

BANNER LIGHT



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NO. 12.

Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.

MY HUSBAND'S SECRET.

BY A. E. PORTER.

CHAPTER XIII.

"It was long before I became acquainted with Emma Vinal, though we lived in the same house, and ate, sat and worked in company. She was the very antipode of Fanny, the one all frank and joyous, the other reticent and grave. She smiled when I spoke merrily to her, but she never laughed, not even when playing with Sidney, who was now a fat, healthy, robust boy.

"She seldom commenced a conversation, but when I asked her about Windsor, and her friends, the Vinals, she would go on like a clock wound up, quietly, evenly, till she had to stop, from some interruption; her world hitherto had been the little village circle, and to her there were no heroes like the great men of that small place.

"Mr. Evans had resided there many years, and was elected from that district to Congress. Emma had resided near him, and his house, garden, wife, children, domestics, were all known to her, and she could describe them minutely, even to their dress and daily employments. When we were sewing, I often would hear her just to see how long she would talk; and her enjoyment was so great in it, that I took much pleasure in listening; but if a third person came in, if it were no one but aunt Hannah, or even a school girl, she shrank back within herself and preserved a silence that was painful.

"She seemed fond of walking, for almost every day she would say, 'I am going out for a little while,' and then would disappear for an hour, but seldom returned to anything which she saw, or heard in her absence. Her favorite resort with Sidney was the old house, and if there was a warm, sunny day, she took great pleasure in sitting on the old mill-stone that formed the door-step. He had not taken down the old house as we intended, my husband's illness preventing any attention to it; but I kept the key hanging in the kitchen of my own house, not that there was anything valuable to look up, but partly from force of habit, and partly to prevent any wandering travelers from entering.

"One day before winter set in, I started for the old garret, thinking to find an ancient fire-set which still remained there, but the key was missing; and supposing Sidney had used it as a plaything, I began my search through the house, and came at last to Emma's room, where she was sewing with the baby, as we still called him—by her side.

"'I do wonder where the old key is,' I said. 'Can it be that Sidney has thrown it away?'

"To my great surprise Emma blushed, and appeared agitated. I thought she must misunderstand me.

"'I mean the key to the old house,' I said.

"'Yes, ma'am,' said she, appearing still more agitated, and putting her hand in her pocket. 'Excuse me,' she said, in a low, half-trembling voice, 'I took it and went in yesterday.'

"'Why, my child,' I said, 'this need n't trouble you. You may go as often as you please. I like to go, open in awhile myself, but it's a gloomy house I fancy, to a stranger. I have some pleasant associations with it, that make it very dear to me.'

"She made no reply, but looked so sad and forlorn about the matter, as if she had committed a crime in going there, that I ran away with the key in my hand, thinking she was a queer little body.

"I should never, however, have thought of it again, had not a singular circumstance occurred some weeks afterwards. The carpenter, who built our house came to me for some specifications which he wished in his business, and I had promised a copy for him. He reminded me of this promise, and having a leisure hour, one rainy day, I went to my husband's desk—the desk which I had not opened since the day I fell ill. Maurice had advised me not to do so, as he had arranged my business, so that it would not be necessary for me to trouble myself about it. I had often thought of the paper labelled 'For my Wife,' but as it was laid with notes and receipts, I supposed it only a business document, and while I read and re-read every note, letter, or extract, in his hand writing, I avoided that package of papers, he had written a great deal—notes on his historical readings, on a course of chemical lectures, valuable extracts on gardening, &c., &c. These had afforded me much amusement, and I was very glad to let these papers remain unread.

"But now, as I opened the desk, I was startled to find that paper missing. I was sure that I had never disturbed it, since the day, when, with great effort, (for I was very weak, then) I had replaced it where it first attracted my notice. I wished to be sure, however, that I had returned it, and took every article carefully from the desk, but the paper was not there—some other hand than mine had removed it. The key had never left me. The hair chain to which it was attached, I wore constantly, excepting nights when I laid it in the little box with my watch. Whoever used it, must have had access to my sleeping-room. Was it strange, that as I stood there, placing the contents of the desk back, that the concealed manner of Emma, when she gave me the old house key, should recur to me? It was a comparative stranger to me; she was shy, reserved, and yet in contact with all our family, a minute observer, and let nothing escape her

notice. She must have known where I kept that key, and yet what should such a child as that wish with my private papers? There was a box near them with a few rare old coins, but every one was in its place; there was also a box of jewels, some rings, and two or three antique breastpins, which must surely have had more charms for a young girl than old papers. No, no, it could not be Emma. I looked over the files of bills, old notes, &c., lest this should by some mistake have been slipped in with them—but it was not there. In one package, I fancied a part had been removed, for the band was loose, and on refolding them I noticed that they were numbered from one to twenty, and that numbers nine and ten were missing, but whether they had been removed since my husband's death, I had no means of ascertaining. But I was becoming very suspicious and uncomfortable, and I closed the desk to sit down and think.

"The more I thought, the more perplexed I became, till, rousing myself with a sudden impulse, I prepared for a walk. The rain was over—our dear blue spot gave promise of a fine evening, and I walked rapidly in the direction of the parsonage—and had proceeded more than a mile before I stopped to ask myself deliberately—'What are you going to do? Surely, not accuse a young girl and a stranger of theft! A poor, friendless child, entrusted to you for protection!' When I put the matter in this blunt way, I was startled at the rapidity with which I had come to conclusions. No, it was absurd, I had no doubt mislaid the paper myself—perhaps in my illness. Could aunt Hannah?—No, no, for I had found the key in its safe hiding place the first day that I was able to leave my room without assistance. Then I thought of all the strange things which people sometimes do in their sleep, and in illness, and I wondered if I could have been thus unconscious of my own acts.

"I was reluctant to believe it, and came to the conclusion that I was innocent of any such outrageous proceedings. Mean while, I walked on till I found myself at the parsonage door; it was opened for me by Mrs. Harmon, a pale, sad woman, in black. She was always in black. I never saw her in colors, and she appeared whenever I saw her to have on the same clothes, the same lank, black gait, and large, plain muslin collar. She did not smile when she met me, but gave her hand, which was large and cold, and did not return the pressure of mine. She asked me to walk in, and seated me in a fireless parlor; as I was warm from walking, I felt a sudden chill, and wrapped my shawl closer around me.

"'Would you like to see Mr. Harmon?' she asked, turning toward me with a look in her cold, blue eye, which seemed to say, 'I'm sure you did not come to see me.'

"I was taken quite aback. I was hoping she would consider this a friendly call.

"'Not particularly,' I replied. 'I came out for a walk, and stopped in for a few moments to say good evening. Do not disturb Mr. Harmon, if he is busy.'

"'He is never so busy that he cannot attend to those who wish to see him.'

"'Thank you; do n't call him, for I cannot stay long,' I said, beginning to feel a sensation of coldness that struck to my heart.

"But she insisted upon calling him, sure that I had some important communication to make, and I was left alone for some minutes, looking round on the nicely furnished room, darkened, excepting one window near which I sat, and wishing all such reception rooms in the River Styx, when Mr. Harmon came in.

"I had evidently interrupted his studies, though he bore it patiently, but I was sure he felt the chillness of the room, and was not genial as usual. I have often been amused at the different deportment of husbands, in the presence of their wives: some are more brilliant, and at their ease—the presence of the loved one inspires them; others are hushed into silence, and retire from the field, leaving the wife full control. Mr. Harmon was neither of these, and yet while he took the 'laboring oar,' he was not quiet and easy in his manner, and was cautious in making assertions.

"'Is Emma well?' he asked, after awhile.

"'I had been waiting for Mrs. Harmon to ask the question, but she had apparently forgotten the existence of the child.'

"I answered in the affirmative, and asked in return if she had uniform health.

"'Yes, I think so,' said Mr. Harmon.

"'She is a very peculiar child,' said his wife. 'She might be sick for days, and you would n't know it, save by her lessened appetite. She is very secretive.'

"I looked at Mr. Harmon.

"'I think,' he said slowly, 'that she is secretive because she has never had a companion of her own age to trust and love. The people with whom she lived were aged, and somewhat disappointed, and soured with the world.'

"'I never could make her out,' said Mrs. Harmon. 'When she was with me I do not think she spoke twenty words a day, seldom without my speaking to her.'

"'She has had trouble,' said the good man, who was always looking on the best side of human nature, and trouble makes the young old. 'I hope you may win her confidence, Mrs. Perry; if I mistake not, you will be rewarded in your efforts to do so. I judge her to be affectionate, but a little distrustful.'

"I could see that the husband was little fearful that the wife would not give him as favorable an impression as he wished her to receive of Emma. He walked with me to the gate, and said: 'I am deeply interested in Emma Vinal, and hope you will be patient with her peculiar reserve. I may be mistaken in her character, but I have thought that beneath this reserve was the material of a fine character.'

"I cannot say that, as I walked home, reviewing the conversation of Mr. and Mrs. Harmon, that I felt increased confidence in Emma; but I determined to treat her with the same frankness and confidence as usual. But my paper! What had become of that? 'Until this was found I must suspect that other hands than mine had opened the desk.'

"Time passed. The fine October days had come and gone, and winter fairly set in. Maurice was at home, and I had much of his society. After dinner he came in and sat awhile, giving me the news of the day, and reading aloud, any interesting articles from the papers. Little Sidney had learned to love him, and to find his place on his knee. The arm chair was appropriated to the judge. Emma, who was very thoughtful in all these little matters, would always place it in his favorite corner before we went to dinner. It was very delightful to have him read, for his voice was low, well modulated and pleasing; then he was familiar with the history of our country, and fully explained to me any newspaper references to politics or public men with which I was not familiar. Emma would generally bring her work and sit in the room, and though silent, was I think, interested in the conversation, but she never expressed it in her countenance. Maurice did not fancy the child, and her very presence appeared to annoy him.

"'She reminds me,' he said, 'of an old client of mine, who annoyed me very much; she has the same turn of the head, and the same expression of the eyes. I don't believe in these still, demonstrative people; everybody has a certain share of wickedness, and like the humors of the body, it is better to be out somewhat than to be working on the vital organs within.'

"I agreed with him, but I would not acknowledge that she must necessarily be deceptive because she was quiet; but as I believed her a judge of character, I was sorry to find that he thus regarded Emma. I noticed that the key of the old house remained constantly in its place now, and fearing she was depriving herself of a pleasure, I asked her one day to go over to the old garret and examine some files of newspapers there for me. For the first time since her coming to me I observed her countenance light up and her step quicken.

"'Do n't hasten,' I said; 'take plenty of time, for I am going to give Sidney his bath, and then he will sleep a couple of hours, and I shall be absorbed in my reading.'

"She obeyed me literally, and remained all the afternoon, returning in time for tea, bringing the papers that I wished with her. I began to think she must be a little antiquarian, for on my questioning her she said that she had been 'in the garret all the time.'

"For some days after this I was engaged in examining the newspapers. Maurice had been telling me of Burr and Hamilton, and I wished to examine the articles written at the time. I had with great care and labor selected the numbers I wished and arranged them on the carpet, when my rough boy, thinking, I suppose, to arrange them after a fashion of his own, gathered them up and threw them all into confusion.

"'You naughty child!' I exclaimed, and taking him up hastily I carried him into Emma's room, not stopping to knock at her door. She sat upon her trunk near her bed, busily engaged in reading a manuscript of some kind, which, as soon as she saw me, she threw behind her and looked much confused. For a second I was irresolute what to do, but Sidney sprang from my arms and Emma rose to take him.

"'Please take him a little while,' I said, 'that I may arrange those newspapers again,' and then walked deliberately down stairs, where I sat for five minutes, motionless, lost in speculating upon Emma's strange ways. Suspicion now began to take form and shape, and there came to my heart an evil suggestion to search her room; but I recoiled from it, for I thought of what my father used to say, 'Be slow to suspect, and remember that suspicious circumstances are not proofs.'

"It is singular that I now became possessed of a strong desire to see that paper, and day and night was revolving in my mind some way to procure it. Once or twice I was on the point of speaking to Maurice on the subject; but I knew he was already prejudiced against Emma, and would at once pronounce her guilty, and attribute her offense to womanly coquetry. Then he had told me that he would inform me whenever it was necessary to examine business papers, and I must give myself no trouble about the matter. The lost paper would introduce business, and I dreaded to do this.

"Some days passed, and with the exception of occasional times of reserve and melancholy, Emma grew more social and easy in her manner, and even seemed to try to win my affection—a commodity which I had in store for her when she came, but having no use for it for so long a time, it had spoiled in the keeping. I missed my warm-hearted, impulsive Fanny; her letters, though rather sad, were a source of much pleasure to me. I scarcely knew, however, how to reply to the following: 'Dear Auntie—I must tell you of my troubles yesterday in getting a letter to Frank. I had written a box of ten pages, and sealed and superimposed it, but

as every letter had to pass through the hands of Sister Alice, and her attendance was also required whenever we walked out, I had no opportunity to mail it. But one day, as I was sitting at my little window, looking at the old trees in the lawn, and watching some bluejays picking the seeds from the shrubbery, and wishing, oh! so earnestly, that I were a bird, just for a few days, I saw a covered wagon, driven by a man with a broad brimmed hat, and white coat, and recognized him as a sort of express-man or carrier, that comes often with groceries and packages from the village. Sister Alice always attended to him, (everything is very systematic here.) I opened my window to get a better view of him, or rather, in imitation of the other girls, who often watched his coming with the expectation of a package from home. He had at this time nothing but some tea and flour, but I heard him say,

'I shall be along here again this evening, at seven o'clock, and if you wish to send anything, I will take it.'

'I know of no errands to day, but you may call.'

An idea popped into my head suddenly, as I saw Sister Alice, with her white scoop of a bonnet, and her black serge dress; and when we met at dinner, I asked her to come and see me in the evening. 'As we were sitting together in the twilight, talking, I said to her, laughingly,

'Come, Sister Alice, let me see how I'll look in your dress. Who knows, but I may become a Sister of your Order yet; let me try on your dress and cap.' She willingly consented, and really, auntie, I was not such a fright as you might imagine, even the good Sister kissed me, and said:

'Oh, my darling, if you could be clothed in the simplicity of the Gospel, which these robes represent, how my heart would rejoice!'

I returned her caresses, and said, 'If I were only as good as you, dear Sister, I would be sure of heaven.'

