

BANNER OF LIGHT.

WEEKLY JOURNAL OF
LITERATURE AND
GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

VOL. XII.

(TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR,
PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.)

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1862.

(RETAIL PRICE PER COPY,
FIVE CENTS.)

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 "wound her up," 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 referred 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. We 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 lock 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 not trouble you. You may go as often as you please. I like to go once in a while 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. Marlowe 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 those 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 often to which it was attached, I was 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 countenance of Emma, when she gave me the old house key, should recur to me?

She was a comparative stranger to me; she was shy, reserved, and yet in common with all such persons, a minute observer, and let nothing escape her.

What 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 refilling 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—one clear blue spot gave promise of a fine evening, and I walked rapidly in the direction of the paragon—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. Meanwhile, I walked on till I found myself at the paragon 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 silk, 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 close 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 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 not 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 chilliness 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 a while.

"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 not 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 woman, 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 for your efforts to do so. I judge her to be affectionate, but a little distrustful."

I could see that the husband was a little fearful that she would not give him as favorable an im-

pression as he wished me 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 that 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. Marlowe 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, 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. Marlowe 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, uncommunicative people; they have a certain shade 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 in 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 not 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. Marlowe 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 regular 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 sprung from my arms and Emma rose to take him.

"Please take him a little while," I said, "and that I may arrange those newspapers again," and then I 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 proof."

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 Marlowe on the subject; but I knew he was already prejudiced against Emma, and would at once pronounce her guilty; and attribute her offence to womanly coquetry. Then he 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 one 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. You know, 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 blushed 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 caress, 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 dress 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 sister's 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 ruffling 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! Wasn'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 not 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 not 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 Elms. 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 could not help, in my anxiety for the paper, of opening my whole heart to Mr. Harmon. It was a

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

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

"Where was the paper when you faintest? 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 faintest 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 not 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 read 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 came over one 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 our house the other day."

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

"You need not 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 secretory, 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—it 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 don'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 fervent 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 think you'd weary of her for company; he thinks she is n't more than half-witted—but if report speaks true, you do not depend on her for company."

Again I felt the hot blood tingle 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 some 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 blid 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."

She had now the power over me, and she used it. "Oh yes, you don't know that all Burdett is ringing with your engagement to the Judge! And the general opinion is, that your widowhood is so short."

Now, reader, I have already shown you that, though the most prominent character in this story, I am not the heroine, nor have I the qualities to make one. I should have been very weak and dove-like in the hands of my tempter, but I forgot all my resolutions of forbearance and gentleness, and I do think I could have seen the old housekeeper and

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

"Folks will talk, you know," (the housekeeper kept stooping her pins into my quivering flesh.)

"Well, let them talk," I said, "and I'll give them something worth talking about another time."

Our hardest words are sometimes prophetic.

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 older 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 let 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 very well that she can sometimes say disagreeable things, but she will not trouble you more than once that way. 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 deph! 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 that I like so much. I listen and knit, and am thankful that I have a brother Maurice.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

Written for the Banner of Light.

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—buttuh thundah—doah. Never mind what Webster and McCaffy 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 while 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—you will be happy to see her at another time. If you feel any compunctions of conscience when you see this 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 elaborate. Put as much "haute-couture" in your bearing as you can command; if you do not know the meaning of the word, ask Miss McPherson.

A gentleman is known by his dress. Wear a large gold ring, with a massive red set. A watch-chain with a small fob the size of a hen's egg. Get a cane, if possible. Boast your hair with much, and wear it with a stove-pipe hat, for remember a gentleman is a human being standing between a polished pair of boots and a polished hat.

After a lady has been introduced to a man in the lady's room, she is to draw in the lady's room, and on the "look-out" constantly 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 suit 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.

Written for the Banner of Light.

SONG OF A SOUL IN DESPONDENCY.

BY BELL 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,

And I see 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 thrills my waking,

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 woo me back. Alas!

How have I wandered back!

'T was joyous to sweep through the fields of light,

On the pinions 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 ah!

All light from my yearning soul.

Doubt, grimly porter or wild 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 mingles 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 the

bark, 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 the buds were,

and every winter ere she flew, and still flies, from

the wood, to pluck them, much to the farmer's sor-

row. The rabbit, too, was not slow to learn the

trick 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 in 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 booted with delight, finding it just the

place for him; so, settling down into it, he has re-

mained there ever since.—Thornton.

