

# BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XII.

WILLIAM WHITE & COMPANY,  
Publishers and Proprietors.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1862.

TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR,  
Payable in Advance.

NO. 3.

## Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.

### MY HUSBAND'S SECRET.

BY A. E. FORSTER.

#### CHAPTER IV.

"Jealousy! thou green-eyed monster, thou hast not come into my world, and never will," I said, as the next morning I seated myself at the little window where poor Mrs. Smith used to sit and sigh. "Jealousy! thou art the quintessence of meanness, passion of low souls—one drop of the poison will make a devil of an angel—thank heaven, I can never be tormented with it; and yet I'm sorry this little house of ours has ever known its power. I shall be thinking of poor, jealous Mrs. Smith whenever I sit down at this window. I'll try another," and I moved my sewing-chair to the opposite window; but now I could not see the meadow path, nor the Sunset Pond, nor know when Fanny was coming, or see her fluttering like a butterfly around the large yard in front of her house. I was not at my ease, either, for my work table was near the old place; so after sitting awhile I moved back, resolved to think of something besides Mrs. Smith and her sighing, but I began to believe, before the day was over, in haunted places: the jealous wife had returned, and was sighing near me; once I was sure I heard a kiss and a sigh.

I was lonely that day. Fanny didn't come over as usual in the morning. I caught sight of her a moment as she mounted her horse for a ride. A tall young lady was with her, Miss Rosetta, I supposed. The latter wore a dashing riding cap tied with broad scarlet strings, and ornamented by a black feather with a scarlet tip. She had a bold, defiant, easy air, and rode well; but I was more pleased with the little, graceful figure of Fanny, with her modest black hat and neatly fitting habit, sitting quite as easily and with better poise than her companion, while the horse that bore her stepped off as if proud of his burden, as I've believed her was. He had been her companion for three or four years, and when he heard her voice always pricked up his ears and turned his head, waiting eagerly for the caress which he knew was coming.

When I saw them take their departure I knew that a lonely day was before me, for Fanny liked horseback exercise, and was often gone many hours, scouring him and Dale. I sat and sewed till Sidney came to dinner. That to our pleasant home, was the sunshine of the day, but it passed so quickly. After he departed I read awhile in Miss Bremer's "Neighbors"; I liked to fancy that pleasant picture of domestic life, and though I did not exactly approve of her pet name, "Bear," I nevertheless excused it on the supposition that it did not sound from a wife's pretty lips as it looks printed. I tried to think of some pet name for my husband, but nothing sounded better than "Sidney." The very name carried me back to the days of olden times, to that flower of knightly chivalry, Sir Philip. My father had a picture of the gallant soldier and gentleman, that in an age of brave and gentle men won the palm of the gentlest knight and bravest soldier of them all. If that picture spoke truth, Sir Philip was not as handsome as his namesake, my Sidney, and I was sure, he had no nobler heart; but alas! the physical strength of the former far surpassed my husband's, and I was troubled as I thought of it.

I noticed to-day that he coughed, only a slight hacking cough, but I had heard Aunt Posey say that "that cough was the worst of the world, and must be tended to." As her words recurred to me, I started up and threw on my thick shawl and straw bonnet, determined to seek Aunt Posey and have that wonderful syrup prepared at once. It was a bright, clear, frosty day; the ground was frozen hard, only now and then, in the sunniest spots, yielding to the power of solar heat; the sky was blue and cloudless, looking—oh, so far away—up, up—

"Oh, could I pierce with mortal eyes  
The wondrous space above,  
Up, up beyond the starry skies,  
And to that world of love!"

Ah! how far away it is, and if Sidney—I checked the thought, but it would come—if he should be taken from me how far away he would be. I forgot for the time, or I would not yield to my better knowledge of no locality, or, rather, no up nor down to heaven; but the childish idea of a local heaven above the starry skies was still mine. No, no, no! I did not want heaven there for me nor mine; this world was bright and good enough for us. My father in heaven had strewn my path with flowers; I would not refuse to gather and cherish them, neither would I wantonly trample them under my feet for the sake of looking at the stars and thinking of the world above them. If Eljah had come along just then and asked me to take passage with him I should certainly have politely rejected the offer, and have bidden the angel cherub drive on—I'd rather live in the old house with Sidney. I little thought then that I should live to respond heartily to Coleridge's words—"A true man has three firm friends—God, himself, and death." To long for death! Ah! how much of the warmth and brightness of earth must be withdrawn before we can see the glories of the sky.

I walked on, hoping that I should find Aunt Posey at home, and that the syrup would not be long in the compounding. As I approached the house, I saw

Nehah come out of the door, but when she saw me she stopped, hesitated, looked this way and that as if she would avoid me. I think she could not have shrunk from me more than I did from her presence, but there was no avoiding the encounter; we must meet. I meant to be brave, and bowed, saying, "Good evening," but again that terrible look! There was concentrated in her face mingled scorn and revenge. I trembled violently, and had I met her a few rods back in the woods, I should not have expected a safe issue. The sight of Aunt Posey's house reassured me, and I passed by Nehah, recoiling from her, however, no word or other token of recognition save that look, which haunted me for years. I was sure now that she bore ill-will toward me or mine.

I found Aunt Posey good humored and cordial as usual, while, to my great delight, the syrup was brought and ready for use. I sat down by the bright fire, while she bustled about in her hospitable way, bringing from some recess the glass of wine and slice of fruit cake. Aunt Posey was a model of politeness and ease, and in striking contrast, I thought, to the manners of many of the would-be ladies in Burnside. When I had rested a little, I rose to examine the delicate water-color painting which had interested me so much in my former visit. The second examination only excited my curiosity more, for it seemed almost faultless, and must have been sketched and painted from Nature. The tiny, half-opened buds of the lilacs of the valley were so carefully and correctly shaded as the perfect blossoms, while the deep blue of the English violets was perceptible, peeping up from the dark green of the leaves, while the brown moss of the rosebuds and the pure white of the snow-drops were sweetly contrasted.

"That is a beautiful little painting, Aunt Posey."

"Do you think so, honey. It's delicate like, but seems to me full blown roses and pines are handsomer than the little things that take so much time to look at. But you have not drunk your wine; it's good for you, and these tiny glasses hold only a thimbleful; drink it, and let me give you some more; it will warm you up, this cold day."

"Thank you, auntie, one glass is enough, and I enjoy drinking it slowly. It is very nice, too good to drink in haste."

"There! I might have known it by your ways," said Aunt Posey, smiling.

"Have known what, auntie?"

"Why, that you were a lady. Now you see that's one way I allers tell a born lady. Ye can't tell it by fine clothes, because there's Smith's factory girls dress finer than you do, and you can't tell it by the money folks have, because there's Brown's wife has a heap of money, and she ain't no lady at all; but you can tell by the way one takes a glass of wine. If it is gulped down at one swallow you may be sure no lady does so; but if she takes it daintily, making you think of little birds drinking, then you may be sure that's a born lady. I know this is only current wine, and hasn't got a big name like Maselle, Port, Champagne, Burgundy, Madeira—ye see I know 'em, ma'am—but mine is five years old, and, as you say, it has a fine flavor, and may be, you'd take it like you would the best imported. But please look at this," and she brought me a large piece of velvet painting, for which she had been searching while we were talking. It was a fruit piece, with great red apples, full size, oranges, peaches, grapes falling out of the basket, and, indeed, the poor basket seemed much too small for the task imposed upon it. There was a wonderful profusion of color and a great variety, but one felt that it would mar the beauty if it were touched by evidently the design was ornamental; it was not fruit to be eaten.

"Isn't that a handsome picture, now?" said Aunt Posey.

"It's very bright and showy, and those great red apples look like your 'Mountain Reds'."

"That's just what I told Miss Hovey (that's the name of the lady who gave it to me, up at the mountains). 'I'm going to have a nice yellow frame for it, and hang it up.' I suppose I must have a glass, because, you know, velvet catches the dust so."

"I certainly should have the glass," I replied, "and that reminds me that Sidney brought home some picture frames a few days' since, and said he had one specially for you."

"There, now, that's just like the boy. I showed him this very picture last week, and he said, he had some frames, and he thought one would fit. He was always a thoughtful boy. I never thought he'd grow up to be a man—such good folks, aint long lived generally—but," and Aunt Posey added this last sentence quickly, though I know it was an afterthought, for I was sure I turned pale, for I felt my heart stand still, but now, if he can get over this cough, he'll may be live to be as old as his grand mother. She was a hundred and nine when she died. 'Taint in the family to die young."

Dear, good Aunt Posey, was not she a true lady, to undo so gracefully the little mischief she had unwittingly committed?

I rose to go home, but she begged me to wait one moment while she brought her shawl and bonnet to accompany me, for it is longsome like in the woods," she said. I thought of Nehah, and willingly consented. As I stood waiting, my eyes fell again on the little picture, and I detected in one corner, in pencil, the words, "Agnes, to Flora."

Flora was Fanny's mother; the fair artist must have been a friend of hers; in this way Aunt Posey came in possession of the picture. Fanny told me that her mother left many little mementoes to her faithful servant.

"Aunt Posey," I said, just as we entered the edge

of the wood, "do tell me more about the strange woman that has been staying with you. It seems to me as if an evil spirit looked out of her eyes whenever I meet her."

"Never mind Nehah," said my companion cheerily; "I told you that she had Indian blood in her, and you know the Indians is a mighty queer people; when they take up notions, they stick to 'em allers. But she'll not trouble you any more. She went away to-day, and may be never will come back. But her family were kind to me and mine, and I never will refuse her shelter while I have a home. You know I came from Florida with Miss Flora when she was married."

"So I have heard. Pray tell me about Mrs. Maurice Perry."

"Why, honey, she was one of the beautifullest, sweetest, dearest little creatures God ever made. Fanny is putty and gay like, but she isn't such a real angel-pictor as her mother. It was the hardest thing I ever did to lay her in the grave; nobody else had ever dressed her, and I could not let 'em do it for the last time. She was too young to die. But there she lay, just like one of my white rosebuds, broken off before it had fully opened—dear me! I dear me! I prayed to God when she was sick to take me instead, and she heard me, the darling did, and she said, 'No, no, Posey, it is God's will that I should die, but be kind to dear little Fanny. If I could, I would like to take her with me.' The little thing was too young then to understand death, and thought her mother was only sleeping when she lay so still and cold. Heaven has seemed a good deal nearer, honey, since she died—it's like as if I had a claim on it. I know she'll never forget Posey, even among the angels."

"Poor Fanny, it was a great loss to her."

"Indeed, indeed it is; but I'm so glad Mr. Maurice has married again; it would have come right hard to Fanny to call anybody else mother, and yet it is kind of strange like; he's a real lady's man—one of them that's wonderful taking among women. Mr. Maurice and my Flora were a handsome couple. I was proud of her, and, oh! honey, dear, I loved her too much—too much, I suppose, and God took her; we mustn't have idle in this world; but what can we do, when God sends us to live with us?"

"It is hard to love her," I said, "and harder if our love should cause their removal from us."

I sighed unobscuredly, but Aunt Posey observed it, for she replied:

"I know what you sigh for; yes, he's another of God's good angels that walk here below; it seems like our Father in heaven made a mistake, and dropped diamonds down, but takes 'em up again as soon as he finds it out. But, take courage, my Flora had not an enemy in all the wide world; but your husband it seems has, for Nehah has taken a great prejudice agin him, but she'll not tell me any thing about it, and it's no use trying to tease an Indian you know; sometime I'll find out; so you be easy; for that is the reason she looks so hard at you."

It was not much relief to find my anxiety changed from myself to my husband, and yet I trusted the mystery might be solved some time by Posey.

We found Sidney at home waiting tea for us, but very pleasantly occupied in singing with Fanny, who was playing on the guitar.

"There, Auntie, I have done my duty to-day, and now I'm going to spend the evening with you."

She had played the housekeeper very prettily, and a nice supper was on the table. Aunt Posey insisted upon remaining to wait upon the table, as she used to do in the old days, she said, when Miss Flora was Fanny's age. After tea, Fanny sang some of the songs which had been her mother's favorites. The tears ran down Posey's cheeks, and yet she would say,

"Sing it once more, just once more, my dear child. I wonder if she is n't singing in heaven, it 'pears like I heard her, far, far off, soft and low, but so sweet; you mind, Mr. Sidney, when you need to bring your flute and play."

