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## Literary Department.

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### THE FATHER'S MISTAKE.

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#### CHAPTER I.

In a wild, picturesque valley of New England nestles the little village of Ashton. Travelers who toll over the rugged mountainous roads of that region, pause with mingled wonder and admiration, when this spot, smiling with plenty and framed by the grandly beautiful, bursts upon their enraptured gaze, like some enchanted scene pictured forth in the weird legends of ancient times.

A calm, pleasant look stole enthroned upon the fair brow of Nature, on this balmy June morning. The air is redolent with the sweet aroma of a thousand flowers, distilled by the tears of the preceding night, while the sun has just arisen from his fleecy couch and quelling his morning ardor from the hill tops, is now sending his bright messengers of light to city and town, but it seems as if his rays rested more resplendent in the quiet valley.

Small white cottages peep out from amid green shrubbery, while here and there a more imposing mansion rears its stately head. Yonder stands the church, with its glittering spire and bright, smooth shaven lawn. On the right we behold the Academy, which is the pride and admiration of the villagers. On the left a large building, with a creaking sign, proclaims that dry goods and groceries can be obtained within. A silver stream trickles forth from a distant hill, and wandering on with silent footsteps for a while, it suddenly dashes over a ledge of rocks, and as if convulsed and foaming with rage at its fall, it turns the great wheel of the mill, setting in motion the bustling machinery and the flingers of industry, and then rushing on, by many a devious path, it reaches the sea.

A little out of the village stands an old brown farmhouse. Honeyuckles and wild roses have clasped hands, and clambered up upon the roof. A bush of lilacs and syringas on either side the front door, proffer turn their fragrant branches to the passer. A stately elm shows its protecting branches with a graceful, caressing motion, as if to lull the time-honored, chartered spot, by promises of security.

In the rear, rich fertile lands gladden the sight, while an orchard of fruit trees proclaims a bounteous harvest, if the rain and sunshine are alike propitious. Yonder comes the owner of the place—Farmer Hale—one of the wealthiest men in Ashton. He is tall and stout, apparently about forty-five years of age. The ruddy hue of health rests upon his cheek, his face is bronzed by exposure to the sun and air, while the thin lips and corners of the mouth speak of a stern, inflexible will. Suddenly a light flashes from his eye, as it rests upon a child, seated by the door, and he calls softly:

"Beatie!"

She hears the voice and raises her head, and we behold a face such as we deem the angels might wear. Looks of pale gold fall in rich profusion over neck and shoulders, violet eyes, clear and deep as crystal lake, long, dark lashes, in vivid contrast to the transparent whiteness of the skin, and lips like moist coral, revealing the pearls within.

"As her father lifts her tenderly in his arms and gazes at her close to his broad breast, we perceive that she is a hunchback. Ah! that explains the look of haunting sadness that shrouds ever and anon the perfect countenance.

"Would you like to ride out this pleasant morning?" said the farmer. "I am going to Meadow Brook."

"Oh, I should enjoy it, very much," was the eager reply. "I was so lonesome in the house that I came out here. I felt very languid when Mark started for school, so mother decided that I had better stay at home; but I seem to be entirely out of place, as Aunt Deborah says she don't want children in the kitchen, and Reuben is as blind as a beetle to everything but his books."

Her companion's face clouded. "I thought I set him to working the garden. I don't suppose it's more than half done. He does plague me to death. If I can't find anything else for him to do, I'll make him pick up stones in the street, but I won't have him sneaking off to his books every chance that he can get," and he opened the door and stalked into the house.

A tall, spare woman stood at a table, rolling out pastry. She turned hastily as she heard the footsteps, exclaiming:

"Massy on us, Joseph! if you ain't tramping right over my clean floor in them muddy boots. Hush! don't slam the door. Mary, poor critter, has got one of her awful headaches, and Reuben's just been bathing her head in camelline."

Her brother took no notice of her words, but strode into the next room, where a pale, sickly-looking woman raised herself from the lounge at his approach.

"Come, wife," he said kindly, "I am going to Meadow Brook, and I want you to go too. It will do you a vast deal more good than being bired up here. All you want is a little fresh air. I'll warrant you'll feel quite smart when you get back."

Then turning to the lad, who sat at a table with a pile of books before him, he exclaimed:

"There, boy, put those up, every one of them, and don't let me see them around again, unless you want to take them to the kinsle the fire. You're got to toe the mark now, and go to work in earnest to learn to be a farmer. I took you out of school for good last year. I can't afford to send any boy to college, and that's Mark, whether he wants to go or not. Things is coming to a pretty pass, when boys of fifteen and seventeen undertake to dictate to their elders. My mind, I don't want any grumbling because you can't have your own way. I'm master here, remember."

Just then the door opened, and a tall, handsome youth entered, with a swing of his head.

"See, mother," he cried, holding them up. "I've caught enough for dinner; and, Beatie, here's some ripe, red strawberries that I found hiding themselves in the meadow; there will be a sight there in a few days," and he laid a green leaf filled with the luscious fruit in her hand.

"Thank you, how kind you are," she replied, kissing him on either cheek. "I am glad you brought them, for I know mother will relish them."

"Eat them yourself, my dear," rejoined the latter, smiling. "I know of a girl who did not want any breakfast this morning, and I am very sure she needs them more than I do."

"Well, Mark," said his father, in anything but a pleasant voice, "I should like to know what business you have to be out of school to-day."

"Because I could n't stand it any longer," was the petulant response. "I'm tired to death of study; so I thought I'd take a half-holiday. Anybody must love books a great deal better than I do to be content to be cooped up in the house such beautiful weather. I do wish that you'd taken me out of school, instead of Reuben. I shan't ever be one of the glib-tongued gentry, so it's no use trying. I like farming, and I'd a great deal rather go and haw to the oxen than conjugate verbs in the school-room."

"Did anybody ever see two such contrary boys?" was the despairing exclamation. "I'm sick of so much nonsense about what you like and dislike, and I'll tell you one thing: don't let me hear of your being out of school again, unless you're a better excuse than the one just given. I'm determined that you shall go to college, and your brother is to be a farmer, as I've told you a hundred times before. I now repeat it once for all, and don't let me hear the subject mentioned again."