She stood, wrapped in a shawl, her long, beautiful hair hanging over her shoulders. I would it in a tress around her head, and placed upon it a wreath of white flowers from my drawer—then, without her knowing what I was doing, I threw over her a white muslin dress, and fastened my pearls around her white, full throat. All this time I was slyly watching the window, and, as I expected, just afterwards the old Quaker stopped at the gate. I threw on her sisters' bonnet which lay near, and ran out of the room, and was at the gate before she had time to guess my mind. I moved very slowly, and walked as demurely as the Principal, when I came within sight of the wagon-driver. I handed him my letter, and told him that was all the package this evening. The honest Quaker never suspected me; and I returned quite elated with my success, and was delighted to find the Sister just disrobing herself, but looking so sad as she held the white wreath in her hand. Instead of rugging after me, as I feared, she had evidently stolen a look at the mirror! Never yet, lived a beautiful woman who could wholly subdue her pleasure in her comeliness. But there was something in the Sister's face so sad and so regretful, that I could not help throwing my arms round her, and saying,

'Are not you sorry you have vowed never to be a bride?'

'No, no!' she replied, 'take off this dress, I am uncomfortable in it!'

Dear, unsuspecting soul, if she had only known what I had been doing, how her pure soul would have been grieved! Was n't I lucky? I am thinking now how I can get a letter from Frank. This will be more difficult to accomplish; but love laughs at locksmiths, and hunger makes the timid bold. Now, I know you will look very grave, and say, 'Honor thy father, &c.; but, auntie, do n't class me among those wild, reckless girls, who would thoughtlessly fling happiness away. No; were I not sure that my father was wrong, I should be more scrupulous; but I must not let Frank fling life away in this bloody war, without the consolation which my friendship gives him.'

'Poor Fanny!' I said to myself, she is wrong; and while the Judge came in as usual that evening, so bland, and so thoughtful of my comfort, I longed to bring these two, father and daughter, into more intimate friendship with each other.

More than a year had now elapsed since my husband's death. I had lived retired, secluded from all society, save the few neighbors who called occasionally, and from all gentlemen's society, save now and then a call from Mr. Harmon, and the daily visits of my brother. 'Aunt Hannah' had been very neighborly and kind; but for a week she had avoided the house, and when ever I went there, she put on an air of distance and reserve, which I thought very unbecoming in one in her position. Sometimes I thought she was sadly disappointed because Rosetta, her niece, had failed to make the splendid match which had been proposed for her in New York. Perhaps her kindness to me after my husband's death, had arisen from the thought that it was just as well that Rosetta had n't married into the family, for her triumph would have been so short.

When I found aunt Hannah so crabbed at home, I refrained from going there, but, like all disagreeable people, she was determined to make me unhappy, even if she took the trouble to come to 'The Elm.' Emma had improved as a companion, and she the suspicious circumstances which had led me to distrust her, was more genial than I had ever supposed she would become. I had concluded, as far as she was concerned, to be patient awhile; but I would not help, in my society for the paper, of opening my whole heart to Mr. Harmon. It was a box of ten pages, and sealed and superimposed it, but

great relief he was not surprised at my suspicions. 'Young girls often had great curiosity, and he had seen it as much in quiet, reserved people, as in impulsive temperaments, like Fanny.'

'Then he questioned me minutely, quite like a lawyer, I thought:

'Where was the paper when you fainting? Where did you keep it from the time you discovered it near you, till you were able to replace it in the drawer? Now, as no one was in the room from the time I fainted till I was able to replace it, and as the sealing wax was unbroken when I found it beside me, I was sure that no one knew its contents.'

'Where was it when I was with my father so many weeks?'

'In my desk; but I had the key with me, and am sure the desk was locked when I came home.'

'Are you sure the paper was there when you returned?'

'It must have been, of course, though I could n't swear positively to the fact; but I am sure the lock had not been tampered with, and everything was in order in the desk. I am sure I did not miss the paper till after Emma came here.'

The good man mused awhile, then begged me not to judge Emma hastily; he could learn in time if she were guilty. He was so considerate and kind, and sympathized so thoroughly with me in my perplexity, that I felt much relieved. But even he could not clear Emma, and my anxiety, at the loss of the paper, became so great, that I longed to put the question to her at once. This impatience was somewhat increased, and my suspicion confirmed by aunt Hannah, who some other day, her knitting-work in hand, and seated herself for a neighborly call.

'Emma always disappeared when aunt Hannah came, as a frightened deer flies the hunter, and as soon as she was fairly out of her seam needle Emma and Sidney were on their way to the old house.'

'There goes that strange child,' said aunt Hannah; 'she haunts the old house like a cat. I'm very suspicious of such sly, still bodies as she is, and if I'm not much mistaken, she stole a book from my house the other day.'

'I started as if I had been struck, and I felt the blood rush to my face.

'You need n't look so angry,' said the housekeeper, 'it ain't a book of any value, and I won't swear to her taking it, but she was in looking over our books in the old secretary, in what used to be the children's room, and the very next day I was there for an old receipt book that's been in the house ever since Mrs. Perry's day; there was nothing in it I wanted but a pickle receipt, and it was soiled and one cover off—'t wasn't worth two cents, but I remember seeing it there a few days ago when I put things to rights; and it had in it, 'Flora Perry to Mrs. Smith.' I suppose it once belonged to the Mrs. Smith that lived in the old house. It's of no consequence, but straws show which way the wind blows.'

All I could say in reply was that 'it was an odd thing for a child to take,' but I thought to myself, that the child must have a strong passion for antiquities; she ought to be an agent for the Boston Antiquarian Society.

'You had better watch her,' said aunt Hannah, 'for we do n't want any more scandal about the family.'

I looked up in surprise, but I said not a word, only prepared myself to be tortured. I had often read of the Indians torturing their captives by slow fire, and of martyrs burned at the stake, and I have sometimes wondered how the victims felt as they saw the preparations. No doubt many raved themselves to endurance, thinking the time short before death would come to their release. Now when aunt Hannah commenced in this way, I rallied all my forces of endurance to maintain the siege. I was still silent; this vexed her, and she commenced again on Emma.

'I'm sure I don't know but the child is well enough, and I have never heard a word of harm about her, but the Judge says he should thank you'd weary of her for company; he thinks she is n't more than half witted—but if report speaks true, you do n't depend on her for company.'

Again I felt the hot blood sting in my veins, but I thought there was virtue in silence, and went on with my sewing, doing my work on the wrong side, though.

'Silence gives consent.'

'Mrs. Price,' said I, now thoroughly roused, and as usual with me on such occasions, saying the very thing I ought not, 'Mrs. Price, I perceive you have come here to vex me; if I have given any cause of offence, tell me, for I am ignorant to what you allude, and innocent, I am sure, of intentional wrong.'

'Very innocent, no doubt, and blind as a newborn kitten, but all your neighbors see it if you do not.'

I should not have spoken here, but I did, and that very impatiently.

'See what?' I said. 'If you have any accusation, make it at once; this slow torture is unendurable.'

at that minute and we have mourned by loss. Indignation, anger, shame, and worse than all, (for we think that at such times,) a consciousness of having lost half deserved this, overwhelmed me, and I could not control my feelings.

"Folks will talk you know," (the housekeeper kept stoking her plunk into my quivering flesh.) "Well, let them talk," I said, "and I'll give them something worth talking about another time."

Our harshest words are sometimes prophecies. I suppose aunt Hannah thought I would deny or affirm the charge, but I would say nothing more upon the subject; and though I tried to be civil, and asked her to stay longer, I felt no cordiality toward her. I longed also to be alone and examine my own heart, and when she left the house, I turned to my own room to commune in silence.

Conscience whispered that I had erred in finding so much pleasure in the society of the Judge, but never once until then had I in thought ever been faithless to my husband—his memory was every day more precious to me. But I could not but acknowledge that there was a charm, a fascination in the elder brother which few men possess. Men of business called him reserved, many women termed him cold and stern, children were timid in his presence, but to me he had been the kind, indulgent brother; to Sidney, my child, gentle almost as his own father. I saw him brilliant in conversation, attentive to my wants, and wise in counseling my ignorance. Yes, Brother Maurice had supplied a great want in my life—he had been a kind counselor in my affliction. Most I now treat him as a stranger, and did distrust and suspicion take the place of confidence and mutual trust? No, I would not. Things should move on as they had done. Aunt Hannah might croak, and the scandal-loving neighbors might gossip about my brief widowhood; it would be long enough if it depended on Judge Perry to shorten it.

There he is, now—I hear his step in the hall; I like to hear it; I feel stronger when he is near; and then he has a family resemblance to my husband, I love to sit and trace it. I'll go out and meet him with the same frankness as ever. Hannah Price shall not have it in her power to deprive me of one great source of enjoyment. I go out, but forget that my eyes are red with weeping. He sees it at once.

"What now, my sister? Any trouble?"
 "Oh no, nothing at all," I said, smiling.
 "I just saw Hannah going from here. I know you'll tell that she can sometimes say disagreeable things, but she will not trouble you more than once that way if I am only informed of it. We all know she has owed you a grudge for accepting a most cordial invitation to come into the family; but it is time she should forget that. But come, I have a speech of Webster's to read you. Let me see you in your little sewing-chair—and cheer up; I love to watch the varying lights and shadows on your face when I read the great orator's burning words. Do you know you have a tell-tale face, that speaks what is in the heart?"

"I am sorry I have not more self-command."
 "Poh! More deception, you mean, and base hypocrisy, like too many of your sex."
 "And some of yours."
 "We are more bold in wickedness. You women have the defence of the weak—timidity and deception. But to our speech."

He reads in that clear, low, rich tone what it like to me. I listen and knit, and am thankful that I have a brother Maurice.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

ARISTOCRACY.

BY EMMA TUTTLE.

There are several grades of aristocracy indigenous to various localities of this gigantic bee-comb called the world. Living in the country, my observations, and consequently my province for treatment, is country aristocracy. As every one seems to be striving for something higher, in the social scale as well as in every other, a few hints may be serviceable to those whose experiences have been less limited than my own.

To begin with, it is useless for any one in the country to try to be aristocratic, unless they are fortunate enough to have some city acquaintance to ape. Next, you must have a good, stiff backbone, with your skull bones set on the top of it, on a slant of forty-five degrees backward. You must try and have all the muscles of your body rigid, except those which control the mouth. Much practice will be required to bring these to perfect obedience, and you will doubtless have to practice before your mirror much before you will get to suit yourself. You must not omit to put on the termination of wherever you can. It is very much in use. Watch—but what kind—a dash. Never mind what Webster and McGuffey say against it. They did not belong to the ton, or they would not have written dictionaries and reading books for a living. Consequently their opinion is not worth consulting. Get a door-plate, if you can. No matter if you have not a neighbor within a mile—you must keep up appearances! If you make a party, invite your guests at 9 1/2 or 10 o'clock P. M.—receptions are always late in the city. After some old lady has traveled a whole mile on foot to make you a visit, just send your domestic of course you keep one—to the door to tell her you are not at home to your acquaintances that day—it will be happy to see her at another time. If you feel any compunctions of conscience when you see the poor old lady go away tired and slow, console yourself by knowing such things are practiced in our best city society.

If a stylish stranger comes into the place, you must be sure and get introduced to him, and then stick to him, introduce all your friends to him, monopolize him, let people know that he is somebody, and you are acquainted with him; in short, bore him to death.

In public assemblies do not let your modesty prevent your making yourself conspicuous. Wear your best clothes, and then circulate. Put as much "hauteur" in your bearing as you can command; if you do not know the meaning of the word, ask Miss McMinnsey.

A gentleman is known by his dress. Wear a high gold ring, with a massive red set. A watch-chain with a small bob the size of a hen's egg. Get dressed, if possible. Bony your hair with muck, and twist it with a towel; put for remember a gentleman in a human being standing between a polished pair of boots and a polished hat.

Altho' need to say to the ladies to dress in the latest "fashion." Utilitate a musical lip, if possible. Be the most constant company for your

respectability. Remember you have no long line of noble ancestry to back you—you are just starting, of course! Don't nod to anybody who has not got a good spit of clothes, a good horse and buggy, and money enough ahead to make a party. Practice turning up your nose at an angle of forty-five degrees, if you do not wish to recognize an acquaintance.

If you see any one in your path you do not wish to recognize, just fix your eyes on an imaginary nothing in the distance, and then stare right at it, until you are past the object to be avoided.

Walnut Grove Farm.

SONG OF A SOUL IN DESPONDENCY.

BY BELLE BUSH.

I've a mournful heart to-day, my love,
 A very mournful heart;
 And the sky hangs dark above me, love,
 And the blessed dreams depart. Ah, me!
 My brightest dreams depart!

Is it dark to you? Is the earth all dark?
 Then come to me, my love,
 And tell me if yet there's a place of rest
 For the weary-stricken dove! Alas!
 That I should be that dove!

I'm sitting beside Life's rushing stream,
 That solemn, mysterious tide;
 I'm sitting still, for the light is gone,
 I'm sitting no hand to guide. Oh, God!
 I thought Thou wast my guide!

I've broken the strings of my harp, my love,
 Those low, sweet-breathing strings;
 And the soul of Song that their music waked,
 By the river of Sadness sings. Alone
 By that mournful stream she sings;

I hear not the lays of my sunny youth,
 Or the tones that were mine of yore;
 They have passed with joy to a far off land,
 From a dark and changing shore. They are gone,
 And I weep by the lonely shore.

Was it all a phantom of hope, my love,
 That vision which seemed so fair,
 That loomed afar o'er the sea of Life,
 Like a star on the sea of air? Ah, me!
 It floated away in air!

In youth it beckoned me on, my love,
 To a glorious, shining track,
 Where I soared and soared, till I thought no power
 Could frighten or woe me back. Alas!
 How have I wandered back!

'T was joys to sweep through the fields of light,
 On the plains of Hope and Song,
 And tune my harp to the hymns of Night,
 Or float with the spheres along. But now
 All hushed are the chords of Song.

I dreamed I saw where the bright'ning goal
 Shone out o'er the flowery heights,
 And gleaming afar o'er my upward track,
 Were a thousand beacon lights. But, oh!
 Where now are the beacon lights?

Lost, lost to me I am weary worn—
 Far off is the shining goal;
 And the glorious summit of Fame but mocks
 The dreams of my weary soul. And shuts
 All light from my yearning soul.

Doubt, grimly porter of woe I despair,
 Comes dimly croaking by;
 And stained by the dew of his Upas-breath,
 My soul's best blossoms die. Unseen
 All their rich beauties die.

I view far above me the dazzling heights,
 Smiling out o'er the realms of gloom,
 Where the beautiful wreaths of the Past wave
 With flowers of immortal bloom. Ah, me!
 What pleasure to see them bloom!

But the ladder that lifts to those glorious Alps,
 Must be strangely and cunningly wrought;
 Its frame and each round must be studded with gems.
 To shine in the kingdoms of thought. Too slight
 Are the delicate tissues of thought.

The impulse, the purpose of life's early morn,
 When I yearned for the fountains of Song,
 Lives yet in its freshness, the dream of my soul;
 But the pathway is weary and long. I faint,
 On a journey too weary and long.