"Off in the still night."

It was a new song in those days, and she liked it very much, and I heard her say, that when you played it in your room at night, it used to soothe her to sleep when she was sad and homesick.

"The flute!" I exclaimed, much surprised; "why, Sidney, can you play the flute? I never heard you speak of such an accomplishment."

"I am not accomplished in it at all; it was one of the amusements of my boyhood."

"Which I hope you will resume," I said.

He shook his head.

"I haven't played a tune for five years."

I noticed that Aunt Posey looked at him earnestly, sadly, and it troubled me, for he did look pale and thin. He promised to take her syrup for his cough, and she gave him, other directions, to which he listened very kindly, for he had great confidence in her skill.

She was not quite satisfied, however, when he said that he must be at the counting-room till late that night; she didn't like the night air for him. They went away together, Aunt Posey not forgetting to carry the frame for her splendid fruit-piece.

Fanny and myself were left together. She stirred the fire, put on more wood, lighted the lamp, and drew down the blinds.

"Now, Auntie, let's have a nice cozy time. I have so much to say to you."

"I am ready to listen," I said, looking at her.

"Yes, but you must do something else, too."

"What's that?"

"Oh, advice and encouragement and sympathy."

"Do you need all three?"

"Yes, I do, for I'm convinced that now, my dear

"In the first place, pray tell me about your ride to-day with Miss Rosetta."

"Yes, indeed; did you see us? My companion was a dashing rider, and attracted much attention; but she said she had learned to look down on all our country beaux, and was thankful that she was not doomed to a hum-drum life in Burnside. She says she is engaged to a dry goods merchant in New York, and she wondered how you could live in this old house. I told her you were going to have a new one before many years. 'La, me!' she said, 'all the fun of getting married, is in going to housekeeping in dashing style.' You need n't trouble yourself about her being disappointed in not securing Uncle Sid. She has no envy, but rather pity for you."

"You relieve my mind, Fanny; I was working myself up into a little fever of jealousy when I saw her dashing style, and her handsome face."

"Jealousy?—no, no, Auntie; you could not have that feeling. Uncle Sid never cared for her at all, and his love for you is—(and again she assumed that syllabic look which she had once before worn), "is above jealousy."

"I see that no one can disturb your good opinion of your Uncle, Fanny."

"Never, while I live!"

"How solemn you look child!"

"Auntie, Uncle Sid is a brother to me, and my dear mother trusted and loved him; and Aunt Posey says, that before she died, she told him to watch and care for me. He never told me of it, but he does care for me, and I tell him all my troubles—only now, just now, I am in trouble, and I am going to tell you all about it. Yes, I must tell some one, I cannot suffer all alone—I never could. Now, no one will come in this winter's night," and she drew her low chair near to me, "and Uncle will be at the counting-house late. Now, please first look at this," and she drew from her bosom a miniature of a fair young of perhaps twenty years. He was in personal all that a maiden's heart could desire. I wish I could give my reader a colored photograph of Frank Ashley instead of this meagre pen and ink sketch. At this time, and many years have passed since then, I remember the impression which the first view of the picture gave me. The hair was dark and abundant; the eyes dark, and eye-lashes very long; the contour of the face regular; the mouth firm and determined; but the expression of the face, taken altogether, was indicative of a happy temperament, of much buoyancy and hopefulness. I liked it—the sweep of the wavy hair across the brow, the easy position, the half negligé, but not slovenly dress; all bespoke a free, frank temperament. I studied it awhile, and Fanny studied my face also very earnestly.

"Rightly named," I said, "that is a fine face, but I have seen many a handsome face that I did not like as well."

Fanny's eyes sparkled.

"I knew it—I knew you would like him!" she said, triumphantly, "and if—if you could only know him as I do, Auntie, you would love him; love him, I mean, as a brother."

"And so Fanny," I said, laying my hand on her head, as she hid her face in my lap, "you have learned so early the lesson of love. I would rather that you turned over a few more pages of life's book before coming to that. It is to woman the key-note of her future. As you strike this now, so life will end. Could not you have waited awhile before entering this enchanted land?"

"Auntie, love came to me; I did not seek it. Frank Ashley came from Florida. His father is an old friend of my mother's family, and he was sent north to be educated; he came first to our house. We were playmates, and my father took quite a fancy to him, and sometimes called us brother and sister. He allowed our childish friendship to continue, and when Frank sent his first letters from the military school, Pa was almost as much pleased as myself. It is only within a year that we have been forbidden to correspond, and Pa gives as a reason, that he is unwilling I should be engaged so young, and adds that he will never consent to my marrying a military man. Now, Auntie, until he forbade our correspondence, we did not know that it was so essential to our happiness; until he told us that we must never think of marriage, we had not spoken of it. True, I see now that Pa was right in one respect, the friendship could have terminated in no other way; his harsh treatment only tore roughly away the veil which we should have slowly and tremblingly raised.

I never shall forget the day when Pa called me to his room, and asked if I had received a letter from Frank that week.

"Yes," I told him, and I would run and fetch it. "No," he said, "no matter about that," he only wished to say that he thought I was old enough to drop the girl and boy correspondence; it might result in something more serious than friendship; and he should certainly never consent to my looking upon Frank as a lover. I must send him no more letters, and he would write to him and explain.

I was so surprised, that at first I could not reply, and my father taking my silence for consent, praised my obedience, and said that it was no more than he expected from me.

"But, father," I said, hardly able to control myself, "I have no one else who cares for me; nobody writes me letters; but Frank, and he has no other friend now, to write to him." Poor Frank, I thought to myself, it will be harder for him than for me, and I ventured to plead for his sake.

"His father and mother are both dead," I said, as well as I could, for the tears were coming now; this

father died only a few months ago, and all the great fortune that Frank expected has gone, too, and nobody cares for him, or writes to him besides myself excepting an old uncle in the West Indies, who sends him a little spending money now and then. Oh, Pa, it will be so hard!"

"Pshaw! nonsense!" he said, "do n't let me hear you talk in that way; as if the young man could n't survive the loss of your letters. That's not a proper way for a young lady to talk."

At this I felt much worse. Could it be true that Frank did n't care much for my letters, when I prized him so much? For one moment a bad spirit got possession of me, and I thought I never would wish to write him again, but my guardian angel—I have one, Auntie, I'll tell you about it sometime—whispered better thoughts, and I knew that Frank did like to have me write, and that my letters were a great comfort to him since his father died. Yes, I had no more mistrust of him, but a sweet confidence that he loved me better than anybody else in the wide world; and now that my father had taken away that thin little misty veil that we called sisterly affection, I saw right down in the depths of my heart, and there, as in some deep waters you can see beneath its crystal surface to the very bed of the river, so could I see his image in my spirit. I felt frightened for a moment. It's a fearful thing, Auntie, to love another human soul better than we do ourselves. I did n't feel ashamed of it, for I had read in some beautiful book of Uncle Sid's, that pure, true, earnest love should not cause shame, but should make us love God more, in that he permits such great happiness to two human beings. So I offered one little prayer, such as my mother taught me, "Oh God, teach me the right way to heaven through this wicked world," and then I turned to my father, and said, "Please, father, not to take away this great pleasure from Frank and myself, I will show you all his letters, and then I climbed into his lap, and told him how much Frank loved him, and that we would both be his children, and make him happy. I laid my head on my father's shoulder, and Auntie, I could n't help the tears coming, for he neither smiled, nor caressed me, but pushed me gently away, and looked very stern as he said:

"Fanny, I expect to be obeyed; no more letters to Frank Ashley. I will myself explain the reason to him."

Now, Frank had always spent his vacations with us, and I had looked forward with great pleasure to his coming; now, I thought I should see him no more. I went up into my room and sat down by the window, where I always liked so much to sit; but wasn't it strange, the beautiful prospect that was always there before was gone. It looked to me just as if a black veil was over hill and valley.

I have read a great deal of poetry about Nature being always the same to us, that 'she never did deceive the heart that loved her,' that there is consolation in woods and fields, and purring streams. It is n't so with me, auntie, for nothing looked bright to me, then, and I thought I would n't want to live at all, if I might never see Frank again. Don't laugh, Auntie, (I was far from it, as she might have known if she had raised her eyes to look at me). "I did feel so, and I thought that my father might have told me why I must not write to Frank. You see he gave me no reason, only that a child must obey implicitly the commands of a parent. I cried and cried, till I made myself sick, and when Aunt Hannah called me to dinner, I could not go down, so father and she dined by themselves, and I suppose had a good time of it, for she always agrees with him, and I knew I should have no sympathy from her. Whenever I had had trouble before, I went directly to Frank with it; now I had nobody to talk to, nobody to comfort me.

It was a warm, bright, sunny afternoon. Father had ridden out into the country, and Jim had sent to know if I would have Zaidoe saddled for a ride in the woods. I said no, and he went out into the stable, looking rather disappointed. Jim came into the room to bring my father a letter in the morning, and I thought he heard the conversation. Now Jim has been in the family a great many years; he is Aunt Posey's brother, and he thinks all the world of Frank, and I thought perhaps poor Jim feels sorry for me; and I laid my head down on the window seat and let the breeze blow my hair about and cool my poor head, while I watched him working in the garden. He was singing, and the canaries heard him and joined his music, and I felt almost vexed with them for being so happy when I was sad. Then it was so bright and beautiful overhead, and the roses were all in full bloom, the very rose tree that Frank had brought all the way from New York, so carefully in his hands, was now in blossom directly under my window, and I perceived the fragrance of the roses where I sat. "We shall never work in the garden any more," I said to myself, "nor have pleasant rides together, nor sing the songs we have learned, nor read the same books in company"—and then the tears came again, but this time more quietly; they flowed and seemed to relieve the pressure on my brain.

"By-and-by I was soothed and fell asleep, and I dreamed that Frank came in the form of an angel, with great wings, and carried me up high as the clouds, and I was so happy way up above the world, in the clear, fresh air, and not at all afraid, for Frank was so strong and fearless. Then I heard sweet music; and the music awoke me. I raised my head and looked round, and sure enough there was music—a voice I knew so well was whistling a favorite air. Yes, yes, there was Frank coming up the garden walk, and whistling to call Jim's attention. Jim heard, and threw down his spade.

"Jim," I said, "I heard you, and I'm coming now; this

"Jim," I said, "I heard you, and I'm coming now; this

"Jim," I said, "I heard you, and I'm coming now; this

"Jim," I said, "I heard you, and I'm coming now; this

"Jim," I said, "I heard you, and I'm coming now; this

"Jim," I said, "I heard you, and I'm coming now; this

"Jim," I said, "I heard you, and I'm coming now; this

"Jim," I said, "I heard you, and I'm coming now; this

"Jim," I said, "I heard you, and I'm coming now; this

"Jim," I said, "I heard you, and I'm coming now; this

"Jim," I said, "I heard you, and I'm coming now; this

"Jim," I said, "I heard you, and I'm coming now; this

"Jim," I said, "I heard you, and I'm coming now; this



"Holloa! old fellow!" said Frank, "all well at home?"

"Yes, Mass' Frank, middlin'," and Jim turned to my window.

"I had risen, and instead of returning the greeting which Frank seemed about to give me, I ran away to hide my swollen eyes and red face. A little water and cologne, with the addition of a hair brush, improved my appearance a little, but Frank's quick eye detected something amiss, as I came to meet him.

"What now, Fanny?" he said, half alarmed, notwithstanding Jim's assertion that the family were middlin'." "Is Zaidie sick, or Rover dead, or one of the canaries carried off by Tige?"

"Oh Frank, it's worse than that; come quick into the grapple, and I'll tell you, but first tell me, how did you come here?"

"Why, you see after I wrote you that letter last Thursday."

"Wrote me last Thursday? Why I hadn't had a letter from you for two weeks!"

"The deuce you have n't! I'll court-martial that old drone of a Postmaster."

"Stop; do n't talk so, Frank, but tell me what you wrote."

"Let's go into the summer-house, then, for I have walked ten miles double quick time since two o'clock."

"Stop, let me get you a lunch."

