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Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.

MY HUSBAND'S SECRET.

BY A. E. PORTER.

CHAPTER XII.

"For this blest voyage I with joy prepare."

There is no time when the mind is so clear, and our conceptions of the past so vivid, as in early morning, when we first awake. The next morning after the reception of Frank's letter I awoke early, and my eyes were scarcely conscious of the dawning light above yonder sea, when the names mentioned in Frank's letter and those referred to by Mr. Evans occurred to me—"Ashly," "Nehah," "Coacoochee." "I have it," I exclaimed to myself. "'Marguerite,'—'Flora.' Yes, yes. Now I see it all. Marguerite is Frank's mother, and the two were dear friends. And Nehah is—yes, she must be—the woman with the dark eyes—my post-office acquaintance, whose stern, angry looks annoyed me so much. Here, then, is a clue to unravel the mystery, and some sad story must be connected therewith."

I was sure that I could get from Mr. Evans all which he knew, and I resolved to question him; but the next day my father was seriously ill with another attack, which seemed to paralyze the whole of the right side. I forgot everything else in my anxiety for him. He had appeared brighter than usual the day before, and he and his friend had talked until a late hour; and Mr. Evans remarked that he never heard my father talk with more fluency and animation. But now it was painful to mark the effort which he made to speak, and sadder still to see the tears which fell silently from his cheeks when, after repeated efforts, he found himself unable to articulate distinctly.

The strong man had become a child in bodily weakness, but the mind retained in a great measure its keenness of perception, and thus the tears. He tried to write with his left hand, but never having been accustomed to use it in this way, he failed. Then there was a struggle; we could see it in his face, but he conquered, and then came the same sweet serenity that always marked his deportment. He lay on his bed, helpless but resigned, receiving his food from my hands, passive as an infant, and with that heroic calmness which says, "Not my will, but *His*, be done."

Just at this time Mr. Evans was summoned home. It was a sad parting—the two old and long-tried friends who had begun life together, now parting to meet no more here. One was in the first decade of old age, but still vigorous and strong to battle with life. I was not with them when they parted, but after leaving my father's room Mr. Evans came to me and said:

"Mary, if you ever need a friend, come to me. There may come a time when my humble services may be of use to you; do not hesitate to avail yourself of them."

The kindness of his manner, and his fatherly words, made a deep impression on me, and I promised if I needed help to apply to him. In the excitement of the moment, and in anxiety for my father, I forgot to ask him for more information about Florida; but I regretted this soon after his departure, and the more so as I was unable to talk with my father.

The next morning when I entered his room he spoke with almost his usual distinctness.

"My child," said he, "I had a strange dream last night. I saw an eagle in the air, but its face was not the face of that bird, it had the features of your brother Maurice; he swooped to earth and bore off in his talons a dove; and as I looked, the dove turned toward me, and it was your face, looking, oh! so sad and piteous, that I rushed forward to rescue you, but my limbs refused to move, and I woke, exclaiming, 'Oh, Mr. Evans, take care of Mary.' Now wasn't that a strange dream? I am inclined to believe, with Bridget, that 'dhrames go by contraries,' for you say you have no kinder friend than your brother."

"No, father; he is generous and good. I can trust him entirely."

"I am glad, my child. I can die easier. Perhaps my night visions were colored by some remarks of Mr. Evans, who was in Florida with Maurice Perry, and they were on opposite sides as lawyers. Of course they would not agree, and even good men's views are often colored by circumstances. Now, my daughter, a strange change has come over me, whether for better or worse I cannot tell; but my sight is clearer, my hearing acute, and you see how much better I can converse."

Alas! I knew too well—I had learned what are some of the pre-shadows of death. I was prepared for what followed. Prepared! Whoever was prepared for death? We may watch for his coming, we may sit waiting with trembling hearts and tearful eyes, but even then, when he comes we are startled, we shrink back, we thought he had delayed his coming. It is ever thus—we are never prepared, for he comes often so silently, and is so stealthy in his step, that with all our preparation we are taken by surprise.

My father was so fearless of death, and longed so earnestly for his end that it was like watching a bird struggling to free itself from some clog, and longing to mount upward into purer air and upper skies.

"Do n't mourn for me, my daughter," he said. "My work on earth is done; death is but a change, not destruction, just one step higher in the life of the spirit, and I feel, most of the time, only an intense longing—if it were not irreverent to use the word, I would add, a *vivid curiosity* to experience that change. I had formerly many doubts upon immortality, but I have none now. The nearer I approach another life the stronger is my faith in a world beyond this. I shall retain my consciousness, and the scenes of this life will not pass away from memory, but be more vivid than ever when this frail body shall have decayed. The avenues of knowledge here are our senses; they are well adapted to our present wants, but they are imperfect, they often deceive us, and then disease comes with its paralyzing hand. The eyes distort the image which the light would fain pencil upon its picture chamber; the chords of the ear vibrate not to the soft touch of air, and the nerves refuse to yield pleasure to the insatiate demands of the tireless spirit. But the knowledge which these senses have given, still remains, the spirit retains it, and its facilities for gaining knowledge will be vastly increased. Yes, yes, Mary, I am going into a higher class in school now, and shall progress. I am longing to be there, free from pain, free from sin, unfettered by this now useless body, which has done its work here, and which I long to lay aside."

His eyes sparkled, and I fancied that the poor, helpless hand moved as it had not done before for weeks. Fanny was sure he was getting well, that the paralysis had yielded to medical skill, and we should see him walking soon. Alas! my eyes, more practised than hers, saw no hope. I was right; gently as an infant passes to its sleep so did he pass away, while I sat reading to him those words of Paul—"For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality then shall be brought to pass the saying, 'Death shall be swallowed up in victory.'"

Oh, death! death! There must be a life beyond the tomb, for a wise and good Father would not so wring our hearts with anguish did he not intend it as discipline, as a preparation for the future.

Again was I left to mourn, but there was something in my father's death that seemed like gathering the ripened fruit of autumn—like the sunset of a long, bright day. He had lived his appointed time, had done his work, and went to receive his reward. But Sidney—why could he not have lived thus, and not have been taken in the very flush of manhood?

"Hush!" said a still, small voice. "What thou knowest not now thou shalt know hereafter."

At my father's death the old home was left desolate. No one but myself remained now of all the merry group that played in these rooms. I cared not to stay after the last sad rites were performed, and hastened my departure. I could not remember the time when my father was not there at morn and even, and it was intolerable without his presence. With a kind forethought he had arranged everything, so that I had no care.

He had been a salaried man, with an expensive family. Naturally noble and generous in disposition, he had shared his purse with his children, but still just to a fraction, he owed no man, and died respected and beloved by all, but leaving no inheritance behind him. I should add that his name was a richer inheritance than a fortune.

Back again to Burnside, widowed and an orphan. But I clasped my child to my bosom, and blessed God I was a mother.

We found a bright, cheerful house. Brother Maurice had ordered the house opened, and everything provided for our comfort, and he came in to welcome us. He forbade me to pay any attention to business at present. "The old maxim, 'delay is dangerous,' will not apply in this place," he said. "My mind," he added, "had already too great a burden. I must relex now, and find some rest for the body, and amusement for the mind."

He sent me books and papers, he ordered his gardener to bring flowers and fruit, and often in the bright summer mornings he took us to ride, a recreation which always afforded me much delight, for the scenery around Burnside is unsurpassed for beauty. There was the river-road with its woods and flowery hill-sides, and its gently sloping, grassy banks—the road around the Ox Bow, that leads over the rustic bridge, giving us the pleasure of riding on one side of the river, and returning the other—then there was the long, slow ride up Mount Prospect, from the top of which we could see all Burnside, and far beyond, over the Connecticut and the pretty village with its cluster of houses and antique little church that rested so quietly on its banks—then there was the road to "Mill Hollow," where we found the prettiest farm-houses, and best cultivated farms in the State, and best of all, I used to think, the quiet, shady road that run by the side of the Connecticut to Greenville, sixteen miles of varied scenery, now shut in by hills, on whose sides were pictured rocks, retaining still the marks of Indian taste and skill, and then opening on broad, sunny fields, smooth and skillfully cultivated as the farms of England, and adorned with mansions which wealth and taste united to adorn.

Maurice knew the history of the old settlers, and gave us many a tragic tale of border-life in the early settlement of Vermont, when the York tories threatened to take their lands from the emigrants. Maurice had been Ethan Allen, and often visited in the house where the old hero wooed and won his wife. "Old Starke," too, in his old age, had called upon Maurice's father, and fought his battles over again. But best of all, he had seen Washington, and could describe the dress he wore when he visited Mr. Perry, who resided at that time in Massachusetts. The blue silk coat, the long, lemon colored waistcoat, the breeches, silk hose so neatly fitting, the gold knee-buckles, and the powdered hair, were all remembered. "But I cannot tell you," said Maurice, "how that majestic presence awed me. I firmly thought then that Washington was more than mortal, nor could I believe he would die like other men, till the sad event filled all hearts with sorrow."

It was in this way that brother Maurice wiled me from my sorrow, and as Fanny and the baby were our companions, we were quite a happy little circle. I had thought I should never smile again, but as my boy grew older, and began to shout and frolic, and assert his boy-power, I learned cheerfulness, and at times almost forgot the shadows of my life. The baby was very fond of his uncle Maurice, and aunt Hannah said, that no child ever before was petted by the Judge.

The summer was passing in this quiet, pleasant way, and Fanny and myself were so thoughtless as to fancy that it might always continue, but we were rather suddenly waked from our pleasant dream. It was near the close of summer; Fanny had been at the Stone House examining her wardrobe, for the purpose of bringing over such as she needed for colder weather. I had been alone with Sidney, but not lonely, for his merry ways and roguish tricks, gave me plenty of business and amusement, and the day was none too long; but when the shadows crept so slowly and quietly into the nursery, and the little one drooped with sleep, like flowers that shut at night, and I had given him his bath, and laid him (little white-robed angel that he seemed,) into his crib, and watched till gentle sleep won him from me—then, for the first time, I felt a sense of loneliness that I had not known for weeks. I became suddenly restless, and my heart was very heavy within me. I lost the sense of my husband's presence, as I had had it for months after his death, and all the time at my father's house. He was now removed from me—lost, I thought, in the great crowd of congenial souls that filled heaven. Why should he come for me now, poor, weak, imperfect little me, when the spirits of men made perfect were his companions now? What was my gloom and desolation to him now, who had escaped from all the sorrows and perplexities of earth? What was stranger still, I could not recall Sidney as he generally looked, but very vividly before me was that sad, half reproachful expression which he wore when I used to tease him about having any secrets from me. I looked at his portrait, it was still the same—so sad, sorrow, not anger. And even then he was not near me, but standing afar off, so that I could not speak to him, not even to recall the words which had made him sad. I sat in the dark, with my head bowed over the baby's crib, and wishing I could sleep my last, long sleep with him at my side, when the door was opened, and Fanny came in.

"Auntie, are you here—here in the dark?"

"Yes, love, come to me."

She came and sat down on the carpet at my feet, and laying her head in my lap, burst into tears.

"What is it, Fanny, are you, too, sad to-night?"

"Yes, Auntie. Why, do you know it? Has father told you?"

"Told me what? No trouble, I hope?"

"Had you forgotten that I was to go to school this fall, and not return for one year?"

"Oh, Fanny! I exclaimed, "it must not be; how can I give you up? I had hoped your father was forgetful!"

"Not he, and he is vigilant, too; only think! he asked me if I had heard from Frank—(I guess aunt Hannah put the idea into his head)—well, I never told a lie in my life, and I answered frankly, 'Yes.' He asked to see it, and I took it from my pocket at once, for I thought perhaps it would soften him, and seeing how Frank was promoted, he might consent to our correspondence. But I can't tell you, auntie, how angry my father looked as he read, and when he had finished it, he put it into the fire—you know he has a little fire evenings in his room. I was so angry that I could not control my feelings, and forgot that he was my father. I tried to snatch the letter from the coals, but he was too quick for me, and pushed it in with the tongs, till it was one thin, black mass.

'Oh, you wicked, cruel man!' I exclaimed, 'I never will love you more, and if you think to make me obedient in this way, you are much mistaken. I love Frank all the more for your persecution.'

Now, auntie, don't speak yet; I know what you will say, and if you are hard upon me now, it will just break my heart—let me tell you more. I was frightened myself at my own audacity, and expected father would drive me out of the house. But I might have known better—that is not his way. He smiled—oh, auntie! those smiles of his are worse than any threats. I grew more angry, and was flinging myself out of the room, when he bade me stop. His voice was low and calm, and I dared not disobey.

'It is not lady-like to behave in that way; sit down till you are more calm. I should be sorry to have you go to your aunt Mary in that state of mind; her attachment to you would lessen considerably.' (Oh, aunt Mary, just as if one look at your dear, sweet face would n't calm me at once!)

'I do n't think, aunt Mary would ever treat me so badly,' I muttered.

'I am sure of one thing,' he said, 'she will not uphold you in disobedience to your father.'

I was still angry you must remember, and I retorted:

'We read the Bible at "The Elms," I said, 'and even this morning Aunt Mary read, "Fathers, provoke not your children to wrath."'

Another smile.

'Your quick memory,' he said, 'reminds me that you ought to be improving it still more. You may be prepared to return to school next week.'

If he had struck me, I could have borne it; if he had forbidden me the house, I could have found another home; but this was too bad; it was a command I could not disobey, and yet, how can I leave you and Sidney! I made no reply to him, but burst into tears.

'That is not very grateful,' he said, 'toward a father who is willing to incur any expense in fitting you for the future.'

'I can learn all I wish of Aunt Mary.'

'It does n't follow that Aunt Mary may wish to teach you. She has cares enough now, and I wish to relieve her.'

But all I could say, was of no avail, and next week I return to school, where I must remain one year—one long year without seeing you, auntie. And what is worse, I can have no letters from Frank, unless—unless you will consent to receive and copy them."

I shook my head.

"It is hard, Fanny, but I am sure your father has good reasons for his conduct; there is something we do not understand, he told me so, and I have no reason to doubt his word, but if you could only stay with me, we could bear the trouble better. As it is, I cannot consent to be a party in disobeying your father."

Poor Fanny, my words seemed cruel to her, and her reproachful looks cut me to the heart.

"Auntie," said she, her face all aglow with excitement, "it is of no use. I know that it would be wrong for me to renounce Frank. He has no one else to love, or care for him; you may laugh at me, but I feel as if his very life depended upon this friendship, and something tells me that father is wrong—I can't tell you what—woman's instinct, I suppose. Now I am going to write to Frank at once, and tell him that I will never break the solemn promise I have made—that I will go to school, and if we cannot correspond, we will wait in patience till the war is over, and I am of age, and then I'll share his fate. A soldier's wife should have courage and endurance. And if—oh auntie—if he should die as so many brave men are dying in these cruel battles, or in those more deadly swamps, then he will wait for me till I shall wear a shroud for my bridal robe."

She turned and left the room, and I remained amid the heavy shadows of the nursery, bending my head again over the crib, with still deeper shadows on my heart. It was hard to part with Fanny; she had been the light of my home, but I was selfish; it was right that she should be at school, and her father consulted only her best good. I must uphold him. I was more convinced of this the next day when he came in and consulted with me about her studies, and said that he was only seeking her best happiness.

"But you," he said, "do not think for a moment, that I have forgotten your happiness; it was my first thought. Allow me to be to you in all things an elder brother. My business will call me away from home very much this winter, and my wish is to persuade you to make your home at the Stone House, where my housekeeper will study your comfort, and where you will not be quite so lonely. It is not well for you to remain here, with your mind dwelling continually upon your trouble."

How kind he was, and how considerate. Surely, Maurice Perry is not the man to be so stern with his daughter without good cause. No, no, there is some mystery which I do not understand, but which will be made plain in the future. I resolved not to uphold Fanny in her disobedience—better renounce Frank forever, than marry without a father's blessing. But as to living with Aunt Hannah. That was another matter. No doubt Maurice intended my happiness, but two women so uncongenial, could not well live together. I could not say yes, to the proposal, nor did I wish to refuse, but said that I would wait until Fanny left.

Fanny was very reserved and quiet during the time she remained with me; the expression of her face was sad, but full of firmness. She talked no more about Frank, and she evidently felt that her father had won me over to his side. I could n't endure this separation between us, nor did I dare say one word to encourage her in this determined spirit of opposition to her father. Whenever he was present, she was respectful, but never familiar; she received the money which he gave her liberally with a quiet, cold, "Thank you, sir," and then used it freely.

I was once remonstrating with her on this want of economy, as not quite consistent with the independence which she meant to assume by and by, adding that a soldier's pay would not admit much extravagance.

"Auntie," said she, "this is not my father's money that I am using, it belonged to my mother, I did n't know it till Aunt Posey told me, and then I asked my father, and he said: 'Yes, but it was at his disposal, until I am of age.'"

Amid other speculations, I wondered within myself if it was on this account that brother Maurice objected to Frank.

"Perhaps," I said to myself, "he wishes to test the boy's character, and when he has shown himself fitted to bear the burdens of life, and above all to be entrusted with so precious a charge as 'our Fanny,' then he will give them his blessing and Fanny's fortune."

The idea pleased me; it was like Maurice, I thought, who was naturally cautious and reserved. The more I dwelt upon it, in my own mind, the more sure I was that I now had the key to his conduct in this matter. Now I would encourage Fanny to obey her father, to hold no correspondence with Frank, and yield a cheerful acquiescence to all her father's plans. I did not give Fanny my reasons, for the idea of Frank ever being other than noble and ambitious, would seem very absurd to her. Poor child, I said to myself, we may yet see your father's wisdom, and live to thank him for his sternness.

But though this relieved my mind of any suspicion toward Maurice, it did not lessen the pain of Fanny's departure, and when the day came, I found myself weeping with her—I, who should have been the comforter. She was to leave in the evening stage, her father accompanying her. That day, Mr. Harmon called. As I have said before, "his visits were rare, but always welcome, and Fanny loved him," I was going to add, as a father. I might go further, and say that she always manifested more affection for him than for her own father.

On my expressing great regret at losing Fanny, and dread of a lonely winter, Mr. Harmon was very silent for a moment, and I thought perhaps he felt but little sympathy for me, being so fond of solitude himself. But after a little hesitation, he said:

"I have been wishing to find a home for the winter for an orphan girl who has no protector; her name is Emma Vinal, or rather that is the name by which she is now called, having been changed by her adopted parents. She is a gentle, quiet girl—too much so for one so young, but capable and affectionate. Her parents left her a small property, enough for all her simple wants, and as her benefactor has not drawn upon this for many years, it will be found to have increased, and she will in time be amply provided for, and able to compensate those who will keep her for the present. She has no near relatives, and the friends who have so kindly cared for her are dead, and the estate to which she is entitled is at this time involved in some difficulties; however, her protector placed the business in the hands of a skillful lawyer, who will no doubt secure her rights. I should be glad if she could be under your care for awhile."

I did not hesitate to take her, for I knew that Mr. Harmon would not recommend her to me unless sure that she would prove a pleasant companion. I was relieved in having so good an excuse to give Maurice for not accepting his invitation, and I requested Mr. Harmon to come that very day with Emma—Emma Vinal—that was the name, and it pleased me.

"Oh, yes, do bring her to-day; please, Mr. Harmon," said Fanny, "for I wish to see her before I go, so that when I think of 'The Elms,' I can see all the family in my mind's eye."

He promised to do so. When he had gone, Fanny remarked that, "It must be the same sad looking girl that had been living at the Parsonage; but no wonder that she is sad, for Mrs. Harmon is so gloomy, that I always involuntarily say to myself—

'Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound,'

whenever she essays to speak. As for my own sociability, I never dare to say anything in her presence, lest it should n't be solemn enough. Once, when I was a wee little thing, she came to see us, and asked if I could repeat any little hymns, and I thought a moment, running over in my own mind—

'How doth the little busy bee,'

and

'There was an old woman lived under the hill,'

and all the little ditties which pleased me so much, but I thought they would n't please her because they were too lively, but suddenly recollecting my primer, I curtsied and said, with the most solemn face I could assume:

'Xerxes, the Great, did die,
And so must you and I.'

'That is very well,' said she. 'Always remember in the morning when you rise that you may die that day, and at night, when you go to bed, that you may die before morning.'

I can't tell you how those words troubled me. I wept when I was laid in my little crib that night, for fear I should never see my mother's face again, and I wept when she rode out the next morning, lest she would never return. I saw the skeleton in the primer everywhere I went, and even to this day, I never see Mrs. Harmon but I think of Xerxes and the skeleton."

"Perhaps she has had some trouble," I said; "I have never seen her excepting at church, and once or twice at her own house, when I thought she appeared like a woman who knew sorrow."

"Why, auntie, what is religion *good for* if it does not make us cheerful in tribulation? I hate gloomy, stay-at-home Christians. I know our Saviour was n't gloomy, because he was on the hills and in the fields so much; he loved birds and flowers. Now, these long-faced Christians don't take kindly to these."

"Well, darling, see that you set us an example, (she had been weeping all the morning.) Show us true Christian cheerfulness."

"Me, auntie?" I don't profess to be good. I'm not a Christain. I wish I was just such a Christian as Mr. Harmon. How cheerfully, and with what Christian patience he bears trials. He is my ideal of a 'man of God.'"

"We need a support in trouble, above this world," I said. "Our Saviour was comforted by angels, who came to minister to him, and do you know, Fanny, I think that we, too, may have ministering spirits?"

"I don't know—I don't know," said Fanny, shaking her head. "Mother never comes to me."

There was an indescribable look of sadness on her face as she spoke. I felt reproved; I knew that she thought if her mother was on earth, she would sympathize with her now, for Frank was dear to her almost as Fanny.

"Never mind," I said to myself, after the first pang of reproach was over, "there will come a time when you will see your father's wisdom, and we will rejoice together—perhaps your mother is even now watching over you for this very purpose."

I did not say this; I was willing to wait.

Just before tea, Mr. Harmon came with Emma; his description was truthful; she appeared gentle and timid and even more than that, for there was a scared look about her eyes, as if she was afraid in the dark, and believed in ghosts. She was about Fanny's age, and when introduced, looked earnestly at her, as if she would read her very thoughts. Fanny, on the other hand, seemed to satisfy herself about Emma very easily; seeming at once, as she afterwards said, that she was one of those characters that are moulded by circumstances—like wax, she 'll receive unresistingly any impression made.

"She's just the character to suit my father," said Fanny. "Pity we were not changed in our cradles."

I did n't exactly fancy this remark, for was n't I a favorite of the Judge? and was I an impressible, waxy character? But I held my peace. Meanwhile, I could not help remarking that Emma seemed strangely fascinated by Fanny, her eyes wandered so inquiringly toward her, but fell the instant she thought herself observed. I was not surprised at her admiration of my darling. I have before described her personal appearance, and as I looked at her now, in her new traveling dress and hat, with her light, graceful figure, and fair, fresh face, with its pure color, I thought I had never seen a lovelier girl. Every day added to her charms; but what particularly struck me at this time, was the firmness expressed in the lines of the mouth—that pretty little mouth was quite Napoleonic just now. Ay! this is it. There comes the Judge; he is going with her, and she expects more demands of unconditional surrender, and she is fortifying herself for the battle. It will be Greek meeting Greek, for though Maurice's face is almost feminine in delicacy, he can keep his round tower for a year and a day. His mouth has all the decision which Fanny's expresses, and the face has more calmness. Fanny can make the fort strong; her father can do that, and manage the forces within; Fanny may be troubled with mutiny.