"But, father," expostulated the son, "the teacher says you don't realize what you are doing in taking Reuben from his studies. Why, he's the best scholar in the Academy. Squire Gordon wanted to know, the other day, if you did n't intend to educate him for a lawyer, and when I told him that you had taken him out of school, he stared with astonishment, and then he laughed and said he supposed it was one of your queer notions, but he guessed you'd find it would n't work."

"I believe I ain't a fool yet," rejoined the farmer, now thoroughly angry, "and when I want Squire Gordon or the teacher's advice, I'll ask for it; until then they'll say their breath if they keep their tongues between their teeth, and not meddle with my affairs. Now, Reuben, if you've put them books away, you may harness the horse and bring him to the door; and do n't let the grass grow under your feet, nor fall asleep while you're about it, either. Mary, you and Beatie put on your things; I must be off in five minutes. Debby," turning to his sister, "is there anything waiting at Meadow Brook?"

"Well, not as I know on," was the laconic response; "but perhaps you'd better stop and tell Deacon Blister's wife's sister that Polly Grimes has her quiltin' Friday, and she wants her to be sure and come. She's such a powerful hand to sew, that with her help they'll have it out of the frames in little less than no time. Come to think on't, I guess I'll send Patience Tompkins a piece of that last cheese that I cut. She's a master fond of my cheeses, you know. Then there's that 'tintment that I promised to let Dorcas Miller have for her rheumatism."

"Father, I guess I won't go with you," said Beatie, laying her hand upon his arm. "I want to go to school this afternoon, and you won't be back in time."

"Well, well, child; just as you like," was the reply; "though I think the ride would be better for those pale cheeks than study. Come, wife, there comes Reuben, at last, with the horse."

Mrs. Hale immediately made her appearance, and was assisted by her husband into the carriage, he, in the meantime, giving numerous directions to his son as to the work which he expected him to perform ere he returned, and then seating himself by his wife, he drove away.

Mark had already sauntered off into the woods to amuse himself until noon, while Aunt Deborah went back to the kitchen, and Reuben, taking his horse, passed into the garden.

"Dear me," he soliloquized, "father gave me so many orders that I'm all confused, and I'll warrant I shall make some great blunder. How I wish I was at school. I suppose the Latin class is reciting now; it's just about time. How under the sun Mark could deign to play truant, I don't see. I should be the last one to do that."

"What are you dreaming about?" said a clear, musical voice at his elbow, and turning he beheld his sister.

"Oh, a great many things," he replied, smiling, "and I wish I was anywhere but here."

"Oh, shocking," she archly rejoined; "this is the dearest, sweetest spot in the world to me. If you never find a worse place than this, you'll be fortunate. I'm thinking."

"I don't see as I shall ever have an opportunity to try the experiment, if I'm to be tied down here all my life," was the gloomy response.

"Don't look so down-hearted. Have you forgotten that it's always darkest just before the dawn? Something may happen to cause father to relent."

"Nothing short of a miracle, and we don't expect those now days, you know," he replied, almost smiling; but quickly relapsing again into his sad mood, he resumed his work.

"I see that I shall be obliged to quote my favorite motto, 'Hope on, hope on,'" she rejoined laughing. "The hope in my heart died long ago, and father preached the funeral discourse this morning. I'm afraid that it will never be resurrected."

"Nonsense! a boy like you to give up in that way! I thought you had more perseverance. Think of the many who have struggled with adverse circumstances and triumphed over every obstacle. I am almost inclined to think that it is best that father be set upon your being a farmer."

"Why, Beatie! how can you talk so?" exclaimed her brother, gazing at her in astonishment; "I thought you sympathized with me."

She laughed lightly.

"Well, so I do. Let me explain myself. You are not as strong as most boys of your age, and if you had your way you would apply yourself with such devo-

tion to your books, that in a short time it would be an injury to you; but if you are obliged to work on the farm for a few years, it will benefit you very much, as far as your health is concerned."

"I know that; and I would n't say a word if I thought that I could be released then; but I know it's impossible; when once father makes up his mind, nothing in heaven or earth can change him. How angry he was when Mark told him what Squire Gordon and Mr. Granville said."

"But that was not a suitable time to inform him of their remarks. It only served to irritate him, and make him more decided in his course. I was sorry that it happened."

"I don't know as it makes much difference. He is sufficient unto himself, and what anybody might say for or against, would not add a feather's weight in his opinion. I suppose I might as well give up the idea of ever knowing anything aside from farming."

"I don't understand why you need to confine your thoughts wholly to that occupation, if you did follow it," she gently rejoined. "If you would only learn to adapt yourself to circumstances, and behold good in everything, you would be happier."

He smiled.

"Do you know sis, I think you would make quite a preacher."

"Oh, now you are laughing at me," she replied, her pale cheek flushing. "I know it is much easier to theorize than to practice, but we are obliged to talk sometimes before we can realize the importance of actions. You seemed to be faithless to everything but your books, and that led me to speak in the manner that I did."

"Which was all right. You are the dearest sister that a brother ever had; if I could talk with you every day, I might in time become reconciled to my lot."

"Oh, Reuben! there are a great many better comforts than I am," was the earnest reply. "When you come out to your work, almost despairing, listen to Nature's thousand voices proclaiming of that Infinite Power who rules the world, and who bringeth forth good from what to our mortal eye, seemeth but evil."

At that instant, aunt Deborah's shrill voice was heard summoning them to dinner.

#### CHAPTER II.

Farmer Hale was very proud and fond of his first-born, and before he was emancipated from ancestral tradition, he had decided that he was a prodigy. Then the father's heart became fired with ambition for his boy. Although his imagination would lead him away into the world, and shining a brilliant light in the firmament of great men.

When his second son was placed in his arms he sighed that it was not a daughter. His hopes were all centered upon his bright, handsome Mark, and he desired no rival for him; at last he concluded that this child should travel in the path that he had trod, and settle down in the old homestead, a happy and contented farmer.