But Jim had thought of that and gone for one; and while Frank and I enjoyed it, he told me that he had written both my father and myself long letters only a week previous, telling us that he had heard of the death of his uncle in the West Indies, and that he was now left without any known kindred, or a dollar he could call his own; that at first he thought he would leave West Point, and enter into some business as it would be so long before he could expect promotion in the Army, and he wanted to carve out a fortune for himself. But the Professors had been very kind to him. His tutor in Mathematics, Gilbert, had stood by him like a brother, and had offered to share his own little fortune with him, and on the whole, if my father approved, he would stay at West Point and work hard for a high standing.

"For your sake, Fanny," he said, "I will be at the head of my class, and I don't think I can make you understand what a tough time I'll have getting there. But want it please your father? You, Fanny, I will rejoice, I know."

Poor me, I could not answer him a word, but burst into tears. He was really troubled, and begged for an explanation. I told him all. At first he only whistled a little, just a low, prolonged whistle. He seemed to do it unconsciously, as if he were thinking hard at the same time.

"I can't think what it means, Fanny. I have stood well in my class, nor have I had one censure from my teachers. Can it be Fanny, that he has plans for your future, that he has not told you?"

"Plans for my future! I'll not submit to have anybody plan for me, not even my own father. No, it is not that, but he sees fit to stop our correspondence, because we are so young. Perhaps he's right, but it will be very hard, for I have no other correspondent in the world."

"And me, what do you think of me, Fanny? I have neither father, mother, brother or sister in this wide world, save you. I do write to Uncle Sid, and he is my only correspondent beside yourself."

"Uncle Sid! Uncle Sid!" I exclaimed, "I wonder that I did not think of him in my trouble, this morning. Yes, he will explain it all. We'll go to him, Frank."

But Frank did not seem quite so delighted with this plan. He was very independent and fearless.

"No, Fanny, I am going directly to your father, and request him to give me a reason for his prohibition. It is no more than right that he should do so."

I felt that this would be useless. I had read my father's face well, and I knew that he would not alter his decision. I was sure that Frank would be treated with civility. I never saw my father in a passion, but I have seen him take an insult as coolly as I would receive a compliment. Frank is hasty and impulsive; but however angry he might become, my father would remain calm, and the more excited the one, the cooler the other. It would be like the surf against the rock. Do not you know, auntie, that people like my father are more firm and determined than quick-tempered people like myself?"

"Perhaps so, Fanny; but what did your father say to Frank?"

"He met him at dinner as pleasantly as if nothing had occurred to mar our former peaceful relations, and when Frank at the close asked to see him, he led the way into his study with as much politeness as if Frank had been the President.

I think this manner rather annoyed Frank, but he had made up his mind what to say, and he was determined to say it.

"Take a seat, Frank," said my father, and let me know how you stand now at West Point?"

Frank remained standing.

"I am happy to inform you, sir, that I stand with the three best scholars in my class. I have worked hard for this, and had been stimulated to do so by the hope of your approbation; but Fanny tells me that you have forbidden all further intercourse between the families. I think, sir, I am entitled to an explanation."

"Take a seat, take a seat, Frank," said my father; "let us talk this matter over."

"I prefer standing, sir."

"Very well," said my father, smiling, while he quietly took a pinch of snuff. "I did not intend that Fanny should be the first to tell you of my wish, but I was not aware that your vacation came so soon. It seems that you and Fanny are keeping up a constant intercourse by letters. Now Frank, you are twenty years of age; you will soon be through the military school, and having no property of your own, will of course choose the military profession."

The hot, proud blood showed itself in Frank's face, and he answered quickly, almost angrily:

"Mr. Perry, I have been educated at my country's expense, and I intend to serve her to the best of my ability. Were I worth a million, I should choose no other profession."

My father smiled. I believe he rather enjoyed this little burst of passion.

"Not having a million, Frank, nor even a decimal part of it, you cannot well tell how you would do were you possessed of that sum; enough for our purpose that you will enter the army; you will be ordered here and there, and have a permanent home. Promotion is slow, your pay small, and your life one of exposure—perhaps settlement and danger. I prefer that Fanny should not share such a

life; it is easy now to let this friendship die out; a few years more, and it may cost you a greater struggle. You are now very fond of each other, but one year of separation will cool this fondness amazingly; indeed, I hope you will get no romantic notions into your head about love; it is an ignis fatuus that leads thousands astray; put all such fancies aside. Five years hence, if you should meet me and Fanny, you may thank me for what I am now doing."

"Thank you, sir, for separating me from all that I love best in this world. I have none beside to love, and I tell you, frankly, sir, that Fanny is dearer to me than life itself. You may call it a schoolboy fancy, an idle romance, but if you enforce your command, you will find that you will make two miserable, and remove from me my highest incentive to ambition. You know, sir, that I am alone in the world, that I have no friends, no friendships, save in your family. I am denied these. I am banished. Why? Because I must serve my country in the profession to which I am bred. I know not how you view it, sir, but I tell you frankly, it is unjust and cruel, and every such selfish, arbitrary action will meet its due reward. I ask one more that you distinctly state how far your prohibition extends, and Frank stood more erect, and as my father expressed it, his eyes flashed as if he were treating with a conquered enemy, instead of one who was his superior."

I think, however, it did not make him angry at all. He was amused at the display of spirit in the boy, and he very coolly finished the pinch of snuff which he held in his fingers, and smiled, as he said:

"I supposed you already understood, or you would not be thus excited. I wish no more letters to pass between yourself and Fanny. I do not forbid you the house, but I shall send Fanny to boarding-school for one year, and if during that time you choose to visit here, you can do so; my housekeeper will make you comfortable. When Fanny is at home, I prefer you would not be here. I wish you success in your profession, and am most happy to hear that you are likely to deserve it by your good scholarship at school. My time is out; looking at his watch, I have a client waiting in my office, and must bid you good evening. It is hardly necessary for me to say that I have no fear of disobedience on the part of Fanny; and he bowed politely, and passed out of the room.

Poor Frank, he was angry, and his quick Southern blood was at boiling heat—but what could he do or say?

I was in the grapple, making believe read. Jim was at work on the strawberry bed near me, when Frank came out. I never saw him look so well. He has a fine face, and his constant military drilling had given compactness and dignity to his form and gait. I saw Jim stop his work and look admiringly at him, expecting, what he never failed to receive, a kind word, and perhaps a joke—but no, the young man strode on toward the grapple, looking, as he approached near enough for us to see his face, like a thunder cloud. He came in where I sat, threw his cap to the very further end upon the floor, and said:

"There, Fanny, I hate men that never get angry; you can't do anything with them; no wonder Gen. Jackson ordered cotton bales for defence. If men were cotton bales, there'd be no glory in war."

"Cotton bales! What do you mean, Frank? Men cotton bales? Who is a cotton bale?"

"Why, your father; he's just a cotton bale, that he is—he's no more temper than one."

"Stop, stop, he is my father; you must n't talk so."

"I ask your pardon, Fanny, but I am indignant, angry; justly so, I believe. Your father has taken away the brightness of my life; I do n't care now whether I stand well or not in my classes, my ambition is all gone, and my poor brother did, I believe, shed tears of vexation, but he turned away and stood for a moment looking toward the garden, but I believe it was only to conceal the moistened eyes."

"I do, Frank, care very much about your standing; and whether you write me or not, I shall know all about it. Is n't Judge Collum one of the examiners, and does n't he often speak of you, and has n't he told me that he is watching your progress with much interest. Only last week he said: 'I expect that boy will make his mark in the world.'"

"Did he, though? Did he?" said Frank, turning round quickly, his face brightening. "But was n't the old fellow a tough one when he put us through Conic Sections and Trigonometry? I wanted to try my patent revolver on him; but when he marked me up so high I was glad I had saved his big head."

"O, Frank, you are an ambitious boy."

"And is n't it right to be? Was any great and noble action ever performed without ambition?"

"It is godlike to press on."

But, Fanny, it has been so pleasant to share my success with you, to tell you my perplexities and my joys, and now I must go back, and live without the weekly letters which have afforded me so much pleasure to write and receive. And now you'll never care what becomes of me. I am like a poor wail whom no one cares to own."

"Why, Frank, in one of father's big books—Blackstone, I think they call it—there is a chapter on wails, and I heard him reading it, and it said wails belong to the king. If you are a wail you belong to Government."

"And so I do, and so I ought; I wish my friends could see it as I do."

"Do n't they? I do, for one."

"Do you, though, Fanny? And do you think honestly I ought to stand by my profession?"

"I should be ashamed of you if you did n't. To receive your education from Government, and then go sneaking away like a cat that has been stealing cream."

"Hurrah!" said Frank, pinking up his cap and throwing it in the air, catching it as it fell, and noting very boy-like, "I ought to have known you would have said so, for you are a sensible girl, Fanny; but sensible girls are so rare, and I was afraid you didn't like my being a soldier, and I must say it, though you may think it rude—I could not have given up my profession even to please you, Fanny, and I'd rather please you than all the rest of the world beside; but when a fellow makes up his mind that he is right, he must go ahead, you know."

"You speak my mind, Frank, in the last sentence, but I think there are a great many sensible girls."

"We West Pointers do n't get a sight of them there, though we see many imitations from the city of packages of silk and lace and ribbons, indolent ladies. I wish you could see them."

"None of your fine speeches, Frank, or I shall tell about brass buttons and military caps. I fancy that gentlemen like shoulder straps and adornments as well as ladies."

When fairly won they are worth wearing because of that which they represent. Yes, Fanny, if I can win a captain's commission right honorably, I will be proud of the badge. Who knows what the future may have in store? I won't give up trying now that we think alike on the subject."

"Still my father's commands are as binding as before—we are separated, Frank."

Frank's countenance fell, and he paced back and forth in the old grapple, like a young lion angry with his keeper.

"I suppose now, Fanny, you'll say it is all right, and that you must obey. But wicked as you may think me, I have my doubts on the subject."

"There's Uncle Sid coming into the garden; let us ask him."

"Agreed. I like Uncle Sid. He's got a whole soul inside of him—wish his body was strong enough to hold it."

Uncle Sid, Frank, and they met each other half way in the path; a good cordial greeting it was, too. And Frank drew our counsellor into the grapple, and then we told him our trouble. He listened, as he always does when any one is in trouble, earnestly and kindly, as if nothing escaped him. Then he sat and thought awhile, as if the matter required consideration, which Frank thought it did not. At last, after what seemed to us a long pause, he said, kindly:

"I have a plan to propose. We waited eagerly to hear. 'You may not at first assent, but I can think of no better at present. Suppose that for one year you obey your father implicitly, Fanny, and have no communication with Frank; then, if your interest in each other continues, endeavor, if possible, to gain his consent to a correspondence.'

"A whole year!" Frank exclaimed, with a look of great disappointment.

"I said nothing, but I thought what a long dreary year it would be."

"A whole year!" again said Frank. "Can't you propose anything less hard than that?"

"I know my brother better, perhaps, than you do," said Uncle Sid, quietly.

Frank stopped his impatient walk to and fro, and stood thinking a moment.

"I'll do it," said he. "I'll show Mr. Perry that I am willing to be tested. He thinks I am a mere boy, with a boy's fickleness; let him see me put to the trial. Will you tell him, Uncle Sid, of your proposition?"

"Most assuredly, if you wish it."

"What say you, Fanny?" said Frank.

Now do n't you think, auntie, just like a little foolish child, I burst into tears. I could n't say one word. That long dreary year stretched before me like the old desert of Sahara in my school Atlas. How could I tread it?

Suddenly Frank's countenance brightened. "Why, Uncle Sid! Uncle Sid!" and the boy spoke as loud as if Uncle Sid suddenly became deaf, "I am not forbidden to write to you, I suppose?"

"I surely shall not forbid it," said Uncle Sid, "and I know of no one else that has the power save yourself!"

My tears dried quickly, and Frank and I exchanged glances.

"But I shall be the medium of no messages between you," said Uncle Sid, decidedly.

"No, no, but—Frank did n't go any further.

"But you may write to me frankly, added Uncle Sid, "and you may be sure of my sympathy and interest."

Frank left us that day, and you know, auntie, he and Uncle Sid corresponded, but you did not know how hard it has been for me not to have one letter from Frank for a twelve-month. And then, not even Uncle Sid told of our arrangement. I believe he promised secrecy, and he is not the man to violate such a promise."

