

# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.

### MY HUSBAND'S SECRET.

BY A. E. PORTER.

CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

While she was talking, I had got out my thimble and needle, very happy indeed to do a service to Miss Hannah, and amply repaid by having some company this dull day besides the cat.

"I think Posey must have a cold time of it at the mountains," I said.

"Yes, poor thing. I can almost hear her saying, 'Oh, missus, dis poor chile will perish!' but she will be at home in a few days. They keep her there to clean house, and see that the linen is all in order for another season, and Posey is so eager to make money, that she will suffer some for the sake of it. They hire her husband, too, at this season, as they keep up great fires, and Ned is a smart hand at chopping wood; he is a Yankee born, and does not feel the cold like his wife."

"How dreary it must be in the White Mountains at this season of the year—it makes me shudder to think of it!"

"It makes me shudder to think of it any time. I have no idea of any pleasure in climbing mountains; it's all a fashionable humbug, and death on clothing. My brother Anson's girls have been teasing these three years to take a trip to the White Mountains, as they call it, but I will not give my consent. I say to 'em, 'Sit down to the west window and look at them high hills, and if you want to climb them, put on my old wash-dress and sun-bonnet, and go to the top of one of 'em, and come back with your hands and face all scratched and torn, and your legs as lame as an old man with the rheumatism, and then you've had a mountain trip, as you call it.' Posey has caught the fever, living among the fashionables, I suppose, and the old fool will talk about 'de glorious mountains—God's everlasting battlements,' as if she really went up there for the enjoyment of the thing. They call her a famous cook up there, though for my part, I never considered her extraordinary, and so they make a great pet of her. She has presents enough to amount to as much as her wages."

"I suppose from what my husband said, she is trying to pay for her farm."

"Yes, and she has nearly completed paying for it; she and her husband together got a hundred dollars in money for the visiting season, which lasts only ten weeks, and this with the wages for six or eight weeks afterwards and the presents, make it very easy for them to pay for the farm."

I had never seen Posey, though I had a great curiosity to do so. She was originally a slave in Florida, and came with Maurice's wife, at the time of the latter's marriage. Within a few years she had married Ned, a smart, industrious, free negro, and they had bought a small farm about three miles from the village. Being somewhat noted as a cook, she had obtained a place in one of the White Mountain hotels, where she usually spent the summer, and was often kept as late as November, as she was very efficient help in other departments besides cooking.

"Is it possible you are on the second shift, Mrs. Perry?" said Miss Hannah, "how fast you sew, and they are made nicer than I can make them."

Now, my forte was sewing, and I was glad that Miss Hannah was candid enough to give me due credit.

"I can do them all easily, Miss Hannah, and now suppose as there is a good fire and hot water in the kitchen, that you make some starch, and thus have them all ready to iron in good season."

The idea pleased her, and though I shrunk from having my pantry and kitchen scrutinized by those sharp eyes, I was glad to do her a favor.

Just before tea-time, Maurice came in to bid me good-by, and was quite surprised to see Miss Hannah so familiar in my kitchen. He accepted the invitation to remain to tea, and while Miss Hannah was preparing it—for she begged me to continue my sewing—he told me that he was going to Florida on business, and would be absent some weeks, perhaps months.

"But there is war raging now," I said, "between the whites and the Seminoles. Are you not afraid to venture?"

"No," he said, "my mission is peaceful," but never since I had known Maurice, had he appeared so sad, absent-minded; and when he was not speaking, I noticed at some moments an appearance of anxiety and trouble.

It did not escape Miss Hannah's observation, and she said to me in the kitchen:

"The Squire is in some trouble, I know; don't you see how he falls to thinking as soon as you stop speaking, and did n't you see the newspaper drop from his hands?—he was n't reading, I fancy—and then he takes a pinch of snuff, often than usual."

I was not so observant as Miss Hannah, but in some other way, I can hardly explain, I was sure that Maurice was in perplexity of some kind; but when he rose to bid me adieu, his graceful manner and kind adieu led me to wish that I might know his trouble, and alleviate it if possible. I was sorry he was going. I should miss his social visits during the coming winter evenings.

His hand was on the handle of the door, when the sound of carriage wheels was heard, and in a mo-

ment afterwards a gentleman was admitted. He was a stranger to me, but he and Maurice met as old acquaintances, though with a little reserve, I thought, on each side. When my brother introduced him as Mr. Evans, I recognized the name as belonging to the representative of our district in Congress. His business was with Maurice, and he opened the conversation by saying that he had ridden twenty miles in the storm to see him before his departure.

"I have learned by letters from Washington," said he: "of your mission to Florida, and I could not let you depart without urging you to make some effort to have justice and peace in that distracted territory."

"Our government is doing all in its power for that purpose," said my brother. "I have great confidence in the President, and especially in the Secretary of War."

"I have my fears," said Mr. Evans, "that we have done great injustice to the Indian tribes there, and that years of bloodshed and war are to follow. You go to St. Augustine? You have, if I am rightly informed, connections who have influence and position there? Not far from their own doors, two chiefs are in close captivity—thrown into dungeons, when they came to our army under the protection of a flag of truce. Such things are a disgrace to our government, and I would gladly find some way to wipe out the stain."

Mr. Evans spoke with some warmth. Maurice was slow to reply, first taking out his snuff-box, the contents of which both gentlemen seemed to enjoy. "If I understand the subject," said Maurice, "these chiefs have been roaming the territory, carrying terror to all the white inhabitants by their deeds of blood, butchering men, women, and helpless children; such men should be summarily dealt with, and I doubt whether the rules of war among more civilized people should be applied to them."

Mr. Evans was a large man, with massive, regular features, a dark, but mild eye, broad, high forehead, thin hair, very thickly sprinkled with gray. He was somewhat of a contrast to Maurice, whose features were delicately chiseled, and complexion fair as a woman's. When in repose, Mr. Evans's face was rather heavy; but, when in conversation, his features lighted up, and were very expressive.

"Let me explain," said he, "for I have lately investigated this matter. An aged chief, King Phillip, has been for some time imprisoned in a prison at St. Augustine. He has a son, who is also a chief, and a noted warrior. Now the old man wished to see this son, and expressed this wish to his captors. In reply, they promised to send for him. When the message reached the tribe, in some of the swampy recesses of the territory, there was doubt and hesitation among the warriors. They feared the treachery of the whites, and did not like to trust their chief in the hands of the enemy. But the chief himself was fearless, and taking with him a finely wrought bead pipe as a peace token, and a beautiful white plume as a present to the American General, he started for St. Augustine, to see his father. As he hoped, he was cordially received; the General accepted his presents, and gave him others in return. He was then requested to go back to his tribe with negotiations of peace, and return in ten days. Punctual to his promise he returned in the time stated, bringing with him another chief and one hundred warriors. They encamped near St. Augustine, and kept the white flags of peace constantly flying. They had perfect confidence in our officers. But suddenly, by a concerted signal, armed troops surrounded the whole encampment, made prisoners of them, and disarmed them. They were then marched to St. Augustine, and imprisoned in the ancient castle. A sad change for them from the wild freedom of their savage life to the desolate prison."

Mr. Evans told his story quietly, and in simple words; but his massive features expressed more than his words. My own indignation was moved, and involuntary I exclaimed:

"Can it be that our government will sanction such perfidy?"

Mr. Evans turned to me, and I noticed then, for the first time, his fine expressive eyes.

"I fear," said he, "that they have already sanctioned worse. We forget that the Indian is a man, and should be treated as such."

Maurice's face was bland as ever; I wondered that he was not more moved, but he merely said:

"Mr. Evans, there is another side. Had our own wives and children been tortured, scalped, burned, torn in pieces by these human devils, we should hardly be inclined to mercy if we had them in our power. But I will see General Jessup. I will obtain the facts, and perhaps his representations may place the story in a different light."

Mr. Evans shook his head.

"I have been looking into these matters, and the more thoroughly I examine the more am I convinced that great wrong has been done to the Indians. Let me beg of you, as a friend, to throw your influence on the side of a different policy—defend the rights even of an enemy."

Here Sidney came home. I knew he must be tired and hungry, and the next half hour I devoted to him in the dining-room. The conversation continued in the adjoining room, Mr. Evans's voice growing louder and more earnest; Maurice's never rising above that low, musical tone, almost lulling in its sweetness. On my return, the subject had changed, and Mr. Evans was giving an interesting account of some debates in Congress. I was highly entertained, and when they departed, I had forgotten the storm without, and the gloom of the morning. It is often so in life—a stray sunbeam peeps from between two clouds when you are least expecting it.

"Sidney," said I, almost as soon as the outer door closed on our visitors, "I never heard you say anything about your brother's wife and her Florida friends. Do pray tell me all you know about them."

I thought it strange that since our marriage he had never, unless the subject was introduced by others, mentioned Mrs. Maurice Perry, and now I asked:

"Did n't you like her, Sidney? Was there anything strange or disagreeable about her that you avoid her name?"

A strange look passed over Sidney's face; his muscles seemed distorted. I was afraid I had stirred unpleasant memories; but he answered quickly:

"Oh no, she was one of the loveliest women I ever saw. You would have loved her. Don't you recollect her portrait in the east room?"

"Oh yes, a fair, sweet face, most lovely to behold," I said. "It must have been a change from her pure sunny Florida to this cold land."

"No doubt it was; but if you wish to hear Miss Florida's praises, and her picture painted in bright word colors, you must visit Aunt Posey. She had nursed her from her infancy, and when she died we feared poor Posey would never survive the loss. Her subsequent marriage and the birth of her own child were all that saved her life."

"I find myself quite eager for her return," I said, "and intend to make her a speedy call."

"She came in the stage this evening," said Sidney, and her broad, shiny face was radiant with delight, as the stage drew up at Warner's. "Oh, Mr. Sidney," said she, as she shook hands with her, "arter all, Burdette is my earthly Casanov. I love to go up Nebo and Pisgah, but like the old patriarch, I'm happier in the green valleys by the river-side."

"This is quite fanciful."

"There's a whole mine of poetry in her great soul, but it has never been wrought."

That night I resolved that I would make Posey a call the first pleasant day. I had certainly a great curiosity to learn all about Maurice's wife.

#### CHAPTER III.

The storm had passed, and one morning in November I was awakened by the bright light of the sun streaming in at the eastern window. The air was clear and frosty; the hill-tops were sharply out in the distant horizon; the sky, a deep blue, and everything gave promise of a fine day—such a day as we sometimes have in our New England autumn, when it is a luxury merely to exist.

There is no time of the year when a walk is so exhilarating, and as I put on my shawl and bonnet for a ramble, I thought of Aunt Posey, and bent my steps thither. My way ran by the side of the river, which was swollen by the late rains, and poured a broad, full stream over the milldam, the waters flashing and sparkling in the sun, as if freighted with a cargo of diamonds. On the other side was a bank which had been rich in flowers, but now I found only a few hardy golden rods, and some little blue star flowers that the frost had kindly spared. Now and then a bluejay picked the seeds from the mullen stalks, and flew lightly along on the lower branches of the trees, as if it were sure of an autumn lease on the premises.

There were many little houses and some shops on the river side, and children out at play by the sunny side of the buildings, and cows, too, that stood ruminating in the warm spots like good household mothers resting awhile from their daily duties, and studying the family comfort. But I soon passed all these, and came to the pastures on one side, and the little corn-fields and meadows that skirted the river on my left. Now I came to a narrow road running through a piece of woods on my right—there were pines, hemlocks, and a few maples. How sweet and cool this would be in Summer. Now the sun does not penetrate here, and I feel a little chilly and wrap my shawl close around me, and walk faster. I hear a twittering among the trees, and there is a red squirrel, with a nut in his mouth, running along the stone wall. What a pretty, saucy little thing you are. There you stop and look at me with those little round eyes, and then run on, saying by your looks—'Catch me if you can!' and there is your brother up on the tree eating his breakfast, and dinging the nut shell down at my very feet, as if squirrels were never caught and eaten, or sportsmen never seen in these parts. But I fancy the cunning creatures know a bonnet from a hat, and a gown from pantaloons—they're not afraid of a woman, not they.

As I emerge from the wood I come to a clearing, and a little white-washed house and barn. There are the remains of a flower-garden, and up the sides of the windows morning glories have been twined; the strings and seed pods yet remain. There are some young fruit trees too, near the house, and one or two shade trees from the old woods have been spared, left just where they would shade the house from the Southern sun, and have a picturesque effect, too. The door of the house is open, though there is a large fire on the hearth (that's not Yankee thrift) but it is healthy comfort at this season. The first object I perceive, is a little child with a woolly head, round face and bright eyes, lying down on the floor, gazing at the fire, the very picture of "taking one's ease."

A step further, and I see on one side of the fire a woman, sitting very still with her hands clasped on her knees; and she, too, like the child, looking into the fire; but there is something in the attitude, though I can't see the face, that does not speak the content of the child; attitudes have their expression. That can't be Aunt Posey, for the hair is long

and straight. My step rouses her; she turns, and I meet the face of the dark woman that I had met a week before at the village post-office. I involuntarily shrunk back, for I remembered that look, and dreaded to meet it again. But no, there is no such look now, but the whole expression of the face is one of deep sadness, almost despair. Not the look that most of our race have, however, when in trouble, as if appealing to you for sympathy. No, there was something in this woman that bade me keep my distance. I felt it as much as if she had said at once, "My sorrows are my own, meddle not with them." She did not appear to recognise me, nor did she move, but fixed upon me a penetrating glance, as if she would read my very soul, and there was a response within me, which said—"Read it, my poor woman; it is guiltless of naught toward thee, but a wish for thy peace."

Another inmate was roused by my step on the threshold, and came to meet me. I knew Aunt Posey at once. She realized the ideal which I had formed of her from Sidney's description. She was quite fleshy, with a full, round, good-natured face, that seemed to say the world had gone well with her. She wore a very gay turban, large rings in her ears, and gold beads that looked very bright in the folds of her sable neck. She had on at this time a gay colored calico, and together with her pleasant smile and warm welcome, was quite a picture of cheerfulness.

"I'm glad to see you, ma'am," she said, as she shook warmly my offered hand. "I knowed at once who you were, 'cause Mr. Sidney 'scribed you to me, and when I heard you sing in prayer meetin' last night, my heart warmed towards you right away. You sung it so soft and sweetly like:

"Come all ye weary souls oppressed," that I could n't help the tears a comin'."

I was right in the corner behind you. But walk in and take a seat. You must be tired if you've walked all the way from the village; the quality ladies do n't walk much in these parts; but dear me, if they could only see the autocracy up in the mountains, they'd maybe find out what legs and feet were made for. There, sit down there if you please," she said, as with one hand she lifted the little contemplative urchin from the floor, and dropped him into a basket in the corner, from which his bright eyes peered at me in wonder, and with the other hand she shook up the cushion of a chintz covered chair, which chintz was radiant with great yellow butterflies and red roses.

"There now, you're pale, and aint strong, I guess; but I know something will make you feel better," and she disappeared through a trap door in search of this mysterious something.

What a contrast is always to be seen between the dwellings of the Irish and those of the African race. As far as my observation extends, the former have no idea of household comfort. To have enough to eat, and heard their gains seem to be the great objects of life; their homes are always bare, cheerless and dirty. But the blacks delight in a profusion of creature comforts—and revel in gorgeous colors, loving flowers and sweets and music and sunshine. Aunt Posey's kitchen was filled—no order or system, but bright colors made the disorder somewhat like the gay picture of the kaleidoscope. The window sills were full of broken pitchers, and earthen vases, containing flowers, among which the large double marigold prevailed; overhead were rows of old pumpkins, yellow as gold, in the warm air drying, and strings of red peppers, while round the looking glass were festoons of bright red berries, and above, asparagus branches with the fruit still hanging to them. In one corner of the room was a small table covered with white dimity, ornamented with deep netted fringe; on this table lay a large Bible and Hymn Book. Various Scripture pictures, gaily painted, hung on the walls: among them in strange contrast, was a group of flowers, most exquisitely executed in water colors: lilies of the valley, English violets, moss rose buds and snow drops, most artistically grouped and richly framed. I promised myself a more minute examination of this little gem at another time. Meanwhile the room itself was a study, with all its bright colors, and its quantity too, of pots and stowpans, wash tubs, churn, &c., &c.