VITALITY OF THE NORTH.—The population of the

loyal States is about 23,000,000, or 5,000,000 more

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 inauguration, 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. 6, 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, Yolo, 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 fruit 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, as they grow, and water flowed," and the declaration of the Bible, also, which says: "Quoted be the man who removeth his neighbors' landmarks," 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, than the Aboriginal tribes 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 atheistic 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 cruel 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 us 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 defenseless 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 incapacity, 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 full heart 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 waste, 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 desolation 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 evicted his people out of their due for years, and that spiders 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. Sibley, 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 aided 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 to 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; and to depend upon the statesmen alone of local agents and others who are often so much biased, and in fear of the Indians, who are so much surprised when they are told that the whole truth of what is due to the Indians; and that instead of being a source of terror and waste, they will become a source of strength and wealth.

of depriving them of which is discreditable 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 placed outside the Indian Territory, to prevent the intrusion of "unscrupulous" thieves and vagabonds who infect all our Territories.

bright spirits, to whose inspiration I owe my power to address my thought of beloved listeners. I feel as I do firmly believe, Spiritualism, received, fostered in the heart, and shining forth in the lives of people, does manifest itself in the form of Samaritanism. I am about to quit this city of both 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 desired 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 weeks since, namely, why I did not redeem my promise of lecturing in New York? To this query, I have taken occasion to reply: I never made any such promise, since I know of no Spiritualists in New York desirous to exact such an one from me; furthermore, I add, that without any invitation at all, I last January and February fired 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 unknown to me, I conducted 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 recitators, to charge this liberality amongst the "ists," to the "ism," 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 assurances 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 I earnestly hope that there may be yet enough of the spirit of Spiritualism 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!

REPLY TO ANNIE EMER.

BY COUSIN BENJAMIN.

What I tired 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 invested
Will bring rich rewards in the end.
Let us then take the world as we find it,
Believing, if well understood,
There is a more shadow than sunshine,
There is not more evil than good.

You ask, is there peace in our cottage,
Or is our heartstone free from all strife,
If unworldly discords never enter,
To mar the sweet sunshine of life?
Ah yes, we meet the tempter,
And find it his absolute way.
But we find it unpleasant, no 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, 1892.

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 save our drooping spirits, almost faithless, from the vortex of forlorn 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! Not of the first magnitude, then of the second, as a lecturer for the principles of the Harmonical Philosophy. Although quite young, she attests things well becoming those of mature years. Exceedingly well chosen 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 an appreciation of her powers will be felt by thousands who will yet hear and be filled with her holy influence.
William, Conn., Nov. 24, 1892.

Her mind and voice are equally valuable in life, but the latter, unlike the former, have a value after death. Simple people may eat, but should not talk. Their mouths will do well enough, but their tongues will not.

WARREN CHASE IN QUINCY.

DEAR BANNER.—The following is an abstract of a discourse delivered in Quincy, Mass., on Sunday, Nov. 28d, 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 cruelties 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 yourself? 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. EDITOR.—Will you allow space in your columns for a brief explanation of my views, as the extracts from a manuscript in your issue of Nov. 22d, place me in a false position. In that I am made to say that the negative of one 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 of upward to other planets, and uniting 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 Orthodox would say, (world) and I say, Universe without end. Amen.
Westfield, N. Y., Dec. 1, 1892.
J. T.

Correspondence.

Letter from Corn Wilburn.

I am indebted to the kindness and attention of Mr. D. Bickford 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 enveloped in buffalo robes. The country through which we passed was level in the extreme; but in the summer time, the waving, plenteous 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 stone and wood are comfortable for officers and men. Ferry boats were crossing the stream, and soldiers hieing 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 neat 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 bench beneath. The falls come dashing down some thirty feet, silver-clear, and musically bubbling; 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-lives. 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 at the maddest of mad? These wretched women, many of them 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. Be it then; but do not, for the Christ love you, want to loudly, visit upon unoffending 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; thus 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 have told me that the cruel murders of the past summer, the horrid orgies exercised, were all contrary to the Indian mode of warfare; therefore, it is certain, that a subtler and more cruel foe frustrated 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 reality of the day; some of the women were squallid and repulsive in the extreme; and distantly repellant were the little papposes, with begrimed faces and unkempt heads, clad upon their mothers' backs, and enveloped in the all-screaming blanket. A few old women would have served as models for Maebeth's witches of the Heath, or for belated forms such as appear in the old romances. Some, looked stern and angry; others, smiling and embarrassed. The kind guard who walked with us through the

encampment, spoke pithily of these outcast children of our God; he spoke of them as became 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, a pleasant, positive 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.

