy! My mother tells me she does not love me, and she tells me I must go away to a boarding-school; and while I am gone she will try to learn to love me. Oh, dear, dear father I cannot go."

"Well, my dear, you need not go; be a good girl and go to sleep, and I will see your mother about this."

What was this mean? said George to himself, as he entered his chamber, and found his wife rapidly passing the door, apparently much excited.

"My dear," said George, "I have been detained at the store; but why did you sit up to wait for me? I hope you were not troubled about my absence. I see you are excited about something. What is the trouble, my dear? Are you offended at my staying away so long?"

"No," replied the lady; "not offended at you, but at your child. I cannot get along with her, she is so willful, and she cries half the time you are away, because she says I do not love her; and I am sure I cannot. I have tried to love her and cover up all her faults; but it is no use—she has a very bad temper. I suppose she inherited it from her mother. She is not at all like you."

"Hush, my wife!" said George; "you know not her of whom you speak."

"There! I know you would be against me," sobbed the lady, "and heaven knows I wish I had never become your wife."

"Angie, I am not against you; but you must not speak so unjustly of the being whose memory I hold so dear. I loved her—I love you, and I love my child also; and if that child errs you must love her, and so teach her to love and obey you."

Early the next morning little Annie was imploring her father not to send her away from him.

"No, no, Annie, you need not go away. Be a good girl, obey your mother in all things, and all will be well."

Weeks passed on, and the child sought very hard to please her step-mother; but all in vain. The fond affection of the little motherless one was not sufficient to inspire love within the soul of the cold-hearted woman of the world. And the once happy home seems dedicated to discord. Clouds have taken the place of sunshine, and the busy tongue of slander is working its mischief amid the darkness.

The church bells are ringing. Mrs. Bancroft is arraying herself to attend the house of God. George and the old lady Baxter are in the next room, watching with intense anxiety the labored breathings of the frail form extended on the snowy couch before them.

"She is very, very sick," said the old lady, "and her mother must be a heartless woman to leave her."

George turned away to hide the falling tear, and to close if possible a heart bursting with grief.

"George!" said a sharp voice from the next room, "the bells are tolling—are you not going to church?"

"No, I am not," he replied. "My duty is here. If yours is elsewhere, go—and may you find peace in going."

"Well," replied the lady, "I do not think it is my duty to stay away from church to please the fancy of any one. That girl is not very sick; and if she is, one is quite enough to take care of her."

So saying, she left the house, and mixed with the great throng, who were winding their way to the high pillared domes called the houses of God.

For many weeks the poor little Annie raved with all the wild delirium of fever, and at last lay almost within the embrace of death; but the kindness of friends, the skill of the good physician, and the will of the great spirit, restored her once more to health.

"My friend," said the doctor, as he was one day conversing with George, "you must place your child under more evangelical influences, or she will not stop long with you. She is a tender plant, and the cold winds of Atonement and neglect will chill her ere you are aware of it."

George understood the full import of these words, and

and inwardly resolved to clothe up his business and remove with his daughter to a distant clime, and leave forever the being who had caused him so much unhappiness.

One month later, and Angie is walking the street at her father's house, wringing her hands in wild despair. George and Annie have gone she knows not whither. No one can give her one ray of light. It is a mystery to all.

The calm face of the beautiful orb of night is shining upon the silver sheet of the Mississippi, and a thousand stars leud their aid to render the scene more beautiful. All is quiet, save the rippling of the water and the hum of voices on board the Bendbird, as she glides up the river with her freight of human souls.

A young man sits apart from the merry group on deck, apparently more absorbed in thought than in contemplating the beauty of the scene. A few feet from him stood a young girl gazing out upon the waters and wandering back in fancy to those she had left behind.

"Father," she suddenly exclaimed, "what makes you look so sad?"

"Because I feel so, my Annie," was his answer; "for it was Annie and her father."

"Well, dear father, do try to be happy. You said you should be happier away—and now you are looking so sad! What do you see in the beautiful sky you are watching so closely?"

"Nothing, my child!" he replied; "I was thinking of your angel mother, and wondering if she knew my sorrow, and would sympathize with me and watch over you."

"I believe she can, father, for last night I dreamed of her. I dreamed she came to my bed, smoothed the clothes, put her hand on my head, and told me a great many things; said she knew all, and would bless and watch over me. Then she left me, and I woke up and heard such sweet music, and I was not at all afraid. I have been thinking of it all day."

"I wish I could believe it was more than a dream," said the father. "But come, my dear, the dews are falling, and you must go below and try to sleep."

CHAPTER IV.

Three months have waned away, and it is Winter. The cold blasts of a Northern clime are sending many a shivering form hurrying through the streets to reach his or her friends, if such they may chance to have.

The good Dr. B— is quietly seated in his office, reading the news of the day, when he is suddenly interrupted by the loud ringing of the door-bell.

"What is wanted?" asked he of a servant, who entered the room.

"You are wanted, sir, to go immediately to Mr. Harper's house. His daughter, Mrs. Bancroft, is almost dying."

"Very well," he replied; "I will be there in the course of fifteen minutes."

"What can be the matter?" said he to himself, as he was drawing on his boots preparatory to going. "Perhaps it is remorse for past events; but, however, I shall see when I get there."

Soon he was at the bedside of Mrs. Bancroft, and found her indeed to be very sick.

"What seemed to induce this sudden attack?" asked he of her father, who was standing beside him.

"Really, I do not know," replied the father; "she has not been herself since her husband left her. This evening, as she was reading the paper, she suddenly fell back in a fit. We have searched the paper to see if we could find anything there to occasion this; but can find nothing."

"Let me see the paper," said the doctor, "while I am waiting to see how this medicine operates. Perhaps I can detect something."

He scanned it closely, and at last his eye fell on the following paragraph:

"We understand that Mr. George Bancroft, formerly of this city, has purchased a fine estate in Virginia, whither he is about to remove with his beautiful daughter."

"I think this must have been the cause of the present trouble," said the doctor, "as he handed the paper to the father."

"Yes, yes, very likely; poor child, she has suffered much—but she did not do right—George was a good husband, and I am sorry he could not overlook her faults."

It is Spring. The earth is decked with a thousand beauties, budding from the bosom of Winter. Mrs. Bancroft is just able to walk out; but she is pining, yes, dying, to again enjoy the flower of love, she has so ruthlessly cast aside. And thus she walks on with her quiet sorrow; yet ever praying that the worm may die and the fire be quenched.

George and his daughter are comparatively happy in their Southern home. The genial sun of a tropical clime has added fresh roses to Annie's cheeks, and partially covered the sorrow in the father's heart.