The contrast between the two girls was marked The one with full chest and erect figure, strong and athletic, as if used to ride and curb a horse of mettle; the other slender, with narrow chest, stooping shoulders, a hesitating, cautious step, as if looking for danger, and face pale but fair, eyes of light blue, and given to much wandering. And yet I thought I detected marks of a warm heart and affectionate disposition, that would cling very closely to the object that yielded it support. On the whole, I liked Emma, and thought we should get on together nicely.

Maurice came and took tea with us, which I had prepared late, as they were to travel all night. He scarcely noticed Emma, and was so absorbed in writing some directions which he had forgotten till that moment, that I do not think he was aware of her presence the next moment after introduction, till I reminded him that Mr. Harmon had found me a companion for the Winter, and consequently Aunt Hannah would be relieved from the addition to her family. His countenance expressed neither regret nor pleasure; indeed, he had most wonderful command of himself in this respect, but he merely said:

"Any way that suits you best, Sister Mary. It is your happiness I seek. If there is anything which you need done in my absence, call upon Jim; and use the carriage as freely as if it were your own."

I thanked him, and as I looked at father and daughter, I thought how much happiness they gave me.

"Good-by, darling," I murmured, as Fanny clung to me and whispered, "If any bad news comes, you 'll let me know, surely—you will, dear auntie, I know you will"

I could not say no to that pleading look.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

Written for the Banner of Light.

UNSEEN SPIRITS.

BY D. DEVERE VINING.

The air is peopled with beings of light,
All unseen by the human eye;
They hover around in the shadows of night,
They flit in the rays of the morning light,
They strew our pathway with visions bright,
That can never die;
They come like snow-flakes, pure and white,
From their homes on high.

They stand by our side in the busy street,
In the silence of twilight hours;
They follow with patience our weary feet
Thro' the blinding tempests that surge and beat
'Gainst our frail life-bark, and whispering, treat
Of unfading bowers,
Where the air is filled with the fragrance sweet
Of immortal flowers;

And of the mysterious *Evermore*,
Of a home in a sunnier clime;
Of the fadeless bloom of that spirit-shore,
Of meeting with cherished ones "gone before"—
Joyfully meeting, to part no more,
Through the lapse of time;
Of eternal bliss when life's toils are o'er,
In that land sublime.

As Pretty as Gallant.

How very prettily the author of this little stanza, full of sweet devotion to his loved wife, expresses his sentiments in regard to her, and as he chooses to compare himself with her! He rhymes and sings—

"*Her* mind, a polished gem, needs no attention;
Mine is rough, shapeless, as new from the soil;
She, by a natural, easy transition,
Grows to the grace which *I* reach by toil!

Mine is a grace acquired—*hers* was born with her;
Mine is a studied charm—*hers* is her own;
She looks down on the world—*I look* up thither;
I stand with thousands, but *she* stands alone!"

"Life begets life. Action is the parent of action. Smile, and the child smiles in return. Frown, and the little fair brows of childhood return the monstrous appearance. The smile, the frown, are seeds. Once planted, and they spring up a thousand fold.

A FABLE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

A Shepherd, weary of the changeless round,
Where hut still waters and green fields are found,
Would fain be wandering to a neighboring Fair;
Who of his helpless sheep will take the care?
Impatient at the thought, he mounts a rock,
And thus in rage harangues his wondering flock:
"Imbecile race! base cowards that ye are!
To lose your wits, be danger near or far!
When but a single wolf appears in sight,
Shall sheep by hundreds tremble and take flight?

And must you ever thus on Man depend
To keep you safe? Why not yourselves defend?
In phalanx firm the enemy await;
A *show* of courage will intimidate."
The meek-eyed sheep replied with much concern,
That they lacked courage, they had yet to learn.
They pledged their word of honor to prevail
Against all enemies that should assail;
Intrepidly together they would stand,
And front the biggest wolf in all the land;
And if their master doubted it before,
He never need distrust their courage more.

They paused! upon that sunlit bank, behold!
What shadowy monster doth invade the fold?
The startled sheep, with simultaneous bound,
Forget their promises and clear the ground.
The Shepherd scornful smiled, and pondering well,
"Words to the winds," said he, "deeds truly tell."

Northfield, Mass. E. F.

Original Essays.

ORGANIZATIONS.

BY S. W. ELLS.

I second the motion of C. D. Griswold's plan for Spiritualists to organize, to do all the good possible to themselves and community.

In Organization there is strength, and without it there can be no strength, because no concert of action. There is as much difference in their power of resistance, as between a sand bank in loose particles, and a granite mountain with adhering particles. The former can be driven asunder, but the latter is like the Rock of Ages.

The time has arrived when Organizations of all orders are in vogue for good and for evil purposes. It has long been the common consent of all, that Organization gets strength by concert of action in all party movements. Hence we see the effect, and may soon feel the power of an Order, known as the "Knights of the Golden Circle," who now stand head and front of this Rebellion, urging on the South with their evil designs and acting as Leaders in the North of a party who are opposed to aiding the present Government to subdue the Rebellion.

It is obvious that this rebellious Order is disseminated through the Free States more extensively than is generally supposed; and that through the influence of its members, the leaders of the rebel party are stimulated to increased action. They have long accused the Abolitionists of having an underground railroad to transport the negroes on, when they were at the same time fabricating a plan to overthrow the General Government, and spread Slavery throughout the land. They have long been crying out about what they called "Abolition thieves," when they, by stealth, were stealing the life-blood of our Free Institutions.

They are not only more powerful by their Organization, but dangerous in the extreme—their oneness in action give a semblance of honesty to their unwise dupes, who fall in with the howl, "Change the Administration, and we shall have peace." Thus, we may see by their doings, how we may avert the evil which they would bring upon us, and say with Paul, "Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound."—Rom. 5: 20.

Let us organize to strengthen the Administration—to give support to our Free Institutions; to encourage all to do good to their neighbor and for the good of yourselves. Organize and prepare to meet the enemy of Liberty, who are now at your doors in battle-array, ready to strike the death-blow to human advancement. Organization is the only means of getting unison of action, which is well understood by our opponents, and we shall soon feel, more effectually, their strength, unless inverted by an overruling Providence.

The Crisis of Liberty is now on the docket. The trial is going on. Freedom against Oppression Truth against Error; Right against Wrong; and what the result will be, God Almighty only knows Shall we Spiritualists stand back aghast, at the bloodshed and carnage that is going on to subdue this rebellion? While our noble youth are offering up their time, their services, and their sacred lives in the cause of Liberty, shall we be accused of indifferent idleness? No, brothers, Organize for the cause of Liberty—for the good of your country; for the spread of spiritual intercourse throughout the land; to let our actions be in unison for the greatest spread of truth throughout our common country; to let the ignorant be enlightened, so as to know that by helping and doing good to their neighbors, they increase their own happinesss.

Organize to assist each other in the various avocations of life; to get rid of a large portion of selfishness, which is too apt to show itself when interests conflict; to cast off drones, hangers on, idlers, or do-nothings in our community. Organize, that we may consult each other for the good of future actions—that we may become brothers in goodness, in love, and in truth; that we may advance each other's happiness, and thereby enhance the good will we have for the great family of man.

Mansfield, Ohio, Oct. 20, 1862.

SIGNS OF PEACE.

BY WARREN CHASE.

The rainbow of Promise stretches across the horizon, linking the armies of the West, with those of the East, connecting the Mississippi with the Potomac by a single span. The order is given, the winds are collected that shall scatter the clouds of war from our horizon, and once more let in the light of peace, and the fire of strength, and the growth of a great nation shall again go on conquering and to conquer. Mountains shall fall before the spade, and the iron horse shall soon drag the jointed tail over the plains, and through the hills to the Pacific shore, and the cotton and cane fields shall again send their rich products to the mills and refineries of the North and East, to be fitted for the use of man and woman. The busy hum of the cotton-mills shall soon gladden the ears of the factory hands, and the noisy bells call the boys and girls to early tasks.

The army has been collected in sufficient numbers and force to crush the rebellion this time sure, and guard the cities as it goes, and we *believe* suitable leaders are at its head, or in its ranks. We cannot believe this army is to be fritted away by incompetency or inefficiency of leaders. Every city in possession of the rebels can be taken, and every brigade scattered within six months by the forces already called out, if their energies are directed by competent officers, and we believe they are with our army, and hence, I say, the rainbow of Promise is in the sky.

In the Free States, the lands have not been devasted; the mills have not been destroyed; the homes have not been plundered, and hence the resources of wealth are still at hand, and we can send a call over the waters, and a million of laborers will come at once to open the treasures of the earth, and aid us to build up our democratic fabric, which ruthless hands have damaged, but not destroyed The black spot on our southern wing, although remaining, shall be healed of its soreness, and laborers shall no longer be sold as cattle and cotton, wherever in the human scale they stand, their rights shall be acknowledged and protected. The proud planter shall be humbled, and the meek and lowly laborer shall be exalted; pride in the haughty shall be brought low, and the bleeding hearts of the poor and oppressed, white and black, male and female, shall be healed.

There is a brighter day breaking on our nation and the race; already its oblique rays glance across the horizon, and the early riser can catch the morning ray. Be up and doing, brother, sister; for each there is a mission—a work to aid the "uprising of a great nation." Give us thy hand and heart for the work; here is the hand of thy brother.

"WHAT THE DESTINY OF THE BIBLE IF SPIRITUALISM WERE PROVEN FALSE?"

BY E. P. WOODWARD.

I noticed the above question asked, and answered, by a correspondent in your issue of Nov. 22; and his conclusion seems to be, that in such a case, the Bible would be "unworth your credence," and this, as a result, would "virtually overthrow Christianity." Before admitting the correctness of this conclusion, I would like to ask a few questions.

Spiritualism is generally understood to mean not only a belief in the existence of spirits, and their ability to communicate with mankind, but also that these spirits, or a part of them, at least, are the spirits of men and women, who formerly lived and moved about on the earth, as we do now, and whose bodies are now mouldering back to dust. A man may believe in spirits, and not be a Spiritualist. He may believe they sometimes communicate with men, and yet not be a Spiritualist. For, many people believe in the existence and activity of spirits who *never were men*. So, if it should be disproved that the spirits are what they claim to be—the souls of men—then Spiritualism will be "proven false." Will it not? And if the Bible could be shown to give no sanction to the idea that the spirit of a man may exist in a state of consciousness after death, even though it may recognize the existence of *spirits*, must the Bible fall if Spiritualism *is* "proven false?"

1. Will your correspondent please give us *one* instance in the Bible, where the *spirit* of a dead man is said to have appeared upon earth?

2. Does the Bible *ever* assert that the *spirit* of man is *conscious after death?*

3. Is the same ever said of the *soul?*

4. What is the meaning of the expression, "He *slept* with his fathers"? occurring quite frequently in the Bible.

5. Does the Bible *ever* say that man—body, soul, or spirit, one or all—is *immortal?*

6. What is meant by this: "The *soul* that sinneth, it shall DIE?"

7. Did he ever see in the Bible such phrases as the following: "Immortal soul," "never dying soul," "deathless soul," &c.?

8. Does "immortal" *ever* occur in connection with either the words *soul*, or *spirit?*

9. What is meant by the expression, applied to God: "Who ONLY *hath* immortality"?—1 Tim., vi.: 16. Is there no one else who *has* immortality?

10. What does Paul mean when he speaks of those who "*seek* for immortality"?—Rom., ii.: 7.

11. Why does Paul say that if the dead rise not, and Christ be not raised, "Then they also which are *fallen asleep* in Christ are *perished*"?

12. Where is the proof that at the Transfiguration Elias "had been DEAD some *fifteen hundred years?*" Where is the record of his *death?*

13. Where is it stated that the *spirit* of Samuel appeared to the "medium?" If so, why did she call said spirit "up," instead of "down?"

14. Will he give us his authority for the following quotation of Scripture?

"And I John saw these things and heard them; and when I had heard and seen, I fell down to worship before the feet of the angel which showed me these things. Then said he unto me, 'See thou do it not, for I am thy *fellow-servant*, and one of the *prophets*, and of them that keep the sayings of this *Book*: worship God.'"

In King James's version, I read as follows:

"See thou do it not, for I am thy fellow-servant, and of thy brethren the prophets, and of them which keep the sayings of this book: worship God."—Rev. xxii.: 9.

Where is his *authority* for changing the words, "*of thy brethren the prophets*," to "*one of the prophets*"?

14. Suppose the narratives be *true* or *false* respecting Daniel, Shadrack, Jonah, Christ walking on the water, Ezekiel carried by the spirit, Peter loosed from the prison, how does *that* prove that the intelligences which communicate through the mediums of this day are *human spirits?*

15. What is meant by the assertion: "The dead *know not anything*"?—Eccl., ix.: 5. Also, "There is no *work*, nor *device*, nor *knowledge*, nor *wisdom*, in the grave, *whither thou goest*"?

16. Finally, supposing the Bible could be shown to contradict the fundamental dogma of Spiritualism, would your correspondent *believe* the Bible? If not, what is the use of (mis) quoting it?

I should be glad to hear from any others who may feel like responding to these inquiries.

Boston, Mass., Nov. 19th, 1862.

The man who makes a joke without intending it, frequently amuses us more than the most ingenious of professional jokers—as when the milkman in a play is charged with putting calves' brains in his milk, he answered: "Brains! I never had such a thing in my head!" It was the same sort of a case when a juryman having asked the judge to excuse him from serving on account of deafness, the latter said: "Could n't you hear my charge to the grand jury?" "Yes—I heard it," said the man, "but I could n't make any sense of it?"

SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA.

BY T. R. LANE.

The BANNER, in commenting upon a statement made in a former communication, replies, "that we mortals are by no means accountable for the mystery that envelopes the Spiritual Phenomena." We briefly respond, that man, as a party, is accountable for all the relations which spring from his existence. As there can be no connection of two atoms without a relation, so there can be no relation without an accountability. So, too, the freedom of man implies the necessity for a law of compensation, in order that use of that freedom may ultimately be regulated in accordance with absolute justice.

Man is a microcosm, an epitome of Nature, a finite God, therefore, in proportion as he is harmoniously unfolded, precisely in that ratio does *mystery* in all directions, vanish. Mystery, then, dissolves before the light of the unfolded soul, and this unfoldment is the result of aspiration, culture, self-government, and these in turn are largely the result of the voluntary action and power of choice of the individual, and this action and choice make man accountable, in the common acceptation of the term. Hence, the connection between man's accountability and the mystery of the Spiritual Phenomena can be easily traced. Man is directly amenable to the laws of his own being, and indirectly to all other laws.

Now it is our humble opinion that we shall make but little progress in scientific Spiritualism, so long as we are content to refer the phenomena so exclusively to the agency of disembodied intelligences. It is, at least, a rational assumption that the law of progress has developed latent forces within our own souls, whose involuntary action determine, to a great extent, our spiritual experiences; hence, modern Spiritualism thrust itself upon the attention of the world, because, in the very nature of things, it could not longer be held in abeyance, just as our civil war came upon us because the people unwittingly prepared the way. As the war has brought us, as a nation, into a transitional state, discordant and disintegrating, so Spiritual Phenomena are doing for us, *theologically*, what the war has done politically. As our recuperative power as a nation is not so much *in* the sword as behind it, so, too, our spiritual renovation must come, not from the manifestations, but from the power behind them.

This power is the operation of certain laws or principles of which spirits are the *agents*, but not the *masters*; spirits may evoke this power, but they do not *control* it. Spiritual Phenomena convinced thousands, years ago, yet what have they to-day to offer beyond that mere conviction? Many of them are positive only in respect to immortality and a few kindred topics, but vague and indefinite in much that is necessary to constitute a positive, harmonial, spiritualistic philosophy. Spiritualism will fail as a philosophy, unless it so enlarges its "ism" as to teach a thorough self-culture.

By much looking heavenward, we fail to discover the spirituality hidden in the little things of earth, and which in the aggregate, serve to make this rudimental existence beautiful and attractive. Blessed is the self-poised soul, for it gives due heed to the law of *action* and *re-action*, whereby all *extremes* are avoided.

Blessed is that soul that understands the law of *use* and *abuse*, for the diversified experiences of humanity are all rendered available, and the philosophy that teacheth by example, conspires with the forces of the universe to uplift the soul to a purer region of faith, and to outwardly realize a diviner life.

DR. E. L. LYON AT LYCEUM HALL.

On Sunday evening, Nov. 16th, Dr. Lyon gave a lecture before a full house, at this place, on the subject of the Philosophy of Spirit Control. The lecture was very interesting, and abounded in sayings worth hearing and remembering, some of which we disconnectedly present to our readers.

The doctor's theory of the laws of spirit control seems very plausible, and may go a good way to convince the skeptical world of the truth of Spiritualism, yet they are hypothetical, as every attempt at the explanation of any spiritual phenomena must be to the limited range of earthly philosophy.

If it can be shown how spiritual manifestations are produced in modern times, it is shown, also, how all spiritual manifestations have been done in the past.

The most scientific and the deepest thinking men of the present time concede that spirit control is a fact. Men wanting in science, and superficial thinkers only, deny the fact of spirit control.

The doctor claims that electricity may be made to excite an abnormal or over-action of the brain, and that one may have an influence upon this subtle fluid to throw so great a current of it upon the brain of another, as to hold it in entire control, as is the case in Mesmerism. Mesmerism is only a phase of Spiritualism.

Spirits influence mediums in precisely the same way that the mesmeriser influences his subject.

The greatest nervous temperaments are essential to the best medium developments.

Aromal electricity surrounds the spirit body, and animal electricity the animal body. These two kinds of electricity are always blended in order to produce any physical manifestation.

Whatever the kind of spiritual manifestation, the medium's brain is always in a state of excitement above its normal condition.

The mediums under influence may or may not be in possession of their own mental powers.

If I magnetize fully a medium's brain, I make that brain the medium of my own thoughts. It is just the same in regard to the influence of a spirit upon a medium.

If the action of the medium's brain is not entirely suspended, the spirit's communication is mixed and adulterated with the thoughts and proclivities of the medium, so the communications may seem to be impure and conflicting. All the discrepancies in Spiritualism arise from the imperfect control of spirits. Were all communications from spirits given under perfect spirit control of mediums, there would be no discrepancies, no contradictions.

"Thus saith the Lord," rendered in its true significance, is, thus saith the spirit that controls the sayer.

A spirit *incarnate* or excarnate may influence any medium.

The largest class of men in this age are those who measure truth by sensuous observation; hence the necessity of the present physical manifestations we have in Spiritualism.

It is yet but a small class that receive truth intuitively, without outward demonstration.

The last and lowest phase of spiritual manifestations—spirit photographs—is produced through the agency of electricity.

Light is only an electrical emanation.

Spirit communion is not only possible, but it is necessary. In Nature it has been hidden, and in Nature it has been revealed.

Nature is full of revelations yet to be made.

We touch chords every day that vibrate through all humanity, and that even reach the corridors of the heavenly worlds.

Nature is full of justice, and in due time it shall be made manifest.

Electricity travels twelve millions of miles per minute; it runs from the highest archangel to the lowest thing of earth; by it all things are joined together. Every human act is by it telegraphed through all worlds, whether the act be good or bad.

Spiritualism, being perfectly natural, is absolutely necessary, and is in keeping with eternal laws.

Spiritualism is essential to the doctrine of human progression.

Every experience which belongs to our earthly life that is not passed through before death, must be passed after death, through the physical organism of a medium, in order to make perfection in spiritual development.

This physical body of mine is only the house I live in; it is not me.

I have found some of the truest and best spirits living in the roughest exteriors.

Every natural want has its corresponding supply.

The deepest wants of man's nature can only be supplied by spirit intercourse.

The teachings of Spiritualism are in harmony with every law of man's being.

Spiritualism is predicated upon the evidences of man's interior nature.

Spiritualism goes deep, and it reaches, also, the highest heaven.

The march of Spiritualism is forward and onward, and forward and onward it shall roll forever.

LETTER TO SECRETARY SEWARD.

NATURE OF OUR CONSTITUTION AND GOVERNMENT.

HON. WILLIAM H. SEWARD, *Secretary of State:*

SIR—Since treason and armed rebellion are seeking to destroy the Constitution and Government of this nation, and on their ruins to establish the rule of an Aristocracy, the chief corner-stone of whose political edifice is African Slavery, it may not be amiss to observe for a moment, in respect to the nature of the Constitution and Government whose destruction is sought by traitorous rebels. Wicked men, with blood-stained hands, are busily at work to demolish the fair Temple of Freedom which the fathers builded at an expense of such numbers of lives, and so many years of labor and suffering. I pray that the President and all who minister at its sacred altars, may be abundantly blest in their endeavors to defend and preserve the Constitution and Government of the United States. Amendment and not violence, is the peaceful remedy provided by the wisdom of our ancestors, for the necessities of government, and the demands of a superior culture and higher civilization.

On the 17th day of September, 1787, in the twelfth year of Independence, and after about ten years of Administration, under the State Confederation, a new order of things was entered upon by the General Government, to wit, the union of the States under the present Constitution.

This paper presents a double aspect, or bifold character; each one of which seems to have grown out of a necessity, and to have needed some such contrivance or arrangement, in order to the establishment of the Union. The co-existence of a National Government, which should move on ministering to the entire general wants of all the persons in all the States as one people, with that of thirteen States, each having and exercising its own Government, with proper checks and balances. Each in respect to the other, providing for the rights of the individual as a member of the State Government as well as of the National—this was no easy problem: *hic labor est.*

1. In the one aspect, it is clearly a Charter of a Government, within whose territorial jurisdiction and operation other lesser Governments were to have being not only, but to exercise like functions, and to possess substantial rights, which were most carefully guarded against the absorbing and consolidating tendencies of the greater one; a charter providing for all for seen exigencies in the Administration thereof, defining the rights of the citizens under its sway, enumerating and declaring its powers, &c.; indeed, being to all intents and purposes, in features, seemingly as forgetful of the fact of its relation to any State Government, as might have been the case had it been framed by a people not members of thirteen States, but consolidated in one undivided integral mass. Such charter I conceive the whole instrument should be reckoned, except the fourth article thereof.

2. It is clearly, in another aspect, in some of its parts, something more than a mere Charter of Government, in the limited and usual signification. Much of the fourth article is a compact, or treaty stipulation, devoid of any grant of power, and containing nothing necessary in a Charter of Government—mere treaty stipulations by and between the several States—the sovereignties, the independencies—in a certain sense, the nationalities, the high contracting parties to a convention, or treaty *tredecim-partite*, and which was to be inserted in the great Charter of the National Government, as an essential ingredient and portion thereof, defining, limiting, settling and regulating matters of inter-state relation, which might otherwise, in the course of human affairs and current events of time, present vexed questions involving the doctrine of the common law, and the law of nations. The four sections of this article, which is a treaty, have forever obviated the necessity of an appeal to those codes to settle or regulate matters embraced within their provisions. Such I conceive to be the nature and object of the article—and it is within the compass of its sections that there is found authority to assert, that without the provisions of this Treaty of the States, the Federal Government never would have had a being and become a great power among the nations of the earth.