From the envying stillness I turn often in contemplation to my familiar homes in the dear Quaker city; to the sea-washed shores of Massachusetts; where, still I know, some love me. That we may meet some day, and relate the gathered experiences, is the fervent wish of the friend and learner, who subscribes herself in truth, yours,
CORN WILBURN.

Minneapolis, Minnesota, Nov. 25, 1892.

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 are 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 Chesnut 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 can 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." Bad 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 walls of sorrow, above the dim and confusion of battle, and assure us there is no death.

But I have intruded 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, I remain,
Ever yours for truth,
Laura DeForce Gordon,
Portland, Me., Nov., 1892.

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 beams 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 greet me,
And with loving clasps enfold;
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 mystic tread,
And it bends 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,
Faith 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,
Duty-bound, faith o'erstepred,
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 my spirit growth lighter,
Stronger, for the comfort given;
And a new-born joy within me,
Whispereth, "I am near Heaven."
[California Mercury.]

BRIEF REPORT OF THE CENTREVILLE, PA., CONVENTION.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]
The third Annual Meeting of Bradford county Progressionists, 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 Flat, N. Y., was chosen President, who made a few pertinent remarks, then introduced his companion—a good trance 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 doctrine, 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 him, followed by Mrs. Miller, which 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 error nor my ability will permit of doing this new speaker ample 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 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 an inglorious retreat," in which his own brother lent him good advice and some physical force, to cut loose his bombast and blackguardism, and quicken his page in glad retreat.
Adjourned until August, 1893.

H. M. Miller, Secretary.
Nov. 10, 1892. Assisted by W. H. Johnston.

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. The Western States, if we except those which retain a remnant of slavery, and from divided loyalty and fluctuating policy have been ravaged by armies and plundered by guerrilla bands of land pirates, have never presented more extensive and flattering prospects of agricultural prosperity and improvement. Scarcely an instance can be found where a farmer has abandoned, or postponed building, or making an improvement on account of the war, unless it was because he could not find men to do the work.

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, however much some disappointed politicians may talk on the eve, or heel, of an election; even these give the lie to their words, by their actions and desire to get into office. The people of the West have the fullest confidence in the ability of the loyal States to maintain absolute jurisdiction over all the National Territory inside or outside of State sovereignty, and twice they have shown their ability to do their share of the work by driving the rebel armies across two Slave States into the sparsely settled regions of cotton and cane, and have taken and still hold the important cities and strongholds of Western rebellion, and wait for the East to fetch up its end of the army. But the army of the Potomac has faltered and failed, and delayed and disappointed the West, and the country at large, and no wonder the people lost confidence in the managing officers, and yet the people, East or West, have never lost confidence in the Government, or its powers, if properly exercised. Notwithstanding the failure of the campaigns in Virginia, which history will no doubt attribute to the tardiness, timidity, or disloyalty of Generals, (for the soldiers and officers of regiments and companies, have fully proved it was not their fault or inability.) Still there is no lack of confidence manifested in New England or the Middle States. Extensive and expensive improvements are going forward in city and country, as if no war convulsed us.

In Lowell, Mass., every cotton manufacturing corporation is making more or less improvements as they are needed for increased business. Two have torn their mills down and built larger and better; the shares of stock have risen, and some of them have made more by rise of goods and shares since they stopped, than while running. Other and lesser manufacturing towns show corresponding signs of improvement and confidence.

The woolen mills are crowding the laborers, and often taking the hours usually assigned to rest. The clothing establishments are crammed and crowded with busy men and women, and still the doorways are lined with posters calling for laborers. The ship-yards and docks are musical with the sound of hammer and saw and derick and truck, and laborers are wanted everywhere. No wonder, then, the volunteers came slow at last, even at high bounties, and the draft brought reluctant men to the army. It was because business was so good at home.

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; but it is probable more have made money by it, than have lost as yet—the loss will come when prices fall, not when they rise; but this hinges upon the currency which I will make the subject of another article. I am sure from personal observation, and extensive travel—for I have traveled in sixteen States the present year—that our country is in a high state of prosperity.