Old Aunt Judy, the colored housekeeper is constantly fixing up "goodies" as she calls them, to tempt the appetite of her master and young mistress, "because," she says, "they are not used to nigger's fixins, no how," and must have the best.

One year has passed and again it is mid-summer. George has gained many friends in his Southern home; but he is continually thinking of those he has left at the North. Ramro tells him of unhappy ones there. He pities the unhappy ones, and yet he feels conscious of having tried to do right.

Two forms are conversing together in the dim starlight.

"Do you see any chance for my life, doctor?"

SHARPE: "Grandma, do you know why I can see up in the sky so far?" asked Charlie, a little four-year-old, of the venerable lady who sat on the piazza knitting.

"No, my dear; what is it?" replied grandma, bending her eyes, eager to catch and remember the wise sayings of the precious little pet.

"Because there is nothing in the way," and the young philosopher resumed his astronomical search, and grandma her knitting.

Spiritualism in Toronto, C. W.

DEAR BANNER.—Once more my pioneer feet have been planted on British ground in obedience to the commands of the invisible, and the cry of "come over and help us" from the faithful few of the above named Canadian city. I found "the cause" like the country in general, and progress in particular, discovered from the United States by a much wider line of demarcation than the broad waters of Ontario; indeed, it would scarcely seem possible to realize the extent of the mental ocean that rolls between these countries by any comparison of the physical barriers of separation. Whatever these differences may be, I leave the visitor of both sections to find out for himself.

Spiritualism in its usual mobile and wondrous adaptation to the peculiar idiosyncrasies of each people is in their midst, and though I left my heart on the western shore, I found ample gratification for my head on the other side, being received with warm welcome and generous appreciation, by as intellectual an audience as it has ever been my good fortune to address. My engagement was "to cross the lake (from Oswego), and give a lecture on Tuesday evening, August 26, in Toronto. This arrangement extended however to the two following days, and had not prior engagements compelled my return before the following Sunday, would not even then have terminated, for, willing as I am to impart of the glorious truth that has illumined my own pathway, I found many an anxious listener yet more ready to receive, and pressing my continuance amongst them with an earnestness that nothing but duty could have enabled me to resist.

My last lecture was chosen by a committee of the audience, consisting of three gentlemen remarkable, as I was informed, for their high standing in society, and their legal attainments, and if the warmest expressions of interest, astonishment, and satisfaction on the part of my audiences were evidence of appreciation, my brow would now be covered with spiritual laurels. There is, however, to my mind, a deeper significance in their kindness than personal appreciation, and it is not to my vanity, but to my reason that this spirit appeals.

I find in modern Spiritualism a key that unlocks the profoundest mysteries of science; a clue that guides us through the most intricate realms of analysis; a plummet line that sounds the depths of mind, and infringes upon the hitherto unfathomable realms of eternity. It is impossible to open up the stores of spiritual philosophy without displaying the riches of kindred sciences, and calling in the witness of tenderest emotions and sublimest aspirations, and as the blessed masters who commission their mediums to go forth and proclaim this mighty dispensation to the world, never fail to arm us with the credentials of inspiration and "the gift of tongues" to express their noble ideas withal, so it requires appreciative minds, cultivated intellects, and brains sharpened by logical exercises and polished by education, most fully to apprehend the scope, beauty and truth of Spiritualism.

Not only to my noble spirit masters, then, of whom I am little more than the material mouthpiece, but also to my intellectual and educated audiences themselves, do I owe the success that for the second time has gladdened the spiritual missionary in Canada, and I cannot resist the conclusion that when heads and hearts are equally balanced in spiritual audiences, and both invite the hands to help the spirits work the telegraph, Spiritualism will indeed be "the Lyceum Church" of the world.

In Toronto, then, my graceful and highly gratifying welcome was mainly attributable to the polished surfaces on which the great light of the noble truth fell, and whilst I cannot forbear expressing my delight in addressing such audiences, and lamenting that I do not more frequently realize such a gratification, do not suppose, my American friends, that for all this intellectual appreciation, I am ready to forego the precious, warm hearts and outstretched hands that have ever nobly welcomed me on the American side. Next week, between the Sundays of my engagement in Buffalo, I revisit Canada, journeying in London, C. W., a place I have never as yet visited.

There are many mediums, I find, in Canada, and vast interest ready to spring up into life and light beneath the missionary labors of competent and well developed mediums. The material is there, but neither the experience or knowledge to shape and use it. I deeply regret that engagements in distant localities compel me to abandon this field of effort, and I earnestly commend it to the attention of good lecturers, or test mediums laboring in this section of the country, especially such as are not developed beyond the test which "the Lyceum Church" requires of its employees, namely, that quality, "on which the voice of humanity sets the seal of virtue." To judge by the horror and disgust which some of the reformers of the day express of this class in the Boston gentlemen's "Declaration of Principles," virtue is not only an old fogey, who should be peremptorily ordered off a modern reform platform, but even that very latitudinarian species of virtue, which is, in its widest sense, public opinion, or the broad, universal "voice of humanity," even this, hitherto irresistible and noble defense against vice, outrage and license, is a bugbear, too narrow to be tolerated on a spiritual platform.

As I fear poor little Canada is still in her swaddling clothes on this, as on other points of locomotive progress, I offer these suggestions for the especial benefit of those who consider virtue a nuisance, and their neighbors' wives the common property of the race.

To such I would respectfully suggest, "assume a virtue if you have it not," or else, do not go to Toronto, or what is better yet, go to Salt Lake City, or join some "secret society," the more secret the better, where the impertinent voice of humanity will have no chance to pronounce upon you, and you will never be found out until—the day of transfiguration.

Spiritualism in Oswego is still occupying at least one seventh of the people's time, for whilst the deadly war fever is raging in every vein during the six days of the week, my friends have not failed in their kind greeting each Sabbath, in the immense Double Hall.

Would to heaven the pure, peaceful and reasonable philosophy of Spiritualism had long ere this occupied the six days of the people's weeks, North and South, both. Never could they have heard, believed, and practiced it, without long since annihilating the cause of this awful conflict; and when indignantly realizing the comfort and wisdom of Spiritualism in themselves, reflect what it might do for the race, widely disseminated, I cannot but lament the sad and apathy which so many in our ranks display in withholding their gifts, talents, physical, or mental, from the cause.

of the world's Saviour, and the spread of its precious and humanizing doctrines.

I must not forget to notice that the Banner of Light and the Herald of Progress have unfolded their eagle pinions in Toronto—thanks to the zealous efforts of a faithful brother. In the cause, there located; and though our locomotive American ideas pertaining these brave sheets are still in advance of the more cautious pedestrians of Canada, I have hopes that the number of readers will increase even under the pressure of the dropping shot I have been privileged to aim at conservatism in this locality.