The glorified spirits of Hope and of Love
 Would whisper me, "courage" again;
 But I falter and sink when I'm trying to soar,
 And Doubt mitters near me. "In vain!" Oh, woe!
 To the heart that once echoes "in vain!"

The flowers, the flowers of my youth are gone,
 And the angels that were my guide;
 And I sit alone on the solemn shore,
 By the rushing and moaning tide. Alone,
 By the sweeping, mysterious tide.

And so I've a mournful heart, my love,
 A very mournful heart;
 For the sky hangs dark above me, love,
 And the blessed dreams depart. Ah, me!
 That they should e'er depart!

THE APPLE-TREE.—Not only the Indian, but many indigenous insects, birds, and quadrupeds, welcomed the apple-tree to these shores. The tent-caterpillar saddled her eggs on the very first twig; that was formed, and it has since shared her affections with the wild cherry; and the canker-worm also in a measure abandoned the elm to feed on it. As it grew apace, the blue-bird, robin, cherry-bird, king-bird, and many more, came with haste and built their nests and warbled in its boughs, and so became orchard birds, and multiplied more than ever. It was an era in the history of their race. The downy wood-pecker found such a savory morsel under its bark, that he perforated it in a ring quite round the tree, before he left it—a thing which he had never done before, to my knowledge. It did not take the partridge long to find out how sweet its buds were, and every winter eve she flew, and still flies, from the wood, to pluck them, much to the farmer's sorrow. The rabbit, too, was not slow to learn the taste of its twigs and bark; and when the fruit was ripe, the squirrel half-rolled, half-carried it to his hole; and even the musquash crept up the bank from the brook at evening, and greedily devoured it, until he had worn a path to the grass there; and when it was frozen and thawed, the crow and the Jay were glad to taste it occasionally. The owl crept into the first apple-tree that became hollow, and fairly hooped with delight, finding it just the place for him; so, settling down into it, he has remained there ever since.—*Thoreau.*

VITALITY OF THE NORTH.—The population of the loyal States is about 23,000,000, or 3,000,000 more than that of Great Britain and Ireland in 1818, and about 6,000,000 less than that of France in 1818. Our wealth and natural resources are superior to either of these nations in 1818, and, instead of being twenty years at war, this is only the twentieth month of our war; whereas France and Great Britain, in 1818, were both exhausted by twenty years of war, when they placed the vast armies of a million men in the field, armed and equipped.

A LETTER TO PRESIDENT LINCOLN IN BEHALF OF THE INDIANS.

Sir—As a loyal citizen wishing well to his country, permit me to invite your attention to a subject which hitherto has not had the consideration which its importance demands. I refer to the Indians, or, first step in the direction which has brought our nation to the verge of ruin.

It is generally supposed that Slavery is the cause of our present calamities, and that when the negro is freed from bondage, all will be well. But facts and history tell us that wrong to the Indian preceded the enslavement of the African, and the annihilation of entire tribes by the unscrupulous usurpation of their homes which characterized the spread of the white race over the Indian country, prepared the way for the introduction of the African as a slave. Hence it is obvious that this war is but an extension of the unneighborly, unchristian, and destructive practice, which for generations has been operating against the Aborigines of our country—and nothing is more plain, than that until this first step is retraced, and this first cause of national demoralization is stayed, there can be no peace or good order in the country.

While I am writing, an item of intelligence reaches me through the papers, by no means an exceptional case—illustrating the manner in which Indians are treated in the far West:

SELLING INDIAN CHILDREN.—The Alta California of Oct. 5, says: "Mr. August Hess, who has returned to this city from a prospecting tour through the lower part of Lake County, informs us that he saw a number of men driving Indian children before them to sell in Napa, Solano, Yuba, and other counties of the Sacramento Basin. In one instance he saw two men driving nine children, in another, two men with four children; in another, one man with two girls, one of them apparently about fourteen years of age. The age of these children varied from six to fifteen years. Rumor says that about one hundred children have been taken through Lake County this summer for sale. They do not follow the main road, but usually take by-paths. Rumor says further, that hunters catch them in Mendocino and Humboldt counties, after killing their parents. If the children try to escape and are likely to succeed, the hunters shoot them. One boy in Berryessa Valley, left a farmer to whom he had been sold, and went to another farmer. The purchaser took the boy and swore he would hang him if he ran away again."

As an excuse for our injustice to the Indians, we plead that they are destined to disappear before our superior civilization, while our injustice repels them from accepting our civilization.

Landholders and capitalists will perceive this, when they reflect, that the same rule by which the taking of land from the Indians without giving them a fair equivalent, gives a stronger sanction to the landless man to settle upon the broad acres of his richer neighbor, and for the moneyless man to help himself to plenty wherever he can find it, and for the poor people who occupy the cellars and garrets and crowded tenements in our cities, to place themselves in the spacious mansions, and to fill their furnished, but rarely used, parlors and bed-chambers.

Sir, this is already done in the South; and it is but the first fruits of the harvest, the seeds of which have been sown broadcast over the North, the East, the West, as well as the South, and is in exact accordance with Divine law. "The same measure ye mete, shall be measured to you again." For notwithstanding the solemn Treaty which still exists, signed by Washington, and countersigned by Jefferson, affirming that "the Indian tribes should not be despoiled of their lands, or long as grass grow, and water flowed," and the declaration of the Bible, also, which says: "Cursed be the man who removeth his neighbors land; for yet it is nevertheless true, as the Right Reverend Bishop Clark, of Rhode Island eloquently said, in a public address:

"That we had in the midst of our nation a people more thoroughly wronged in every respect than any other people on the face of the globe. For this is the simple fact, there is not a people upon the face of the earth that has been more thoroughly robbed of all its rights, and of all its possessions, and of everything that is dear to humanity, than the Aborigines of North America. This is the fact, and we are the robbers, our fathers and we, so long as we allow ourselves to be the passive participants in their sin."

If, then, the wrong to the Indian is the first and the oldest of our national sins, and the beginning of the demoralization, which has overspread the country, their redress is of right, and of necessity, the first step in the order of national reform, and of self-preservation. This can be done only by the immediate recognition of the Indians as human beings, entitled to the civilities and sympathies which is the birthright of all other human beings; and to guarantee for them as a race, a domain and sovereign nationality, as free, and distinct from our own, as is their language, their complexion, and their religion. The Creator gave to them these peculiarities, and their right to the enjoyment of all these prerogatives is as sacred and as certain as those possessed by our own nation, or by England, or France, or Russia, or any other nation under heaven. The fact of their alleged inability for self-sustenance as one of the family of Nations, gives no sanction to the abhorrent idea that they must necessarily perish before the march of Civilization. On the other hand, their very weakness should be their strength, by the greater claim it gives to them on the magnanimity of the stronger race, which in turn would be strengthened by its exercise in their behalf.

There are many reasons why, in spite of the vast and varied philanthropies of the age, the public feeling toward the Indians is as yet but a little in advance of the age, in which men were persecuted on account of their creed, or oppressed on account of their caste or condition.

Some of these reasons I beg leave to mention:

1st. For many years the Indian Department has been in the control of the Slave power, and toward the Indian the action has been as secret and as cruel, as was the Inquisition in the dark ages.

2d. The same kind of stratagems and falsehoods have been used to prejudice the public mind, by the same parties who have set the South against the North, and brought upon this murderous war; and in addition to all this, narrow-minded religionists and unscrupulous story-writers have largely contributed to excite the same against these defenceless people.

The truth is, the Indians as a race, have the common characteristics of humanity, varied only by circumstances and surroundings. They have as few vices, and as many virtues, and as much capacity, and as great desire for improvement, as is possessed by the average of mankind. And there is no reason to doubt that when Justice imbues our National Legislature, and moral principle controls our Army, and brotherly kindness prevails in our Churches, and a call is heard from the President upon Congress, for a speedy and equitable adjustment of their existing grievances, mutual friendship will be established, and instead of the Indians being a source of terror and weakness, they will become a source of strength and wealth.

In the hope of hastening the desired result, I beg leave to lay before you the following statement relative to the late outbreak in Minnesota; together with some considerations for the mitigation of the Death Penalty which has been passed by a Court Martial upon three hundred of the Indian participants.

The operation and suffering which the massacre of five or six hundred of our fellow citizens in Minnesota, and the destruction of several million dollars worth of their property, has occasioned the deepest regrets; while at the same time the intense and long continued provocation which impelled the Indians to this destructive work is rarely thought of.

It is not my intention to speak on the causes of this sad affair, only to say that there is sufficient proof, that like all similar occurrences, it was but the echo and response from the Indians for outrages committed upon them, against which neither agent, nor missionary, nor public sentiment affords any protection. The testimony of the Right Rev. Bishop Whipple, whose residence is near the scene of disaster, is most explicit on this point. He says, in a published letter, that "the outrage was owing to a system which leaves the Indian without the protection of law, and subject to the dishonesties of unscrupulous men." Words surely cannot be found in the whole vocabulary of the English language, to express a more terribly wretched condition than what the Bishop here describes. It was not until after long years of torture, and at last the suspension of payment of their annuities, and the information that the commissioner (Dole), was on his way to arrange for taking from them their choice lands on each side of Red River, that patience ceased to be a virtue, and in obedience to the first law of Nature, (self-preservation) their action, under the circumstances, was not especially Indian; but human nature the world over.

From various sources we learn that after they had ceased offensive warfare and desired peace, then, instead of meeting them in the spirit of pacification and good faith, Commissioner Dole convened on the 9th of September, the Mill Lac band of Chippewa Indians, with whom an agreement was made for them to be ready to fall upon the Sioux when called upon for that purpose. On the next day, 10th of September, at a place within two hours' ride from the Chippewa Council, the Chief of the Sioux, (Hole-in-the-Day) was invited to an interview. But his warriors suspecting treachery, prepared for the protection of their chief by placing themselves within call during the council between the commissioner and the chief. Dole complained of the presence of so many warriors, and after being told the reason, it was agreed to postpone the council until the following day, when both parties were to meet without either warriors or soldiers. But instead of keeping his agreement the commissioner appeared on the ground at the appointed time, accompanied by a strong guard of cavalry, scouring the country round about; and in his address to Hole-in-the-Day, charged him and his people as being rebellious children, and that these complaints and demonstrations of war were not to be allowed toward a representative of their Great Father, the President of the United States, and that they had laid waste the country and murdered the white people, &c. &c. To which Hole-in-the-Day replied, that "the Government had swindled his people out of their due for years, and that soldiers had been sent to arrest him, and had fired upon him without cause."

After two or three interviews of a similar kind, the commissioner, whose lack of knowledge of Indian nature and of human rights was shockingly manifest, returned to Washington. Report says that after all the white captives had been given up, and a large number of the Indians had surrendered themselves to the military authorities, and several of their leading men had been hung as rebels, by order of Gen. Sibby, that the sentence of death was passed upon three hundred more by a Court Martial, subsequently held.

There are, I conceive, very grave reasons why capital punishment should not be inflicted upon the condemned Indians; for—

1st. They had, by treaty, given to our Government the largest and best portion of their lands, on condition of receiving its protection with the means of self-sustenance by the arts of civilized life; but which it utterly failed of giving them, as the facts and the testimony of Bishop Whipple and many others fully prove.

2nd. The Indians are not recognized as citizens under our Government, and not being protected by it, they owed no allegiance to it, and therefore cannot be considered in the light of rebels against it. Therefore, it is manifestly unjust to subject them to the penalty of laws, the administration of which affords them no protection against the "dishonesties of unscrupulous men."

Under the circumstances, the conduct of the Indians was in exact accordance with the universally acknowledged right by which the United States became independent of England, and by which in the course of events, when a community cannot have the protection of law, it has a right to fall back upon its original instincts of preservation and aggression.

Commissioner Dole, to his credit, demurs at the execution of so many Indians; but unfortunately he proposes that their medicine men and their priests shall suffer the penalty, the injustice of which is apparent from the fact, that under their leadership the white captives had been returned, and their people had laid down their arms under the promise and with the expectation of a general amnesty.

If these men are hung, it will be far more just to hang all the professional men—the doctors and clergymen—who have added, and abetted this war upon the Government, because in one case they are veritable traitors and rebels; and in the other they are not. This argument, impregnable as it is, receives additional force from the fact that the Indians struck a blow in the only possible way by which they could make themselves heard and felt and understood as a people, having a right to be respected.

I invoke you, Sir, whom the Indians are taught to regard as their Great Father, to respond to this appeal, by the appointment of able and honest men, who are competent, by the possession of wisdom and experience, to investigate the condition and needs of every tribe or remnants of tribes in all our States and Territories, and to prepare a plan for their best and permanent well-being.

It is not enough, Sir, to depend upon the statements alone of local agents and others who are often so much biased, and in fear of the Indians, as to suppress them that they dare not tell the whole truth of what is done to the Indians; neither is it mere lawless money that they need, for it would not be forgotten that the Aborigines are not indolent paupers, but the lawful heirs of an ample heri-

ty, to deprive them of which is dishonorable to the age that permits it.

The work to be done is simply to ascertain what of right belongs to them, and then set it apart as sacred for their use, in freedom and in peace. And if agents or armies are necessary at all, they should be sent to guide the Indian Territory, to prevent the intrusion of "unscrupulous" thieves and vagabonds, who infect all our Territories.

In conclusion, permit me to say, that nearly seven years ago I saw, as clearly as I now see, the calamities which are upon us on account of our national sins, and for giving utterance to words of warning in the hope of prevention, I have been for that period exiled from my home and family by the conspiracy of traitors, who sought to take my life. I now affirm, in the name of God and humanity, that measures similar to what I have herein proposed are absolutely necessary, not only as a proper expression of regard for the race from which we have derived our country and our corn, (Indian corn), but as a first step in national education in the truest and broadest principles which are essential to the peace and prosperity of our own people.

Respectfully,
 JOHN BAXTER,
 Light Street Water Cure,
 To ABRAHAM LINCOLN, President of the United States.
 New York, Nov. 18th, 1862.

Written for the Banner of Light.

UNION BATTLE HYMN.

BY H. OLAY PRESS.

Adapted to the popular air, "Adios Fideles," or "Portuguese Hymn," and respectfully dedicated to the brave Defenders of our Country.

Mid the battle's horror,
 That fills our land with sorrow,
 We humbly raise our voices unto Thee, Oh Lord!
 Chorus.—God of Creation,
 Helper of our Nation,
 What Thou hast joined, oh never
 Let human treason sever;
 But be our Guide forever—
 Our Lord and King!

Now is the hour,
 That tries a Nation's power,
 And seals the future fate of millions yet unborn.
 Has treason bereft us
 Of what our fathers left us,
 And shall we tamely bow unto the traitor's rule?
 By the blood that bought us—
 The faith our fathers' taught us—
 We'll guard our sacred banner while a star yet remains,
 Souls of heroes o'er us
 Are joining in our chorus,
 As onward we are marching unto triumph or death!