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. You furnish the men, we will furnish the dollars. California has sent on to the Sanitary Commission \$250,000, and we expect to reach the high figure of \$500,000 before January next. Every city and village, every mining precinct, and every large mining corporation are striving to take all the stock they can get in this heavenly enterprise. Let the praise for her liberality be sung in every land by every tongue. Let San Francisco stand in the front for her liberality to the distressed. The great heart of the whole people is touched in the right way, and the double eagles come in by thousands from all parts of the State; and Nevada Territory is taking stock in this Temple, by sending in her silver bricks, to build a monument to her liberality. I think her donations will reach to 75 or \$100,000. So cheer up, Mr. Editor; the dark clouds which have surrounded the minds of men are breaking away, and disclosing to the astonished vision of the world the fact that all men are brothers, and that the heart of man is not deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked. The world is fast purifying itself; and when, after grim war shall have spent its rage, and the mantle of peace be spread over the land, every one will try to see what share of all this is to be charged to himself, that he may repent, and turn from his evil ways. Then shall communion with angels be more fully open, free, and constant, which is the prayer of your humble servant,

L. AMSTRONG.

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. I herewith enclose \$1.00 for that purpose, and I hope you will be responded to by others, to an amount, at least, that will cover the expenses, so that you can continue to devote one page of your sheet for those communications. I know of no means by which such a realizing knowledge of the spirit-world can be obtained—short of being actually introduced into it—as is furnished by these communications. The lowest are no less interesting and important than the highest, inasmuch as they give us an idea of that part of the spirit-world into which the most of us will no doubt be first introduced after leaving this. And they show us the unhappy condition which may be avoided by our efforts here before the change is made. God grant the medium's life may be spared for continued usefulness in this department, and should you not be supported by your subscribers in continuing the publication of the messages, I beg you will make reduction in your expenses in any other way rather than this."

A correspondent at Cleveland, Ohio, in speaking

of our Free Public Circles, says: "We hope that the friends of the cause will help you 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. Oh, how gladly I thank you for your kind paper. May the spirit in the spheres, and those on the earth-plane, strengthen your hands."

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 never was 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. 3, UP STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

FOR TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION SEE EIGHTH PAGE.

LUTHER COLBY, 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. We can give no assurance of permanent adherence even to these rates, if the price of paper continues to advance.

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. Dr. Bethune—lately dead—once began a discourse by saying, that the first duty of every man was to keep his family off the town. This is practical and sensible; as things go, it is as much one of the laws of Nature as anything else in which goes more strictly by that name. As Emerson says, in one of his Essays—"You come to me with a request that I should give half a dollar for the benefit of the poor: are they my poor? I can give them Love, but what right has any man to ask of me my Money?" Not that he deems money the more precious, by any means, but he was positive that that, at least, was his own, and not another's.

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. So much is everywhere wasted! The economy of God's Universe preaches to us from each mote and atom; not a flower but discourses in the same strain from its little pulpit. When we expend our power in vain, we waste ourselves while we part needlessly with our resources; and it ought to be borne in mind much more than it is.

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. That seems to be the talisman of the present age. It has given us insurance companies, railways, steamers, coals, oils, gas, and a great number of other comforts and conveniences, by whose aid the world has gone ahead with much more rapidity than it could have done without them; for they have furnished us all with new and more plentiful security against failure and poverty, and provided for us that degree of leisure which is the very crown and glory of human existence.

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. And such is found to be the case generally. If you believe in your minister, you will of course support him; and when you view the matter differently, as by losing confidence either in him or his doctrines, you will just as surely withdraw that support. If you are fed and nourished with the particular newspaper which advocates the great truths by which your life itself is anchored fast, you will as soon part with your own being as refuse to sustain that which brings you such a fund of permanent joy. There is a necessity in these matters; and you can no more escape from them than you can from yourself.