With constant good wishes, and ever faithful service, I am, dear BANNER, yours for the truth,
EMMA HARDING.

Oswego, N. Y., Sept. 3, 1862.

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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

A New Story.

It is with pleasure we announce to our readers that we have made arrangements with Mrs. A. E. Porter, the author of "BETHIA LEE" (which story was published in this paper several years since, and had a great run,) to furnish a New Story expressly for the BANNER, entitled

"My Husband's Secret."

It will be commenced in the first number of Volume Twelve, which will be issued for the week ending September 27th, and continued every week thereafter until completed.

Those, therefore, who would secure the numbers containing this magnificent story, should subscribe immediately.

Theodore Parker.

We who ought certainly to know all about such a man as was Theodore Parker will be lived among us, nevertheless find ourselves much instructed and entertained by a brief running memorial of him, which we find in the columns of the *Revue des deux Mondes*. It embodies many anecdotes and reminiscences that are well worthy of being presented to our thousands of eager readers in this place. Such a man can never die; his memory seems to grow greener with each advancing year. The foreign writer remarks in a strain of religious enthusiasm, on setting out: "For us, as well as the Americans, for us also, at the moment when all the traditions of the ages are crumbling around us, when we ask with anxiety whether they will not crush under their ruins alike those who defend and those who destroy them, for us, also, Parker is a prophet of hope and consolation."

The account is made up both of a criticism on Mr. Parker's writings and a touching memorial of his life and labors. It sets him down as a worker even more than he was; a reformer and philanthropist as much as a scholar and philosopher. There was a rare and wonderful unity in Parker's life and works. The great lessons he taught of the absolute religion, had beforehand penetrated his whole being. He seemed to live always in the light of love, and to be able to work for his fellows with the unwavering faith and tireless energy of one who actually beheld in vision the forebears of the great world of light that lies beyond and behind all human destinies. "In America," says the writer and critic—"the land where, beyond others, the privacy of domestic life is invaded by public inquiry, this man lived out his allotted time—a mark for thousands of imitators, yet beyond the arrows of calumny; and those who knew him best said that the words they heard over his grave seemed as if intended for him—Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God." The lilies, which were his favorite flowers, and which loving hands laid on his coffin, were not misplaced thereon.

A reviewer of the critic, in a number of the London Inquirer, thinks that there were several points of interest in this great reformer's and philanthropist's character, which the critic himself has failed to notice. For example, he avers that Mr. Parker's noble intellect was even surpassed by the warmth of his affections; the great head was second to the great heart. He loved his friends with a devotion of which men rarely give an example; and his tenderness to his wife and all around him broke out in a thousand little cares and thoughtfulnesses continually. And, again, pure joyous wit and humor overflowed in him. The writer says he has seen letters from him to his intimate friends, as full of fun and playfulness as any which Sydney Smith could have penned. For example: there was one letter, in which he answered his correspondent's account of a journey from Rome to Naples by an account of his own remarkable (if discoveries and antiquarian speculations on a trip down the railway, only two stations away from Boston. In another case—and this was remarkably free—he set to work and parodied some scollish, over-illustrated biography, by extracting all the little wood-cuts of advertised houses, steamers, and so forth, from the newspapers, and solemnly introducing them into his letter as "the house he was born in," as "his Berceauette," as "his Perambulator," and, finally, as "his mother"—the latter being the well-known lady of the advertisements, with half her hair dyed and the rest of it grey! Was there ever more exquisite railery on one of the modern follies of literature?

The reviewer thinks the French writer has hardly measured, or conceived, the true ideas of Mr. Parker's "system." The key-note, he asserts, was struck in that memorable discourse in which he demonstrates—that God must be present and active, not only in all matter but in all spirit; that he is forever working in the souls of his creatures, his moral action being what we call Grace, and his intellectual action inspiration. From this great doctrine there followed many necessary deductions: let the universality and normality of Divine inspiration, in all times, and nations; subject to the natural limitations of the recipients and their faithfulness to the light afforded. 3d, The Truth of any idea, which is common to the whole human race, when under normal conditions of development; such as love, for instance, as that of the soul's immortality. 3d, The fallibility which must go even with the highest instances of inspiration given to fallible beings; a fallibility which corresponds in inspiration to the probability which still remains in the highest instances of Grace. These cardinal truths result directly and distinctly from the originally stated doctrine—that God is forever working in the souls of his creatures. Of the only three bases of religion that are logically possible—a church, a book, or individual consciousness, corroborated by the consciousness of all the wise and good, Mr. Parker took his stand on the latter; leaving the Church of Rome on the first, Calvinism on the second, and all the intermediate churches shifting between the three.

He did not wish to die when he did. As he had said in his "Sermon of the Immortal Life"—"It is selfish to sigh for death, when there is so much need of us here." A little while before death came, he wrote—"I would fain remain a little longer—the world is so interesting, and friends so dear." The writer in the Inquirer says—"It was to the present writer, in a private conversation, he made the remark, 'You know I am not afraid to die,' and here a smile, the most beautiful we ever saw, broke over his face—"You know I am not afraid to die, but I would fain have lived a little longer, to finish my work. God gave me great powers, and I have but half used them." Half used them! And he said this on his death-bed, whether he had been brought down in the prime of manhood by over use of them—by the utter sacrifice of his health and strength in the cause of truth and right!

Mrs. Stowe reached Florence too late to pay a last tribute of respect to his memory—a respect that could not be kept back by any mere limitations of creed. The writer says that he gave that gifted woman all the details of his last hours, and proceeded to repeat the expression of his already quoted above; adding, with profound sadness—"To think that life is over—that work is stopped!" "And do you think," said Mrs. Stowe, raising her eyes with a flash of rebuke, "do you think—did he think, that Theodore Parker has no work to do for God now?"

Few men made so much of time or talents. With him, nothing was lost. He was an incessant worker, and happy in his work. He consecrated his life to heaven in his early boyhood, and his life was a consistent development of that simple act of consecration. Such profundity, yet simplicity; such greatness, yet such innocence; such muscular strength of character, yet such feminine tenderness; such robust, practical sense, yet such perfect transparency—in few men of any one age, or of many ages, is such a combination to be found.

A Sensible Speech.