Then came the beautiful Beatie, and his heart was full. When nearly two years of age, she received a fall which produced a spinal affection. Thus, for thirteen summers had the sunshine rippled over her head, adding new beauties to the lovely face, while the form grew more and more misshapen. Unable to join with the children of the village in their boisterous sports, and occasionally hearing a taunt from some rude lad, she had been accustomed from her earliest infancy to withdraw within herself, thus, like all those upon whom sorrow lays its chastening hand, she was mature and old beyond her years. She was the idol of the family circle, and they cherished the fanciful illusion—if such it was—that the angels were a little nearer the gentle deformed child than to other mortals.

Ah! people never knew how much of love and kindness were hidden beneath the farmer's rough exterior, until they saw him guarding so tenderly the fragile flower that had been transplanted from the garden of God to bloom awhile amid the bleakness of earth.

Mrs. Hale had been an invalid for a number of years, still she was always cheerful, and no murmur or complaint ever passed her lips.

The management of the household devolved upon her husband's sister, Deborah, and well fitted was she to attend to all their temporal wants; although some years older than her brother, he was her oracle, and her remarks were generally an echo of his. Possessing a strong constitution, and scarcely ever sick in her life, she had no sympathy for the ailments of others, but rather felt a sort of contempt for those whose physical endurance was not equal to hers, and it must be confessed that she secretly lamented that her sister-in-law was so delicate; regretting that Joseph's choice had not fallen upon one who enjoyed the robust health and vigor that Nature had so kindly bestowed upon her.

In proportion as Reuben was neglected and disliked by his father, he found consolation in the love of his mother. He had not the handsome face or strength of his brother, yet there was that in the high, broad brow, deep, grey eyes, and thoughtful, serious air which was better than beauty. He had tasted of the rill of knowledge, and it had filled his soul with a great passion longing; but to all the signs of mental superiority which he exhibited, his father resolutely shut his eyes. He had made his decision, and in his foolish short-sightedness, he deemed that at his command, that mind, that was waiting to soar amid the stars, and whose eagle eye was gazing up the dazzling heights of Fame, would curb its proud ambition, and bury itself among the clouds of the valley, with no thoughts, no aspirations above the holding of the plow.

Mark, the mischievous, fun-loving boy, who detested the very sight of a book, must enter college. This was the father's decree, and it was as unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. Therefore the mother's gentle pleadings, Beatie's fond caressings, Mark's expostulations, and Reuben's entreaties were alike in vain.

At the time our story opens, Mr. Hale had taken his youngest son from school, much to the regret of the teacher, who understood the child better than his father.

One morning, as they sat at breakfast, Beatie exclaimed:

"So, Mr. Granville has offered a prize in the Algebra class. Why didn't you tell me of it, Mark? I did n't find it out until yesterday."

"Oh, I forgot all about it. I didn't suppose you would try for it, for your attendance at school is so irregular that you would n't stand much chance."

"No, I know I should n't; but I like to hear about it, nevertheless. Shant you contest it? Ada Gordon says that her father has promised Robert a handsome present if he wins, but I don't believe he will, for he sits and catches flies most all the time. I don't think there is another such an idle boy in school."

"He is n't very studious that's a fact, but then he's got great mechanical genius, and he carves out splendid things with nothing but his knife. I heard the Squire say, that after this term he might do as he chose about a profession. Take my word for it, he'll get out some wonderful invention yet, that will make him famous. But, Reuben, what makes your eyes sparkle so? You're thinking about that prize, I'll warrant."

"Yes, I was, and wishing that you might gain it. I suppose it will spur some of those laggards up, but I do n't believe you'll have any very formidable rival in the race."

"I don't know about that; if you were there I should n't stand a shadow of a chance, as it is, I doubt whether I shall be successful."

"Nonsense," exclaimed his father; "just determine that you'll win, and you will. Never stand by and let anybody else bear off anything that any effort of yours could obtain. I hope you'll do your best."

"So do I," chimed in Aunt Deborah. "You know you've got a pretty good head-piece, Mark, if you are only a mind to think so, and do n't you let it be said that there's a boy or a gal in Ashton that can beat you in 'rithmetic."

"Well, that would be a sad affair," replied her nephew laughing. "I'll try, if it's only to satisfy you. But do n't you get your hopes exalted too high, or there may be a tremendous fall."

"Why, if there isn't the teacher now coming toward the house," cried Beatie, gazing out of the window.

The farmer started from the table, exclaiming:

"There, Reuben, you may go into the meadow to raking up that hay. I should n't think there was anything to be done today by your loitering here; and wife, if Mr. Granville inquires for me, tell him I'm out in the garden," and a few minutes after, when the visitor appeared, he was busily engaged in prancing some bushes.

"A pleasant morning, Mr. Hale."

"Yes, very," was the short reply.

"I've called to see if you are really in earnest in taking your son from school," said the teacher after an awkward pause.

"I ain't anything else," was the curt rejoinder.

"I am very sorry to hear it. I hoped that there was some mistake. I thought perhaps that a press of work obliged you to withdraw him for a while, and that you intended to send him again soon."

"Well, you did n't guess right," was the sharp retort. "I calculate that I know what I'm about, and I don't mean that the boy shall ever darken a school-room again, or study, either, if I can help it."

"Do you know that he is the best scholar in the Academy?"

"I can't help it if he is. It's no use talking, my mind's made up. I wish I'd kept him at home long ago. So much learning don't do a farmer any good."

"But do n't you see that all his thoughts are centered in his books? Farming is not congenial to one of his temperament, and the Creator never gave him such a brain as that without intending that all its powers and capabilities should be cultivated to the utmost. You are endeavoring to thwart Nature's plans in sending your oldest son to college and keeping the youngest chained to the farm."

"Fiddlesticks! I don't believe one word of such stuff," was the contemptuous response. "A boy can be one thing as well as another if you take them young. That tree yonder wanted to grow in one direction, but I meant it should grow in another, and I made it."

"Children are very different," rejoined his companion, "and the same methods are not successful with all. You are unfortunate in your choice of an illustration, however. That tree that you refer to is very crooked, and I should like to inquire if it has ever borne any fruit. I fear it will not sustain you, if you intended to uphold your position by it."

