



Literary Department.

NORA, THE SEERESS. A STORY OF INTERIOR LIFE.

BY OLIVER DURAND. CHAPTER IX.

Here Abouts the Spirits.

November had come, and was now lingering on its last days in the lap of the beautiful Indian Summer. The house was thrived of many of its inmates, those that remained being mostly sufferers from some long, chronic malady, or the friends who shared their solitude and confinement. Aurora Stanley was still with us, having in charge a sister, being ill of nervous derangement. Miriam and Volney remained also, and Nora and her child. There were besides a few helpless invalids, who were of little account in any computation of social elements. It was therefore very quiet at the Glen, and those of us who were at all congenial, found many opportunities of studying each other's character and becoming more intimately acquainted. For two or three months the circles had been nearly discontinued; not from any lack of interest on the part of those who had first originated the movement, but because, while the holidays were full, it was found impossible to combine sufficiently harmonious elements to insure elevated and instructive manifestations. Tests of spirit presence and power had never been wanting, of which the breaking of a heavy dining-room table upon one occasion, and a severe rap over the head with a gutta-serena case, with which no mortal hand was, at the time, in contact, which the Rev. Mr. Hardcastle had received upon another, were veritable examples; but these demonstrations, emanating from spirits, attracted to the circle by the strong combative and destructive elements existing in it, were not considered by earnest truth-seekers as entertaining or profitable; they therefore bode their time, preferring to choose their spiritual associates with at least as much care as they did their earthly companions.

Now, however, occasional meetings were held, and many gratifying and delightful interviews resulted. Huldah, whose combative spirit had been in a measure overcome by the gentle and humilitating teachings which the unseen intelligences had vouchsafed to her, had progressed through visions and impressions, to the lower degrees of trance-speaking, and sometimes addressed the circle, to the edification and delight of all. A happier person than Huldah could scarcely be imagined. She had learned much from spiritual intercourse, and although she had for a long time sternly combated the onslaught which they made upon her cherished theological dogmas, she was forced at last to succumb under the weight of such reasonings as her estate mind deduced from the facts in her daily experience.

Upon one occasion she had been questioning and cross-questioning a patient ghost, who purported to be an elder sister of the spiritus, some years deceased, and who, for more than half an hour, had borne without flinching the test of Huldah's perverse skepticism, giving, with wonderful directness and accuracy, various recitals of their experiences in other days, when the following conversation ensued:

"Well, Esther, you was always a thorough going Presbyterian, and believed in election and the atonement and the salvation of the wicked, and the eternal punishment of the wicked. Now according to these doctrines you must be either in hell or in heaven, and I want to know which 'tis."

"I am standing by your side, Huldah, within three feet of you; you can call it heaven or hell, as you please."

"I do n't want none of your joking, Esther; I want to know where you live when you 're to home."

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them to others graphic and forcible. Upon one occasion she said to me:

"Esther was showing something to me the other day that I thought seemed very rational and just. You know I used to think that God punished sinners for their transgressions by sending them sickness and afflictions, and bereavements in this world, and that if they did n't repent, he'd torment them eternally. Ever since the first year I lived in a Water Cure, I began to think that sickness didn't come nor go without a natural cause; and as I was thinking the other day, how sure and certain were the operations of physical law upon our bodies, I pretty soon began to see how animal law operated just as certainly upon our souls. If we put a finger in the fire, we get a burn just exactly as large as the place exposed to the heat; and if we bring the soul in contact with the elements of impurity and sin, we get a stain upon it just exactly as large as the surface exposed. If we do n't inflame the burn by getting cold in it, nor by using the wrong kind of treatment, it will heal up sometime or other; but if it is a bad burn, it will leave a scar that will stay a good while; and it's just so with the soul-wounds. We have to wait for them to heal, and ten chances to one, if, before they heal, we do n't get them stroked deeper by some kind of wrong treatment, and so we go on, piling on one blister after another, till it is no wonder the prophet said we was all wounds and bruises and purifying sores. I think it will take the biggest part of eternity to wash up and heal over some souls; but you see it's just with the soul as 'tis with the body; it aint the treatment that heals, but the life itself. No treatment can't heal a dead wound. There must be life in it, else it wont heal; all the treatment does is to give the life fair play. Now, when God has directly affixed the penalty to each law, and made it inevitable, it do n't seem to me that he's going to punish us over again, and to all eternity. If he is a God of Love, I guess one just punishment will answer his turn, without his taking pains to build a great, awful hell to shut nine-tenths of his creatures up in forever. It do n't look reasonable to me."

An incident which occurred to myself about this time, and which the reader who is interested in tracing my interior experiences has a right to know, will close this chapter. It formed the last decisive act in one of the most annoying and painful episodes of my life.

It was a mild evening of the Indian Summer. Daisy, who was getting much worse, had asked me to spend an hour with her; and I had sent her mother, who was daily growing thinner and paler, into the parlor for recreation. Daisy had presently fallen asleep, and the silent, shadowy room, the heavy and painful breathing of the unconscious child, and the roar of the river without, operated to lower the tone of my mind to a sullen and discordant key. I began to review my past life, the chilling neglect, the bitter penury of love, the soul-starvation which had ever accompanied it. Other lives, I said, were replete with sunshine, bloom and verdure, and stored with golden and delicious fruits; mine alone was sad and barren of richness. Once only through the rifted cloud which overshadowed my life had a sunbeam, or what seemed a sunbeam, burst upon me. Alas! it had proved a lightning-shaft instead, and had left behind it, instead of life and springing beauty, blackened scars, fiery desolation.

I thought of Paul—when did I not think of him? The memory of his kind eyes, of his gentle tones, and his firm, manly strength, haunted me day and night. But to-night I did more than think of him—I longed for him, longed wildly and feverishly for his presence, for the touch of his hand, the tones of his voice. I did not fear indifference, scorn or sarcasm. I would have met and borne them all but to have seen him; to have breathed the same air; to have gathered in the sparkling emanations of his magnetic, life-giving presence.

Before you indulge yourself in a sneer, reader, remember that there have been those who have done what I did that night, have gone out to die, nay, more, have died, for just such feelings. If your heart has escaped the knowledge of such pangs, be thankful; but bestow upon the less fortunate only your pity.

It was ten o'clock when Nora returned to her room. I was wild with anguish; and, unable to compose my spirit, I drew a thick shawl about me, and went out into the wan, spectral moonlight, and, listening to the arch tempter of my life, threaded my way through the naked and plaining trees to the river-side. I sat down upon a huge rock which jutted out into the stream, and proceeded deliberately to count the cost of my undertaking. This life was wasted, I said; only the blackened cinders of it remained. The spirit-world could offer nothing more bitter. It might be that I should find happiness there. There would be none left to mourn me. Father, mother, sister, brother, I had none. My life was my own: I would take it in my hand, and seek—rest from this terrible pain, this gnawing, consuming agony.

I rose, laid off my shawl, and faced the swift-running current, ready for the final leap. Suddenly, from behind me, I heard distinctly a crash, as of some person breaking through a thicket, and the rapid, rattling footsteps of a man. I turned hastily, convinced that Volney Richards, whose room looked in the direction of the river, had seen and followed me, and bathed myself suddenly of an excuse for my strange conduct, when looking about me, I saw nothing but the smooth, serene lawn and the waving trees, heard nothing but the even-murmuring waves and the moaning of the night winds; but I felt the overshadowing of a spirit presence, and knew that the same loving heart which had once before rebuked my guilty purpose still hovered over and restrained me.

You will call this the effect of my imagination, reader, but listen to the sequel. I returned to the house, entered the hall, and, was passing quietly up stairs, when a voice from the parlor called to me.

"Beulah, the spirits say you are in the hall, and desire to see you. If you see them, come in."

I entered, and, was informed that the door had been forbidden to be opened, as the spirits desired to give me a test. A message was then speedily written out through Aurora's hand. It read: "I am standing by your side, Huldah, within three feet of you; you can call it heaven or hell, as you please."

hurling and destroying influences. Have faith in the invisible world. Remember that earth is at present the most fitting home, and be content to undergo all the purifying processes which the guardian of thy life may institute, painful though they may be. Cultivate a hopeful and a universally benevolent spirit. Fear not to endure pain or self-sacrifice. Regard joy as the incidents, and not the aim of earthly being, and endeavor, above all things, to make the material life subservient to the spiritual. Your inward faith needs strengthening. I cannot supply prophesy anything, any more than mortals, except as enlarged powers of vision enable me to see more of the present; but take this consolation to your soul: within one month, in a way of which you do not dream, you will receive such comfort as you most need. Take courage; be strong, patient, enduring; indulge less in solitude and dreams; engage more in active, benevolent labor, and the blessings of the spheres shall descend upon you.

I read the paper quietly to myself, and, fearful that I might not be able altogether to repress my emotions, went directly to my room. The words of tenderness soothed me, the prophesy inspired me with hope, and when I lay down to sleep, pleasant dreams haunted my pillow.

Oh, the blessing of knowing that heaven is not deaf to our entreaties; that loving hearts do pour out sympathy and love without stint to those who can by faith receive their ministrations. I would not have exchanged my belief in Spiritualism that night for the wealth of worlds; no, not for Paul Lindsay's love. My soul had been fed with purer food than any earth can furnish.

CHAPTER X. Nora's Story.

The winter shut down suddenly upon us, and directly after the sudden change by which it was ushered in, it became evident that Daisy's hours were numbered. I was constantly with her, and Nora, who from the first had seemed attracted to me, looked more and more upon me for comfort and sympathy; and conquering the instinctive dislike which I entertained for her, I strove to administer such aid as my highest nature could supply. I did this because I thought it right, and because of my promise to Paul. Through all these days and hours of trial, I could see that she thought of him, and looked for him. At Daisy's request I had sent him word many times, through one of the boarders, of her danger; and every evening, when the train came, her wee, whispering voice was lifted to know, "Has Paul come?" But he came not.

At last it was over, and the bright little spirit was released from its fettering clay. Nora was cheered by celestial hopes and promises, and her faith never wavered; but still the maternal heart was wrong, and upon my bosom she sobbed out her grief and tenderness. I was true to my vow, and Nora lacked for nothing that a sister's tenderness could supply. As the days passed, she grew more tranquil, and at last, in the dim twilight of a December evening, she told me the story of her life. Alas! until we know all the circumstances and conditions surrounding the human heart, how weak and incompetent are we to judge of its errors and short-comings. Eitherto, whatever of pity I had felt for Nora's desolate condition, I could never wholly justify what had seemed to me to be the weakness and inconsistency of her conduct.

Nora Lee was but sixteen years of age when she was betrothed to Edward Houghton. She was the daughter of a widow in reduced circumstances, and her mother had hailed with joy the proposals of Mr. Houghton, who was the only son of a wealthy and aristocratic man. Here was an opportunity of restoring Nora to the position in life which she was so well fitted to adorn, and securing her, so far as human foresight could, against the ills of poverty, from which already her sensitive nature had suffered so much. Nora was pleased, besides, with the handsome and elegant youth, and fascinated by all those prospects of congenial companionship and conjugal felicity which a happy marriage holds out to young people. And so she was married, and a mother before she was out of her teens.

She was naturally quiet, affectionate, submissive; reticent in disposition, and retiring in manners, while her husband was gay, brilliant, fond of society, in which he was well calculated to shine; and more than all, of a naturally proud and overbearing temper. The honeymoon was scarcely passed before these differences began sensibly to manifest themselves, and though Nora strove diligently to overcome them, they increased instead of lessening. Years passed on, and afflictions came. Their children died, but this instead of drawing them in closer bonds, but loosened the ties, and estranged them still more. Both were individually strengthened, and led to reflections, by these circumstances, since neither had intentionally deceived or wronged the other. It was evident that they were too much unlike ever to harmonize.