We observe that our good friend and worthy brother, Hon. Frederick Robinson, of Marblehead, has openly offered himself a candidate for Congress to the people of the Fifth Congressional District of this State. We have a copy of the very earnest, able, and stirring Address which he has sent to the voters of his District, and do not see how it will fail to take hold of their hearts and consciences. The time has gone by to object to this mode of running for Congress; we should all have been a thousand times better off as it is, if our people had been obliged to select from self-proposed candidates for public office, instead of suffering their work to be done for them by corrupt knots of professional politicians, who very soon got into the way of running the machinery on their own hook entirely.

We have given friend Robinson's pamphlet a perusal, and find ourselves refreshed by it; that need not imply, by any means, that we agree with him at all points. No matter about that; it is the spirit and character of the man himself we would commend. To give our readers a better idea of his claims to a seat in the next Congress, we furnish herewith a taste of his quality:

"I said a peaceable secession might have been effected by a Constitutional Convention. But it is now too late; we must either conquer or be conquered. We cannot afford to let the traitors go. They have brought upon us the calamities of war without cause. They have therefore murdered our young men and imposed upon that nation a great burden of debt, and we must pay it. If we do not do this, the rebellion will be the means of payment shall be drawn from the South, that the energies of the North may not be forever paralyzed with a national debt."

Now let us see how this can be done to the great benefit of both the North and the South. If the South succeed in this rebellion, the whole principal and interest must be paid by us; or if they come back again, with slavery, it amounts to the system of slave labor with all its attendant evils, and the aggregate profit will be very small for many years, thus again imposing upon us the great burden of taxation. But if we are true to the occasion, and elevate the negro from the state of slavery to that of a hired laborer, his consumption of manufactured goods would greatly increase, as it has in the British West Indies since emancipation, and thus add vastly to the profits of our manufacturing system. In this way remunerate us in part for increased taxation. If slavery were out of the way, degradation of labor would cease, and it would not be disgraceful for white men to work at the South. It is a false pretense that the climate of the South is too hot for white men to labor. A large portion of the cotton lands of the South has a climate more comfortable, equable, and healthy, than that of the North. It is not the climate, but the degradation and poverty involved in competing with slaves for subsistence, which repel the white men of the South from personal labor, and consequently make them the poor, ignorant, dependent tools of the slaveholders.

Do away with slavery and render labor honorable. Instead of disgraceful, and white men enough would be glad to work in the cotton fields, the most profitable branch of agriculture in the world. Statistics show that not one-twentieth part of the cotton lands has yet been put under cultivation, and yet with the miserable, thrifty labor of slaves, the cotton crop of a single year has amounted to more than two hundred millions of dollars, averaging in some cases a thousand dollars a head for the slaves employed. But the hard-working farmers among us cannot earn upon an average so much as three hundred dollars per year. Now if slavery were out of the way, and it were honorable to work at the South, many of these hardy agriculturists would move there, and make these now so profitable cotton lands still more profitable, by a more efficient and more ingenious mode of cultivation, and by means of the hired labor of the enfranchised negro race, populous, intelligent, and rich communities would soon spring up, and contribute largely to the payment of our national debt.

Again, we import annually millions of dollars' worth of wool, and make little or no use of the best regions in the world for growing wool. It has been proved that upon the slopes of the Cumberland and Alleghany mountains, and upon the uplands of Georgia, the Carolinas, and Alabama, the cotton crop can be raised at very little expense. The climate of these sections is wonderfully healthy and well adapted to produce the finest kind of wool. But while slavery continues, these resources of population, intelligence, industry, and wealth must lie dormant as they have hitherto. Free labor would also develop the wonderful mineral resources of the South, which together with increased manufacturing and agricultural abundance, would add to the annual products of the country more than enough to pay the principal and interest of our national debt in a very few years. But if the rebellion we suffer slavery to escape, and the rebel States come back again, crippled and impoverished, we must bear forever the great burden of taxation, without the compensating gain in resources to which I have alluded. And when our armies are disbanded, perhaps the soldiers that love slavery and hate the small of a free negro, and can reconcile themselves to the laziness, ignorance and servility of the poor white race of the South, would remain there, and catch the

contagion of hatred to the North, swelling the numbers of the blood-thirsty and plug-ugly among them; all ways ready to mob the men and women of the North that may come among them; while the good and liberty-loving portion of the army would come back to us to find their places in the labor market filled, and poverty and want the reward of their patriotism. But if slavery were out of the way, many would remain upon the fertile soil of the South, with arms in their hands, keeping peace and good order, with no need of a standing army, and constituting a nucleus around which the poor white trash would gather, and be educated in the honorable labor system of the North; and thus, and thus only, become loyal and good citizens. The mass of the white people of the South are ignorant and deluded. They have been led by slaveholders, and are now reaping the reward of a great slavery. But infuse among them the element of honorable, glorious labor from the liberty-loving and industrious portion of our army; and from idle loafers they will become a labor-loving people, and our resources will be so increased as to render our increased taxes no burden, and the Union will be restored in fact, and not simply in name. But leave slavery in existence, and we decrease our resources, throw the great burden of taxation upon the North, reinforce the secession element with the slavery-loving part of our armies, and bequeath to our children the shadow of a Union, a mockery and a delusion to all honest men."

Future Punishment.

It is a favorite argument with partialist preachers and exhorters, and believers, that it is absolutely necessary to set up the doctrine of future punishments in another life, if only to frighten men into their duty. So shallow, and knavish an argument has answered its purpose, too, a great while longer than it ought, and to the complete astonishment of all reflecting minds. The truest way of testing its value, however, is to see for one's self how the dogma actually operates—what real value it has, and how much good it does. And to furnish us with just such an array of facts to this end as we needed, we have fallen in with a thin volume of lectures delivered by Robert Cooper in England, which have recently been re-published by Mr. J. P. Mendum, of the Investigator in this city.

Says Mr. Cooper, in one of his lectures on this very point, which serves to frighten off so many people from the exercise of their reason—"Surely, if the position of the theologian is true, that without the philosophy of a future state no order could be maintained in society, we may fairly presume that in those nations where this doctrine is most admired, the greatest morality will prevail. Is such the case? No. On the contrary, it is notorious that some of the most religious nations in the world are the most immoral. Look at our own country (Great Britain) where there are more churches, chapels, Bibles and priests, than in any other nation upon the face of the globe. Though we boast of the splendor of our churches, and the plenitude of our Bibles, we are compelled to complain of the prevalence of crime and demoralization." "Society in England at the present time is a paradoxical admixture of Bibles and blunderbusses—prayers and revolvers—pulpits and beer-shops—churches and poor-houses—altars and prisons—black-coated soul-owners, red-coated body-destroyers." Seventy-four thousand bastardy cases in the Parliamentary returns in one year! One woman out of every ten in London a prostitute! In Lancashire and Yorkshire, one child out of every thirteen illegitimate! One hundred and sixty-seven cases of false weights in two small villages! Out of six hundred and seventy-five prisoners in a county jail, six hundred and sixty-five were of some religious creed, and *ten only of none!* And so on till one tires of the melancholy account.