Of our faults convict us,
 For our sins afflict us,
 But spare our blessed Union, Oh Lord, we implore,
 God of Creation,
 Helper of our Nation,
 What Thou hast joined, oh never
 Let human treason sever,
 But be our Guide forever—
 Our Lord and King!

Washington, D. C.

SAMARITANISM AND SPIRITUALISM IN PHILADELPHIA.

BY MISS EMMA HARDING.

It is a fact, and I regard it as a significant one, that the "best ordered," best sustained, and largest provision for the suffering victims of the war is to be found in Philadelphia, where I have practically proved the noble and humanitarian principles of Spiritualism to have taken the deepest and widest spread root.

The hospitals for the sick and wounded soldiers in Philadelphia are beyond all praise, both in their liberal arrangement and admirable conduct. A noble refreshment station has been provided for troops journeying through the city, and at the signal of their approach, a kind and eager throng of ladies pours in from every quarter to administer with their own hands to the refreshment of the wayfarers. To provide a temporary receiving-house for the maimed victims of some great conflict, which often casts hundreds, and even thousands of sufferers on the compassionate offices of the nurse and physician, a citizens' hospital, supported by voluntary contribution, has been hastily erected, and is now in process of enlargement and improvement. The dreadful necessity for such a building may be appreciated, when it is known that before the opening of this hospital, and in consequence of the overcrowded condition of the others, after one of the late battles, nearly five hundred unfortunate men, in every stage of mutilation and agony, arrived at one of the depots, and had to lay for twelve or fourteen hours on the floors of private houses, where every bed and couch was occupied, in the pews and alleys of a neighboring church; and in many instances on the sidewalks of the streets. This original negligence is now being provided against by the erection of the above-named receiving-hospital, and I am happy to add, it was my privilege to lecture in aid of this noble work, at the Philadelphia Academy of Music, last Wednesday night. The celebrated Macomber German Choir, "with some of their choicest songs, and a lecture by myself, chosen by the committee of the hospital, on "Anxious and Mournful Peoples," constituted the only attraction of the evening, and yet, though the weather was unfavorable, (the house, I am told, is larger than the New York Academy of Music), and the tickets only twenty-five cents, the attendance was so good that a handsome sum, amounting to nearly five hundred dollars, was realized in aid of this noble work.

I regret to say the Philadelphia papers were so full of important items concerning Bishop Hopkins's lecture against Spiritualism; notices of colored minstrelsy, theatres, and important auction sales, Christmas toys and games, &c., that they had no space to articulate this meeting, except in one paper, the Philadelphia style of whose remarks on Spiritualism, is suggestive, generally of the influence of the late Professor Feltop, of Harvard celebrity.

I send you the notice, however, Mr. Editor, such as it is. To those who may realize that the address of spiritual meetings and their influence on the public mind in one place, is the sign of their truth throughout the community, it will be gratifying to hear that during our days in Philadelphia, the public meetings have been uniformly crowded to overflowing; indeed, I am now leaving my hotel, and see a throng of friends in this city with the noble and true feeling which we have all participated in during our five weeks' council with the

bright spirits, to whose inspiration I owe my power to address my throng of beloved hearers. I do not do so with a faint belief, but with a full conviction, that I am doing the will of God in the hearts and minds of the people, and that I am about to quit this city of New York, for a rather dreary scene, where, as far as my knowledge goes, there are not any spiritual meetings at all; at least not any where my services are deemed available. In short, I am now bound for New York; and that not to lecture, but to prosecute efforts in reference to the "Unfortunate Women," for whom I am specially interested; and in this connection, I beg leave to respond to a query which I read in the BANNER some few weeks since, namely, why I "did not redeem my promise of lecturing in New York?" To this query, I here take occasion to reply: I never made any such promise, since I know of no Spiritualist in New York desirous to grant such an one from me; furthermore, I add, that without any invitation at all, I last January and February filled a hall in New York, on my own account, and without one friend to assist me, advice, or aid in matters of business entirely new and irksome to me. I considered these meetings, faithfully, for two months, and though some of my audiences acknowledged I was the instrument of the best course of lectures on that occasion that I had ever delivered, I found, after paying all expenses of hall, doorkeeper, advertisements, lights, firing, &c., &c., that two persons (dependent on my earnings) could not well live, board, lodge, travel, and meet all personal expenses on an average of an income of from five to seven dollars a week, the results of my two months' labors in New York, amongst Spiritualists.

I do not pretend, after the fashion of our modern reciters, to charge this liberality amongst the "lites" to the "lites," on the contrary, I assert as the result of nearly six years' experience of Spiritualism, that though I have lived a life of perpetual struggle, I have realized to the fullest extent the constant assurance of my beloved spirit-guides, that "I should never want for anything;" still I know that these dear ones act through human instrumentalities, and though I still, and ever shall trust them, and work on in the assurance that they, as my employers, will be just to me in proportion to my fidelity, yet I am beginning to think that even the spirits themselves are losing confidence in their ability to procure for their poor servants a living in New York, and not until they "give the word," or the New York Spiritualists understand that the laborer is worthy of his hire, can the poor itinerant lecturer live on faith in New York. As I again repeat, that the result of my experience in American travel, has induced the belief, which the city of Philadelphia so nobly illustrates, that where the glorious and progressive doctrines of Spiritualism have the strongest hold, Samaritanism has the widest sphere of exhibition, so do I earnestly hope that there may be yet enough of the spirit of Samaritanism left in New York to induce one more effort to establish one more free and independent platform, whose source shall be Spiritualism, whose aim Samaritanism.

Written for the Banner of Light.
REPLY TO ANNIE EMER.

BY COUBIN BERRY.

What I tread of the world, Annie Emer,
Tired of the beautiful show?
Hast thou failed to discern through the glimmer,
The light that is destined to glow?
To me it is really a pleasure,
And life is a beautiful tramp,
Where each one is filling his measure,
By the light of his own little lamp.

I know that its pathway is winding,
And the future is hard to discern;
But the joy in a walk is the finding
Something new every corner we turn.
And although there is much that seems homely,
If we study the problem to win,
We shall find their surroundings are only
The cause of their darkness and sin!

And should friendship prove wanting, when tested,
Yield not to despair—try again;
You will find that true love thus invented
Will bring rich rewards in the end.
Let us then take the world as we find it,
Believing, if well understood,
There is n't more shadow than sunshine,
There is n't more evil than good.

You ask, is there peace in our cottage,
If our hearthstone is free from all strife,
If unmelancholic discord never enter,
To mar the sweet sunshine of life?
Alas yes, we oft meet the tempter,
And yield to his absolute sway;
But we find it unpleasant, the venture
Again to be found in his way.

Then come, if you wish our protection,
For our door is open, that all
May rest in our nest of affection,
If they feel it a pleasure to call.
Thatchwood Cottage, 1862.

See BANNER OF LIGHT, Oct. 18th.
A New Star in the Spiritual Rank.

DEAR BANNER—The advent of Miss Martha L. Book with of New Haven, who has spoken here two Sundays and is engaged for a third, has been the means of rousing us from a state of lethargy into a healthy working condition of things pertaining to our social and religious nature. An apparent dependency, for several reasons, has been lurking for months over us, until, at last, perhaps by special Providence, this lady comes in time to say, our drooping spirits, almost faithless from the vortex of former materialism. High heaven has once more spared our disheartened souls, and we again sail upon the sea of life, wafted by a fair breeze, breathed upon by gentle spirits from higher spheres. Martha is truly a star; if not of the first magnitude, then of the second, as a lecturer for the principles of the Harmonical Philosophy. Although quite young, she utters things well becoming those of maturer years. Exceedingly well clothed and beautiful are her illustrations, clothed with language sublime and eloquent. Borne on and lifted up as she seems to be, by invisible agency, she must soon become distinguished in her sphere of action, which wide field shall be opened for her; and then, what an appreciation of her powers will be felt by thousands who will yet hear and be filled with her holy influence. G. W. B. Wymanville, Conn., Nov. 24, 1862.

WARREN CHASE IN QUINCY

DEAR BANNER—The following is an abstract of a discourse delivered in Quincy, Mass., on Sunday, Nov. 23d, by Hon. Warren Chase, P. R. J.

Life is a spiral railroad. None of us have found its terminus. Many have supposed it ends at the station, Death; but recent discoveries prove that it does not. All passengers start in ignorance; all have through tickets. Some have many holes punched, having stopped at many stations; different forms of government have their stations, starting very low down, rude and simple, first forms nearest stations; more advanced Republican or Democratic. All forms of religious devotion are stations. Passengers start with through tickets, endorsed on the back. Death overtakes some in a few days, who have gone a little way on this life's track; others run many years, and have opportunity to stop at different stations. The rudest forms of government are nearest childhood. So are the lowest forms of devotion.

How glowing the picture which the Catholics and Protestants present of the crucifixes of the early Pagans, of the Hindu mother in the sacrifice of her child, and pass lightly over their own acts of barbarity. Every year persons destroy themselves by excesses. I have a case in mind of a mother who believed that children were sure to go to heaven, and the chances for grown people were very small, who murdered her three children, then herself. She was converted, and believed the doctrine of endless damnation. These are the effects of that doctrine.

But to the railroad question. "At what station will you stop?" Far in advance of the Catholics? The Protestants have stations along the way, one society after another. The most advanced signal station is the Universalist; next, recently set up, the Spiritualist. If you advance and are permitted to stop where you please, would you not know all you can know? Would you have everything to unlearn? Spiritualism is better than any of the wisdom acquired by the different sects. Move forward, put up your signal pole, invite others to come with you. Some have asked if you were going to take down your pole. I am sure of one thing, individually you will not go back, but keep out the signal-light. Not so important for you, for you cannot go back; the train is not going that way. If you take down the signal, you collect those in the rear, who will feel themselves amply paid for the efforts you have made to assist them. See your position; go forward; endeavor to help others, whatever you do for the least, the more advanced will do for you. You are standing on shore, but some are struggling in the water; you have too much humanity to let them drown; too much soul for that.

There are persons aroused in the churches, whose hold is slackening to church creeds. You are under obligations to do something for them; the spirit-world are looking on to see what you will do. Will you stay in your comfortable home, warm fire, newspaper to read, no thought of those exposed to the storm, as long as you are sheltered? The fountain-stream flows, its refreshing waters do not return to their source, but flow on. A never failing fountain of goodness in the soul—that is what you want.

I have wondered at your advanced condition in this old granite town. There is a great deal of granite character here. I do not say it to flatter. You are now considering what you shall do; it is not probable that you will suffer for the necessities of life, in consequence of keeping up your signal, now more needed; more hands are reached out, longing to know if those who have lost their bodies in their country's cause are still alive in soul, able to relate its experiences. You are the ones to help confirm this point on this side, holding the light and scroll, for messengers to write upon. Will you put out your light, fold up the scroll, and stand aside in this time of necessity? Have you an excuse—one that will be satisfactory to the angels? One that will satisfy yourselves? You see your position. You would not wish to be where you were once, religiously. Then labor for those in that condition; they are not to be blamed, only started—not yet reached this station. Many are conflicting with soul and body; but as the soul is superior, it should not be depressed by the outer. Awake, be vigilant, with the will-power subject the outer to the inner.

What can you do to make others love you in the next world? Cheat, deceive, do them some wrong? They will see you in the next life, just as you are. Or will you try to do them good, to bring out, develop, expand their inner powers? This will warm my heart in the next world, if I try to fraternize, harmonize mankind. Some individuals have not strength of soul enough to advance from the churches; they occasionally take the hands of the angels, but do not relax their hold to the Church. You have grown out of the churches; do not think of putting out the lights and suspending payment. You see churches dying out; they are coming to you. Angels are watching to see if you are going to keep your lights burning in this our nation's darkness. Show them your colors unfurled, and you will advance your own souls, and your life hereafter, in sustaining this movement in Quincy.

Explanation.

Mr. Emery—Will you allow space in your columns for a brief explanation of my views, as the extracts from my manuscripts in your issue of Nov. 23d, place me in a false position. In that I am made to say that the negative of any degree of development is the positive of the next succeeding degree, while the article alluded to, reads, the positive of one species, or form, is the negative of its successor. My object was, and is, to show, that the highest, or positive of any form, becomes the negative, or lowest of its successor. That the material of the highest forms were once enveloped in the lowest, and the most refined in the coarsest. That spirit and matter are one and the same thing, differing only in form, condition, and refinement. Spirit emanating from matter, from spirit, by change of conditions. That the power which moves the whole, exists in, and is a part of that whole. That although each species reproduces itself, each individual, of all species, are workmen refining materials for higher forms, the gems of which exist in the material, and are developed from it. That the spirit of man is the highest and most refined of this world's productions. That man is, no more, the ultimate of all matter, than is the mosquito. That all worlds are united by bonds to us, invisible, and that so-called Spirit Mediums are operators on invisible lines connecting this with other worlds, on the same principle that telegraph lines are operated, connecting distant parts of this world, and conveying the operations of mind in one form, to that of others far distant.

That our departed friends and all former inhabitants of this earth are now inhabitants of the planets surrounding us. That the spirit of man, being the most refined combination of material this planet can produce, passes outward to other planets, and putting with the more refined materials of the planets to which they gravitate, produce forms bearing the same relations to those planets they did to this, while upon it. Dying to those, as they did to this, and passing to others still more refined, onward and upward, and as Orbedoxy would say, (world) and easy; Universe without end. Amen. Westfield, N. Y., Dec. 1, 1862. J. T.

Correspondence.

Letter from Corn Wilburn.

I am indebted to the kindness and attention of Mr. D. Blokford and wife, for a pleasant ride to Fort Snelling and the Indian encampment, distant about eight miles from this. Into a very high, comfortable, but strange looking vehicle, such as I have not seen in New England or Pennsylvania, seven of us were stowed away, snugly encased in buffalo robes. The country through which we passed was level in the extreme; but in the summer time, the waving, ploverous fields of grain, tell of the fertility of this virgin soil.

Fort Snelling stands high and picturesque above the calm waters of the Mississippi, and its quarters of oak and wood are comfortable for officers and men. Ferry boats were crossing the stream, and soldiers being hither and thither, formed a pleasant picture of active, stirring life. About seven hundred horses were assembled in one spot—like their riders, many of them destined to be blood offerings to the demons of war. A great pavilion overlooks the placid stream, and from it a fine view is obtained of the adjacent country; opposite is the pretty town of Mendota.