The year before Daisy's birth, they had first become acquainted with Spiritualism. Both became firm believers in it, and in the investigation of its teachings they found the causes of their own inharmony, and formed a mutual resolve to live entirely distinct and divided lives. For three years they carried out their resolve, but so many difficulties arose out of their estrangement, and abnormal condition, that they at length determined upon a legal separation. But the friends of both were opposed to this measure, and attributed their desire to the effects of Spiritualism; which they accordingly slandered and vilified. For a year they battled steadily with the most determined opposition, and then at length they conquered. The treatment which Nora received at the hands of those who should have been her comforters, brought on an attack of physical illness, which threatened her life. She had but just recovered from this, when she first enjoyed the Water Cure, and it was to shield her from annoyance and impertinence, that Dr. Torrey had allowed people to deceive themselves with the belief that she was a widow.

That she loved Paul with a different affection from that she had ever borne her husband, and as she believed, truly and eternally, she did not attempt to conceal, but avowed that it had grown so gradually, that she could not see upon the mountain, had she been with him, and would have protected him from all who would have done him harm. "And," she continued,

"I believe with equal firmness, that his affection for me is not less abiding. But the shock which awoke him was too sudden. He, who had been so frequently disappointed, feared to trust his own impulses. In our last interview, I made him acquainted with my history, but he said it only proved the necessity of subjecting ourselves to severe and certain tests; and he departed without giving me any information concerning the course which he proposed to himself. That he had adopted some firm resolve, I do not doubt; but what it was I am as ignorant as you."

"That was cruel," I said, and I felt it.

"He did not mean to be cruel—he only meant to be positive, and do you know," she said, with a sweet smile, "I love that firmness, that unflinching determination. The pain he bore was equal to my own, but he would not abate it one jot or tittle, so long as there was a doubt of what was for our best good. Better a few months of keen anguish, he thought, than a life time of prolonged misery."

I shuddered at such a disposition. Nora might have strength to bear its inflictions, but for the first time I felt that I had not.

"There might have been a kinder way," I suggested.

"For others, perhaps, but not for him. I can bear with his severity but to be repaid with his tenderness. But now, alas! bereaved, desolate, forsaken. It is very, very hard. Yet I know he has not forgotten me. I believe I shall still hear from him."

CHAPTER XI. Exeodus.

The reader will not have forgotten the promise of my spirit-mother; neither, he may be assured, had I. Daily and nightly I had pondered upon it; had read over the scroll upon which it was traced, and had wondered how and when it should be fulfilled. The month was nearly spent, and as yet nothing had happened which I could fairly interpret as a fulfillment of the prophesy. But one morning there occurred an event as gratifying as it was unexpected, which changed the whole current of my life, and offered to my latent energies, all the stimulus they required.

It was the week before the Christmas holidays. My uncle sent for me from the study, and as I entered, I noticed a shadow of deep thoughtfulness upon his brow.

"My child," he said, "I have sent for you upon important business. I have a letter here from Dr. Romeyn." The Doctor, it should be promised had recently left us to accept a Professorship in a Hygienic Institute in New York City. "He likes his new location very much, and writes to say that there is a vacant situation as assistant there, which he thinks you could fill admirably, and of which he has kindly obtained the refusal for you. He suggests—and I have observed it myself, that you are getting thin and pale here, and doubtless a change of scene may do you good. What do you think of his proposal?"

I scarcely knew what to reply, it came so suddenly. However, I thought directly of my mother's promise, and recognized this as its fulfillment. Let not the reader fancy that I was governed by a blind devotion to mysticism. It was a direct and positive intimation of knowledge. If my mother had said to me in audible tones, "Behold the fulfillment of my word!" I should have been no more certain of the import of this circumstance.

However, the idea did not at first please me. There were too many old ties to be broken; too many new scenes and new faces in the prospect for one to whom the souvenir of "Monie" was but too applicable. I had a liking for shady places. I did tremble in a crowd.

My uncle observed my hesitation.

"I want you to think of this, Beulah. You know I shall miss you very much—my uncle was a kind though a pre-occupied man—but I am not sure but it is best for you to go. You are of an age, now, when you need society and an extended knowledge of the world. I am no flatterer, but you have capacities which are worthy of a wider sphere of action than Glen Wilde is likely to afford; and you know, Beulah, that I believe the world calls every honest heart and willing hand to its service. Think of these things, and judge for yourself."

Before he finished I had chosen.

"Present my kind regards to Dr. Romeyn," I said, "and my earnest gratitude, and say—I will go."

My uncle took my hands in his, looked earnestly into my eyes, and said: "God bless you, Beulah."

could be possessed of an equal charm. Least of all, I thought, could the city, the wild, tumultuous, wicked city, be expected to furnish me with such spiritual nourishment. But there came the comforting whisper to my inner sense:

"Thy spirit friends are ever, ever near."

Oh, what are changes or circumstances, times or seasons, to the heart fully possessed by the obiding knowledge that ever are the eyes of invisible intelligences open to his wants; ever their ear attuned to his cry. It was growing to be my chief comfort, my sole dependence, and I daily blessed the Lord of the Universe that though death had rolled between us, he still had not doomed to separation that heart from which my life had sprung and my own.

Yet sad as my heart was at the riving of old bonds, I was not without natural and girlish anticipations of the future. I noted with curious sensations that the old whisper—"wait!"—came no more, and instead, in my moments of fear or heart-sinking, there stole softly upon me, like the breath of the evening wind, the gentle, thrilling accents:

"Gird thyself—be strong; thy spirit friends are ever, ever near."

And so, though the past lay like a sweet dream embosomed in clouds in the deep recesses of my heart, I yet put on new strength, and oftentimes felt a strange, impressive hopefulness for the future.

The week before I was to leave, Huldah came into my room.

"Beulah," she said, "I've got something strange to tell you. It's been comin' upon me this long time, but I never told anybody, 'cause I was determined to see if it would do itself. If 't would, of course I could n't hinder it; and if 't would n't, why, then I should n't think 't was of the spirits."

"Do stop," I entreated. "The Delphe oracle was never half so oracular. What do you mean?"

"Well, I'll tell you in plain English," said Huldah. "Some time ago, near about a month, I guess, Esther says to me one day, 'I want you to go down to New York, Huldah. The spirits have got something for you to do there.' 'Why,' says I to Esther, 'I can't go down to New York. What would they do here without me? I've been with Dr. Torrey for ten years, and he's used to my ways, and I'm used to his. Besides that, I know nothing about New York, and I'm certain sure I never could do anything there, of all places on the earth. If you should talk about my going to Labrador, or Greenland, or some o' them places, it would be reasonable compared with talking about a poor homespun body like me doin' anything in New York.' Esther only laughed that quiet way o' hers, and said, 'It will be right, Huldah; only remember I've told you. And when you get released from here, and have a way provided for you to go, for I know you do n't like to travel alone, then you'll know the time has come for you to go.'"

"Well, thinks I, when Dr. Torrey gives me my discharge, I shall know he is stark mad; because there ain't nobody on the earth that can wash out the hand-ages, and take care of the bathing-rooms, and keep everything clean and sweet about the house to just exactly suit him but me. And as to the company, she need n't think I'm going to be packed off with any of the patients, sick, and measly, and ailin', because I shan't do it. When I go a travelin', I shall go for pleasure, and not to take care o' sick folks. I do enough o' that to home. But here yesterday, sure enough, I got a letter from my sister-in-law, saying she was out of a place—for the man she's been keepin' house for is dead—and she wanted to know if I could get her a place in a Water Cure. It just flashed into my head in an instant that if I should want to go away ever, ester Polly would be just-the-one. She knows all about water-cure, and she's neat as wax, and her ways would just exactly suit the Doctor; and now 'd be a good time for her to come, because there ain't much a doin' here, and she'd get nicely wanted before the Spring patients begin to come. And then, right off, like a streak o' lightning, I thought about your goin' to New York, and what good company you'd be. And when I come to think about it, my clothes is all ready, every one. Seems as though there never was a time since I was born when everything was just so ready as 'tis now. And so whether the spirits have got anything for me to do or not, I'm going to New York. I never was there. I haint been off o' this place for ten years, and I'm goin' to have a holiday. You know Mrs. Stanley always told me to come to her house when I come to New York, and stay just as long as I pleased; and there 's where I'm a goin'. You see it has all done itself, and I have n't had nothin' to do with it. So I've just spoke to Dr. Torrey, and I'm a goin'."

Behold, therefore, Huldah in stiff black bombazine and antiquated trowsers, and your humble servant in somewhat less conspicuous garb, launched—the one fearing and trembling, the other fearful and valiant—into the great tumultuous, discordant city of Gotham. However, we were met at the station by Dr. Romeyn, who gave us a cordial welcome, and a carriage speedily conveyed us to the hospitable water cure.

We were assigned a room together, and after supper made speedy arrangements for retiring. The street light which threw its broad glare into our room, and the thousand unaccustomed noises outside, disturbed somewhat the slumberous influence that stole over me, and Huldah declared most vehemently that she knew she should not sleep a blessed wink that night—no, not if ten legions of spirits memorized her. However, an emphatic snore at last testified that Huldah had, as usual, succumbed to the spirits.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

Reading and Thinking.

The following sensible suggestions will bear reading thoughtfully: "It is good to read, mark, learn—but it is better to inwardly digest. It is good to read, better to think—better to think one hour than to read ten hours without thinking. Thinking is to reading (if the book read has anything in it) what rain and sunshine are to the seed cast into the ground, the influence which maketh it bear and bring forth thirty, forty, or an hundred fold. To read, is to gather into the barn or storehouse of the mind to think, is to cast seed into the ground to make it productive. To read, is to collect information; to think, is to evolve power."

SUMMER SKETCHES BY DR. SOBANE DREHER.

The sultry air scarce moves the summer leaves—The clouds piled up on high, in rugged range...

The night comes on and darkness thickens round—A time when torrid sunbeams cease to dart...

Now hark!—a sound is heard among the clouds—Ere long the awful thunder's voice...

The rain is o'er—the pluvial visitant Hath sped away on errand merciful...

Original Essays. MATERNITY.

BY CORA WILBURN.

I am pleased to find this momentous question discussed in the columns of the BANNER. I rejoice in the reformatory views entertained upon the subject by true-hearted and pure minded men...

If the beautiful and holy function of reproduction were held sacred, as God designs it should be; if we were exalted to its appropriate and divinely lawful position...

Our friend, it seems, works with the tools of men to overthrow the idea of a God. Why not take men, and worlds, and minds, and atoms, and suns, and systems—the tools (or the works in nature) of God—to study the contriving genius of this wonderful architect...

The mortal concludes upon finite knowledge; so, of course, clouds obscure the vision of knowledge. It cannot observe more than its own comprehension can fathom. Philosophy likewise. Spirit makes man what he is; is the God-principle individualized—to be in growth of its own structure for the angelizing of the finite, to the celestial and infinite. Man, that cannot reach down, down into the depths, examine the widths, or soar up to the heights of his own being and soul...