For instance, in the first subdivision of the Second Section of this Treaty of the States, it is stipulated that "the citizens of each State shall be entitled to all the privileges and immunities of citizens [of the United States] in the several States." And here, I remark, in passing to the inquiry concerning the nature of the Government under this Constitution, that this stipulation reaches forth to the protection of all the privileges and immunities of American citizens in whatever State of the Union they may happen to be—it can mean nothing less than what its terms plainly declare, to wit, that the citizen, clothed with certain rights and privileges at home, shall enjoy them in full, while abroad in any other State of the Confederacy—any other construction would make the stipulation incongruous, and subject the rights of citizens to fluctuation in their social and commercial intercourse with each other, as often as they passed from one State into another. If it mean that the citizens shall enjoy such rights only as pertain to the individuals of the State where he happens to be in his travels, rights regulated by its local legislation, then he might cast away at the boundary line of the State he left one set of rights and privileges, and be clad with another set, however desirable the one or repugnant the other may be to him—a subject of loss and gain, and gain and loss,

according to circumstances, in his changeful path way through the territories of thirty-four States far from homogeneous in their institutions and laws.

How important this stipulation—is it not the language of Treaty?—and yet how often has it been disregarded in the movements of men and communities, since the adoption of the Constitution which embraces it. Is it not clear that the provision was intended to secure to the citizen every right not surrendered—to declare plainly, that whatever the right it shall remain, cling to, and still inhere to the citizen of the United States, in whatever State of the many he may choose to enter on business or pleasure? The language does away all idea of necessity—it contemplates perfect freedom to go when and where it may please the citizen to go, carrying with himself all his rights and privileges, and never to be subjected to the humiliating plea of necessity as a reason for entrance, transit, or exit. It would seem that the citizen's enjoyment of all the rights belonging to him under the Constitution, in any portion of the national domain, was not left in uncertainty, or to judicial fluctuation, but fixed, settled, and made certain by express treaty reservation and stipulation.

The people inhabiting the colonies on this continent—which were subject to the Crown of Great Britain until the memorable Fourth of July, 1776, the day when States succeeded to colonial establishments—never were a nationality till they became such by the Constitution, which initiated the Federal Government. Its genesis dates from the first Wednesday of March, 1789, when, like the fabled birth of the beautiful Minerva from the laboring brain of Omnipotent Jove, it came forth from that Constitution a power, which had grown to be mighty in strength and majesty among the governments of the world. The body politic thus ushered into a new state of being and of action, was vitalized by the Democratic element, and hence its subsequent health and vigorous growth. That day witnessed the birth of the best and truest Democracy ever known among dynasties,—the inauguration of a new order of things—the will of the people, primary, immediate, and dominant, and in the main without State barriers, or State interventions.

The administration and working of the first General Government under State alliance and league, were strikingly obedient to the law of its being—the Democratic idea not being recognized nor constituent in its system of arrangements, it never could contribute to the exercise of Democratic principles. Its fabricators feared to trust the people—they, therefore, placed every exercise of power, though acknowledging its source to be in the people, as far distant from them as possible, considering the greater the distance the less the danger to be apprehended. In the adjustment of its popular forces and corporate appliances, Democracy suffered—was hindered—badly harmed: Federalism was hastened in its march, and was soon in the ascendant. This state of affairs was quite satisfactory to a portion of the people—to that number whose antecedents had distinguished them as aristocrats, and whose affinities kept alive a love for the forms and philosophy of the old *regime*. The confederation of the States was a mode of government good enough for them, and the articles of agreement between the States for that purpose were deemed all sufficient to answer the ends of good government. But to another portion of the inhabitants, whose views of popular rights and sovereignty led them to rest satisfied with nothing short of the fullest recognition of their direct possible agency in the conduct of the affairs of state, this first experiment of a general government was unsatisfactory and problematical—they, therefore, determined on measures which resulted in a compromise between Democracy and Federalism—hence there came into being the Constitution which now governs this nation and regulates its councils.

It would be interesting here to weigh in the balances of analysis and comparison the old and the new conditions of things, and to ascertain the relative gains of Democracy under the existing order of national rule. But such an undertaking, to do justice to the examination of the question, would occupy room exceeding the limits of this letter. A single glance, *en passant*, will discover that Federalism, in the transition from the old to the new system, lost its hold in many particulars.

The President, the head officer of the nation, an officer unknown to the first organization, though not deriving his office by direct vote of the people at a general election for that purpose, receives it not through any state action, but through the agency of a college of electors, chosen by the people. Such choice, if not strictly and in the fullest sense Democratic because of a single remove from the popular voice, is nevertheless not a State exercise of power in his election. It is true, Senators come not directly from the people, but Representatives do, and they are the most numerous in the legislative department of the Government. A Representative is not a Representative of the State or of the people of the State, in a limited State relation or capacity, but of the people of the United States or nation. He is not a State officer in any sense of the word, but an officer of the Government of the United States. When once chosen by the people of the State in the manner prescribed by the Constitution, he is then a Representative of the whole people of the Union, and not particularly of the district from which he was elected. His citizenship and office are alike coëxtensive with the Union—that national Union whose components are not the States, united or separate, but the persons of men, in the Constitution called the People. No one section of the national domain has more claim upon the Representative than any other. National citizenship is a necessary qualification for the office—and, besides, he is bound by his oath to be national. Latitudes and longitudes and cardinal points, should never be taken into personal or local account by statesmen in their reckonings upon the public weal of the nation—such being one of the declared purposes for which this Government was brought into being. Let the man who feels to boast of his American citizenship not forget to consider the equal claims of the millions of men that make up the body politic of this nation, nor fail to act on the recommendation of the great propagandist of the Higher Faith, the apostle of the Gospel of Immortal Life, who everywhere boasted of his Roman citizenship—*that there should be no schism in the body; but that the members should have the same care one for another.*

Senators depend on State Legislatures for their election, and truly theirs is not a popular or Democratic birth into office. The Bench of Justice, another department of the Government, though not filled by the people through their direct action at the polls, is beyond the reach of the States. It is well that it is beyond both popular and State election—that the arms of the States and of the people are shortened by the Constitution, and any blows aimed by them at the Judiciary, must fall far short of the high eminence of the judgment-seat. Indeed, all the three great departments of the Government are supplied with the means of administration and the requisite official forces, without the intervention of the States, except that one branch of the Legislative already referred to—the Senate: over this body, intended by the Constitution to be the wisest and gravest in the Government, State domination is constantly exercised in the shape of concurrent resolutions, instructing the members thereof in respect to the policy to be pursued by them. Nothing is more common than for State Legislatures to couple such instructions with their opinions of the duty of other officers of the General Government and of the policy of the National Administration.

Instructions to Senators and Representatives should be founded on sound principles of political philosophy, in order to give them force and to make them effectual. Denying to the Legislatures of these States the right to intermeddle with the affairs and administration of the National Government to the extent claimed by some, but asserting that the people may assemble in convention in their cities, towns and villages, as provided in one of the amendments of the Constitution, and resolve that certain Representatives and Senators in Congress shall obey their behests in respect to a prescribed policy—must obedience be rendered or resignation of office follow?

It would seem that the authority to instruct is in the people—the proper Sovereign source of instruction. Does the Constitution, the oath of office, and duty of the Representative to the whole population of the nation, admit of his acquiescence in the demands of the people in a single locality, however rightfully assembled and honestly acting? Must he obey instructions? Is it undemocratic to refuse obedience? Certain it is that the Constitution gives to the People, not to Legislatures, a right to be heard by the Government when they ask for a redress of grievances—this right belongs to their sovereignty, and its mode of exercise is distinctly marked out in the first amendment.

The people may petition the Government—all the departments or any of them having jurisdiction of the subject of the grievance; they are not limited to the two houses of Congress—Congress is not the Government, but only one branch of it. The demand for redress of grievances may take the form of petition or of remonstrance—the latter is the more consistent and more in keeping with the claims of Democracy, which are, that the people are the masters, and the Representatives the servants; but having made delegation and substituted certain of their number in their place and stead, according to the rule of apportionment, are not the substitutes their embodiment for the period during which they are elected, and must they not be left to think and act independently and with all freedom? To petition the Government, or to remonstrate for the removal of some evil, is a widely different matter from instruction—the one is provided for in the Constitution, but where is the warrant for the other?

While Senators are dependent upon the Legislatures of the States, and Representatives upon the people of the district of their domicil, for their place in the councils of the nation, they are yet amenable to the people of the whole country in respect to the policy of every measure involving the common interests of the nation. The electoral authorities in the several States and districts having exercised their proper judgment in the choice of the man to be elected, he becomes the representative, but not of a specific locality alone—he belongs to the entire country; the National Government in its widest sense claims him; his constituency is the whole population of the nation, and not the people inclusively of the narrow limits of the district whose votes elected him. His certificate of election is a general power of attorney, and required to come from the popular mass locally apportioned, as the proper appointing power to the office he is to fill—it is his commission to act in the premises, not merely for them, but for the national weal and general welfare. The representation of the Constitution was never intended to be a limited or local representation—it is contrary to the genius of the Government. The representative is the people's minister plenipotentiary—they are the appointing or electoral power.

The species of rule under the Articles of Confederation received the significant name of Federalism. It has ever been the enemy of the Constitution, because by that instrument it was dislodged from its seat of power. That formula of government was its boldest bulwark—its citadel—its strong fortress—impregnable for a period of years, because built in the fastnesses and upon the foundations of corporate power. Lordship and not citizenship once floated gracefully abroad on the breeze in the unfoldings of its banner.

During the existence of the First General Government, the People had no direct voice in its administration. It was the joint contrivance of the thirteen States—it was theirs to have and to hold as tenants in common. The people might look on and witness its workings, but never have part nor lot in the conduct of its affairs—not one of its agents came into office through their suffrages—he was answerable alone to the appointing power, the Legislature of a State. Those who were satisfied with such rule of government, in the political parlance of that early day, were known as Federalists. The opponents of that scheme of administration, known as Democrats, asserted the right and privilege of self-government in its direct, original and simple emanation from the people themselves, without the mediation of a class of middle-men, or the circumferential appliance of other and remote bodies. Their resolute will to be freed of a government but little less distasteful to them than the one they had just cast off, soon manifested itself in such proceedings as at length resulted in the upheaval of the Federal foundations, and the establishment of the Democratic Constitution, under which the nation has continued to be governed until the present moment. Since that important epoch in the history of this country, love for the Democratic principle has been the master passion of the main body of the people. But there has ever remained a remnant who admire and advocate the old and exploded system of State combination, as such—the governing through the instrumentality of the States almost exclusively—a system in which there was no recognition of popular being, of popular sovereignty, of popular rights, outside of the States in their sectional individuality—a combination, whose charter never bore the emphatic terms, *We, the People, do ordain and establish*; a remnant who feel or fancy that the people need to be placed under some special guardianship—that State rights and sovereignty are greatly in jeopardy—forgetting that self government is safe because of self-interest, and that the popular instincts never run counter to the law of self preservation.

Since the period of Independence these two systems of government have been tried—diverse in operation and result as the laws and principles of action woven into their structures. The first was so devoid of the proper life-element of a true government, and its structural arrangements placed so far from the principal motor, the people, that it became necessary to substitute another and, as it has proved, better one. The first never rose higher in grade or dignity than a provisional government, though it declared itself to be enduring and of perpetual obligation. Its short life and the longevity of that which followed—and which, it is hoped, notwithstanding the war wickedly waged against it by the slave-holding traitors and rebellious conspirators now in arms and open hostility, will outlive many more generations of men, and witness a growth and prosperity under it which will astonish the nations of the earth—should admonish the admirers of the former to beware of a comparison of their respective adaptations to the popular wants, not only, but of their relative uses in the regulation of political affairs. The experience of the people under these two modes of rule has taught them lessons of wisdom in political philosophy, and the glory of that which now obtains and overshadows with its greatness and advanced age the brief authority and the few years of history of its predecessor, demonstrates the certainty of success where the people are left to consult their interests and to govern themselves.

In making search through the Articles and Amendments of the Constitution, it is quite natural to question its oracle to learn where is the seat or source of power in the Government that went into action through its instrumentality, and whether there be any residuary power, so that when the Government has had a full supply for all the demands of its being and growth, there remains over something not needed or allowed to be used—the response given to the inquiry, is: *The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, OR TO THE PEOPLE.* It is plain to see that this language, coming to be used as the final expression of the people concerning the disposition of their powers, and uttered by them after the establishment of the Constitution, in the Tenth Amendment of the same, at the earliest opportunity after the organization of the Government, when the advocates and opponents of the new system had had time to criticise and philosophize upon its plans and pretensions, is appropriate as the climax of popular claim—is indicative of the design of Democratic Rule. The people had heard the arguments as to which should exercise supremacy—the National or the State Governments—as to what extent the sovereignty of the people had been lodged in the States—as to what belonged to the States to do in the premises, in cases of conflict between this exercise of power, and its exercise by the new National organization. It had been ordained by them at first that the Constitution, and the Laws of the United States made in pursuance of it, and all treaties made under the authority of the United States, should be the supreme law of the land—and besides, that the judges should be bound by them, whatever there might be in the Constitution or laws of any State contrariwise.

The Tenth Amendment in paraphrase runs thus—it has this meaning—the people are living together in States, having their sub-divisions of counties, etc., and thus organized, have bestowed power to some extent to cement such organization; this power, if not recalled nor surrendered by them, remains so appropriated—but the people, thus living together in States, choose to establish a more extended organization, the same to be national, and to bestow upon it powers commensurate with its necessities—in establishing it to take away from the States some powers that the States have till then used, and to bestow them for exercise in the National department, prohibiting their longer use by the States, and reserving to the States what is not prohibited: and thus having made partition of their power, a *quantum sufficit* belongs to the National organization; a modicum is left to sustain that of the States; and what is not needed nor taken up into these organizations, remains in the people, irrespective of any disposition of the same—what of power is not appropriated to the uses of the National Government, nor necessary for the purposes of the States respectively, belongs *to the People*, the people themselves, independently of any embodiment or corporation, they being the only other absorbents of power.

To what proportions does the Tenth Amendment reduce the sovereignty of the States? This Amendment is founded on pure political reason and a valid law of society. The National, the State, the county, the town, the village governments, are sovereign just in proportion to the power they have derived originally from the people, and is the decree of Deity that all human power shall dwell in the people—they are its reservoirs—it belongs to Democracy to execute that decree and to demonstrate its righteousness. Power and sovereignty are co-relative.

This amendment by the people was necessary. Before its passage, in none of their allotments of power, had the law governing its partition and deposit been declared. In the beginning of their struggles for liberty, on this Continent, the people made declaration of their independence of Kings and Parliaments, and of their sacred right to exercise power themselves—in the ending of their efforts, in the formation of their own governments on ground once subject to foreign prerogative, they made declaration of their own ultimate sovereignty and original right to rule. The people have established Democracy—they have allotted their power and located their exercise—they govern themselves—they are now a nation.

I hope the element which has given name to the kind of government which the Constitution established, may always obtain in its administration, but I have no patience in witnessing the partisan appropriation of the term, Democracy, by those who now prostitute the name and principle to the base purposes of aiding and abetting rebellion, and riveting the chains and shackles of slavery. I cannot fellowship the sympathiser with treason, wearing the mantle of Democracy the better to deceive, while seeking to weaken, if not destroy, the foundations of the Government. Of the partisan Democrat of to-day it may well be said,

"He was a man
Who stole the livery of the Court of Heaven
To serve the Devil in."

Yours &c., HORACE DRESSER.

New York, Nov. 15th, 1862.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE CANARY'S SONG.

BY CORA WILBURN.

While on my journey in the cars, amid the hum of voices and the clatter of rapid motion, a canary poured forth its trusting, hopeful soul in song.

Amid the turmoil and the strife
Of warring words, there fell
A sweet note from the psalm of life,
Fraught with the burden of the rose,
When sweet the fragrant west wind blows.
Melodious, "All is well!"
A strain of joy that rang above
All discord, with the peace of Love!

It hushed the politician's din,
And silenced Fashion's voice;
With potent love-power sought to win
All listening hearts from gloom;
With faith and gladness to illume
God's mandate to "Rejoice!"
That little harbinger of love
Lifted my soul to worlds above.

Minneapolis, Minn., Nov. 13, 1862.

Correspondence.

Letter from Cora Wilburn.

DEAR FRIENDS AND READERS—Great is the distance that now separates me from my New England friends, yet, as the spirit can traverse space, and takes no heed of time, we may commune and feel the welcome presence of those far, far away. I left the city of my adoption, fair Philadelphia, on Tuesday night, the 4th of this month, and on account of the lateness of the season I did not make any stay at the hospitable homes proffered to me upon my route of travel, by kind Spiritualist friends.

At Altoona, and amid the magnificent scenery of the Alleghany mountains, we were detained several hours, on account of an accident that had occurred to another train that morning, whereby the engine and several cars were destroyed, and the engineer's spirit freed from a mangled body. We did not reach Pittsburgh until the evening of Wednesday, and in that city of abundant coal dust, I rested until midnight, and at one o'clock took the cars, a rain storm in the meantime enveloping the darksome city.

Again we were detained, waiting for some of the gallant defenders of our country, who were to be taken on that train. Reached Chicago, on Thursday night, and found a snowy covering on the earth. There enjoyed a good repose for the night; and on Friday morning, continued my journey, arriving at La Crosse that night at ten o'clock. There took the steamboat, that is conveniently and even luxuriously fitted up, and enjoyed another night's rest. On Saturday, we rested for seven hours on a sand bar; and at three o'clock on Sunday morning, changed boats, reaching St. Paul at ten that night.

The grand bluffs that rise almost perpendicularly from the placid river, the picturesque towns and villages that dot the shore, formed delightful pictures to the eye and heart. Oh, what a vast and beautiful land this is! And how gloriously inviting to the sons of labor, to the oppressed of all nations, will this America be, when the Star-flag of Universal Liberty waves over its vast, entire free soil.

I spent the night of Sunday at the International Hotel, which can compare most favorably with first class houses of Philadelphia, or any other Eastern city. The proprietors are extremely obliging, and the attendance and comforts are unexceptionable.

I feel much indebted to the kindness of Dr. Barnes, of Bath, Pa., who gave me all the necessary information on my way, and to whose attention I owe my own safe pilotage, and that of my baggage, as far as Saint Paul.

On Monday morning I took the cars and came hither, a ride of only ten miles; and now I am comfortably located with kind and hospitable friends, whose warm hearts are eager to bestow upon me all the comfort in their power. Years hence I shall remember with gratitude the family of Mr. Goodwin.

To all the friends who sent me hospitable invitations to their homes, I herewith again return my grateful thanks. I hastened hither on account of the lateness of the season. But if health and strength are granted me, I hope yet to visit them all, perhaps even this winter.

To all who have aided me in my hour of need, I again return my thanks, invoking for them a return of manifold blessings.

There are points of interest in this vicinity that I shall endeavor to visit and give my impressions of to the BANNER. Yours for Truth,

CORA WILBURN.

Minneapolis, Minn., Nov. 13, 1862.

From the West.

EDITOR BANNER—I send you a few subscribers from Wood County, the result, in part, of our labors there last week. Bowling Green is a neat little village, about twenty miles from this place, and six miles from Tontogeny Station, on the Dayton and Michigan Railroad, at both of which places good lecturers will find a welcome. I lectured at the above places five successive evenings last week, to large and attentive audiences.

At Toledo, this month, we have had, as usual, small attendance, but larger than we had last spring, showing no decrease of interest, and an equally good state of feeling has been manifested where we have labored through the summer and fall. Pecuniary matters are so unsettled that we must be content to labor on with barely sufficient to pay necessary expenses.

I regret to say that during this winter I shall have to travel and labor without my beloved companion, as she goes to Newburyport, Mass., to spend the winter with her sister. I hope to be in New England early in the spring, and design visiting Vermont and New Hampshire during the summer. Letters sent to the BANNER OF LIGHT office will be forwarded to me. Your glorious BANNER is universally esteemed wherever I have traveled. From the first number issued to the present time, the BANNER has been the beloved dispenser of spiritual thought, with increasing favor. L. K. COONLEY.

Toledo, O., Nov. 17, 1862.

WAYSIDE SKETCHINGS—No. 7.

BY A. H. DAVIS.

Hillsboro' Bridge—Antrim North Bend—Stoddard—Munsonville—East Westmoreland—Barbara Allen, of Boston—William Berry, formerly of the Banner, Recognized through the Mediumship of Miss Allen—Death of Bro. Wm. Clark, of East Westmoreland—Fitchburg, Mass.—Mrs. Works—Leominster, Mass.—Berlin—A Prediction Fulfilled—Arrived Home Again.

Sunday, Oct. 5th, I lectured again in Whitman's Hall, at Hillsboro' Bridge, N. H. Here I found a few active Spiritualists, among whom I would name Bro. Theron B. Newman, Bro. Bailey and family, Bro. Solon Newman, and Sister Lucy Rolf. With them I formed a pleasant acquaintance, and found a congenial home; and for the sympathy and kindness which they extended to me under somewhat trying circumstances, they will please to receive my most heartfelt thanks. They will be remembered when the mortal shall have put on immortality, and the spirit soars free from the clogs of earth. Leaving Hillsboro', I went on to Antrim North Bend, to fulfill an engagement to lecture there.

Tuesday Evening, Oct. 7th, I stopped with Bro. Iram Woods. At this place I learned of only two families of avowed Spiritualists, although there are others interested, who do not openly avow their belief, on account of opposing elements. Bro. Woods and his worthy companion, (who, by the way, is a good trance and healing medium,) stand firm, and openly and fearlessly advocate what they believe to be true. There have been but few, if any, lectures here, and notwithstanding an effort was made to prevent the circulation of the notices, when the hour arrived the hall was well filled, and the lecture was listened to for an hour with apparent interest.

The next morning I left Antrim, and went to Stoddard. I reached there about noon, and gave immediate notice for a lecture that evening, Wednesday, Oct. 8th, in the Universalist Church. The notice was very limited, and consequently the audience was small. Among the firm and zealous advocates of Spiritualism in Stoddard, I formed the acquaintance of Bros. Israel F. Town, Alfred Beckwith and families. There are others there deeply interested, with whom I had not time to form an acquaintance. Spiritualism stands as fair in Stoddard as any *Ism*; but there is, I should judge from observation and what was said to me, a general apathy, even on that subject, and a little opposition would tend to wake up an interest. I have no reason, however, to complain, as I was treated with kindness the brief time I stopped there.

Leaving Stoddard, I proceeded on to Munsonville, a small factory village in Nelson, N. H., to fill an appointment Thursday evening, Oct. 9. Here I found considerable interest. The friends of liberal sentiments have purchased the Universalist house, and have fitted it up in a very neat and appropriate style for lectures and other purposes. During the past season they have done all they were able to do to sustain meetings on the Sabbath. Bro. Shepherdson, of South Acworth, mentioned as a trance-speaker in a former article, has spoken there quite frequently, to the general satisfaction of those who listened. At Munsonville I stopped with Bro. Justus Fisher, where all my physical necessities were amply supplied. The hall was well filled with an attentive and appreciative audience. I went away well satisfied, and hope to have the pleasure of meeting the friends there again, and of again addressing them on a subject in which I feel so deep an interest.