On our way to the fort, we stopped at the renowned falls of Minnehaha, a deliciously cool retreat in summer, with its shading banks, clustering trees, and rustic beach beneath. The falls come dashing down some thirty feet, silver-clear, and musically exulting; but on the day I saw them, snow covered the surrounding earth, and icicles hung pendant in crystal beauty all around their limpid flow. There is a house of entertainment near, and in summer this poetic spot is the resort of many a picnic party; but it does not rival Dungeon Rock, nor the romantic environs of Lynn, the beautiful!

This country is vast and fertile; there is room for great cities, and space indeed for the oppressed and home-seeking of all nations; but it lacks the grandeur, the rugged sublimity, the varied charms of the New England landscape. Most of the settlers are from the New England States, and they bear with them wherever they go, the thrift and beauty of their home-lands. From the fort, we rode over to the Indian encampment, that consists of women and children, belonging to the feared and savage Sioux, that in the summer committed those shocking outrages of murder and barbaric vengeance; about seventeen hundred were brought to Fort Snelling by our soldiers, there being only forty men among them, and now they are encamped at about a mile from the fort, in dingy and miserable tents, fed and protected by the Government.

Why should the innocent be made to suffer for the guilty as the mandates of man? These wretched women, many of them are no doubt innocent of the cruelties committed by their husbands. Is the wife of civilized man always to be held accountable for his misdeeds? The atrocities committed by the Sioux Indians exceed in barbarism the annals of the darkest ages; the perpetrators are in prison, awaiting their doom, and ought save "a life for a life" will satisfy the needs of the present, nor give satisfaction to the surviving sufferers, who have beheld wives, mothers, and children ruthlessly butchered. So be it then; but do not, for the Christ love you, want so loudly, visit upon offending heads the retaliatory, cruel, unchristian revenge! But there is a feeling abroad in this State, growing no doubt out of the wrongs endured, that is disgraceful to all human feeling, especially to womanhood. They would exterminate the entire Indian race, and leave not a redskin alive; this sweeping into utter condemnation a people that once owned this land; a people long suffering, outraged, and betrayed by them they deemed the wise and loving white brothers. Several here have told me that the cruel murders of the past summer, the horrid cruelties exercised, were all contrary to the Indian mode of warfare; therefore, it is certain, that a subtler and more cruel foe fastigated their actions; that secessionists, of the lowest and vilest stamp, were the plotters and leaders of those heathenish attacks, that have shrouded the State in mourning, and have driven from home and shelter the trembling dwellers of the frontier. But to desire to sweep away the whole Indian nation, because of the crimes of a few, is as preposterous and unjust, as it would be if a foreign and liberal nation desired to sweep Americans from the earth, because the crime and shame of Slavery was perpetrated at the South.

Humanity, justice, plead for the Indian, whom we have robbed of all, giving him in return the vices without the virtues of civilization; and teaching him, the once free and noble son of the forest, the use of that intoxicating base that has led to the commission of the most heinous crimes of civilization. Who knows, but that the Demon Whiskey was the chief instigator of last summer's horrible tragedies, and that the hands dispensing the fluid poison were not the hands of white men?

This is a point to be duly weighed and considered. And why do the inhabitants of this State, and the opposers of the Indian elsewhere, forget, that to the brave and self-sacrificing "Other-Day," sixty, or more rescued families owe their lives? Is he not compelled to live afar from his people, for having aided his white brethren? Cruel and unjust as is the prejudice against the negro, is that against the Indian; but God, the Father of all, will redress all wrong in his own good time. I am glad to hear that there is a degree of appreciation and honor rendered to Other-Day, at Saint Paul.

All the poetry and romance connected with Indian tale and legend, faded out before the sad reality of today; some of the women were squallid and repulsive in the extreme; and dimly repellant were the little papposes, with begrimed faces and unkempt heads, tied upon their mothers' backs, and enveloped in the all-soreeking blankets. A few old women would have served as models for Macbeth's witches of the Heath, or for Madame Tjames such as they are the old romances. Some looked stern and appalling; others smiling and unassuming. The kind guard who walked with us through the

encampment, spoke pityingly of these outcast children of our God; he spoke of them as "become a Christian soldier, and he had for them no taunt and ill-timed jeers. I lifted the hanging of a tent and looked in two or three women, and some three or four children were assembled within, cooking their unsavory evening meal. I spoke to the youngest woman, who had a pleasant, pensive countenance. She smiled sweetly, and made some remarks in her language to her companions. Perhaps it pleased the poor, forlorn creature, to find an expression of sympathy and kindness from the heart of a sister woman, although the tones, and not the words, were alone translatable to her soul. Dogs abounded in the encampment, and cleanliness was not the order of the day. Deprived of home and land, these poor creatures now live upon the bounty of the Government, and suffer for the misdeeds of the guilty.

The sun had set in that clear crimson splendor that is peculiar to this Northern climate; and the stars shone brightly as we regained the town. I had gained a new view of life, and was grateful for the experience.

Minneapolis is separated by a bridge from the town of Saint Anthony; and the war, combined with the Indian raid, has plunged both places in a gloom, and stupor which it will take a season of prosperity and peace to awaken from. Some portions of the Quaker city are quiet, but here the quiet is of the superlative degree. As yet the winter cold has not set in, though the nights are frosty. The air is bracing and invigorating to the body; mind would progress further and aspire higher, if, as in the more populated regions, the chase for the almighty dollar were not made the supreme object of life. Here, as elsewhere, the material rules the spiritual; and the result is, weary toil, discontent, and discord. But as elsewhere, there are noble exceptions.

Letter from Laura DeForce Gordon.

DEAR BANNER—Once again, amidst the grand old hills and warm hearts of New England, after an absence of one year, to your friends and mine I send greeting, with words of cheer and kind remembrance. My last lectures were my departure from New England last year, and the first on my return this month, were given before the Portland Spiritual Association, and I am able to report an improvement. The meetings have been sustained, notwithstanding the pressure of the times, and the attendance being about the same as formerly, proves the increasing interest, for many of those who were wont to attend are gone to the battle-field, and their places are filled by those who have asked, "What of the dead? Where are they?" who have received the happy assurance, "We still live, and are with you." A Sabbath School—a most commendable enterprise—has been established recently, and promises great good in the future, by imparting to youthful minds the practical lessons of our beautiful Gospel of Life.

A great interest has been recently awakened in the minds of hundreds in this city, who have previously bestowed scarcely a thought upon the subject, by the wonderful manifestations of spirit power, given through the mediumship of Charles H. Foster, of Salem. Mr. Foster, I am told, has been in the city more than two months, and the satisfaction he gives as a reliable test medium is evident from the fact that scores of people are waiting for an opportunity to prove the genuineness of his profession as a spirit-medium, his time having been so fully occupied as to prevent many anxious inquirers from as yet doing so.

His manifestations are all produced in the light, and every reasonable test to preclude deception is willingly submitted to, and the communications are of such a character as to convince the most skeptical—whatever their explanation may be—that the medium does not originate them. The most of your readers are probably aware of the nature of his manifestations, and I will not refer to them in detail. The most convincing evidence is the appearance of the initials, or full name, of the spirit communicating, in blood-red letters on the medium's arm, often appearing on the smooth white skin while you are looking, and as readily disappearing, to give place to other names, both of which refute the charge that the letters are produced by a diamond ring. Spirit-hands are formed and exhibited in the full light of day, or brilliant gas-burner, and the names of spirits are written or spoken as readily as the communicating spirit might do if still embodied, and this, too, when the inquirer and his antecedents are alike wholly unknown to the medium. On several occasions have I seen a ponderous piano forte roll out from the wall, when no person stood or sat within three or four feet of it, often occurring while Mr. Foster was busily engaged in writing at a table several feet from the piano. I have received some excellent tests from spirits, which I may give to the public in future.

Mrs. Danforth, of Boston, Clairvoyant Physician, is located at 30 Cheesnut street, (which, by the way, is a home for all Spiritualists and mediums,) where she receives those afflicted by disease, and meets with good success in the treatment thereof, by the aid of spirit power.

The spirit photographs taken in Boston have awakened considerable inquiry in the minds of both Spiritualists and sceptics, and all ask earnestly to know its truth, yet wait patiently; for if it is a fact, we may afford to wait; if a delusion, as many seem inclined to believe, it is better not to decide hastily. Yet we know the great and good cause is prospering; the bereaved of earth receive consolation from the "ocean of unseen intelligences, that surround us everywhere," and the people are advancing in obedience to the will of our great and good God, who calls through the voices of angels to mankind to "come up higher." Sad looks and sorrow-stricken hearts multiply, for the Angel of Death has been busy on the blood-stained battle-fields, gathering the spirits of our brave and noble sons and brothers into the fold of immortality, and sable garments tell of family circles broken, homes made desolate, and loving hearts torn with anguish because of loved ones gone to spirit-life by the red hand of revolution. Yet each one lost to earth is a spirit-born to immortality; and their united voices rise clear and distinct above the sighs and wails of sorrow, above the din and confusion of battle, and assure us there is no death. But I have trespassed upon your valuable col-

umns and readers' patience, dear BANNER, to a great extent, so with a God bless your noble efforts in behalf of a suffering humanity remain, yours, Laura DeForce Gordon, No. 30 Cheesnut street, Portland, Me., Nov., 1862.

MIDNIGHT WHISPERS.

Here I sit within my chamber,
As I've sat in days of yore,
When around me forms there floated,
Forms of loved ones gone before,
With their bright familiar faces
Looking lovingly in mine,
And their gentle bird-like voices
Wakening music most divine,
And the moon beam just as brightly,
And the stars their vigils keep,
And the zephyrs sigh as sweetly
Over Nature hushed in sleep.
As they did in days departed—
Vanished like the silent dead,
Ere my childhood's golden visions,
All had faded, all had fled.

And again those forms come stealing
Round me as they did of old;
And with soft caresses they greet me,
And with loving clasp and hold;
And I hear a far-off murmur—
"Sister dear," it seems to say,
"Keep within your heart a green spot
For the loved ones far away."

And their cometh still another,
Like the angel's rustling tread,
And it bendeth as if breathing
Out a blessing on my head;
And a voice so like my mother's
Seems to whisper in my ear—
"Dearest, though thy way be dreary,
Faint not, I am ever near."

Though around thy lonely pathway
Foes may lurk and troubles rise,
Still keep trusting, loving angels
Guard thy passage to the skies.
Keep thou in the narrow pathway,
Duly-bounded, faith o'erpress'd,
Though fierce earth-storms, wildly raging,
Beat on thy defenceless head.

Meekly bear thy heavy burdens,
Life's hot strife will soon be o'er,
Then in glory thou wilt join me,
Where the weary weep no more."
And an spirit gloweth brighter,
Stronger, for the comfort given;
And a new-born joy within me
Whispereth, "I am near heaven."

[California Mercury.]

BRIEF REPORT OF THE CENTRE-VILLE, PA., CONVENTION.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]
The third Annual Meeting of Bradford county Progressives, or Spiritualists, was convened, as per notice in the BANNER, and was attended by an increased audience, who plainly evinced a deep interest in the proceedings.

The meeting was called to order by H. M. Miller, Mr. Wm. Palmer, of Big Flats, N. Y., was chosen President, who made a few pertinent remarks, then introduced his companion—a most graceful speaker.

Mrs. Palmer spoke earnestly in relation to the best means of human improvement—the while denouncing the tendency of our nation to Materialism; and urging advancement in interior culture, and "vital reform."

Mrs. H. M. Miller said: We came here to perpetuate the World's cause—the cause of Truth. Every religious system had given some truth to the world. All things were steps in Progress. And in time even what is called Spiritualism, might be superseded by higher truth. All that removes suffering, and fraternalizes the race, is of benefit. She spoke in an earnest manner of the truths of Spiritualism—declared that in its light, death was glorious, and growth in reform equally dear; and urged all to look kindly upon those of different opinions, and impartially seek for wisdom, everywhere.

W. H. Johnston, of Afton, New York, made his debut. He gave quotations and remarks, shedding powerful light upon the mysterious origin of the Bible.

H. M. Miller spoke of the necessity of an improved literature, and the great need of more active efforts, to circulate progressive books and papers, and literary works of general information—claiming that ignorance was the forte of conservatism, and prejudice a rugged barrier in the way of spiritual advancement.

Rev. I. Gates, of Williamsport, wished the privilege of showing the evil influences of our doctrines, which he very much distorted. He could prove its tendencies to be immoral, degrading, anti-Christ, opposed to the Word of God, and the biggest lie the devil ever told.

Our venerable friends, Mr. and Mrs. Palmer replied to Mrs. Miller, followed by Mrs. Miller, who put a quietus upon him until the close of the last session.

Wm. H. Johnston then offered the following resolutions, which were received with warm interest and without objection:

Resolved, That as originality is immortality, and progress as universal as truth is world-wide, therefore the worship and imitation of other men to the neglect of ourselves—as well as devotion to an isolated truth to the ignoring of those of equal importance, which are as yet in the foreground of our advancement—tends to belittle the human mind, retard the onward march of the race, and culminate in popularized organizations, which fear unlimited discussion, agitation and investigation.

Resolved, That while pledged to truth wherever found, we at the same time consider the realm of Nature the holy ground upon which to find it. That as progress is a common law, all written productions, all human nature are as yet but the imperfect reflection of Nature's divinely intelligent principles.

Resolved, That while we recognize and enforce the urgent need of that interior and spiritual culture to which intercourse with spirits prompts, we no less inculcate the broadest charity for and active energy in behalf of those practical reforms which tend to elevate the race.

He then gave a lengthy and elaborate address in advocacy of the principles of the "Harmonical Philosophy," advising the application of its principles to remove the various evils of society.

This young man has ever diligently devoted himself to the study and investigation of natural principles; has been an extensive reader of history and treatises upon the various sciences, and came well prepared to instruct and entertain those who heard him. He was listened to with an unusual interest, and nearly all who heard him supposed him to have had considerable experience in public speaking. He is self-made, and bids fair to make this age (at least) know and feel that he possesses a mighty intellect and moral courage sufficient to allow him, fearlessly, to combat error and unmitigated opposition wherever he finds it. Neither as a nor my ability will permit of doing this new speaker any justice now.

H. M. Miller spoke in favor of every one being responsible for his or her own conduct, instead of asking another to suffer for that of which he was not guilty. He conclusively showed that no one could evade the penalty attached to violated laws. Every one must suffer for the wrongs which they do. There is no power in the Universe which can assist us to escape the penalty of the least violation of law.

Mrs. H. M. Miller invited criticism. She spoke very eloquently and at length upon the divine nature. The pleasant meeting closed with an animated discussion between the Rev. Mr. Gates and Mrs. Miller, from which the former beat all "inferior retreat," in which his own brother lent him good advice and some physical force, to cut loose his bombast and blackguardism, and quaken his paper in glad retreat.

Adjourned until August, 1863.

H. M. MILLER, Secretary,
Nov. 10, 1862. Assisted by W. H. JOHNSON.

Our Country.