Let man know of his own central sun, around which himself revolves, and he will not wonder, or limit the revolutions by life, of God's work, because of his incomprehension. Spirit has no limit. It has no center. Each drop is like its parent ocean, an emblem and a type. It talks of one harmony—one God—one likeness—one individuality—unlimited and unlimitable. Spirit then takes its birth from eternity...

insert, without thought, that the truth is matter by intelligence, that the intelligence is but common to matter, but is separate from it. We see this—know, by our within harmonizing with life, separate from ourselves. Hence, then, the true philosophy of thought is nothing as of superior intelligence—of God—that there is a God. It matters not of the name, but of the truth, "Is there a God?" And to feel and know there is.

I do not write this as an answer to the queries referred to in the first part of this article, but simply as suggestive thoughts from reading our friend Beavis's ideas. I hope some other more gifted writer than myself will give the subject a more candid and elaborate treatment. Let us know it, if "There is no God?" For then, we shall be sure we are sought but as clouds of the valley, or as the trees of the wood, and the grass of the field. But if there is a God which, is spirit-permeating all—which is life, as I believe, then, we are what we purport to be, living beings never to die. For the true bread of spiritual philosophy teaches us God is everywhere—the ever continuing and immortal. Dover, Maine, July, 1868.

IS THERE A GOD? BY L. U. REAVIS.

Some kind friend over the initials "J. C." has offered seven argumentative suggestions in reply to my former article on the subject of the "Personal Existence of a God, and his possession of theological attributes." Let, I stated that the God of the churches was a theological monster hewn out of the religious literature of all ages.

THERE IS A GOD. BY OSO. A. PEIRCE.

There is an article in the BANNER of June 27th, by L. U. Reavis, asking the question, "Is there a God?" The same fault our brother attributes to the "religious teachings of all nations and ages," may in all justice be brought home to the door of skeptical thought; for the skeptical and atheistical ideas of all nations and ages have been ever unable to see God in the works of creation, or feel the impulse of his all-wise intelligence...

Our friend asks the question, "Can mind exist absolutely independent of matter, and where there is no matter?" I will reverse the question. Can matter exist absolutely independent of mind, and where there is no mind? Results of reasoning are similar. Whence the origin of matter? What is matter? What is mind? Must not these problems be solved by the laws of philosophical and chemical analysis, if at all? Change the ponderous to the gaseous, and give origin of the latter; see if mind, or spirit rather, must not be independent of matter, or how? To solve the long hidden mysteries of all ages. Then, after this has been done, resolve the degrees of mind or spirit, and analyze that, if you can. See if, in all this mind or spirit, may not be found spirit predominating all. See if there be no mind or spirit, according to development and progress, from the lowest plant upon the geological scale, through, up to the highest intelligence of known enfoldment. See if there is not that so far superior to all material mentality as to be by the heart acknowledged God, God, Wisdom, Almighty.

It is not our object to create a God, or to defend any of theologies, ancient or modern. Truth is my theme. Cause and effect, philosophy of reason and an open door to examine every position of thought, is the great demand of to-day. It is unpleasant to see philosophy circumscribed, given a mathematical area, because the plate of the mind is quite too limited to work out the great mysterious problem that plummet cannot fathom or the square define.

Our friend, it seems, works with the tools of men to overthrow the idea of a God. Why not take men, and worlds, and minds, and atoms, and suns, and systems—the tools (or the works in nature) of God—to study the contriving genius of this wonderful architect—the universe? Why take man's philosophy, so circumscribed and malformed as it is, with its personal God, its at-one-ment Jesus, and lay it upon the altar of light, to prove the non-existence of a cause principle, law of intelligence supreme, infinite and all-creative? Because man's reasoning is idiotic, and has been thus far in the progress of ages, shall there be no mind to see the limitlessness of truth? And with our human understandings, even, would it not be as reasonable to say space itself is limited in extent, as to philosophize that the field of stars and constellations have a bound? Let us try and reason from correct premises. If we use human tools, of course human results must accrue. Let us cast off this carnal midnight, and permit the God-principle itself into the soul. Like bogels like.

The mortal concludes upon finite knowledge; so, of course, clouds obscure the vision of knowledge. It cannot observe more than its own comprehension can fathom. Philosophy likewise. Spirit makes man what he is; is the God-principle individualized—to be in growth of its own structure for the angelizing of the finite, to the celestial and infinite. Man, that cannot reach down, down into the depths, examine the widths, or soar up to the heights of his own being and soul, cannot well go much further with his philosophy—at least equitably—that is questioning of God outside of himself, when he cannot fathom his own God within.

Let man know of his own central sun, around which himself revolves, and he will not wonder, or limit the revolutions by life, of God's work, because of his incomprehension. Spirit has no limit. It has no center. Each drop is like its parent ocean, an emblem and a type. It talks of one harmony—one God—one likeness—one individuality—unlimited and unlimitable. Spirit then takes its birth from eternity, (it may be with matter, and as with matter generates individuality) harmonious and conditions its own un-fathomable goodness, pre-natural and pro-constructive upon its high superiority in intelligence, to the material garments which it wears. Nature is the robe of the spirit—the vesture it wears of pleasure. The house it inhabits.

of blood and sin, we will see the results of our present in the nations that in any other. There will be a purer, spiritual atmosphere, where all are free and higher influences. A. MITCHELL, N. York, Aug.

NECESSITY OF PRAYING. BY GEN. W. MICHOLA.

There is a class of persons who cannot discern the necessity of praying; who believe prayer to be a source of no practical good, and therefore that to pray is vain and mere indulgence of fancy. This inability and belief results from disappointment in not receiving literal responses to offered prayer; for many, through early impressions, are led to expect such response, and to consider its reception the sole object of praying.

IS THERE A GOD? BY L. U. REAVIS.

Some kind friend over the initials "J. C." has offered seven argumentative suggestions in reply to my former article on the subject of the "Personal Existence of a God, and his possession of theological attributes." Let, I stated that the God of the churches was a theological monster hewn out of the religious literature of all ages.

In support of these views, I suggested a few thoughts which I am willing to relinquish at any time that some kind and knowing friend will convince me of their falsity. But I must have evidence, and not ideas. With due reverence to my friend "J. C." whoever he may be, I am unable to see anything in his seven propositions like evidence against my first article, but simply seven ideas set forth, which he cannot prove, except the fourth one, which is universally admitted.

Now if matter and spirit are co-existent and co-eternal, and exist inseparably, they must exist in and of themselves of absolute necessity, and are uncaused existences, and therefore are self-creative, self-sustaining, and act of their own cause, and are not acted upon by an outside cause, as is implied in "J. C.'s" fourth proposition.

Again: If mind and matter are co-existent and co-eternal, and exist inseparably, they must exist in and of themselves of absolute necessity, and are uncaused existences, and therefore are self-creative, self-sustaining, and act of their own cause, and are not acted upon by an outside cause, as is implied in "J. C.'s" fourth proposition.

Now as to the sixth proposition of "J. C." in relation to gravitation, I have to say that it is an established fact that worlds are held in space and made to perform their revolutions around their centres by the power of the active and repulsive forces of nature, and they are called law of gravity—in what those consist is not known; whether they be electricity or not, does not yet appear; but the truth of the existence of such a law is evident, and is easy of demonstration.

Again: Observation teaches that the tendency of all the heavenly bodies is to move in circular orbit and around common centres, and that somewhere in space is a great central sun, around which all else revolves. A. J. Davis says that there are six circles of some now revolving around that great central sun. It would be foolish to conjecture the existence of anything without shape and limitation, and it is also illogical to believe in the existence of anything that can't be defined. Hence the very fact that starry systems do exist, implies that they are limited, even though they may revolve in the distant realms of space far beyond the range of the telescope, or the imagination; and beyond the circuit of the stars, there is no God—they are the children of the skies, and God is the father.

There is no reasonable evidence in favor of the absolute limitless existence of starry systems, and consequently none of the omnipotent and omnipresent existence of God.

If there is any evidence I should like to get it. I shall be pleased to hear other thoughts upon this impracticable, but great question.

"HITS AT OLD THEOLOGY." BY L. P. HODGE.

I find in the BANNER of August let an article in which the writer takes exceptions to "his hit at the old theology" indulged in by certain teachers of the spiritual philosophy, on the ground that honest religionists are angered by what to them is blasphemy. He seems to favor "expressions softened by compassion" when speaking of the "unsightly deformity" of old errors, let some bigot should take offence.

I had supposed the great spiritual work of the present age to be the tearing away of those dead old errors that have dwarfed the spirit of humanity for ages, in order that they may be superseded by a knowledge of the living truth, and humanity be elevated in the scale of being. Nor does it of necessity follow that the attacks upon the old theology, of which the writer complains, originate in the angry passions of those whose mission it is to tear down the old, but may be prompted by a zealous love of truth, that finds expression in a denunciation of error and wrong.

The article in question is based upon a proposition which is in itself erroneous. For he says, "We can rarely anger others without saying harsh words that originate in the passions of our own bosoms." It is true that angry words always stir up anger, and it is equally true that the humblest expressions of truth that flow outward from a soul that is warm with love and charity have power to awake the angry passions of the bigot's heart, as in the case of Jesus, whose teachings, in themselves so truthful and so full of love, fell like brands of fire upon bigot souls, and kindled therein a flame of passion that would be appeased only by his blood. What then? Shall we suspend the work of reform through fear of the bigot's wrath? Rather let the teachers of our philosophy fight manfully against the errors that shut out the light, having no fear of the day of wrath before their eyes. Charleston, Mass., August 1st, 1868.

The Bloody Sacrifice.

In all ages the necessity of some atonement to appease the anger of the Gods has been recognized. In the Mosal Era, the blood of bulls and goats were deemed to be sufficient. In the Christian Era, the blood of Jesus was thought to be ample to appease God's wrath; but in the present age, the blood of millions is flowing to appease the evil of slavery; says the fanatic. But if we look through all ages; the Harmonical Philosopher (and he only) can see this shedding of blood was a necessity, not to appease the anger of God or Gods, but that the race might be purified according to the law, the same law that purified the atmosphere by a thunder shower acts on man, and after this storm

LETTERS FROM THATCHWOOD COTTAGE—No. 5. BY COBBIN BENJA.

NECESSITY OF PRAYING. BY GEN. W. MICHOLA.

There is a class of persons who cannot discern the necessity of praying; who believe prayer to be a source of no practical good, and therefore that to pray is vain and mere indulgence of fancy. This inability and belief results from disappointment in not receiving literal responses to offered prayer; for many, through early impressions, are led to expect such response, and to consider its reception the sole object of praying.

The appreciative mind, however, may readily be persuaded that prayer is one of the chief sources of all good which man can enjoy. Are habitually praying persons usually victims to degradation? Are they prominent participants in vice? Do we witness from them profanity, theft, murder, or other heinous crimes? Are they frequent violators of moral or civil law? Are they the usual inhabitants of prisons and other places of disgraceful confinement, instituted for law breakers? The simple advancement of these interrogations suggests a negative; leaving us the inference that vice can neither originate nor exist in a prayerful community, and, consequently, that people who do not pray are the chief authors of all wickedness and crime. And hence the indispensable necessity to the universal welfare of man of habitual praying.

But I will explain how prayer accomplishes all this good. No person can, with an evil heart, go before God. No; before confronting that Divine Presence, we instinctively expel all evil thoughts from our mind, and suppress all unholy desires of our heart; we strive to purge our soul of guilt, and to make it pure and worthy of such a presence; and thus, by assuming a holy state of feeling, we fit ourselves for communion with the Lord. An indulgence which, if frequent, can but prevent any considerable accumulation of evil, for evil cannot thrive uncherished. From a pure soul cannot result unholy deeds. It is not consistent we should experience direct demonstration from God in response to prayer, nor were it profitable, for we know not our own wants; the blessing is to come only through frequent denials, and expulsion of evil from the soul, and constant effort to make ourselves presentable to God.