"I knew he had letters from Frank, and have seen them; but this is the first I have heard of your interest in him."

"But, auntie, our year is out, and as father told Uncle Sid that he would give his consent to our writing at the end of the year if we wished, though he added, 'There's no danger of their wishing it themselves, and as Frank will be ordered into service somewhere at that time, there can be no great harm in promising.' But here, see here, auntie!" and she held up before me a voluminous letter, that looked as if it might well be taken as a feast after a long abstinence.

"Let me read you a little, auntie."

"This is my first letter, Fanny, for a twelve-month, and I may not be able to get a letter to you for as long a time in the future, for I am ordered to Florida. There is work to do there, and I shall see active service soon. This suits me. Write by next mail; it will be the last you will direct here."

At this poor Fanny broke down, and hid her head in my lap, while the tears flowed freely.

"And you have written?"

"Yes, auntie, I have; but I didn't know as it would be quite right. Father is not here, you know. You must tell Uncle Sid; and 'you—do you think it was wrong?"

I spoke as my heart dictated when I answered "No. But," I added, "Fanny, it is a fearful thing to disobey a parent. It is as if ever to marry without a father's blessing. Little good comes of it."

"But when the time comes he will give us his blessing—he must, auntie; he cannot deny it. But one thing more. He will come here before he goes, only one day, auntie, just one day; and may he come to see Uncle Sid? And will you be an auntie to him, too?"

"Be sure, child, it would be best that he should do so. Your uncle will think with us, I have no doubt."

It did my heart good to see how much this little arrangement pleased Fanny, and how safe and trustful she seemed. Only two days, and Frank would be here. I had n't been married long then, the reader will remember, and I entered into the hopes and fears of these two young lovers with all the enthusiasm of a bride in the honeymoon. I little thought then that the one day of Elysium that I was preparing for them was to be succeeded by so much sadness.

Frank came. I liked him, for he was a generous, high spirited boy, and gave promise of a fine manhood. I thought brother Maurice must be proud of him. It was a bright day for the lovers; the sun shone, the sky was blue, and everything favorable for a walk to Aunt Poey's. The afternoon was given to this, promising to return to supper. During their absence, Aunt Hannah and her niece Bessie called; the latter, in her gay city costume, which was almost overpowering, in our low plain dwelling. Aunt Hannah wore her sternest look. I perceived that she did not approve of the proceedings at our house, and I was a little ashamed in specifying how she would express her displeasure. I was not long in doubt, for she was one of those persons who prided themselves on their plain speaking. They believe in telling things "right out," they

never go round Robin Hood's barn to accomplish an object. They like the plain, naked truth. I have loved them, and they like it, not because it is the truth, but because it wounds. Their plain speech is simple impudence, and their frankness, the unworring of the bottle of malice which they always carry with them.

As Aunt Hannah rose to go, she remarked:

"You know, Mrs. Perry, I have been a long time in the family, and I am accustomed to speaking my mind. You are only making future trouble for Fanny by permitting Frank Ashley to visit here. I think it's my duty to give you my mind upon the subject."

"Thank you, Miss Hannah. I have done nothing without my husband's approval."

There was a queer, a very palpable one, on Miss Hannah's face as I said this.

"As to that, Mrs. Perry, all young husbands are influenced by their wives, and in your case there is no exception. Indeed, it is said, and perhaps you might as well know it, (the truth never hurts us,) that you govern your husband. Mr. Maurice says that his brother Sidney is becoming quite a decided character now that he is guided by his wife."

I did not reply for a moment. I was mortified and angry, but, fortunately, I caught sight of my husband, and checked the retort that rose to my lips.

"Oh, there's Sidney," said Miss Hannah, quickly. "I must tell him what his brother said about Master Frank."

I was glad to be released, but I was not pleased to hear my husband's name so familiarly used by Miss Hannah. I did not hear what she said, but it evidently did not disturb him at all, for he came in smiling, and remarked to me, as I was busy cutting my choicest fruit cake for my guests:

"Will you accept an addition to your supper?" and he handed me a can of oysters.

I forgot my vexation in my hospitable cares, and was myself again when Frank and Fanny entered, looking fresh and happy, as if they had been drinking the elixir of life, as indeed they had.

Frank was to leave in the coach that evening, which in those days left Burnside at the unseasonable hour of ten at night. As the time of parting drew near they grew more and more silent. Sidney had gone out to buy a warm scarf for Frank, as the night was chilly, and I slipped quietly away to my own room. In less than five minutes the coach was at the gate, and Frank's voice answered to the coachman's "Whoo." "Ready."

"Where's Aunt Mary?" I heard him say.

"Here, Frank. Good-by—God bless you."

"God bless you, Aunt Mary. Do n't forget me."

He could say no more, nor did he turn toward Fanny, or speak another word, but ran out and sprang into the coach. Poor boy! like many others of his age, he was ashamed of his emotion.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

Written for the Banner of Light.  
A VISION REAL.  
BY A. P. MCCOMBS.

Down in a quiet valley,  
Where the Hudson winds its way,  
Mid the gathering shades of evening,  
Where the mellow moonbeams lay,  
And the scented sweets of summer  
With the zephyrs were at play,  
There a maiden wandered musing,  
O'er the treasure of her past,  
And the hushed moments choosing—  
Passed along the river shore,  
Just a single moon before,  
Down along the river shore.

From out the fading crimson  
Came the bright and twinkling stars,  
And the queen of night was gently  
Letting down her silver bars.  
When across the southern heavens  
Bolted the chariot of Mars;  
As this maiden was musing there,  
Startling noises, strange and rare,  
Swept along the odorous air.

Sounding through the distant gloom—  
'T was the cannon's sullen boom,  
Sounding through the distant gloom.  
The soft and shadowy clouds  
Soon new forms and features took,  
And a mystic panorama  
Passed before her wondering look.  
With the scenes traced out as clearly  
As the pictures in a book.  
With rattling drum from tented camp  
Came out the heavy measured tramp,  
And each bold chieftain bore the stamp,  
On to victory or death!  
Rang the shrill and fiery breath,  
On to victory or death!

Then above these marshaled legions  
Rose their streaming banners high,  
Where the gleaming stars of Freedom  
Shone from out their azure sky.  
And with glittering bayonets fixed,  
Rushed the charging columns by;  
Then mid the clank of clashing steel,  
Broke forth the cannon's crashing peal,  
And the dense cohorts sway and reel.  
Shattering bomb with fiendish breath,  
Bursting on the trembling earth,  
Swells the crimson tide of death.

Where the battle raged fiercest,  
And the smoke in volumes rolled,  
There, upon a dashing charger,  
Rushed a youthful warrior bold,  
Whom the very gods had fashioned,  
O'er the noblest knightly mould;  
His brow their seals had set upon,  
And rightly styled Achilles' son;  
Where'er he led the field was won,  
And the stubborn foe to rout,  
With victory's stunning shout,  
Put the stubborn foe to rout.

O'er him passed ambition's smile  
As he saw the wreath of fame  
In glory circling round his brow,  
And heard the loud acclaim  
Of peers ringing forth his praise:  
From many a lofty fane,  
But ere the smile of triumph fled  
He lay upon a warrior's bed.  
Among the dying and the dead,  
O'er Potomac's sunny wave  
There he fell, the young, the brave,  
O'er Potomac's silver wave!

Then pallid grew this maiden's cheek,  
Her form a tremor shook,  
Her pulses ceased to come and go,  
All strength her limbs forsook.  
She sank upon the dew grass,  
As wild and trance-like look  
Upon her gathering day-drops fell,  
Upon her brow, they broke the spell,  
Her loosened tongue made haste to tell  
The rare beauties she had seen,  
Far beyond life's ebbing stream,  
Wondrous beauties she had seen!

Then o'er this quiet valley  
Glowed a golden atmosphere,  
And soft, celestial music  
Broke in sweetness on the ear,  
And through the diaphanous light  
Came a spirit hovering near,  
With radiant smiles this maiden greets,  
And softly sings of Cupid's sweets,  
And this one saying oft repeats:  
"This vision is truly real;  
I'm coming my vows to seal;  
This vision is truly real."

Then from Elysian's flowery fields  
Came dazling virgins fair;  
Eolian music of the skies  
Floated down the amber air,  
And mid the crystal spiny groves  
Hymen reared an altar there;  
And brides and bridegroom thither led—  
"Ambrosial sweets their fragrance shed,  
Where earth and sky together wed;  
Seraphs of the nuptials sung,  
Heaven's richest curtains hung,  
Round the couch where angels sung!

On the morrow's early dawning,  
When the lightning's iron tongue  
Flashed far o'er hill and dale,  
Spread the fatal news along,  
Many heads were bowed in grief,  
And many hopes and hearts unstrung.  
Though many hearts were in the tomb,  
Yet on this maiden fell no gloom;  
She had met her spirit-bridegroom,  
Down along the river side,  
He came to claim her his bride,  
Down along the river side.

Then down this quiet valley,  
Where the Hudson winds its way,  
There this maiden often wanders  
In the twilight soft and grey;  
O'er the golden sea of fancy  
With the bridegroom far away;  
And those blissful moments choosing  
All the heavenly land perusing,  
And from out this holy musings  
"Shall be lifted nevermore,"  
Down along the river shore,  
"Shall be" parted "nevermore!"

Written for the Banner of Light.  
WINNING THE MINISTER.  
A Tale not Founded on Truth, but the Truth.  
BY MYRA K. ELTON.

CHAPTER I.  
"Nelly, have you heard our new minister?"

"Yes, I have heard him several times."

"Well, what do you think of him?"

"I think him intellectual, gentlemanly, and he may be a true Christian. I hope he is."

"That is my opinion, exactly, with the exclusion of that clause expressing doubt of his genuine religion. But I do n't care a fig for that. I'm going to attend all the evening meetings he appoints, and if there is any such thing as a change of heart, I mean to get mine changed; and he must keep his eyes open, or his may meet with something of a change. For let me tell you, Nelly, he is well worth winning. I am not going to any more balls this season, so William Raymond may look elsewhere for somebody to waltz and take eleigh-rises with. The fact is, he is a little verand compared with the minister. One must not look for as much ease in manners, and all that sort of thing, in a lad of nineteen, as a man of thirty. But I am not ambitious to be the subject of Will's first practice in love-making—not I. I'd rather be under the tutelage of a savior in its tactics. He is fine looking, to be sure, but will not compare favorably with Mr. De Lacy. I think him, without any exception, the most splendid man I ever saw."

"Mary Andrews, I, your humble friend Nelly, do not like to hear you speak so triflingly on so momentous a subject. I hope you will consider well what step you are taking, else you may tread on some rolling stone which will plunge you headlong to the ground, and you will be glad to have William Raymond stoop to pick you up."

"A sigh for myself, Nelly! Now, you have commenced one of your everlasting lectures. Just so sure as I say one word about setting my cap for anyone, you commence. I think it is perfectly right and proper that we consider all these things, and not only consider, but act. What is the difference between winning a husband at a prayer-meeting or at a ball?"

"Pardon me, Mary, for offending you. There is no difference, providing one acts honorably in both cases."

"Then what are you harping about?"

"Let us drop the subject, for I perceive you are not in the right frame of mind to comprehend my ideas at present, and I tremble for you when I think perhaps you never will until it is too late. Good night, Mary; here is a kiss for you, and we will meet again soon, as good friends as ever."

Nelly darted out at the door for her own dear home.

"I must hasten," she said to herself, as she flew fast as her feet could carry her over the frozen ground, "for mother must be tired; she has worked all day, and I have been resting so long a time. Well, never mind; I will work very swift when I get home. Let me see—what will I do first? I will wash the children, put them to bed, darn the stockings, get all their clean clothes laid out—for tomorrow will be Sunday, and I intend mother shall go to church if she likes. Then I will read that new book I have commenced. But here I am, at midnight and starlight, but I only pass into heartlight and daylight."

"Why, mother, what are you doing?" and where are all the children?"

"I have just washed and put them all to bed in bed. Now, if you'll get the clean clothes for to-morrow, I'll darn the stockings, and you may read about this evening, if you wish."

"Dearest mother, how kind you are, but I was just thinking, I would do all you have done, and do right off starting for home sooner."