Mr. Willis and Spiritualism.

The true soul is really inspired, and he is no poet whose soul is not touched by some angel's hand. The man of undoubted genius realizes the presence of a spirit that hovers above the silent and fathomless depths, or descends, from day to day, to move the waters of the river of his life. This spirit is most manifest when there is least of sensuous feeling in our hearts, and our minds are most illuminated and exalted. In seasons of trial—beneath the shadow of some solemn event, or under the refining influence of a great sorrow, when the selfish passions are nailed to the cross—the soul ascends the mountain of its transfiguration.

Such thoughts are naturally suggested by the perusal of some lines from the pen of N. P. Willis, written on the occasion of the death of the wife of Hon. JOSEPH GRINNELL, which event occurred recently at New Bedford, Mass. In a personal tribute to the memory of the departed the poet Editor of the Home Journal gives eloquent and forcible expression to the spiritual ideas of death, the resurrection to immortality, and the intimate relations and positive intercourse of the visible and invisible worlds. We extract the following:

Born in the sect of the Quakers, Mrs. Grinnell had always preserved their exceeding simplicity and directness of character and manner—traits which were seen in much more advantageous contrast by the eminent positions she was called upon to occupy. Her travels in Europe, and her husband's successive terms in Congress, endeared her to many of the most distinguished on both sides of the water; and what she was in her own hospitable home, all know who have had the happiness of seeing her in that abode of comfort. With no children of her own, the family of her niece and adopted daughter, Mrs. N. P. Willis, became the nearest and dearest to her affectionate heart; and by them her untiring love and devotion will be tearfully and tenderly remembered. Her death is everywhere sadly felt; but, if it were not for the feeling which we have ventured to express in the following lines, the grief of those who had called her "mother" would overshadow their hearts like a cloud difficult to dispel:

"She is not lost to me! The weary heart,
O'ercome beneath its burden, moved for rest;
And lo! Death's angel, with the shadowy hand,
Unfastening the cords too closely drawn,
That, for her better sleep, she might lay off
The robes it now enumbered her to wear.
And so she slumbered—lulled from all her pains
By the unerring ministry from heaven.
But, say not she is lost to us, who slept,
Thus from her sorrow, in a rest with God!
For, with the morning, she arose again—
No more apparel for life's week-day toils,
But clad in Sabbath purity, to walk
A spirit, all invisible to us.
While yet we feel the presence of her smile,
'Tis not by far removed from the earth.
The blessed tread the spirit-path unseen!
And she, whose features we behold no more,
Will not forget the loved ones who are left
To toil and suffer longer, but will be
The angel of the home she knew so well.
Her vision's hand will minister to us
Our best apportioned gifts of love and cheer.
She will be near us when our hearts are dark,
And near us when our children give us joy.
Near when we toll, and nearer when we pray
And oh, when life is ended, and she waits
On the bright threshold of the best, for us,
How like the sweet accompaniment will be
The far less lustre of that look of love!
And how like our remembered welcome home
Will be her brighter welcoming to heaven!"

A general arming of our citizens, is recommended; that they may be in readiness for any contingency that may arise, whether it be an invasion from rebellion, or foreign intervention.

Our Paper.

The Eighth Volume of the BANNER, close with the present number. During the past six months we have passed through severe trials, but we feel that God, by His spirit, has sustained us in our arduous labors, and we have full faith that He will continue so to do, until the mission he has assigned us be fulfilled.

We hope those of our patrons whose subscriptions expire with this number will renew at once. We need their aid during these troublous times more than ever. We feel that we shall not appeal to them in vain.

Now is the time for those who have not taken the BANNER, to subscribe, as we shall endeavor to make it more interesting, if possible, than ever. The new Original Story, by Mrs. Porter, the publication of which will be commenced next week, is a production of great merit, and well worth a year's subscription to our journal.

While we appeal to our friends to strengthen us as much as possible in a material way, we wish it distinctly understood that the BANNER is established on a foundation sufficiently strong to enable it to wage for many years to come.

Our Spirit Messages.

We have from time to time received letters in corroboration of the truth of many of the spirit-messages which have appeared in the "Message Department" of this paper, from the friends of the parties who have communicated; but many of the best tests so received we are not allowed to make public, as the parties interested are not Spiritualists, and do not wish their names to appear in this connection, from fear, as they say, that they would be injured in their business in consequence. We are sorry to be obliged to make this statement—but so it is. The time will shortly come, however, when such a mighty influx of spirit-power will descend upon mortality, that the phantom Public Opinion will not interfere with the promulgation of the great truths we are endeavoring as humble instruments in the hands of Almighty God, to place before the world. In our next we shall publish several tests from parties who have no fear of public opinion.

To Our Subscribers!

We wish to call your particular attention to the plan we have adopted of placing figures at the end of each of your names, as printed on the paper or wrapper. These figures stand as an index, showing the exact time when your subscription expires; and the time for which you have paid. When these figures correspond with the number of the volume, and the number of the paper itself, then know that the term of your subscription has expired, and be ready at once to renew, if you intend to continue the paper. For example: find at the head of the paper Vol. XI, No. 26, (which is the number of this issue.) If the figures on the wrapper or paper, opposite your name, read 11-26, then your time is up, and you are to govern yourself accordingly. This method saves us the expense of sending out notifications, as heretofore.

To Lecturers.

Some weeks since, we gave notice that we should "prune" our "List of Lecturers." It will be seen by reference to the list in this issue of the BANNER that we have accordingly stricken out all names that we could gain no information of. We expect hereafter that all lecturers who wish notice to be given of their whereabouts, will keep us correctly informed thereof. It is due to committees and the public, that this list be correct. We hold ourselves in readiness to insert *graciously* the names and appointments of all competent lecturers, expecting that they will willingly favor us as much. Let it be understood, hereafter, that our list of appointments, &c., is reliable, and let lecturers strive to keep it so. We shall from time to time erase from the list the names of those who do not give prompt information of their engagements and change of residences.

Relics from Virginia.

Mr. Wm. M. Robinson, a member of Capt. Cook's (8th Mass.) Battery of Light Artillery, has sent us several documents that fell into his hands after the late battles in Virginia, among which are: A very antique looking pamphlet of thirty-six pages, entitled, "Acts passed at a General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Virginia: begun and held at the Capitol, in the city of Richmond, the third day of December, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-eight," original letters, in regard to court matters, from "Edw. Randolph" to "Robert Randolph, Esq." dated "Richmond, June 18, 1802," and a letter from "J. M. Mason," (Member of Congress) dated Washington, Sept. 18, 1837, to "Dr. B. Thunston Magill, Philadelphia," in reference to the appointment of a surgeon in the army, &c. These relics of other days are very interesting.