But the strangest object there was the silent figure in the corner. "Who and what is she?" I kept asking myself. She had n't moved since I came into the room, but satisfied apparently with the long gaze she had given me on my entrance, had since then kept her eyes fastened on the fire. Her long black hair hung over her shoulders and upon her back, while thrown loosely around her, like a blanket, she clasped her hands on her knees, that on one finger was a jeweled ring. I am not skilled in gems, but I was almost sure that nothing but a diamond could have that sparkle. If so, a princess might be proud to wear it. The more I studied the profile of her face, the more haughty and stern it seemed, and darker was the glow that rested upon it. I could not keep my eyes from her, though it made me feel strangely nervous. I wanted to hear her speak. I thought I could judge by the tones of the voice, if there was that utter hopelessness at heart which the face expressed. I was about to ask her some question concerning her letter, when the little imp in the basket rolled over upon the floor, taking the basket with him, and hitting his head pretty hard, while at the same moment, and just as I sprung to release him, Aunt Posey's turban appeared at the trap door.

"Hollo! honey, did it roll over? Never mind, mamie will cure it," and she set down the little

which she held in her hand; and catching the youngster, gave his wool a good rubbing, and his face a hearty kiss, and then holding him on the hip with one hand, poured out a glass of currant wine with the other, and handed it to me on a neat little waiter. It was delicious, as was also the cake which she afterwards produced, and I noticed that she handed them also to the silent woman in the corner, but the only notice given in return was one decided shake of the head.

"How is Mr. Sidney now?" said Aunt Posey; "he has n't been himself since he had the fever?"

"I remarked that he was not quite as well, the late bad weather having affected him unpleasantly."

"Does he cough any?" she asked.

"I was obliged to acknowledge that he did 'a little, just a very little, only a slight hack."

"And he's thin as a shadower," she added. "He must try and flesh up before Winter comes, or the cold wind will find its way to his bones. I must nurse him up a little. He thinks a great deal of Aunt Posey's syrup, and I'll make him some this very day."

I told her that he had expressed a wish for some. Her eyes brightened.

"Yes, yes, when he was a little boy he used to come to me when he was sick, and say, 'Aunt Posey, I want some of your syrup, but none of the doctor's stuff.'"

I stopped a few minutes in Aunt Posey's garden where a few autumn flowers still lingered, some brilliant marigolds and asters, that had defied the autumn frosts. The old woman waxed eloquent in praise of her gourds and pumpkins, of which she had a great variety. One huge pumpkin she offered me as a seat while I eat some early apples, she, in the meantime, sitting upon the grass, with the toddling little black fellow playing somersets around her. I ventured to ask Posey who her strange visitor was.

"I don't wonder you ask, ma'am, for she aint like any of our folks about here, and she pears strange like now, after her long, wearisome journey. She is one of my old Florida folks, and kinder belongs to the family. She came when I was up to the mountains, and was mighty disappointed not finding me at home. You must n't mind her strange looks, leastways, if she shows them to you, for she has a grudge agin the family, and she can't help showing it, for she's Indian, you see—most all in dian."

"But why should she look so fiercely and strangely toward me when we first met, and were strangers?"

"Perhaps, ma'am, you were not such a stranger to her as she was to you—maybe she heard your name."

I remembered, then, that Mrs. White called me by name when she asked me to translate the letter. "Was she a servant of Mrs. Perry, in Florida, Posey?"

"Servant, ma'am! The like of her are never servants, and yet I think she has served some of them well. No; my mother was a slave in her father's family—that is, they bought her with their money—but she was more chile than slave. I must be kind to Nebah, for she was good to those I loved. She is stern and cross now, but she has had trouble, oh, so much trouble, ma'am, that your heart would ache could I tell it to you—sometimes perhaps I will. But see, she watches us, and suspects me of talking about her."

Posey gathered me a few flowers, and I walked home, wondering all the way as I went why Nebah should have any grudge, as Aunt Posey called it, against our family.

I asked my husband at dinner; he seemed to feel very little interest in the subject, merely saying that his brother Maurice had spent much time in Florida, and had some business in adjusting the Indian claim, and might have given offence to some of the chiefs, and the feeling had extended to their families. This seemed a partial solution of the mystery, but still it puzzled me, and as I was much alone, I found myself thinking of Nebah, and wondering why she was here. It is sometimes wrong to allow the mind to dwell upon one subject in this way, for trifles are magnified, and a morbid state of feeling is produced, which is far from agreeable. Whenever I introduced the subject to my husband, he as invariably turned it, and seemed to wish to avoid the matter altogether. I began to think he knew Nebah's history, and one day I abruptly said:

"Sidney, did you ever hear of this Indian woman before this Fall?"

This question took him by surprise. He was agitated, and his lip quivered a little as he said:

"I never saw the woman. I cannot say I have never heard of her, for I believe she was connected, in some way with my brother Maurice's family."

He had no sooner spoken than I noticed a paler about his lips, and then a coughing-fit commenced.

"Oh dear," said I to myself, "I always speak when I ought to keep silent. What is the use of annoying my husband with this matter? I'll not trouble myself any more about the woman!" A very resolution, if it could be kept; but I remember hearing a good man say that he was exceedingly annoyed by having a silly song running in his mind on Sunday, and after trying in vain to put it away, he went out into the woods and sang the words till he was heartily sick of them. Now, the more I tried, not to think of Nebah, the more she seemed to stand before me; and if I awoke in the night, that fierce, bitter look was bent upon me, and her form was over my pillow. But I sternly resolved never to mention her name. It was well for me, perhaps, that a little incident occurred just then to divert my



attention from the Indian woman, for such I had learned to call her.

It was busy one morning in the breakfast-room, watching the egg-glass, that our eggs might be cooked to just that point which my husband liked so well, when the door opened suddenly, and the brightest little fairy that I had seen for many a day stood before me, or rather she didn't stand but rushed up to Sidney and threw her arms around his neck, raining kisses in rich profusion. His eyes sparkled, and I saw that he returned the embrace with equal favor.

"My own dear Uncle Sid, how glad I am to get back again to you. I came late last night, and I could not wait to see you till I had eaten breakfast, and I wanted so much to see my new aunt," and before I could receive a formal introduction the little rose-bud lips were pressed to mine.

"There, I knew I should love you. Father said you were n't handsome, but you were something better, and he was right. Please love me, because I have n't many to love, and it is so cold and lonely over home."

There was something bewitching in the young girl, and on my side it was really love at first sight. I knew it must be Fanny, our brother Maurice's only child, and I was aware of the affection Sidney bore toward her.

"Indeed, I will love you," I said. "Your uncle loves you so much, that I could not do otherwise than follow his example."

"Do you, uncle, though?" she said. "Oh, that's delicious! Do you know, auntie, I used to wish he was n't my uncle, (that was when I was a little wee thing, and he petted me), then, when I grew up I would be his wife—he was just my ideal of a husband."

"But your ideal has changed a little," said Sidney. "I'm afraid you would have broken through."

A crimson blush covered cheek and brow, but she answered quickly, though with a look which suddenly became grave.

"I'd never break through, Uncle Sid, you know I never would," and the little head with its wealth of curls was thrown back, and the tiny lips closed firmly, indicating a strong will in the little body.

"Come," I said, "we'll break eggs; they are among the few things that are better broken than whole."

"Oh yes, I'd like to stay to breakfast. I suppose Aunt Hannah will scold, but never mind; I shall come to see you as often as I wish, if you will only let me. I do not love her, though she is so wonderful kind to me, for, do n't you think, she wrote me that Aunt Mary was well enough, she supposed, in her way, but she was a pale little woman, with wonderfully high notions, and not the kind of wife Uncle Sid needed. I knew she had always said that such a gentle, retiring gentleman ought to have a dashy, energetic, showy woman—in short, her niece Rosetta, with her flashing eyes and black curls; but Uncle had another idea of a household divinity."

When we were seated at the table, I took the first moment of repose to look at Fanny and see what she was like, for one might as well attempt to describe a bird in the air as the girl in her excitement. Now, I could see that she fulfilled my husband's promise of beauty. She had deep blue eyes, shaded by long, dark lashes, so much like Sidney's, that one would know they were related. They inherited them from Fanny's grandmother, for they were the same eyes that looked out so lovingly from the portrait in the parlor, which was so sacredly treasured. But though she inherited the pure complexion and blue eyes of her Northern relatives, she had, instead of their calm, cool temperament, the impetuous, warm blood of her Southern mother. Her lips were red, and her cheeks rose-tinted, indicating what was the fact, that she had never known sickness. She was petite in form, lithe in limb, and unaffectedly graceful as an infant. Aunt Hannah said that she was terribly quick-tempered. Perhaps so; humming birds are said to be, and I fancied she would be like one, if excited.

She had just come from boarding-school to spend the vacation at home. "And only think," she said, "pa (pronouncing the word with the flat Southern accent), has gone, and had n't time to write me a letter. What should I do, Uncle Sid, if you had n't married? But now we'll have nice times, auntie? Do you ride horseback, or do you skate? and do you like a good novel on rainy days?"

"Do you expect an immediate answer to all your questions, Fanny?" said my husband.

"There, now, Uncle Sid, do n't be solemn this whole vacation. I have been trying hard all the term to be good. My teacher says I am impulsive and hasty, and what's the other big word? Oh, not 'reticent' enough. What does that mean, auntie?"

"That you have n't many secrets, Fanny."

"Well, that's true; and there's nothing wrong in that, is there?"

"I never have any," I said, smiling, "and think the fewer we possess the less trouble we have," glancing, for I could not help it, at my husband. He saw the glance, I know, for I understood now the expression of his face, and it was one of pain. Reader, did you ever give pain to one you loved, really and truly loved with all your heart? And yet, were you not driven on by some demon to do that evil thing? Have you not, with pitiless cruelty, wounded again and again the already stricken deer?

Am I alone—am I the only wife that for cause slight as was mine, has made a husband, loving and affectionate, write in agony? I would I were alone in this, for then would I be alone in the after suffering—suffering as sure and as stern as the veriest tyrant could desire. Ah me, the cup is bitter, but I drank it to its dregs.

I am digressing. How light it was that sunny winter's morning at our breakfast-table. We had caught a sunbeam, and it danced and floated about us, a thing of light and joy that it was, till our hearts were gladdened by its presence, and as for myself, the coming of Fanny was a harbinger of happiness.

"Now, I'll go home," said Fanny, at the close of breakfast, "and sit down with Aunt Hannah, and praise the warm cakes she's making purposely for me. Best to keep on the right side of her, is n't it, uncle?"

"By all honest and lawful means," he replied. She looked earnestly at him, as if puzzled to interpret his answer; then her eyes suddenly brightened.

"Oh, ho! I know what you mean. You think I ought not to deceive her even about so small an affair as breakfast. I remember, now, your rigid rules in that respect. Why, auntie, he don't think there's such a thing as harmless deception. Now I do n't agree with him, do you?"

"That is quite a difficult question in ethics, Fanny. I should like to have it solved."

"We'll have the Gordian knot out, Mary," said my husband with a smile, "and agree never to be guilty of an act of deception."

"That will be an easy task for me," I said quickly.

"We'll seal the agreement with a kiss," he said, as he bade me good morning, and then went out of the door with Fanny. I watched Fanny as she tripped lightly along the narrow path through the meadow, and saw her disappear in the sunset porch; then I turned back to the breakfast room, and like a neglectful housekeeper, sat down to think awhile, instead of watching the china, as I ought to have done. Oh, these day dreams! They are good for nothing, worse than that, often vanity and vexation of spirit. But I was so glad that Fanny had come home, and I was instinctively weaving a very bright future for her. Sidney had told me something about a cadet at West Point who had already lost his heart, and he feared Fanny had it in her possession. But she was young, too young for this, and I wished now that she might be developed into the woman that she was capable of becoming, before love dreams should disturb her peace. Of one thing I was sure, I loved her already, and I was thankful that our first impressions were mutually pleasant.

Our house was lonely no longer in Sidney's absence. Fanny was there most of the time: if I was preserving fruit in the kitchen, she was by my side, tying up the jars; or if quaking cake she would beat the eggs and frost the loaf, making, with her dainty ways, everything look so pretty. Many a nice little supper we improvised to give Sidney a surprise, and then while we sewed we took turns in reading. Fanny was in that poetic age of girlhood when Moore and Byron are so delightful, and while I regretted the idolatry, I would not rudely knock her idols down. I listened, as her musical voice wafted the sweet rhythms toward me, now trembling like the chords of an Aeolian harp, and then almost hushed by the tears that fell.

I had once a serious attack of this disease, and knew all its phases. I remembered when I could say with so much fervor:

"I know not, I ask not  
If guilt's in that heart,  
I know that I love thee  
Wherever thou art."

My little birdie, I could see, was mounting upward into that elysium, never dreaming but she could continue her flight till she ascended high above all clouds and land. Poor thing, I had a prophetic vision of broken wings, and the archer's angel mark. But I contented myself with a very quiet, little sarcastic remark now and then, at which the blue eyes would look off the book, and turn wonderingly toward me, I meanwhile saying away, looking very unconscious and grave.

She had read through Lallah Rookh and Child's Harold, and performed a wonderful amount of singing, and shed not a few tears, and had made numerous extracts, when I proposed one night to read "Scott's Lady of the Lake."

"Yes, auntie, if you say so; but it seems to me I'll not like it as well as Byron. I have never read his Manfred yet."

"No, nor never will, I trust."

"Why so? Do n't you read it?"

"I never have, simply because my father requested me not to do so."

"Why, auntie, were you always so obedient?"

"My father was so gentle and kind I never had occasion to be otherwise."

She sat for a moment looking earnestly at the fire, and then turned suddenly toward me and asked:

"Do you think that we must always obey a father's command? Are there not cases when it would be right to disobey?"

"Very few, I think—in your case and mine. I cannot conceive of its being right to disobey any command which might be laid upon us by our parents; surely so kind a father as you have ought to be obeyed implicitly. I believe there is no command the breach of which is so surely punished in this life as the fifth."

"I heard from father last evening," said Fanny, "and he sent a message to you," and she opened and read: "My love to sister Mary; tell her that I trust you to her care till I return, and I hope she will not let you go far astray."

"I thank him for his confidence; with my husband's help we will not let you wander far. A willing step is easily stayed."

"Oh, but, auntie, I am sometimes very wayward and headstrong."

"Ah, on what subjects?"

"Oh, only when I wish to have my own way. For instance: Aunt Hannah's daughter will be at our house to tea; she is coming in the coach this afternoon, and I ought, I suppose, to be at home and treat her politely, and play the hostess, but I dislike her, and so I am going to stay here."

"Right or wrong?"

"I think it right."

"Do you? Why?"

"We are not obliged to entertain disagreeable people if we can get rid of it; indeed, I think it is our duty to avoid it, if possible. Then I revolt from playing the agreeable to Miss Rosetta, and I want to show her that I like Uncle Sid's choice, and am rejoiced that she is not his wife."

"And so make her dislike me the more, increase her mother's prejudice, and altogether make us quite unhappy, and for what reason? Just to gratify your self-will a little."

"Why, auntie, how you lecture me to-night. I see that you will uphold Uncle in all his stern ideas of duty. I had hoped to find an ally in you. You are so warm-hearted and loving I thought—"

She stopped suddenly and turned her eyes to the fire, as if to find there the words she sought.

"Thought what, Fanny. I am anxious to know what you thought I would do or approve that my husband would not."

She started up, threw her shawl over her shoulders, and tied on her little blue silk hat.

"Not now, auntie, I'll not tell you now; but I'll go home and be very polite to Rosetta, and instead of irritating, will soothe her wounded heart. Poor thing! If it were really disappointed love I should be sorry, but I think it was only disappointed ambition. Good-by for to-day; kiss me and call me a good girl."

"You must call me good, for advising you to go when I shall miss you so much."

She looked round the room. It was rather sombre just then with its low ceiling, its dark paint, and the shadows of the old steeple about the paring sunbeams from the narrow windows, the coals upon the hearth alone giving a faint glow of red light.