LOVE. BY REV. E. CASE.

Now bend thy head above me, love, And let thy tresses fall, To shadow o'er my brow and face, And I will tell thee all. In low, sweet whispers, love, I'll breathe The accents in thine ear, That not one other soul but thine, In all the world may hear.

Thou art ever present with me, love, Enshrined within my heart, A thing I worship evermore— Too fair to e'er depart. Like some kind angel, thou hast come From some bright world above, To charm my hungering, thirsting soul With all thine own sweet love.

I ask no other heaven to know Than that when thou art near, To feel thy warm cheek press mine own— Thy low, sweet voice to hear; To fold thee to my beating heart And feel that thou art mine, Forgetting earth, forgetting all In knowing I am thine.

How lonely are the weary hours When thou art away from me! I cannot tell, I cannot rest, For thoughts and dreams of thee; I have no life, I have no love, I've nothing that's my own— Life, love and being—all that's dear, From me to thee have I down.

But what are words, and what are tears? And what are hours like this, That pass so fleetly from the soul With all their joyfulness? Eternity should be too brief For love like yours and mine; For oh! eternity can make That love but more divine.

Then bend thy head above me, love, And let thy ringlets fall, Dark as the raven's glossy wing, And I will tell thee all. All? Ah, no! I words cannot tell The soul can only speak When lips are pressing lips they love, And cheek is burning cheek.

When in the deep and rapid flow Of wild and surging thought, The soul itself is borne away Like waves by storm-winds caught; When hours to moments dwindle down, Then leave us but the pain Of absence and of loneliness, Till we shall meet again. Lafayette, Ind., July, 1868.

Horseback Riding.

Ms. EYRON—I was pleased at the idea advanced in the BANNER of woman riding horseback after the masculine fashion. She would feel more safe and independent, have more power over the animal she rides, be less timid when thus firmly poised upon the saddle, and less liable to be thrown.

But I decidedly object to the masculine attire. It is stiff, ungainly, and not becoming to woman's form. She would not have ease, or freedom in such a dress. All a matter of habit, you say. Granted. But it would be a great barrier to the success of the movement. Decided changes of this nature should ever be made as beautiful and attractive as possible. The conservative element is ever at war with the new and strange. Therefore, a spirit of compromise should, in matters of taste and dress, characterize these reformatory changes. They should be presented to the world in the very best possible light, made attractive by tasteful surroundings, beautiful by their simplicity, elegance and utility. Humanity has an innate love for the beautiful and true.

Those who wish to ride in the masculine style, need not shock the established proprieties of dress, by adopting the male attire. Utility and convenience do not require it. I would suggest as a decidedly feminine dress, the Zouave, or Turkish trousers, with tunic and sash; or Zouave jacket, hat, feathers, &c. Fine figures would look well in the close fitting Spanish "bata" with either velvet cap, feathers, and will be the attire that, according to the taste and style of the wearer, will be the most becoming and attractive. Whishing success to any movement that promises to entice women to more vigorous and healthful exercises, I am, &c. U. S. M. Lawrence, July, 25.

LETTERS FROM THATCHWOOD COTTAGE—No. 5. BY COBBIN BENJA.

How I wish you were here with me this moment, that you might drink in the grandeur of the scenery; and if your memory was a daguerrotype machine, you could place this little picture in the halls of it, where you could look at it when your soul needs the refreshment of rural life; for Nature and I are old friends, and I should endeavor to show you some of her choicest pictures, in a light let in only from above.

I am seated here in a rustic arm-chair, with a little table before me made of the same rough material, over which is suspended a vase of periwinkle and other pendant plants. The old brown posts and lattice-work are thickly covered with clematis and honeysuckle, while the little bright-eyed verbenas and larkspurs play ho-peep through the openings, doing all they can to make the naughty old world happy again. But, wait! there goes a butterfly—and, Lurhna, do you please whisper in "Lurhna's" ear, that he is all alone and—yes! he has lit on a bachelor's button! Ah, me! there will be no cupid coming this way now. Query, perhaps they cannot get over the "Hedgerow."

To me there is something beautiful in the folds of those wild vines, twining themselves so lovingly around the rustic posts. Oh, that man would learn a lesson of wisdom from Nature, and let the tender vines of simplicity and affection twine around their hearts, and shield them from the scorching sun-rays of avarice, which is withering up the fruit buds of innocents that are waiting to grow and expand on the tree immortal. But they will not; they have outgrown their text-book of childhood, and forgotten many of its beautiful lessons; they can now see nothing to love and admire in the grand old forest trees, but their measurement in timber and wood; no beauty in the crystal waterfall, but its power of labor; and we often hear them inquiring, "What is the use to expend so much time and money for something to look at?" As though the only indispensable things in this life were corn, beans and potatoes, tobacco and cotton cloth. Poor wretches! I pity them, for they know not that "a thing of beauty is a joy forever;" but when the great dictionary of life is printed, and they have the proof-sheets to correct, methinks they will wish they had remembered more of the lessons they studied in the little floral text-book of childhood.

August 10th.—"Is that a candle-mold?" said my good neighbor, Deacon Joel, as he came into my room one morning, and taking up a little unique vase supported by the figure of Venus, in which I was arranging some flowers. "Look o' here, why can't you lend it to my wife some day when she wants to run a law?" No, indeed, said I, that is not a candle-mold, neither can your wife have it to run in. That is an emblem of the goddess of Grace, the author of elegance and beauty; and you will please put it down immediately; for I could not see it so desecrated as to remain in the hands of one who had so little love for the beautiful in his soul, even for a moment. Then taking up a little microscope, I asked him to look through it at the pretty flowers I was arranging—to examine the finely-cut ferns with their delicate palms; to notice the beautiful circulation, so closely allied to that of man, moving through veins and arteries and leafy lungs. I then told him that the flowers were but the expansion of the elements that compose the leaf and bud, and that the little figure holding the sheaf, which he had called a candle-mold, was significant of a better state of society—of the "good time coming," when muskets would no longer be fired from doors and windows at the passer-by, and bombshells be bursting in little children's bed-chambers; when men would carry roses in their button-holes, instead of pistols in their pockets, and governments would build reformatory institutions and green-houses, instead of gunboats and arsenals. But I failed to make him see those beautiful truths, or to understand my meaning. Had they been hammered out on some theological anvil, he would probably have grasped them at once; and when I told him that the highest truths my soul had ever received during my earth pilgrimage, had been taught me by the harmonious unfoldings of Nature, and that I had come to the conclusion it was always safe to take lessons from the beautiful and good, he braced himself up in a stiff, Orthodox attitude, and said, "You had better throw away your weeds and plaster image, and not waste so much time over nonsense; but learn to love God, and try to get religion in your heart." I thought, as I had often done before, how those strange people do mystify me; but I tried to be pitiful, as I thought I should some day want God to be to me. Then stepping on his toes as I turned around, to see if he really had a soul or not, I bade him good-morning, hoping that when he was laid away in his mahogany cove on his tombstone a skull and cross-bones, as an emblem of his love for the beautiful.

A Waif from the Empire State.

Many times, Mr. Editor, has the bright harbinger of day shed its morning beauties upon our lovely valley, and descended again behind the western hills, with its golden sunset lingering to calm the ruffled passions of the inhabitants thereof," since I became a constant reader of your welcome paper. My soul-cheering beauties have you bestowed upon us, and, like the blessed sunshine from heaven, they come freely, "with-out money and without price." The position you have taken in "human progress," "immortal life," and the education of the body, soul and spirit; the hopes and promises set forth, free alike to the whole brotherhood of man, has been as a cup filled to overflowing, and poured in golden showers upon many thirsty souls. We have in Nature ten thousand beauties hovering around us. If I should attempt to describe our pleasant valley, I should be caught like the Queen of Sheba, and "the half still would they." At the head of our valley we have one of Nature's dashing cascades, rushing down the mountain steep in musical sweetness. Then the strident winds maddening through the vale below, giving murmuring music to earth's children along its banks, cooling adorns to the weary one; richness to the earth, greenness to the grass, to the flowers fragrant and bright, as it would it winds its way to the ocean, the great father of many waters.

Our people are a grave and venerable people. Their early impressions were the natural products of the school they were taught in. "Long live" they learned the "Primmer Story" of Adam and his unfeeling wife, and his consequent trial of good or bad behavior, which was to bless or curse all earth's children, and the end of time. Most of our people, therefore, have been, like the children of the East, brought up in an aversion and dread of every thing that is new, and that is not in accordance with the olden traditions and customs of their fathers. We have in our midst a large number of the localities, in this our day, in which the people get such extra logic in theology as we have given it

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"I cannot believe that civilization in its journey with the sun will sink into endless night to gratify the ambition of the leaders of this revolt, who seek to 'Wade through slaughter to a throne And shut the gates of mercy on mankind' but I have a far other and far brighter vision before my gaze. It may be but a vision, but I will cherish it. I see one vast Confederation stretching from the frozen north in one unbroken line to the glowing south, and from the wild billows of the Atlantic westward to the calmer waters of the Pacific; and I see one people, and one law, and one language, and one faith, and, over all that vast Continent, the home of freedom and justice for the oppressed of every race and of every clime." - Extract from John Bright's Speech on American Affairs, delivered at Birmingham, England.

The Great Middle Party. Fox was called the Great Commoner, because he so eloquently represented the interests of the English middle classes during the changes and popular perturbations of the last century. Henry Clay deservedly took the same name among the great men and statesmen of his time, for reasons almost exactly similar. In point of fact, the men, or the ideas, which most faithfully represent the great middle class, are invariably the most powerful, perhaps because most readily put in practice.

In the movements of this our time, embracing the wide field of human relationships and responsibilities, we may say there are now, and for some considerable time have been, three several parties, at times operating through organizations, and at times in a loose and disjointed manner. These parties, or elements, are the radicals, the holdbacks, and the progressive conservatives. The first class would crack on at lightning speed, if they could, even at the cost of all which has been secured and attained already; the second would not stir a peg nor budge an inch, but would hold on forever right where they are, merely vegetating until the vigor of that process has ceased, and most begin to silently coast them from head to foot. The third class, which is and ever must be the preponderating and controlling one, is made up of persons whose sentiments lie exactly between these other two, inspired in great part by the one and properly balanced by the other. It is generally called the Conservative class; but it does not follow that its entire occupation is that of preserving and accumulating; what is good, and ascertained already to be such, that it holds on by with earnestness; but it would not ignore what is new and advanced, lest there should be no good to it, or because there has been no demonstration mathematically made that virtue does not lie somewhere concealed in it.

If we are to organize any new party in this country, it ought to be, and no doubt will be, one of this very sort; the elements of which are composed of both the conservative and the progressive principles. What is good and desirable in life and nature, that we cannot afford to be afraid of, though it be as yet entirely untried; and what has been found to be valuable and full of virtue in the past, that we cannot afford to part with. These are the two points of importance; we are not to be afraid of experiments, nor are we to surrender the known results of past experiments.

The tendency of things in this country, as they have for some time past fallen under our observation, is to seem such combination as this which we have described. Radicalism of itself does not satisfy the people, for the people feel that there are too many combinations of circumstances in life to be disposed of by the lines and plummet of abstract ideas only; nor will torpid conservatism, on the other hand, answer, because "that refuses to do anything or be anything at all. Looking over the boiling sea of politics to-day, a disposition to unite these two forces in discernible among men of all parties; the events of the time have stirred up the sluggish ones, and made them more or less of radicals, while the heat and frenzy of radicalism have wearied others, and led them to consider all over again the tangential tendency of radicalism if left undisturbed by the operation of other leading forces. These two margins of men, therefore, who thus view the current events of the world, are as sure to come together and finally blend, as the sun is certain to rise to-morrow morning. They are the new party which is to be; a party not afraid to cherish and stand up for the achievements and acquisitions of the past, not yet disposed to ignore any new ideas whose light is just streaming over the world.