My next stopping place was East Westmoreland, N. H. I again visited here for the third time since I left home in the middle of May last, and in this secluded valley, bordering on the Connecticut River, and only a few miles distant, hemmed in by the granite hills of New Hampshire, where I was unexpectedly guided by spirit direction, on the morning of June 19th, I found congenial friendship, which will ever render the recollection of my oft-repeated visits there pleasant—remembrances which will not fade when earthly vision shall close to the realities of present existence—flowers spread in the pathway of a lovely traveler of everlasting verdure—roses which will blossom in the soul-garden, when all earth flowers fade. Bro. and Sister Mathewa, whom I expected to meet there, were away in another part of the State, where Sister M. was actively engaged in fulfilling her mission of love, and in her stead, I met, for the first time, her sister, Barbara Allen, of Boston, an excellent test-medium. Perhaps there is no place, not even my own home, where I have received so many convincing tests of spirit identity, as in this secluded spot. Here it was my good fortune—unexpectedly in both instances—of meeting with two as good test mediums as New England affords. I shall not have space here to detail the tests which I witnessed through the mediumship of Miss Allen, but she spoke the name of several of my spirit-friends and relations, of whom I knew positively that she had no knowledge, and gave positive evidence of their identity.

On the evening of October 11th, the spirit of Wm. Berry, formerly one of the proprietors of the BANNER OF LIGHT, gained partial control of the medium, and attempted to make himself recognized by alluding to the fact that I was acquainted with him, and going through the motion of writing, as in reporting, but I could not identify.

The next evening, October 12th, he came again going through the same motions; but I was still at a loss to identify, until he stated that he had been recently killed in battle. At this point I was strongly impressed with the presence of Bro. Berry, and when I pronounced the name, he shook my hand violently, in token of glad recognition. Although the notice of his death had just appeared in the BANNER, I was the only one in the room that had seen it. In relation to the reporting, which was first given as a token of recognition, I would state, the last time I ever saw Bro. Berry, he was in Sister Conant's circle, in the BANNER OF LIGHT office, reporting; only a day or two before the BANNER office was removed from Brattle street to its present location. He, it seems, remembered the circumstance, though it was forgotten by me, until reminded by other circumstances. To the friends of the BANNER, he wished me to say: his past experiences had elevated him to a plane of greater usefulness in the future, where he was content to dwell.

Sunday, Oct. 19th, I lectured again afternoon and evening, to a good congregation in the Union House, East Westmoreland. Miss Allen was present, and participated in the exercises. And here it becomes my melancholy duty to announce the death of Bro. Wm. Clark, who has passed out of the earth-form since I left there. The particulars of his death I am unable to give, but in his departure the friends there have lost a firm advocate of Spiritualism. His soul was engaged in the work, and in his home the friends of the cause always receive a cordial welcome. He has gone to the realms of light and blessedness, and will come back to us with rejoicing. Already I have been repeatedly made sensible of his presence.

Leaving East Westmoreland, I passed on to Fitchburg, Mass. Here I found a few warm friends and advocates, although but little is being done to extend our blessed faith to the public. I found Mrs. Works, of Cavendish, Vt., here on a visit, and holding circles, and she had succeeded in awakening a renewed interest among those who attended. Mrs. Works, who loves the cause better than any earthly good, enters into the work with her whole soul, and her labors are blessed wherever she goes.

Sunday, Oct. 26th, I lectured afternoon and evening in the Sons of Temperance Hall, at Leominster, Mass. On account of the storm, my audience was small. Mrs. Works was present, and participated in the exercises. At this place I found a few warm-hearted, zealous advocates of Spiritualism, who fearlessly fling their banner to the breeze. While I stopped in Leominster I made my home with Bros. Jacob Davis and Gilberts. Bro. Davis took an active part in arranging for the meeting, for which, and for other tokens of kindness I received in his family, he will please receive my thanks. Bro. Gilberts and his excellent companion are both trance mediums, and bid fair to become useful laborers in the field. My visit with him at twilight to the side of a high hill which overlooks the village and surrounding country, where he was most beautifully controlled by our dear sister, Achsa Sprague, will be long remembered.

Sunday, Nov. 2d, I lectured in Good Templars Hall, Fitchburg. In the evening the hall was well filled. Among the best mediums in Fitchburg is Mrs. Farnsworth, wife of J. B. Farnsworth, and half-sister to Mrs. Harriet F. Huntley. At this place I also made the acquaintance of Bro. Henry E. Austin and family.

Leaving Fitchburg I passed on to Berlin, passing through Leominster, Lancaster and Clinton. At the last two places I could not learn that much was being done to spread the spiritual light of the nineteenth century. I reached Berlin Tuesday evening, Nov. 4th, and stopped at the hospitable residence of Bro. Luther Carter. Bro. Carter's wife is a good trance medium. The next day, Nov. 5th, I gave notice for a lecture in the school-house in the south village, the beautiful and commodious hall which they have erected there for liberal meetings being occupied for drying apples for the soldiers. When the hour for the lecture arrived, I found the house full. I also formed the acquaintance of Bros. Winsor Maynard, Phineas M. Ross, and families, where I was greeted with cordial friendship.

Just before I left Hillsboro', Oct. 6th, it was said to me by a medium there, "You will not reach home until after snow comes." I then expected to reach home in about two weeks. On the morning of Nov. 7th, as I was about to start from Marlboro' for home, I told a friend what was said to me, remarking that I thought the prediction would fail. "There is time enough yet," he replied. Soon after I started for home, but before ten o'clock it was snowing fast, and when I reached Framingham the ground was covered with two inches of snow. I reached Natick about one o'clock P. M., having been absent nearly six months.

In my rambles in the central towns of Massachusetts and over the granite hills of New Hampshire and the Green Mountains of Vermont, I have found many congenial friends, and many homes where I have been made welcome. The remembrance of them will go with me wherever I go, and the flowers spread in my pathway will not fade in the soul when the body crumbles back to its native element. I have been made wiser, if not better, by this journey, and my faith in the truths of spirit intercourse has been strengthened by the many tests I have received through different mediums in different sections, and my resolve to spend the remnant of my life in a cause which I love better than all others, remains firm.

My next field of labor, I now expect, will be the West, although I may again visit some of the places where I have been, on my way there. The winter months I shall probably spend in this section, and should be happy to answer calls to lecture on the Sabbath. If my labors, either in writing or lecturing, have advanced the cause, I am paid. I have buckled on the armor, and I design to keep it on till I lay it off with the casket of earth.

Natick, Mass., Nov. 23, 1862.

Written for the Banner of Light.

ORGANIZATION, A NECESSITY.

BY C. D. GRISWOLD, M. D.

Modern Truth Seekers have taken a new tack, and of late have become diligent searchers after a New Religion. Spiritualism has set us back upon the old Jewish Platform of Philosophy, and this has been made by many the all-potent power to save, and hence every free-thinker turned philosopher, with as much readiness as the versatile Yankee has been wont to assume the functions of schoolmaster, editor, justice, judge, or preacher. For a few years past we have been treated so profusely with philosophy, that the heart—to use the old symbol—has grown sick and famished for the want of sustenance. Philosophy is the natural offspring of the intellect, and legitimately provides for the material, and can no more minister to the needs of the spiritual nature than can the air alone provide for the wants of the body. The interior emotional love-nature of man requires something more than the cold, unsatisfying speculations of the intellect, to satisfy its cravings. Man is a devotional being by nature, and must worship something, and the choice is generally between God and himself—mostly himself.

This devotional tendency of the mind, and habit—if nothing more—which leads to the setting apart of a portion of time at regular periods, for religious or spiritual cultivation, will inevitably bring Spiritualists, sooner or later, back about half way to the old Church system of locating places of worship, "settling a minister," and taking their place in the world as a body with an Organization. The objections to the old Church do not come from its system of Organization—by no means. It is even questionable if a better system can be adopted for the propagation of truth than has been developed by the Christian Church. It is what they believe, and not the means adapted for the spread of their belief that is objectional.

The distrust Spiritualists often manifest of all systems of coöperation, is absurd. Unless we unite together and consent to be bound by some external tie of universal belief, and order of coöperation, we can never gain strength as a people, or class, or denomination, so long as the world stands. The love of truth *per se*, and the rewards of happiness acquired by increase of wisdom, and the practice of virtuous deeds, are about the only incentives Spiritualism affords to bind us in unity, and for the sustainance of our cause. Many seem to think that Spiritualism drove the bears all out of the field, and therefore we are at full liberty to roam in pleasant pastures according to inclination with nought to make afraid. This has been a great mistake, and led often to the abandonment of the practice of virtue.

True, we are rid of the Devil in form, yet there is a pretty large fragment of him left in spirit; and though the fires of hell have been put out, yet there are, according to all accounts, some uncomfortably hot places in the other world for those who "practice only evil, and that continually," though the heat may not come from the consumption of sulphur.

A vast work is yet to be done in this world, before all are secured unalloyed happiness in the world to come. Humanity is susceptible of a very considerable improvement, and it should be the chief ambition of every one to do all he can to rise himself, and help his brother man up the ascending scale. I am somewhat radical upon this point, perhaps but I cannot avoid the conviction that it will cost every one about all he has got that his neighbor *needs* more than he does to keep out of hell and entirely clear of the Devil. Let this fact—and I am convinced that it is a fact—be thoroughly impressed upon every mind, and I have no doubt but the contributions to the cause of Spiritualism would be very speedily and sensibly enlarged. But there is another idea that comes flitting by: If the priceless value of good deeds, such as cost no money, be fully realized, as estimated in the currency of the other spheres, what a change would be effected in the labors of the human family, and from this time on and forever. It is very easy to conceive of the world in a very much happier state than it is—even quite a comfortable place to live in—if all could only see it, but they do n't. The spread of the Gospel of Truth is very much needed in an enlarged degree. The BANNER of TRUTH and LIGHT should be unfolded in every household in the land where the door can be opened. Union, organization and coöperation are all that is wanted.

How much we have to encourage us—what a grand, glorious, heavenly future there is before us—if we only run for it. LIBERTY!—just think of it! What inspiration there is in the word that sets the hearts of millions palpitating to-day, and it is surely coming to them, and they are coming to us to be taught and raised from their degraded condition at last. Are we prepared to receive them? Have we any system or order through which they can be reached in a spiritual sense? I sometimes think Spiritualists are dead—not Spiritualism, the glorious cause that will spiritualize future generations, if it cannot this. The vain hopes, and egotistical fancies which at first took possession of many minds having died out, they have relapsed into a state of comparative coma, and lost sight of the one great need that all should be better, and help one another. May this darkness be but the night that precedes a coming day of glorious light and liberty to man.

To Correspondents.

[*We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.*]

MRS. A. E. W., COMMERCE, MO.—We cannot comply with your proposition; the times will not warrant it.

H. M. MILLER.—The Report of the Centreville (Pa.) Convention was received too late for insertion in this issue. We shall print it in our next.

J. J. G., HANNIBAL, MO.—Funds received. Thanks for your efforts to increase the circulation of the BANNER.

P. E. J.—Your abstract of Bro. Chase's discourse at Quincy, Nov. 23d, came to hand too late for this issue. It will appear in our next.

W. W., CAMP NEAR WARRENTON, VA.—It would be inappropriate to print your letter at this late day. Another thing: *it is too full of condemnation.* Perhaps all that has taken place will prove to have been best in the long run.

F. R., MARBLEHEAD.—We should be pleased to hear from you often.

We are told do have hope and trust; but what 's a poor fellow to do when he can 't get no trust?

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1862.

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FOR TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION SEE EIGHTH PAGE.

LUTHER COLBY, ... EDITOR.

To Agents and Clubs.

On and after December 1st, our subscription price will be uniformly Two Dollars a year—One Dollar for six months. No discount to clubs or agents.

We make this change only in obedience to an imperative necessity, in consequence of the greater cost of material and increased expense of publication. We can give no assurance of permanent adherence even to these rates, if the price of paper continues to advance.

Our National Lessons.

How much we have learned, all for our own best *good, too,* since the rebel cannon in front of Sumter dispelled the fog and folly in which our qualities as a people have been so long enveloped. We have just begun to find ourselves out. We are sensibly renewed and regenerated by our disaster. What we would most certainly have shunned, could we have had our own choice, is proving nothing less than our real salvation.

Not such a very long time ago, as every one can readily remember, we stood in as much awe of the frowns and ferule of the English press as any school children ever did of the same modes of persuasion of a master. But how completely has all that been changed! We have learned now to go alone. We are not the dejected creatures we once were, if the lordly London Times takes a notion to fret and scold us for our national proclivities. And with the putting away of such leading-string influence, comes a larger self-trust, and self-sufficiency.

The brag and boast that was in us to so generous an extent, is all, or pretty much all, blown out. We are become both wiser and better than we were—more modest and moderate. It is only because we have got experience that we did not have before—what we wanted more than all things else. Not long ago, we were very sure that we were more than a match for all creation outside of our limits; we could whip the world in arms, and all that sort of thing; we might as well have been quiet about it, even were our superiority so apparent in all respects. But time and experience have taught us to be more modest than formerly, and we are getting to be a little willing to be told just about what and where we are.

Then, again, we are fast overcoming, or getting out of, the false notions we have been slaves to all our lives, about the *merit* there is in mere money; making it a power very different from what it was really meant to be, turning the heads of people strangely concerning the talismanic virtues it was reputed to possess, and developing a crop of qualities in the human character which ought simply to have been kept under. We have been growing rich altogether *too fast* in this country; the tendency of the blood to the head has been much too decided; we were puffed up, pursy, proud, and apoplectic; by being forced suddenly to let our money be drained away from us, we are likely to part with much of the ill effects of our plethora, and return to our natural senses again.

We have vigor enough; there is no denying that. We can recover from calamity sooner than any other people known. None can overtake us in the race, where muscle, mind, and the stronger qualities of character are apt to prevail. And it is that which has, perhaps, made us so over-confident in our own strength. They who have abundant resources are the very ones most likely to be continually aware of it. There may be some excuse for us on this account. Yet we did require some qualifying circumstance in our progressive experience and our national growth, to take down, as by a sudden frost, the rank weeds of this sort that had grown up and choked the national character. We needed *tempering,* that the steel which was in us might be made the finest and truest steel. And the fires are long since kindled now, that are to do the work so necessary.

"Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth," is as true of a people as of an individual. The very fact that a nation is indeed a "peculiar people," called of God to perform some magnificent part in the world's drama, is reason enough for its being compelled to pass through such a school, and such discipline, as will best fit it for the work it has to do. Our woes are all blessings; we sometimes speak of them as being "in disguise;" but it is only because we cannot happen to see them as such. We need regret nothing that this nation is called to walk through the Red Sea of blood with whose tides its feet are wet to-day; it is for our highest good—it is for the exaltation of both national and individual character.

The reflecting mind is inclined to pause and wonder at the new state of things which is yet to be—and to be not so very far off, either. Shall we all of us really be able, in the future, to look back and recognize our former lineaments? How we shall have changed! In the place of the bluster, pretension, assurance, boastfulness, money-pride, and other excrescences that hindered the true beauty and harmony of the national character, we shall find all these supplanted by better qualities—we shall see, as it were, a new character formed, individuals grown thoughtful and truly modest, the standards of social life entirely renovated, education made real and serviceable, manners softened and become natural, labor crowned with the guerdon of its own worth, religion divested of its superstition and its mummeries, men grown wiser in consequence of looking more into their own hearts and lives than into the hearts and lives of others, and a purer, fresher atmosphere pervading the national world. We who have faith, and hold fast, will certainly live to see all these things come about

Material Aid.

We gratefully acknowledge a donation from a German Circle, at Cleveland, Ohio, in aid of our "Message Department." Also various sums from friends in Boston, whose names we are not at liberty to make public.

Lyceum Hall Meetings.

Rev. J. S. Loveland, one of the ablest workers in the cause of Spiritualism, speaks in Lyceum Hall next Sunday afternoon and evening.

Paper—The Cause and Consequence of its Rise in the Market.

The public generally are aware that a material advance has recently taken place in the prices of all kinds of paper. The advance is from forty to fifty per cent. above the rates current on the 1st of September last. Those who consume paper in large or small quantities can realize the importance of the advance when purchasing, and as newspaper publishers are large consumers, they can realize fully the effect of the additional demand made by the manufacturers.

The reason assigned by the paper makers for the advance in prices of the article, is the scarcity of stock and the tax levied by government. Why there should be a scarcity of stock now that the great Southern market is cut off, it is difficult to see. The high price of cotton goods may reduce consumption, and induce greater economy with such goods in use, and thus less rags may be produced. It is, however, doubtful whether the time has arrived for these causes to materially affect the rag market. But the paper makers say they cannot procure rags except at greatly enhanced cost, that chemicals and all other articles used are much higher, and therefore paper must go up. It is possible that holders of large stocks of rags are anticipating an advance and holding, but it is not probable that the good housewives are receiving much if anything more than formerly for the accumulations of their rag-bags. We are frank enough to say that we do not believe there is a scarcity in paper stock yet to justify the advance made in paper. The rag-holders may be at fault, but we suspect that the paper makers are not wholly blameless.

A few weeks since, a grand convention of paper manufacturers was held in New York, and was largely attended. The mills not represented entered into the agreement then and there made, and all are now acting under the combination formed. Among other things then agreed to, was one relating to the price of printing paper, and that was that it should not be less than twelve and a half cents per pound, besides the tax. This was a rise of from thirty to forty per cent. at once. Now if stock had risen so that paper could not be sold at less than these rates, why this convention and combination? Why not let the ordinary laws of trade govern the sale of paper, as it does of flour and other commodities? It is not customary for manufacturers to do business in this way, and the departure from custom by the paper makers leads to the supposition that they intended to force an advance above the natural point to which paper might go. It was proposed in the convention, that all mills should run on half time till there was such a scarcity of paper in market as would greatly increase the demand, and therefore the price. It was ascertained at the convention that manufacturers generally had good stocks in hand, and had not, therefore, found any difficulty in procuring what they required. The action taken was in anticipation of scarcity of rags rather than from any want then felt.

One party in this convention exhibited a sample of half beaten pulp which had been converted into a sort of cotton shoddy, which he said would sell for fifty two cents per pound to be converted into cloth. That exhibition carried the convention for any proposition made, and if the party was correct, why there is an end to the use of rags for printing paper. Some other material must be found, for the cost of newspapers advanced four-fold. It remains to be seen how the cotton shoddy turns out.

Straw, husks, and other vegetable substances are used for making paper, but the material produced is inferior in color and texture to that made of rags, but it is better than no paper, and we may be compelled to resort to its use. We are gravely told, however, that it will cost as much as is now paid for rag paper.

But paper has advanced nearly fifty per cent., whatever may be the cause, and the consequences must be met and understood by consumers. The publishers of papers cannot continue to furnish their patrons as before, *except* at a large loss. They have *not* called a convention or entered into any combination to save themselves. Many have acted promptly in the emergency—some by reducing the size of their sheets; others by advancing terms. Day by day, as our exchanges come in, we notice the sails have been furled to meet the storm, and many of the most prosperous journals are materially changed in size. Indeed, it is an indication of prosperity that a reduction is made. The journal, with a very limited circulation, which receives the usual rates for advertising, does not feel the advance in the cost of paper like one who has a large circulation. Why, the advance made in a single day on the paper for the Daily Union and Advertiser was sufficient to amount to over $12 000 per annum; and at this advance, contracts cannot be made for a supply for three days. Indeed, we are told that the price, which is now thirteen cents per pound, may be any day raised to sixteen, eighteen, or even twenty-five cents. *Publishers must reduce the size of their sheets,* and thus consume less. A material reduction in the demand may be made in this way; and if it is true, as intimated, that rags are held for speculation, the holder may not find much profit in it. If paper-makers in this combination advance their pretensions too far, somebody outside of the combination may make paper. The trade is an open one, and hedged by no patents or special privileges.

We copy the above article from the Rochester Union into our paper, *for the purpose of showing* the reader the condition of the newspaper press in consequence of the rise of paper stock, and why we are obliged, in order to live, to advance our prices slightly. Since it appeared, a still further rise has taken place.

The question is, then, in this connection, shall we be sustained? Will our friends make extra exertions to keep the BANNER floating until the great political storm has subsided? If they are sincere in the cause they advocate they will do so. We depend entirely upon our patronage to sustain us; and if we do not have adequate support, it will be—in the language of a valued correspondent, who has just written us upon the subject—"a burning shame, and every Spiritualist who has abundant means should feel the scorching brand on his memory and conscience." It is quite time for Spiritualists who have wealth, to give a manly support to the truth which they profess to hold in deepest affection and reverence. If they do not, at this late day—after so many have been neglected, and all their means and resources in the world exhausted, in labors to disseminate a knowledge of our great immortality—it is evident their hearts are not in the work, and they do but impeach the sincerity of their own professions.

Matters at the South.

If we are to credit the latest reports, there is a great deal of sullen and unexpressed dissatisfaction through the leading Southern cities with the rebellion and its continuance, and nothing is wanting but a proper opportunity for the disaffected portion of the people to show their feeling. In Savannah, they hate South Carolina and all there is in it; and even in Charleston, there is a silent renewal of the old Union feeling. In Wilmington, perfect stagnation and death best proves what the Union was once worth to the inhabitants. Even in Richmond, the ladies are many of them coming round in favor of a true Union sentiment once more. It is high time they were. The general impression seems to prevail that it is useless to hold out against the Federal Government, for it is certain they will have to give in at last. But the rebellion will not be fully broken, until, in God's own Providence, such a change shall have been wrought in the vicious social system of the Southern States, that they will not again seek to retard the true growth and progress of the nation.

☞ We call attention to the lecture of Lizzie Doten at Lyceum Hall, on Sunday afternoon, 23d ult., a synopsis of which we give in another column. The orignal poem, especially, (delivered in the evening,) possesses in our opinion great literary merit. Miss Doten has always been popular in this city as a lecturer, and the crowded houses she had on the 23d, go to show that she is still fully appreciated here.

The Spirit Photographs.

As we have received many letters of late, making inquiries in regard to these Photographs, all we can say at present is, that we have given the evidence of those whom we believe to be competent to judge in the matter. They admit that they have had every facility allowed them by the parties concerned to investigate carefully, and could discover no fraud. We advised our readers on the start to investigate this new phenomenon carefully—if such it be—and many who have done so, have pronounced in its favor. Mr. Guay's affidavit, which we published in our last, is very explicit. We have secured the services of a competent Photographer of this city—a skeptic—and Mr. Mumler agrees to allow him every facility to investigate, in order to ascertain whether these pictures are, or are not, in his opinion, of Spiritual origin. We hope, in our next, to give a decided opinion in the matter at issue.

Since writing the above, we have been requested by Mr. Mumler to publish the following letter from a Boston Artist:

MR. MUMLER—*Dear Sir:* At the request of several friends I visited your rooms to investigate the (so called) Spirit Photographs. In justice to yourself, as well as to the Art, I will relate, for the benefit of others, the process I went through.

You well know by my remarks, that I was entirely skeptical in regard to the spirit claim of the picture. But I must say I was met by you in a spirit of candor and fairness, to me unexpected.