The general progress and prosperity of the loyal States, that are not encumbered with slavery, has seldom shown more favorably than at the present time.

It is rare, indeed, to find a person who has lost confidence in the permanency of our institutions, or the ability of the Government to crush out the rebellion.

In Lowell, Mass., every cotton manufacturing corporation is making more or less improvements as they are needed for increased business.

The woolen mills are crowding the laborers, and often taking the hours usually assigned to rest.

It is true there are some long faces and loud groans on account of the increased prices of most kinds of goods, but such always follow such changes in prices either way.

WARREN CHASE.

Correspondence in Brief.

One of our esteemed correspondents in Sacramento, Cal., writes: "While you are engaged in the stern realities of war at home, we are, in this distant corner of the Union, doing our best to raise the means to lessen the miseries, the woes, and the pains of those who get sick and wounded in the service of their country."

L. ARMSTRONG.

Extract of a letter from a subscriber in Washington, D. C.: "I notice a call from you, for aid in paying the expenses of the Free Public Circles for receiving communications through Mrs. Conant."

A correspondent at Cleveland, Ohio, is speaking

of our Free Public Circles, says: "We hope that the friends of the cause will help us to carry on the good work, as we consider these circles as the means of great happiness and comfort to spirits (as well as mortals) at the present time, when thousands are sent across the dark valley without having been prepared for the change, and are anxiously waiting for a chance to return and seek comfort as well as give it, of which we have had good enough proof in our own circles here."

M. S. Day, writing from Watertown, N. Y., says: "Let every true Spiritualist exert himself, so that the Banner may float, and its waves carry sunshine to many hearts. It is a messenger of joy and gladness to your humble servant, and has contributed much to lift the dark curtain which the churches have kept hung up before the entrance to the home of the spirit."

E. Scougal writes from Bedford, Michigan: "If you hear any one say that Spiritualism is dying out in this section, do not believe it. It is gaining ground faster than now."

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1862.

OFFICE, 158 WASHINGTON STREET, ROOM No. 8, UP STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO., PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

FOR TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION SEE EIGHTH PAGE.

LUTHER COLEBY, EDITOR.

To Agents and Clubs.

The price of the BANNER is 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.

Look to Your Own.

We must first cherish that which is Our Own, before we shall have it in our power to do aught for other people. In fact, the power to do for others comes only with the certainty of first having done for ourselves.

Run over the history of the church; or of organized institutions of any sort; the single fact and lesson that crops out of the whole of it is this, that in concentration of resources and economy of force the greatest possible results are sure to be reached.

Organized operations are, for the time, as natural as they are necessary. In a confused conflict of opinions and prejudices, it would be next to impossible for any single theory, opinion, or class of opinions, or even for a demonstrated truth itself, to make permanent progress and effect an undisturbed lodgment in the minds and hearts of the mass, without the aid of some part of the great machinery called Co-operation.

The inference arises very naturally in the mind of all. So long as you advocate, because you believe in and wish for the success of certain creeds, doctrines, or principles—it is the most natural thing you can do, and of course the best thing, to turn in all your help to the advancement of your own faith.

While the law of sympathy is what it is—the underlying, interpenetrating, all-comprehending law of human existence and growth—we cannot live unless we obey its requirements to the last letter. We mean that life can never be real and worth the while; it may pass along, but it will not plow under. And, obeying this law of sympathy and love, we are called upon by every consideration that can be named, to do for the cause which we individually cherish, before we waste our forces on what we have no living sympathy with.

benefit to another, it becomes us at once to make a practical acknowledgment by enriching and sustaining the source to the last extremity.

Now for a Home.

A couple of weeks ago, we wrote and printed in these columns an article on Housekeeping, in which we assumed, that no man could be really happy in this world without a happy Home.

An advertisement in another part of the BANNER, headed "GREAT FARMS NEAR HOME"—lets us into a series of facts which surprise us with their novelty. Our good friend, Professor S. B. Brittan, there informs us that there are some forty thousand acres of unimproved land lying in Hamilton, Cattaraugus, Warren, Genesee, Erie, Ontario, Saratoga, and other counties of the Empire State.

Now what of these lands, thus thrown open to the market, at a time when almost every one wants, and begins to resolve that he will have a tract of his own? We learn that there are combined within their limits all the sources of wealth that any State could desire.

These lands are some seventy-five miles from the State capital. You can cut timber of all kinds upon the slopes of the hills, or plow up the rich intervals, or stock the glades and pastures with thousands of grazing cattle.

It is a good deal, in these forlorn times, to be able to apply directly to a responsible party, who can put one in possession of what he would have, without any sort of duplicity or jockeying.

The President's Message.

It is evident that the President has spent a great deal of serious thought on his recent Message, and that it embodies on the great subject of the day, an expression of his fullest and deepest convictions.

The President's plan is a simple one, viz., for the United States, under authority of these Constitutional Amendments, to compensate the Slaveholding States for the instant abolishment of slavery, or the gradual emancipation of slaves within their respective limits, the measure to be duly consummated by the States themselves before the year 1900, and in such manner as they may think best.

Well says Mr. Lincoln at the close of his annual communication to Congress: "Fellow citizens, we cannot escape history. The 'dry' trial through which we pass will light us down, in honor or dishonor, to the latest generation."

The world knows how to save it. We, even we here, hold the power and bear the responsibility. In giving freedom to the slave, we assure freedom to the free—honorable alike in what we give, and what we preserve.

And may God bless Abraham Lincoln, in the prayer of all men and women throughout the land.

The Adolphian Institute.

BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES AND CHILDREN.

This school is located at Norristown, Montgomery County, Pennsylvania, in a section of the country justly noted for the beauty of its scenery and healthfulness of the climate.

The Borough is situated on the east bank of the Schuylkill, sixteen miles from Philadelphia, and is accessible from several points by railroad, and can be reached many times daily from Philadelphia, in one hour. The system of instruction adopted by the Principals of this school, is one which has been matured by careful thought, study, and experience, as teachers, and has for its object the harmonious development of the minds of the pupils committed to their care.

The world needs more true women, large-hearted, truth loving women, who are willing to labor in any field of usefulness to which they may be called, with that firm reliance on the Father's love, which never fails to bring peace to the soul in the hour of trial.

It is hoped and believed that such institutions, and such works, will receive the support and encouragement they require to make their success certain.

Terms for tuition in English and French, with board, per annum, \$200; tuition in music, including use of piano, per session of five months, \$20; drawing per session, \$10; painting in oils, \$15.

The Spirit Photographs.

We recently made an arrangement with Mr. J. W. Black, photographer, of this city, to test the reliability of these photographs. He has had a sitting with Mr. Mumler, but not with the satisfactory results he could have desired.

As far as he has gone in his investigations, Mr. Black informs us he has discovered no fraud whatever. We cannot assure our readers that Mr. B. will pursue his investigations further; but we hope he will, as we desire definite information on the subject.

The following affidavit from Mrs. Babbitt, of Roxbury, is a very strong link in the chain of evidence thus far given that these photographs are really genuine spirit-portraits.

Forest Avenue, Roxbury, Mass., Nov. 19th, 1862.

Church Digotry.

It is truly astonishing to see with what venom the Church opposes Spiritualism. Its members are rancorous in the extreme on the subject. Why is it, the free-thinker asks? We answer, it is because the Church is daily losing its members by thousands.

Editors' Responsibilities.

A certain class of people seem to think editors of newspapers are responsible for the short-comings of everybody in the world. If a man advertises in a newspaper, and fails to fulfill his contracts with customers, presto! the persons who feel aggrieved at once write to the editor about it, and endeavor to make him a party interested, and threaten him in all sorts of ways, if he will not "toe the mark."

Now we, for one, protest emphatically against all this kind of "responsibility." If we insert an advertisement in our columns, we do so in good faith, presuming that the parties advertising are honest.

The French Proposal.

Well, Napoleon has finally put forth a "feeler." He has made a proposition to England and Russia on the subject of mediation in the affairs of this country. It is as cool as anything going. Mr. Seward does not see much in it that implies cold-bloodedness, much less disrespect for us; but it is certainly an unprecedented way of manifesting friendship for a government and country with which it professes to be in peaceful and friendly relations.

Picture of our Future.

In his little book—"The American Crisis"—Warren Chase thus strikingly depicts the state of affairs on this broad Continent, when the fighting day has gone by and the spirit of peace prevails once more:

The resources of the great South will be developed by Yankee enterprise, and the children of her poor will be rescued from the withering damnation of poverty, ignorance, and idleness. No more abolition hatred, and no more Southern revenge. A nation united in objects and purposes, and able to defend itself against the world—stretching from ocean to ocean, from the torrid regions of the Gulf to the frozen regions of the uppermost of the Great Lakes; raising its oranges, fish and fowls, gold and anthracite, with its bowels full of oil for lights, coal for fuel, gold for currency, iron and lead for the useful arts; with prairies for wheat, intervals for corn, hills for lumber, plains for cotton, deltas for sugar, mountains for sheep, and meadows for cattle. Everything that a great nation needs, that nature can furnish, is at our service when the rebellion is subdued, and labor triumphs over idleness.

When the war is over, and the last battle won, the nation will arise with renewed energy, and stretch forth its arms with fresh vigor. It will make more rapid strides than ever toward wealth and power; and then, more than ever, we must guard the rights of the people against the encroachments of monopoly and combination.

Mr. Chase puts it glowingly and well. His sketch is not a whit too much colored, as our own convictions assure us even now.

Signing and Whimpering.

This signing and crying for happiness is all nonsense. It never comes when the heart is healthy, and the thoughts are properly occupied. Luxuries have no more to do with it than postage stamps have with property. It is ingratitude—something belonging to the character, and cannot be begged of or cried after as children bawl and blubber for toys.

Complimentary Levee.

On Friday evening, December 10th, a complimentary levee will be given to Mr. Colchester by his friends. Tickets one dollar, admitting a gentleman and ladies. The entertainment will include a sitting of one hour and a half by Mr. C., to give those who wish an opportunity to witness the wonderful manifestations through him.

Lectures Hall Meetings.

Rev. J. S. Loveland, a most eloquent speaker and philosophical reasoner, occupies the platform of the Society of Spiritualists, on Sunday next, afternoon and evening. Our friends should bear in mind that the hours for communicating the meetings have been changed by the arrangement of services for the present commencing at 2 1/2, and the evening at 7 o'clock.

To Correspondents.

We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts. To J. T. New York. We are sorry to inform our brother on the subject...

Help the Needy.

Let the kind-hearted man or woman who can and would do something to comfort a poor, sick, destitute, suffering family...

What we Know.

Mr. E. L. Allen, Photographer, 18 Winter street, produces cartes de visite portraits in a superior style of the art.

Miss Lizie Doten in Philadelphia.

This able advocate of the Spiritual Philosophy lectures in Philadelphia during the present month. We bespeak for her a cordial welcome.

The True Benefactors of Humanity.

The rich and the respectable classes are always behind the spirit of the age. They are always conservative, striving to hold back the progress of humanity.

What's in a Kiss—a simple kiss?

More potent than the sceptre. Who has not felt its magic influence? 'Tis the lover's tender pledge of undying constancy.

The New York Tribune states that the President lately remarked...

Two Classes.—The human race is divided into two classes—those who go ahead and do something, and those who sit still and inquire.

The Emperor of the French, having found that the students in the colleges of France who smoke are decidedly inferior...

Late Foreign Items.

The increasing distress in the cotton manufacturing districts was obtaining more attention. The contribution was unprecedentedly large.

THE INDIAN TROUBLES.—A Washington dispatch says the Secretary of the Interior is satisfied that the late Indian troubles in Minnesota originated in the insurrection of the Southern States...

Woolen Manufactories in Maine.—The demand for woolen goods is not only driving old mills, night and day, but is causing the construction of many new woolen mills.

Gen. Ward, the American sailor who took an active part in several battles between the Chinese government and the rebels, displaying such bravery, coolness and generalship that the Government appointed him to a position equal to a Major Generalship...

THE UNION SOCIABLES at Lyceum Hall, Tremont street, continue to be well patronized.

Mr. Bradford read a manuscript, in which he said that Spiritualism had startled the world with its unaccountable manifestations.

Rev. Mr. Thayer.—It is my conviction that Spiritualism will at some future period supplant all the popular theories of the world.

Mr. Woodward recited a long catalogue of beliefs in which the Church and Spiritualism did not agree, claiming that there was a great difference between the two.

Mr. Enos.—It is easy to look at the creeds of different Churches and, tell what they profess to believe, but it is not easy to look at the vast body of differing Spiritualists who have written and sworn to creeds, and tell what they do believe.

Mr. Pardee.—I have a great liking for the word Church. Some take great offense and disgust at it.

THE OPINIONS OF THOMAS PAINE.—When we consider, for the feelings of Nature cannot be dismissed, the calamities of war and the miseries it inflicts upon the human species...

Previous to the reign of Charles VIII., the queens of France wore white upon the death of their husbands, and were thus called "Reines blanches."

It is stated of a prominent officer in a late battle that, in the very crisis of affairs, his division was leisurely discussing a breakfast.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

Reported for the Banner of Light. BOSTON SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE, TRUDDAY EVENING, Dec. 2, 1862.

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SUMMARY.—The Influence of Spiritualism upon the Church.

Dr. Lyon.—The tendency of modern Spiritualism is not to supplant the Church of Christ, but to develop it. The Church of modern times is altogether different from the Church instituted by Christ.

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Message Department.

Each message in this department of the BANNER we claim was spoken by the spirit whose name it bears, through the medium of a person who has been called the Trance. They are not published on account of literary merit, but as tokens 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 expression so much of truth as he perceives—no more.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

- Tuesday, Nov. 11.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; John Calvin Oreg, of Montpelier, Vt.; Laura Frances Young, of Dayton, Ohio; Margaret O'Drion, of Father McPhail, of New York.
Thursday, Nov. 13.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Elizabeth Roberts, of Boston; Annie V. Kendall, to her father in New Orleans, La.; Jack Emmons, late of the New York Fire Zouaves, to his wife, in New York City.
Monday, Nov. 17.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Albert F. Wate, 15th Mass Reg., Co. G; Sam. Bolton, a colored man; James Olden, of Charleston, S. C.; Isabel M. Gray, to her parents in Fall River, N. B.
Tuesday, Nov. 18.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Wm. H. Rogers, of Beverly, Mass.; Frances Elizabeth Gordon, of New York City; Hattie A. Burroughs, to her mother in Cincinnati, Ohio.
Thursday, Nov. 20.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Oct. Thomas Jones, of S. Carolina, to his son; Hilda Drew, of Bangor, Me., to her two sons; George Briggs, of New York City, to his mother, in Water Street.
Monday, Nov. 24.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Wm. Kendall to his friends in Boston; Lavina S. Mitchell, to her friends in Columbus, Ohio; Michael Sweeney, to his wife in Fall River, Mass.
Tuesday, Nov. 25.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Capt. Samuel J. Locke, of Ite, N. H.; Horace Mason, of Hagerstown, Md., to his mother.