We require just such an union of spiritual forces in our own country, in order either to save it or to send it on its way forward among the nations of the earth. The events of the time are fast preparing the way for it, too. It may cause all of us the keenest sorrow that such a desired conjunction has to be reached through so much bloodshed and so many woes, but we are to hail and welcome it at any cost, whether of life or treasure; the one condition toward which we are reaching out is just this, and this only—a condition that combines what is desirable in the consideration of all subjects, whether political, social, or religious, and still makes room for the immediate of any new ideas and influences which may properly be introduced.

If we can but reorganize the State and the Church on such a basis, the world will have made a long step forward. We shall then have reached a point where nobody will be afraid to enter upon free inquiry, lest it may lead him outside the narrow limits of his creed or party—and where there will be no danger of being taken suddenly off our feet by the new winds of faith and doctrine, in consequence of our holding fast by what is known to have been tried and approved. What a desirable condition of things that will be, when we for the first time are allowed to lead natural and healthy lives, undisturbed by the fierce denunciations now heard on the one side, and the taunts and jeers as commonly heard on the other. It will herald the real millennium, when the human spirit is to have its shackles knocked off, and stand erect in its native power and dignity. By the time we get through with this war, the country will be ready to accept the new and better state which we have already suggested.

Total Depravity. A great many ministers—and some of them are surely old enough to know better—are always preaching up total depravity, earnestly striving to convince everybody that they are among that unfortunate class. John Quincy Adams once said to a popular orthodox divine, with whom he happened to be in conversation, and who had introduced the notion of total depravity: "You orthodox clergy think most carelessly of human nature. I have sometimes heard sermons about our wickedness that really made me smile. I wonder what a preacher, after such a discourse, should do next from the pulpit, and take one of us by the hand, and say, 'Well, but perhaps, he scarce believes in himself, and you will perform a technical, routine that had no connection with practical wisdom or common sense. I think better of human nature.'"

More Admissions. It has long ago been noted and commented on as a fact, that the principles of Spiritualism are oftentimes stated, if not advocated, by what is called the secular press, even when its conductors do not know what they do. We find this press, as a whole, continually tending to liberality and larger ideas. The recently announced death of Mr. Crittenden, of Kentucky, gave some of the papers another opportunity to express themselves on the topic which, in one form or another, is engaging all the people. The Providence Journal, in remarking on his career, furnishes its readers with the following incident, which all our readers will at once see is characteristically spiritual. He entered the Senate, says the Journal, with James Burrill, of this State. They were intimate friends. Burrill, with a presentation of his early death, once said to him, "I shall die young; you will live to be an old man, and will remain in the public service. I can see you now, in imagination, walking through these corridors, gray-haired and tottering." The prediction was fulfilled. The short and brilliant career of Burrill closed, more than a generation ago; the long and illustrious career of Crittenden continued till Jackson, and Calhoun, and Clay, and Webster, and Benton, and scores of lesser, yet distinguished, statesmen had passed away. So says the Journal. It furnishes simply a case of clear prophecy, of unequalled clairvoyance. These instances are by no means so rare as might be supposed, and would be of general interest if only brought oftener to the light of day. They are no wonders to us—they are not even wonderful in themselves; but are as common as the air that blows, or the waters that run. The world is opening its eyes, too, to find it out.

Tired of Marriage. How sadly it makes a contemplative person feel to read over the list of divorces which too frequently accompany the records of our Court proceedings! In that little roll is bound up a world of sufferings and woes, which the common eye does not see. There is the history of the early and romantic courtship, the exchange of vows, the happy marriage, when all was fair and full of promise, and the pleasant entrance upon busy and responsible life—all snatched out under the eye that alone knows how to read it; and then mistakes have come after—and gusts of passion, which are but the result of a lack of proper control—and hard words—and separation. Such is the brief and lamentable record of too many such cases of divorce, which might have been made to read in just an opposite way.

Incompatibility of temper and temperaments is a difficulty none too often touched upon; but when will so great an evil as this be cured? when will parents teach children the hidden, yet simple, laws of their own being, and the mysterious ways of their spiritual natures? Why are young people so carefully kept from all knowledge, both of themselves and one another? Just so long as this system of ignorance is practiced, will there continue to be unhappy marriages and frequent divorces; there will be a positive loss of earthly happiness, where it might have been all sunshine and heaven; there will be cross purposes and misunderstandings, wrong actions and misery. It is a fearful thing for two persons to feel obliged to live together beneath the same roof all their lives, and yet wish they had never seen one another. And yet the evil goes on, and increases continually in magnitude. It seems, at times, as if it were making frightful inroads into our social system, from which it cannot recover. Undoubtedly, however, all this suffering is exactly what will conduct society to a timely and proper remedy. We sincerely hope that a most effectual remedy is not far off.

The Case of the Freedmen. The Report of the Commission appointed by the President, to inquire into the condition and prospects of the freed slaves, has just been published. It was doubtless written, as stated by several journals, by Robert Dale Owen, who is at the head of the Commission. It takes up the condition of those slaves in the District of Columbia, Eastern Virginia, North and South Carolina, and Florida, who have been set free by the legitimate operations of the war, and describes their condition, their capacity, and their probable prospects; hints at several modes by which their condition may hereafter be ameliorated; and enters on a disquisition of great interest to the general reader of the various elements of characteristics of the negro race in America. The Commission report a recommendation to divide the Southern field of operations into several departments, to be organized under one general Superintendent, and that the heads of the several departments be permitted to enjoy a certain kind of authority within their own limits, and to be duly assisted by others whenever their labors shall increase so much as to require it. The Report is of great interest, and it is to be followed by another more in detail of what is doing and is to be done.

Fearless Criticism. It is of no use for us to fight for liberty, if by liberty only something in general is meant, and nothing in particular. The state of things which demands a certain uniformity of thinking, is certain to produce a very slender generation of intellects, since all men will be required to shrink and conform to a low partisan standard. This most important fact cannot be too seriously considered. When Napoleon the Third undertook to exile all literary men from France who would not write to suit the wants of his personal ambition, he openly proclaimed, of course, that a class of first class men and royal thinkers was not needed in his Empire. As a consequence, he has managed to drive the ablest men from his imperial realms, and to collect about him a circle of intellectual characters, of which even a less powerful court than his could but poorly make a boast. He will never signalize his reign by great writers and thinkers, let him make a name by whatever other methods he may.

Caution. We have received a letter from Ohio, in which the writer says she saw the notice of "B. Madison, Alfred, Me.," who advertises "cheap sewing machines." Our correspondent says she sent a draft for twelve dollars for a sample machine, and after waiting some weeks, received a letter saying the draft had been received, but that the advertiser was behindhand with his orders, and it would be a couple of weeks before he could send a machine. The writer colorfully describes her letter in this wise:—"I have now waited months—have written, and received no reply. I also, employed my postmaster to write to the postmaster of Alfred, Me., but have received no reply from him."

New Music. Oliver Ditson, 277 Washington street, have just published "Wanted—A Substitue," words by Frank Wilder; also a plantation song, entitled, "We'll fight for Uncle Abe," which is being nightly sung by the Buckley Serenaders with success.

Interesting Essays by the Invisibles. On our sixth page will be found two essays by the Invisibles, given at our first circles, on "The Philosophy of Mediocrity," and "Kings and Madmen Spiritualized."

New Publications. THE SORT OF THINGS OF FASCINATION, BY ANASTASIA AND DOROTEA. By William and Elizabeth M. F. Denton. 1 vol. 19. No. 10. Boston: Walker, West & Co. This volume is a valuable addition to the literature of the day, dealing as it does with some of the highest subjects that present themselves to human consideration, and doing so in a catholic spirit. Its title explains its purpose, as it relates to the sort of things, and the authors penetrate beyond the surface, as the result of their philosophic and well-directed inquiries and labors. They do not accept the common circle as that beyond which no one shall pass, and still retain the world's respect. They push their researches far beyond the bounds of that circle, in a spirit of enlightened independence, and in accordance with the teachings of that philosophy which holds that nothing is discovered while there remains anything to discover. Nothing has been more fatal to the cause of truth than the substitution which even great men have paid to certain conventionalities, by which their powers have been lessened, and the progress of the race retarded. The world might have been to-day where it will be a century hence, had not prejudices stood in the way of inquiry and demonstration. Thoughtful persons are beginning to see this, and therefore it is that we occasionally have a book published that betrays the existence of a deeper spirit of inquiry than formerly prevailed, and greater courage on the part of inquirers.

This volume is of the class of books to which we refer—a small class as yet, we admit, but destined to have a large increase—and its appearance is to be hailed as evidence of boldness as well as ability in the right quarter. Mr. Denton is not daunted by the prospect of having his well-established statements called in question by those narrow-minded "respectabilities" who are resolved to believe only what they know, a resolution that greatly limits the extent of their faith, and who feel it to be a solemn duty to deny everything that has the appearance of being new. Some of these persons have the will to burn any man who has the spirit to push his inquiries far and wide, but, fortunately, their power is as feeble as their wills, and they have to content themselves with whatever of strength there is in hard words. One of the victories of the mind, and the chief one, is, that freedom of mind has been so far established, that research is now possible in every direction; and from this most come the final triumph of truth over error.

There was a time, and that not long ago, when the publication of such a work as this would have been a source of danger to all concerned in it; but now it is as safe to put it forth, beyond what injury may proceed from powerless abuse, as it would be to publish a treatise on the law of evidence. The authors invite criticism, and are confident that the effect thereof will be good on the cause, to promote which they write. "This work is, I feel," says Mr. Denton, "the merest introduction to one of the widest and most important fields in which the soul of man ever labored; and I trust it will have the effect of inducing men of intellect and means to investigate and teach, though they should pull down all the theoretical scaffolding that we have erected." A man who can thus write, whose object is the vindication of truth, is not likely to be deterred from his course by the suggestion that what he states is too strange to be believed, but desires what he puts forth should be investigated; and this is what Mr. Denton tells us is the case with him. He seeks the establishment of truth, not the mere establishment of a theory. An early inquirer in a peculiar province, he gives a great number of facts in support of his views, which are of the rarest interest, and which are calculated to astonish most readers. Even as a mere work of entertainment, "The Soul of Things" is a book fitted to make a very lively impression on the general mind. The wonderful facts which the authors narrate make attractive reading, and the genial style in which they are told doubles their value. The work indicates a large range of acquirement, and also the ability to turn knowledge to account, things that are not always found together. It will be read by many from curiosity, who will find in it something to move their minds to inquiry into higher subjects than those to which they have generally devoted their powers, and thus it will promote inquiry in the right direction, which is one of the purposes of books of this kind. We commend the work to all our readers, as one that is singularly calculated to elevate and instruct all who shall peruse its pages, and as one of the evidences of the high form which inquiry is taking in our age.

Intellectual Freedom; OR, EMANCIPATION FROM MENTAL AND PHYSICAL BONDAGE. By Charles R. Woodruff, M. D. New York: Sinclair, Younger, 121 Nassau street. The above is the title of a handsomely printed book of 118 pages, by the author of that excellent work, "Legalized Prostitution." We shall have more to say of this work, after we have examined its contents.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE for September is ready thus early for its patrons. It is said to be the cheapest magazine in the world. Price ten cents a number, and each number complete. Published by Elliot, Thomas & Talbot, 118 Washington street, Boston.