You freely gave me the privilege of seeing the entire process, from the beginning to the end. Furthermore, you did not know the fact, (being an entire stranger) that I was acquainted with all the ordinary manipulations used in the Photographic process.

But having practised as an amateur two years, I fancied if there was any attempt at humbug, I could detect it. I first examined the glass, and only allowed you to collodionize the same. After which the plate was not out of my hands, except when in the camera and the bath. After the impression, I again took possession of the holder, carried it to the closet, and developed it by the solution. To my astonishment, a spirit figure was upon the negative.

I went through two sittings with the same care, and I must say, in justice to you, I saw not even the slightest attempt to impose any trick upon me, or in the slightest manner to interfere with my attempt to discover the process by which it was produced. I can positively assert that I could not detect the slightest variation in the process from the ordinary method used in Photography. That imitations can be made I well know; but cannot conceive of any process by which they could be made, that I should not have detected in my investigation. Therefore, until some keener observer finds a solution for the mystery, I shall be *compelled to admit the claim to be of Spirit origin.*

Yours, respectfully, H. WESTON.

Boston, Nov. 18th, 1862. 31 Province St.

A Perfect Democracy.

The "Honest Man's Book"—of which we have taken occasion to speak before, and which we have for sale at this office—discusses the question of a regenerated Democracy, not only for this country, but for all the lands of the globe. "Difficult as the establishment of such a Democracy would seem," the author says, "all the laws of the moral world would favor it; Democracy being as natural to honest nations as health to temperate individuals. There seems to have been a constant tendency toward a higher and more perfect order, in every department of nature, ever since the conquest of Chaos by Life and Order first began; and I see no ground for supposing that this tendency will be less potent in the industrial and political worlds, the present battle-ground, than it proved itself in the battles of the past.

As the grosser elements of the universe progressed from the condition of vague nebulæ upward and onward, gradually becoming classified and finding common centres of action and attraction, until they finally took on the form of suns and habitable worlds, *so must the elements of human society* (wherein a yearning after true order has always been active, even when disorder was most manifest,) at some time become classified and stratified *truly;* when all arbitrary, or aristocratic, distinctions shall fade away, and the harmonies of heaven shall be swollen by a universal harmony of nations and of men—a concert, not of sounds, but of hearts, all vibrating with living emotions of love and joy. Men do not need to become great, either in power or in knowledge—they need only to be honest and modest—in order to enjoy the government, the protection and the peace of God."

This little book is full of great thoughts on politics and progress, and deserves the perusal and study of all classes. We sell it for only half a dollar.

"Old China."

To whom—we would like to ask—has not that tune of our ancestors brought more grief and inconsolable woe than musical consolation? What human soul, on its being sung, has not been muffled with shrouds ten times blacker and heavier than before, and plunged instantly into a gulf of yet profounder despair? A writer in the "Atlantic" describes the effect of singing it just as it deserves to be described, in language like the following. It is a funeral occasion, the scene being laid in a country church-yard: "As it passed out of sight, I heard the wheels cease, one by one, their crunch and grind on the graveled road up the slope of the grave-yard. I knew they had reached that hill side, where the dead of Ridgefield lie calmer than its living; and presently the long-drawn notes of that hymn-tune consecrated to such occasions—Old China—rose and fell in despairing cadences on my ear. If ever any music was invented for the express purpose of making mourners as distracted as any external thing can make them, it is the bitter, hopeless, unrestrained wail of this tune. There is neither peace nor resignation in it, but the very exhaustion of raving sorrow that heeds neither God nor man, but cries out, with the soulless agony of a wind harp, its refusal to be comforted." Could the bitterly woful old tune be better described?

Beauty.

All men and women wish to be handsome, and those who are not berate Dame Nature for her partiality. When men and women possess more wisdom than they do at the present time, they will learn that in order to *grow* handsome, or prepossessing in appearance, they must *be pure in spirit*—and then their *features* will partake of the *beauty of the soul within.* This is a law of Nature. Calm, quiet temperaments, with a sprinkling of mirth, and no inordinate love of the "almighty dollar"—those possessing these qualifications generally get through the world easily, and are almost universally "good-looking" people. They live *nearer* the angel-world than do the gross, pork-eating, money-loving, tobacco-chewing, snuff-taking, beer-drinking man or woman. Strive to be as pure in heart as possible—always making the sensuous nature subservient to the spiritual—and then the "human face divine," which the ideality of the poet has immortalized in verse so often, will become a reality indeed. Young people, especially, should bear these facts in mind.

New Publications.

"SUPERSTITION DISSECTED." We made a hasty and unsatisfactory notice of this new book in last week's BANNER, and designed then to give it a more thorough examination, and to return to our remarks on it in another issue. We can say that its author deserves the thanks of every candid and reflecting person for having taken so much pains and shown such patience in compiling a work calculated to do so much real good. Whoever helps remove the scales from our eyes, is our friend; and we esteem such a friend all the more, if he does not go to work in the temper of an enemy, and perhaps of a ruffian, too. It is just as well, if not a good deal better, to be patient with those who do not see just as, and as far as, you see yourself. The book in hand is contained in a series of Letters, a part of which actually passed between a Liberal and his creed-bound Brother-in-Law, who is named as a pious Deacon. It *dissects* the current beliefs, that base themselves on the authority of the Bible; takes them all apart in detail, and shows just what they are, and are not, made of. If a person is perfectly willing to trust to authenticated facts, such as go to make up history, and is not afraid, either, to let his reason have free exercise, he will find in "Superstition Dissected" exactly the book he has been all his life looking for.

You may call it a compendium of the facts that are continually appealed to in support of the superstitions of the Christian religion; yet it puts those facts in such sensible and perfectly natural array as to make them entirely needless for the purposes they have been employed about hitherto. You may call it a sort of Handbook of Religion—for it is all of that—which serves as a guide to point out the meaning and value of all the points of history that are quoted and relied on in defending dogmas venerable for nothing but their age. Not a creed but is examined, anatomized, and passed upon most patiently and thoroughly. It aims to make no proselytes—it deals not in prejudiced harangue—it has no apparent purpose to conquer, as too many even among liberal books and men have; but its professed office is simply to use awakened sense and unfettered reason in the investigation and valuation of the forms of faith to which the most of us have been wedded all our lives.

We cannot omit to dwell upon the *spirit* of the book, more particularly, because that same spirit is what is going to make friends, even among those who at first might be disposed to deny it a hearing. Its very amiability gives its statements and arguments the greater point and pungency. Few authors remember this, but lose their clear advantage by being so foolish as to lose their temper. Our author deserves all praise here. He wishes to offend no one, but to make more friends, rather. He would rest satisfied with no conclusion that is not reached by the high road of reason and good common sense. If Christians can find any fault with him for this they are less than they claim to be—that is all.

All who would go into a thorough and searching examination of their religious faith and belief, to see upon what sort of foundation it rests, should buy this book and carefully read it, from the first to its last chapters. And whoever does this, will really be astonished to find in what a new light his former views and half views have been placed. At any rate, one cannot but be satisfied that he knows more on the most important of all subjects than he knew before; and that knowledge will be of service to him always. He cannot help entertaining larger views of things than before he entered upon its perusal.

Its table of contents includes every topic that relates to religion and religious creeds, whether historical or more purely ethical. All beliefs are sifted. Calm as its treatment of subjects is, that does not imply that it relents from the most thorough search after the truth, or from deliberately throwing away all the husks of error and delusion. It is bound to perform a good work, as we said before, and all the *friends of truth* and liberality should help it as fast as they can on its mission. The agent—Mr. S. A. Lent—may be addressed for single copies, or copies in any number, in New York City, 142 Grand street. Have a copy of "Superstition Dissected" in your house, if you can. The price is One Dollar, and the book is a stout and handsome one.

THE AMERICAN CRISIS: or, Trial and Triumph of Democracy. By Warren Chase. Boston: Published by Bela Marsh.

We like this little paper-covered book of Mr. Chase's, and think it the best thing he has written. There is thought in it—a genuine show of statesmanship. He has hit the subject he handles exactly "in the eye." He declares that it is—not a war for Slavery against Anti-Slavery, not of North against South, but—a war of ARISTOCRACY against DEMOCRACY; and he is right. The other, and more common, view, is a superficial and hasty one; this comprehends the whole question, in its breadth and depth. The entire history of this rebellion proves nothing else than that the powers of *a class* had long been ranging themselves, in this country, against the powers of *the people.* Abolitionism and Pro Slavery have been employed as incentives and adjuncts, on the one side, and the other, to help on the great issue; but they are not *radical causes,* by any means. *The few,* who have always administered this Government, have refused to administer it for the benefit of *the many;* and, so the many have taken the matter into their own hands, and will finally compel the few to a like obedience to law with themselves. It is an issue between power and common right; between landlords and the landless, between no schools and free schools, between force and law, between arrogance and intelligence; and it so happens, in the course of things, that the black race in the southern part of the land, by being an incentive on both sides to the energy and vigor of the contest, will themselves receive benefit; this is after the general law of Providence.

We wish we could quote from this pamphlet of Mr. Chase, but our limits warn us against making any attempt of the kind. But we will try and give his sentiments on one point, as follows:

"In suppressing the rebellion, no heed should be given to Slavery, except so far as to protect deserting slaves, as we would other deserters, and never return them to any power that would restrain their freedom. * * * The true policy was set forth in an order of one of the officers to his men: 'If you see a slave standing, let him stand; if you see one running, let him run.' Slavery is a social and a domestic institution, not a national; and the less the national government has to do with it the better, except to guard against and prohibit it, as it would polygamy.

I cannot oppose the measure of paying from the national treasury for slaves in a State which has found slavery an evil, and wishes to get rid of it, as the Border States really have, and would admit but for pride. It seems to me like hiring a man to take the medicine that will cure him, or buying the horses and cattle of the farmers that are worse than useless to them, when they have already sold for themselves several times

over. By what principle of justice the North can be taxed to buy worthless property in Kentucky, I do not see; and most surely, if it is not property, we should not purchase it. That many lazy and noisy philanthropists, who do nothing and earn nothing, should advocate it, is not surprising; but how those who study the interest of the whole country can, is beyond my comprehension."

And then, he adds, a little further on:

"The true policy is, to extinguish the rebellion, and extend the principles of the North over the Slave States by every constitutional aid to free land, family homesteads, free labor, and free schools, and let *them* remove slavery by their influence on the State—which they would soon do, if left to the whole people of the several States. This peaceable manner is far better for all parties than a hasty and revolutionary one, or a purchase-and-pay one. As slavery was not the cause of the rebellion, so it should not be made the issue. But it will no doubt fall with the rebellion, even in the loyal States, or, at least, it will lose forever its power over the national government, and even its respectability and influence in the Slave States will be gone forever, for it cannot subsist under the contempt of the whole world. It has flourished mainly by its control of our national affairs."

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY FOR DECEMBER contains papers by Higginson, Holmes, Hawthorne, Mrs. Howe, Longfellow, Major Winthrop, and others; a brilliant collection of contributors. Dr. Holmes's article, entitled "My Hunt after 'The Captain,'" is in his very best conception and style. He could not improve on it—it strikes us—if he tried ever so hard. The gist of it is simply his quest of his wounded boy, "the Captain," after one of the bloody battles in Maryland, last September. This single article comprises more of the real daguerreotype picturing of the present war and its many bloody and woeful scenes, than many another volume could expect to. It is rapid, witty, pungent, pathetic, philosophic, scornful, scholarly, common; a large *pepper* of an article, stuffed in with all sorts of spicy things, and put in a strong pickle. Nobody but Holmes could do it—and yet we wish we could say as much of any writer's productions, without appearing to daub him up so with personal flattery. Longfellow's little poem, on the sinking of the gallant Cumberland in Hampton Roads, is genuinely sweet and good; he has married his power and pathos, in these few verses, excellently well—as he possesses the art of doing. Hawthorne contributes another of his inimitable *memorial* papers on England—"About Warwick;" it is like Hawthorne, and that is enough to say of it. The Atlantic commences a new volume (the eleventh) with the January number, under the most flattering auspices. Its roll of writers takes in the best pens and minds of the land, with a respectable sprinkling of foreign assistance.

THE CONTINENTAL for December contains choice papers from first rate pens. Hon. Robert J. Walker and Hon. F. P. Stanton, are its political editors, and contribute valuable articles on the crisis of the time, for the present number. Mr. Charles G. Leland attends to the purely literary department of the magazine. His editor's melange is sprightly, varied, witty, and full of choicest morceaux of all conceivable sorts. The Continental is wide awake, up with the day, and putting out all its undisputed powers for establishing a strong influence on the reading community. It is published by John F. Trow, of New York.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY for December, is a charming number. "Waiting for the Children—a Poem for Thanksgiving," with illustrations, is alone worth the price of the book. The process of gas making will be read with interest by everybody. The descriptive engravings are well executed. It is unnecessary for us to particularize the literary matter contained in this Magazine. It is enough to say that the very best talent in the country is manifest in its pages. For sale by A. Williams, 100 Washington street, Boston.

PETERSON'S LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE begins a new volume with its December number. It has fine engravings and illustrations, and presents a handsome and tempting list of original contributions in both prose and verse. Peterson has long ago established itself among the popular Magazines, and each successive number seems to increase the breadth of its reputation. For sale by A. Williams & Co., 100 Washington street, Boston.

THE HESPERIAN, a Ladies' Monthly Magazine, published in San Francisco, Cal., comes to us—the November number—much improved in many respects. It contains sixteen more pages of reading matter than formerly, both of prose and poetry, with the names of several new contributors attached. It is under the editorial control of Mrs. E. T. Schenck and Rev. J. D. Strong. The terms of subscription are $3 00 per annum, in advance. If our lady friends desire one of the best magazines in the county, they should at once subscribe for this excellent periodical.

WALKER, WISE & CO., of this city, publishers, announce a new and important work, entitled, "The Results of Emancipation." The author is a Frenchman, M. Cochin, and his work has been translated by Miss Mary L. Booth, who likewise performed the translating service for Count Gasparin's works on America and American Affairs. This book gives, at a comprehensive glance, the social, statistical, moral, and economic *results* of the work of Emancipation where it has been set on foot by foreign powers; and, in this sense, will be of the first interest in helping us to form some estimate of how a similar measure, such as has been proposed by President Lincoln, will work in this country. Being based on official reports, the statements made in the pages of this book, comprehending every form in which the great question can be put, will be found perfectly reliable. The editor of the Christian Examiner says of it, that it is "as sagacious as De Tocqueville's work on America, and as ardent as Victor Hugo's Legend of the Ages." It is now running through the press of the above house, and will be ready in about a week or two.

There appears to be no lack of spirit or industry on the part of authors and publishers, in spite of the depressing influences of the time. The approach of Christmas is, as usual, hailed with the promise of new and entertaining books. Carleton, of New York, announces several very striking ones, among which may be mentioned:—*Aldrich's Poems*, in "blue and gold," with a fine steel portrait engraved from a medallion by Launt Thompson, the sculptor; a new poem by Stoddard, *The King's Bell*, an exquisite mediæval legend; *Marian Grey*, a charming domestic story by the popular author of "Lena Rivers;" *Shakespeare and Characters*, an admirable volume by Hackett, the Comedian; a very amusing autobiography (with numerous illustrations) entitled *Drifting About*, from the pen of Stephen Massett, the illustrious "Jeems Pipes of Pipesville;" and another remarkable novel, *Vincenzo*, by Ruffini, the author of "Doctor Antonio," "Lavinia," etc., etc.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

The price of the Boston daily papers (Journal, Herald, Traveller and Transcript) has been raised one cent on each copy at retail.

We are unable to furnish Nos. 7, 8 and 9, of the present volume of the BANNER.

The Eighth Massachusetts Battery arrived at Washington from Falmouth, Nov. 28th. The men will be paid off, mustered out of service, and return to Massachusetts at once.

A FAILURE.—The great English iron-clad war steamer, Warrior, from all accounts appears to be a failure. An exchange slyly says, that it is melancholy for one whose mission was to *seize ships*, to be found able to do nothing but *ship seas*. The same paper says, she "ships seas, leaks, flounders, and otherwise misbehaves herself disgracefully."

We have received a copy of the Newbern, (N. C.) Daily and Weekly Progress, edited by Geo. Mills Joy, Esq., well known in this State as a publisher and editor.

From official sources, it is ascertained that 168,000 men were sent down to the Peninsular with Gen. McClellan prior to the seven days' fight; that on his leaving Harrison's Landing, he had but 84,000, 20,000 having been killed in battle, died from disease, or made prisoners by the enemy, (there being a large number of the latter,) and 44,000 being in the hospitals and on furlough.

A short man became attached to a tall woman, and somebody said that he had fallen in love with her. "Do you call it fallen in love?" said the suitor. "It's more like climbing up to it."

"How do you do this morning, James?" "Very much better, I thank you. I did think, a while ago, I was not as well; but I know I am better now, for I just met old Mr. Stubbs, the undertaker, and he looked cross at me."

We are under obligations to L. M. Brigham, Perry, N. Y., for a copy of No. 2, Vol. XII, of the BANNER.

LIBERAL PUBLICATIONS.—The publishers of Orthodox books have done almost nothing during the past year, and even the trade in church music books has been at the lowest possible ebb. On the other hand, Walker, Wise & Co., of Boston, who issue nearly all the Unitarian and others of the class called "Liberal" books, say they never did so good a year's business before.

Toothless people, who desire an artificial *set*, so perfect as to be thought by every observer natural, had better visit Dr. A. B. Child's establishment, 15 Tremont Row. It is truly astonishing to what perfection his ingenuity has brought the dental art. We *ache*, sometimes, to have a new set; but it isn't hardly time, yet.

NIXON'S WASHINGTON THEATRE.—We are gratified to learn that our old friend, A. W. Fenno, formerly of Boston, has been appointed Stage Manager of this theatre. He has, we understand, just localized John Brougham's "Columbus," and it takes well, drawing crowded houses nightly.

An officer of the Maine 25th, observing a soldier belonging to a regiment encamped near by industriously scratching himself, interrogated thus: "What's the matter, my man—fleas?" "Fleas!" said, he, in a tone of unutterable scorn, "do you think I'm a dog? no, sir, them is lice."

HIGH PRICE OF COTTON.—A quantity of cotton, the cargo of the schooner Louise, was sold at auction in this city, last week, by order of U. S. Marshal Keyes. Thirteen bales of Sea Island Cotton sold for $1,21 1-2 per pound. Middling Upland sold at 68 1-2 cents, and damaged Middling Upland at 67 1-2.

The French force which Gen. Forey is to command in Mexico is 200,000, in addition to 8,000 or 10,000 now on the ground.

A young lady being asked by a female acquaintance whether she had any original poetry in her album, replied: "No; but some of my friends have favored me with original spelling.

A Kentuckian being asked how much corn he raised, answered: "About ten barrels of whiskey, besides what we waste for bread."

The Boston Transcript quotes from the Harvard Magazine a statement in regard to the last class graduated at Harvard College, to the effect that of the number composing the class "fifty-one smoke, sixty-five drink, fifty-seven do both, and twenty neither."

Massachusetts has 87,000 more females than males, while California has 67,000 more males than females, and Illinois 92,000 more males than females. One person in 1,335 of our population is insane, one in 2,470 blind, one in 1,935 deaf and dumb, one in 1,700 idiotic. Ohio is the greatest wool growing State, New York and Pennsylvania next, Michigan ranking fourth. New Jersey raises more potatoes than any other State by two to one.

President Lincoln, although specially exempted by law from having his salary taxed under the revenue act, has ordered the same deduction to be made as if a tax were imposed. By this voluntary act the President pays a tax of $1,220 per year out of his salary.

Last year about 480,000 brooms were manufactured in California, valued at over $150,000, driving the imported article entirely out of the market.

A female correspondent "divulges the fact," that "to have loved, is to have looked into the door of heaven."

Identified Spirit.

In the BANNER of April 5, 1862, there is a letter from Lewis Flynn, who says he was killed by a kick from a horse last fall, in Sacramento. Soon after I received my paper, and read the letter from Flynn, I chanced to meet Mr. Morehead, and hailed him as he was driving a beautiful young horse. I asked him if he was acquainted with Lewis Flynn. He said:

"Yes, this horse killed him last October, by kicking him, so that he died in a short time. Why?"

I promised to call on him soon and explain. In the evening I explained all, and read Flynn's letter to him. He confirmed the letter in every particular, and said that Flynn was the best man he ever had in his stable; also that he had six dollars in his possession belonging to Flynn, after paying all funeral expenses. L. ARMSTRONG.

Sacramento, Cal., Oct. 26, 1862.

Answering Sealed Letters.

For the reason that mediums for answering sealed letters are continually changing their residences, thus subjecting those who desire in this way to communicate with their spirit friends to much trouble and uncertainty, we have made arrangements with a COMPETENT MEDIUM *to answer letters of this class.* The terms are one dollar for each letter so answered, including three red postage stamps. Whenever the conditions are such that a spirit addressed cannot respond, the money and letter sent to us will be returned within two weeks after its receipt. We cannot guarantee that every letter will be answered entirely satisfactory, as sometimes spirits addressed hold imperfect control of the medium, and do as well as they can under the circumstances. Address "BANNER OF LIGHT," 158 Washington street, Boston

BOSTON SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE,

THUSDAY EVENING, Nov. 20, 1862.

SUBJECT.—"*Spirit Photographs.*"

Reported for the Banner of Light.

DR. GARDNER.—I am not competent to say much on this subject as yet. I have an engagement with Mr. Mumler for a sitting, when he has promised me the privilege of any and every chance of investigation that is in his power to grant me. After this investigation I shall be better able to speak on the subject. I have had one sitting with Mr. Mumler, at which I had one picture with four spirit-forms upon it. I cannot speak positively about the recognition of these spirits, though I think there is a striking family resemblance in one of them, which may be the picture of a deceased son. This subject is exciting great interest, and also great opposition and ridicule. Thus far in this new spiritual manifestation, faith holds a prominent place. There is hardly any manifestation that has ever come forth from the spirit-world, that does not require some faith. But it behooves us, as Spiritualists, to carefully investigate and candidly inquire what cause there is for faith in this thing and also what cause there is for so much doubt and opposition. To me there is no cause for doubt. To me this new manifestation is not more wonderful than many that I have previously witnessed. I know that I have held a spirit-hand in my own. If spirits can produce spirit-hands that are tangible to physical touch, I cannot doubt that they can produce an impression upon a glass plate made sensitive to the action of light. A great number of mediums have foretold this phenomenon. Five or six years ago this was foretold in the very room where they are now made. The pictures themselves furnish evidence, for their gauze-like appearance has not yet been imitated. Careful examination will find the counterfeits to be essentially different in some points. In consequence of the crowd of people that visit Mr. Mumler's rooms, there is necessarily a great deal of confusion created in the magnetic condition which is necessary to the production of these pictures. This is not favorable to his operations. I do not doubt that Mr. Mumler is a peculiar medium, and has an organization and magnetism well adapted to the production of spirit photographs. I am of the opinion that the pictures he makes and calls spiritual, are genuine. In regard to Mr. Mumler's prices, I do not think that five dollars for six photographs is *too* much, but I am sorry that he has raised his price to seven dollars and a half for the same. There is another artist, through whom spirit-photographs are made, but he feels conscientious scruples about making them. He is a member of the Baptist Church, and thinks that spirit-intercourse is wicked. He does not wish to make them, and wishes to have his name in no way mentioned with them. I persuaded him to grant Hon. Robert Dale Owen and myself a sitting last Thursday week. Mr. Owen had a very distinct spirit-picture; mine was not so good. I believe that his medium powers are very strong in this direction.