Invocation.

Oh, Holy Spirit of Reform, we would cast aside the stone from the sepulchre of humanity, and, in the progressive voice of thy Great Life, would call human souls from death to life. Oh, Spirit of the Hour, we would roll away the stone from the sepulchre of humanity, and give that life to thy children which they have so long been deprived of. Our Father, we feel that human souls have too long slumbered in the past, have too long rested in their graves, and we, by thy power, we, by thy love, desire to bring them to life again. Oh, thou Holy Spirit of Reform, we feel that thou art marching with the nations, that thou art writing by power, by love, upon all human hearts. And oh, Holy Spirit, in union with thee, and thy law, we would work now and forever. Amen. Nov. 6.

Questions and Answers.

Ques.—Will the slaves gain their freedom by this way?
Ans.—Most certainly they will.
Q.—Is it of much longer duration?
A.—According to your measurement of time, it will last much longer. There are many elements in your human conditions that must be crushed out ere you are established upon a firm and enduring basis of peace.
Q.—Are we to understand that slavery is the principal cause of this war?
A.—You are to understand so, if you can look into the mirror of life and see what a dark and unsightly picture is there imaged. You have nourished a festering sore with you for many centuries, and it were high time that the Almighty poured his healing balm upon it. It were high time that you were a free people. I know you have written freedom upon your walls and inscribed it upon your banners; but in your hearts you have felt no freedom, no right to liberty, no right to pursue the dictates of your own conscience.
Q.—Will foreign nations interfere in this war?
A.—It is quite possible they may. You need not be at all surprised if you receive intimation of foreign intervention at no far distant time. However, that will depend in a great measure upon the condition of their own people. If they are active to throw off the yoke that binds their peasantry, they will not in all probability meddle with your affairs; but if they do not rouse themselves to activity upon their own shores, then they will be very likely to take advantage of your present distracted condition to interfere in your national affairs.
Q.—Will you give us your name?
A.—I have no name. The—enough that I am with you to-day as a free and independent spirit. The name I had on earth rests with my body. The name I now bear is not the one I was known by when an inhabitant of the earth. You may call me Truth, as I shall endeavor to give you truth.
Q.—Do I understand you to say that you have changed your name since taking up your abode in the spirit-land?
A.—You are to understand that the earth-name I bore is no longer mine in spirit-land. That slumbers with my body, and I desire it always may.
Q.—Can you tell us why the magnetic pole shifts from place to place?
Briam.—Are you sure that it does change its place?
Q.—We are told so.
S.—We do not think it does; but the conditions of life encompassing it, or its surroundings, are in reality what change, and not the magnetic pole itself. True, it does not so seem to you.
Q.—Of what does the magnetic pole consist?
A.—Of that subtle gas you understand to be electricity, positive and negative.
Ques.—I believe that is not in accordance with the books of philosophy.
A.—True, it is not; but to our mind it is plain and honest truth.
Q.—Why do those spirits that communicate at this place locate their friends at such a distance from us as to render investigation concerning the truth of their statements almost impossible upon our part?
A.—We are not aware that this is so. On the contrary, we believe that nine-tenths of the spirits communicating at this place have friends living in such close proximity to you that you can readily ascertain the correctness or falsity of their statements. True, there are many spirits who visit your circle that have friends living in distant cities and towns; but it is our desire, our purpose, to give place and time to all who visit us, provided they do so with a desire to promote the good of humanity, and to identify themselves to their friends in mortal.
Q.—Is it not true that one is as much to blame as another in this civil war of ours?
A.—It is, most certainly. And if man would but consult the God within himself, the holy monitor that dwells within the souls of all God's children, he would scarce be found taking up arms against his brother, or seeking in any way to injure the interests of his fellow-creatures.
Q.—Are there any spirits hovering near, who wish to communicate at this time?
A.—There are thousands, many thousands.
Q.—Are there any from our recent battle-fields?
A.—Yes, many thousands, who have been sent to the spirit world almost without a moment's warning, and before their proper time.
Q.—Is the idea true or false that in the spirit life we are to feel those same family ties that we do here on earth?
A.—We believe that you will feel those same ties of affection in the spirit-land that were yours upon the earth, and that which is a child in intensity with you here, is a full-grown person with you in the spirit-world. This feeling of affection you now feel for one another here is but an infant, and strengthens and enlarges itself with the growth of the spirit.
Q.—Does not the mother love other children as well as her own, in the spirit-land?
A.—Not the love which the mother feels for her own child, but that which is his birth in her own being, and grows with his growth;—and thus it were more

natural for the mother to feel a greater degree of affection for her own child than for the children of another. She lives, moves, and acts in accordance with the laws of her nature, and therefore will ever be magnetically drawn toward her child in love before all others.

Q.—How, then, can we be Christlike, and why are we not selfish?
A.—Whatever is of Nature is of God, and therefore impartial and unselfish. A Jesus of Nazareth was possessed of a divine organism, to which, and through which the higher intelligences were attracted and constantly manifesting themselves. He felt the full force of the law of love, and through him were disseminated large forces of love; and it would seem that he could give of his love to all humanity; his mantle of affection was large enough to afford a covering to all God's children. But this was but a peculiar condition of his spiritual and divine organism, and not in any way the result of his own individual efforts as a mortal.

Q.—What is meant when it is said that the seven had her to wife, and whose wife shall she be in heaven?
A.—In the resurrection, therefore, when they shall rise, whose wife shall she be of them? for the seven had her to wife? The answer was, "For when they shall rise from the dead, they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels which are in heaven," and seeking to their proper mates, not after the fashion of mortals upon the earth, but according to spiritual and divine will. Therefore that which is united upon earth, shall be divided or broken in the spirit-land.

Q.—I suppose you refer to the legal, and not to the real.
A.—We do.
Q.—Do you consider our marriage law a good one?
A.—We consider it the best that the time and your present condition will admit of, and would enjoin obedience to that which is the law of your time. And though there is much that is more glorious, more beautiful than this self-same marriage law of yours, still we would have you render strict obedience to that which is the law of your time, for in so doing you in a measure render obedience to God.

Q.—At the same time should we not seek to know and understand self?
A.—Most certainly. Seek to know self, to become better acquainted with the God that dwells within your own being, and if you understand self you will make very few mistakes in life, and seldom be found lamenting over an unhappy marriage. When Jesus was questioned by the chief priests and scribes in the temple, as to whether it were lawful for them to give tribute unto Caesar, he called for a penny, and he saith unto them, whose is this image and superscription? And the answer was, it is Caesar's. And he then advised them to render unto Caesar the things that were Caesar's, and to God the things that were God's. Now we would advise all mortality to render due obedience to all civil or mortal law. It is easy to do this while you are happy in all the relations of earthly life. But when unhappiness is your lot, you stand trembling, and fear to go forth and grasp at the realities of Nature, hardly understand how to render obedience to the laws that bring you only sorrow instead of happiness. But if you cast aside all fear of public opinion, and demand of Nature's God enough of happiness to serve you while you shall dwell upon the earth, believe us, you will receive it, for God never denies his earthly children those gifts which he feels to be absolutely necessary to their comfort and welfare hereafter.

Q.—What would you say of that class of people who have come together under the marriage law without possessing any qualifications for rendering each other happy?
A.—We should pity them and deplore their sad condition. But the furnace fire through which such unfortunate ones must pass will cause them to be regenerated, reprinted, and be the means of making them more perfect, more fit to enjoy the glories of the spirit world. We would suggest that such unhappy ones turn within the closest of their own being for counsel, and if the Almighty tells you to continue under those marital relations, which are the source of so much sorrow and misery to you, let your duty to adhere to those whom you have taken upon yourselves, until God shall see fit to dissolve those relations through death. But if that voice says, Cut asunder the bonds that bind you together as man and wife, and seek such happiness as the world can afford you, apart from each other, then by all means do so, for the precepts of God are right and just.

Come, when you are in doubt, and reason with the God of your nature, and believe us, that God will make all wrong right. We know there are many thousands writing in agony under the yoke of the marriage law, but we know at some time they have violated that law, it may be unwittingly, doubtless is, but the visitation of punishment is just the same as if they consciously sinned against that marriage law. If there were no penalty for laws trampled upon, whether civil, political, or spiritual, there would be no peace, no harmony, for through sorrow you learn wisdom, and by wisdom you march up the steep of life.

Nature has given you an index to the capacities of the human spirit, or the soul of man, and if you learn to read those indexes, you never need make any mistakes, never need fold a serpent to your bosom, or walk hand in hand through life with your enemy. The time is coming, yes, is even now with you, when the angels will assist you in reading those indexes aright, and in unfolding that which seems to lie closely wrapped in the mantle of mystery. Seek the aid of those who are close around you in spirit-life, and some one or more of that angel band, whose mission it is to attend you through life in mortal, will give you strength and power to read those indexes of the human spirit, and soon, instead of living in the tomb, you will find yourself standing upon the bill-tops of Liberty and Freedom, and surrounded by the light of Almighty God. Nov. 6.

Michael Sullivan.
I find it somewhat hard to speak here for I've not got much insight into these things. I've been told it's here we was to come to get a chance to go home, and I was told, too, that you treat with respect an Irishman as well as a Yankee. [Certainly, we make no distinction here.]

My name was Michael Sullivan. I was a member of the 10th Massachusetts Regiment, Company D. I got killed they say it is, but somehow or other I can't find myself killed at all, and just now I'm more alive than I was when on the earth. Well, I was killed at Fair Oaks, and I think myself lucky to be able to come back so soon, for I'm told that many are obliged to be here in the spirit-land for years, before they get a chance to come back. Well, I'm here, and I got folks in Fall River I'd like to talk to, and I don't know about my overthrowing their religion; but if I'm to be the first to knock away that thing, and let them down, why then I am I'm happy enough in the work, but the thing is to know how to set about it. I've been told that when once the first step was taken in this matter, I'd not find the task so hard a one, after all. So I take the step in coming here to-day. I didn't know what kind of a place I was coming to, and I thought it was like a confessional or so, but I find it isn't, and that you can't tell what you like here, and are not obliged to speak of things you don't care to.

I've friends in Fall River I'd like to talk to, if I could. Well, it's a small chance I got to be recognized in this thing. [Referring to the dress of our medium.] I think they'll know you if you only mention some circumstances of your life. Faith, I've got it now. I'll just tell what I said to my family when I was going away to war. "If I live to come home I'll have this house painted; but you can't get anything out of me now for I hate it done." The house will get unpainted a long time, I'm thinking, if they wait for me to paint it. [Can you give us the name of the man you worked for in Fall River?] Yes, I worked for a man by the name of Page, in Fall River, sometimes. I worked there, there, and everywhere. I spent most of my time

in Boston—that is, after I came from Pennsylvania, for I was in Pennsylvania when I first come over, and I'll tell you who I worked for. Do you know anybody by the name of Dunbar—Peter Dunbar? [Yes. He knows me. [Did you drive a truck for him?] Yes, a cart, or anything there was to be done. Well, say I'm happy, and should like something of this sort to go home in. [You'd like to have your folks call upon a medium, would n't you?] Well, I want them to call on something. I should like a body like this to talk through. Nov. 6.

Eugene B. Tyler.
Father, Mother, though now I live On the mystic side of life, Yet I've ne'er forgot the dear ones, Who still dwell amid mortal strife.

Though your spirit sometimes falters, And your vision grows less bright, Soon will the morn of promise, Soon the darkness fade in light.

Then mid strains of aerial music, Sounding forth from souls of joy, You will meet no more to part with Your Eugene, your spirit-boy.

EUGENE B. TYLER, of Madison, New York. Nov. 6.

Sarah Jane Packard.
I went away from my mother last winter, and she's mourned for me ever since. My name was Sarah Jane Packard. I didn't live here in Boston, but in New York. [New York City?] Yes, and I died with the scarlet fever. I've a sister left on the earth, and I've a brother here in the spirit-land. I was seven years old when I died. My father drives a hack, and we live on Columbia street. I do n't now, but used to.

My mother's father is here in the spirit-land, and he helps me come to-day, and he says for me to tell my mother, "that when the storms of this life are all over, then she'll find it very pleasant in the spirit-land;" and he wants her to know about it before she comes here, and I'm coming to tell her about it. It was in the night when I died, and it was snowing hard, and my mother was most crazy. You will tell her I came back, and tell her not to cry, and tell her to go where my grandfather can talk with her, and then I and my brother will come. He wants to talk with her alone. He do n't like to hear. Eddy is his name. [Do you remember your sister's name?] Yes, Elizabeth, or Lizzie.

My mother can't pay for my coming. [We do n't ask anything here.] Can I come here again if I want to? [Yes. I think you may.] I can tell her a good many things. I can tell her about my father; he's a away now, but I do n't want to here. Will I have to have the fever to go away from here? [No.] What'll I have? [Nothing. You'll pass away.] That little boy that was here just before me, you know? [Yes, Eugene Tyler.] He did n't live in New York City, but he lived in Madison, and he was twelve years old; older than I am. I can make poetry when I've been here in the spirit-land as long as he has. He do n't know how to talk in any other way than that. He never come here before. I never did. His folks will know him, he says. His folks live better than mine do. Nov. 6.

Captain Joel Winthrop.
Mr. Chairman, what do you require? [Merely that you identify yourself to your friends.] I am Captain Joel Winthrop, who fell at the battle of South Mountain. I am from Virginia, sir, and I propose to send thoughts across your lines, are you willing? [Certainly.] I have a wife and two young sons, at present residing in Norfolk. I first desire to inform them that I am a spirit, and am happy and well. I understand they have been informed that I was wounded, and am a prisoner in your hands.

I ask for the privilege of communing with my wife, that I may give some advice in reference to my sons. I do not feel acquainted with this method of communion, and I do not know what advice to give my wife in regard to a medium. I do not know where they are located. I would also be happy to commune with my brother, who, at last accounts, was said to be in the Federal army. His name is Benjamin, and he was living in Indiana four years since. But since the rebellion, as you are pleased to term it, broke out, I have had no intercourse with him. He saw fit to take one step, and I another; but, as a spirit, I desire to open communication with him.

I have nothing to say in regard to the position of either army, or with regard to the right or wrong of either, but I am here solely to commune with my family and friends. I cannot say what I may wish to do after this is accomplished. I was forty-two years old at the time of my death. [Did you belong in Richmond?] Yes; I may say I hailed from there. My wife and boys are in Norfolk, and I desire to commune with them. If I have been rightly informed, you extend enough of your sympathy to your rebel friends, to aid them so far as seems to be your duty. Have I been rightly informed? [You have.] Good-day, sir. Nov. 6.