"I believe I have got a little common sense left, enough, any way, to mind my own business," was the pointed reply.

"Excuse me if I have offended by my warmth," said Mr. Granville, gently. "I am sorry to lose my favorite pupil. It is more pleasure to teach a mind that craves knowledge, than those that come driven to their tasks."

"I suppose you mean well enough," replied his listener, a little mollified, "but your arguments don't convince me. I can't see it in the light that you do. I know just how it will be. Reuben will get over fretting when he sees that it is n't of any use, and settle down and make a first rate farmer. You can't tell by children's talk what they'll be; they ain't of the same mind long at a time. Mark thinks that he's abused because I want him to go to college, but one of these days he'll be glad that I made him go."

"For the sake of both of your boys, I earnestly hope that you may prove so, but I fear that the result will be entirely different from what you expect. I will bid you good morning now, as I have several matters to attend to before school hours, and, bowing to the farmer, he walked away, while the latter, turning to his work, muttered:

"I do wish folks would mind their own concerns, and not be meddling with their neighbors' affairs. I declare, things is coming to a pretty pass if I can't do as I'm a mind to with my own children without having the whole village around my ears. I don't want any of their advice, and I won't yield an inch—no, not one inch. Reuben has got to be a farmer, that's that, and he sent a stone spinning with great velocity from his path, as if to give emphasis to his decision."

"Oh mother!" exclaimed Beatie when she saw her teacher pass out into the garden in quest of her father. "I do believe Mr. Granville has come to see about Reuben's going to school."

"Much good will it do," rejoined Mark. "It's no use for anybody to say anything. I wish he had n't come, for it will only make things worse."

"Oh, how faithless you are," retorted his sister. "What do you think, mother? Will his pleading prove as unsuccessful as ours?"

"Alas! I fear so," was the sad response. "although he may bring up arguments that we have never thought of. All we can do is to trust and wait."

"Which we shall have plenty of time to do," replied her son with a laugh. "Somehow, father has got it into his head that I am the genius of the family, when, instead of monopolizing all the brains but a very small portion fell to my share, I believe he imagines that I am to be a second Webster. He'll be awfully disappointed some time. A sorry, poor figure I shall cut in college, if I am ever so lucky as to get there. I do wish I could do as I pleased. I'd throw all of my books into the stream, and never look inside of one again. Other boys ain't tormented so."

"For shame!" exclaimed Aunt Deborah, now coming to the rescue of her brother's favorite hobby. "a boy like you to think he knows better than his father. 'Twas n't so in my day. Then children were taught to know their place, but times is changed some since then, and I can't say that it's for the better. I'm astonished at your running out again your father. If 'twas Reuben, now, I should n't wonder at it, for he ain't was a rebellious child."

Mrs. Hale's cheek flushed.

"He was always very easily managed," she said gently. "You never understood his disposition."

The teacher tossed her head and retreated into the kitchen, muttering:

"Well, I never! How much she does not get by that boy, when anybody with half an eye can see that Mark's the smartest. Strange how blind some folks be!"

The next instant she called out triumphantly:

"There, I guess Joseph is reading that meddling schoolmaster away with a flea in his ear. Anyway, he looks 'mazing glum. I hope it will learn him a lesson to mind his own business another time. Land! I should like to see anybody undertake to put their finger into my affairs! I reckon they'd get more than they bargained for."

Mark glanced from the window exclaiming:

"Yes, it is just as I expected. Mr. Granville is disappointed, and father is very angry. I can see by his motions. Oh dear! To college I must go, but I am inclined to think that I shall come out faster than I went in."

His mother regarded him anxiously.

"Do nothing rash, my dear boy," she said. "Remember all your father's hopes are centered in you."

He kissed her tenderly for a reply, and turning to his sister, said:

"Come, Beatie, put on your bonnet; it is nearly school-time."

#### CHAPTER III.

It was a chilly, misty day in September. Dark clouds curtained the sky with here and there a rift that soon closed together again. There was no heavy shower, exciting and exhilarating, but only the monotonous patter of the dancing drops, which is so wearing to the nerves, causing the heart to despair that the sounds will ever cease.

"Oh dear!" exclaimed Beatie gazing disconsolately from the window. "It has done nothing but drizzle, drizzle, all day. I'm so tired. It's dreadful dull here. I shall be glad when vacation is over. I've hemmed father's handkerchiefs, and I should like to go into the kitchen and help Aunt Debby, only she says I'm 'more plague than profit.' I don't want to read because my head aches. What shall I do, mother?"

"Why don't you go up into the open chamber and see Reuben?" was the reply. "He's shelling beans, I believe. Perhaps he'll be glad to have your assistance."

"Well, I will. I never thought of that," and she ran from the room.

Ascending the stairs, the next instant she stood beside her brother, who lay extended upon the floor, apparently oblivious of everything but the Latin grammar before him. He started quickly at her touch, and looked up with a half terrified air.

"Oh, it is you, Beatie?" he said drawing a sigh of relief. "I almost expected to see Aunt Deborah's grim face; then what a lecture I should have got. She would only have scolded with just enough breath left to report me to father."

"Oh, I'm so glad it was only me," she replied. "But you've got your work all done. How you must have hurried. I should n't think you'd dare to leave that book, though. How angry father would be if he should see it."

"I can't help it," was the almost passionate response. "I should be if I could n't study. Dear me, I wish I'd never been born, or that this longing could be taken away and I not care for anything but farming. My heart is not in my work, and I forget, and keep making mistakes, and then I get such an awful scolding. I do wish I was dead."

"Hush, Reuben. I know it's dreadful, but then you must not speak so. It is n't right."

He turned upon her almost fiercely.

"It's very well for you to talk, that never had a wish crossed in your life. You can't begin to know the misery I suffer. Until you've had some experience of such things, refrain from passing judgment upon me."

She drew his hand down into her lap, and laid her cool, soft hand upon his throbbing brow.