REV. MR. THAYER.—I do not, like *some folks*, jump at conclusions. Those who do, may have to jump from them. I do not, like young robins, hold my mouth open to swallow everything. I think it is better to try the spirits, and see whether they be of God. Mr. Thayer told about a lady, who, he said, was uncourteously treated by Mrs. Stuart, and was refused an opportunity of seeing and investigating. He thought this was pretty conclusive evidence that there was deception in the phenomenon. He thought, if true, it should be treated openly and fairly, and all people should be treated courteously and decently.

MR. BARNES.—I visited Mr. Mumler's rooms today, and had a picture of a spirit made with my own. Just like a young robin, I hold my mouth open to the heavenly world for its truths to fall in and feed my soul. I swallowed Spiritualism, but not before I opened my mouth, in faith, to receive it. I first had faith to believe it—now I know it true. The minute I came in contact with Mr. Mumler, I was convinced that this new phase of Spiritualism was true. Mr. Mumler, a stranger to me, said: "You, brother, can have a good picture." He sat me down, and I did have a good picture. I told Mr. Mumler, that if he abused the gift of his remarkable power, it would be taken from him; to see well that he made a good, wise and generous use of this valuable gift. Greater gifts than this will be soon given to the earth.

Back Numbers Wanted.

We are in want of a *single* copy of No. 1 of the *first* vol. of the BANNER; also No. 6 of the same volume. For which copies we will pay 25 cents per copy.

Mr. Anderson's Address.

Letters addressed to W. P. Anderson, Artist Medium, care of BANNER OF LIGHT, Boston, will reach their destination at once.

Our Circles.

Notice.—As these circles, which are *free* to the public, subject us to much expense, those of our friends who take an interest in them, and desire to have them continued, are solicited to aid us in a pecuniary point of view, or we fear we shall be obliged to suspend them altogether. Any sum, however small, that the friends of the cause may feel inclined to remit, will be gratefully acknowledged.

We are fully aware that much good to the cause has been accomplished by these *free circles*, as many persons who first attended them as *skeptics*, now believe in the Spiritual Phenomena, and are made happy in mind thereby. Hence we hope to be sustained in our efforts to promulgate the great truths which are pouring in upon us from the spirit-world for the benefit of humanity.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

As this paper circulates largely in all parts of the country, it is a capital medium through which advertisers can reach customers. Our terms are 10 cents per line for the first and 8 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

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.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Thursday, Nov. 6.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Michael Sullivan, of the 19th Mass. Reg., Co. D; a Poem addressed to his parents, by Eugene B. Tyl r, of Madison, N. Y.; Sarah Jane Packard, to her mother in New York City; Capt. Joel Winthrop, killed in the battle of South Mountain, to his wife and sons in Norfolk, Va., and his brother, Benjamin, now in the Federal Army.

Monday, Nov. 10.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; William Sawin; Willie Lincoln, son of President Lincoln, to his father and mother; Charlotte Williams, of New York.

Tuesday, Nov. 11.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; John Calvin Cregg, of Montpelier, Vt.; Laura Frances Voso, of Dayton, Ohio; Margaret O'Brien, to Father McPhail, of New York.

Invocation.

Our Father, may the thoughts we utter on this occasion be such as shall conduce to the highest good of all present, and though they may be clothed with simplicity, they are yet clothed with truth, and therefore acceptable unto thee. For, oh Father, we feel that the eloquence of a Webster that if devoid of truth, is worthless in thy sight. We ask for garments that shall outlive those of the present hour, and be found on the mirror of eternity, like sparkling diamonds that shall sparkle in the cycles of Time. Our Father, whether we will or no, we feel that we must come nearer unto thee each hour of our lives, and be brought, as it were, into divine rapport with thy holy being. Oh, our Father, we ask no blessing for thy children at this time, for we feel that daily, hourly, momentarily, they are blessed by thee, and therefore it is needless to ask any new blessing for them at this hour. Oh, Eternal Father, we would adore thee from the inmost recesses of our hearts, and tune the harps of our being in praise to thee, and rejoice in unison with Nature, that we *are*, and ever *must be*. Nov. 3.

The Marriage Institution.

"Whom God hath joined together, let not man put asunder."

We have been requested to give our views concerning this passage of Scripture: "Whom God hath joined together, let not man put asunder."

Our interrogator desires light—more light upon the Marriage Institution, and in answer to his call for more light, we presume to discuss the question before us this hour. Like many who stand apart from Modern Spiritualism and Modern Spiritualists, and view the institution and the people from their own peculiar standpoint, our questioner has gazed only at the surface of conditions, has gazed through the peculiar light through which they have been presented to him, and consequently has formed some erroneous ideas, some erroneous opinions concerning the class called Spiritualists, and has become possessed with the idea that they are not what they profess to be in point of morality—in short, are nothing but free-lovers. That Modern Spiritualists fall far short of what they profess to be, we will not pretend to deny, but that they are what he understands them to be, we most certainly shall deny.

Our questioner has received some very foolish ideas from certain Spiritualists, or people, who believe in the manifestations called Modern Spiritualism, in regard to the subject of matrimony. He has been told—so we read in his mind—that no importance is attached to marriage by Spiritualists; that nine-tenths of them believe humanity were better off without it, and that all kinds of spirits, from the lowest to the highest degree, join with fanatical Spiritualists, and unite in denouncing it, and claim that it is of the Devil, and not of God.

We have but to look about us to perceive that no two individuals are constituted alike, consequently there is a vast variety making up human life. The ideas we advance, may not be the ideas of all, but we honestly declare that they are the ideas of Intelligences, who, from time to time, strive to give their thoughts to man; strive to lift him up to a higher standard. We honestly believe them to be impregnated with truth, and as such, worthy your highest consideration

"Whom God hath joined together, let not man put asunder." There are many who suppose it is very hard to understand God—very difficult to know when we are listening to the word of God, or of the world. But if we earnestly desire to seek God, I think we shall have little difficulty in finding him, or in distinguishing his voice from that of Mammon. So we cannot agree with that class of individuals who believe it very hard to understand what God is, where God is, and how we shall obey him. We believe the Marriage Institution is of God; that it is in accordance with the laws of Nature, which are, as well, the laws of God and of your own being. We believe that order, government, form, originate in Nature, or are presented to man's external vision through the natural world, and that marriage has grown out of Nature, or the natural world, and has been builded up by God for the good of his earthly children. True, many evils have attached themselves to this Marriage Institution, in its passage from one age to another; yet without marriage and these same seeming evils, we honestly believe you would be far worse off than you are now.

If the Marriage Law was not a right one in the sight of God, you never would have been called upon to bow before it, or acknowledge it as a law. And so it is with all laws; all have originated with Nature, and therefore are right to the conditions they belong to. We do not pretend to say that the Marriage Law of the present day is the most perfect specimen of its kind; but we do say that it is the one best adapted to your wants as a people, because you are not fit to live under any higher law with regard to marriage at this time. There is a Supreme Intelligence that governs all things, and who is the author of all laws, physical and spiritual, and those laws must have a certain degree of infinity and infallibility attached to them, else they could not exist for even a brief time.

When any class of people step out from the beaten path, or when any class of reformers declare themselves free from old customs and old institutions, we find most always two extremes of principle, namely, the radical, and the peaceable, if we may so term it; the one that acts as the moderator, the other, that acts as the propeller. Now it is not for us to say either is right or wrong; it is not for us to say that the one is more productive of good than the other; but we are to expect certain unfoldings from each of these. From the radical class, we expect the greatest degree of reform, for they make their arms very long, and stretch out into the future, rather than the present. From the peaceable class we expect more thought, and less action in the present, and higher and more lasting results in the future.

We are aware that there is to be found among Spiritualists a certain class of these radical reformers, who believe that marriage is not necessary to man's happiness, and who have become somewhat dissatisfied with the marriage relation; and we truly believe that if this class of Spiritualists had been governed by the voice within them, rather than by the say-so of the world, they would hardly have been found sorrowing under the yoke of marriage life. But let that be as it may, our questioner has been dealing with this class of radicals, and firmly believes that Spiritualists—so says his mind—are no more or less than Mormons under a new name. We do not wish to be misunderstood in regard to our views upon the subject of Marriage, but we know that the time is not far distant, when each one shall become a law unto self. But that, we believe, is a gift to be given you in the future; mankind is not ready to receive it now, and thus it is necessary that they be bound together, and that civil law exist among you.

We again repeat that this civil law grows out of the Natural world. You would not be the rational, intelligent people you are, if it were not for the existence of these very laws, of whose severity and unfitness you now complain. We do not say that your laws were formed on the highest principles of Divine Wisdom, yet they have served humanity well, and though there may be spots upon your fabric, still there is much that is good and pure about it, and therefore it is worthy to be worn by you at the present time.

"How are we to know when it is right for two individuals to live together under the marriage relation?" We perceive this inquiry in the mind of our questioner, and propose to answer it. We have before said, it is not very hard to understand God, if you earnestly desire to do so. Now we believe that there never was a human being created, that was not endowed to some extent with wisdom, reasoning powers, or judgment, and which are unfolded by its contact with the world. After passing through a certain period of time, the individual intuitively perceives the right, through what may be called his own reason and experience. Now, as we believe that all are endowed with the power to take right hold of God's right hand, then, if you have this power, use it. Go within the secresy of your own chamber, and ask of God to show you the right, and I call the whole host of the angel-world to declare with me, that you will not be led astray.

We believe that there is not one reasoning being who has been brought in contact with this marriage law, who will not declare that there is much of good in it. Then let each one of you weigh well your own conduct, bringing the idea into the sunlight of Divine truth and wisdom at the same time, and believe us you will hardly be found asking your fellow creatures, whether it is right for you to live under your present condition; hardly be found stretching out your hands across the river for counsel and aid from the angels; for whosoever come together by the light of reason, and with a proper understanding of each other's condition, are wedded together by the Infinite Jehovah. You may rest assured of this. But whosoever rushes headlong and recklessly into the marriage relation, seeking to aggrandize themselves in the eyes of the world, rather than in the eyes of God, believe us, in nine cases out of ten, the sanction of the Infinite One has never rested upon such a marriage.

We desire our questioner to know, once for all, that we Modern Spiritualists do not ignore the Marriage Institution. Much as we deplore the weakness found within this fair fabric, much as we deplore the stains and spots resting upon this wedding garment, yet the garment of itself, we know was made in heaven; the foundation of this fair temple was Nature, and it is sustained by Nature's God. And, therefore, be it stained as it may, deformed as it may, nevertheless, the principles by which it lives are of God, and if you would make it more beautiful, more in accordance with that which is beyond the world, go to work and reform yourselves. Seek to purify yourselves, seek to elevate yourselves as spirits, not as mortals, and instead of courting the homage and admiration of Mammon, seek the admiration of the angel-hosts, who are anxiously looking down upon you from their home in the spirit-world. Oh, desire earnestly the best gifts, and according as is your desire, so shall be the gifts. Nov. 3.

Abel Bell.—Explanation of Spiritual Phenomena.

The question just discussed seems to apply excellently well to the case I come to commune about. I have witnessed, with some degree of anxiety, the unhappiness of certain members of my kindred who are still on the earth, and I feel—if it is our duty to come to earth and commune with our friends—it is our duty to tell them of their faults, and point out a way by which they may become happier and better, if it is possible for us to do so. Abel Bell was my name. I lived and died not far from here, and my friends are not far from this place.

Now I wish to give some advice to my kindred, and in so doing I may be obliged to be a little personal, but I shall be as little so as possible, and at the same time make myself understood by them. In the first place I would say that Abel is wrong, his mother is wrong; and whosoever lends their aid in trying to put those two individuals asunder will lend their influence to what they will some time regret and find to be wrong. Now I again repeat that Abel is wrong; and not only Abel, but his mother is wrong; and I would recommend that they read the message that has just been given, when it appears in the BANNER OF LIGHT, for by so doing they may learn some new truths from it, if they will only apply it to themselves, as a good nurse makes a correct application of a physician's prescription.

I should like exceedingly well to commune with my friends apart from this place, as I have much to say to them that I would not like to say publicly, and, if possible, I should like to do so through this medium, who is a stranger both to them and myself. And if I can't, I'd like to have my friends dictate a letter to me, which I will endeavor to answer, and I think they will be none the worse off for so doing, and it may be that they'll be a great deal better. I see the sorrow of the poor child who bears the most of the load, and I am determined to make these wrongs right, as far as it lies in my power to do so. I know certain folks may say that we spirits have power to remedy all evils, and if we absolutely desire to overthrow anything that is wrong, we can do so; but this depends in a measure not only upon our conditions as spirits, but upon material conditions, or the conditions surrounding our friends in mortal.

I want Abel—of course he knows who he is, and I know who he is, and that's enough, aint it, Mr. Chairman?—[Yes.]—to pay no attention to what his mother says, or the say-so of any one else, and instead of meddling and intermeddling with that which really ought not to concern him. I'd like to have him earnestly pray to be told the right, and if he does this I think his efforts will be rewarded by strength.

I talked with a gentleman, a few days ago, with reference to physical manifestations. I happened to be speaking of them, and he asked me how it was that a disembodied spirit could do this, that, or the other thing that he had seen done. I said it was very simple, although not generally understood to be so, and that if I could come to this place I'd give my views in relation to that matter, if you had no objection to my doing so, Mr. Chairman. [I should be very happy to hear them.] Now I'm not very much versed in science. I can't give you anything from a strictly scientific plane, but what I do give you will be the truth, you may rest assured of that. [That ought to satisfy any one.]

Now suppose a class of disembodied spirits desire to produce what you call physical manifestations, desire to either pass around the room or play upon musical instruments. They would first go to work and produce a certain negative condition, by which they could draw from all that were present. Now when all present were in a negative condition, the spirits desiring to produce the physical manifestations before spoken of, would be able to draw from the bodies of those persons present a certain amount of magnetic light, or gas, with which to conduct their operations. You are in the habit of receiving your manifestations in the dark, because your artificial light, or the positive rays of the sun, destroy or burn up that magnetic force which sets aside the laws of gravitation. This magnetic light will not mingle with a positive atmosphere. But the time will come when this magnetic gas will overcome those positive rays of light, and then physical manifestations can be produced in the sunlight, but not at present.

Now suppose they wish to pass around the room the musical instruments before spoken of. When once your atmosphere becomes changed by mingling with that magnetic gas they draw from your bodies, they then impregnate all those things which they wish to carry through the air with that magnetic gas, by centering their will upon them, and instantly those objects become light, not so heavy as the atmosphere, and the laws of gravitation cease with them, therefore they must rise. Now, to prove the truth of my explanation, you have but to place your hand upon any article so charged with this magnetic force, and you'll find it to be exceedingly light, because the laws of gravitation are suspended with regard to that object. When the laws of gravitation are suspended, the spirit puts its will upon that article, because its will is to control it for the time being, and the object rises in the air, or is transported to any part of the room the spirit may desire.

Suppose, for example, that I desire to remove this table before me to some other part of the room. Now, after I've gone to work and charged this table with that magnetic force which I have succeeded in drawing from your bodies while in a negative condition, it is not necessary for me to lay my hand upon it, for the table in question is no longer subject to the laws of the material kingdom, or the laws of gravitation, but is subject to my individual will, and therefore must rise; and unless controlled by the will of the spirit, it would continue to rise until it met some material object. This table, then, when in a negative condition, can be moved, not by the action of your physical powers, but by the action of your spiritual powers, for all physical manifestations are subject to spiritual laws.

Now if any persons present are disposed to doubt the correctness of my statement, to prove that I speak the truth, they can go to those places where such manifestations are given, and by placing their hands upon those articles that are being passed around the room by spirit power, they will find that they are extremely light, not in any sense scarce what they were before, they are so charged with that magnetic gas which is drawn from mortal bodies. You are not to suppose that we spirits draw together a force outside the limits of Nature, to aid us in producing these manifestations, for they are in reality the result of the magnetic life that is drawn from your bodies and thrown into the atmosphere, thereby changing its chemical action. The articles which they desire to move are charged with that magnetic gas, or are reduced to a negative condition, and all negative things in life are always controlled and governed by those that are positive. Now suppose this table were to strike you while moving from one part of this room to another. You'd say, "That can't be the table that struck me." You would n't be harmed by it, simply because it was brought under another law than that which was natural to it.

Now if I can come at any time and impart such information as you may stand in need of, I should be happy to do so. I've made myself exceedingly busy since I've been here in the spirit-world, and have succeeded in gathering to myself a far greater amount of knowledge than many who came to the spirit-world years before me, possess. I do not know how to account for this, except it be because I am a receptive spirit. I am so fashioned as to be able to acquire knowledge rapidly, and such being the case, there is no merit due myself in the matter.

[Can you tell us how letters are produced upon the arms of certain mediums?] I can. The blood is drawn up in lines or letters by the will of the spirit desiring to manifest itself to earth friends in this way. First, the medium is put in a negative condition; in fact the medium must become thoroughly so. When the system is in this state, the spirit can control not only the fluids, but the solids—the etherial part of the system—therefore it is very easy for the spirit to produce upon the arm of the medium it controls, any name or letters they may desire to. Suppose, for instance, that a spirit wishes to write the name of Elizabeth upon the arm of a certain medium. They know how to do it. They centre their thought upon a particular spot or portion of the arm, and at the same time, from themselves as spirits, there goes out a positive force, which enables them to control the system in its negative condition, and by the action of their will the word appears by drawing the blood up in the form of lines or letters upon the arm of the medium. Just so long as the spirit centres its thought or will upon that particular spot, just so long the letters will remain bright and distinct; but the very moment it withdraws its will from it, you will see the letters or word begin to fade, and soon it will disappear entirely from your sight.

[Will you please explain the manner in which spirit photographs are produced?] The spirits presenting themselves before the camera must draw their covering from the individuals they come in contact with. Those individuals must be rendered negative, and from them spirits receive their clothing, and if they are placed before the camera at just the right moment, they will be able to present to their friends shadowy pictures of themselves, as spirits.

So you see it is absolutely necessary to have a body or a medium present, from which they can draw this peculiar magnetic light that is necessary for that particular thing. In order that spirits may be fully successful in presenting faithful likenesses to their friends in mortal, they should draw their magnetic light or outward covering from three sources, namely, from the sun, from earth centres, and from some medium or person in a negative condition.

Excuse me, but a new idea has just presented itself to me, or I should say one that is new to you, for I have often thought of it myself, of which I will speak at this time. [We shall be glad to receive any new truths you may choose to communicate to us.] You are told that certain conditions are necessary in order to produce physical manifestations, and it has been a great marvel to many persons why this is so. Now it is just like this. As I said before, in order to produce the manifestations, it is necessary to render you as negative as possible, and the persons who desire to receive such spirit-manifestations, should be harmonious and at peace with one another, in order that the magnetic force which the spirits draw from the mortal bodies present, be as strong and perfect as possible. So it is absolutely necessary for the spirits who control those places where physical manifestations are produced, to see that peace and harmony prevail among their audiences. This may not appear important to you, because you do not see the *modus operandi* of the whole thing as I do; but believe me, it is just as necessary to the successful production of physical, or spirit-manifestaions, as the positive rays of the sun are necessary to the growth of vegetation. Now, you all know that you cannot produce vegetation in the winter season, and it is because the magnetic life of the sun is not ready to be thrown into the earth, to cause her to yield her hidden treasures. In the spring, when the rays of the sun begin to throw more of their magnetic life upon the earth, then vegetation appears, to gladden the eye and heart of man. Now, you can't produce this state of vegetation in Nature, only under certain favorable conditions, can you? [No.] Very well, then, certain conditions must be observed in order to produce these spirit-manifestations, else you do n't get them. Good-day, sir. Nov. 3.

Maria Donnovan.

My name was Maria Donnovan, and I was born in Belfast, Ireland. I was nineteen years of age at the time of my death. I have been a spirit without a body four years. I changed worlds by fire. I was burned to death in the city of New York. I was living, at the time I was burned, in the family of Mr. Caleb Beedle, of New York, and after I was burned, Mrs. Beedle said I must not die in her house, so I was carried to the hospital, and there I died.

Since then some strange manifestations have taken place in Mrs. Beedle's house; such as opening the doors and shutting them at night, and frightening the family; and some spirit said that I was the cause of those strange sounds, and my mother, who is in the spirit-land, and who died when I was an infant—and when I was eight years old I was brought to this country—says that those spirit-manifestations are not produced through any feeling of revenge upon my part, but only because Mrs. Beedle's niece, who is in the house, is a medium. Mrs. Beedle went to some one, I know not who, went to some place, and some of her spirit-friends told her that her house was haunted, and that I caused the strange sounds she heard, because of her treatment to me at the time I was burned. I've not had anything to do with it, only I was there, and saw it all. And my mother, who knows all about these things, thinks that she had better investigate this matter, and take this young lady and receive the manifestations as they come. She knows nothing of the matter herself; is not conscious that the manifestations are produced through her, and if they will take her, and conform to the rules necessary for her development as a medium, they will no longer be at a loss to account for the sounds which have caused them so much uneasiness.

I have no ill feeling against the lady. I did not blame her for wanting me carried away to the hospital when I was so badly burned, and my mother does not blame her, and she says that Mr. and Mrs. Beedle need n't be at all afraid to investigate this matter of spirit communion, because they do n't move in the society with folks called Spiritualists. It wont make them bad, and it may make them a great deal better and happier than they are now. And she says, if they would only seek for light upon this subject, which is now so much of a mystery to them, God would not refuse to give it to them. My kind love to Mrs. Beedle, and tell her, though she did not manifest toward me the feeling she would have shown her own child, yet I've nothing to forgive. She did what she could not help doing, and I know of no spirit or spirits who would be malicious enough to wish to frighten her, and to make her sick, as she has been, because of her neglect to me.

[Do you remember how you were burned?] I was burned with the gas—not in my room, but down in the basement. I got up to reach for something on the table, and the jet was against my dress. It took my dress below the waist, and it burned right up to my stomach, and I lived only a few hours. I was taken right out of the house, and they said I died at the hospital. Good-day, sir. Nov. 3.

Invocation.

Oh Life, we would kneel in the vestibule of thy great temple, and seek and receive the baptism of truth. Oh Life, we feel that we are to wander forever and forever with thee, and it were not strange that we should seek to know more of our mystic guide. Oh Life, we demand of thee to unfold unto us the secret recesses of thy temple. Oh Life, baptize us with strength, power, and with that infinite love that is scattered from the heart of thy Creator. Oh Life, we ask to receive truth, and we ask for power to give it out again to the multitude. Oh Life, upon every tablet thou hast written, "Seek and ye shall find," and therefore we will rely upon thy promise. Nov. 4.

Spirit-Writing on the Wall.

"And death itself shall die!"