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. We must needs support our own speakers, and sustain our own organs of thought and sentiment. We must either be positive in our own cause and our own behalf, or the positiveness of others, in their schemes and theories, will even deprive us of that power we originally possessed. Stick to your own, and so all others will receive benefit. Man must be well rooted and grounded in his faith, or he stands on sand, and may be shifted about by the winds and waters of their pleasure. And if we are conscious of doing a

benefit to another, it becomes us at once to make a practical acknowledgment by ennobling 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. We continue to strengthen ourselves in that conviction, every day we live. And so, when we see proposals put forth, on this side and that, looking to the chance of every man's having a home in due time for himself, where he may own the fee simple of every foot of rock, dirt, and soil on his estate, we are made newly glad with the discovery. It must be, we think, that the millennium means not much more than the day when everybody shall have and enjoy a home of his own.

The West has put out a great many attractive schemes to the enterprising men of the East, in the way of offering them land in large quantities at very low rates; and it is undeniable that it has drawn off to its bosom an immense volume of emigrations. Not less from the East, either, than from nearly all the European nations. Our older States, therefore, have been pretty much overlooked, as well as drained of their vigor and productive power; and rich lands, fat with promises to future generations, still lie unplowed right in the heart of States like New York and Pennsylvania. Were the resources of the great Empire State, for instance, to be duly comprehended by the majority of our people, they could hardly contain themselves for the surprise they would feel at the new discovery.

An advertisement in another part of the BANNER, headed—"CHAMP 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 unplowed land lying in Hamilton, Cattaraugus, Warren, Genesee, Erie, Ontario, Saratoga, and other counties of the Empire State, for the immediate and unconditional disposal of which he is the appointed agent; and that these desirable lands, lying so near home, and what the railroads are finished, within seven hours' ride of the commercial centre of this continent, are to be sold in quantities to suit the purchasers for the low price of from twenty-five cents to ten dollars per acre! The terms are—Cash or approved securities.

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 wish for. More than half the entire tract lies in famous Hamilton County, and fifty miles wide from the New York Central Railroad, the depot being at Amsterdam. The soil is rich and productive; lakes, streams, and forests abound; deer and other wild game are to be had for the mere seeking; the streams offer their shoulders all the way along to water-wheels, and the trout-brooks' entire length are the crack anglers from New York, Philadelphia, and Boston. There seems to be nothing left in that region which heart could ask for, unless it might be more towns and cities; and these will grow up just as fast as the lands themselves are taken.

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. A railroad, already graded—viz., the Hudson River and Lake Ontario—runs within a dozen miles of them, and a branch railway, already surveyed, passes directly through them already. When these travelling and forwarding facilities are completed, the tract will be within an easy seven hours' ride of New York City.

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. It is presumptuous to connect the name of Prof. Brittan with any two terms like those. He offers first-class lands, right at home, at low rates, and in quantities to suit purchasers. Send to him for a Circular, No. 407 Fourth street, New York—which will give all the information respecting these lands that you may desire.

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 two chief topics discussed are the National Expansion and Emancipation; to the latter he devotes the larger part of his space, and the burden of his appeals, arguments and exhortations. He proposes, in brief, that Congress shall by a requisite two-thirds vote, adopt certain amendments to the Constitution, and then recommend to the States severally to do the same; should three-fourths of the latter ratify, either by their Legislatures, or in Convention, the proposed amendments, they would then become a permanent part of our common Constitution.

The President's plan is a simple one, viz., for the United States, under authority of these Constitutional Amendments, to compensate the Slave-holding States for either the instant abolition 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. He proposes this beneficent plan to Congress and the country, because, he deems slavery, in the first place, to be the only cause of dissension among the people of the country, and its removal, in a quiet, efficient way, will, therefore, remove the trouble itself from our midst; and furthermore, because it is the most economical mode of terminating the war and securing permanent peace to the nation. He argues well, that the burden of the cost of this compensated emancipation will not be felt all at once, for the slaves will not be likely to be set free all at once; and by the time the limit set for their emancipation (1900) is reached, our population will have reached the mark of over one hundred millions, and that larger number will be much better able, with the constantly developing resources of the continent, to shoulder such a debt, than our present thirty odd millions are. This part of the Message deserves to be carefully read by every patriot and man of progress.

Well says Mr. Lincoln at the close of his annual communication to Congress—"Fellow citizens, we cannot escape history. We are like the pyramids, through which we pass will light us down, in honor or dishonor, to the latest generation." We say that we are for the Union. The world will not forget that, while we say this, we do not know how to save

the Union. 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. We shall nobly save, or meanly lose, the best hope of the earth. Other means may succeed—this could not fail. The way is plain, peaceful, generous, just. A way, which, if followed, the world will forever applaud, and God must forever bless."