"Indeed, indeed, auntie, I think you must be lone-

ly when Uncle Sid is not here. It's pleasant enough here in summer, when the doors and windows are open, and the old lawn is green and bright, and the lilacs and roses are in bloom; but in winter—oh dear, it makes me shudder to think of the days when I used to come here and play with Alice Smith. Her mother was always so gloomy, and looked so stern and hard. She was jealous of her husband, and lived an unhappy life. She used to sit by that window, near the old elm, and sew, sew, sew, never speaking a word to us excepting to say, 'Alice, it is bed time;' and then Alice would go in, and I say, 'Good night,' and then she would kiss us, and draw a deep sigh. Always that sigh! After the kiss that sigh. I should always have associated kisses and sighs but for my mother and Uncle Sid. Young as I was, I remember mother's kisses; she had a sweet little mouth, and when she kissed, her eyes looked so bright I felt the kiss all over, and was happier for an hour. Then Uncle Sid—shall I tell you what his kisses are like—I suppose you do n't know?"

"I would like your description."

"In the first place, he kissed but seldom. I do n't believe he ever kissed anybody but mother and myself, and perhaps you."

"Thank you; go on with your description."

"I can only compare it to an act of worship. I always feel when he kisses me as if it were homage paid to womanhood. Do n't you know he has a wonderful reverence for woman?"

"All true and good men have."

"So I have heard, but Uncle has a man's love and a woman's tenderness."

"What do you mean by man's love?"

"Oh, stronger, more enduring than woman's."

"Nonsense! Did you get that from Byron or Moore?"

"Neither of those poets taught me that. I learned it from experience and observation," and my little fairy drew herself up, and looked as if the wisdom of the Sybil was embodied in her little form.

"Run home now, darling," I said, "you can say nothing wiser than that; run right home, I say, without another word," holding my finger up threateningly.

A very serious expression spread itself over her beautiful features, and the tones of her voice were low and gentle, but very earnest, as she said:

"Only one word, auntie. Whatever you may think of men in general, Uncle Sid's love is deeper, more enduring, more long suffering than any woman's can be; he loves you, and you are blessed among women."

Having finished this long sentence, or rather delivered this oracular syllabic message, she ran out of the room, and was tripping through the meadow path before I had time to recover from my astonishment, which was as great as if the pretty face had been but a mask which had fallen off and left the gray hairs and calm, reverend face of the minister of Burnside.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

## THE MOTHER'S VISION.

A GERMAN LEGEND.

"Art thou sleeping, O my mother!  
Outworn with grief, at last?  
To speak to thee, sweet mother,  
From the graveyard and the past."

"I cannot rest in quiet,  
Though my grave is dark and still;  
For a cold air creeps around me,  
And my shroud is damp and chill."

Up rose that mother lonely,  
The ghost-dream in her brain—  
With the spirit-light she seeth  
Her little child again.

A vapory flame, like moonlight  
When muffled by a cloud,  
Wraps the baby as she standeth  
By the bedside in her shroud.

"Creep, darling, to my bosom,  
And lay thine heart on mine;  
Its throbbing blood shall warm thee:  
I'll give my life for thine."

"Oh! never more, sweet mother,  
May I lie upon thy breast,  
But from my grave I come to crave  
That thou wilt give me rest."

"All day and night so dreary,  
I hear thy moaning still,  
And thy deep sighs breathing o'er me;  
Mother, they make me chill."

"All day and night so dreary,  
The tears soak through the mound,  
And on my shroud come trickling,  
They make me damp and cold."

"Oh! I great love, self-denying!  
The mother hides her woes  
Within her aching bosom,  
To give her child repose."

Soft fades that pale, cold vapor,  
As boreal lights at night;  
And the little babe so fades away  
From the mother's straining sight.

And ever through the lone night  
That mother watched in vain  
For the spirit of her lost one  
To stand by her again.

And ever, when the grief-drops  
From her fountain-heart would rise,  
She crushed them ere they trickled  
In tear-rain from her eyes.

And ever, when the walling  
Of sighs rose in her breast,  
She choked it back—to break her heart,  
But not her loved one's rest.

Now, when a moon had circled,  
Lo! in the solemn night  
Came a vision to that mother,  
Filling the room with light;

And a voice, like trickling waters,  
So soft, so sweet, so clear,  
Floods all the dreary silence,  
And fills the mother's ear.

"Sleep on, thou patient mother,  
No more with grief oppressed,  
Untroubled now, and sweetly,  
Thy little one takes rest."

"He that for ever giveth  
Rest to his children dear,  
Sendeth to thee this vision,  
Thy loving heart to cheer."

Awoke that mother lonely,  
As passed that voice and light;  
But she knew who stood in glory  
Beside her bed that night.

The angel of her little child  
The message blessed had given—  
One of the angels that behold  
The Father's face in Heaven.

According to the "Arithmetic of Fashion," two glances make one look, two looks make one sight, four sights make one walk, three walks make one palpitation, two palpitations make one call, two calls make one attention, two attentions make one fool (sometimes two), two fools make one flirtation—plus two bouquets, equal to one engagement, equal to one marriage.

Written for the Banner of Light.

## "BELLAPOEMA."

BY WILFRED WYLLIET.

Oh! they dug him a grave on the mountain side,  
Where the tall trees, bend and shiver,  
And the breezes sigh through tall, rank weeds,  
By the banks of the dear mountain river.

With a silent step and with muffled drums,  
And eyes that were dim with weeping,  
They bore him on from his mountain camp,  
To the couch for his last, long sleeping.

Silent and sad, in the twilight dim,  
While the soft night-winds were sighing,  
They gazed on the grave where their noblest one  
In the arms of death was lying.

Slowly and sadly they heaped the turf  
His brow and his bosom over,  
Then left him asleep on the mountain slope,  
With earth for his last warm cover.

Silent and sadly they turned away,  
Not one to another speaking;  
But the throbs of grief—like the river's waves—  
Over each heart were breaking.

The foeman knew in the next wild fight,  
Where the fires of death were burning,  
The fierce despair which nerved the hearts  
That were well nigh crushed with mourning.  
Gawley Bridge, Va.

## Original Essays.

### A NEW RELIGION.

BY EDWARD D. FREELAND.

A great prejudice exists in the minds of many advanced and thoughtful persons even, against anything which seems like an attempt to revive religious institutions, even though they be embodied upon new and sufficiently broad principles. A rooted distrust of the influence of priests, though they be of a new and liberal kind, is visible; and a dread of the anti-progressive tendencies which, it is thought, must necessarily enervate any established religious body. That the prejudice and the distrust are well founded, in view of the history of the past, is not to be denied. But I shall be able to show, briefly and simply, that the conservative and anti-progressive tendencies of the religious sects of the past resulted, not from anything inherent in the nature of religious organizations, but from a too narrow view of religion, and an attempt to circumscribe it into insufficient formulas.

All Religions, and all religious sects of the past, have been established upon the basis of certain fundamental principles affirmed as true. Each Religion has believed that its principles were not only true, but that they were the whole truth in relation to Religion, and hence that anything which contradicted or affirmed the opposite of the truths which it promulgated, must necessarily be false. It was the business, therefore, of the votaries of any Religion to propagate the truths embodied in their Religion, and to oppose, with equal zeal the discovery or unfolding of new truths, either not contained in their articles of faith, or those that seemed to militate against these.

Religious institutions were, hence, inevitably the conservative hold-back element in society. For the very essence of progress is knowledge, and knowledge involves the continual discovery of things previously unknown; and, therefore, the constant modification or setting aside of that which has formerly been held as truth. It is this modification or setting aside, which the Religions of the past and the present are concerned in opposing; for the things to be so modified or shown to be erroneous are those which are a part of the faith of the Religion, and to admit the new revelation is virtually to discredit the old. Hence, by a very natural, and upon the past basis of Religious Organizations, very necessary instinct of self-preservation, the Church of the Past of whatever creed, has been the foe to knowledge, the fosterer of ignorance, and the enemy of progress. And this because it was founded upon the principle of devotion to a few truths only, and made no provision for the incorporation of the new ones constantly being discovered; nor for the expunging of that which progressing knowledge proved to be false. Based upon revelations made in the infancy of the race, and starting with the assumption that those revelations were infallible, they were forced to battle with that advancing intelligence which continuously pointed out the error of statements which a less enlightened age, with great plausibility considered true.

The anti-progressive tendencies of the religious institutions of the past, were not, therefore, inherent to Religion itself, but were the result of a too narrow religious basis. They were not based upon devotion to the whole truth, but only to that portion of truth which they especially represented. The need of our day is a New Religion, which shall be devoted to the whole truth; whose creed shall be devotion to the discovery of all truth, observational, intellectual, and intellectual, and its application in society, for the social, material, and spiritual advancement of mankind.

Such a Religion will reverse in its tendencies the Religions of the Past. Instead of being necessarily the antagonist of intellectual progress, it will be the inspiring cause to renewed achievements in the field of science, and to more strenuous efforts in behalf of the enlightenment of the ignorance of the world. No Organization ever yet existed based upon so sweeping an all comprehensive platform—the new Catholic Church excepted. True, the adherents of every form of faith will tell you that they are earnest seekers after truth, are devoted to it; but what they mean is, that they have the truth incorporated in their creed, and that they are devoted to that. Truth and their own beliefs are synonymous terms with them; and any attempt to interest them in a new truth, which would necessarily cause them to modify their beliefs, or to abandon some cherished doctrine, would meet with cold consideration, if not with active repulsion. This is true of every Organization in the past, as well as of all now existing. There is not now, and never has been upon this planet, any body of individuals organized for the purpose of an active prosecution of the discovery of truth in all spheres and departments of the universe.

Neither in Religion, nor in Science, nor in Government, nor in Social Investigations has there ever been an Organization which started from the untrammelled basis of an unprejudiced, perfectly receptive mind, desirous of proving all things, and holding fast that which was good. Science has its narrowness, and its bigotry, as well as Religion. The last men in the world to accept

new scientific truths are the Scientists. It is said, that there never was a physician in England, who was over forty years of age at the time of the discovery, that ever admitted the truth of Harvey's great discovery of the circulation of the blood.

This is but an illustration of what occurs with every new discovery of an important, or revolutionary character. Scientists men proceed in their investigations, setting aside as error or aberrations, things which are incomprehensible to them, or which transcend to any great degree the ordinary course of Eventuation, as in the case of Spiritualism, Mormonism, Shakerism. These are all assumed to be errors, without investigation into their causes or their significance.

Religion, on the other hand, does the same. It starts from a basis assumed as authoritative, as the Bible, the Koran, the Vedas, and interdicts as the worst of crimes, any attempt to inquire into the truth of the authority, or the precise value of the revelation. Neither in the case of the Scientist, or of the Religionist, is there evinced that higher and more truly religious spirit which seeks to draw from every source in the universe, the truth, the whole truth, and to be at all times, and upon all sides, receptive to its influx. From the failure to do this, from the persistent efforts of Religionists, (in their devotion to their segment of truth), to prevent the investigation of the basis upon which their Religion stood, we have seen the Church in the past, standing as the representative of arrogance, intolerance, and error; perverted entirely from its true function of an inspirationist of truth, to become instead a propagandist of the worst of untruths—ignorance.

Refusing to investigate the truth, denouncing all who dare to investigate it—that has been the position of the Christian Church in the past, and is still of the Christian Church to-day, where it has any vitality. Professing to be the guide of the people into a knowledge of the way of truth, no sect within its pale has ever yet undertaken, in a critical and unbiased spirit, to examine the validity of its claim to a knowledge of truth. It stands to-day with the first step toward a certain knowledge of truth untried, and is hence infidel to the truth, while the great truth-seekers whom it has continuously branded, and, when it dared, scourged, the great Atheists and Infidels of the past and present, whose devotion to truth made them opposed to a church which disregarded its first elements, stand out in grand proportions as truly, devoutly religious beings.

While dealing thus plainly with the facts in relation to the Church, we are not touching the noble character or the devoted lives of the great body of Religionists of all classes. Goodness depends, as far as the individual is concerned, upon the motive of action. If this be good, then does the person challenge our deepest reverence, even though through ignorance the results of his actions be, as they very often are, productive of injury to others. That the Religionists of the world have been, as a class, men and women of the most pure intentions and most earnestly bent upon doing good, I firmly believe. I count them as the preeminently unselfish and devoted ones of earth, and hold them in most loving sympathy; nor have I any respect for that worst form of bigotry so rife among reformers, which, able to see only the errors of Religionists, can perceive no beauty in the development of those who, living in less enlightened ages, were necessarily plunged into errors which we escape, and this through their very desire to do good. The bigotry of reform which, in denouncing one error slides into its opposite, which confounds conditions with motives, and judges of the intention by its estimate of the value of the specific act, and which while censuring those who in times past could not see the truth which they now see, is just as blind to the truth in advance of itself; this bigotry and its supercilious sentimentalism are more truly repugnant than that sturdy sort which came of an overmastering conscientiousness forcing the individual to pursue the paths which it deemed right, regardless of the results. Bigotry is the result of ignorance; and while we may even admire it in the children of an ignorant age when we find it arising from the loftiest motives, yet when we meet it in our own light-burdened time, it falls upon us with a saddening shock.

While rendering, therefore, my tribute of glowing reverence for the strong saints of the world in all ages, in all countries, and of all faiths, the point I wish to make prominent is this. That the very devotion of Religionists, when given to the sustaining of anything less than the whole truth, as it exists and as it is successively discovered, must of necessity make such devotees a partisan of certain truths, and an equally strenuous opposer of new truths which may modify or supersede the old ones. While, on the other hand, a Religion based upon belief in the necessity of a thorough investigation of all possible sides claimed as truth, must necessarily reverse this tendency, and make such a Religion the forerunner of the race into all truth and all harmony. Such a Religion starts with no prejudices, no preconceived opinions, which it is endeavoring to bolster up, no foregone conclusions of what must be. If the Bible claims to be the inspired word of God, the first step in the way of truth is to thoroughly investigate that claim by every faculty which the race can bring to bear upon it, and in the light of such investigation let the truth be found. If Science claims to have made a discovery which invalidates the statements of the Bible, let the same method establish the truth. With the world imbued with devotion to such a Religion the discovery of truth would advance prodigiously; while imbued with the desire of applying these new discoveries for the welfare of the brotherhood of the Human Race, the solution of the problem of human social well-being cannot be far distant.

With such a Religion we advance, for the first time in the history of the ages, into an unselfish era. The prime teaching of all Religions, in the past, of the Christian, the loftiest of them all, has been to secure first the salvation of their own soul; after that to look out for others. Let us away with this sublime selfishness. The age demands a nobler, a loftier, a more God-like inspiration. Let us save humanity first and foremost, and in saving it secure our own upliftment. The grander instincts of this age spurn the bribe of salvation purchased by a life of spiritual devotion to self first; and the Religion which offered it, as its highest gift, is rapidly losing its hold upon the age which is above it. Material selfishness, spiritual selfishness—both selfish in that they put self first and humanity last; these are not the teachings which have power to arouse the world and call it back to its estranged allegiance. The earth needs a new and a still higher Religion. What shall it be? Can there be a loftier than this conceived of? A Religion which lays aside all preconceived opinions, all pet plans, and devoted itself earnestly, unflinchingly, wholly to the discovery of a



truth, wherever it may be, to the end that by such discoveries we may learn the true laws of life for the individual, for the family, for the community, and may with singleness of purpose and in the spirit of boundless love, apply the laws so known to the rescue of humanity from its poverty, its ignorance, its spiritual destitution, and may create a heaven of happiness, where the regenerated human race may dwell together in love and bliss, and realize the long-predicted day when there shall be no more suffering nor death, but a new heaven and a new earth shall be radiant with love to God and love to man.

## VEGETABLE PHYSIOLOGY CONNECTED WITH THEOLOGY.

What is life? What is eternal life? We all love life, and aspire to higher measures and more enduring life. Life is an emanation from the Deity, and the quantity and quality of life depends not on the infinity of Deity, but upon the form, organism or capacity of the recipient of that emanation, whether that recipient be a vegetable, a moss, a lichen, a reed, a palm, or a sturdy oak, or a clam, a worm, a bird, a lion, or a man, a man or woman of cultivated intellect and pure heart, or an angel of light, a cherub, or a seraph, or a man or woman of corrupt, vicious heart and depraved moral capacity, an idiot or a demon.