We are told that these words have been recently written upon the wall of the bed-chamber of Lord Brougham, of London, England, and we are requested, if we know aught of the manner in which this mysterious writing was produced, to furnish our English friend with whatever knowledge we are possessed of in regard to the matter. We are told that our English friend is well satisfied that the words before-mentioned were written upon the wall of his bed-chamber without the agency of mortal hands. We are also told that our friend is a stranger to spirit-manifestations, but that nevertheless he is open to conviction, and desires to know the whys and wherefores of the question.

The words were written upon the wall of our friend's bed chamber by one Sir John Brougham, who departed the earth-life sixty-one and a half years since, and who claims to be the individual adviser of the present Lord Brougham. We are told that he desires to open the soul of his kinsman to spiritual truth, and to lead the mind of his mortal subject away from material things, that he may not only benefit him, but the minds of humanity through him. This is only one of the ways by which the All-Wise Jehovah sees fit to unfold humanity, or in other words, proposes to reveal himself to the humon soul. Sometimes the Spirit of Truth comes to mortals through the simple rap, and sometimes it comes in another way, appealing to another degree of mentality, and opening the soul of man to its divine teachings.

But to the case before us. We perceive that our friend desires earnestly to know whether the writing upon the wall of his apartment was the work of any departed friend of his; and if it were possible for the disembodied spirit to return in this way, "why does he return to me?" We perceive that these questions are rife in the mind of the present Lord Brougham, and having clearly stated the author of that mysterious writing upon the wall of his bed-chamber, we now propose to answer his second inquiry.

Our friend, we perceive, as does your kindred in spirit-life, that you are ready to receive the truth which is about to be given unto you through spiritual sources, and we desire to erect a more substantial platform, upon which you may stand, learn truth, and dispense it to the multitude. True, you have wealth at your command; you have position, which many envy you, and that influence which would seem to insure you worldly happiness. But, alas, alas! we find it is not with you, nor has it ever been, and surely your spirit-friends are dealing with you in love, by showing you a new highway, in which you shall walk and know more happiness than you ever dared to conceive of. We are told that you admit that the writing upon the wall of your bed-chamber was not the work of human hands; but were we to declare that this writing was not the result of spirit agency, but of your own magnetism, you would be equally astonished.

Now, in one sense that which seems to you a mystery, is in fact no mystery at all, for your kinsman has drawn from out your physical form refined essences, to assist in placing that writing upon the wall. To prove that we speak the truth, go alone into your bed-chamber and ask for light, and manifestations will be given through your own organism, for that which has been has come of yourself. This much we have to say with regard to this writing upon the wall, and which is as yet but strictly private with regard to the individual to whom we come. Nov. 4.

The Late Elections.

QUES.—Will the cause of human freedom suffer from the acts or elections of to-day?

ANS.—It may seem to suffer, and doubtless will to a certain extent, but you may rest assured that the light will triumph over the darkness, the sunshine over the storm; and though a thousand times ten thousand thunder clouds of all shapes may be hurled upon your institutions, civil, religious, or political, still the morn will continue on, the sun shine, and soon you as a people will begin to know that your God is with you. And despite your short-comings, your ignorance, the Infinite Spirit of Freedom will wrap around you a mantle more beautiful than you ever dreamed of wearing. The thoughts and acts of to-day will have a direct tendency to cause many hearts to bleed and suffer; but out of the bleeding hearts, the broken limbs of humanity, shall be reared a new structure. But it must be that human hearts be lacerated, and that old systems be broken up, or cast, as it were, to the four winds of Heaven, in order that newer and fairer ones may spring up out of the ashes of the past. Nov. 4.

Melzar Gardner.

A few years ago I published a paper in one of your seceding States, whose columns were open to free thought, and for which I paid somewhat dearly, having lost my physical body in consequence of exercising that freedom of thought I deemed it my right to exercise as a free man, and one who sought to extend to others the same privileges that he claimed for himself. There are more martyrs than John Brown to the cause of this present rebellion. History, if she tells the truth, will write many millions of names on her pages, and instead of giving the children of the present hour all the credit, the children of the past will certainly demand that their names at least be chronicled upon her pages.

One evening, after I had recently published a very free article in the columns of my paper referring to the pet institution of slavery, and certain other political children, if I may so term them, I was returning home, when I was suddenly attacked by a person well known to me, and as suddenly sent across the river Jordan, and became an inhabitant of the spirit-world. For a short time I was unable to account for my appearance in the spirit-world, so sudden had been the separation between my body and spirit. But I soon learned that my political enemy had deprived me of my body, though not of life, as he believed. Now that political enemy still lives upon the earth, although it is supposed he is dead, and is taking a very active part in the rebellion, is acting out or up to those principles he professed to believe in when I was dwelling upon the earth. He may be somewhat surprised to hear from me, somewhat surprised to learn that the dead *live*, and have power to return to earth under favorable conditions, and exert an influence, either for good or evil, upon the minds of mortals. Now, by a law which is inherent in all nature, I was compelled, in dying, to throw nearly all my mundane magnetism upon my enemy, the individual who deprived me of my body, and through the laws that govern us as spirits I am permitted to return to earth, that I may legitimately use up that which was mine—namely, my magnetic life. And it would be very strange if, in doing so, I should use that magnetism to further *his* objects, and to aid *him* in sustaining and upholding those Southern institutions which have only been productive of evil to your country.

Thus my friend, or I may say murderer, for such he was in the eyes of civil law, does not think that I have the power to return and use a portion of that very magnetism he now possesses, in any way that I may see fit to employ it. I am not obliged to go to any one to ask how, or why, or when, I shall use it, for I have only to ask self, and self gives me the power to use that magnetism at my own discretion. Now this individual supposes that he is doing much to enable the Confederates to achieve their independence by the course of conduct that he is at present pursuing, but in this he is sadly mistaken. People do not always see the under-current that is forcing them to act thus and so through life; and this person does not see that his own weapons are being turned against himself, and that his own powers are now being used to establish union on a more firm basis than it has ever before stood upon. He does not see that slavery is soon to be wiped out from this American Continent, and that those very acts are being inaugurated which have a tendency to destroy that Upas that has so long desecrated Southern soil.

So it is; such is life. And I hope that before he is called to the spirit-world, he will awake to the fact that his own individual efforts have helped to overthrow Southern slavocracy. He does not think so now; but I hope the time will come when he will see that he has been an instrument in the hands of God, or his ministering angels, at least, to overthrow the system of slavedom. By the law through whose agency I return to earth and commune with you, I have been enabled to manifest to the individual I speak of, in dreams, or by visions. I am not able to say when, nor the exact number of times I have appeared to my political enemy, but he has felt the disturbing effects of my presence, and although he sometimes tries to attribute it to fancy and ill feeling, yet when he calmly reflects upon the matter, and brings his own reason to bear upon it, he feels the reality of my presence.

My name I presume you would like? [If you please.] I was known upon earth as Melzar Gardner. I have watched the rise and progress of this rebellion with as much interest, perhaps, as any one living upon the earth; for I perceive that without this terrible outburst, this rebellion, you would still be groping in darkness, still wear upon your shoulders the iron yoke of slavery.

Thus I was not sorry to learn that civil war was with you, for I began to perceive that there was hope for you, that through death you would perhaps rise a bright star among the kingdoms of the earth, that you would be absolutely compelled by Almighty God to take your proper place among the nations. Thus, I, for one, rejoiced from the inmost recesses of my being, when I heard that civil war, with all its horrors, had burst upon you; and I rejoice, to-day, that it has taken so strong a hold upon every heart, for I know without this condition you would never have awoke to your own degradation as a nation, never have attempted your own salvation.

Surely it were better to save yourself, if such a thing were possible, though it be through sorrow and death, than not at all. Surely it were better that you rise a bright star among the nations, though it be through blood, than that you fall forever, and have sealed your own damnation by your own ignorance. I rejoice in your condition to-day, I rejoice that nearly every household in the land has been stripped of at least one of its members, for your country demands the sacrifice, and, without the shedding of blood, I am convinced that your great national sin could never have been washed out. Nov. 4.

Rachel Ryder.

I am Rachel Ryder, and have only lived a spirit four weeks. I was born in Raleigh, North Carolina, and died in New Orleans, Louisiana. I have left two children, and they have no protector, for their father is away, and some public authorities have charge of them. I cannot rest, and so I begged to come here, begged for power, begged permission, and I am here.

They say your paper, in which our letters are written, will reach my husband. One request I have to make. It is this: That he seek to leave the army, return home, and take the children and come North, and rest until peace shall come to our country, if it ever does come. If he would give me peace, and save the lives of his children, I ask that he come North, oh, so quickly. Clarence Ryder is his name, and he is at present serving in what you call the rebel army. I am told that my letter will reach him, but I do not know. He does not know of my death. Four weeks ago I died of fever; it was brought on by anxiety and privations, such as I was not used to. I have a step-mother in Raleigh, and I should like, if possible, to commune with her. I will show her where she is wrong, and teach her how to do right, if she will allow me to. Nov. 4.

Thomas Comer.

Though accustomed to the assumption of different characters, I must confess I am almost totally ignorant of the laws by which I am to control this subject. But, unless we make an effort, we may never know how much we are capable of doing.

I am earnestly desirous to commune with my family and friends, whom I have left in Boston. Indeed, I now rejoice in the power I possess as a free spirit that I am now a dweller in spirit life, that I am not a dweller upon the earth. Since my coming here, I have met many kind friends, who are considerably versed in this Spiritual Philosophy, and by their kind assistance I have returned here, to-day, to tell my family that I live, live in possession of all my faculties, live to rejoice over death.

I have made, or rather tried to make, some experiments with the medium known as Mr. Colchester, and I am anxious to do more, and cannot without the immediate aid of my friends. So I am here, to day, to desire that they visit him. Am I stepping outside of your rules, Mr. Chairman? [Not at all.]

I would say I find the spirit-land to be not what I thought it to be. I am sometimes lost in wonder in contemplating myself, and I desire to give whatever knowledge I am able to give to my friends while they are upon the earth, that they may not come to the spirit-world as I did, without some knowledge of it.

I am Thomas Comer, familiar, no doubt, as a mortal to the theatre-going public. Good day, sir. Nov. 4.

Christopher Hollis.

Hey, Mr. Boss! Please say, not for me, but for somebody else, that Samuel Thorne, of the Second Michigan Regiment, is not dead, but is at present a prisoner in Richmond, Virginia. I am Christopher Hollis, one of his friends. Sometime, when I can control the medium better, I'll send a letter to some of my friends. Nov. 4.

Miss Hardinge's Book.

THE WILDFIRE CLUB,

BY

EMMA HARDINGE.

"That the dead are seen no more, I will not undertake to maintain, against the concurrent testimony of all ages, and all nations. There is no people rude or unlearned, among whom apparitions of the dead are not related and believed. This opinion which prevails as far as human nature is diffused could become universal only by its truth."—[*Vide "Rasselas," Dr. Johnson.*

"Spirit is like the thread whereon are strung
The beads or worlds of life. It may be here
It may be there that I shall live again;
But live again I shall where'er I be.—[*Festus.*

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Note. "Children and fools speak the Truth."

EXTRACTS FROM THE BOOK.

The following extracts are taken from the different storie

"'I am not in heaven, nor in hell, Geraldine; *only in the spheres!* I have made my own sphere; it is that of the sensualist, a spirit-home for human souls with animal propensities. Every vice has its sphere, Geraldine; lust, avarice, passion, pride, murder. The *hypocrite is in them all!* All sinners are hypocrites! They do not dread to commit vice; *they only fear* to have it known. O, could they but appear on earth as they do in the spheres, they would not dare to make themselves the loathsome things they must become! On earth, Geraldine, you look upon mankind as they appear; in the spheres, *as they are;* and *as* they are, so is their heaven or hell. *Did ye mark that monstrous brutish thing that* led the "brawls" yonder?—dancing with a woman more abject, low, and vile than the gutters of your most degraded cities could send forth. That monstrous image once wore a *royal crown,* and bore the sceptre of England's virtuous realm'

"'O that I could awake from this dreadful dream!' I cried; 'this is too horrible! Let me awake! O, let me awake!'

"'Thou art *not dreaming,* my child,' answered the sad voice; 'and to prove to thee the truth of this most momentous hour, know that by this time to-morrow night, a fresh partner will lead out the Princess A. in her midnight "*brawl.*" You know him as a man, Geraldine; behold him now as a spirit!' ◦ ◦ ◦ "That night, *at one o'clock,* I sat by his cold corpse, pondering on the fearful revelation of the preceding night; the fatally fulfilled prediction, and the possible condition of the *spirit* of the duellist, killed by the husband of a woman whom he had seduced."—*The Princess.*

Just then a sweet, soft, unusual air seemed *to spring up*—not around or away from him, but just upon his cheek; it seemed, as he often described it, "like as if a bird, with sweetly perfumed wings, were gently fanning him, or as if fragrant flowers were waved in his face." There was a sound, too—one to which he used to say all description was inadequate. It was most like a long chord of music, containing an infinite variety of harmonies, but all of a ringing, glassy sound, struck in the air, but so far off—O, so far—that, although seeming plain to him, it must be an echo from thousands of leagues away in space, and ever *from above!* ◦ ◦ What followed, he often used to say, was indeed the moment "when his soul was born." He knew he had *lived before;* but it was only as a *body;* his *spirit* was born on that memorable night—in that hour of bitter agony and loneliness. He heard distinctly the chord of music I have mentioned sounding in the air, and then came a sweet, low, female voice, saying, "Tom—dear Tom!"—*The Spirit Bride.*

That drear night it was tenanted *alone* by the one ghostly, dead form of the hapless William Rookwood. *Alone* and unwatched, he lay on his bloody bier, while a hand of shadowy but gigantic proportions seemed to fill the empty space around with huge letters, which, seen by the unthinking children of life and revelry, might read, "*Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee.*" ◦ ◦ ◦ The unhappy Hannah had, throughout the trial, conducted herself in a manner which rather tended to confirm than dispel the supposition of her guilt. ◦ ◦ ◦ The proceedings of this remarkable trial were characterized, we are told, by divers singular noises, emanating, as it would seem, from stationary benches and inanimate articles, where no human contact could account for the mystery of their sound. Sometimes the tables and chairs used by the learned gentlemen of the law would be violently shaken, and if unoccupied, quite overturned; yet all this without any visible agency to account for the same, except the weird reputation which the female prisoner was known to possess "The gentleman of the long robe" were much perplexed, and it was even thought somewhat startled, by these mystic signs of an unaccountable intelligence; for intelligence it certainly was, since the noises (resembling in sound and force the heavy drumming of a stick) would seem to emphasize various sentences spoken, and especially any in favor of the prisoners, when a most indecorous number of loud *knocks,* in the *form* of applause, would invariably startle the astonished listeners from their propriety, and curdle their blood with very terror.—*The Haunted Grange.*

"Take all—take everything—the hand of a peeress—the wealth of a millionaire—houses, lands, rank, station—only save our lives!" shrieked the despairing passengers, while the sullen and disgusted crew turned away to make their peace with God and prepare for entrance into that kingdom where rank and wealth have neither name nor place. ◦ ◦ ◦ A low strain of music, at first so distant that it sounded like an echo from another world, but growing nearer until it filled the whole chamber with delicious melody, crept over the listening ear, and stilled the mourners into silent transport. And now revolving mists floated around, *first dimly* shadowing every object to their view, then forming into a gauzy medium, in which they saw reflected a diorama of a scene more fair than mortal eyes had ever beheld before. ◦ ◦ ◦ Moving here and there were forms of light and joyous faces seen whom each remembered to have perished in the storm.—*Life.*

"And do you mean to say that you, in calm possession of your senses, will deny that you saw her to-day—saw her in the very centre of the aisle, standing the whole time, as it has ever been her custom to do, dressed as she has been accustomed to dress for the last eight months, in shining white silk, with a black instead of a white veil, and that for the first time since her dreadful persecution began *she spoke to me!* My God, why do I ask this? You *must have* seen it; you sat close by; you might almost have heard her speak. Every one sees and hears *us* whenever we appear. All must have seen it—seen me, too, as I returned an answer to her."—*The Haunted Man.*

"I *know* I was half dreaming; for, strange to say, I never questioned her or sought to know who or whence she was. I knew she was a spirit, blest and true; and this was all. I never knew when first we met, or how; nor can I recollect my mountain home or early life without her. She told me of the future; and I speaking oft her words again—I knew not why, except I could not help it—they called me Seer and Prophet."—*Torn Leaves.*

"Good God!" he cried, "it is that fatal girl! *She is a witch*—these spectres her companions—these sounds their dreadful Sabbath rites performed within our hearing nightly."—*The Witch of Lowenthal.*

"'One ray of light alone seemed to penetrate the thick gloom of my self created hell—I might yet return to earth, and warn my children—the neglected human souls committed to my charge—tell them that not in the church, in the pulpit, in another's merit, or unpractical faith, but in their own acts and deeds, in every footprint they make, in every word they speak, in every step they take, or leave undone—do they create the heaven or hell to which their spirits are as infallibly tending, as is their mortal frame to the clod of the earth!'"—*The Phantom Mother.*

No one asked the stranger guest her name; but she sat in their midst like the bright, calm moon illuminating the blue vault of the midnight sky, and an unknown, silent joy pervaded that happy circle, such as they had never known in their life's experience before.—*Christmas Stories.*

Ere I left the steps, I saw—I am sure I cannot be mistaken—*I saw the alderman himself come out, pass me swiftly, and beckoning me to follow,* was *lost in the snow drift!* Could it really have been he? Or was it a spirit?—*Faith.*

"She comes! she comes! Room for the wretched dove, with broken pinion, ruffled plumes, and soiled! Behold her dragged along by vassal hands, to play her part enforced in this foul scene! O God, why beats my heart? My feeble knees, why do they bend and totter 'neath my weight? My eyeballs are on fire! O, how they burn! I'm blind again! I'm blind! Ah me! all's dark! O God! in mercy, one short moment more suspend the doom, and let me see her face!" ◦ ◦ ◦ "Hark! what a shriek!—a cry of human woe! 'tis raised by *fourteen drowning mortals' cries!* They sink they sink! O, save them if you can! Thirteen most guilty souls are perishing; but that poor maid, that sinless victim, save! O, snatch her from the dreadful rushing tide! In vain, in vain! Ingulphed beneath the flood, the victim and destroyers all are still!"—*The Wildfire Club.*

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Chapter 9. The History of Life through the Silurian Formation. The Age of Mollusca; Conformity of all living Beings to one Archetype; Silurian Life; Sea of the; Graptolites; Polypes; Corallines; Crinoidians; Lily Encrinite; Mollusks; Cephalopods; Crustaceans; Trilobites; Nautilus; Vertebrata; Silurian Scenery.

Chapter 10. The Old Red Sandstone Series. Blending of the Formations; Definition of term *Period;* Duration of; Disappearance of Species; Reign of Fishes; Ganoids; Cephalaspis; Pterychthys; Coccocteus; Placoidans; Devonian Scenery; The Law of Progress.

Chapter 11. *Carboniferous or Coal Formation.* Conditions of; Origin of the Coal; Lepidodendron; Stigmaria; Arborescent Ferns. Calamites; Norfolk Island Pine; Carboniferous Scenery; Luxuriance of Vegetation; Islands of the South Sea represent the Coal Era; The Marine Depths; Fucoids; Orthoceras; Cephalopods; Terebratula; Productus; Ammonites; Fishes; Ganoids; Sharks; Sauroids; Terrestrial Reptiles.

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Chapter 13. Oolite. Lias. Wealden. Lias; Pentacrinite; Cuttle Fish; Belemnite; Sauroids; Lepidoteus; Port Jackson Shark; Rays; Marine Reptiles; Nothosaurus; Ichthyosaurus; Plesiosaurus; Oolite Proper; Corals; Description of a Coral Isle; Terebratula; Insects; Gavial; Cetiosaurus; *Megalosaurus; Plan of Vertebral Articulation;* Pterodactyle; The Wealden; Iguanodon; Heliosaurus; Dawn of Mammals in the Marsupials; The Saurian Age; Scenery of this Era.

Chapter 14. The Cretaceous or Chalk Period. A Transition Age; Existence of Species; *Origin of Chalk—Now forming;* Of Flints; Birds like the Albatross; The Polyphychdon; Mosasaurus; Ichthyosaurus.

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Chapter 16. A Chapter of inferences.

Chapter 17. Origin of Man. Embryonic Growth of; His Relations to the Animal World; From whence derived; A Savage; Human Fossils; Their Testimony; Caucasian Civilization; Its Origin; Disseminated from the Highlands of Asia: Earlier Period still; Number and Origin of Races; Primitive History of.

PART III.

Chapter 18. The Human Brain. Comparitive Anatomy! Embryonic Growth of the Brain.

Chapter 19. Structure and Functions of the Brain and Nervous System, studied with *reference* to the Origin of thought.

Chapter 20. The Source of Thought studied from a Philosophical Stand-point.

Chapter 21. Retrespect of the Theory of Development, as herein advanced. Conclusions. *Facts followed from their* Source to their legitimate Results.

APPENDIX.

An Explanation of some of the Laws of Nature, their Effects, &c.

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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.

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Or, The Author,
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May 3. tf

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Feb. 22. tf

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Oct. 5 tf

GENERAL DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES OF THE SOCIETY OF THE LYCEUM CHURCH OF SPIRITUALISTS,

WITH A PLAN OF ORGANIZATION,

Embracing the following subjects: Objects of the Society—Articles of Belief Commonly Accepted as Truths by Spiritualists—Sum of Spiritual Revelations Concerning the State of the Soul in the World of Spirits—Of the Supreme Being—Of Religion in General—Of the Sunday Spiritual Meetings—Of the Character of the Addresses—Of Speakers—Of Internal Management—Of Resources—Of Membership—Designation of the Society.

The above is the title, and heads of the contents, of a very neatly printed pamphlet, being the Report of the Committee on Organization, of the Society of Spiritualists of Boston. It is a document which will interest Spiritualists all over the country.

For sale at this office. Price 5 cents; by mail 6 cents.

June 28. tf

THE UNVEILING;

OR, WHAT I THINK OF SPIRITUALISM. By Dr. P. B. Randolph. Price, 25c.

IT ISN'T ALL RIGHT;

BEING a Rejoinder to Dr. Child's celebrated work, "Whatever Is, is Right." By Cynthia Temple. Price 10c.

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May 31. tf

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New York Advertisements.

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IMPERFECTIONS OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

A Lecture by Miss Lizzie Doten, before the Lyceum Church, in Lyceum Hall, Boston, Sunday Evening, November 23d, 1862.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

Miss Doten took for her subject in the afternoon the "*Imperfections of Modern Spiritualism.*" She said it was related in this book (Bible) that Jesus, in one of his discourses to his disciples, said, "Father, glorify thy name. Then there came a voice from heaven, saying, I have both glorified it, and will glorify it again. The people, therefore, that stood by and heard it, said that it thundered: others said, An angel spake to them." This is the position of the world at the present day in regard to Spiritualism: they cannot tell whether it is the muttering thunder, or whether it be indeed the angels that speak. It is like a little child reaching out for something it wants, but which eludes its grasp, because it is beyond its reach, and not knowing how else to obtain it, loses it.

The world waits for a solution of the mystery. Is it the voice of thunder or of God? We answer, Modern Spiritualism is a manifestation of the Divine Will, intended for the elevation and regeneration of the human family.