Invocation.
Oh, Source of Strength, in our weakness we would come unto thee. Thou who art the everlasting Fountain of Wisdom, to thee we would come, drink and grow strong. Oh, Father and Mother of Life, we would touch the hem of thy garments and be healed. We feel that there is great necessity for mental strength; that we may bear the crosses of life to the goal of eternity, and receive there an un-fading crown of mental gems. Oh, Father and Mother of Life, we would lay upon thy altar all the thoughts, all the desires of thy children who are gathered here to-day. And we thank thee that that altar is in the midst of humanity, and that the sacrifices made unto thee thereon will be now and forever, acceptable unto thee, oh, Holy One. Oh, our Parent, thou who art ever guiding us, we thank thee for the glories thou hast showered upon us; we thank thee for the sunbeam, we thank thee for the shower, we thank thee for that which seemeth dark, and for that which is radiant with light. Oh, our Father, we ask for strength, and we feel it must come in accordance with our demands. Nov. 10.

Questions and Answers.
Ques.—Does the soldier who dies upon the battle-field die a natural death? And what are his sensations at the time of and immediately after death?
These are the questions we have been desired to speak upon this afternoon.

Ans.—There are no natural deaths save those which take place in ripe old age. Then the spirit is gently sundered from its physical body, or its relations with its mortal body are so quietly despatched, that there is no perceptible change; there is but a passing out of the relative condition of life, and entering upon another, which is more spiritual and more divine. Immediately after such a death, or rather birth, into the spirit-land, the spirit becomes free, and being in full possession of its faculties, at once realises intuitively its condition in the world of spirit or soul. When the electrical lamp of life hath burned up the last of the material forces, and that lamp hath gone out quietly, then we perceive a natural death, or natural birth into the spirit-world. But whenever there is any violent sundering of relations that exist between the two bodies, then there is perverted law; the conditions are unnatural, and consequently attended with more or less sorrow.

When the individual who dies upon the battle-field is first brought into rapport with death, or that change which is called death, he believes that the whole universe hath been suddenly, or violently shocked; that the shock is not alone due to him as an individual, but that all the universe hath felt it. Immediately after such a death has taken place, a dense darkness overshadows the spirit, and that spirit is lost in unconsciousness to outward objects, or in other words, it has no knowledge of its condition as a spirit; nor throughout upon the yet spiritual and Divine, because it is not as yet possessed

of a body that is requisite to its growth and progress in spirit-life. And that body is just as necessary to it and its spiritual unfoldings and its recognition of its surroundings, as your physical body is to the spirit while dwelling upon the earth. Without it, then, you are not able to recognize or grasp to any extent the conditions of immortality which surround you as a spirit, and upon a knowledge of which your happiness and comfort in the eternal future must depend. Thus the spirit must of necessity remain in a quiet condition until the Divine forces, or Nature, furnishes it with a body adapted to its use in that world of spirit to which it came an immature being.

The infant, who is ushered into your mundane existence prior to the full unfolding of its tiny organism, is unable to become fully related to your sphere of life, consequently it must pass out of that life and go into those primaries from which it had its origin; until the time arrives for its birth into the spirit-land. You are told that many of the inhabitants of the spirit-world experience only sorrow, that they are exceedingly unhappy and dissatisfied with their condition as spirits. Now this is so from the fact of their having been sent to the spirit-world before their proper time, or in other words, because they met death by violence. But it is no more so with regard to the soldier than with the suicide, or with those who die in early youth. And again we tell you, we know of no natural deaths among mortality save those that take place in ripe old age; for when the physical body has finished its work, when the spirit has drank therefrom the last force of vital life, and it is no longer necessary to the growth and development of the spirit of man, then the change which you call death takes place, and there is scarce a moment intervening between the conscious spirit in mortal life, and the conscious spirit in spirit-life.

If there is any gift of Nature you ought to pray for more than all others, it is that you may die a natural death. Although popular theology sometimes speaks largely in favor of death in infancy, although the lips of your popular teachers often enunciate things that they honestly believe to be right, nevertheless, we declare unto you that you are to set aside all forms of right and wrong that are established in art, and live in strict accordance with the laws of Nature, if you would be happy and contented in that future world that shall never know an ending. Seek to die naturally, that you may be born naturally into the spirit-world; that you do not go to the spirit-world before you have finished your work upon the earth, and then, by the force of necessity that is ever backed up by eternal law, be obliged to return and walk over those same rough paths of life again, in order that your mission upon the earth may be fulfilled, and that peace and happiness may at last be yours in the world of spirit.

The soldier who falls upon the battle-field dies no natural death. The fine and delicate cords of life that bind the spirit to the physical body, are violently sundered, rudely out apart, and think you the vibrations of that shock are not felt by the sensitive spirit? Think you that the spirit of the soldier does not suffer deeply in consequence of its sudden and unnatural separation from the physical body, that has so long encaused it?

Verily, we tell you, it does. When the unnatural spirit in spirit-life hath been possessed of its spiritual body, which is to enable it to grasp the conditions of eternity, it at once recognizes that it hath come to the spirit-world prematurely, and deploras with more intensity of remorse its condition as a spirit than it is possible for mortality to conceive of.

Oh, these wondrous machines of life are alike human and divine. They contain within themselves the vast volume of immortality; yea within your own being is a fountain of eternal life. Then read of its pages, drink from its fountain, and earnestly pray that you may die naturally.

Q.—Do those who pass on to the spirit-land without children, live eternally without having children?
A.—The natural reproductive forces that originate in blood and brain, are not necessary to the existence of the disembodied spirit, or, in other words, the possession of children is not essential to the spiritual unfolding of the disembodied spirit. And yet they who are childless here, are not so of necessity in the world of spirit. But the children of the mind and of the physical form differ somewhat. The individual dwelling in the spirit-land, may possess as many children as there are thoughts, or portions of thought emanating from the spirit, for thought is the child in spirit-land.

Q.—There seems to be a discrepancy between what you say in regard to the length of time the spirit remains unconscious after death, and what Andrew Jackson Davis says upon that subject. He tells us that the spirit, after its separation from the body, remains unconscious for the space of three days. Please explain this difference?
A.—The space of time, or condition of unconsciousness that belongs to one, does not of necessity belong to another; and whereas one spirit might remain unconscious after having passed through the change called death, by mortals, for three days, another might remain unconscious for three years, and still another one might not perceive any time at all between its separation from the body and its entrance into the spirit-land. There is no rule, either in this condition of unconsciousness or any other related to spirit-life, by which we can measure more than one individual. The length of time a spirit may remain unconscious after the change called death, depends somewhat upon the condition of that spirit at the exact time of its separation from the mortal body. If there is an intense activity pervading the spirit, an intense desire for wisdom, then such an one will awake speedily in the spirit-land. But if the spirit is sluggish, and perhaps demands or requires more rest than was allotted to it while in the flesh, then that desired rest will be granted the disembodied spirit, and it may slumber for months, and even years, before it awakes to the realities of spirit-life.

Q.—What is the sphere of the individual spirit, or how is it circumscribed? And is there anything analogous to it in Nature?
A.—To the capacities of that individual spirit. We do not mean a localized condition of the spirit; we mean the mental capacity. It may perhaps extend around the universe, and it may not. That depends upon the internal perceptions of the individual spirit. The sphere again may be called the peculiar atmosphere in which the spirit lives; moves, and by which it acts, and to which it is accountable for its every act. The spirit cannot step outside its own sphere, for its movements are regulated by a law as immutable and fixed as is the external universe upon which you can gaze. Perfect law and order are the conditions of spirit-life. The individual spirit is capable of perceiving only through its own sphere, because it cannot live in the sphere of another. Should the spirit attempt to wander outside its own sphere, it would be at once lost in the great ocean of life, and the term individualized life would be a mere sound without a meaning. Nov. 10.

William Sawin.
They say that knowledge that do n't come from experience is no knowledge at all. If that is true, and I believe it is, I suppose I may consider myself possessed of knowledge in one certain direction, at any rate.

I went out to war with the three months' volunteers in the early part of the rebellion. I was a member of the Boston Light Artillery, and while we were in camp, I, through carelessness, lost my life, or lost my body, I should say. I had stepped upon the gun carriage, for the purpose of adjusting some portion of it. I do n't remember, what, when my pistol, from some cause, or other, fell out of my pocket, struck against something hard, causing its sudden discharge and my death at the same time; the ball passing through the apex of the heart; I felt no pain. I did not know that I was shot, but I seemed to intuitively know that I was about to die, not from any feeling that I experienced, but a voice within me seemed to whisper, "You are shot, and

must die." Just then it seemed as if I was suddenly crushed between two great bodies that had come and died together. After that, I appeared to float in the brightest atmosphere imaginable. It was more radiant, than the sun. Gradually the atmosphere seemed to fade away, and I seemed to fall into darkness. Then I did not care where I was. The feeling that I had was one of total indifference, and although I realized that I had passed through some kind of a change, yet I did not comprehend the nature of that change.

From that condition I was roused by a feeling that I was wanted by God—that I had a mission to perform. I found myself in possession of a body that so bore resemblance to the one that I had owned upon earth, that I could hardly believe that I had changed worlds. But I soon discovered, that this changed body was not the exact counterpart of the physical body I had so suddenly been deprived of, but that I was henceforth to use that. Then I began to be unhappy; I began to perceive that I was in the spirit-world, and that I had come to that world to work, and must, in consequence of my unnatural birth, experience much suffering and sorrow. No one told me so, but I seemed to feel that it would be so.

Shortly after this, I seemed to desire to follow the voice that was calling me. I put forth an effort to answer it. I exercised my will, and I found I had been called for by one of my comrades, who was an earnest believer in Spiritualism. As soon as I came within the sphere of his magnetism, I began to perceive that he was a kingdom, or a world, or a universe himself; and this suggested the thought that I, too, might be one. So I turned to examine self, and I found that I was no less a kingdom myself than he was, and that if I was ever happy or contented in the exact way of doing my duty anywhere, it must be by helping others, and by using the forces and capacities I was endowed with, as a spirit. And as quick as I took up this work, I began to be happy and contented with my condition, because I found that I had something to do. That's as far as I've gone in the spirit-world.

I've many dear friends here on earth that I'd like to meet and to commune with, and for whom it seems sometimes that I'd be willing to forfeit almost anything; but when I see that I cannot meet them only half way, that I can only do my part, and that they must do theirs also, then I begin to feel content to wait until they are so far spiritually advanced as to know how to do their part. [Will you give me your name?] William Sawin—that's my name. Nov. 10.

Willie Lincoln.
If you please, sir, I wish to send something to my father and mother. [Say what you choose.] First, I wish to tell my father and mother that, I was present when they stood looking at my body the day after I left it, they wondering where I was, and if I could know how bad they felt at my departure. I was there, in company with my grandfather and other members of my family, and if my father and mother will only provide me with a body like this through which I can come, and through which I can speak, I'll can't write through a medium yet, I will come and will give them all the evidence they ask for to prove that I was present that day, and have been present many times since then.

My grandfather says it will be very difficult for me to reach my parents under existing conditions. I do n't think so; though perhaps it's because I'm a little boy, and do n't know so much about these things as he does, but I can't help thinking that my father and mother will furnish me with a suitable medium. I could tell them many things to prove who I am, if it were in any other place except so public a one as this. And my grandfather recommends I should reserve all these things for a private interview with them.

I am Willie Lincoln, son of Abraham Lincoln. [Do you remember ever coming here before?] Yes, sir. [Your little brother got well.] Yes, sir. I know you did, for your father was sick, and that he was n't going to die? And I told you true. [Do you know that your mother is in town?] Yes, sir; that brings me here. Tommy is here, too. Good-by. [This little boy came to us, one day, through the brother of our medium, and informed us that his father was sick, even before we were made acquainted of the fact through material sources, and told us that the angels were guarding him, and that he would not die at that time.] Nov. 10.

Charlotte Williams.
I have been free from earth sixteen months. I died in New York city. My name was Charlotte Williams. I was thirty seven years old. I committed suicide. I poisoned myself. 'Twas said, by some of my friends, that I was influenced to commit suicide by outside influences; but we are told, here in the spirit-world, that no suicides become such except through conditions pertaining to their own nature. So back upon ourselves is thrown all the onerous, all the burden, and we must bear it until we can get rid of it by natural means.

I left a little one five weeks old on the earth; and a husband, who was kind, in his way. For months I had been melancholy and unhappy. I knew not why. But after the birth of my child, this melancholy amounted to insanity. And my insanity was not caused by the ill-treatment of my husband, and I am here to contradict such a statement. My insanity had its origin within my own being, and was developed because I was ignorant and did not understand the laws governing my own being, and so in consequence of ignorance I became insane, and through insanity was prompted to commit suicide.

Many suppose that we are not accountable for acts committed during insanity, but the penalty is just the same as if we had acted consciously, or knowingly. If we trespass upon any of the laws of our being, whether ignorantly or otherwise, the penalty is the same. So I suffer as a suicide. I suffer in feeling, because had I lived here on the earth as long a time as Nature designed me to, I might have done much and fulfilled my natural mission here; but through ignorance I became insane, and sent myself, though ignorantly, to the spirit-world, that I might work out a hard salvation here.

I've been exceedingly troubled because my friends have attributed my death to neglect and ill-treatment upon the part of my husband. Indeed, they went so far as to meditate instituting legal measures in regard to the affair; and could I have been spoken of my condition in spirit life, and of suffering that I had heaped upon myself because of my own ignorance, I should have told them; then, they were spending their time for nothing, since I'd be an answerable and accountable for my death.

I do not pretend to say that that individual was all he might have been to me, nor will I pretend to declare that I was all I should have been to him when on the earth; but this I will say: that he had no thing to do with my condition as a suicide; that the cause was with me, and was developed, as I said before, through my ignorance, and should be in no way attributed to my husband.

I desire my friends to talk with me privately, and I will then unfold to them more than I can here. When I was questioned by my friends with regard to what I had done, and what I took poison for, I could not tell them, for at first I was unable to comprehend my condition. But as I neared the spirit-world my brain became clear, and I then knew what they said; and if I had had power then, I should have said, "Blame no one but me." But I had not the power; I could not speak. If you'll publish my feeble remarks, which are truth, I'll thank you for it all I can give. Nov. 10.

GAMBLING.—Let every man avoid all sorts of gambling as he would poison. A poor man or boy should not allow himself to be led up for a half penny, for this is the beginning of a habit of gambling; and this habit, if it comes on by slow degrees, will be, in the end, his ruin. He is playing the same game, and he is sure to win. A gambler never makes good use of his money, even if he should win.

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