Now, to rise to higher grades of life, to develop to the highest possible degree the human, moral and intellectual capacity, let us begin at the foot of the scale, the lowest order of organized beings, and gradually ascend the ladder step by step, until we arrive at ourselves, and know what manner of persons we are. And if we listen attentively to the instruction thus derived, and meditate thereon, we shall find ourselves further up the scale of being than when we commenced, somewhat enlarged in capacity to receive the divine inspirations of life.

Let us examine the material universe by which we are surrounded, with which we have to do, and of which we form a part.

Naturalists arrange the physical elements in three grand divisions: The mineral, the vegetable, and the animal. Our subject at this time is the wonders of nature in the vegetable kingdom. Definition: It is difficult accurately to define a vegetable, or to discriminate between a vegetable and an animal. In their extremes they are quite unlike. No one can be at a loss to discern the difference between an oak and an oak. The one has consciousness and locomotion, the other is firmly anchored to the place of its nativity. But this definition will not hold good as the two kingdoms approach each other. The trailing sea-weed, the sea lichen and many plants, float from place to place, and occupy different places of abode, have much of locomotion, while the coral, the oyster, the barnacle, and whole nations of marine animals are permanently fixed to the place of their birth.

A vegetable is an organized body susceptible of growth, development, propagation and decay, but apparently without organs of sensation. It cannot be positively asserted that vegetables are without consciousness or feeling of pleasure and pain, of hope or fear.

Many plants evince thought, forecast, and wonderful sagacity. I do not say that plants think. I say they exhibit much evidence that they think and act from motive. If plants do not themselves think, God thinks in them, and for them, and thus manifests his existence to the confusion of atheism. There is a certain something in every plant, which, for the want of a better name we call the living principle; by that something, all germination, growth, development, life and propagation are carried forward, exhibiting as much evidence of design, purpose and consciousness, as the most wise and talented man could exhibit if his intellect was enclosed in just such an organism as that of the plant. What is that living principle in the vegetable, governing its action, unless it be the living God, who alone hath life abiding in himself?

The vegetable kingdom is distributed into divisions, classes, order, genera and species. There are about forty thousand species in America. More than three thousand species of flowering plants are described in the manuals of botany. I have myself analyzed about two thousand species. There are three great grand divisions of plants: The Acotyledonous, the Monocotyledonous, and the Dicotyledonous. These are as unlike each other in their character, growth and formation, as they are unlike the animal or mineral kingdom.

The one great object of the plant, or of the living principle of the plant, the theme of its thoughts, cares, loves and labors, is the increase of its race, the multiplication of its species. In obedience to the original divine command—to be fruitful, multiply, and replenish the earth—plants received the divine projective impulse from the Creator's hand, when first in the garden he strewed them. That Divine force still impels them forward to spread the fair, green carpet o'er the desert earth. Let us now contemplate them as intelligent beings, attempting to multiply their kind; for, whether they are, or are not intelligent, there is no other way to study and contemplate them understandingly.

Plants have two different methods of increasing their kind: by continuance, and by reproduction. And between these two they have an ample field of choice to elect which, or change from one to the other at pleasure, or as contingencies may require. Continuance is effected when a slip of the twig, or limb, or a branch of the root, or any part of the plant except the seed, is separated from the parent, and becomes another tree or shrub. This new shoot from the trunk or root of the preceding plant is but a continuation of the same individual, although that continued individual may be growing in a thousand localities. It is really a part of the same, and will feel the effects of old age, though of but a single year's growth, just as much as the parent stalk from which it was separated.

If a slip be taken from an old apple tree, and be planted in a new locality, however young that slip may be, it is still as old as the parent, and will give evidence of age and decay. If we may suppose a tree capable of living just one hundred years, and no more, and a green, growing slip be taken from that tree, on the ninety-fifth year, and planted in a new locality, however carefully protected, it would expire of old age in the fifth year.

Potatoes are usually multiplied by continuance. The potato is but the root, not the seed, of the former crop. This is one cause of disease, deterioration and decay of that most valuable plant. It is but an inferior creature, liable to disease, and ready to die of old age. To this fact I had called attention as long ago as 1831, and before the potato rot had

been heard of. Obtaining new potatoes directly from the seed in this country would not entirely remove the evil, for disease has become hereditary. A partial remedy might be found by importing young potato seed from South America.

Some plants, from their particular structure and organization, can keep up existence and multiply by continuance a long, a very long time, even a hundred or more years, or as long as any single individual might live, but no longer. Some plants can survive by continuance but a very little time. The capacity of a vegetable to sustain and multiply itself by continuance is just in proportion to the probabilities that the seed will not be formed or will be inadequate in quantity. Any particular vegetable will increase or diminish its tenacity of life by continuance as local or accidental circumstances favor or obstruct the formation of seed.

The potato has increased its tenacity of continued life in this climate, because the seed, though sometimes formed in the ball, is very liable to be destroyed by the severity of the Winter, and has no friend to protect it. But in South America, its native home, where the seed matures, is preserved and readily springs again, the root is much smaller, and can continue but two or three years without decay. If the flowers and top-most leaves of the potato be moderately trimmed, not so as materially to obstruct its growth, but sufficiently to prevent the formation of seed, the roots at the base will be increased in quantity and quality. If the top grows rank and luxuriant, with an abundance of balls which mature the seed, the root will be smaller, and less valuable.

O, ye that believe in no God; tell me who gives information to the root of the potato, that the seed is in danger; that the root must lay up store for the future; that instead of sending up all its fluid to ripen the seed, which is lost, or about to perish, it must retain that nourishment by continued existence, until a more favorable opportunity to make seed. It is that living, thinking, intelligent principle, and that living principle is God in the potato vine. The grasses and the grains are good examples of these wonders. When they are permitted to ripen bear heads full of seed, and thus secure the existence of the race, then they care little for the seed. The nourishment is carried up, and just as the seed is maturing, finishing up its growth, ready to become independent of the parent stalk, then the root, obedient to the voice of the spirit within, yields the last particle of life and nutriment to ripen the seed, to set out the young child for its future voyage of life. Then the parent plant yields up the living principle, the spirit within, and dies. Her misdeeds accomplished; her work is done; she has no further need of continuance.

But if the fowls of heaven have stolen the grain before it was mature, if the insect has devoured it, or robbed it of nourishment, rendering it abortive, or if the grazing herd, or mower's scythe has cut down seed and stalk, then the alarm is given; the danger of extermination is sounded, and the root attempts continuance. The nourishment elaborated and intended for the seed is counter-marched, and directed to manufacture more root, more turf, more fibres, more outspreading runners to try again in different localities, dig deep, hide from the cold of Winter, migrate, start at a new point, and struggle for a perpetual life by continuance. The breath of Jehovah is in the grass. As you walk the meadow, God's voice is heard beneath your feet; he is there, at work.

Who has not noticed in the autumnal field of corn that some barren stalk near the outer skirt of the platt, where no seed was growing; that barren stalk remained green, and its roots were yet alive after the fruit bearing stalks having finished their work, had yielded up the spirit of life which was then quiescent in the seed. That barren stalk, conscious of its failure, was holding on tenaciously to life, to make another attempt, failure though it be, to bear seed. In the milder climates of the South, such efforts are not always failures, but a second growth can sometimes be obtained from the root of corn.

The water willows form their seed in such a manner, being dioecious, that they are very liable to fall in the effort, and in compensation for this disadvantage, they are gifted with great tenacity of continuance by the root. Farmers well know how difficult it is to exterminate that shrub by cutting it down, for the root will spring again. Who apprises the willow root of the danger to the seed? Who bids that root penetrate deep, seek a watery place, pump up moisture, lay up a store for future use, and hold on to life by continuance? It is the living principle; it is an intelligent principle; it is Moses's Jehovah in the bush, and the bush burned with life, and the bush is not consumed. In the case of most of our forest trees, if the woodman's ax fell them to the ground, some little time before the seed is matured, the stump will shoot forth with many sprouts, and being conscious of the failure, make an effort at continuance.

But if the tree be felled immediately after a copious maturity of seed, the stump and roots and sprouts will die. I have often observed a tree, and even a limb of a tree, fatally injured by the wind by being barked, or other casualty, a little before seed time, and that tree, or that limb would bring forth vasty more fruit than its fellows, throwing all its energies into the seed, and expire in a very few days; and in some of the briar family in a very few hours. The Lombardy Poplar in this country exists alone by continuance, never having been able to produce seed in America; hence it is an old tree, it is but one tree, all having sprung from one twig.

Notwithstanding all this tenacity, continuance is not of choice, but of necessity. It is a case of emergency, compelled by force of circumstances. It is a creative provision for accidents and violence. Continuance in the vegetable kingdom is self-sacrifice. It is a bachelor's life, a bleak, lone solitude, and must sometime die out.

The great grand obolus of Nature is reproduction by the seed. The waving boughs, the moaning wind, through the leaves, the heaving, tiny, budding blossoms, all cry out, "I do not love solitude, let me be married, bear children and leave a posterity." To have offspring is the great, grand voice of Nature—it should be heeded.

When a plant bears seed, and that seed is fully ripe, and ready to leave the parent, it is a new being, an independent identity, and starts on its own career of existence. This is not continuance, but reproduction.

Some vegetables reproduce only in their lifetime, and then die. They are called annuals. Such plants usually produce a large amount of seed at that time, as in the case of corn, and most kinds of grain. Some plants require one year to mature the root, and stalk, and a second year to reproduce by

the seed. These are biennial plants. Winter wheat is making an attempt at biennialism.

By preventing the seed from maturing, many biennial plants can be partially converted into continuations for a number of years. Most shrubs and trees can reproduce by seed a great number of times.

In these cases the quantity of seed at any one time is far less in proportion to their bulk, than that of annuals, or biennials. Such plants are called perennials, and survive the bearing of seed. But a very copious production is often the cause of their sudden death.

Here then, is the great, grand struggle in the vegetable kingdom, to propagate its kind, and here is the great marching and countermarching between continuance and reproduction; now ordering the provisions, and munitions of war to one post, and now to another, as they are more or less needed, or as dangers and emergencies require, now transporting to the seed, to put in rations for a long voyage of life, now ordering them back into the store house of the root, for continuance, now sending out to construct or repair, now building bridges for transportation, now mending a gap there, now dressing a wound here, and all for the love of producing its species. The Vegetable World is the kingdom; Jehovah is the General and Commissary; the Plant is the field of his campaign.

## SIN.

BY WARREN HOSAGE.

No word of three letters in our language has caused more mistakes, cost more preaching, or produced more misery by being misapplied, or misunderstood, than the one at the head of this chapter. Webster says sin is a "voluntary departure of a moral agent from a known rule of rectitude, or duty prescribed by God." This is simply absurd and made like many of his definitions, for the theological schools and students, without the least regard to reason or philosophy, or even common sense. What are the known rules of rectitude, or duty, prescribed by God? Who shall answer? Which priest? Which Bible? Which human being? Who is God's interpreter? Who shall translate his language? But let us follow Webster a little further: "All evil thoughts, purposes, words and desires." They must be voluntary, of course, and thoughts and desires never are. But who shall decide which are evil? The priest of course. But which priest? Will any one do? One of any country, or any religion? But I will leave this string of absurdities and contradictions, as I am often compelled to when following Webster for the real and ideal roots of words.

Sin may be philosophically defined to mean a contact, or conflict of an intelligent being, with law, or with another intelligent being. As it is confined to intelligence, it cannot be found in the animal kingdom; and as sin implies responsibility and accountability, it must of course be voluntary; and as thoughts and desires never are, therefore there can be no sinful thoughts or wicked desires more in man than in beast, whatever they be, and whether scaled high or low by our standard of morals or religion.

There can be no voluntary contact, or conflict, of a finite being with an Infinite; therefore there can never be a sin against God. No mortal ever did or ever can sin against God. Fakirs, barbarians, slaves to creeds, and the ignorant, superstitious and fanatical may pray about sin against God, and attempt to define it, but they will never agree, and the enlightened understanding will reject the whole as a scheme of priests to govern, convert, and make slaves of the masses through fear of God and his judgments. Man's accountability to God comes in and through his own soul, and there, and nowhere else, must the account be settled with God, for there, and only there, is the accountability to God.

Having trimmed off these theological excrescences, we come now to consider what sin really is, and what it is not. No involuntary act, or motion of mind, or soul, or body, can be sin or sinful. No voluntary act of a finite being, which he or she does not know, or believe, to be contrary to, or in conflict with, or in violation of the rights, interest, welfare, happiness, security, or prosperity of him or herself, nor any other being, can be a sin. When these are all thrown out, sin is limited to a narrow and appropriate sphere, and may confine the preaching against sin to voluntary acts of one finite being, knowingly against the interest of itself or another. For a human being to sin against itself, would be to sin against the Holy Ghost, or his or her own soul, which is the Holy Ghost of that person, and never should be sinned against, for such sin is not forgiven in this world, nor the world to come. Such scars remain a long time, and reach often far beyond the confines of this life.

Whatever we do against the laws of our own being and its growth in beauty, purity, strength, knowledge and wisdom, or against our own natures, which God has planted in us for our (not his) glory, is sin against the Holy Ghost, and no person or power out of us can forgive or pardon it, and hence it cannot be forgiven in either world. It is of the highest importance for us to know the laws of our own nature and growth, and then to rigidly obey and enforce them, regardless of the opinions and theories of others, for they never will conflict with the interest or welfare of others, and in this country we should seldom be interrupted in carrying them out.

The second quality of sin, and the only kind left, is the voluntary trespass of one person upon the human rights or interests of another; but it is so exceedingly difficult for one person to know what another knows or believes, that we can seldom decide when a sin has been committed by another. Hence, Jesus said, "Judge not at all, lest ye be judged;" but he taught forgiveness of these sins, of course by the injured party, for no other could forgive them. Such sins can be forgiven in this world or the other, and forgiveness is much the better course for the injured party, for, as some old poet says in a rough way:

"Revengeing an injury done  
Would be making two rogues  
Where there need be but one."

Thus sin narrows down to two kinds—the sin against ourselves (Holy Ghost sin), which cannot be forgiven, because the injured is the guilty party and cannot forgive himself; and second, sin against a neighbor, which he or she can (if good enough or Christ-like) forgive, but of which a third party can seldom judge safely, because we can seldom be sure he or she did it voluntarily; and we can still less seldom know that he or she knew it was against the rights or interest of the injured party. We may know the law and our neighbor may not. The best standard we have for avoiding this sin is

to do unto others as we would have them do unto us. This was Confucius's standard, and it was adopted by Jesus, and is preached by most Christians and practised by very few. But even this would not always be agreeable. My Chinese neighbor would make me a dog or rat soup to dine upon, by this rule, and wish it in return; but it would be unpleasant to me. A member of a tribe of black barbarians in Africa would give his Christian white visitor his wife for a lodging companion, as a token of respect, but the Christian would hardly reciprocate, even if his wife was more a slave than the black man's wife. We can define what sin is, but it is impossible to determine who are sinners, and hence forgiveness is best.

## THE MAGNITUDE OF THE FIXED STARS.

BY DAVID TROWBRIDGE.

Having in a previous article attempted to give the reader some idea of the distance of the fixed stars, in this one I shall endeavor to present what is known respecting the magnitude and the mass of some of those distant luminaries which twinkle in the "azure bosom of night."

It cannot be said that we have much knowledge of the absolute magnitude of the fixed stars. The earlier astronomers supposed that the apparent diameters of the fixed stars of the first magnitude were equal to two or three minutes of arc. Tycho Brahe estimated the apparent diameters of the first magnitude at two; those of the second at one and one-half; those of the third at one and one-twelfth; those of the fourth at three-quarters; those of the fifth at one-half; and those of the sixth at one-third of a minute of arc. After the invention of the telescope, it was discovered that the most of this apparent diameter was due to irradiation. Galileo succeeded in showing that the apparent diameters of stars of the first magnitude, could not exceed five seconds of arc. The astronomer Horrox, first remarked a phenomenon, which showed that the real apparent diameters of the fixed stars are indefinitely small. In 1637, he and his friend Crabtree, observed an occultation of the Pleiades, (seven stars,) by the moon, and they saw that the apparent diameters of those stars were so small, that they disappeared behind the dark limb of the moon, instantaneously, to their perception. Horrox, therefore, concluded that the apparent diameters of the fixed stars, are so exceedingly small that they could not be measured.