She said there were many imperfections in Spiritualism, which its believers ought to know and correct, as far as it was in their power; the most important of which was ignorance of themselves.

Science is making slow progress. It has not found the depths of Mesmerism and Clairvoyance, which, if they were understood, could reveal to us many of the mighty secrets now hidden. By their aid we could penetrate through the vast regions of the yet unexplored Universe, and bring to light some of the grandest conceptions of Deity.

Spiritualism comes to tell us of the vast and grand knowledge which lies hidden in the depths of the soul, and of the unsearched depths and researches yet to be made by Clairvoyance and Mesmerism. He who goes in search of his own being—to find out himself—will learn what modern Spiritualism can do for him. By laying hold of those spiritual truths which are at his command, and using them to the fullest extent of the abilities the Creator has given him, he can go forth and commune with the angels, and learn what are the powers of his being.

But there is one mighty fact to learn: not to lift up our voices to God for the wants of our being, but to put forth our hands and work for ourselves—for everything we need is ready for our use. Oh, men and women! where is your God? If you seek him in your own souls, there shall you find him, and that knowledge will be more valuable to you than gold.

Another imperfection or abuse in Spiritualism is, the practice of some persons seeking the aid of mediums upon purely worldly and selfish matters. In their eagerness and folly they assure the medium that they are in a passive condition, and are willing to accept anything which may come to them.

The medium thus consulted, partaking of the same delusion, will tell the selfish inquirer that he is a Franklin, a Washington, and even a Christ and that these great minds will influence and control him in his actions; that he will attain to some enviable position in society; that riches will pour in upon him to his heart's content. All these flattering assurances are to take place in the course of time as it passes along in the vista of ages. Surely the Scripture injunction is fulfilled—"The fool is answered according to his folly." Oh, man or woman, use the common sense which God has given you.

Many who thus seek the aid of mediums are totally unfit for the positions they seek: they are mere paupers in society, too indolent to get a living by their own exertions, and burdened with an uncultivated intellect and a clouded soul; poor miserable worms of the dust, who are not able to save themselves from their own folly. Such persons, getting deceived by high promises which can never be realized, often lose their faith in God.

Before consulting with mediums, fit yourselves to receive whatever information may be given you from the spirit-world. Develop your own souls, learn more of the God within you, seek to understand the nature and beauties of Spiritualism, so that you can receive and appreciate the divine influx from the spirit world, and then you will have imparted to you the wisdom of the spheres as fast as you are able to receive it, or your needs require. Then will your souls expand under the genial influence of spirit teachings, and you will be strengthened and sustained in your efforts to improve and elevate your own condition, as well as that of suffering humanity. Then you will be able, uncontaminated, to reach forth your hand and help up the most degraded of the human race, and place them safely on board the car of redemption. This will be acting out the higher and nobler Spiritualism which elevates and purifies the soul. Do not *wait* to have your powers of soul developed, but strive to live in spirituality in your everyday life as you move along in this world, and your harvest will surely ripen in abundance.

Accept no revelation when it comes to you as a challenge, unless it is proved. When you hunger and thirst for more, it will be given you as fast as each truth, as it comes to you, can be disposed of in accordance with its importance. But the one who says "Come, I will take all," fills himself with the husks of the swine. Examine all things; investigate all communications, and accept none unless you feel an inward conviction that it is true. If Solomon should come to you and ask, "What is the use of Spiritualism?" listen to him; or if Satan comes and wishes to argue the question with you, listen to him. Oh, Satan! there is something of God in you!

Spiritualists are too sensitive about the opinion and say-so of the world, the scandal of the self-righteous, and therefore abstain from doing many noble deeds for fallen and degraded souls which their consciences dictate. How was it with Jesus? Did he abstain from doing good on that account? It is recorded of him that a woman came and kissed him—kissed his feet. What would you modern Spiritualists of to-day have said of this? Keep your garments clean, and then no taint will attach to you. It is your duty to go into the lowest streets and hells and bring forth the degraded wretches who inhabit them, and help them to lead better lives.

Modern Spiritualism lacks faith in its highest and holiest teachings. It lacks faith in the purity of its principles. If you are Spiritualists indeed, you should speak out what you believe, fearing nothing, and let the world know that you are ready and willing to aid the poor and degraded.

Andrew Jackson Davis speaks of having once reprovingly asked a spirit whom he saw and who almost constantly traveled with him, but whom he had lost sight of for a few days, why it was that he had vanished from his sight. The spirit replied, "The reason is not that I vanish, but that you lose your perception." So it is with modern Spiritualists, who appear to be losing their powers of perception. Those who aspire to the revelations from the higher life should cultivate their powers of perception, so that it will conduct them through their earth-journey, and enable them to glide smoothly down to that green vale of Life.

In modern Spiritualism you are called upon to devote a part of your time in seeking out those great truths which tend to elevate the whole human family. You must stand up as men and women, and do your whole duty to society, for a moral responsibility rests upon you. You will learn from the moral philosophy of this that there is an inward teacher that will give you the needed instructions you are desirous to know.

Devote but one half hour of each day to meditation on your own past acts, and you will not only gain wisdom, strength and energy, but will learn more of the God within your own soul. Where is God's temple, if it is not in the immortal soul?

Spiritualism is the new wine of the kingdom. Man has got a long road to travel before he comes to the perception of the highest and holiest truths. Faint not, nor be disheartened. There is a God in heaven who doeth all things well. All eyes are turned upon us; the nations of the earth are looking to us for a development of our knowledge, and the world shall yet be blessed by the benefits of our revelations.

Spiritualism stands upon a firm basis. Although it has no organization or form, its church is founded upon a rock, and cannot be washed away; therefore do not fear for every little wave that sweeps over it, for it will abide, sure and steadfast.

We have given but a meagre sketch of a very able discourse, which was listened to with the profoundest attention.

EVENING LECTURE.

In the evening Miss Doten's subject was, "*The Life of the Soul,*" giving another most eloquent lecture, in her usual terse and forcible manner, to the great gratification of a packed audience.

At the conclusion of the lecture the following beautiful Poem, composed in spirit-life, was given through the organism of Miss Doten:

God of the Granite and the Rose!
Soul of the Sparrow and the Bee!
The mighty tide of being flows
Through countless channels, Lord, from Thee.
It leaps to life in grass and flowers,
Through every grade of being runs,
Till from creation's radiant towers
Its glory flames in stars and suns.

Oh, ye who sit and gaze on life
With folded hands and fettered will,
Who only see, amid the strife,
The dark supremacy of ill,
Know, that like birds, and streams, and flowers,
The life that moves you is divine!
Nor time, nor space, nor human powers,
Your Godlike spirit can confine.

Once in a form of human mold,
Upon this earthly plane I trod;
My faith was weak, my heart was cold,
I had no hope. I knew not God.
Deep from my being's cup I quaffed,
With Life's Elixir brimming o'er,
And madly sought to drain the draught
That I might die, to live no more!

There came an angel to my side—
Not from the bowers of Paradise—
She was mine own, mine earthly bride,
With heaven's pure sunshine in her eyes.
She wept and prayed, she knew not why—
Her Faith, not Reason, soared above:
She talked of God and Heaven—and I—
Well—I was happy in *her* love.

Love was my all, my guiding star,
And like a wanderer in the night,
I hailed its radiance from afar,
Because it shone with *certain* light;
But all those visions bright and high,
Which the pure-hearted only see,
Of God and Imortality,
Could not reveal their light to me.

At length my precious one, my wife,
Held on her bosom's sacred shrine
A tender form, an infant life,
The union of her soul and mine.
O God! above that precious child
First did I breathe Thy holy name,
While strong emotions, deep and wild,
Shook like a reed my manly frame.

I prayed for heaven's eternal years—
I prayed for light, that I might see—
And even with stern manhood's tears,
I prayed for faith, O God! in Thee.
O, this poor world seemed far too small
To hold the measure of my love!
They were my God, my heaven, my all—
My precious wife, my nestling dove.

Aye, then there came a fearful day,
A day of sorrow and of pain,
When, like a helpless child I lay,
And fever burned in every vein.
Weeks came and went, they went and came,
Till Faith was Fear, and Hope had died,
And I could only breathe the name
Of the lone-watcher at my side.

With patient love that could not fail,
And anxious care that knew no rest,
She sat, like a Madonna, pale,
With our sweet infant on her breast.
For *them* I beat Life's stormy wave,
And struggled face to face with death;
For *them* I tarried from the grave,
And firmly held my mortal breath.

But faint and weak, at length I lay,
While darkness gathered over all—
I felt my pulses, fluttering, play
Like autumn leaves about to fall.
My poor, tired heart, could do no more,
But yielded the unequal strife;
Aye, then I prayed, as ne'er before,
That I might have Eternal Life.

O God! my sainted mother's face
Gleamed through the deepening shades of death,
And from her lips these words of grace
Fell gently as the evening's breath:
"Child of my love, I gave to earth
Thy mortal form in grief and pain—
Lo! now, in this, thy second birth,
I lend my strength to thee again."

That angel presence stood revealed,
To her who sat beside my bed;
Our quivering lips Love's compact sealed,
And one brief, parting word was said.
Then, leaning like a weary child
My head upon my mother's breast,
She bore me, changed and reconciled,
To the fair dwellings of the blest.

But oft at morn, or close of day,
I feel the love that toward me yearns,
And earthward, o'er the starry way,
My answering spirit gladly turns.
O, Death! O, Grave! before heaven's light
Thy gloomy phantoms quickly fly;
And man shall learn *this* truth aright—
That he must *change*, but shall not *die*;

Shall change, as doth the summer rose,
The evening light, the closing year;
Shall sink into a sweet repose,
To waken in a happier sphere;
Shall fall, as falls the harvest grain—
The ripened ears of golden corn
Which yields its life, that yet again
Through ceaseless change it be re-born.

God of the Granite and the Rose!
Soul of the Sparrow and the Bee!
The mighty tide of being flows
Through all thy creatures back to Thee.
Thus round and round the circle runs—
A mighty sea without a shore—
While men and angels, stars and suns,
Unite to praise Thee evermore!

A Discussion between Prof. Grimes and J. L. Potter.

EDITOR BANNER—As a discussion has recently taken place in Montpelier, between Prof. Grimes and J. L. Potter, upon the truthfulness of Spiritualism, a brief sketch of the same may be interesting to you. Prof. Grimes being at Montpelier for the purpose of lecturing on Phrenology and the Exposition of Spiritualism, many of the Spiritualists attended. Among the rest who were anxious to hear what could be said on such an occasion, was J. L. Potter, one of the ablest trance speakers in the field. The worthy Professor, learning that he was a medium, challenged him to a public discussion. Mr. Potter accepting the same. The first discussion took place the evening of the 14th. A large audience attended, who gave good attention, and were much interested, if we may judge by the interest they seemed to express, the Professor taking for his hobby the one that is always rode on such occasions, showing the deception which mediums practised, all physical manifestations were frauds, none genuine but trance speaking, that being magnetism only. Said he was the father of magnetism. A. J. Davis, the first trance medium, being a subject for Spiritualism of his, therefore *he* was the father of the great delusion, Spiritualism. After rambling around and relating all he could that was ridiculous about mediums, he called Spiritualism a snake that was crawling over the country, bringing destruction and demoralization with it. No sound philosophy, no reasonable argument, was brought forth to expose Spiritualism.

Mr. Potter replied to him, by bringing philosophical arguments that were perfectly reasonable; using strong argument, instead of *mimicry*; good philosophy, instead of ridicule and nonsense. He did not *try* to follow him in all his ramblings, but took up the points where there was any argument used, explaining them intelligently and satisfactorily, reminding him of his remark that *he* was the *father* of Spiritualism, and Spiritualism being a snake, he of course must be the head of the snake, as the father is acknowledged to be the head of the family.

Prof. Grimes interrupted many times, but did not succeed in breaking down the influence. Mr. Potter carried his side of the question in a very intelligent manner. So ended the first discussion.

The Professor, not meeting with as good success as he wished in regard to his lectures, wanted to get up some excitement: so he challenged him again for discussion, Mr. Potter replying, that if he would have a time specified and no one allowed to interrupt, he was willing. A clairvoyant being engaged to give tests of a spiritual character, the night was concluded upon, arrangements were made to have a person to act as a Moderator, choosing a committee to question the truthfulness of the test medium, etc., an account of which I will give you, showing how thoroughly opposers will test mediums when an opportunity is offered.

Rev. Eli Ballou was appointed Chairman of the meeting, and on the evening of the 18th the second discussion came off. Half an hour was allotted to each speaker—Mr. Potter commencing with an explanation of the Phenomenal and Philosophical part of Spiritualism; Prof. Grimes taking the same slandering argument he used the previous evening. The discussion continued for about two hours, each carrying his argument as far as possible. The audience was large, and entire satisfaction seemed to prevail.

After the discussion was ended, the clairvoyant was called upon. Miss Fannie V. Kelton being the medium, controlled by the spirit of an Indian, gave an accurate description of half a dozen spirits. The committee chosen, consisted of an Orthodox, a Universalist, and a Spiritualist, when called upon to test the medium, they asked to be excused, therefore there was no committee to act, and individuals *who had* spirits *described* for them, did not see *fit* to question the influence, in order to prove their identity; fearful, we suppose, of proving them to be such. Among the spirits described, was a daughter of the Chairman, giving her name; but no welcome was given her by her father; no questions asked to *prove* that *it was* his daughter, and yet, the reverend gentleman saw fit to publish a very cutting account in his paper (the Christian Repository) of the discussion. He says, "We know not how it appeared to others, but to us it seemed that Mr. Potter undertook to *beg* the question by assuming it as a fact that the spirits of the departed have and do communicate with the living, and adapted his philosophy to suit this case. He certainly advanced no proof that spirits do communicate. Mr. Grimes had really nothing tangible to reply to, unless it was Mr. Potter's speculative philosophy. Miss Kelton, the medium, may have believed herself inspired, but we saw nothing in her to convince us of the truth of Spiritualism. It seemed an entire failure on the part of Mr. Potter, so far as proving the truth of Spiritualism is concerned, though he said many good and true things."

Now, if Brother Ballou feels *justified* in the course he has taken, we have nothing to say; but to us it is very unjust in him to assert that Mr. Potter begged the question. If a man is challenged to discuss any subject, and accepts the challenge, it does not prove him a beggar; and what Brother Ballou intended to convey by assuming it to be a speculative philosophy, we are also ignorant. Mr. Potter has a right to say that spirits can and do communicate with mortals. If truth is speculative, then the argument which he used is, and in no other light can it be made so.

In regard to the test medium, I know of no way that the Chairman could be convinced she was inspired, unless he made an effort for the same; but to remain silent, when your spirit friends are described, shows plainly that it is fear of the public, or fear that it is not sufficiently speculative, that causes many to remain silent. If there was a failure at all, it was on the part of the Chairman in not testing the spirit, and of the committee in being excused; and no small share of the blame falls upon the Spiritualists present. If the committee would not act, another committee should have been appointed.

If I have spoken plainly in this article, I feel justified in doing so. Spiritualism has received no injury, but good will be the result. Yours for justice,

MRS. A. W. TANNER.

Montpelier, Vt., Nov. 25, 1862.

Obituary Notices.

HOME OF THE ANGELS.—HATTIE RICE, only daughter of JAMES H. and MARY L. FULLER, aged 8 years 3 months and 2 days, passed on to the Summer Land, from the residence of her parents in Cambridgeport, November 18, 1862.

It seems as though the purest and loveliest flowers of earth were coveted by Heaven; for in the morning of their youth and purity, when they are just budding into promise—filling our hearts with hope—they are drawn away to the Home of the Angels, leaving our wounded hearts to be soothed by the heavenly aroma of their brief earth-existence—which, like the ascending prayers of angels, is ever blessing us.

Darling little HATTIE was one of those brilliant meteors that flash upon us with heavenly lustre, winning our deepest affection—but finding earth too cold and uncongenial for delicate and sensative natures, fly back to the Summer Land, and make even Heaven pleasanter by their presence. Her expanding mind seemed to delight in obtaining all the light she could of the angel-world. For one of her age, she was far advanced in spiritual knowledge. She was always cheerful and happy. Her intuitive and perceptive faculties were developing rapidly. She was a beloved scholar and won the esteem of all her schoolmates by her kind and gentle disposition.

When her parents became alarmed and expressed fears that her disease would prove fatal, she replied to them with a firmness and composure worthy the most devout divine, "Have faith in God; He can cure me, but you can't." Blessed angel! we all mourn the departure of so rare a gem from our midst.

"Weep, oh sorrow-stricken mother!
Crush not back the tears that start;
Weep, sad father! do not smother
Love's out-gushings: tears impart
Peace-serener than all other,
Sweetest balm for Sorrow's smart.

Though your Hattie is in Heaven,
Still your tears are not amiss—
They are but sweet tributes given
To her worth and loveliness;
Let them fall like dews at even
On Love's drooping flowers of bliss.

She is happy! Life is sweeter
To her now than e'er before.
Time speeds on, you soon shall meet her
On the fadeless spirit shore;
Hope and wait, you soon shall greet her
Where 'good by' is heard no more."

Boston, Nov. 24, 1862. L. B. W.

In Attleboro', on the 19th of November, ISAAC R. BURCHARD, aged 33 years, left the worn garments of mortality, and sought the heavenly shores, to enlist in that army where love instead of vengeance is the watchword. He was a soldier in the Massachusetts 7th Regiment, Company C; was sick, and suffered long, long weeks in a hospital at Fortress Monroe, but was finally allowed to come home just three weeks before his decease, so that a "mother's prayers and a sister's tears" could be mingled beside his dying bed. Two younger brothers in soldier-dress, were present at the funeral, and followed the body to the grave. I can only say, God help them; and may angels keep them; and oh! may the mother and sisters be comforted with a knowledge of his spiritual presence with them, and encouraged with the fond hope of a safe return of the remaining sons and brothers.

Taunton, Nov. 24, 1862. M. S. TOWNSEND.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

LYCEUM CHURCH, LYCEUM HALL, TREMONT STREET, (opposite head of School street.)—Meetings are held every Sunday by the Society of Spiritualists, at 2:45 and 7 1-2 P. M. *Admission Free.* Lecturers engaged:—J. S. Loveland, Dec. 7 and 14; Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, Dec. 21 and 28.

CONFERENCE HALL, No. 14 BROMFIELD STREET, BOSTON.—The Spiritual Conference meets every Tuesday evening, at 7 1-2 o'clock.

MARBLEHEAD.—Meetings are held in Bassett's new Hall. Speakers engaged:—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 and evening. The following speakers are engaged:—Hon. Warren Chase, in Dec.

LOWELL.—The Spiritualists in this city have removed from Wells' Hall, where they have so long met, to the church, corner of Central and Merrimack streets, where they will continue their Sunday services, afternoon and evening, at 2 1-2 and 6 1-2 P. M. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, Dec. 7 and 14; Mrs. A. P. Thompson, Dec. 21 and 28; Mrs. Laura DeForce Gordon, Jan. 4 and 11; Mrs. A. A. Currier, Jan. 18 and 25; Mrs. A. E. Simmons, Feb. 1 and 8; Mrs. E. Annie Kingsbury, Dec. 15 and 22; Miss Lizzie Doten, March 1 and 8.

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 for Dec. 7 and 14, Mrs. A. A. Currier.

PROVIDENCE.—Speakers engaged:—Mrs. M. S. Townsend ddring Nov.; Mrs. E. A. Kingsbury for Dec.; Warren Chase for January.

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.

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

MISS LIZZIE DOTEN will lecture in Philadelphia through Dec. Address, care of Banner of Light.

MISS EMMA HARDINGE will lecture in Springfield, Mass., in January. Address, care of Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield street, Boston, Mass. Letters will be forwarded.

H. B. STORER, inspirational speaker, may be secured for Sundays in this vicinity, by addressing him at 80 Pleasant street, Boston.

MRS. M. S. TOWNSEND will speak in Quincy, Mass., Dec. 7 and 14; in Marblehead, Dec. 21 and 28; in Randolph, Jan. 11; in Boston, Jan. 18 and 25; in Philadelphia, Pa., in May.

N. FRANK WHITE will speak in Marblehead, Dec. 7 and 14; in Quincy, Dec. 21 and 28; in Taunton, Jan. 4 and 11; Putnam, Conn., during Feb.; Philadelphia in March.

WARREN CHASE speaks in Taunton, four Sundays in Dec., in Providence, R. I., during January. He will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light.

DR. JAMES COOPER, Bellefontaine, Ohio, will speak at Anderson, Dec. 1; Mechanicsburg, Dec. 2 and 3; Cadiz, 4 and 5; Greensboro, 6 and 7. Subscriptions taken for the Banner, and books for sale.

A. H. DAVIS has returned from his lecturing tour to his home in Natick, Mass., and will answer calls to lecture on the Sabbath, for a month or two, at any place within thirty or forty miles of Boston. Address as above.

MISS EMMA HOUSTON, will lecture three months in Bangor, Me., commencing Nov. 16, and continuing until Feb. 13, 1863. Those wishing to engage her services week evenings, or Sundays after that date, can address her there.

MRS. S. A. HORTON, will speak in South Reading Vt., Dec. 7; in Huntington, Dec. 14.

MRS. AUGUSTA A. CURRIER will speak in Portland, Me., Dec. 7 and 14; North Haverhill, N. H., Dec. 21 and 28. Address, box 816, Lowell, Mass.

MISS MARTHA L. BECKWITH, trance speaker, will lecture in Somers, Conn., Dec 21 and 28; in Stafford, Conn. Jan. 4 and 11. Will answer calls to lecture during the winter. Address at New Haven, care of George Beckwith. Reference. H. B. Storer, Boston.

CHARLES A. HAYDEN will speak in Bradley, December 7 and 14; in Kenduskeag, December 21; in Bradford, Dec. 28; in Exeter, the first Sunday in January, 1863. Address as above or Livermore Falls, Me.

LEO MILLER will speak in Springfield, Mass., the four Sundays in Dec.; in Putnam, Conn., the two first Sundays in Jan.; in Taunton, Mass., the two first Sundays in Feb. Mr. Miller will make engagements in New England for the last of Jan., and the last of Feb.; also through the month of March. Address as above, or Springfield, Mass.

MRS. M. M. WOOD (formerly Mrs. Macumber,) West Killingly, Conn.

MRS. A. P. THOMPSON will speak in Concord, N. H., Dec. 14.

MRS. E. A. KINGSBURY will speak in Providence, R. I., during Dec.; in Lowell, Feb. 14 and 21. Address accordingly.

MRS. LAURA DEFORCE GORDON will lecture in Portland, Me., during Nov. and Dec. Address, care of box 403; at Lowell, Mass., Jan. 4 and 11; at Providence, R. I., during Feb. Address as above.

L. K. COONLEY, trance speaker, will lecture in Clyde, O., Nov. 30; Cleveland, O., in Dec. Will speak week evenings in vicinity of Sunday appointments. Address accordingly. Mrs. S. A. Coonley can be addressed at Newburyport, Mass., until further notice.

W. K. RIPLEY will speak in Camden, Me., the four Sabbaths of December. Address, Box 505, Bangor, Me.

J. M. ALLEN, N. W. Bridgewater, Mass., Inspirational Speaker, will answer calls to lecture in Plymouth and adjoining counties.

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

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