"My child," said Mrs. Day, "you have taken no more time to make your call than I think necessary. I hope you have enjoyed it and feel refreshed. But come, now, get the clothes, and fix for reading."

"Happily a simple bit, Nelly went gliding about the house like a spirit."

CHAPTER II.  
"Mary! Mary! What are you doing? and where are you?"

"I'm in my room, waiting for the time of bedtime to do what I have been waiting some time. Yes, I'm ready, and I have been waiting some time. I want you to come down immediately."



"John" said Dean Ramsey, "I'm sure ye ken that a rollin' stane gathers haes moss?" "Ay," rejoined John, "that's true; but can ye tell me what good the moss does to the stane?"



# THE PROPHET-BARD.

BY RILLA BUSH.

"Never will Peace and Human Nature meet,  
Till, free and equal, man and woman greet  
Domestic life." — BARRETT.

Minstrel! once thy tuneful numbers  
Strangely thrilled the harps of time,  
Now the chords are mute that waked them,  
They have won a voice sublime;  
Now thy burning words resound  
All the peopled world around;  
Now with stronger pulse they start,  
Throbbing to creation's heart;  
Now thy hope hath found its goal  
In the universal soul,  
Written there in fiery scroll.

Son of Albion! ere thy star  
Tracked the world of thought afar,  
Ere from flowery Castaly  
Came the nymph fair Poesy,  
With her most delightful thrills,  
Wooing thee to seek her rills,  
Ere music, with her witching spells,  
Rang in thy soul her silver bells;  
While yet thou held'st the helm of joy  
And roamed a field a careless boy,  
Even then, amid the mist-hung hills,  
By dingles lone and tinkling rills,  
From every breeze or autumn blast  
That o'er thy rock-ribbed island passed;  
From stars, and dews, and flowers beneath,  
Thy soul drank in sweet freedom's breath.

Not men-fetters, not dominion,  
Could thy thought's free current bind,  
Creeds and creedmen found no passport  
To the temple of thy mind.  
Rich with gems of rarest truth,  
Twined with flowers of loveliest youth,  
Down its broad, bright spirit-lanes,  
Floated dreams, like happy smiles;  
And thought, within its sacred halls,  
Kept writing lines upon the walls—  
Till, venturing further out one day,  
She found a *lyre* placed in her way;  
Though what it was she hardly knew,  
Yet still she near and nearer drew,  
And when her veil swept o'er the string,  
She thought she heard some angel sing,  
And whisper, "It is thine!"

She raised it up; 't was strangely made,  
Of fragrant wood, with pearls inlaid;  
Its chords—the sun's most golden ray  
At noon, were not more bright than they;  
And when she touched them, forth a sigh  
Seemed from each cell to start and die  
In music most divine.  
"Ah me!" she said, "could I but bear  
To yon bright halls my treasure rare,  
There's many a dream would find its goal,  
Now captive in an earnest soul."  
With this, away the lyre she bore,  
And placed it at the temple's door,  
And wrote upon it, while she smiled,  
These mystic words, "For Freedom's Child!"

There long it lay, an unused thing  
Of silent cells and trembling strings;  
Till, gliding down its broad, bright aisle,  
The Poet-soul in dreams the while  
Saw at the door the lovely form,  
And felt his heart in pity warm.  
He took it in, but did not know,  
Or dream, what streams of song would flow  
From the deep founts that sleep below,  
Till o'er its wires a hand unseen  
Swept light, as though its home had been  
Those chords and airy cells between.  
Then from its curious chambers broke  
The holiest sounds that ever woke  
To its high birth the Poet-child,  
So sweet, so plaintive, and so wild!

O! when the bright immortal fire  
First glowed along thy quivering lyre,  
'T was Freedom's hand that swept the wire!  
But for her in after years  
Fell thy sorrow's saddest tears,  
For she wrought thee hate and scorn,  
Ere the grey dawn of the morn!

Trampling down the world's opinion,  
Right became thy theme, not might;  
But thy thought swept down the current,  
Of a dark, unfriendly night.

Rolling on to either shore,  
Mingling with the water's roar  
Sounding there forevermore,  
On the Stygian human tide,  
Groans of woe unheeded died;  
But thy *genius* blazed along,  
O'er the world, an orb of song;

Then adorns the stream of life,  
Vexed with storms and vexed with strife,  
Round the struggling voyager's way  
Fell thy stars' serene ray.

When thy mighty spirit saw  
Mind and Nature crushed by law,  
And beheld the iron chain  
Eating to the heart and brain,  
Then thy eye in pity turned  
To the hated poor and spurned,  
And thy hand o'er-swept the lyre  
Till it flashed indignance fire

For the weak and the oppressed,  
Mingling like a seraph strain  
Mid the shrieks of woe and pain,  
Swelled thy softly soothing tone,  
With a strength before unknown,  
Claiming honor for the brave,  
Freedom for the branded slave,

And for all, the true and good,  
Equal rights and brotherhood!  
All for Freedom, many years  
Fell thy sorrow's saddest tears;  
For she wrought thee hate and scorn,  
Ere the grey dawn of the morn!

Borrowing o'er the woes of others,  
Struggling bravely 'gainst thy own,  
Like thy very heart's pulsation,  
Seemed thy far resounding tone—  
Rolling on, forever onward,  
Glory waked its after chime,  
Till thy lofty numbers mingled  
With the thunder-voices of Time.

When for this—loving others—  
Came the world's neglect and scorn;  
Then thy soul's prophetic vision  
Met the grey dawn of the morn!

Then thy thoughts with dreams of beauty,  
Paced the dark lanes of the years,  
Through the dim halls of the future,  
Till they peopled other spheres.

But the ever-gift to thy spirit  
Still wrought agony and tears,  
Till thy heart shook hands with sorrow,  
And embraced that coming hour.

Yet from out the darkness shadows  
Rolled the river of thy song,  
Fretting still the giant boulders  
Of the granite Badger of Wagon.

And with eloquence more perfect,  
Having won from grief a voice,  
Swelled thy lofty peans upward,  
Bidding the oppressed rejoice.

Thou didst say "another morning  
On our human day should rise,  
When good works will be our commerce,  
More than costly merchandise."

Thou didst ask of men, thy brothers,  
"How can ye be free and brave;  
While to your caprice and fashions  
Woman lives and dies a Slave?"

Thou didst say "that peace would never  
Woeless human nature greet,  
Till beside its holiest altars  
Men and women equal meet."

Words of truth and deepest meaning,  
Chiming unto pleasant songs,  
By the strength that ye have given,  
Woman yet shall right her wrongs.  
Let the burning words resound,  
All the peopled world around,  
Till with stronger pulse they start,  
Throbbing to creation's heart;  
Till thy hope hath found its goal  
In the universal soul,  
Written there in fiery scroll.

Prophet-Poet! Albion's son!  
In the sphere thy soul hath won,  
See! at thou not how high the sun  
In our social world hath run?  
Lo! along the dark life river  
Now the floating bubbles shiver;  
Now from out her azure caves  
Truth goes gliding o'er the waves;  
Now the "tree of freedom" mounts,  
Upward to the starry founts,  
And the holy dews come down,  
Beauteous on its vernal crown;  
Eagles sit upon its top,  
From its boughs the puff-balls drop;  
All that would its beauty cloak,  
Everything that ends in smoke,  
From its spreading limbs shall fall,  
Black and blasted, withered all.  
Underneath, in deepest shade,  
Is the grave of SLAVERY made.  
Soon the blasted fiend will die,  
Lose his mangled core shall lie,  
And his shade forevermore  
Walk the dark Plutonian shore;  
On its waving sprays above,  
Soon shall brood the harmless dove,  
Feeding on the sweets of love.

Courage! all whose hearts have fears,  
Freedom dries her children's tears;  
Tremble not for hate or scorn—  
'T is the grey dawn of the morn!  
Swiftly toward the dusky zenith,  
Mounts the bright auroral ray;  
Downward o'er the western shadows,  
Soon shall shine the new born day.  
Lo! man's ancient faith is waning,  
And his iron rule of might;  
Woman from her slumbers rising,  
Struggles upward to the light.

Unto noble deeds aspiring,  
See! she flings away her toys;  
By a higher aim ennobled,  
Seeking more than gilded joys.

In the golden fields of labor  
She shall prove she hath a soul,  
Worthy soon to be his equal,  
Travelling to the self-same goal.

But not his the strongest fetters,  
That have crushed her holy trust;  
Fashion and the love of pleasure—  
These have bowed her to the dust.

Rest of ages, eat the chaff!  
Break the antique links in twain;  
In our minds and from our hearts  
Now a nobler worship starts.  
Let the old dominions fall,  
New ones rise upon each wall;

In the broad, bright fields of Youth,  
Scatter wide the seeds of truth;  
Then, when fall the autumn leaves,  
They will bear the golden sheaves,  
For the poor, and the distressed,  
For the weak and the oppressed,  
With the labor-loving class,  
Let us struggle for the mass.

Let us seek in love and duty,  
Pearls to deck the brow of beauty;  
When we break the golden chain,  
Binding heart, and soul, and brain,  
Fashion, ease, and pleasure—all,  
When the old dominions fall,  
Then may we in justice claim,  
With our brothers, equal fame;

Brighter then our lights shall be  
In the field of destiny,  
Woman, waken! crush your fears;  
Freedom is not won by tears.  
Years of toil for heart and brain,  
Toil alone will break the chain.  
Waken! see, the auroral ray,  
Now fortells the coming day.

Fly ye fiends of hate and scorn,  
'T is the grey dawn of the morn!

## To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

"CONSTANT READER," WILKINSON, N. H., will find an answer to his question by reading the twenty-fifth chapter of Jeremiah. The present war is the beginning of that condition of things which will ultimately result in universal freedom all over the earth.

ENOS N.—We do not want to know anything more about "hair snakes." There are snakes enough about without hair—or, rather, *serpents*—just at this time, that need looking after. They are curiously formed reptiles, we assure you—unlike your "hair snakes," they bith round on legs. They are direct descendants of the old serpent that beguiled our first parents, we have no doubt. They possess considerable venom, in the shape of *Condemnation*; but the power of *Love* is making sad havoc among the nest, and we expect ere many years they will become entirely extinct.

Wm. F. GREEN, LARK CITY.—Your order has been received. We cannot send the books until you inform us in what *State* you reside.

D. M. G., LAKESIDE, Ohio.—Will write to you about the MSS. soon.

Remember this, girls: The secret which you dare not tell your mother is a dangerous secret.

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

## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1882.

OFFICE, 158 WASHINGTON STREET,  
Room No. 3, 5th Floor.

WILLIAM WHITE, ISAAC B. RICH,  
LUTHER COLBY, CHARLES H. CROWELL,  
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

FOR TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION SEE EIGHTH PAGE.

LUTHER COLBY, . . . . . EDITOR.

### Over-Sensitive People.

A deal of wretchedness might just as well be avoided as not, if people took the pains to cultivate—deliberately and systematically—happy temper and temperaments. Much more of the evil that is in the world is imaginary than real; it comes at one time, of unfortunate conditions—at another, of unhappy inheritances. Very little of it, too, is attempted to be cured by discipline. Circumstances, however, intervene to do the work for us which we are loth to do ourselves, and thus we accomplish what it is essential that we should accomplish after a great deal more of cost and pains than we need to have been subjected to.

How much we sympathize with the poor creatures, whose whole lives appear to have been cast in turbulent currents—always in a stew and a pucker—forever susceptible of somebody's not thinking enough of them, or of thinking wrongly instead of the other way—living, as it were, on their nerves—more addicted to flinging out phrases from their mouths that have stings, and porcupine quills to them than to speaking pleasant words; what would any one deliberately accept the gift of life for, if he could have it told him beforehand, that such were to be its sole consolations and rewards, and that only with such morose delights was he to be compensated for all its unavoidable ills!

There is a class of people, coming under this general head, who think it their special duty to be hunting out the faults of others, and visiting upon them what they deem a proper measure of punishment. They set themselves up for the judges of the social world, and would fain have their rhapsodical decisions put on record. They are always very certain that they have been slighted, or even insulted, and they mean to visit vengeance on the ones whom they think guilty. It is entirely out of the question that well-meaning and happily inclined persons can live with such, except at a cost of spiritual health absolutely frightful! Blue devils haunt their presence and make their atmosphere horrible. They color their speech with the evil hues of their own nature, and make the world itself seem dreadfully undesirable.