Presently, he said:

"Forgive me, Beatie. I did not mean to be humiliated now; but I am so unhappy, every little thing chafes me. I am positively getting to be very ill-humored."

"I did not mind it, dear Reuben, for I know you did not intend to hurt my feelings." After a pause, she continued: "I think your case is similar to a bird's that Ada Gordon had. Her brother William brought it from some beautiful lake across the sea. They put it in a cage, but it was not contented in its foreign home, and pined to be free; so it kept beating its wings against the prison bars, until their hearts were moved with pity, and they opened the door that it might once away, but the mad effort had crippled it. It vainly essayed to fly, and as its heart was broken, it uttered one wild, despairing note, and fell back dead. That is with you—you are waiting your strength."







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## Soul Amity.—A Vision.

[Only a faint idea of a vision of the soul can be given by words.]

I see an immense river, covered with vast multitudes of human beings, male and female, moving onward. As the river flows on, so moves the multitude. Each one moves on its currents, independent of every other one. The multitude is divided into companies, societies and sects. Organizations are formed and bound together by means of frail cords or ropes. Some companies are very large—some are small, and some of the voyagers are alone, isolated and desolate. The progress of no one is advanced or retarded by the bondage of a society, sect, or organization. The river is the invisible river of life; the current of the river indicates human progress, bearing each and every human being onward to the great ocean of the spiritual world. No one is moved by his own volition or effort, but all are moved by the invisible currents of Nature. No one helps to move another on this voyage of progress, for the moving power of progress is the ever-flowing currents of the river.

For the most part, a man and woman are sailing together, side by side, each in a separate bark. A silken cord is wound round and round the two, and on this silken cord is written earthly marriage. This does not advance or retard the onward movement of either. With some this cord is broken; with others it is cut; with many it is oppressive, while with most it is held as being very sacred. Those who have no silken bonds, move onward just the same as those who have. Every human being has a sailing bark that is peculiar to each, in which each moves on the current of progression. This great river moves the whole vast multitude of earthly voyagers forward, regardless of all external forms, ceremonies, alliances, institutions, organizations.

Immersed ately over and back of the head of each is a star. No two stars are alike. Every star is lovely, but each has a tint of glory peculiar to itself. Each star shines upon and illuminates the soul of the mortal to which it belongs. How beautiful is every soul in and to its own peculiar tint of loveliness!

Among these voyagers of life I see a man I know—a friend—I see his very soul. The beauty of a human soul, when seen in the radiance of its own glory, is ineffable and unutterable. Too much for human vision to yet look upon. I gaze upon the beautiful star that is over him, upon his star that shines for him—that shines on, rather than upon and around him. My eyes are fixed and charmed, and as I gaze upon this star it unfolds to view a female form of un-speakable loveliness, adorned with flowers, whose freshness and sweetness and real nature cannot be spoken. She is innocence; she is purity; she is perennial youth; she is the spirit of unending truth, surrounded by a halo of the softest light. She is perfectly passive, and is the beauty of perfect holiness.

She speaks to me. Her language is like the hidden laws of Nature—yet unknown to and unspoken by human lips. It is like the sweet melody of silence that humanity cannot yet sing. It is like the voice of angels that only speak to the senses of the soul. But I must try, in what seems to be a rough way, to convey in words some idea of what she says, and I can best do so by quoting the language of a spirit given in a spiritual communication. She raises one of her hands, as if in gratitude and worship, and with the other open hand she points to him in whose star she holds existence, and with her eyes fixed upon him, she quotes, for me to write, as follows: "Mine, forever. Mine when this weary form mingles with its kindred dust; mine when his freed spirit soars heavenward; mine, then, too, in his recognition, where no earthly loves shall disturb the soul's serenity; and mine still, wandering through eternity; and mine, still mine, forever."

I ask, is this joy for all? Is every voyager on this dark river of time blessed with a guardian-spirit of such ineffable loveliness? The answer comes not in words but in a flash of light, spanning the shoreless world. With a vivid dash of intuition thrown upon my soul's senses, in an instant I distinctly and clearly behold uncounted millions on millions of human beings, male and female, for each and every one I see a guardian spirit, just as beautiful, differing only in tint, not in degrees of glory, that is inseparably united to and is in perfect similitude with his or her own existence.

The curtain of physical daylight, which is spiritual darkness, now falls over this vast scene. I see now, as each one of the multitude sees, I see no river, no multitude of human beings, no beautiful souls, no stars of love, no angel guardians. But from what I saw in this vision I know, and know for eternity, that the stars in the vision do exist and light the spiritual pathway of all human feet. I know that each soul in this dark world of matter has an unseen guardian of love; has another soul in spirit that is its own forever, to hold it, to keep it, to draw it in its own affinity.

A. B. C.

## Pictures in a Wash-Tub.

For the little criticism that appeared in a preceding BANNER, on my statement above-named, I was fully prepared. At the time the "pictures" appeared, I had an idea that imprints of "Clay," &c. had been stamped upon calicoes, and I believed suggested the same to friends while examining the affair. But it so happens that the "pillow case," on which the pictures appeared, was neither "calico" nor a "handkerchief," and never had been. The proprietress assured us that it had always been white cloth, and had been made up with her own hands, years before, from the original piece, (sheeting.) The fabric had become quite thin, owing to long wear. And, besides, what was there in fresh, clear water, or in any other use of the cloth, more than there had been a thousand times before to cause the impression of those pictures?—to have made the color so thick and dark? And if there was a chemical agency in the "erasive soap" to "dye" it, why did it fade in the hands of the medium?—in my own hands after that, and come out again, in small parts, in the hands of another medium, and then vanish utterly away, leaving the cloth white, as the owner knew it in the original piece years before?

The "mordant" idea does not meet these facts. There is no mordant chemical agency that can "play such pranks." If so, let us know it. Let your "calico" and "handkerchief" manufacturers show us their compounds which will come out in clear water, resist all erasive processes, and fade in the hands of mediumistic personsages.

And one thing more I wish all to remember. The existing spiritist operations are not put beyond the sphere of objection, but are so arranged that they are specially adapted to call out the logic even of those who are disposed to object whether or no, as well as to invite close scrutiny otherwise. Only let the discussion be good tempered, and the "facts" duly regarded and admitted.