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

The Adelphian 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. To this end, the disposition, wants, and capacities of each pupil are studied, and the course of training pursued, adapted as far as possible, to their individual requirements. They are neither forced into studies beyond their comprehension, nor compelled to commit to memory the precise language of the text-books employed; but they are rather encouraged to seek for the ideas and principles involved in each day's lesson, and then clothe them in words of their own selection. Care also is taken that the pupils shall not be burdened with too many lessons, or overtaxed in the division of them; and until they are quite advanced the system of classification is not adhered to, but individual recitation is preferred, as more advantageous to the pupil. And while the moral and intellectual faculties are being unfolded, the claims of the physical to the proper amount of exercise, will in no case be neglected; but out-door sports and gymnastic exercises are heartily encouraged, and in pleasant weather frequent rambles through the woods and over the neighboring hills are enjoyed by both teachers and pupils. Thus is a love of Nature fostered, and the youthful mind taught to regard it as the beautiful revelation of a loving Father's power and wisdom. Hence, it will be seen that it is not the object of this school to make fashionable young ladies of those committed to its fostering 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. Humantly asks for more of these beautiful flowers to blossom in yet greater perfection, that the moral atmosphere around us may be fragrant with the aroma of virtue, purity, and love—and shall the cry be unheeded? It is hoped not. There are institutions of learning springing up, which are designed to meet the demands of the times. There are earnest laborers in the field, ready to aid in the great work of developing and elevating the character of woman, by a system of education suited to their needs.

It is hoped and believed that such institutions, and such works, will receive the support and encouragement they required to make their success certain. Among these the Principals of the Adelphian Institute would respectfully present their claims to a share of the public patronage, with the assurance on their part that every improvement which may be made in the manner of instructing the young will be cheerfully adopted by them, and every possible means employed to meet the wishes of their patrons in the education of those committed to their care.

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. Pupils received at any age. For Circulars containing particulars, address Miss BAZEL BUSH, Associate Principal.

The Spirit Photographs.

We recently made an arrangement with Mr. J. W. Black, photographer, of this city, to test the reliability of these pictures. He has had a sitting with Mr. Mumler, but not with the satisfactory results he could have desired. A spirit picture appears on the negative with himself—a card from which we have in our possession—yet the likeness of what purports to be a spirit is so indistinct as not to be recognized as one of his spirit friends, yet sufficiently so to distinguish a form by his side.

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.

We understand that several reliable gentlemen of this city have lately had photographs made by Mr. Mumler, which pictures, purporting to be of spiritual origin, have been recognized as legitimate by the friends of the deceased.

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:

MRS. STRAUB.—This is to certify that I, Mrs. Isaac Babbitt, have a Spirit Photograph of my husband, taken at my rooms, by Mr. Mumler. It is recognized by all that have seen it, who knew him when upon earth, as a perfect likeness, and I am myself satisfied, that his spirit was present, although invisible to mortals.

Yours, with respect,

MRS. ISAAC BABBITT.

Forest Avenue,

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

Church Bigotry.

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. Thinking men cannot believe in "total depravity," as taught by the Orthodox priesthood. It is repugnant to their common sense—hence, they are becoming disenthralled, and are joining the ranks of Spiritualism, where they can enjoy the beautiful truths of immortality, as taught by the New Philosophy. We feel that the Church has performed its mission. It has ceased to progress, and like the Jews when Christ made his advent, they must give place to the New Religion of the Nineteenth Century.

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, *prolo!* 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 "see the mark." If a person runs away with another man's wife, the husband holds the editor responsible, if he does not make the attempt to return the "guilty pair," or "expose" them. If a lover jilts his "intended," the editor must "expose" him, or be held "responsible" for all damage done in the premises. If spirits desire to have their pictures taken on cards—and can secure a physical law, but little understood at this time, by the aid of the magnetism of a person of susceptible temperament—and do so, the skeptic insists that the editor should denounce the whole thing as a "humbug" at once. If he does not, and is willing to wait and investigate the matter thoroughly, before giving a definite opinion, he is accused as a party interested, etc. An editor cannot be everywhere at the same time. He is often obliged to rely on the evidence of others, and he gives such evidence to his readers, leaving it with them to be the judges. And thus it is, *ad infinitum*.