Of these extremely "touchy" people a very sensible writer recently remarked, that they were to him like hair-triggers. They cannot pay a visit, nor receive a friend, nor carry on ordinary daily intercourse such as ought to subsist in every family, without suspecting that some offense is covertly designed. They are always ready to erect their quills, like the "fretful porcupine." If they chance to meet an acquaintance in the street, who is so much engrossed with thinking of his own affairs as not to see and at once recognize them, they attribute his abstraction to some motive personal to themselves, and take umbrage accordingly. They lay on others the fault of their own irritability. A fit of indignation makes them see impertinence in everybody they come in contact with. Innocent persons, who never dreamed of giving offense, are astonished to find some unfortunate word, or some momentary tactlessness, has been mistaken for an insult.

And so saying, the observant writer naturally enough adds that this habit is an exceedingly unfortunate one. So it is; hardly any other could well be more so. How much better it would be, and how vastly easier, to resolve to take the most charitable view of our fellow-beings, and find goodness and kindness even where they would not themselves believe it existed. It is right to regard such faults in others with pity, and not right to undertake to visit them with resentment. We must do what we can to make others lovely by trying to love them even against their own will. We are to remember that, after all, our own life is just of the color which is reflected back upon our natures from outward objects and circumstances, and that to bring love down into our hearts, with its manifold delights and pleasures, it is essential that we should look upon everything about us in none but the spirit of love. For example: If we are frank, kind, and generous, with others, we feel the effect of it immediately in ourselves; but if we are forever filled with a caution which practically amounts to suspicion, all men will become over-cautious and suspicious in relation to ourselves. Action and reaction—the two polar elements, are ever at work through the whole realm of nature.

### Violence among Generals.

Brigadier General Davis has shot and killed Major General Nelson at the Galt House, Louisville. There had been a difficulty between them of long standing. Davis had been deprived of his command through Nelson's interference and representations, but it was afterwards restored to him, and having at length met Nelson in a public place, demanded an apology from him, calling Gov. Morton, of Indiana, to witness the conversation. Nelson twice slapped him in the face in reply to his demands. Davis then borrowed a pistol and followed Nelson up stairs, bidding him defend himself. He shot him through the heart, but Nelson lived long enough to get upon his bed, where he soon died. What a pity our military leaders cannot get rid of their passionate jealousy, and so set a decent example to the men under them. We certainly require better and more single-minded men, both in our halls of legislation and in the camp. Will not present troubles and sorrows finally lead men to forget themselves, and remember only their country?

### A Ministerial Senator.

Starr King is talked about for the vacant Senatorship in the United States Senate from California. This is getting up in the world, surely; although, when it was proposed to Henry Ward Beecher to run as a candidate for Congress, he answered that he never could consent to go to Washington, unless he went as a missionary. But a few such men as Starr King sprinkled over Congress would have a liberalizing and humanizing influence in that body. Outlets could not do much better than do what Starr King does at all disposed that way.

### Emma Hardinge's Lectures.

Unlike many of our contemporaries of the States, who are yet skeptical in regard to spirit-communion, the press of Canada does justice to this lady as a lecturer. We subjoin a couple of notices of this lady's lectures at London, C. W. The Free Press says:

Doublets owing to the many attractions which have attracted the public mind for some weeks past, Miss Hardinge's lecture was not well attended, though all present last evening appeared deeply interested in the proceedings. Miss Hardinge is really—what so many of our contemporaries have stated—a gifted and successful lecturer, possessed of eloquent power of no mean order, earnest in her zeal for the mysterious cause which she advocates, and withal, being remarkably quiet and pleasing in her style of delivery, she appears to rivet the attention of those present, whilst advancing her arguments in favor of the cause she upholds. We cannot say that we sympathize with the lecturer in many of her notions relative to the doctrine of Spiritualism, but this we can and do say, that if any one is capable of convincing the skeptical, Miss Hardinge is the person. Relative to the efforts of the lady in question being extemporaneous, like many of our race we are not quite satisfied on this very important point; there is more indicative of a naturally studied oration, than one bursting forth with untrammelled force, summoned, too, at a moment's warning. We, of course, can offer no positive testimony on the subject, giving the fair lecturer the fullest extent of belief which our credulity will allow.

The Western Prototype contains the following: Miss HARDINGE.—This celebrated lady gave her first lecture on Spiritualism, in the City Hall, on Tuesday evening. Being prepared for a masterpiece of eloquence from the chief mistress of the "Harmonical Association," we went to hear, and were not disappointed. The lecture on "The Evidences of Spiritualism," or an Evening with the World of Spirits, was of the highest order of beautiful and sublime oratory, calculated to enchain and entrance an audience. We, however, feel that, regarding the lady being under "inspirational influences," with many others present, we must be more deeply impressed before we give up our skepticism. To those who really wish to sit an evening under the thrilling and burning eloquence of a mind fraught with learning, trained in chemistry, astronomy, the scholastic book lore of the schools, and generally well read, let them hear Miss Hardinge by all means. Her second lecture was fully equal, if not superior, to her first, and held the audience in breathless attention, being of a nature to give more light on a subject that is now engaging the attention of many inquiring minds.

### How the New Tariff Operates.

The receipts at the New York Custom House have increased so much as now to constitute an important aid to the Treasury in prosecuting the war. Last year the largest sum received in any month was \$2,600,000; but this year the monthly receipts have generally exceeded \$4,000,000, and in July amounted to \$7,200,000, the lightest month being January, when the receipts were \$3,350,000. The amount of imports for the past week were a little more than four and a quarter millions, and the total exports, including specie, were a little more than five millions. These figures show enormous gains, and prove conclusively that the "utterly prohibitory duties" do not quite keep out the prohibited articles. The consumption of articles formerly free, but now burdened with high duties, does not seem to have perceptibly fallen off. The predictions of the free traders have been signally fallacious, and the expectations of those who framed the new revenue system as signally vindicated.

### Very Good Indeed.

Red Tape "has come in for a fair share of ridicule and indignant remark, since the war began; but really it never earned so clear a title to the former as in the following ludicrous instance. Col. Marston, of the 2d. N. H. Regiment, and an ex-Member of Congress, is the hero of the story. It appears that he wanted to make some sort of requisition on some disbursing agent, or officer, and began to look around for paper on which to write it. He was obliged to search through the whole camp to find even a half sheet; and upon so meagre a specimen he sat down to communicate his pressing need. Of course, his scanty supply of paper told his story much better for him than any demand he could make for aid, in so many words. He sent off his letter, and patiently awaited the return of his messenger. When the reply came back to him, it was in something like the following illuminated language: "When Col. Marston has occasion to make use of a requisition upon this Department, he will please make use of a whole sheet of paper! Very respectfully," &c., &c. Now who would think that this is indeed a state of war?

### The Russian Serfs.

The Ukase, by the authority of which the white serfs of Russia are emancipated, provides that they shall remain for two years after emancipation at their present places of residence, during which they and their late proprietors must come to some agreement in regard to the sale and purchase of the home and place of ground on which the serf has heretofore been living. If the proprietor refuses to sell, or asks an exorbitant price, such as the serf cannot hope to touch with his slender means, or if the peasant himself refuses to give a reasonable price, then Government will interfere. The noble, as a general thing, are thus far averse to selling; and, on the other hand, very many of the peasants set up the claim that they are entitled to the lands they have been occupying and cultivating, without paying anything more for them.

### The Line Storm.

It is difficult to say whether we have had this annual visitation or not. We had a couple of days' rain last week, and the old-fashioned people, like ourselves, who could not possibly agree to it that winter had come even in December, unless the "line storm" had been here as usual, will insist on calling that slight dull spell by the much cherished name. It used to blow down apples and pull up orchards by the roots; but now it comes and goes as gently as any "sucking dove."

### A New Book.

A. Williams & Co., Publishers, 100 Washington street, have just issued an octavo volume of 267 pages. Its title page reads as follows: "Report of the Trial of George C. Herry, for the Murder of Betsey Frances Tirrell, before the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts, including the hearing on the Motion in Arrest of Judgment, The Prisoner's Petition for a Commutation of Sentence, the Death Warrant, Officer's Return, upon it, and the Confession." We shall notice it more fully hereafter.

### Miss Emma Hardinge.

Will speak again in Lyceum Hall, in this city, on Sunday next afternoon and evening. This will be the last opportunity to hear this distinguished lecturer for some time.

### Speakers' Meeting at Lyceum Hall.

The Spiritualists lecturers closed their convention of three days' duration by a public meeting in Lyceum Hall, Thursday evening, Oct. 2d.

John Wetherbee, Jr., presided. Mr. N. S. Greenleaf, of Lowell, also spoke of the objects for which this Association was got up, and also its "declaration of sentiments." The Association was working to destroy old, unnecessary forms, and substituting new and useful ones in their places. The tenor of his liberal and generous sentiments could not help impressing every one who heard him with the desire to become more friendly and peaceful, one toward the other. He claimed that Spiritualism must make us more free, more peaceful, more harmonious.

Mr. N. S. Greenleaf, of Lowell, also spoke of the objects of this Association, and of the grand and beautiful influence of Spiritualism; of its new and fresh revelations, and its peaceful and happy results. If man had been made to study history, and only read the past, his eyes would have been put in the back part of his head instead of the front. Spiritualism constantly opens new beauties that are before and beyond us. The great object and work of Spiritualism is yet before us—is yet to be done. The faithful workers, all of them, shall yet be baptized with an undying inspiration. Spiritualism is a religion of the heart as well as of the head; it is a religion of practice as well as of profession; it is a religion that shall bring peace on earth and good will to men.

Miss Lizzie Doten.—It seems to me that with one hand I can take the hands of angels, and with the other take the hand of each one here, so near is the angel world to this. Harmony and peace shall come when the proximity of the two worlds shall be recognized. She spoke of the necessity and of the usefulness of this Association of Speakers. She spoke with a heart so full of charity, that all who heard her could not be otherwise than influenced to become less condemnatory and more forgiving.

Mr. A. P. Pease, of Newburyport, spoke of the bondage of the spirit when it is confined alone to earthly things, and of its freedom when it ranges through celestial worlds. The great aim of Spiritualism is to bring out the inner man, and when brought out it can wander at its own pleasure through the regions of space. Spiritualism tends to the overthrow of selfishness, and to the institution of practical kindness, generosity, sympathy, and love for all.

Isaac P. Greenleaf made the closing speech. It was of the character of true Spiritualism—peaceful, kind, generous and loving; free as the air of heaven, unclouded as the mid-day sun, genial as heaven's own breezes.

The meeting was very interesting, full of kindness and liberality one to another. It really seemed as if the spiritual world was as tangible to perception as the material.

### Whom the Rebels call Abolitionists.

A full, clear, and very forcible definition of what kind of persons the high priests of Rebellion mean to excommunicate as abolitionists, is given in the following language from the Southern Literary Messenger, the most pretentious literary periodical in all the Southern States:

"An abolitionist is any man who does not love slavery for its own sake, as a divine institution; who does not worship it as a corner-stone of civil liberty; who does not adore it as the only possible social condition on which a permanent republican government can be created, and who does not, in his inmost soul, desire to see it extended and perpetuated over the whole earth as a means of human reformation second in dignity, importance and sacredness to the Christian religion. He who does not love African slavery with this love is an abolitionist."

What will freemen all over the world say to this Southern Platform? Is it not quite time that we strangle the monster that lifts its head up above the moral sense and reason of nine-tenths of the people of every civilized nation and says in emphatic language that slavery is a "sacred" institution?

### Have You Corns?

Or better, have you not corns? For it would be as difficult a matter to find a person without corns, at these times, as to come across an individual who had not a postage stamp. Those who are troubled with this very common disease of corns, should be thankful to know from a practical doctor of such diseases what they can do, and what they are to do, if they would find ready alleviation from their woes. This man of corn experience writes that the only sure and complete cure for a corn is its complete removal; and the wandering chiropodists either have not the skill or the patience to produce this result, and hence seldom or never produce a radical cure. After a hard corn has once been extirpated, acetic acid, or a solution of iodine, should be applied to the part, until all remains of the disease have disappeared. Even then, if pressure is allowed, a new corn is quite liable to occupy the seat of the old one.