I have the strongest confidence in the capacity of regulated and capable spirit-operators to achieve a *fact*, as also an original conception. And I say again, that due attention to the regulating principles of external connection, will ensure the utmost reliability in this, as in all other departments of spirit communication.

D. J. MANDRELL.

## Lycæum Hall Meetings.

Mrs. Augusta A. Carrier speaks again next Sunday before the Spiritualists of this city, in Lycæum Hall, at 7 o'clock, and evening. Mrs. Carrier is a talented lecturer, and one of the first eloquentists in the country.

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

## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1863.

OFFICE, 135 WASHINGTON STREET.

Room No. 5, Up Stairs.

WILLIAM WHITE &amp; CO.,

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

LUTHER COLBY,

EDITOR.

"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 still 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 refuge for the oppressed of every race and of every clime."—Extract from John Bright's Speech on American Affairs, delivered at Birmingham, England.

## Property in All Things.

Thanks to the generous Giver of life itself, there is nothing visible which we may not all of us possess if we choose, to the utmost limit of our power of retention. Property, at best, is but a relative possession, and he may really enjoy it who does not pay taxes and cost of litigation over it, but contemplates it distantly over the high stone wall of his neighbor. This sort of Agrarianism, which can exist in none but a high and spiritual sense, is perfectly allowable. Old Isaac Walton, the venerated father of all good and quiet anglers, wrote in this pleasant strain about it:—"That very hour which you were absent from me. I sat down under a willow by the water-side, and considered what you had told me of the owner of that pleasant meadow in which you left me—that he has a plentiful estate, and not a heart to think so—that he has, at this time, many lawsuits depending—and that they both damped his mirth and took up so much of his time and thoughts that he himself had not leisure to take that sweet comfort which I, who pretended no title to them, took in his field."

Old Isaac has stated and argued the case at the same time. Any of us can enjoy, and in that sense possess, what lies open to the comprehensive grasp of sight and can furnish topics for pleasant contemplation, regardless of titles under the law, or the longest and exact records on the register's books. If a man of money erects a noble edifice to dwell in, consulting the most accomplished architects, and employing the most skillful mechanics to aid him in his work, as cannot enjoy a whit more from the outside contemplation of his structure than any other person who walks that way; in point of fact, the extra cost and pains to which the owner has gone in securing beauty of proportions, fitness of ornamentation, and impressiveness in the general effect, have been quite as much to gratify the passer's eyes as his own; he cannot himself stand outside, over against his house; and perpetually admire it, but has put so much more money and talent into it for the express purpose of pleasing others; this, therefore, is the legitimate possession of all who choose to look and be pleased; if they who pass do not notice or admire, then has the owner clearly built in vain.

These things, it is to be seen, are, of course, spiritual, and not at all material. If another man does for you what you would desire to see done, but have not the power to do yourself, is it not well? and will you stop to cavil because it is merely done by another, instead of by yourself? That is hardly better than childlike selfishness, itself. What we are able to enjoy, that we may enjoy, if another, instead of ourselves, is the legal owner. What we have the capacity to relish and take silent and secret delight in, that we shall relish and take delight in, whether it be fair meadows of another's ownership, or fine houses of our own. There is no human statute, above the divine statute, which can regulate these things. Happily for us who happen to be rich in spiritual possessions but poor in this world's goods, we cannot be warned off any man's grounds by a scowling and over-important overseer.

There is a fund of satisfaction in this thought, which all who have ever been conscious of it, will at once assent to. It is fortunately capable of enlarging the otherwise constrained limits of our lives. Without worldly possessions as many of us may be, our other-worldly reflections may be readily sweetened by the reflection that we are able, after all, to enjoy as much as those who hold all things in their own hands. If Spring discloses its countless beauties to the poor man as well as the rich; the meadows look as fair to the eyes of the footstep traveler, as to his who whisks the dust from his wheels upon the traveler's garments. The brooks dance as merrily, the glees of the birds is as delightful, the moonlight is as fine, the works of art as beautiful and noble to him who has nothing, as to him who claims to own by the thousands. Only let us all keep alive and open the soul's true perceptions, that we may see and know and enjoy; else the world is closed to us, whether the little deeds are recorded in our names, or we stand on the roll of inmates in the town poorhouse.

## With England.

The Cabinet has been more or less bustled, of late, with discussing the policy proper to be pursued with Great Britain in relation to the sitting out of the fleet of pirates, in the interest of the rebellious States, to prey on American commerce. The whole story may be at last summed up in this way: The English are merely employing a covert and indirect means to do what they dare not yet attempt to do openly—namely, to sweep our national commerce from the face of the sea. It is an idle dream, or else a piece of pure madness, to think it possible to accomplish so vast and so barbarous a work at this day, yet there are men in the government of Great Britain, as there are everywhere; in fact, who heed nothing in the lessons taught by the past, and are just as willing to attempt impossibilities as ever Sancho Panza was to run a tilt with the barbed windmill. About the exact state of our relations with the British Government on this matter, a writer for one of the leading New York papers declares, from Washington, there can be no doubt whatever that strong remonstrances have been made to the English Government by Mr. Adams, at the instance of Mr. Seward, against the sitting out of these vessels in British ports; and that hints will soon be thrown out of reprisal and non-intercourse. He says further, should the agents of our Government now in Europe succeed in purchasing the numerous vessels constructed for the "Emperor of China," it is probable that all danger of a collision with England will subside; but if these vessels are permitted to leave English ports for the purpose of preying upon our commerce, then trouble will come. We should think it about time, if a nation is to stand still and quietly see a foreign and envious power (as all foreign powers ever are, and ever will be, envious of their rivals), step in and crowd its commerce to the wall, then the charter and token of that nation's existence might, as well be, revoked by general consent of the world. This matter is simply piracy in a new guise. It is nothing but self with them in these things, from beginning to end. We would better die fighting such attempted imposition, than live to submit to it for a single day.