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. When they prove otherwise, we are in duty bound to cancel such an advertisement. A man may be good to-day, and bad to-morrow. It is morally impossible for an editor to keep the run of everybody's doings. He endeavors to guard against imposition. This is all he can do. And he is no more responsible for the "short-comings" of other folks than "the man in the moon."

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 doesn't 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. We cannot see it as the Secretary of State does. John Bull knows better; he cuts with it, and says (through the Times) that in case of America declining their mediation, then intervention would have to come; and that meant only war. And so it does. Napoleon does not once allude to the great object for which we are at war. He speaks of nothing but the blood-letting and the tobacco business which has been suddenly brought to a stand. And now, if he could manage to gain for the rebels six long months, just at the critical moment when the rebel movement gives the surest signs of its death agony, it would be the final finish to everything like Union on this Continent, or the progress of liberal ideas. The South could in that time be nicely supplied with goods that would be smuggled into their ports on a scale unprecedented in history, and made all ready to go on with the war refreshed and renewed, and more certain of victory for their infernal cause than ever.

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 of slaves, 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 ice and oranges, fish and fossils, 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. Every true Democrat will then have duties and responsibilities requiring all the powers of mind and heart."

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

Sighing and Whimpering.

This sighing 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 ingrained—something belonging to the character, and cannot be begged of or cried after as children bawl and blubber for toys. As a writer says about it, "Those who have the most of it think the least about it. But in the thinking about, and doing their duty, happiness comes—because the heart and mind are occupied with earnest thought that touches at a thousand points the beautiful and sublime realities of the Universe; the heart and mind are brought in contact with the Creator and Father of all, which is the perfect bliss." That is just about the rationale of it, and it could not well be said in fewer or more sensible words.

Complimentary Levee.

On Friday evening, December 19th, 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. At the same time, in another room, there will be brief remarks by a few good speakers. After which an opportunity will be offered for social exchange of thought.

A good band of music is engaged, and dancing for those who wish will commence about nine and a half o'clock.

Lycæum 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 of the evening meeting have been changed from 7 o'clock to 8 o'clock, and the evening at 7 o'clock.

New Books.

ANSWERS
TO
Ever-Recurring Questions
FROM THE PEOPLE.
(A SEQUEL TO THE PENETRALIA.)

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

Several years ago the author of this volume wrote a folio, "The Penetralia," which has since been widely read and highly valued. It was a work of the kind which has been long wanted, a work which would give to the people a clear and concise statement of the principles of the Christian religion, and of the duties which it imposes upon them. It was a work which would be read by all, and which would be useful to all. It was a work which would be read by all, and which would be useful to all. It was a work which would be read by all, and which would be useful to all.

During the period which has since elapsed, a multitude of questions have been propounded to him, and he has been constantly engaged in answering them. He has now collected these answers into a new volume, which he now presents to the public. It is a work which will be read by all, and which will be useful to all. It is a work which will be read by all, and which will be useful to all.

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One Volume, 420 pages, 12mo.
Price, postpaid, \$1.00. To the Pacific States, \$1.20.
Copies will be mailed promptly, in the order of the receipt of the money. Address, BANNER OF LIGHT, BOSTON, MASS.
Oct. 25. W. WILLIAM WHITE & CO.

Prospectus of the New Republic.

A time so momentous as the present, there is an imperative demand for the exercise of all the wisdom, holiness, self-sacrifice, charity, and the forgetting of all past differences, and the sinking of all worldly ambition, in one sublime, prayerful, determined, and thorough effort to save our beloved country from the terrible ruin that more than threatens to swallow up our liberties, property, peace. How to conquer the rebels is not the question. The question is, how to save the country from the terrible ruin that more than threatens to swallow up our liberties, property, peace. How to conquer the rebels is not the question. The question is, how to save the country from the terrible ruin that more than threatens to swallow up our liberties, property, peace.

The Book of the Day!

THE TEXT BOOK FOR EVERY INTELLIGENT AMERICAN

THE NEW LITTLE WORK—A sort of Pocket Companion
—Just published with the title of the—

HONEST MAN'S BOOK
OF FINANCE AND POLITICS.

It is certain to make a greater impression on men's thoughts than any other work of the kind. It is a work which will be read by all, and which will be useful to all. It is a work which will be read by all, and which will be useful to all. It is a work which will be read by all, and which will be useful to all.