### Rebel Policy.

By the subjoined extracts from De Bow's Review, our adopted citizens can see at a glance what they are to expect from the policy of the Southern Confederacy, should that ever come, by compromise or otherwise, to be the policy of any portion of the country. As they are to be outlived by Jeff. Davis, it is for their interests to fight for the speediest overthrow of that traitor's bogus government.

All foreigners save those now resident in the South are to be excluded from citizenship and office. With the exception of these, and after that time, no more votes should be allowed, and no more office held, except by *naturalized* citizens of the Confederacy. The naturalization law of the old government has proved of little benefit to the Southern States. Whilst our southern adopted citizens have proven themselves reliable, faithful and true to our institutions of the South, those of the North, who outnumber them twenty to one, have universally arrayed themselves foremost and in front of Lincoln's heroes in the work of rapine, murder, and destruction against the South. Hereafter, then, we can make no distinction between the Yankee and the foreigner, and both must necessarily be deemed the privilege of citizenship in this Confederacy.

### New Sheet Music.

Oliver Ditson & Co., 277 Washington street, have just published the following named new music: "A Young and Artless Maiden," composed by Howard Glover; "That Star Above Thee," by E. A. Samuels; "Let Harmonies," No. 25, "The Valley of Roses," by J. Conzone; "Chopin's Mazurka," for the piano forte, third set; "Celebrated Army Song and Chorus," "Marching Along," by W. B. Bradbury; "Lead Mine Regiment Quick Step," by E. A. Hopper; "Gale's, Ill.; 'The Lovers' Polka,' composed by James Pearce, and dedicated to the officers of the 7th Regiment; "How Do I Love Thee," melody for the piano, by J. H. Wright; "Bede from the Poets," No. 57, "Don Giovanni," No. 59, "I March!" "Daisy Polka," by W. Williams.



**Meetings of the Lyceum Church.**

On Sunday, the 27th of September, Mrs. M. Townsend lectured before the Spiritualists of the city, afternoon and evening. "Although the audience poured down in torrents the Hall was nearly full, and all were well pleased with the instructive discourses from this favorite speaker." In the afternoon, reading a satirical poem, and offering Tracts, she improvised a poem and delivered a fine lecture on the Teachings of Nature, enforcing the truth that all life is progressive. Every grade of animate and inanimate life presents a determination to organize. Vegetation is ever speaking to us of organic arrangements. In the mineral kingdom changes are constantly taking place. Science establishes the fact that progression has left its impress on the various varieties of the vegetable and animal kingdom. Man is the crowning point in the world of great things. Decay is also stamped upon everything; there is no advancement unless the material is first destroyed. The chilling frosts of winter are necessary to aid this change. All the material elements are disintegrated and thrown to the winds, while the vital fluids retreat to the roots, beyond the reach of frosts and snows that mantle the earth. Nature rejuvenates the earth, and it springs forth vastly more resplendent beauty and with increased productions. So with man: while disease is destroying through his system he is being rejuvenated, undergoing the change which is necessary before he enters the spiritual and immortal state of existence. Man is an organic institution, subject to the same law of change as everything around him. Change and rejuvenation is necessary, that the world may be glorified and man be regenerated. Man is destined to be something more than he now is. Religious institutions are changing, and their members are re-moulding in the dust; and while you are waiting the Church going down, you should reach forth and take from it what Spiritualism has and put it to better use. Political, civil and military institutions are being subjected to this law of change—their governing winds are howling around them. A re-organization of a higher and more beautiful order will result—the grandest institutions the nation has ever beheld.

In this nation, we have not practiced upon the principles of right and justice, as the enslavement of our millions of white slaves and four millions of black slaves groaning in bondage will testify. We have pretended to be a United States, but have been a Confederacy, in order to maintain the great evil, Slavery, in the land. But those moral institutions are to be crushed to the earth, and such changes take place as will make the life-course thrillingly through your veins. We look on this war as a Godsend, for it will build up a new era of states. Hasten on the glorious time when the hosts of heaven are gathered to bless mankind.

In the evening, after the usual exercises by the choir, Mrs. Townsend read the poem, "Hallelujah, with angels through this world we go," in which she offered a prayer to the Universal Spirit, and improvised another poem, and then a very earnest and impressive lecture on the subject of "Worshiping God in Spirit and in Truth." Life, all Manifestation is quickened by the Spirit, which is a Spirit. In the beginning of creation the Spirit quickened and brought into existence that which hath life, and the same Power is in existence as much to-day as then, and is silently working through all the mysterious ways of Nature. Spiritual manifestations are given to the world in accordance with their ability to receive them. The great workings of Nature nothing is neglected. The vegetable kingdom obtains all the aid it can so fast as it can receive it. You are giving spiritual manifestations every day, in your endeavors to alleviate the distresses of humanity, in approaching the true worship of God in Spirit and in Truth. Spiritual truths are rolling into the hearts and sciences, and their elevating and ennobling influences will be felt in all coming time. The scientists are gathering to quicken your spiritual faculties. You are beginning to cry out for freedom from materialism—from slavery.

All through the past ages your latent faculties have lain dormant—and why? Because you were taught by the Church that you must not investigate this great subject, so vital to every human soul. But you are beginning to think for yourselves and to reason for yourselves, and the Spirit will enlighten your understanding so that you can worship God in Spirit and in Truth. Spiritualism is now gaining a place in the mother's heart and convincing her for the loss of her cherished idol. I have seen the old man who had tottered through life till he had reached the verge of the grave, doubt the Immortality of the soul, till some spirit in form tore away the life-worn, impenetrable veil from his eyes, and he obtained a glimpse of immortality just before entering its eternal portals. Others have been so surrounded by the dark world of bigotry, that the angels of light could not penetrate it, and they have passed on in darkness—to be on the other side how to worship God in Spirit and in Truth. While another, who all his life has been lighted, is knocking at the spiritual temple door to inquire if it is possible for him to receive a message from the spirit world, and when he receives the truth, tears of gratitude roll down his cheeks, and as the light dawns upon him he is able to see how he could have better worshiped God in Spirit and in Truth. Spiritualism teaches you that there is no death, and proves it.

We prophesy that your present forms of worship will pass away, and you will worship in spirit one day in the week, but all. You will not clothe yourselves in your finest garments on Sabbath day only, but all the days God has given, worshipping him in Spirit and in Truth. Spiritualism is teaching us something besides the immortality of the Soul—it is teaching us morality, the faithfulness to one another, and our duty to our children, which, if fully performed, will make us better to understand how to worship God in Spirit and in Truth. At the close of the lecture, she again improvised a poem, beginning,

Struggling through the storms and the tempests,  
and then read Longfellow's beautiful Psalm of Lullaby.

Tell me not in mournful numbers,  
"Life is but a dream that passes away,"  
For the soul is made of sturdier stuff,  
And things are not what they seem."

Mrs. Townsend is an excellent lecturer, and delivers her lectures and poems in a plain, eloquent manner. This closes her engagement for the present. Many will gladly welcome her back again.

The Paris Press says that Spain has offered to cede the territory to Mexico, but that France would not accept the offer. France sends thirty thousand men

## Strong in Death

Many persons have a passion for "dying rich," and they live poor to accomplish it. It was with one of the colored cooks of the wrecked California steamer, Golden Gate, who took advantage of the panic to get together such loose gold and silver as the panic-stricken passengers had left in the state rooms and the cabins; and filling a couple of good-sized carpet bags with them, he took one each hand, and a carving knife in his teeth, a jumped overboard. Did he swim ashore with booty?—What a question! The person who reported the incident, declared that "he anchored himself alongside the wreck; and did n't so much as show his nose above water!" At all events, he did with hundreds more of his fellow-creatures labor a lifetime to do—he died "well off in a pecuniary point of view."

**Poverty and Neediness.**

There is a distinction, yet who would have thought about it? Poverty—says Bulwer—is relative; neediness is a positive degradation. And he adds:

"If I have only £100 a year, I am rich compared with the majority of my countrymen. If I have £50 a year, I may be poor, compared with the majority of my associates; and very poor compared with my door neighbor. With either of these incomes I am relatively poor or rich; but with either of these incomes I may be positively needy, or positively free from neediness. With the £100 a year I may need no more help; I may at least have my crust of bread and my bowl; but with £5,000 a year I may dread a ring in my hall; I may have my tropical masters in my servants whose wages I cannot pay; my exiles may be the flat of the first long suffering man; who entered judgment against me; for the flesh that lies nearest my heart some Shylock may be dusting his scales and whetting his knife."

**Immigration.**

There arrived in the United States between the years 1851 and 1880—a period of ten years—2,868,687 immigrants. Among these were 1,888,093 natives of Great Britain and Ireland; 763,958 of France; 45,887 of Prussia; 307,780 of Germany; 20,983 of Norway and Sweden; 26,011 of Switzerland; 69,000 of British America; 41,897 of China; besides immense numbers of natives of almost every country in the world.

**A Course of Sunday Morning Lectures at Lyceum Hall.**

Dr. E. L. Lyon commences a series of Lectures on the above Hall, on Sunday, Oct. 12th, on "The Divine Authenticity, or Plenary Inspiration of the Scriptures. First Lecture:—Origin and History of the Testament. Sermons to commence at ten and a o'clock. Opening lecture free.

**ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.**

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

Mrs. S. J. Young, Clairvoyant Medium, has removed from 638 Washington street to No. 80 Pleasant street.

The President's Emancipation Proclamation transmitted by telegraph, and printed in our issue, read that the representation of any State Congress on the 1st of January would be deemed conclusive evidence that "such State and the people thereof had not been in rebellion against the United States." The official copy, as printed in the National Intelligencer, instead of "have not been in rebellion" reads "were not then in rebellion." The difference is quite important.

**PRINTER PATRIOTS.**—There are fifty-two printers belonging to the Boston Printers Union in the Federal Army, and seven in the Navy. This only included about two-thirds of the whole number of the printers from this vicinity who have joined the Grand Army.

The Eleventh Battery of Light Artillery, Capt. Jones, has been ordered to Washington. It left Camp, at Beadville, on Friday last. They will re their horses and guns on their arrival at the Capital.

The understanding is lowered from association inferiors. With equals it attains equality; but superiors superiority. He who calls in the aid of equal understanding doubles his own.

The credit that is got by a lie, only lasts till truth comes out.

An officer, who was at the battle of Sharps says that he saw the "Green Flag" of George Meagher's Brigade go down five times out of sight as often reappear in conflict.

Mr. Colchester, the medium, has just returned from Europe, and may be found at 75 Beach street.

Drafting in this State has been postponed a The time now assigned by the authorities for plume in the ranks, outside of their free will, is the 15th inst. Those who would secure bounties be too late, should enlist forthwith.

A bachelor of our acquaintance, not yet quite fire, who has always been a great stickler for civility was yesterday asked by a friend, why it was he never did so. He said: "The bachelors, giving no satisfaction to his interrogator, Digby, who was propounded to him, replied in opinion that "the gent was afraid of a dog."

Friend Gillett, the cigar dealer, at No. 125 overstreet, is a bit of a wag; as the following show: A penny-linger, one of our dailies, called at his office the other day, and asked Mr. G. if he wanted a puff put in the paper with which he (the paper) was connected. "No," was the prompt my cigars puff themselves." The typo took "leaf."

"There's two ways of doing it," said Pat to self, as he stood musing and waiting for a job, "save me two thousand dollars, I must lay up two hundred dollars a year for twenty years; or I can put twenty dollars a year for two hundred years, which shall I do?"

According to the United States census of 1860, were at that time about 750,000 more males than females in the United States, a fact unprecedented in the census of any other civilized nation. In most older States there is an excess of females; in Massachusetts, 87,000 more females than males; while in the north, there is an excess of 92,000 males; in the 40,000 excess of males in Texas, 88,000 in Wisconsin, 48,000 in California, 47,000; and in Colorado the twenty males to one female.

The Sanitary Commission, at the request of Halleck, advises the friends of our soldiers, to stop sending them articles which they supposed to be the conveniences of camp life, as such scarcely ever reach their destination. This fact rebuked by a soldier just arrived here from the front: "He says the old wives and housewives to the hospitals for patients by their friends, and by the nurses and surgeons, and that makes for such things as intended to comfort ever receive them. They fight the battle of their country should be thus neglected, especially when they are to help themselves.