For some years, astronomers were misled by diminishing the aperture of the telescope, and thereby giving the stars spurious diameters, amounting to five or six seconds of arc. But succeeding astronomers continually reduced the apparent diameters so much, that it was concluded that Sirius, the brightest of all the fixed stars, had an apparent diameter of only one-fiftieth of a second.

Sir William Herschel devoted considerable attention to the subject of the apparent diameters of the fixed stars, but even he was unable to effect any measurement upon which he could rely with any confidence. He, however, reduced the observed apparent diameters to a fraction of a second. On the 22d of October, 1781, he observed the bright star Alpha Lyrae, with a power of 6450, and having measured the apparent diameter as it appeared to him, he found it equal to 0".9553, being the parallax of the star, as given by M. Struve. (See the table in the article on the Distances of the Fixed Stars.) This apparent diameter gives the real diameter of Alpha Lyrae equal to one hundred and forty-eight times that of the sun—this latter being eight hundred and ninety-five thousand miles. This, very probably, far exceeds the truth.

According to the experiments of Dr. Wollaston, on the light of Alpha Lyrae, as compared with the light of the sun, the latter yields us as much light as one hundred and eighty thousand millions of such stars as Alpha Lyrae. From this, it is concluded, that the intrinsic splendor of Alpha Lyrae, is about seven times that of our sun. Similar experiments give the intrinsic splendor of Alpha Centauri about two and a third times that of the sun; while the intrinsic splendor of Sirius, is proved in the same way to be equal to sixty-three, like our sun. This, then, will account for the great splendor of Sirius in our nocturnal sky, while it is yet so remote.

According to calculation, the mass of the central star of the two which form Alpha Centauri, (it is a binary star,) is about nine-tenths that of our sun. The sum of the masses of the two stars composing sixty-one Cygni, appears to be about eighty-five hundredths of the mass of our sun. We thus conclude that the masses of the principal fixed stars are not probably vastly greater nor vastly less than the mass of our sun.

## LARGE ARMIES.

The following facts, culled from ancient history, may be of some interest at the present time:

The city of Thebes had a hundred gates, and could send out at each gate 10,000 fighting men and 200 chariots—in all, 1,000,000 men and 20,000 chariots.

The army of Terah, King of Ethiopia, consisted of 1,000,000 men and 300 chariots of war. Sesostris, King of Egypt, led against his enemies 600,000 men, 24,000 cavalry, and 27 so-called chariots. 1491 B. C.

Hamulcar went from Carthage and landed near Palermo. He had a fleet of 2,000 ships and 8,000 small vessels, and a land force of 300,000 men. At the battle in which he was defeated, 160,000 were slain.

A Roman fleet, led by Regulus against Carthage, consisted of 830 vessels, with 140,000 men. The Carthaginians sent numbered 850 vessels, with 160,000 men.

At the battle of Cannae there were of the Romans, including allies, 80,000 foot and 6,000 horse; of the Carthaginians 40,000 foot and 10,000 horse. Of these, 70,000 were slain in all, and 10,000 taken prisoners; more than half slain.

Hannibal, during his campaign in Italy and Spain, plundered 400 towns and destroyed 300,000 men. Ninus, the Assyrian king, about 2,000 years B. C., led against the Bactrians his army, consisting of 1,700,000 foot, 200,000 horse, and 16,000 chariots armed with scythes.

Italy a little before Hannibal's time, was able to send into the field nearly 1,000,000 men. Semiramis employed 2,000,000 men in building the mighty Babylon. She took 100,000 Indian prisoners at the Indus, and sunk 1,000 boats.

Sennacherib lost in a single night 185,000 men by the destroying angel—2 Kings xix: 35-37.

A short time after the taking of Babylon, the forces of Cyrus consisted of 600,000 foot, 120,000 horse, and 3,000 chariots armed with scythes.

An army of Cambyse, 80,000 strong, was buried up in the desert sands of Africa by a south wind.

When Xerxes arrived at Thermopylae, his land and sea forces amounted to 2,641,610, exclusive of

servants, eunuchs, women, sailors, etc., in all numbering 5,233,320. So says Herodotus, Plutarch, and Isocrates.

The army of Artaxerxes, before the battle of Cunaxa, amounted to about 1,200,000.

Ten thousand horses and 100,000 foot fell on the fatal field of Issus.

When Jerusalem was taken by Titus, 1,100,000 perished in various ways.

The forces of Darius at Arbela numbered more than 1,000,000. The Persians lost 90,000 men in this battle; Alexander about 600 men. So says Diodorus. Arius says the Persians in this battle lost 300,000; the Greeks 1,200.

## FOREBODINGS.

EDITOR BANNER OF LIGHT.—The following was written some weeks ago, under a strong impression from some source, but considered too highly exaggerated for publication. Present events seem to indicate the possibility of a partial realization of the horrors depicted:

I feel almost as though something or somebody said to me, "Take thy pen and write." The words that come to me are these: "Rogues are more thoroughly united in their nefarious practices than honest men are in a righteous cause." "Thou art in danger—God's help comes only with thine own efforts for the right—put forth with all the strength given thee." Awake from thy slumbers, ye who are resting in peaceful security! The day is coming in which thou shalt part with all thou hast, even with thy earthly life, if the cause of truth does not prevail. Thou art doomed to slavery, the most perfect, the most abject slavery, unless thou puttest forth the might of thy strong arm, and the means God hath given thee, wherewith to defend justice and the truth.

The world is slow to see the magnitude of the contest now raging; it sees things only through material eyes, while thou hast had thy spiritual eyes opened, and can discern that which is even yet shut out from the vision of the mass of mankind. Greater things than even ye have discerned will speedily come to pass; therefore hesitate not to speak all thou knowest or feelest to be true, for even more than thou shalt say shall come to pass. Fear not men, nor the opinions of men, for they will pass away, while the truth shall never pass away. Doubt not that the day is at hand when the world shall rejoice for things not yet conceived of in the hearts of men. Behold, the trumpet of the Lord is sounding, calling upon the dead to awake—the dead in the earth and the dead in the heavens. Thy time is at hand, oh earth, in which the judgment is come—the judgment which shall separate the good from the evil. The voice of the Almighty shall be heard through all the kingdoms of the earth, commanding the oppressor to let the oppressed go free. That voice is heard now in the raging battle, and shall be more distinctly heard in the lamentations of those who shall suffer from pestilence and famine.

These are the ways of the Almighty by which He shall bring the children of the earth to judgment of good and evil; these are the ways by which He shall purge the earth of oppression and give freedom to the captive. Let thy hand do what thou findest to do with all thy might, for there is need for every word and every act that shall prepare thy fellowman for the desolation at hand. Many have been called, but few have come into the field where the harvest is ready for the sickle. They see not as thou seest, for their eyes have been blinded with material things of the world. Rejoice that thy eyes have been opened at the expense of the things of the earth, for material things are a hindrance to the seeing of things spiritual. Earthly things must pass away, but spiritual things abide forever.

Woe, woe to the land of national prosperity, that exalteth itself above the things of the spiritual kingdom, for its fall and desolation is at hand—its power and might are fast approaching the end, and when spiritual things shall come and hold dominion over it. War destroys the material and gives power to the spiritual. The spiritual comes with power and sweeps away the material. Man shall cry hold, hold! but his voice shall not be heard until desolation is complete, and the spiritual shall have gained a mighty power over the material, and all men brought to a knowledge of the truth. Turn thy thoughts, oh man, to things spiritual, for thy temporal interests shall no longer abide with thee; yea, even thy temporal life may not be spared thee, for man shall be gathered in days coming, as the harvest is gathered from the field; he shall be cut down as grass before the scythe, and called hence to the abode of his fathers, that the stubble ground may be burned over and purified from the noxious weeds that have choked his growth. A day of great tribulation is at hand; the almighty day of the Lord hath come, in which men shall cry out, Save us from our sin, oh Lord! and their voices shall not be heard, for hath not the prophets of old warned them of these things in all times past, and their ears have been deaf to the cry; and now shall not the ear of the Lord be shut against them? Make haste while there is yet time, and open thy hands freely, for what thou hast shall be taken from thee, and that which thou dost not bestow by thy own will, shall profit thee nothing. The poor must be fed and clothed, and the helpless must be lifted up. He that doeth these things, the same shall find a treasure to reward him in heaven.

O man, thou hast thought to enrich thyself by gain, when by giving only couldst thy reward have been made sure. The earth and the things of the earth are but dross that cannot rise upward to the heavenly spheres. That which thou heaviest behind will drag thee downward; that which thou bestowest freely to such as need, shall lift thee up in the day when sorrow comes and fast shall be on the eyes be opened to the needy around thee, and thine hand extended to such as call upon thee; for one naked one clothed, and one hungry one fed, shall profit thee more than all the riches thou mayest lay up in the secret drawers of thy closet. Days of sorrow and desolation, of famine and pestilence are before thee. Be prepared for them, and do thy work well.

August 10, 1862.

## NATIONAL UNION ANTHEM.

Sung by Mrs. W. J. Florence, on the occasion of the visit of Brigadier General Corcoran to Wallack's Theatre, Sept. 4, 1862.

WRITTEN BY JAMES MORTIMER.

God save the Union!  
Make her great and glorious!  
Shield her defenders:  
Send her arms victorious!  
Bless her proud standard:  
Strike, with thy thunder,  
Base hands uplifted  
To rend its folds asunder!

Chorus—God save the Union!  
None its ties shall sever!  
God save the Nation  
ONE, now and forever.

God save our Rulers!  
Watch over, defend them!  
Guide Thou their footsteps!  
Strength and wisdom lend them!  
Spirit of Justice!  
Crush Treason's wild delusion!  
Chastise all traitors:  
O'erwhelm them with confusion!

Chorus—God save the Union, &c.

Word should be seconded by action; it is not enough for a housewife to say to a stocking with a hole in it, "you be darned."



LUTHER COLBY. . . . . EDITOR.

God is no respecter of persons. He wills all men to be saved and to come to the knowledge of the truth.

**Mr. Anderson, the Spirit Artist.**  
The Post Office address of Mr. W. F. Anderson,  
the Spirit Artist, is for the present, Box No. 65,  
East Boston, Mass.

We are all too apt to be frightened with hobgoblins. So many of us are afraid of being thought infidels, skeptics. The fact really is, that the moment a person becomes skeptical, that moment he experiences a 'visible' expansion of his spiritual faith. To doubt is to begin to know. We do not inquire except as we doubt; and doubters are apt to be reasoners, not superstition-mongers and blind worshipers of past authority. We have no infidels, save those who deny that God has written a volume of true inspiration for each human heart; those who refuse to believe what church temporalities order them to subscribe to, are in no sense infidels, whatever superficial persons may choose to style them. Says the Rev. O. B. Frothingham, "As read the New Testament; I find that Jesus charmed

General Mansfield, killed in the Maryland battle of the 17th, was born in New Haven, Connecticut, in 1803. At the age of fourteen, he was appointed a Cadet at West Point, and graduated in 1822, the second of his class. Until 1846 he was engaged in the construction of coastwise defensive works, including Fort Pulaski, at the mouth of Savannah river. In 1846 he joined Gen. Taylor, in Mexico, and was his chief engineer through the war.

The New Orleans Advocate figures up a loss to the city of \$250,000,000, as the effect of secession already experienced. Of this amount, \$150,000,000 is set down as the value of agricultural productions lost to the commerce of that port by the suspension of trade.



## Verified Messages.

Some time ago we called on the readers of the BANNER to inform us of the truth or falsity of any particular Message which might perchance come under their notice, or with the internal character of which they might happen to be acquainted. We have in consequence had many verifications sent in to us, from time to time, a few of which we give below, and shall continue the list, whenever we can do so without infringing on the confidence of the parties interested.

We are certain of one not connected with the reception of these messages, and that is this: With the character of the medium controlled had, and could have no acquaintance, at the time, whatever. Of this we repeat, we are as thoroughly satisfied as we can be with anything. We know these various manifestations to be legitimate, as do thousands of people all over the country, who are daily receiving similar ones to those we publish, and that they do come from the source from which they purport to emanate. It is true errors sometimes creep in, as a spirit is not always exact as to time and other circumstances connected with his or her earth-life, any more than while in the form, although the messages we have received have been remarkably correct thus far in these particulars.

Here is a message from Willie Short, to his father and mother in the earth-life, given at our public circle July 10th, 1862. Let it speak for itself:

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER—Are you not glad to have me send you a letter from my home in the spirit world? They who control this place gave me permission to come to-day, and this is the first time I write here, and in this way, and I like it much, only we have to hurry, for they only give us a little time. Charlotte is here. She is not as she used to be; she can hear and speak now, but could not ever through human lips. I am studying astronomy, and shall sometime try to tell you what I have learned. Oh, dear father, I am often used as a messenger for your guides, and I like it much. They are very kind, and tell me many things, and show me many, also. Dear father and mother, I will come to you again, with more, when I can do better and stay longer.

WILLIE SHORT.

Buffalo, New York.

The facts contained in this message were unknown to our medium, previous to their record, as given through her organism at the time specified. September 2d, 1862, she received a letter from the mother, Mrs. Adella B. Short, dated Buffalo, N. Y. in which Mrs. S. says:

"Excuse me for addressing you, personally a stranger, but by reputation. A poor man's sincere thanks for the part you took in publishing my dear little son's letter. I consider it an excellent test. My dear and dumb daughter that she speaks of, has been in the spirit world five years, and Willie thirteen years. Charlotte was twenty five years old when she died, and Willie seven years old. It made me weep tears of joy to hear from my children in the spirit world, and I hope to hear from them again ere I pass on the other side myself."

John Gibson's message is verified by three different parties, as follows:

Mr. Editor—In the BANNER of June 14th you published a communication in the Messages Department purporting to be from the spirit of John Gibson, who formerly lived in Hopkinton, Mass. He has a son, Mr. Warner Gibson, who is now living in this town, and works in the shop with me. I have conversed with him in relation to the communication, and he says that the incidents contained therein actually occurred as stated by the spirit, excepting the spirit gives the date when the lawsuit was decided against him; he only knows that he had a lawsuit, as stated. He also says that he recognizes his father's style in the composition of the article alluded to; and further, that you may publish this if you choose. Yours truly,

Milford, July 10, 1862. JOHN G. GILBERT.

Mr. Editor—I write to inform you that the communication spoken through Mrs. J. H. Conant, May 19th, and published in the BANNER June 14th, 1862, purporting to come from John Gibson, was true every word of it. I was knowing to the circumstances, as his wife was my father's youngest sister, Olive Green, of Hopkinton, Mass. His wife's friends may try to palm it off as untrue, because they are salted down in Orthodoxy; but it is God's truth, notwithstanding. Yours for the truth,

ISRAEL GREEN.

Mr. Editor—As you have expressed the wish that the messages that are published by you might be replied to, I would say in message from John Gibson, of Hopkinton, Mass., in your paper, June 14th, is correct in every particular. So say his friends and acquaintances. From a friend to the cause of Spiritualism.

Milford, June 16, 1862. R. N. WILLIAMS.

The message above referred to is a long one otherwise we should reprint it here; but any inquirer may see it in our file by calling at our office. We do asseverate in the most solemn manner possible that our medium, Mrs. Conant, had no knowledge whatever of the party alluded to above, neither we or any other person connected with this establishment. It was spoken by our medium, while in an abnormal state called the trance, and taken down by our reporter verbatim at the time.

Mr. Editor—You will remember in the BANNER, June 1st, 1862, was a message purporting to be from Capt. Alfred Patton. I took the trouble to look it up. I found the surviving partner. Show her the message, and she said it was correct in every particular, and desired I should leave the BANNER containing the message. I did so. When called for it, she said it was a little over fifteen years since he was drowned, and that it was at New Orleans. It will be remembered he said, "In the Mississippi, below New Orleans." Now whether the good lady wanted to back out, on reflection, being a good orthodox, I am unable to say; but I was not satisfied, and appealed to other friends of the Captain's, who assured me the account he gave of himself was correct. Yours for Truth,

BRUNSWICK, July, 1862. AMARA F. CUMMINGS.