Massachusetts' War Contribution.

When the last quota (which is now about full) is completed, this State will have furnished eighty thousand, four hundred and sixty soldiers for the war. To this number should be added the fifteen thousand sailors and marines who have gone into the naval service, and the aggregate will foot up nearly one hundred thousand. Massachusetts surely cannot be accused of want of patriotism in sustaining the country in its hour of peril. The above does not include the quota of an additional four hundred thousand men which the President has just called for. Massachusetts will respond to all the demands made upon her patriotism.

The Lyceum Church.

This society of Spiritualists, worshipping in Lyceum Hall, are to be regaled with a feast of reason and a flow of soul through the inspirational organs of Mrs. M. A. Townsend, on Sunday next. Mrs. Townsend's friends are numerous in this city, although she has not had opportunity publicly to offer them the "bread of life" furnished by teachers from the "Land of the Hereafter." These meetings are free, and all are invited to "come, without money, and without price."

We learn from a correspondent that Hon. Stephen A. Douglas spoke eloquently on the war, through Mr. Charles V. Hatch, at Milwaukee recently, and to a crowded house. He was warmly received, and how like the sweet accompaniment will be the far less lustre of that look of love! And how like our remembered welcome home will be her brighter welcoming to heaven!

The little story on our first page, entitled "The Spirit of the Age," is a very good one. It is a story of a spirit who has been in the world for many years, and who has seen many things. It is a story of a spirit who has been in the world for many years, and who has seen many things. It is a story of a spirit who has been in the world for many years, and who has seen many things.

Why we Don't Reply. Some people wonder why we do not reply to articles published in different newspapers that misrepresent and slur Spiritualism. The reason we do not is simply because they are not smart enough to merit a reply. When we shall see a reasonable, fair, candid, honest article, written and published against the claims of modern Spiritualism, which we do not as yet see in our large list of exchanges, we shall reply to it with pleasure.

Announcements. Mrs. M. S. Townsend will lecture in Boston next Sunday (H. Melville) in Charlestown; H. B. Storor in Marblehead; Frank L. Wadsworth in Quincy; Miss Emma Houston in New Bedford; N. Frank White in Taunton; Miss Anna Ryder in Portland; Mrs. Augusta A. Currier in Bangor, Me.; Charles A. Hayden in Kennebunk, Me.; S. K. Ripley in Greenbush, Me.; Mrs. A. P. Thompson in Groton, N. H.; Mrs. Mary Macomber Wood in Putnam, Conn.; Warren Chase in Barnard, Vt.; Miss Emma Hardinge in Buffalo, N. Y.; Charles T. Irish's address for the next three weeks will be Leyard, Conn. He will receive calls to lecture in the neighboring towns.

Our Country as Seen by Spirit Eyes. We wish everybody to read the eloquent address delivered before the Society of the Lyceum Church of Spiritualists, on Sunday evening, September 7th, by H. B. Storor, while in the semi-trance state, in which a retrospective, present, and progressive view is taken of our country. The several phases are treated upon in a clear and comprehensive manner, worthy the wisdom of the fathers who have gone before.

Red Tape. We hear that a drill-sergeant in Charlestown was refused admission into a company there because he was not willing to go as a private. He has been in the English service three years, and has made himself proficient in the Hardee drill. These are the kind of men we need most, and it is a shame to set them aside to make room for some forty-second cousin of some captain who is in favor with somebody at the State House.

Liberty. Horace Seaver, editor of the Boston Investigator, says: "We give all a free hearing who apply for it." Differences of opinion are unavoidable, and hence all men are equal in this respect—they are entitled to the same impartial treatment. Let it be remembered that we print a free paper and make some pretensions to free thought and speech.

Political. At a Convention of the Republican party in this State, held at Worcester, September 10th, John A. Andrew was re-nominated as candidate for Governor, and the Hon. Joel Hayden, of Williamsburg, was selected as candidate for Lieutenant Governor. Mr. Nesmith, the present incumbent, declining a re-nomination. The balance of the present State officers were also re-nominated.

Need this Great Truth. In this hour of national peril and trial, we need positive men to guide our legions—we need them in our legislative councils—we need them at the helm of State, in the pulpits, and in the editorial sanctum. Would that there were more of this class among loyal men everywhere.

The Best Way to Obtain the Banner of Light. Enclose two dollars in a letter, writing the name of the new subscriber and postoffice address distinctly, giving the name of the County and State, and direct to William White & Co., 168 Washington Street, Boston.

Our Generals.—Gen. McClellan has again assumed the command of the Armies of the Potomac and Virginia. Gen. Pope has left the army in Virginia, and gone to St. Louis, to take command of a new department. Gen. Banks is in command of the forces defending Washington. Gen. McDowell has been relieved of his command, and gone to West Point, where his family are stopping. He demands a rigid investigation into the charges against him, among which is the following: Mr. Broadhead, the 2d Comptroller under ex-President Pierce, recently received a blood-stained piece of paper from his brother, Col. Broadhead, commanding a Michigan regiment, who was mortally wounded, and since dead, in which he says: "I am about quitting the world, a victim of Gen. Pope's inspec-tion; and McDowell's treason."

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

Read the essay on PATIENCE, which will be found in the present issue. It will impart strength to those who are becoming lukewarm in the cause of Spiritualism—if any such there be. At any rate, it will do every one good who reads it.

A letter remains at this office directed to Le Grand B. Cushman; also one for Mr. A. Webster.

A new weekly paper, "THE COMMONWEALTH," has just been issued in this city. We understand its platform is the abolishing of slavery, suppressing the rebellion, and saving the country. Success to it! M. D. Conway, editor; James M. Stone, 22 Bromfield Street, publisher. Price, \$2.00 per year.

Our friends who prefer a private residence to a public house, when they visit New York city, will find comfortable quarters at the residence of Dr. R. T. HALLOCK, (Electric and Homeopathic Physician,) 79 Fifteenth Street.

Digby is anxious to know if a transport of joy ever gets a ticket of leave?

EMANCIPATION.—The Republican Central Committee of New York city have adopted a series of resolutions setting forth that the Border States having neglected to accede to the system of compensated emancipation, it is the imperative duty of the President, for the purpose of saving our Nationally, to issue a Proclamation of Emancipation and declare that all slaves of rebels in this Union are forever free.