**ANOTHER VALUABLE IMPROVEMENT.**—  
Prof Stearns's Photography is a new Am-

A machine for printing photographs from the negative, Mr. Charles Postnaye, of Cincinnati, has perfected at the rate of from two thousand five hundred to twelve thousand impressions an hour, according to their size. This opens a field to photography hitherto impracticable, in consequence of the time and expense of printing as ordinarily practiced. The illustrations for a book, having all the perfection of a photograph, may be turned out, by the use of this machine, with a rapidity wholly undreamed of; either in plate printing lithographically. The expense of engraving may be dispensed with, and the negative comes direct from the artist's hands, drawn upon a prepared glass, from which, in the course of a few hours, the plates for a large edition may be printed, each one a perfect duplicate of the original drawing.

Surgeon Sayre, of the Bellevue Hospital, says most of the lint now in use is made, in great part, from cotton cloth. Cotton closes the wound, and produces abscess above the opening. It is stated that there have been over two hundred deaths among the wounded soldiers brought to New York from this cause alone. Oakum, on the contrary, drains the pus from the opening, and enables the wound to heal perfectly.

A young conscript fell sick and was sent to a military hospital. A bath was ordered. It was brought to the chamber where the invalid lay. He looked it closely for some time; then threw up his hands and bawled: "Great God! Doctor, I can't drink that!"

A Northern editor predicts that wool will be king. Hence he wants to know whether he means wool on the sheep's back, or on the head of a "contraband."

A watch was exhibited in the London Exhibition smaller than a pea set in a ring for a lady's finger; it runs for six hours, and is valued at twenty hundred dollars.

Fight hard against a hasty temper. Anger will come, but resist it instantly. A spark will set a house on fire. A fit of passion may give you cause to mourn all the days of your life.

Gen. Lee is nearly struck out, it is said, and has refused to retreat. Digby thinks it about time for him to get on a horse.

The Revenue Stamps intended for use on and after October 1st have not been received by the disbursing officer. Congress seems to have anticipated this case, and passed a special act to meet the exigency, which provides that no instrument on paper issued prior to the 1st of January, 1863, without being stamped, shall be deemed invalid on that account. Suits for the recovery of penalties can only be instituted by collectors, hence, if the stamps are not ready for use on the 1st of October, no injury or loss will result to the public.

THE BATTLES IN MARYLAND.—The official report of McClellan makes the Federal loss in the two battles 14,794. The rebel loss is said to be at least 30,000 men. We took from the enemy thirteen cannon, thirty-nine colors, and fourteen thousand small arms.

EDITORIAL DELIGHTS.—If an editor omits anything, he is lazy. If he speaks of things as they are, people get angry. If he glosses over or smooths down the rough points, he is bribed. If he calls things by their proper names, he is unfit for the position of an editor. If he does not furnish his readers with jokes, his life is a misfortune. If he does, he is a rathedhead, lacking in stability. If he condemns the wrong, he is a good fellow, but lacks discretion. If he lets wrong and evil go unmentioned, he is a coward. If he exposes a public man, he does it to gratify spite—is the tool of a clique, or belongs to the "outs." If he indulges in personalities, he is a blackguard; if he does not, his personality is dull and insipid.

If you have an evergreen, or Norway spruce, balsam, American spruce, or any of the pines, and desire to make it grow more compact, fasten knots on the branches every leading branch, all around and over it repeat this process again next year, at this time, another evergreen will continue thereafter to grow thickly.—*Indiana Farmer.*

General Butler has organized, in New Orleans, a regiment of colored men, and it is the unanimous testimony of the general and all the officers under his command that they are capital soldiers in all that relates to drill and discipline, and that they will fight! General Butler is of the opinion that, with 20,000 white men and the privilege of enlisting 50,000 blacks, he could crush the rebellion in the Cotton States in just nine days.

AN EMPRESS TURNED EDITOR.—"La France" is a new journal which has suddenly sprung into existence, notwithstanding its infancy in Paris, and the Empress Eugenie is said to be its chief editor and proprietor.

Late Superior copper production has now reached to an amount more than half as great as the Cornwall mines of England. The average production of late summer is about thirteen thousand tons; that of September for 1861 is seven thousand four hundred and fifty-tons. The increase from 1860 is two thousand tons.

MASSACHUSETTS has, since this war began, been doing by no single State. She has been lavish, almost wasteful, of her men and money, considering that no sacrifice was too great if the nation could be saved. From a feeling of the intensest patriotism, Old Bay State has been elevated to great prominence in the contest for freedom now raging. And worthy has the position been filled. Nothing has been lacking in the administrative agents of the people's welfare to carry out the wishes fully and to fulfill all the responsibilities upon the State. With weak or incompetent officials in high places, Massachusetts would never have filled the space in the public estimation exercised the influence in the councils of the Union that now make her one of the most powerful of the United States. The status of the Commonwealth in relation to other loyal States, was well illustrated in the Convention of Governors at Atlanta, called for the purpose of taking measures "for the more efficient support of the Government."—*Transcript.*

It has often been remarked that we are all a little better than our enemies think us; to which might safely be added, that we are all much worse than we think ourselves.

The Unitarian preacher of Fitchburg, Mass., long since prayed for the rebels in this style: "O God, we pray thee, to bless the rebels. Bless their hearts with sincere repentance. Bless their armies with defeat. Bless their social condition by emancipation. Amen say we to that."

Charles F. Pond, of Hartford, Conn., famous as importer of foreign cattle, was seriously hurt a short time since by an Ayshire bull that he attempted to drive out of an enclosure. The animal tossed fifteen or twenty feet, and gored him till driven with pitchforks.

THE FIRST CASE OF EMANCIPATION.—I don't think it was disposed of the first case arising under President's emancipation proclamation. Three negro boys were brought before Lieut. Col. Sipes, Military Governor of the two towns of Covington and Newport, yesterday morning, August 2nd, 1862. The president's proclamation was only published here yesterday morning's papers. They were taken care of by Col. Sipes, and testified that they had escaped from Kirby Smith's army, where they were employed as servants. When asked if their masters were inclined to sell them, they replied that their owners made no objection. When asked what were the names of their owners, they said they were John and Mary Jones. They said that under the President's new proclamation all duty was plain, and so today they were free. They gave papers. In due form they went into the world—the first born—or the new order of things.—happy triplets.—*Cincinnati Cor. New York Times.*

### Correspondence in Brief.

L. K. COONLEY writes from Milwaukee, Wis., Sept. 14: "We commenced our course of lectures, said, to a lack of proper notice. In consequence of a pressing necessity at Burns, La Crosse our services for healing, as well as speaking, sends Mr. Milwaukee kindly granted us one devotee as above. At Burns much interest centered in the cause of spiritual investigation. A very prominent Baptist deacon came out boldly and declared that he could not see any cause for the arena, except as claimed 'that it was the life of spirits?' He was equally interested in the same, and other powers manifested. The assistance of the kind angels I was enabled to obtain, and describe to the friends the situation of my sick lady, some two miles away from me. She was entirely helpless. By our gifts ap, in four days she could raise herself up in bed, and services for healing soon became in great demand. The Methodist minister, though claiming these gifts are the work of the Devil, permitted me to apply for our aid to relieve her, of disbelievers the professed godly doctors could not relieve."

CONNOR writes from Belfast, Wis., as follows: "BANNER—You are of course aware of the presence of my son, Col. Edgar O'Connor of the 2d Regiment of Wisconsin Volunteers. He was an ardent intelligent Spiritualist. He, like Paul, could reason for the hope that was in him. He has such positive evidence of his spirit's presence, he have almost ceased to think of him buried in a battle-field. Oh, glorious thought, that the bodies of our loved ones are in the grave, and that their spirits are with us, to love and to guide us. Edgar was our only child, and none but God knows the severity of this bereavement to us. We never it not for the fact of knowing he is here in affections entwined around us, life would be supportable."

correspondent writes: "I had been denouncing the craft, and recommending the BANNER, at the same time handing it to Rev. Mr. N. Rev. Mr. D., was present, glancing his eye at the title, read: 'BANNER OF LIGHT—New Light?' "No," he said Mr. G., "Old Light, shining through which have been darkened from various causes many generations."

correspondent writes: "In the BANNER of September 6, appears a communication from Battle Lake, Michigan, the sum and substance of which is: 'Animals do not pass from earth to the spirit-world.' On reading the same the following thoughts came to me: 1st. Intelligence cannot be destroyed. All animals possess intelligence in a greater or less degree, consequently that intelligence exists in them. Further: the idea of spiders filling space, and the like, belittles an enlarged conception of space. G. M. D."

M. S. TOWNSEND writes: "Those who have been interested in the noble life and example of our dear sister, Miss A. W. Sprague, who wish to express their sympathies to her mother, Mrs. Betsey Sprague, Plymouth, Vt., will rest assured that such communications will be gratefully received."

ROBERT LANDIS writes from Middletown, Penn.—Enclosed please find \$1.00, for which please send one copy of BANNER OF LIGHT to my address. Few persons of the real believers in Spiritualism, seem to me to value the value of the paper which you publish. My opinion many of the contributors think too low and write too fast. Their judgment being too weak for their imaginations. This is a great impediment to the circulation of the production of Spiritualists among the practical portion of the public."

correspondent at Chagrin Falls, Ohio, writes:—"I am a noble BANNER, unfurled to the breeze of truth; and I am so richly laden with interesting news. God bless you and it. May it ever wave."

subscriber writes: "The reason I like the BANNER is because of its liberality. I do not find it necessary to discuss a question because it is new to the world or novel in its character. My old address is 100 and 111. I shall help to keep the BANNER afloat as long as I can earn thirteen dollars per month in salary. Long may it wave."

---

### Announcements.

Miss Emma Hardinge will lecture in Boston next day; Miss Lizzie Doten in Springfield; H. B. Storrs in Plymouth; Warren Chase in Lowell; Frank L. Sawdsworth in Chicopee; Mrs. M. S. Townsend in Taunton; Mrs. Amanda M. Spence in Marblehead; A. Augusta, A. Currier in Providence, R. I.; N. Frank White in Stafford, Conn.; Mrs. M. B. Kenney in Putnam, Conn.; W. K. Ripley in Stockton, Me.; A. Simmons, in Windsor, Vt.; Charles A. Hayden in Hartford, Me.

Miss B. Anna Ryder will lecture in Milford, N. H., last three Sundays of October, and will receive it to lecture in that vicinity. Address as above, or Taunton, Mass.

Mrs. Laura DeForest Gordon will lecture in Taunton two last Sundays in October.

---

### To Our Subscribers!

Your attention is called to the plan we have adopted of placing figures at the end of each of our names, as printed on the paper or wrapper. These figures stand as an Index, showing the exact time when your subscription expires; i. e. the time which you have paid. When these figures correspond with the number of the volume, and the number of the paper itself, then know that the time of your subscription is out. If you desire to continue the BANNER, we should be pleased to have you do so whenever the figures so correspond—otherwise, we shall know that you do not wish to renew. The application of this method saves us the expense of sending out notifications, as heretofore, and at the same time keeps each subscriber posted in the matter.

---

### Spirit Portraits.

BANNER OF LIGHT—I wish to inform those in Boston, and vicinity, and New York City, who desire my services as an Artist—Medium, the coming Fall and winter, that I will, in company with my little guardian angel (wife), visit their families, and do what we can to make the portraits they wish. If it be their desire to have them, we shall fill but few orders per letter at present. My health being poor, I shall take no time to come this winter. Those writing in regard to portraits will please enclose two red stamps, as their names will, not be answered otherwise. The price of our portraits range from \$10.00 upwards. My Post Office address is, for the present, Box 65, East Boston, Mass. Most truly yours, Wm. F. Anderson.

in Boston, Mass., Oct. 2nd, 1863.

**The Arcana of Nature.**

[illegible]



The other case was that of Captain A. W. Bartlett, of the 85th Regiment Mass. Volunteers, killed at the recent battle at Antietam. His father agreed that he saw the battle, and his son killed for which the company was in command of a Lieutenant. Five days after the dream was verified, and the body brought back to his city and interred.