REKIND BANNER—I wish to acknowledge a communication from Ebenezer Brookway, given through Mrs. Conant, and published in your issue of May 1st, 1862, which gave great pleasure to the fraternity of Spiritualists in this place, as it was a fulfillment of his promise made through a medium here. I was not personally acquainted with him while he was on earth; but there are numbers among us who were, and they say the communication is characteristic of the man. At least he has kept his promise, which is, to us who do not choose to remain in the bonds of bigotry or skepticism, the evidence required. Truly yours, S. P. ANDERSON.

Hampden, Conn., June 16, 1862.

We have many other verifications of the spirit messages printed in this paper, which we shall make public in due time.

It behooves our friends everywhere to aid us in testing the messages received by us from spirit-life, and we hope they will not be so remiss as they have been in times past in this respect.

THE DIFFERENCE.—Montreal papers notice a significant fact. Before the rebellion broke out all the fugitives fleeing from the United States into Canada were black; now, not a black is to be seen on the track, but a host of cowardly white shirks have taken their place.

## ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

NORFOLK.—Dr. Farnsworth, the medium for answering sealed letters, having left town, those who desire to hear from their spirit friends, in a similar manner, can do so by enclosing \$1.00, and directing their letters to our address. When no response is received, the fee will be returned.

Young Dearborn, (one of our printers, attached to the Mass. Eighth Battery,) says in a letter to us that the Battery did efficient service in the late battles, and that the men were complimented by their superior officers for bravery. He says: "We killed lots of rebels on Wednesday (17th). Passed through the field to-day (Thursday) on our chase after them, and saw their bodies piled up big."

THE RISING TIDE, published semi-monthly, at Independence, Iowa, is thoroughly a spiritual paper. It is a handsome, interesting sheet. Price seventy-five cents per annum.

POLICEMEN TO BE ABLE-BODIED.—Several Boston policemen having obtained certificates to exempt them from draft, the Board of Aldermen Monday afternoon passed a resolution that it is not expedient to retain such a class of men.

Certain would-be critics remind us of the wind whistling through a key-hole.

Kossuth disapproved of Garibaldi's recent attempt, and wrote a letter urging the Hungarians not to obey the call of the great Italian. He thinks the present time not favorable for Hungary to strike for her rights.

Over how many wealthy people could an epitaph like the following be appropriately placed, which is from an Italian tombstone?—"Here lies Estelle, who transported a large fortune to heaven in sets of charity, and has gone thither to enjoy it."

Slaves of the value of \$1,000,000 have run away from the blessings of their lot in two counties of Mississippi. What ungrateful creatures, to abscond after so much pains had been taken to civilize them, and even war had been made especially to maintain their condition, says the Traveller.

"We have read of a serpent who bit a slanderer, and received so much more dreadful venom than that which he imparted that he died at once, but did not hurt the man. This poetic fiction teaches more truth than many which have a greater show of wisdom."

PRODUCTS OF INDUSTRY.—The statistics of manufactures and other products of industry, collected by the United States census of 1860, are very full, and exhibit a most astonishing increase and total.

The rebel property in St. Louis liable to fall to the government under the confiscation act, is estimated at fifty millions of dollars.

THE KING PRAISE-MAKER.—The Dictator is the name chosen by Captain Ericsson for his monster iron clad vessel, to which he is about to devote all his skill and energy. She will be of immense size and strength, longer than the Persia or Niagara, and bearing heavier and thicker armor than almost any ordinary iron clads. The side armor will be of the extraordinary dimensions of ten and a half feet thick; the wooden armor, or "fining," being four feet by six feet thick up and down. The hull that can penetrate nearly fifteen feet of solid matter, of which ten and a half will be iron, can hardly be melted in the South. It would require all the bells in rebellion to make it.

An Indian philosopher being asked what were, according to his opinion, the two most beautiful things in the universe, answered, "The stars heavens above our heads, and the feelings of duty in our hearts."

FEEDING EUROPE.—Sixty-five vessels cleaved from New York in one week for Europe, carrying one million one hundred and forty thousand seven hundred and fifty-one bushels of grain, and forty thousand one hundred and thirty-eight barrels of flour, in addition to large quantities of provisions and assorted merchandise.

It is reported that twelve Federal Generals have been killed or wounded in the Maryland battles. Clara had slept with her mother until about two and a half years old, when, to her great delight, her father gave her a nice little crib. On the same day, meeting a friend of the family, she burst forth: "Oh, auntie! auntie! mamma's big bed has got a little baby."

When you are looking at a picture, you try to give it the advantage of a good light. Be as courteous to your fellow-creatures as you are to a picture.

If the way to heaven is narrow, it is not long; and if the gate be strait, it opens into endless life.—Bishop Beveridge.

## THERE ARE MOMENTS.

Oh! there are moments in our lives  
When every sorrow, every pain,  
That we have ever known or felt,  
Comes back with startling force again.  
And there are moments, too, that bring  
Back all the happiness of years—  
Moments when we forget that life  
Is doomed to its rest in tears.  
A foretaste of that better life  
Where grief is cheated of its prey;  
Where flowers of love that once do bloom  
Are never known to fade away.—Boswell Cultivator.

SIGNIFICANT.—Stocks throughout the North have gone up two per cent. since the rebels have been driven across the Potomac.

A poor poet, desiring a compliment, asked Curran (referring to his published poem of that name), "Have you read my Descent into Hell?" "No; I should like to see it," replied the wit.

Wool is held at a higher figure now than it has been for over forty years.

An author who has failed in successful writing, often becomes a morose critic. Weak wine makes the best vinegar.

WOMEN.—Men love women for their natures—not their accomplishments; for their warm feelings, strong sympathies, gentle hearts, and fond dispositions—not for their mental acquirements. More men of genius marry and are happy with women of very commonplace understandings, than ever venture to take brilliant wives and enjoy a showy misery.

HUMAN GLORY.—The Roman Forum is now a cow-market; the Tiberian a cabbage-garden, and the Palace of the Cæsars a rope-walk.

Before you can rectify the disorders of a State, you must examine the character of the people.—Voltaire.

Two men by the name of Beans were lately hung in the north of England. A countryman passing near and seeing the crowd, inquired what they were doing. "Only stringing a few Beans," was the reply.

The correspondent of the Traveller writes: "It has been stated by agricultural papers that our crops were unmolested by crows this season; and some wonder why we have been so favored. They would wonder no longer could they see the black clouds of these horrible birds that hover about the skirts of our army. They went from afar the dreadful food that waits; and they are not late at the feast."

What is the difference between a Methodist preacher at a camp meeting and a glutton? One dines at sinners; the other sines at dinners.

Gen. Lee has done in Maryland, without saying anything about it in advance; the people thing that the Confederate powers so denounced Pope for doing. He has subjected his army on the country invaded, and

with very impartial disregard of the politics of those from whom he has taken his supplies. Yet while he does this, the officers of Gen. Pope's command who fell into the hands of the enemy are treated as criminals, because Gen. Pope said that he should carry on the war just as he had all the time been carried on by the other side. And there are not wanting men in the loyal States who denounce Pope's order and half-justify the brutal retaliation of the rebel authorities.

Chevalier Clausen, the inventor of flax cotton, has become insane. A fine landscape painting (in oil colors) for sale cheap at this office. It is a beautiful parlor ornament. Call and see it.

Facts, like stones, are nothing in themselves, their value consists in the manner they are put together, and the purpose to which they are applied.—Butler.

John A. Washington, who was shot while in arms against his country shortly after the rebellion broke out, sent nearly the whole of the \$150,000 in gold which he received for the Mount Vernon estate, to Chicago, where it was invested in houses and lots. This large property has not been confiscated, but it ought to be.

A GOOD MAN'S LIFE.—Chalmers says: "There is an energy of moral assuasion in a good man's life, passing the highest efforts of the orator's genius."

Why is a kiss like a rumor? Because it goes from mouth to mouth.

The English newspapers, which are just now filled with Italian affairs, are almost unanimous in their praise of Garibaldi's conduct.

The matter-of-fact ideas of little children are often very poetically expressed, as the following little incident which a parent relates, illustrates:

My little boy George was sitting at twilight on his mother's knee, when the stars began to make their appearance. "Ma," said he, "it is time to light up the house; God is lighting up His house."

LET US TRY TO BE HAPPY.

"Let us try to be happy! We may if we will. Find some pleasure in life to be glad about; the ill; there was never an evil, if we understood. But what, rightly managed, would turn to a good. If we were but as ready to look to the light as we are to stooping because it is night. We should own it a truth, both in word and in deed. That which tries to be happy is sure to succeed. Let us try to be happy! Some whines of regret. As sure to hang round, which we cannot forget. There are times when the lightest of spirits must bow. And the sunniest face we must admit to know. We must never feel feelings, the purest and best. To be blunted and cold in our bosoms at rest. But the deeper our own griefs the greater our need. To try to be happy is sure to succeed. Oh! try to be happy! It is not for long. We shall cheer on each other by counsel or song; If we make the best use of our time that we may, There is much we can do to enliven the day. Let us only in earnestness, each do our best. Before God and our conscience, and trust for the rest; Still seeking this truth, both in word and in deed, That who tries to be happy is sure to succeed."

The frequent consumption of a small quantity of spirits, gradually increased, is a sure destructive of life as more habitual intoxication; and therefore, the publicans are spreading disease and death to a degree that is frightful.—Dr. Gordon.

The Manchester (N. H.) Mirror, says that Amos H. Gerry of that city has an apple tree that has blossomed four times this year, and produced fruit from three of its blossomings. Its last floral exhibition can now be seen, along with the matured fruit of the first.

The Montreal Gazette is attempting to manufacture a rebel victory out of the decided rebel rout at Antietam. When will our neighbors learn to do us justice?

James Kershaw, a young American, a resident of Montreal, heard the Provocals slander us so much, that he at last "got his dander up," and left the "mean cusses," resolved to join the Union Army. He has since enlisted in the Cadets, we understand. He says a great number of English soldiers have deserted from Canada, and enlisted in the U. S. service.

QUEST.—"Digby asks: 'If a slow boat is 'made fast' is her speed increased?'"

Benjamin Sumner, in a letter to the Boston Post, emphatically denies the report that he has opposed the promotion of Col. Cowdin. On the contrary, he has favored the promotion, and only a few weeks ago, forwarded to the President a warm letter in his favor. From Mr. Opydy, Mayor of New York, urging his appointment as Brigadier General.

The 19th Massachusetts Regiment which went into the fight with nearly five hundred men, came out with only thirty-two.

Mrs. John J. Dyer and her sister, Mrs. Margaret Parker, who were very seriously injured by the collision on the Eastern Railroad, at Wrentham, are confined to their beds at the residence of Capt. J. J. Dyer, and both ladies are considered to be in a critical condition.

General Hunter asserts publicly that he had been encouraged and commended to raise black troops in the South when he first went to Fort Royal, he could have had by this time under arms an army of not less than 100,000 able-bodied men; sufficient to restore law and order in all the Southern tier of States, without asking us to sacrifice another single son or brother.—New York Evening Post.

Corra L. V. Hatch.

Mrs. Hatch's lectures at the West are making quite a sensation among the best classes of that community. To show with what appreciation she is held in Chicago as a lecturer, or rather as an available instrument through which the Invisibles can communicate, we publish the following correspondence:

CHICAGO, Sept. 17, 1862.

Mrs. Corra L. V. Hatch: Dear Madam—We have heard with wonder and amazement that our fellow-citizen, the late Stephen A. Douglas, has purposed to address his fellow townsmen. We do not know what manner of phenomenon this is; but we would like an opportunity of testing this wonderful fact. Therefore, the undersigned invite you to allow the people of Chicago to listen to an address by Stephen A. Douglas, and if it be we will have no difficulty in determining it. To this end we have made arrangements for Kingsbury Hall for that purpose, for Friday and Saturday evening next, and trust you will consider favorably this proposal from those who admire your gifts and have loved Mr. Douglas. Your obedient servants,

Robert Cady, J. C. Hall, W. S. Barlow, J. A. Wedgwood, D. E. Milnor, T. S. Holmes.

CHICAGO, Sept. 18, 1862.

Messrs. James Campbell, A. Barnum, Root & Cady, J. C. Hall, I. Y. Mann and others: The writer begs to acknowledge the receipt of your kind favor of Sept. 17, in which you honor her with an invitation to appear before the people of Chicago, for the purpose of allowing them an opportunity to test the truth of the purported presence of the late Hon. Stephen A. Douglas. Her greatest desire is to serve the truth. She will accept of your proposition at the time and place mentioned in your letter. Allow me to thank you for the high appreciation which your courtesy expresses, and believe me, gentlemen, Very truly yours,

Corra L. V. Hatch.

Here follows an account of the lecture referred to above: CAME DOUGLASS, CHICAGO, ILL., September 21, 1862.

Mr. Editor—I attended a lecture delivered by the late Stephen A. Douglas, through Corra L. V. Hatch, medium, at Kingsbury's Hall, on the night of the 20th inst. The medium requested some one in the audience to name a subject, and the saying of An-

drew Jackson, "The Union must and shall be preserved," was given, and the address through the medium gave unmistakable evidence of the presence of Mr. Douglas. His remarks were identical with those made in his speeches to the people previous to his death, and the manner in which he replied to questions, at the close of the address, were truthful and very characteristic of the man, and I am sure the friends identified the eminent statesman.

In speaking of the text, "The Union Must and Shall be Preserved," Mr. Douglas said that Jackson uttered a prophecy in saying that "the Union shall be preserved," for the must was with him, (Jackson), and the shall was with us, and it remained for us to fulfill the prophetic declaration. Mr. Douglas also said there was no power on earth capable of dissolving the Union, and the idea should never be entertained that the Union could be destroyed, &c.

The large audience in attendance seemed well pleased with the lecture, and frequently applauded the speaker, and at the close, the request was made that Theodore Parker address them through the medium, on the following Sunday evening.

Having had, for the first time, the pleasure of listening to Mrs. Hatch, I will say that her equal, as a speaking medium, I have not met with, and hoping she may be spared to enlighten the darkened thousands of earth's inhabitants, I bid her a hearty Godspeed. Yours, HENRY STRONG.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS!

We wish to call your particular attention to the plan we have adopted of placing figures at the end of each of your names, as printed on the paper or wrapper. These figures stand as an index, showing the exact time when your subscription expires; & the time for which you have paid. When these figures correspond with the number of the volume, and the number of the paper (which then know that the term of your subscription has expired, and be ready at once to renew, if you intend to continue the paper. For example: find at the head of the paper Vol. XII, No. 2, (which is the number of this issue.) If the figures on the wrapper or paper opposite your name, read 12-2, then your time is up, and you are to govern yourself accordingly. This method saves us the expense of sending out notifications, as heretofore.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

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The War Department uses our Map of Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania, cost \$100,000, on which it marked Antietam Creek, Sharpsburg, Maryland Heights, Williamsport Ferry, Rotherville, Noland's Ford, and all others on the Potomac, and every other place in Maryland, Virginia, and Pennsylvania, or money refunded.

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NAVY DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, Sept. 17, 1862. J. T. LLOYD—Sir: Send me your Map of the Mississippi River, with price per hundred copies. Rear-Admiral Charles H. Davis, commanding the Mississippi squadron, is authorized to purchase as many as are required for use of that squadron. GIDEON WELLES, Secretary of the Navy.

Oct. 4.

DISPEPSIA AND FITS.

A sure Cure for these distressing complaints is now made known in a "TREATISE OF FOREIGN AND NATIVE INTERNAL PREPARATIONS," published by DR. O. PHILIPS BROWN, The undersigned has a young and beautiful girl, while in a state of trance has cured everybody who has taken it, never having failed in a single case. It is equally sure in cases of Fits as of Dyspepsia; and the ingredients may be found in any drug store. Those who are afflicted with Consumption, Bronchitis or Asthma, may also be cured by the use of my Herbal Preparations. I will send this valuable prescription free to any person on receipt of their name, Address, DR. O. PHILIPS BROWN, No. 18 Grand Street, Jersey City, N. J.

25c Oct. 4.

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Oct. 4.