WHO QUOTE TO JOIN THE VOLUNTEERS?—Paw-brokers and lovers, because they understand "popping" pickpockets, because they are used to "rifle" shopmen, because they are used to "counter-marching" and foundrymen, glass-blowers, smiths and stokers, because they can "stand fire."

Garibaldi and his whole command have been made prisoners.

Digby is of the opinion that the time will shortly come when the rebels won't be so short of salt as they are at present. They'll find plenty at the head of "Salt River," where they are bound to fetch up to a dead certainty.

WHAT A SEASON we have had, and what a harvest is crowding it! The orchards are almost crushed to the ground by the superabundance of fruit, and the fields are yellow with their bounty. No epidemic has touched the North or swept over the South. The whole country, except where the war has brought desolation, has been rejoicing in growth and marvellous fertility.

The great end of philosophy, both natural and moral, is to know ourselves.—Horace Seaver.

"THE GLORIOUS OLD SIXTH" is again in the field. It went to the seat of war on the 9th inst. The ranks are somewhat fuller than when in April, 1861. It pressed on to Washington to save the Capital of the nation. Baltimore is not, as it was at that time, in the hands of the rebels, and there is no fear of a repetition of the bloody tragedy of the 19th of April, '61. But a portion of Maryland has been seized by traitorous invaders, and it is not improbable that the "Old Sixth" will participate in driving them from the soil of that State, adding to the laurels which are already entwined around the banners of this celebrated command.

Since the war commenced, the American Tract Society at New York has expended nearly \$40,000 in furnishing religious reading for the army and navy. Better have furnished them with Hardee's tactics. Had this been the case, Digby thinks a good many of them would not have made tracks to the spirit-world so suddenly—unlaid as they are, and consequently very unhappy.

The rebels have more than 40,000 negroes at work on fortifications on the line of the Rappahannock, so that we shall not be able to advance in that direction again without sacrificing 20,000 lives. Do not touch slavery! Do not you see that the enemy would be without laborers if we were to upset that sacred institution, which is as old as Noah, and as wicked as Cain?—Traveller.

Empress Eugenie is expected to present another little olive branch to the Emperor and to France. The Empress means peace, whatever the Empire may mean.

The highest learning is to be wise, and the greatest wisdom is to be good.—Horace Seaver.

Coal oil is said to be a sure destroyer of bedbugs. Apply plentifully with a small brush or feather, to the places where they most do congregate. The cure is effectual and permanent. Gilt frames, chandeliers, etc., rubbed slightly over with coal oil, will not be disturbed by flies.

RESPONSIBILITY OF COUNCILLORS.

Hear it, ye Senators; hear this truth sublime—He who allows oppression shares the crime.

"THAT'S WHAT'S THE MATTER!" We have at last found out the origin of this popular phrase. A friend of ours who has been absent all winter, returning a few days since, called upon an estimable lady friend. He was surprised to find her confined to a sick bed. After this first salutation was over, our friend remarked: "Why, Mrs. —, I am very sorry to find you ill; what is the matter?" Quickly reaching over to the back of the bed, the invalid turned down the coverlet, disclosing a beautiful infant, wrapped in the embrace of the rosy god, and said triumphantly, "That's what's the matter!"—La Croix Democrat.

The average of human life is thirty-three years. One-quarter die before the age of seven, one-half before the age of seventeen. To every thousand persons one only reaches one hundred years, and not more than one in five hundred will reach eighty years. There is on the earth 1,000,000,000 inhabitants. Of these 833,333,333 die every year, 91,824 every day, 7,789 every hour, and 60 every minute or one every second. These losses are balanced by an equal number of births.

"Humanity," said Burke, "cannot be degraded by humilia-tion." It is its very character to submit to such things. There is a consanguinity between benevolence and humility. They are virtues of the same stock.

When the application of coal gas to the lighting of the streets was first suggested, Sir Walter Scott said: "It can't be done; it is only the dream of a visionary;" and Sir Humphrey Davy, on being told that the time would come when all London would be lighted with gas, said: "You might as well talk of lighting London with a slice of the moon, as to light it with gas."

If any of our States or cities or counties raise more than their quota of volunteers for this war, the surplus will be credited to them by the Lord for the eternal war against the Devil, says the Louisville Journal.

We have been told that on one occasion, Rev. Peter Mackenzie—now of Modmouth—once met a Roman Catholic priest in front of an independent chapel. "Will you tell me what building this is?" asked the priest. "An independent chapel," replied Peter. "Independent! who are they independent of?" "The Pope and the Devil," was the prompt reply.

Albert Pike resigns his command in Arkansas, on the ground that he is unpopular with the Indians, and that he must be afraid that his brother savages, if they should get hungry, might eat him.

when there are neither leaves, blossoms, nor fruit upon the tree, but they will show themselves in the spring, and so will the habits of faith break forth into acts when the Sun of righteousness shall shine forth and make it a pleasant spring to the soul.

FROM A "PHYSICIAN'S" SUBSCRIBER.
"Dear Banner, you've served me
Now almost a year,
And if I do not pay up
You'll leave me, I fear.
Here's two dollars in cash,
Will any pay more?
Than have you desert me
I'd rather give four.
The place where I live,
As you plainly will see,
Is at Tyson Farm, or
In the State of Vt.
Success to our Union,
And to all in the right;
And a hearty shoo-bye
To the BANNER OF LIGHT."

Christianity is not a religion of churches and chapels; it is not a religion of tongues and dialects; it is a religion of the whole world, which, after all, is but one vast cathedral. It is a religion for all tongues, which, after all, are but dialects of the common mother tongue; it is a religion for the human heart, and wherever a human heart can beat, there a Saviour is there a praying tongue and a praying place.

He that sympathizes in all the happiness of others, enjoys the safest happiness; and he that is warned by all the folly of others, has attained the soundest wisdom.

Courage and composure come of knowledge and grow with it.—Gerritt Smith.

What is the difference between a drummer boy and a pound of meat? One weighs a pound, and the other pounds away.

A few weeks since a farmer in Illinois cradled three acres of wheat, and that night, his wife, not to be outdone by him, cradled three babies.—Mount Carmel, Ill. Register.

What is the difference between a sack of coal and a cul-de-sac? Because you can weigh out the former, but can't make your way out of the latter.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—Monsieur Edouard, the great Prestidigitateur! and Professor G. A. Below, the great American Hippozanexaprovolver! says the San Jose (Cal.) Mercury, have arrived on our coast. They are distinguished for nothing that we know of, but for the unpronounceable and meaningless handles to a common name. The great and celebrated German Philosopher will soon arrive, who is called for short, Peterivanscraven Hoffensovenshafeyenspoos, whose profession is the Poppogestheppozanexaprovolverprestidigitatpandigitateur.