We have received through the mail, a pamphlet of twenty-two pages, entitled, "Record of Action of the Convention held at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., July 15th and 16th, 1863, for the purpose of facilitating the introduction of colored troops into the service of the United States."

GARIBOLDI, of New York, is about publishing from advance sheets, a translation of "Victor Hugo raconte par un témoin de sa vie." The witness of his life referred to, says a writer in the Boston Transcript, is understood to be the wife of the celebrated man, but it is very probable that the work is in a great degree an autobiography. Hugo is upwards of sixty years of age, and the story of his early life, if truly written, will be of deep interest, as his parents were attached to the person of Napoleon the First, and followed his fortunes from the beginning of this century till his return from Elba. He accompanied his parents throughout these stormy scenes. Hugo was educated within the walls of a convent by an old General, whom his family were concealing from the Imperial police. From early manhood he has played an important part in the political history of France, and his connection with the first men of Europe must form a theme of many interesting chapters in the new work. The Life of the author of "Les Misérables" will be looked for with a great deal of interest.

"What's the Use?" Garrison and his "non-descript" writer can never injure the BANNER OF LIGHT by their libels against it. It is too firmly established in the affections of the great Spiritual Phalanx of America for that. Men who will resort to such methods to "feather their own nests," and at the same time make the people believe they are the friends of progress, deserve the severest reprehension. We hope Spiritualized Saboteurs will not in future engage Garrison to inquire before them, until he sees fit to republish the billingsgate put forth in his columns against Spiritualism and Spiritualism. The Colorado gold mines are shifting beneath their feet. They promise to shake the world.

Jefferson Davis. This distinguished gentleman is certainly in a bad way. The proclamation he has recently issued to his troops is a clear confession that the Confederacy is on its last legs, and must certainly go under, unless speedily assisted by its friends in the Southern States. In case the deserters and absentees from the rebel army do not at once return to camp—and if they do they will receive free pardon for all past offences—there is no hope left for Davis and his conspirators whatever. The appeal he makes to them, men and women, is truly touching for its earnestness. He conjures them to come forward and unite in resisting the aggression of the North—the fires of incendiarism, the disposition to rob and plunder, the unbridled passions of our soldiery, and all that; when he only means by his appeal that the men of the South shall come up to the work of saving him and his from the destruction which impends. He knows that his kingdom of usurpation is coming to an end, as his proclamation for East confessions. If the patriots of the land do but persevere, the days of the Rebel Confederacy are all numbered. This present year may show us the end of it.

The Crops. The reports from the grain growing portions of the country indicate that the crops for the present year, though perhaps not equal to those of last year and the year previous, are nevertheless fully up to what they were for the two or three years preceding 1861. The extremely wet weather has had its effect upon grasses, of course; the grain has not been so widely reached by their influence. On account of the Polish troubles, it is probable that England will have to do without her usual import stock from the Baltic countries; Russia having ordered a suspension of all grain exports, and France being resolved without doubt to do the same, especially in case of threats of troubles on the continent. In that case, Great Britain will be obliged to rely upon the United States for a large share of her supplies of grain for her crowded population, even in case she obtains an average crop from her own acres. Without doubt, therefore, we shall be able to sell the whole margin of our products, after the home supply is covered, and at most remunerative prices. Labor is scarce and high, and will add greatly to the cost of grain, as well as of all other productions.

Humors of an Amnesty. Some few weeks since there were started rumors of a serious difficulty in the Cabinet on account of the proposal, by Mr. Seward, of the offer of an Amnesty by the President to the body of the people of the rebellious States. It was reported that the division of the Cabinet was a wide and violent one, with small hopes of its healing. It now appears that no such division ever existed, for the reason that no such proposal was ever made, by Mr. Seward or anybody else. There was a purpose in setting such a story on foot, being to excite certain hopes in Europe, favorable to the Confederacy of the South. The story did have its effect, it seems, doing all the temporary mischief it was capable of, and not being corrected there even until now. That is a reckless and wicked style of journalism, which panders to the passions and prejudices of foreign powers at the expense of every feeling like patriotism. It is needless to add that the paper that set such a story on foot is the New York Herald.

Trouble with Foreign Powers. Should such an exigency arise, it is as well to see what might be the first result. If we possess ourselves of the yet unacquired Southern ports, it would put a very different face upon the matter. By that time, it might occur to Napoleon that it was not exactly for his interest to form an alliance with the South. He could not very well open those ports, if he tried, after we once became masters of them. England being jealous of him, too, how is it possible for them to agree in their terms of making war on us together? Should France obtain an advantage by her present meddling in Mexico, England will never go into any arrangement with him against us, in the world. This most natural split between them will hardly be apt to result in our own detriment. These forces of nature, like those of Nature, are distributed in such a way that they always help rather than hinder the great purposes of God's providence. The envy of those two nations may be the best assurance of our safety.

A New Map for the People. Benj. B. Russell, publisher, 615 Washington street, Boston, has placed upon our table, H. H. Lloyd & Co.'s Great County Map of the United States. First published August 1, 1863. Its publication marks an era in the history of Maps. It is the largest, latest, plainest and cheapest map of the whole United States, including the Territories, ever issued. It covers our entire country, from the Gulf of Mexico to the Northern boundaries of our Great Lakes, and from the waving plains of Maine to the golden shores of California. It has the advantage over all other maps, because it has just been engraved, and contains all the towns, rivers, mountains, &c., made famous by the war, and not down on an old map. Its topography is accurate, and while it has an immense number of names, it does not confuse the eye with a great mass of unimportant matter. Size 40 x 54. Price, in sheets beautifully colored in counties, 60 cents; mounted, \$1.25.

Another Picnic. The Spiritualists and others who attended the late Picnic at Abington Grove, had such a capital time there, that they are desirous of another opportunity to visit the grove the present season. We cannot say positively, but we are of the opinion that arrangements will be made about the first of September for another similar excursion.

Our Free Circles. Have been suspended during the hot weather, till the first Monday in September, when they will be resumed again as usual.

FEDERAL VICTORIES.—The results of the recent engagements with the rebels can be summed up thus: Twenty-eight successful contests, with a loss to the enemy of more than three hundred guns and eighty thousand prisoners. Lee driven back into Virginia, the Mississippi open from its source to the Gulf, the rebels expelled from nearly all Tennessee and Mississippi, the territory subject to their military control reduced to the States of Alabama, Georgia, South and North Carolina, and a part of Virginia.

EXEMPTION OF AN ONLY SON OF A WIDOW.—The clause concerning the only son liable to do military duty of a widow dependent upon his labor for support, is thus construed by the Provost Marshal General: "A widow may have several other sons, but if they are not liable to do military duty, then the particular son on whom she is dependent for support will be exempt; but if her other sons are liable to do military duty, the fact that she is dependent on the labor of a particular son for support will not exempt him from the draft."

We see it stated in a Michigan paper that "The Spiritualists of Coldwater have now nearly completed a new church, which will be the largest, largest and most commodious edifice in that place. They maintain regular weekly meetings."

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS. Twenty-six national banks have been authorized by the government, with a capital of \$8,918,000. The highest is for \$600,000, in Cleveland, and the lowest is for \$200,000.

Liberia chooses her President, once in two years. Accounts from Liberia state the Memorial address presented in the choice of Hon. Daniel Baskell Warren, as President, and Rev. James M. Priest as Vice President, the term of office to commence in January next. Mr. Warren is of unmixed African blood, born in Baltimore, April 19, 1815, reached Liberia, May 24, 1832, and has not since been out of the country.

The longest stage route in the world is the one between Atchinson in Kansas and Placerville in California—one thousand nine hundred and fifteen miles. The fare is \$200; 10 1/2 cents a mile.

A glass factory has been established in or near San Francisco, where, on the 20th of June, the first practical glass-blowing in the State took place. The enterprise has been a success, and the "Pacific Glass Works" are in full operation; and, as represented, with the exception of soda-ash, all the materials used are procured within the State.

LONDON GIVING BIG.—London has progressed from a walled town, covering about seven hundred acres, with a population half mercantile, half military, living in a labyrinth of courts and alleys, the majority being, as it appears from an old proclamation, "heaped up together, and in a sort half smothered," to the majestic city of the present day, spreading over more than one hundred and twenty square miles, and containing two thousand six hundred miles of streets, flanked by three hundred and sixty thousand houses, with a population of three million, and an assessed annual rental of thirteen million pounds sterling.

An Irishman says he sees no earthly reason why women should not be allowed to become medical men.

A clergyman was once asked whether the members of his church were united. He replied that they were perfectly united—*from together*.

Years do not go from us, but we from them; slipping from the old into the new, and always leaving behind us some baggage no longer serviceable on the march. Look back along the way we have trodden. There they stand, every one in his place, holding fast all that was left in trust with him. Some keep our childhood, some our youth, and all have something of ours which they will give up for neither bribe nor prayer; the opinions cast away, the hopes that went with us no further, the cares that have had successors, the follies outgrown, to be revived by memory, and called up for evincence some day.

It has become quite fashionable in Paris for ladies to be in excellent physical condition—in other words embonpoint is quite the style, and astheopie waist is considered perfectly frightful. This is all because the empress, as she advances in age, is showing a tendency to fatten.

How TO WATER PLANTS.—This is usually badly done. Water is poured upon the surface, enough, perhaps, to wet down an inch or two. The water washes the fine earth into the chinks and interstices, and there the plant stands with dry or only moist soil below, but with a baked mass on the surface which shuts out warmth, air, and the moisture that would be derived from its free circulation. One of two methods should be adopted: Remove the surface earth and pour on water enough to reach the wet subsoil, and when the water has soaked in, replace the dry surface soil, to be moistened from below; or, make a hole as near the plant as you can without disturbing the roots, and fill this with water two or three times, and afterwards fill it with the dry earth thus removed. At all events, when you water at all, water freely, and with the foot of a hoe throw a little dry earth over the surface as the water settles away.

The miser isn't vain; he thinks a penny better worth saving than his soul.

New England will bear all the tests which can be applied to her, and with all her faults, there is not her equal on the globe in all that constitutes greatness and goodness of character.

A LABOR CONTRACT.—Pennsylvania and eight other States have made arrangements to purchase a part of the Gettysburg battlefield for a cemetery, where may be gathered the remains of those who fell in that battle.

A chap down in Connecticut, after the passage of the conception act, got married to evade the draft. He now says, if he can get a divorce he will enlist, as if he must fight, he would rather do so for his country.

"I would have you know that I am a man of quality," said a marquis to a Spanner. "And I," replied the Spanner, "am a man of quantity."

"A little more animation," whispered Lady B. to the gentle Susan, who was walking through a quadrille. "Do leave me to manage my own business, mamma," replied the prudent nymph; "I shall not dance my ringlets out of curl for a married man."

"Of course not, my love; but I was not aware your partner was."

He who spends his whole time in sports and calls it recreation, might appropriately wear garments all made of fringes, and eat dinners of nothing but sauces.

A Chinese boy, who was learning English, came across the passage in his Testament. "We have piped unto you, and ye have not danced," rendered it thus: "We have toot, toot to you; what's the matter you no jump?"

A Confederate dollar bill is now worth in Dixie just nine and three-quarter cents. Out of the Confederacy it is perfectly worthless.