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No. 132 Washington street, corner of Dey. REFERENCES: S. B. BRITTON, New York Custom House. A. J. DAVIS, Editor of Herald of Progress. Sept. 30.

\$150 NEW 7-FOOTED PIANOS in rosewood case, iron frames, and overstrung bass for \$150; do, with holdings, \$160; do, with carved legs and keys, \$225, \$250, and \$300; new 6 1/2 octave, \$185. The above Pianos are the greatest bargains in the city. Second-hand Pianos at extremely low prices. New and second-hand Pianos and Melodions to let, at \$25 and upward per month; rent allowed. Foreign sheet MUSIC at 5 cents per page. All kinds of Music merchandise at low prices. A pianist in attendance to play new music. RICHARD WATKINS, Agent, 161 Broadway, New York.

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THIS interesting little work is designated especially for the young of both sexes. Every Spiritualist should introduce it into his family, to aid in the proper enlightenment of the juvenile minds around him. The book is handsomely gotten up, on fine, tinted paper, substantially bound, and contains fifty-four pages. Price—Single copies 25 cents, or five copies \$1. It will be sent to any part of the United States on the receipt of its price. The usual discount to the trade. Orders by mail solicited and promptly attended to. For sale at the office of the Banner of Light, Boston, Mass. WILLIAM WHITE & CO., Publishers. June 14.

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First American Edition, from the English Stereotype Plates.

THE PRINCIPLES OF NATURE, OR

DIVINE REVELATIONS, AND A VOICE TO MANKIND. BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

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AUTHOR OF "WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT," ETC.

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THIS BOOK clearly shows the advantages of Farming over Trade, both morally and financially. It tells where the best place in the world for successful farming is, and the practicality of Farming Corporations, or Partnerships. It gives an account of a Corporation now beginning in a new township near Kinderhook, Mo., with suggestions to those who think favorably of such schemes. It also has reports from Henry D. Huston, who is now residing at Kinderhook, Mo., and is the agent of the Corporation now beginning, and will act as agent for other corporations desiring to locate in that vicinity. The whole book is valuable for every one to read, for it is filled with useful suggestions that pertain to our daily wants, to our earthly well-being. It is a straightforward, unselfish record of facts and suggestions. Sent, post-paid, from the Banner of Light Office, for 25 cts. April 26.

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

BY MRS. M. L. WILLIS.

CONTENTS.—The Little Peace-maker. Child's Prayer. The Desire to be Good. Little Mary. Harry Marshall. What the Golden Rule. Let us hear the Gentle Voice. Phila Duty. Unfading Flowers. The Dream. Evening Hymn. For sale at the Banner of Light office, 161 Washington st. Price 15c. Postage 4c. W March 6.

March 6.

FAMILY DYE COLORS!

LIST OF COLORS.

Black,	Salmon,
Dark Brown,	Scarlet,
Dark Green,	Dark Blue,
Light Brown,	Light Blue,
Light Green,	Light Yellow,
Light Blue,	Light Green,
Light Yellow,	Light Purple,
Light Purple,	Light Orange,
Light Orange,	Light Pink,
Light Pink,	Light Violet,
Light Violet,	Light Lavender,
Light Lavender,</	



## Message Department.

Each message in this department of the *Banner* we claim was spoken by the spirit who came through the medium of M. J. H. COVART, while in a condition called the Trance. They are not published on account of literary merit, but as tests of spirit communion to those friends who may recognize them.

These messages go to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether good or evil.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his reason. Each expresses so much of truth as he perceives—no more.

Our friends—The Banners at which these communications are given are held at the BAYVIEW or LIGHT OFFICE, No. 158 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 3, (up stairs), every Monday, Tuesday and Thursday afternoon, and are free to the public. The doors are closed precisely at three o'clock, and none are admitted after that time.

### MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Monday, Sept. 8.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Edw. H. Lincoln, of St. Louis, Missouri; to his mother, in Dayton, Ohio; Mary Jackson, to her mother, in Frederickburg, Maryland; Joseph Foster, to his friend, Captain William Davis; Lucy Cushman, of Winton, Maine; to her mother, in the city of New York; Questions and Answers; Francis K. Thacher, of Montpelier, Vermont, to her father, Samuel Thacher; Matthew Grover, of Booneville, Missouri, to his twin brother, John Grover; Colonel Powell T. Wynant, of the 16th Mass. Regiment.

Tuesday, Sept. 9.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Don Jose Betancourt, of Matanzas, Cuba, to his sons Greger and Jose; Herman Lawrence, of Fern, Maine, died at Fort Bayly; Henry F. Sanderson, late of the Virginia Rifles, to his mother, Catherine Elton, of Enterprise, Ky.; Marian Mosley, to her mother, in Harlem street, New York.

Wednesday, Sept. 10.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; William L. Guild, to his father, Theodore T. Guild, of Richmond, Virginia; Martha L. Yates, of Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, to her mother; Henry Dunbridge, to his father, in London; Mary Carney, to her father, in Boston.

### Invocation.

Oh, then Parent of our souls, we would approach thee as near as may be and offer unto thee those choice gifts of truth and knowledge which thou hast implanted within the souls of thy children. Our Father, all the forces in our external nature prompt us to prayer. The rushing winds, the surging ocean, the little insect and the tiny flower, all send forth their songs of praise and glory unto thee. And shall we, the grandest objects of thy creative power, fail to adore thee when all Nature sends forth a continual anthem of thanksgiving unto thee, O Lord of heaven and earth? Nay, we cannot, for the mighty cord that binds us unto thee draws our souls closer unto thee to pray. Our Father, may thy children present feel thy power; may they learn more confidently upon thy strong right arm, and though darkness and desolation come over them and threaten to engulf their souls in ruin, yet this golden cord shall not be loosened; it shall forever and forever continue in power, thus linking the soul of man unto its parent, God. Oh, our Father, may thy children rely more upon thy love, thy strength and protection. Oh, our God, accept the holiest tributes of our souls, not only this hour, but throughout eternity. Amen.

### Thought—Knowledge.

Ques.—Is not all thought, the result of the secret workings of the positive and negative forces in Nature? and does not man receive all his knowledge by certain educational processes that he passes through?

Ans.—To suppose that thought was born of matter would be to suppose that God or Deity was born of matter, and that he was not a thing of eternity. We may analyze as closely as possible all the forces of Nature and resolve them into their primary conditions, but shall we find thought there? We think not. We may trace them to their original source, and still be unsuccessful in the discovery of thought. We know there is a certain class of minds upon the earth who believe that the spirit of man is a something that has grown out of materialism, and through the many changes it has passed, has become refined and spiritualized. But we cannot agree with this class, for we know that spirit, or God, is distinct from matter; that it is not allied to the natural world, but is a something born of eternity.

“Is not all thought, the result of the secret workings of the positive and negative forces in Nature?”

Let us pause and consider what these forces in Nature are. We may say they are the right and left hands of the Infinite Principle called Life, pervading all things, and that the right and left are each equally necessary to the formation of new conditions in the outward world, which is the world realized by your external senses; but not necessary to the formation of new thought, for thought is outside and independent of matter.

“Does not man receive all his knowledge by certain educational processes that he passes through?”

Man, while dwelling in the outer world, or the world of matter, is a two-fold being, and thus he must necessarily receive his knowledge from a double source. The one source is intuition, or the voice of God; the other, those educational processes through which all humanity must pass, in a greater or less degree; and if he would rise upon the intellectual plane, combined with the natural, he must avail himself of those educational processes, for they are the only sources from which man receives his knowledge.

Look back to the days of Columbus, the discoverer of your American Continent. Did any one tell him that a mighty world existed across the water? Oh no. How then did he receive his knowledge? Did he receive it through any external means? We think not, for your country was then a vast wilderness, and the eye of civilized humanity had never gazed upon it. How then could Columbus have acquired such knowledge? Perhaps our questioner will answer, through some knowledge of material science, or through some external means unknown to us. We do not believe such to have been the case. Columbus felt within his soul that a new world existed beyond the boundaries of yonder ocean. He received his knowledge of such a fact through spiritual sources. It was a something that existed outside of the boundaries of natural life, and such being the case, then it was a divine revelation to the soul of the inspired Genesee. So then man receives his knowledge from two sources: from the inner and outer worlds.

The Materialist can recognize only such a God-head as lies infolded in Materialism. Our questioner will tell us that he has hitherto been able to discover no other. Oh, our questioner, can you see the air you breathe? Oh no; but you are none the less certain that you live by it. Can you see the internal working of even the little leaf, that momentarily expands in size and beauty? Oh no; yet you feel that this growth and development of the leaf is none the less true. But because we tell you that your God is a Principle, and not a Personality, you cannot believe us; yet at the same time you believe that your earth was thrown off from yonder sun. Can you comprehend its workings? Oh no. Then why not believe in a Supreme Power whom you cannot see, but who dwells within each human soul?

Instead of looking out into the external world for joy and happiness, oh, look sometimes within yourselves, and see if what you seek for is not within the limits of your own souls. You need not fall to trust the God within your souls, for he will never betray the confidence you may choose to repose in him. Oh, a thing of grandeur and mystery is human thought! Oh Thought, thou child of God, we will not try to analyze thy life! We will only aspire to know so much as is for our good, and leave the rest to the eternal fountain of thought, our God.

Sept. 4.

### Robert Owen.

Seven days ago, I had the good fortune to meet with a select few of my friends, in England, who were convened for the purpose of investigating the phenomena of Spiritualism. In the course of the evening I was called upon to communicate, (if it were possible for any disembodied spirit to do so,) and

after giving my name, age, place of residence and manner of death to identify myself to my friends, they asked me what my opinion was in regard to the present civil war in America; if I supposed England would interfere; and when and how I thought this matter would end.

I do not visit you to-day for the sake of gratifying any curiosity upon the part of my friends, but I come that I may prove to those friends that I still live, still have the power to think as an individual being, that I am in many respects the same now as when in the flesh. It is true that the body which I now possess is not just like the one I owned when in the flesh, but in the fundamental essentials of life, I am the same. I wish to prove to those friends that I, as a spirit, am not confined to time or place, so that I could not go anywhere else, and that the response to their inquiries is here given through the lips of the medium, rather than through my hand, because I saw, when communicating with my friends in England, that some believed that what was then given by me was in no way the result of spiritual agency, but that a certain power, or force, was cast upon the brain of the subject or medium employed, and thence passed down to the hand, thus causing the communication to be written, and that this particular phase of the so-called phenomena was, on the whole, but a reflex of mind in human form.

In answer to the question, “What do you think of the civil war in America?” I would say, I believe it is one of the limbs of the great body of reform that Jehovah is about to set up on the earth. Spiritualism is one, also, and all have sprung from the same cause—a new era in intellectual thought. Civil war is, in your case, a necessity; therefore must be right. Living for years in prosperity, you have not done your duty. You have forgotten that thousands, yes, millions of souls dwelling upon this American Continent, have been looking to you for assistance during that time. And how little you have done in this respect, history too plainly shows.

“How do you think it will end, and when?”

When the American people get so far enlightened as to be able to perceive the spiritual forces that underlie the natural, when they shall be willing to cast out the evils of human slavery in all its forms from their land, then, and not till then, may they look for the close of the war, for a breaking of the clouds, and a coming forth of the morning sun of a new dispensation.

“How do you think it will end, and when?”

By the people suddenly coming to themselves. By perceiving that I, not you, have been wrong. Now, as soon as you as individuals are ready to perceive the wrong which exists within your own souls, and set about reforming it, then you may look for peace.

Do I think England will interfere? That depends upon conditions. She is bound to sustain herself at all hazards, and if she meddles with the affairs of your nation, it will be not because she desires so to do, but because she will feel that she is compelled to. Here, again, is the same law working—the mighty spirit of reform, that is fast revolutionizing the whole earth.

I told my people that it would depend upon yourselves, in a great measure, whether England interfered or not. Should you prove apt scholars in this new logic of reform, and be willing to be guided more by your internal sense of right rather than by the external, it is not likely that England will in the least degree interfere with your affairs as a nation.

Now, this child Spiritualism, that has been born with you, seemingly, is able to assist you much in your march on to freedom and peace. This same child is able to show you much that is evil in your institutions and your laws, if you will only receive him with favor, and be willing that this modern Jesus shall come in and take counsel with you. I told this much to my friends while upon earth. As a general thing, I do not believe war to be right; but I do say that your civil war is right, because a necessity. But it never would have occurred had you as individuals performed your duty to God and your fellow creatures.

But as by your profligacy you have brought this war, in one sense, upon yourselves, it is but right that you should learn wisdom through sorrow and suffering. This is the law that ever acts upon impatient conditions of life. It comes to teach and strengthen you; it comes like so many guide-boards to teach you the way of God.

I would here add that many of my friends have been inquiring into this new science of Spiritualism of late, and I would suggest the propriety of forming a society among themselves, the object of which, shall be to inform themselves in regard to things pertaining to the spirit. I would urge that they strengthen the thought, bring it into action, and I am assured that they will not be disappointed. I am sure that if they once enter the beautiful temple of Spiritual Science, they will not leave it until every portion of it is explored. I am Robert Owen. Good afternoon, friends.

Sept. 4.

### James Ramsden.

It will be sixteen years next month since I died. For ten years, I have tried to come into rapport with my people here on earth, but I seem to fail, and now I am going to try this public way. My name was James Ramsden. I died of disease of the heart; was not sick at all, and really did not know I was a spirit outside the body, until told I was one. I had no idea of dying. I had been in this country about five years in all. I was from Leeds, England, where I have brothers and a sister living now, and I'd like to have you send the paper containing my communication to my brother, John Ramsden. His address you understand to be Leeds, Kent County, England. [Yes.] I know I shall meet with much difficulty in getting back home again, but I think the prize I covet is well worth trying for.

Now I wish to say to my friends that all their notions of life after death are in perfect keeping with those of thousands of people who have been taught to believe that heaven is only reached through purgatory. I could not believe I was dead, any more than I could believe I was God myself. It seemed to me as if I was in a natural world, so real and tangible did things seem to me in the spirit-land.

Well, there are many purgatories. I take it we do not jump into heaven at once, though sooner or later all must find it, but not in the way we have been taught to believe by religionists on earth. I used to say, while I was here upon earth, “that I disliked the theory of being ridden to heaven upon anybody else’s rail.” Well, I say so now, for I think it best for every one to seek heaven in their own way. I have tasted of the joys of heaven in trying to benefit others who are not so well off as myself in the spirit-land, and I don’t think it will be amiss for me to here say that I expect to enjoy much more of heaven in the future.

When I left my friends upon earth I said nothing about returning, for I did not know that I was to die, so sudden was my passage from the earth-sphere to the spirit-world. I have seen my dear old mother since I came here, and she has not my dear old self in finding out who I was, either; and all those who are still left upon the earth may console themselves with the thought that when they come to the spirit-world their friends there will have no difficulty in recognizing them. Maybe I can be of assistance to them in taking of the old clock that is so tightly wrapped around them that it will take ages to get off. Please say this to my friends, and I’ll try to do as much for you in a spiritual way, if I don’t in any other. Good day.

Sept. 4.

### Abby Ann Weld.

The gentleman who has just left, wishes me to tell you that his age was forty-nine years.

I died in September, 1846, and was twenty-five years of age. My name was Abby Ann Weld. It was Bradley before marriage.

I should much rather speak with my friends alone if I could. I am very thankful for the privilege of coming here, even in this way, but I do so earnestly desire to commune with my husband and friends in a private way, that I can scarce hold control here. I expected to meet them here, but I was told after-

ward that the mistake was upon my part instead of those who granted me leave to come here, and that they said I could reach my friends by coming here. I have much to tell them of the beautiful spirit-world, much that will both shock and please them. I prayed for the privilege to come long before my death took place.

When I was dying, I was conscious of the presence of spirits around me, but when I spoke of them to my friends, they thought my mind was wandering. I wish to tell them that the pearly gates of the spirit-world were opened to me only a few minutes before I died, to show me the Summer Land. That glimpse which awaited me in the Summer Land, that glimpse of the land I was so soon to enter, took away all my fears; after that I had no fear of death, and then I longed to go. I cannot say more here, only to ask again of my friends to receive me, for if it should be no source of pleasure to them, it will be to me.