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

G. Y. T., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—We never print anonymous communications. The spirit message is laid over in consequence. Shall we hear from you in a more definite manner?

S. Y. B., DUBUQUE, IOWA.—Dear Brother, your communication is on file for publication. It will be reprinted soon. Should be happy to hear from you often. Short articles take best.

A. S., CROWN POINT, IND.—You will find the communication to which you refer in our issue of Sept. 6th.

J. P. J., SOUTH NORWALK, Vt.—Regular subscribers to a newspaper are liable to pay, if we mistake not, fifteen cents postage per annum.

L. K., COVINGLY.—That morning glory" came safely to hand. All right.

A. Card. The undersigned having been appointed surgeon to one of the Ohio Regiments, the pleasing and interesting correspondence with his numerous friends and patrons must, necessarily suspended. When the Angel of Peace shall once spread his balmy wings over our beloved country, he hopes to renew his former acquaintance with many. It is to be hoped our friendship and esteem will be both mutual and lasting. A. HAWLEY, M. D. Chagrin Falls, O., Sept. 8th, 1862.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

LYCEUM HALL, TRINITY STREET, (opposite head of School street).—Meetings are held every Sunday at 2:45 and 7:15 P. M. The regular course of lectures recommenced on Sunday, Sept. 7th. Admission Free. Lecturers engaged: Mrs. M. S. Townsend, Sept. 21 and 28; Mrs. Amanda M. Spence, Oct. 5 and 12; Miss Emma Hardinge, Oct. 10 and 20; Miss Lizzie Dolen, Nov. 2, 9 and 16; N. Frank White, Dec. 7 and 14; Mrs. M. S. Townsend, Dec. 21 and 28.

MANCHESTER.—Meetings are held in Russell's new Hall, Speakers engaged: H. B. Storor, Sept. 21 and 28; Mrs. Amanda M. Spence, Oct. 5 and 12; Miss Emma Hardinge, Oct. 10 and 20; Miss Lizzie Dolen, Nov. 2, 9 and 16; N. Frank White, Dec. 7 and 14; Mrs. M. S. Townsend, Dec. 21 and 28.

TAUNTON.—Meetings are held in the Town Hall, every Sabbath afternoon commencing 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.

FOXBORO'.—Meetings in the Town Hall. Speaker engaged: Mrs. Mary Macomber Wood, Oct. 19 and 26.

LOWELL.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings on Sunday, forenoon and afternoon, in Wall's Hall. Speakers engaged: Miss Lizzie Dolen, Sept. 21 and 28; Hon. Warren Chase, during October.

CHICOPPEE, MASS.—Musio Hall has been hired by the Spiritualists. Meetings will be held Sundays, afternoon and evening. Speaker engaged: F. L. Wadsworth, during Oct.

NEW BEDFORD.—Musio Hall has been hired by the Spiritualists. Meetings will be held Sunday mornings and speaking by mediums, afternoon and evening. Speaker engaged: Miss Emma Houston, Sept. 21 and 28.

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As this paper circulates largely in all parts of the country, it is a capital medium through which advertisers can reach customers. Our terms are 10 cents per line for the first and 5 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

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Address—M. & C. H. RYERSON, No. 108 Washington Street, corner of Dey. B. B. BRITTON, New York, Union House. A. J. DAVIS, Editor of Herald of Progress. Sept. 20.

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THE Sunday School Class-Book, NO. ONE. THIS interesting little work is designated especially for the young of both sexes. Every Spiritualist should introduce it into his family, to aid in the proper enlightenment of the juvenile minds around him. The book is handsomely gotten up, on fine, tinted paper, substantially bound, and contains fifty-four pages. Price—Single copies 25 cents, or five copies for \$1. It will be sent to any part of the United States on the receipt of the price. The usual discount to the trade. Orders by mail solicited and promptly attended to. For sale at the office of the Banner of Light, Boston, Mass. WILLIAM WHITE & CO., Publishers. June 14.

JUST PUBLISHED. First American Edition, from the English Stereotype Plates.

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BY A. B. CHILD, M. D. THIS BOOK clearly shows the advantages of Farming over Trade, both morally and financially. It tells where to best place for successful farming. It shows the practicability of Farming Corporations, or Co-partnerships. It gives some account of a Corporation now beginning in a new township adjoining Kidder, Mo., with suggestions to those who think favorably of such schemes. And, also, has reports from Henry D. Houston, who is now residing at Kidder, Mo., and is the agent of the Corporation now beginning, and will act as agent for other corporations desiring to locate in that vicinity. The book is valuable for every one to read, for it is filled with useful suggestions that pertain to our daily wants, to our earthly well-being. It is a straight-forward, unselfish record of facts and suggestions. Sent, post-paid, from the Banner of Light Office, for 25 cts. April 28.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATED BY Moral and Religious Stories, FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

BY MRS. M. L. WILLIS. CONTENTS.—The Little Peacemaker, Child's Prayer, The Desire to be Good, Little Mary, Harry Marshall, Whims, The Golden Rule, Let me Hear the Gentle Voices, Filial Duty, Unfading Flowers, The Dream, Evening Hymns. For sale at the Banner of Light Office, 168 Washington St. Price 10c. Postage 4c. March 8.

FAMILY DYE COLORS!

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THE NIGHT-SIDE OF NATURE; Or GHOSTS AND GHOST-STORIES. By Catherine Crowe. For sale at the Banner of Light Office. Price 50 cents.

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MY EXPERIENCES IN SPIRITUALISM. By Mrs. Newell Orsland. Illustrated with about twenty plain and colored engravings. For sale at the Banner of Light Office. Price \$1.00 Dec. 21.

THE UNVEILING; OR, WHAT I THINK OF SPIRITUALISM. By Dr. F. B. Randolph. Price, 25c.

IT ISN'T ALL RIGHT; BEING A Rejoinder to Dr. Child's celebrated work, "What ever is, is Right." By Cynthia Tempie. Price 10c. The above named works have just been received and are for sale at the Banner of Light Office. March 8.

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TWELVE MESSAGES

FROM THE SPIRIT OF

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS,

THROUGH JOSEPH D. STILLER, MEDIUM,

TO</

takes. The bell-rung a pleasing accompaniment, and the trumpets sounded commands requisited. Other lights were seen at different parts of the hall; while these two imitators of the Tarpeian rock occupied the scene. A lightning-like bright torch light shrouded the place, and a great many of large lighted candles were placed around the stage, and round the orchestra, so that it was very warm and bright.

100-446947-10000