The oldest newspaper in the world is published in Pekin. It is printed on a large sheet of silk, and has made a weekly appearance for over one thousand years.

Two ship loads of Mormons, 1,624 persons, arrived at New York a week since from England, en route for Salt Lake.

How—without magic art—How win a woman's heart? Tell me," said he. "Tell me," said she. "Love her!" said she.

He that accuses all mankind of corruption, ought to remember that he is sure to convict only one.

The Court—Men who spend five cents a day for chewing tobacco, ten cents for cigars, and fifteen for liquors, have no right to complain that they are poor.

A terrible earthquake occurred at Washita on the 24 of June. Two thousand lives were lost; half the city was ruined; and every building in it damaged.

Gen. Logan says that "there were hundreds of rebels who had never seen an American flag, until they saw it carried victoriously in Vicksburg."

The "New York Herald" saw no opportunity to set an American flag at the head of the column of the British army, during the invasion of New York City, in the "Lionel Lincoln" column, the following column being the first to enter the city.

A WEEK IN A CAMP HOSPITAL AT TER A BATTLE

BY HENRY T. ORR, M. D.

The last days of June and the first of July, 1863, will long be remembered by the people of Pennsylvania and the adjoining States with deep and thrilling interest.

The rebel army under General Lee, which had wintered near Fredericksburg, in Virginia, had suddenly moved into Maryland, and by a series of marches and concealed marches had invaded Pennsylvania.

The advance corps had reached the vicinity of Harburg, the Capital of the State, and it seemed about to fall into the hands of the invaders, as had already a large section of the country south of it, with the towns of York, Chambersburg, Gettysburg, Carlisle, &c., all of which had been held and more or less despoiled by the rebel army, who plundered every section of the country through which they passed, and carried off all the available stores that they could find.

The people were everywhere panic-stricken. The President of the United States issued a call for fifty thousand men for State defense, for six months, and soon afterwards the Governor of the State called for sixty thousand men for three months, or the emergency.

The men responded promptly to these calls, but the invaders manifested but little fear of these raw recruits.

In the mean time, the Army of the Potomac, under General Hooker, had been cautiously moving toward the line of invasion, keeping guard upon Baltimore and Washington.

On the 28th day of June, the country was abandoned by the announcement that General Hooker had been relieved of his command, and Gen. George Meade appointed in his place.

How much this fact influenced General Lee is not known, but almost immediately after, he began a retrograde march. General Couch, who had command of the State forces, had received a large number of troops, and had erected extensive fortifications at Harburg.

The rebels evacuated Carlisle without much resistance, on the approach of General Smith with a portion of the State Militia. York was abandoned, and the invading army of more than one hundred thousand men were encamped near Gettysburg, on the last day of June.

On the 1st of July, the advance division of the Army of the Potomac, consisting of the First and Eleventh Corps, under General Reynolds, came up from the southwest through Gettysburg, and encountered the enemy on Seminary Hill, about a mile to the east of the town.

A severe contest ensued. Gen. Reynolds was killed early in the day, and the command devolved upon Gen. Doubleday. Our forces held their ground during the day, though not without some confusion in the Eleventh Corps.

At night the firing ceased, and the Union forces retired through Gettysburg down the Baltimore turnpike to Cemetery Hill, about a mile and a half south of the town; here they were reinforced by other divisions of the Army of the Potomac, and during the night they threw up earthworks, forming a section of a circle for nearly half a mile.

On the 2d of July, Lee's army came through Gettysburg, skirmishing until they met the Union forces at the hill. A lad named Barr was going down the street, near one of the first houses on the south side of Gettysburg; three rebels called to him to surrender; he raised his rifle and fired at them, and then attempted to run into the house. Just as he had turned into the alley of the house a mile ball passed through the back part of the left leg, cutting both tendons near the knee.

He fell, and the lady of the house came out and carried him in. The rebels followed, and took his name, claiming him as their prisoner. They also searched the house and took away everything of value, even to the sheets off her bed; they told the lady she would come back and get him. He laughed about it a week afterward, when I saw him and dressed his wound, and said, "He guessed they had forgotten to come for him."

A very severe battle raged at Cemetery Hill all day; the earth-works and the position on the hill gave our men great advantages. The enemy at three different times concentrated his forces and endeavored to break our lines at first on the right, then in the centre and at the left, but was unsuccessful. The Union men stood firm, and mowed down the rebels in heaps. The carnage was fearful, and the loss very heavy on both sides.

The immense numbers of Gen. Lee's army kept pouring in until night closed the fearful scene, and many a brave man lay weltering in blood, or slept quietly in the arms of death.

In the meantime, General Meade had been throwing up intrenchments on a range of hills, about two miles southwest of Cemetery Hill—now known as the "Battlesfield"—the advantage of this position were, that it enabled the entire army to be brought into action, and there were very excellent natural defences among the rocks. It is said that Gen. Lee intended occupying this spot—and that he was disappointed in the approach of Gen. Meade's army, two days before he anticipated them.

On the night of the 2d and morning of the 3d, the Union forces fell back to these intrenchments, and on the 3d of July, the most severe battle of this campaign, and probably that was ever fought on this continent ensued. Gen. Lee pursued the same plan that he had tried the day before, concentrating his forces and endeavoring to break the Union lines, first on the right, then in the centre, and finally at the left, but failed in each attempt—the men came to fall by thousands. This course which has often been resorted to by the rebel army, and which gave Stonewall Jackson his reputation, is a sad commentary on the recklessness and indifference to human life which has marked the career of this army. If the thousands who fall do not entirely block up the way and the opposing forces falter or lose their position when defeat is almost certain. In all these cases, however, the result was fearful slaughter of the invaders, and no gain to their cause.

At night each army rested, and it is reported that Gen. Lee sent in a flag of truce, asking for time to bury his dead, take care of his wounded, and arrange for the exchange of prisoners; to which Gen. Meade, it is said, made this laconic reply, "I have been in remembrance the trick at Antietam, by which the rebel army escaped from Gen. McClellan; that he would bury the dead and retake his prisoners."

On the dawn of day, on the 4th of July, the Union forces could discern the rear of Gen. Lee's great army hastily retreating to the left, over the Round Top mountain. They were soon in pursuit, and thousands of prisoners were taken on that day. The course of the army was marked by the dead and wounded men, and the struggling who lay along the road, and for two weeks after the retreat, there were many bodies lying in various stages of decomposition on these mountain tops. The only thing that could now be done, with these was to pile upon them dry wood and set fire to them. By this means, also, the bodies of the horses that were lying on the battlefield, in great numbers, were removed.

very exhausting to the life forces of those who are entirely exposed to them.

I looked hastily through these tents to see who were in the greatest need of immediate help. There were thirty-four of these men, all more or less mutilated, most of them looking sad and despairing, yet very patient.

In tent No. 3, I found Lieut. C. H. M., Co. D, 1st Minn. He had amputation of the fore finger and thumb of the left hand, and a severe and painful attack of inflammatory rheumatism of the right knee. He was lying on the damp ground, and as I thought, had rather an "injurious" application of the "cold water treatment" for his disease.

Next to him in the corner of the tent, lay Col. Wm. O., of the 1st Minn. Regt., a noble looking man, with a very large and strong physical frame, and a man of more than ordinary intelligence.

He had a minute ball enter at the right shoulder, and pass across the back, and it had been removed by an incision over the left shoulder blade. He had another minute ball in his right foot; this was very painful and considerably swollen—both wounds looked badly, and had symptoms of erysipelas around them.

I remarked to the Colonel, that he was to be my patient, and the first thing I should do would be to get him and the Lieutenant up on banks. "My God," said he, "there is nobody here to do anything!" I could see that this was not made as a complaint, but a strong, earnest expression of what he felt to be a reality.

So calling his servants, of whom he had three, I directed them to get light forked stakes, to drive into the ground, and four fence rails, to lay upon these; in the meantime, the Christian Commission furnished us with some boxes, and the ladies gave us sheets, and with a little dry straw that we found under a tent—in two hours we had two beds, quite as good as the Continental Hotel could furnish, under the circumstances.

The effect was magical, not only on these patients; but the nurses in the other tents took the hint. Example is always contagious, and soon the worst cases in some of the other tents were treated to the same luxury.

Before leaving Col. O., let me say, that on the 15th of July we removed the ball from his foot, having administered chloroform—and I ought to say here that no one can estimate the value of this anesthetic agent to the poor wounded soldiers, who are thus enabled to pass through the most serious and otherwise painful operations, entirely unconscious of suffering.

I dressed the wounds of all these men and returned in the evening to Gettysburg. We passed through a portion of the battle ground that was occupied on the second day of July. There were marks of the conflict, and numerous dead horses lying in all directions. It seemed hard that these faithful animals should be made the victims of the cruel system of war.

In town I found our lady nurses had all settled down to work, either in some of the public buildings, or among the men in tents, and their labors were very acceptable. Among the women who accompanied me, was the true heroism that prompted them to go to work for the suffering men, and with a little instruction, they were soon able to dress the wounds, and thus give great relief to the poor men who could not find surgeons to do this.

Such women are invaluable on the field of battle—others ought not to go. I lodged that night in a private house at the south side of Gettysburg, on the Baltimore turnpike. In the room where I slept was a wounded soldier, named Barr, whose case I have noticed. In the morning we had a breakfast of bread and butter, tea and coffee. These people were exceedingly kind, and were doing everything in their power to make the best of the terrible ordeal through which they had been, and were passing.

I know that complaints have been made of the people of Gettysburg, but my observation led me to think that they were like all other communities. The majority were very kindly disposed; but many of them had nothing for themselves and their children to eat. Those who had lived in very comfortable circumstances were stripped of almost everything, and those who had means could buy nothing. The only railroad communication was to Hanover Junction, and that was in the hands of the Government. The stores had "put up signs," "Nothing to sell here."

My impression in regard to many of them was, that though they gave but little, it was often given in such a manner as to insure to the giver a similar blessing to that which was pronounced upon the widow, who gave her "mite."

I returned to the hospital early on the morning of the 11th July, and found my patients all in good spirits. In the bed No. 1, 1st tent, was Charles M., Co. E, 11th Va. Regt., had amputation of the right leg—a very patient, quiet lad of about eighteen years; was very grateful for all that was done for him, and endeavored to make as little trouble as possible.

No. 11—George W. Co. B, 19th Maine. Gunshot wound across the breast.

No. 12—E. A. Co. H, 19th Maine. Gunshot through both thighs, with fracture of the left thigh. I took a minute ball from this man.

No. 13—R. F. Co. I, 145th P. V. Gunshot wound, and compound fracture of thigh. Must die. Very patient.

No. 14—A. M. Co. K, 1st Cal. Regt.—a Jolly Irishman. Had had no stroke. Was an assistant nurse.

No. 15—Matthew G. Co. H, 1st Cal. Regt. Gunshot wound, and compound fracture of the thigh. Probably fatal.

No. 16—Charles F. Co. F, 1st Cal. Regt. A lad aged twenty, who had compound comminuted fracture of the lower jaw, with considerable loss of the bone. His wound improved, however, and he will probably recover without very great deformity.

No. 17—John H. Co. F, 1st Cal. Regt. A twin brother of the former. He had been in the service two years and three months. He is wounded through the neck, the ball passing between the internal and external jugular veins, and out at the back—a very narrow escape. His left arm was partially paralyzed.

No. 18—Wm. N. Co. D, 1st Cal. Regt. Slight wound across the back. This man required but little care. He, with the twins and six others, came to Philadelphia with me.

Tent No. 3, bed No. 19—Lieut. M., Co. D, 1st Minn.