Sept. 4.

Thomas Jefferson Giles.

I was nine years old, and have been away since last December. My name was Tommy—Thomas Jefferson Giles, and I lived in Buffalo, New York. I had the “I forgot what it was”—I had a sore throat. [Diphtheria, was it?] Yes, that’s what I had, and my father said if I’d come back and talk at some place where nobody knew me, after my death, that he should believe spirits could come and talk, and do what they said they could.

I was sick only just two or three days. My father was away in Cincinnati on business with Mr. Drake; that’s the man he buys things of sometimes. I was taken sick while he was gone. I’ve tried to come and talk to him, but he didn’t believe it; but he said if I’d go to some place where nobody knew me, and talk, he’d believe it was me.

My mother’s here. Father never told me that my mother was dead. She’s here with me and helps me talk. My father was married again, and I didn’t know that my mother was dead. But I’ve found it out, tell him, and she wants to come. I love my mother that’s with him just as well, but she’s not my mother, because this lady here that came for me just as soon as I got tired of breathing, is my mother. I feel she is.

My father’s down South, now. He is n’t on Seaside side, and I don’t know when he will be at home again, but when he was at home a little while ago, he said if I’d go to some place where no one knew me, he’d believe. Everybody has to come in just ahead of you, and there are so many soldiers here that know just how to fight their way along, that it makes it hard for me to come.

I’d say a good many things if my father was here. Now I’m going. You have to be women, when you come here, do you? [You only wear women’s clothes while you are here.] Are you going to put my name Tommy? [Do you wish me to write it so?] It do n’t make any difference to me, only I want my father to know it’s me. Good-by.

Sept. 4.

Robert Beardsley.

My mother and sisters have heard that I was wounded and a prisoner with you. I ask for the privilege to inform them of my death. I would not have them seek to recover my body, for it would be useless.

I met my father upon my entrance to the spirit-world, and think I shall soon be happy and contented with the change. For the present, I feel that I would rather be on earth. I was Robt. Beardsley, of Montgomery, Alabama. My mother, whose name is Caroline Beardsley, I wish to receive this intelligence. If I find myself able to, I will try to seek out some medium nearer home, and try to give some instructions to my family concerning the disposition of my affairs. At present, I cannot.

I would give a description of my last hours, but they were better veiled from a mother’s and a sister’s eyes. It is enough for them to know that I am free and with my father. I was thirty-nine years of age, an owner of a plantation a short distance from Montgomery, and resided in Montgomery most of the time. My mother and two sisters are living there, and God help them! Good day, sir.

I omitted to say I was wounded or rather killed at Bull Run, only a few days ago. I am told your papers are carried across the lines by flag of truce, frequently. I’ve a thousand things I’d like to say, but cannot. I’m unused to controlling the medium, and find it exceedingly hard. Again, good day.

Sept. 4.

Written for the Banner of Light.

LIFE’S STRUGGLES—NO. 2.

BY ESTHER MARLOWE.

“Why thus longing, thus forever sighing,  
For the far off, the unattained and dim?”

“Poor indeed thou must be if around thee  
Thou no ray of light and joy can give.”

Oh happy, gentle singer! poor ones there are, so poor that thy life’s lesson reaches not, comforts not. Don’t thou not know it? Some who know how many? Whose constant duties faithfully performed, awake No answering recognition, whose eyes vain look For smiles, and listening ear never catches encouraging Fond words—instead, those eyes by consciousness of Duties done unkindled, lose glow and sunny brightness By meeting look of anxious deprecation, ever on watch For the “left undone,” and words of happy triumph Are paled on the up-raised lip as strikes the sound “Unprofitable, thou hast but done what was thy duty to do.”

Stern monitors! strict to themselves, eschewing Saving merit, must they encourage joy when life’s A warfare? and idly praise when all are sinners? Saved alone by *Meek sacrifice*? Pious are these, Mothers are these—who Nature’s loves suppressing Ne’er see a grace, save grace of self-condemning. Oh, heart, enriched by dear ones’ loving wealth, By word and not expressed, constant and tender— What knowest thou the bitter anguish of those lonely Ones whose only joy and hope is in the Future— In visions of the “far off, unattained, and dim?”

Enclosed within dark, cheerless walls, in cities’ Narrow streets, hear never they “Nature’s perpetual Hymn,” ne’er watch “the morning’s rosy light,” Glistening the dewy fields—or catch a glimpse Of sunsets’ golden curtains—night shuts down Upon them, and there’s no sky-room to show her Starry crown or silver crescent—hardly its friendly Darkness brings the blessing—sleep. Say what hast thou?

For these? I’ve known a fair and simple flower, With its sweet breath telling of freedom, beauty, God— To soo’ sweetest, that in silent tears alone, you read How like a prophesy it came to them, a pledge Of God’s dear Future, when those yearnings deep For harmony and kindly love shall not well up From their full hearts in vain. Oh, then, I pray these Obedient ones; let them dream on, unstilled As they will be by these glad visions of a happier clime. Is not this ardent longing by *His* wise hand implanted? And canst thou say, in that progressive life, (through Which we now are passing, and shall pass on forever) These same attractions here, so strangely baffled, Will not create themselves eternal destinies?

Then still to the aspirations Of these lonely ones; and wouldst thou wisely comfort Give, oh, tell them of that immortal life on which We’ve entered, to true perfection leading. So urge them

By every passing word of love they catch, by the stray Echoes of the far-off music, by the fair walls Of beauty prodigal nature set on to their feet flings In buds and blossoms; to ever keep their faith In final harmony and lasting beauty. Thus May their heart chain of life’s duty, some time Entwined with silken cords, grate not so harshly; And their souls’ trusting love may yet transmute And soften harder molds of spiritual embodiment.

## BRIEF HISTORY OF A “YOUNG MINISTER.”

About a year ago last December, there came to this place a young man by the name of William Cope, who was sent as a supply for this (Albany) circuit. For many years we have had preaching by the different denominations, but their discourses have been too full of sectarian bigotry to reach the better portion of society, and utterly failed to touch the popular heart. The young minister to whom I have referred, had not been long with us before he became quite popular and drew large and appreciative audiences all over the circuit. His praise was upon every lip, and encomiums were heaped upon him by all the churches.

The Congregationalists called him the Henry Ward Beecher of the West; the Presbyterians deemed him a young man of promise; the Baptists called him the American Spurgeon, and the Methodists claimed him as *exclusively their own*. The deacons, class-leaders, and other worthies of the churches were sent out to invite the Spiritualists, Infidels, and those of a doubtful Orthodoxy, to come and hear the young brother preach, which it seems they did, and needed not a second invitation. We were requested (after our return home) to come out and hear “the Beecher of the West,” and testify for ourselves to the justness of his fame.

Of course we most cheerfully complied, as our curiosity was somewhat excited. The house was filled to its utmost capacity, and we were informed that he had been lecturing for several evenings upon the great truths of Creation, and would continue his discourses on the Bible and Creation for several weeks. We found him one of those highly developed and liberal minds which are sure to delight in the loftiest truths. If I were to describe him, I should say intellectuality and spirituality predominated, and combined with his pleasant voice and manly appearance, gave him a great command over his audience. But “it is a long road that has no turn,” so in this case, and “A change came o’er the spirit of their dreams.”

His large and attentive congregations created a spirit of inquiry as to the secret of his popularity, and especially why he received such attention from those who did not belong to the Church. Some thought that it was because of his pleasing eloquence; others of liberal minds said he was in advance of his age, and preached what would be called the *true theology* in fifty years. But the older and more cautious ones (who have been accustomed to hear the Gospel bells chime the same old tune) thought they heard occasionally a strange note which had not the true Orthodox ring. So the young brother was called upon to define his position, and state whether he was a Baptist, Methodist, or to what peculiar creed he belonged.

The young brother answered that he was not attached to any particular ism; but that he profited by the good, and rejected the bad of all creeds, isms and doctrines; that he was trying to lay the foundation of a structure, for which he should be indebted to the experience, wisdom and intelligence of all mankind, that he should gladly accept material aid and counsel from any source. He was then told that he must preach the Methodist Episcopal Discipline, or the doctrines of some particular Church, or they would bring their influence to bear against him.

In the meantime the world heard that the officials were finding fault with the Rev. William Cope, and it was whispered that at a camp-meeting his case was called up, and the elders and “high ones” were informed of his sayings and doings. So a committee was formed of the *faithful*, who were to get proofs of herodoxy, which they soon did. In one of his discourses he questioned the doctrine of *total depravity*. They then accused him of not preaching the Discipline, and said he was too liberal. He answered that he did not suppose ministers were required to preach Discipline; but supposed they ought to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ. He was also accused of preaching such doctrines, and in such a manner as to please the carnal mind, and not in accordance with the holy doctrines of the Church.

One evidence they adduced to prove this, was, that Spiritualists, Infidels, and others of an unknown Orthodoxy, manifested a deep interest in his sermons, and were especially warm in their praise of him (an awful sin that). But what reached the climax of herodoxy, were the remarks he made in one of his discourses: That the Bible was not the truth; but pointed to it; that some worshipped the book; but Christians worshipped God; that Nature was God’s first volume to man; Revelation the second; that he knew God had created the former, and the latter must be liberally interpreted; that in the language of the text, “The hour cometh and now is, when the true worshiper shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth; for the Father seeketh such to worship him. God is a spirit; and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.” [St. John, 4th chap., 23d and 24th verses.]

In a private conversation with a brother preacher, by the name of Frost, he stated that the Bible was incomplete; that much of it might be left out without any detriment to the cause of humanity, and that some things in it were abominable—at the same time calling his attention to Deuteronomy, the 14th chap. 21st verse; also to the 23d chap. and 2d verse.

This was too much for flesh and blood to bear, so charges were immediately preferred against him by “Bro. Frost,” and the Rev. William Cope notified to appear before an ecclesiastical tribunal. The reverend gentleman, however, thought it useless to stand a trial with his enemies, and have them for his judge, jury, and witnesses; but concluded that the sun would rise and set as usual. His persecutors, however, were not to be baffled in the “Lord’s work,” as they called it, but urged the trial with all vigor.

We are informed by one who knows, that the judge, the jury, the witnesses, and the attorneys were appointed by his accusers, and they were all his bitter enemies. Among the testimony we find the following: The Rev. William Cope said that the officials had treated him shamefully, and he feared that the Methodist Episcopal Church was approaching Russian despotism. I suppose they wished to carry out the tyranny of which he had spoken; so they took away his license to preach, expelled him from the Methodist Episcopal Church, refused to pay him for his year’s services, and then commenced a course of slander, abuse, and misrepresentation, which can only arise in bigoted minds, and is known to all the world’s sorrow as “Religious intolerance,” and all this came upon him, not because he was vile or living in an unchristian manner, but because he was not “sound on the ground,” (or discipline). I heard him preach the evening after his persecutors had read him out of the church, and he spoke well,

for though they had taken away their man-given authority, they had not taken his intellect, his learning, or his power. The withdrawal of their license did not stop his speech. I could not see that he was injured any way but in feeling; he seemed to feel, and feel deeply.

After reading the charges brought against him, and showing their malicious intent, he closed by saying, “I cannot fully disclose to you the visions that are passing by my mind. I see the good, the noble, and the true of all ages standing on an eminence far above all worldly view. They seem to breathe a purer air, to behold lovelier scenes than earth can show amid its glowing light. Angels come with their spiritual wings, and sing the songs of eternal love. I look, and behold the flowers bloom, the crystal streams flow in celestial beauty. The white curtains of heaven are raised, and I catch a glimpse of immortality. I hear seraphic sounds; I catch the notes as they fall upon my ear—peace, love, joy, celestial light, angelic love, eternal glory! My soul is filled with a glow; I catch the inspiration of a lofty theme. Is this, I exclaim, the Paradise of God? Are they those who have come up through great tribulation? Was theirs while upon earth the gibbet?—the burning faggot?—the torturing rack? And the angelic host answer, ‘Ages have passed since they fought in the terrible battle for human rights against bigotry, superstition, and a malicious strife. Wicked and ungodly men have chained them to the stake, burned their poor bodies to ashes, and, in contempt, have scattered them to the four winds of heaven; still they could not destroy their spirits, but they were borne gently and lovingly to the Paradise of God, there to join in the songs of eternal love; where there shall be no more sorrow, no death, nor crying; where there shall be no more bigotry, hatred, nor sin; where they are redeemed from the pangs and woes of a dark and gloomy world; where they may bask in the sunlight of God’s eternal love, and bathe in the ocean of His matchless glory.’

From these heavenly scenes I will withdraw my spirit, and come again to battle the stern realities of human life, thanking God that He is permitting me to bear my humble part in bringing humanity to hold sweeter communion with Him and the angel-world. So I will not mourn, though it be carried to my aged parents that I have been expelled from a Christian church; though it be scattered broadcast with a malignant venom over the Christian world, yet will I trust in God; and should I live to be old, and my locks become gray, and my children and children’s children stand around me in the parting hour—then shall my soul dwell for a time upon these scenes of injustice and wrong, and then gently sleep the sleep of death; and when I awake, I trust I shall awake in the paradise of God.”

Mr. Cope has many friends, and we feel that he will out-live and out-grow this cruel persecution, and become like gold that has been through the refining process. But thou, self-righteous Orthodoxy, what shall we say to thee? Thou who “diggest the graves of the prophets, and stones them that are sent unto thee,” wilt thou live in eternal glory? Wilt thou repose in the supposed bosom of the Great Father? Will only the pearly gates of Paradise open to thee? I commend thee to penitence and good works, lest thy supposed security should bring thee to the gates of Despair.

To you, dear BANNERS, and the friends of progress, we send these greetings of joy, because the young and the noble are coming out for the cause of Christ and Humanity; because in this age of light we do not have to pin our faith to the sleeve of the Bishop, Pope, and officials; that we dare cherish ideas of God and Humanity above the low herd that appeals to the faggot and the torch to sustain their religion; that we dare speak and show the cruelty of Pharisaical Orthodoxy. Finally, yours for Truth, Justice and Humanity,

RUTH M. WENZEL.

Erie, Whiteside Co., Ill.

Written for the Banner of Light.

SEEING THROUGH.

BY E. CASE, JR.

O, there are times when mid the dust and ashes,  
The shadows thick that gather on our way,  
The soul all radiant, all prophetic, catches  
The light that beams from Heaven’s immortal day.

When we can faintly see celestial glories  
And forms angelic that amid them glide,  
And hear, all ravished, the low whispered stories  
That half reveal the bliss that’s here denied—

Eyes that are beaming with the soul’s expansion,  
Forms that are beautiful in spirit-birth,  
Brows that are radiant in our Father’s mansion  
With glories won mid martyrdoms of earth—

Across the stream of that majestic river,  
Gleaming and glancing in the mystic light,  
How beautiful the Glorious Land which never  
Through ceaseless ages yields itself in night!

The fair, the beautiful and the beloved  
That stole away so strangely from us here,  
When round them all the soul’s deep tendrils folded,  
We there shall meet, no more to disappear.

The little children—Heaven’s fairest flowers—  
Brightest, purest, most beloved there,  
With forms of sevenfold light—the rosy hours  
That play like sunbeams on the perfumed air—

With eyes that pierce our very soul with gladness,  
With hands outreached in hands of ours to twine,  
With voices—O, the thought is a sweet madness—  
And little feet—the feet of yours and mine!

O, they will be the first to run and meet us  
When our our boat shall reach the further side,  
And Katie, Minnie, Charlie, Willie greet us,  
And lead us on where death can ne’er divide.

Ah, yes! at times they come so strangely near us  
That we can feel their hands upon us now,  
And the low breathings of the fluttering spirit,  
Whose breezy pinions fan our fevered brow.

Not far, not far are those pure spirits from us;  
Not far, not far is that fair Land away;  
And O, how thin the veil that spreads between us,  
Not you, nor I, nor ought of earth can say.

A little moment more of life’s vain showing,  
Of love and grief, of watchfulness and prayer,  
Of knowledge gained—perchance not worth the  
knowing.

A sigh—a moan—a struggle—we are there;  
Written in Camp near Cortland, N.Y., June 27, 1862.

RICH WITHOUT MONET.—Many a man is rich without money. Thousands of