## Home Education.

The foundation of character is laid at home. There are sown the seeds that in the future shall ripen into beauty, or culminate in a harvest of misery and crime. The great school of preparation is the daily life; and by the example of its teachers, the future man and woman is molded for the outside world, and the great hereafter. We Spiritualists have (learned of Anti-Natal influences; we must pursue the study, and continue the love labor of perfecting the physical condition, the mental tendencies, the spiritual states of our children. The lessons they learn at school are of minor importance to the precepts inculcated in the tender, receptive mind at home. The knowledge of distant countries, seas and natural wonders, is inferior to the home-taught wisdom that commences with the individual, teaching the laws of health, of purity, of unselfish religion, and world-wide love to man. We have blithely sent our children to school to learn their first lessons; let it be so no more. Let us instruct them at home, in the sweet, every-day courtesies of life; in that politeness that is the manifestation of a benevolent and unselfish heart; in that knowledge of the physical functions that gives the master-key to the understanding of spiritual things. No more enshrouded in unnecessary mystery, should we keep from the child's mind the pure and holy revelations of its being. In language adapted to the young comprehension, we should unfold the governing laws, and with a due reverence, inform our son and daughter of the moral responsibilities, of that purity whose existence constitutes the charm of life. "Ignorance" can never be bliss. Nor is it advisable to leave children in the dark with regard to their physical conditions. The truly progressive parent will seek to harmonize all the faculties; will strive to blend pleasure with instruction, so that the child will be eager to learn, and will never weary of the life-lessons thus connected. A love of Nature, of Art, of all the beautiful, can thus be implanted in the growing soul; and in connection with the highest aspirations for the Ideal, may be actualized a portion of that heavenly life that is the desire of all striving hearts.

By obedience to the mandates of cleanliness, order, arrangement of thought and visible objects by interest in the daily and minutest concerns of the household, the child is inured to industry, to care for *little things*, to temperance of feeling and of act, to reverence and elevation; to honesty and purity, to love and truthfulness. And all this it will never learn in the crowded schoolroom; there it only repeats its parrot-like lessons, while the heart remains untaught, the mind a vacuum of truly useful knowledge. But at home the young immortal learns continually; and if taught aright, the soul-faculties are beautifully adapted for the erection of an imperishable edifice of eternal usefulness. Well educated in all that pertains to the affectional, the spiritual nature, conscious of the body's requirements, the needed moral restraint of the present transition era, the young man steps out into the world, qualified as a teacher to those around and beneath him, and guarded by the beacon-light within from the false allurements of the world. The spiritually enlightened maiden takes her place with conscious dignity in her self-chosen station; with clear-sighted intuition she gives her hand to the life mate who has selected. No glittering baubles of fashion or worldly distinction attract her eye; no fawning flattery has power to charm her ear; no sensual sophistry can entrance her spiritualized heart. By a true course of education, commenced in earliest childhood, she has become a pure and high-minded woman, whom the Satans of this world cannot touch to afflict.

Let us, therefore, feel ourselves in possession of the better half and the higher light, prove to the caring world the superiority of our faith and its effects, by the better-home-education of the rising generation. Let us teach our children, first of all, the rules of life, the sacred injunctions of universal love, the preciousness of inviolate truth and purity. We live too much for the world at large, and too little for each other, for the best interests of those who dwell with us beneath the same roof-tree. From the household fane of the land should go forth the ordained priesthood of usefulness and faith.

## The Polish Insurrection.

It is altogether probable that the Polish attempt to assert the independence of that nation, is on the wane. The foreign intelligence gives us to understand that the insurgents have everywhere been defeated, while their military leader who was invested with the Dictatorship by the Central Revolutionary Committee—Langiewicz—was obliged to take refuge in Austrian territory, where he was lodged for a time in prison, and from which he has recently been discharged on his parole. This unfortunate result of the simultaneous rising of a proud people, eager only to be free in name and in reality, has challenged the sympathies of the masses in every civilized country; we had all of us hoped that occasion would offer for the interference of one or more of the European powers in behalf of Poland, but the promise of that has at the present time quite faded out. There must be a good and great end in the manner in which poor Poland has so many times been baffled in her endeavor to become her own sovereign. Though the insurrection is spreading even yet, it is practically crushed out. If the effect of it would be to induce the Emperor of Russia to act now of his own motion, and do for Poland what he has done for his own peasantry, he would as surely immortalize his name as there is an immortality in wait for men who are capable of performing such great and noble deeds.

## The Birds.

It is Spring again. The time of the singing of the birds has come. A thousand secret delights will dawn from the highlands of the thought, in contemplating the pleasurable experiences which are to come out of the simple arrival of the new season. The earth slowly unfolds its treasures of vegetation once more. Beauty, in form and color and sounds, is springing up around us in every direction. "But of all the sweet sounds which make us love the Spring and Summer seasons, the bird choruses surpass all. What—we have many times wondered—would be this earth of ours, even with its rich garniture of leaves and grass, without the vocal accompaniment of birds? It would seem lonely, and drear, and oppressively silent. Just their sounds are needed to give life expression to the beauties of flower and leaf, of grass and water; no other of our most highly cultivated imaginations could conceive, would answer the desired end. We all of us love the birds, as we do personal friends and companions. They awaken our souls to the contemplation of outward as well as inward life in new and more elevated strains of thought. They voice a world of beauty for which we could ourselves find no fit expression of our admiration.

## The Metropolitan Police Question.

It is time the Police force of the city was under control of a commission, instead of the Mayor. During Mayor Wightman's administration, things were at awful loose ends in this department. Officers dared not arrest a tramp, for fear, as they stated, of being discharged. The reason was, Mayor Wightman did not wish to offend party voters. The consequence was, that Haymarket Square was filled with ragged boys on Sundays, insulting every one who passed. But Mayor Wightman's scheming did not avail him. He lost his reelection. People are beginning to understand politicians' movements in order to secure office and its emoluments. Reform is needed. The quicker the better, Joseph Quincy's opinion to the contrary notwithstanding.

## Rev. Dr. A. Watson at the Melodeon, Sunday, April 19th.

"I saw on earth another light  
From that which lit mine eye."