LOVE AND MOURN LOVE, OR HOW TO MARRY

BY TO CONQUER LOVE, OR HOW TO MARRY

THE NAME OF WHAT THE BOSTON INVESTIGATOR CALLS A VERY HANDSOME LITTLE WORK, and of which the Boston Cultivator says, "A more unique, rare and practical work has not been written." It is a work which will be read by all, and which will be useful to all. It is a work which will be read by all, and which will be useful to all.

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SPIRIT SONG

WORDS AND MUSIC BY E. E. HARRIS, BY C. M. ROBERTS. Price 25 cents, including postage. Usual discount to the Trade. For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT, 158 Washington Street, Boston.

Mediums in Boston.

THE BOSTON HOME HEALTH.

No. 7, Davis Street, Boston.

DR. MAIN'S
HEALTH INSTITUTE.

AT NO. 7 DAVIS STREET, is now open as heretofore for the successful treatment of diseases of every class, under Dr. Main's personal supervision.

Owing to the unhappy condition of the country, the Doctor's contemplated visit to Europe is, for the present, postponed. He will therefore be at home to receive and attend upon patients as usual.

The unbounded success which has crowned Dr. Main's efforts in the healing art, has brought him so great an increase of practice, that all parties visiting the Home of Health for medical aid, will require to exercise patience while waiting to be served. None, however, will have cause to regret the delay.

Office hours from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

Patients will be attended at their homes as heretofore.

Those who desire examinations will please enclose \$1.00 a week of hair, a return postage stamp, and the address plainly written, to a carefully packed and sent by Express.

A liberal discount made to the Trade.

Remember! Dr. CHARLES MAIN, No. 7 Davis Street, Boston, Mass.

Nov. 8.

COME AND BE HEALED.

MRS. A. O. LATHEAM.

CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN AND MEDIUM for the Healing Power No. 222 Washington corner of Bedford Street, Boston. Open day and evening. Agency 12-14.

SAMUEL GROVER, France, Spiritist and Healing Power, No. 18 Dix Place, (opposite Harvard St.) Boston. Hours from 9 to 12 and from 1 to 5 P. M. Sundays excepted. Terms for examination, \$1.

B. Grover, prepared and has for sale the following remedies: Cough mixture, Blood Food, Invigorating Cordial and Blood Purifier. Also, a Healing Linctus, for Burns, Sprains, or Fresh Wounds.

N. B. He will also visit the Sick at their homes, if requested, and attend funerals. Residence, No. 8 Emerson Street, Somerville. Oct. 11.

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SYMPTOMATIC CLAIRVOYANT, MAGNETIC, AND ELECTRIC PHYSICIAN, cures all diseases that are curable. Nervous and disagreeable feelings removed. Address, Free Station, No. 12, Jefferson Place, (leading from South Boston street), Boston. Nov. 22.

MRS. E. COLLINS, CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN.

Come and be cured by the great Healing Power through her, as forty spirit physicians control her. Patients at a distance can be cured by sending a lock of hair. Examination free. Prescription and Healing Power, 11, 100 Cambridge Street, Boston, Mass. Nov. 15.

MR. COLCHESTER.

TEST, BUSINESS, AND PROPHETIC MEDIUM. Room No. 1, Pavilion—57 Tremont St. Hours from 10 to 6 P. M. Public Circles every Monday evening, at half past 7 o'clock. Admission 50 cents. Oct. 16.

MRS. M. J. YOUNG.

CLAIRVOYANT AND INSPIRATIONAL READER No. 80 Pleasant Street. Hours from 9 o'clock, A. M. to 6 P. M. Nov. 22.

H. A. TUCKER, CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN.

will attend patients at his office, No. 10, Pleasant Street, on Wednesday of each week, from 2 to 4 o'clock, P. M. Nov. 22.

MRS. M. W. HERRICK, CLAIRVOYANT and France Medium.

at No. 13 Dix Place, (opposite Harvard Street) Boston. Hours from 9 to 12 and 2 to 6 P. M. Wednesdays excepted. Oct. 11.

MISS E. D. STARKWEATHER, Rapping, Writing, and Test Medium, No. 8 Indiana Street. Terms 50 cents. Hours from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M. Oct. 11.

TWELVE MESSAGES

FROM THE SPIRIT OF

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS,

THROUGH JOSEPH E. MILLER, MEDIUM.

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