No. 20—Col. W. H. Co., 1st Minn., already described.

No. 21—Harry S. Co. H, 72nd P. V. This man had an extensive shell wound on the front of the left thigh, nine or ten inches long. He had been out in the rain from the 3d inst. to the 13th, when I found him and put him in this tent. He was in a very bad condition, but after dressing his wounds, and giving some warm stimulants, he revived and talked of going home to his family in Philadelphia. He was a very quiet, patient man. The next day he had fever, and was quite delirious. I wrote to his mother. The next day the fever increased, and on the evening of the 15th he died. This was the only man in my tents who died during the week I was there; and I have no doubt it was the long continued exposure that caused a fatal result here.

No. 22—Jno. T. D., sergeant, Co. B, 1st Minn. Amputation of left thumb, and fracture of the lower jaw. Doing well.

No. 23—Wm. A., Co. B, 1st Minn. Gunshot wound. Ball passed in at the right side, just above the hip, and out over the left hip bone, perforating the intestines. This man continued to improve, and would probably recover.

These men were very much pleased to be in the same tent with their Colonel.

No. 24—Charles S., 4th U. S. Artillery, from Marlton, Ohio. Had amputation of the shoulder. Was doing well.

Tent No. 4, bed 25—Peter L., Co. H, 15th Mass. A German, who had five gunshot wounds, and in every case the ball had passed out within an inch of the place at which it entered.

No. 26—J. R. J., Co. H, 47th N. C. This was one of the meanest rebels I had under my care. He was as yellow as saffron, and grumbled at everything and everybody. He had his left leg amputated, and the stump was in a bad condition.

No. 27—Wm. G. Co. H, 62d Va. Slight wounds.

No. 28—Lieut. Col. R. W. M., 53d Va. Fracture of the right thigh, gunshot wounds through both thighs. A bad case. He was quiet and patient. Not in a fracture chair.

No. 29—Stephen W., Co. I, 120th N. Y. Amputation of the left leg. A very pleasant and intelligent man. He improved nicely. Had a visit from some friends at home, which was very cheering to him.

No. 30—John B., Co. B, 57th Va. Amputation of right thigh—a bad case, and an irritable man.

No. 31—John T. D., Co. H, 63d Va. Amputation of left knee. Doing well—very quiet and patient.

No. 32—Lieut. W. S. B., Co. D, 37th N. C. Gunshot wound through left arm. He had had recision of about five inches of the bone. It was doing well. He was a very bright, pleasant young lad.

No. 33—John B., Co. O, 15th Mass. Two gunshot wounds in the arm and left shoulder.

No. 34—George O. B., Co. O, 15th Mass. Large shell wound over left hip. Had had serious secondary hemorrhage, but was doing well.

I conversed with more than one hundred men in the hospital who had amputations, and in every instance except one, they declared that they still had feeling in the limb which had been removed. This varied in different persons, but in most cases they experienced a numbness and unpleasant feeling in the limb. I was able in some cases to relieve this, having seen my friend Dr. J. B. Newton treat these cases. The plan is to have them close their eyes, and, placing my hand upon the forehead, request them to make simultaneous movements with both limbs. Some cases were thus relieved at once; others would require this to be done after the stump had healed. There was much curiosity among the men, especially the more intelligent ones, to know how this could be explained. I told them it was clear to me, for as the Apostle Paul declared, "There is a natural body and there is a spiritual body," and though the surgeon might cut away portions of the "natural" body, as long as the spirit remained connected with the body, these sensations would be experienced, and it was an evidence of the separate existence of the soul.

The men in these tents were placed under my special care, while all around me were hundreds of cases needing care. On the western slope of the hill lay about three hundred and fifty rebels, in the most deplorable and forlorn condition. I sought out some of the worst cases, and spent some time every day dressing their wounds. They were carrying out the dead from here almost all the time.

I found a man named W. H. McMellon, of Franklin Co., Va., who had lockjaw. He was aware of his approaching dissolution, and requested me to write to his wife and tell her he "hoped to meet her in heaven."

These poor fellows were fed regularly, and as soon as room could be made for them in tents they were removed. The following article from one of our papers expresses the terrible truth in reference to this subject:

REBEL INHUMANITY.—The brief, disastrous career of General Lee on Northern soil was marked by the most reckless inhumanity to his own unfortunate warriors. Every man killed with high hopes of success, those who died from disease or exhaustion were buried; if at all, in rude holes scarcely large enough to hide the bodies; and his sick were left in Chambersburg without medical or other supplies, and that, too, after he had robbed our druggists of all medicines, and destroyed our hospital goods. After his repulse at Gettysburg, he commenced his retreat without even trying to bury his dead, or minister to his thousands of wounded who could not be removed.

By his loss he left the lifeless forms of five thousand of his troops for sepulture, and full ten thousand of those most severely wounded were allowed to lie on the gory field to rot in agonies or die, unless the humanity of strangers, whose homes they sought to desolate, should in mercy care for them. The lines of their retreat were strewn with exhausted men, some dying from wounds, some prostrated by over-exertion and disease, and they were left unattended and unburied. Those who were but slightly wounded at Gettysburg were compelled to march with the wagons in which were placed such as were unable to walk. Not less than eight to ten thousand were thus straggling in pain; almost despairing efforts to reach the Potomac. The wagons filled with wounded were driven rapidly to escape capture, and the entire line was hissed with the agonizing shrieks of the sufferers, whose

chattered limbs were thrown from side to side by the "cannon rattle." Those who could not lie in the ambulances were often thrown remorselessly into a field or fence corner, and left to the humanity of passers-by. From Hagerstown to Williamsport the same revolting scenes were witnessed after Lee's final retreat across the Potomac.

Nearly every house on his route, including many in Williamsport, was left filled with his wounded, without medical stores or food; and these who still survive are a charge upon the kindness of the loyal people to whom, according to the Richmond Equivocal, Lee was to minister with "fire and sword."—Chamberburg Messenger.

On Saturday I was furnished with a tent, and after that remained in the hospital working day and night, there being calls almost every hour for medicine, or surgical relief, and as I had entered the service for one week only, the rule that short enlistments must do the hardest work, must apply to me. I made no complaint. Where all were working to their utmost it would be unjust to complain.

Sunday, July 12th, I was up early, and had the wounded in the tents dressed before breakfast. We put up a largish tent to-day, to accommodate my assistant, a Mr. Nicholson, of Baltimore, a very faithful and efficient man, who was almost constantly with me. There are two nurses assigned to each tent; one of whom takes the early watch, and the other the late one, so that one is always on hand. These men were very faithful at their posts. I had much more time for outside labor to-day, and found many interesting cases. It rained hard, but I had a gum elastic blanket, and though I had never camped out before this trip, I suffered no inconvenience whatever—had an excellent appetite, and slept whenever any opportunity offered.

A NIGHT IN CAMP HOSPITAL.

When the shades of evening drew around us, a new scene opened. A single candle is furnished to each tent by our careful ward-master, and where the patients are very sick, an additional one is allowed. These candles are generally placed in a bayonet, which is stuck in the ground, thus giving a pleasing appearance to the long lines of tents. But night is mostly dreary by the very sick; the want of the stimulus of light makes the weary hours draw heavily along. In camp, too, we had a continued succession of groans; some low and wailing, and others shrill and fearful. The habit of giving anodynes increased this. Men in a half-conscious condition made the air re-echoed with their hideous groans.

I visited my patients at ten o'clock, and then laid down to sleep; but seldom was it more than an hour till some urgent call required attention. At three o'clock I was awakened by terrific groans. I rose, and following the sounds, which were rapidly repeated, found a Captain Bilan, of Terre Haute, Indiana, a fine young man, who was mortally wounded. His mother, a faithful and true woman, and a Spiritualist, was standing by his side, where, I was informed, she had been constantly watching for three days and nights, and being overcome by exhaustion, she had fallen to a chair, and for a moment lost herself in sleep. Her soul was under the influence of a narcotic, and was delirious; after a few minutes he fell asleep. The next day I prevailed upon this lady to leave her son with Mrs. Farnham, and come to my tent and sleep two hours.

Poor man, how he suffered, until Tuesday, the 14th, when his spirit winged his way from these awful scenes. The consolations of Spiritualism assuaged that widowed mother, and she said to me, as she left the hospital in an ambulance with the body of her son, "There is nothing has sustained me so much, through all these long, weary hours of watching, as the full assurance that I feel that his father has been with me all the time. And while I take this poor casket home to his sisters, his father and he will go with me, and I know I shall meet them all in the Better Land." The blessing of God rest on that poor widowed mother. It was enough to bring tears to the eyes of the stoutest heart. His body was embalmed, preparatory to its removal to the West.

Toward morning the lights grew dim, and all of us halted the twilight in the east, and hoped to see sunlight. The mists on the hills and mountains ceased the drops of water to fall from the leaves, so that it seemed to be raining when it was not. But as length the shadows of night drew away, and bright smiles greeted the retreating morn.

THE FOOD OF THE HOSPITAL.

As soon as the hospital was organized, and the number of men, the wounded, the nurses, assistants, surgeons, &c., was ascertained, the Commissary Department made the necessary arrangements to furnish rations to each man. These consisted of bread, hard or soft, and coffee for breakfast; bread and beef, or pork for dinner; and bread and tea for supper. These meals were regularly served by men connected with the Commissary Department. Many of the men, especially among the rebels, found this fare quite good. The badly wounded, who could not feed themselves, were got together as soon as possible, and nurses appointed. The Sanitary Commission had a very large amount of stores in Gettysburg, which were accessible to the surgeons, and thus the men received fresh wheat bread, butter, and green vegetables in considerable variety.

The Christian Commission had a tent in our hospital, to which they brought a very large amount of most useful stores, and many of the men, doubtless, owed their lives to the earnest and devoted labors of these men. They were most liberal to me in furnishing every article that they had, and some of them were very anxious to know what religious sect the ladies who came with me and I belonged. Some of them had said to our women, "There is nothing for you to do here; you had better go home." But we differed, and those who saw us in the hospital also came to a different conclusion.

The most important articles furnished by these commissions were clothing, bandages, &c., for the men; bread, butter—which was a great luxury; rum—of which, through their labor and kindness, we had plenty for the very sick; wines and liquors, which were mostly distributed under the direction of the surgeons; farina, corn starch, a great variety of preserves, among which was a very useful and favorite article known as apple-butter, which was sent in large quantities by the farmers around. This is made by boiling apple juice for twelve or fifteen hours, and the process requires that they should be stirred continually. There were very many other delicacies furnished by this Commission. I must not omit to mention the very important article, "Condensed Milk," which was sent in sealed cans. This, which was of a creamy yellow color, and about the consistency of thick syrup, was a very great delicacy. We had also canned fruits and canned meats; and when the hospital was in proper working order, there were "delicacies for a king" to be had. To cook and distribute all these, was the work of our lady nurses, and nobly and faithfully did they apply themselves to these and other duties.

THE KIND OF WOMEN THAT OUGHT TO GO TO THE BATTLE-FIELD.

Our good Christian Commission brethren doubtless felt that they were expressing a truth, when they told the Spiritualists there was nothing for them to do there; but they had not measured our women by the true standard, and did not know what they could do. They knew that most women would shrink from the presence of mangled and mutilated men, many of them with little or no clothing upon them, and they never thought that a woman could go to such, and with water and sponge and bandages, open those horrible wounds, and wash away the foul, offensive discharges, and then bind them up again, and thus minister to the comfort of these poor men; but our women could and did do this, day after day, and the "God

(CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE.)