The subject of Mr. Watson's discourse was, "What is value?" We make a few selections from the many gems of Mr. Watson's discourse:

Could there be published a price of the real value of all things in the universe, how would it read? Money of itself is worth nothing. It is only valuable in relation to the thing purchased. If one be well fed and clothed, money is not worth much. Men who are best fed and best clothed are not the best men. Feed and clothe the world to perfection, and then the world is very needy.

In gold of value over all other things? Possession may be set up as a measure of rank, but the world reaches for more intrinsic value beyond—man is lifted up as the one thing precious.

Under what aspect does value reside in man? The celebrity of time is factitious. Fame is secondary to soul. Posthumous fame may have some merit. The strictest subordination is necessary to greatness in the voice of posterity. The acts of every man's life shall stand for what they are.

Whatever may be man's gifts, accident decides in no small part.

It matters not whether a man die with heart unvoiced, or whether he live to give it utterance. There is abroad a morbid love for public notice. Value must reside in that of which mention is made, not in the mention of it.

Final, value cannot be attributed to happiness. There is a premonition beyond it. There are faculties above the mere quiescence of happiness. Who, for any bribe, would condescend to go down to the life of the oyster, which is simple happiness? To the grade of higher being we all look for final and perfect preciousness.

The spirit of man has absolute value. "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" or, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" No earthly thing can possibly pay for the value of the soul, yet how much love for earthly things inhabits the bosom of man. Only here and there some rare soul stands forth, throwing away all earthly goods, preferring the value of the soul.

All that attaches to the value of man derives itself from the value of the soul of man.

God, out of the depths of infinite, bestows upon man himself. There is no gift so great. Man is the flower of the universe—the gift of God himself.

Man is God's riches. God has no higher store.

This is the truth of truths, that the greatest value is the soul of man.

We shall learn to have an intelligent reverence for man's being.

If man be worthless, the universe is a solace.

No man or nation can become great, and live long, that is not inspired with the value of the soul.

The greatness of a nation is not founded on wealth or title, but on the recognition of the soul's value. Without this a nation is despicable and worthless.

There is no epic or drama where the real soul of man is not brought before the world.

Two years ago to-day the enemy were flaming over Fort Sumter. What enemy? The blasphemous contempt for the soul of man.

## The Spirit Photographs.

We are in receipt of letters from parties who have had what purports to be spirit-photures made by Mr. Mumler, of this city. These parties recognize them as legitimate productions. We shall place this evidence before our readers in due time.

In the April number of the London Spiritual Magazine we find the following sensible remarks bearing upon the subject of spirit photography, which we deem not inappropriate to place before our readers in this connection:

"As we have said, the question to be decided is not of possibility, as to which we can know nothing, but it is one of direct evidence in each case, and by that test it must stand or fall. We must still wait the result of this, bearing in mind that in the numerous cases in which spirits have made themselves visible there would be no physical reason against obtaining a photograph. For instance in the case known as the 'Lord Chancellor's Ghost,' where a female figure was seen by several persons preceding Mr. Lubbock, the Registrar of the Bankruptcy Court, into his bed room, mentioned at page 218 of our last volume. The only assumed impossibility, therefore, is in those cases in which the spirit is not visible to the naked eye, and as to this impossibility we cannot pronounce a priori. Certainly it is well established that the eye is not the measure for the photograph, and this is fully proved by the interesting experiments of Baron Reichenbach, who obtained the results on sensitive paper, from the odic light flowing from a magnet, which light could not be detected by the naked eye. In other words the paper was more sensitive to the rays of light than is the human eye."

It will be observed that the writer alludes to Baron Reichenbach's experiments. We have just received a letter from Germany, giving us the information that the Baron had recently produced on negative plates what he considers an approximation to spirit forms, and he is sanguine that he shall, ultimately, fully succeed in his experiments.

## Honor to Gen. Butler.

We learn from the Lowell papers that on the 14th inst. the Andover Association of Congregational Ministers, after their customary business meeting in that city, went in a body to the office of Gen. Butler, and tendered him, through one of their number, the expression of their appreciation of his public services, and their unfeigned thanks for the energy and devotion to the right which he had shown, and pledged to him, in whatever position he might be allowed to serve the country, the continuance of their good wishes and their prayers; assuring him that they came not as politicians, but as Christian ministers and Christian patriots. The General replied with deep emotion. He had not expected any such reward as this. Most cordially he thanked them for their good opinions; declaring that he prized the approval and the prayers of no living class of men more sincerely than those of the clergy of New England. In the course of his remarks he expressed the most lively conviction that the result of the war would be the freedom of the country from the cause and existence of the rebellion.

## Cheerfulness.

Would that each one of us fully realized how much this quality of the character had to do with mental and bodily health! There are no conditions of human life and no possible combinations of human circumstances, over which it is not capable of brooding, like silence over disturbed waters, to their alleviation and improvement. Cheerfulness, it is allowed, comes in great part from original temperament; but it is likewise possible to acquire it as a habit, and to bring it up to the place of a direct power in the disposal of our daily happiness. When one has finally succeeded in forming an alliance with such a friend, it is cause for astonishment, what new and more agreeable colors the affairs of life will take on. Care and discontent are banished from the thoughts, the passions are soothed and subdued, and the soul of man is prepared in a state of perpetual calm.

## The Stereoscopes.

This beautiful exhibition is attracting large numbers at Tremont Temple. It must be seen to be appreciated. It will remain during the present week. Open every evening, and Wednesday and Saturday, and Sunday.

## The European Publishing Fund.

The German world is as yet almost wholly ignorant of the blessed literature of Spiritualism. They are only acquainted with the physical phenomena, and but partially even with them. The first volume of the *Arden* was the first ray of light they received. It was, however, published ostentatiously as a spiritual work, but as a new and scientific exposition of the system of Nature, and was in this manner, and by the high standing of its translator, borne into favor.

It is now proposed to raise a fund, by which the glorious writings of Davis and others can be at once presented to the thinkers of Germany. The Germans are proverbial for their belief in spiritual mysteries, and for a century have been laying the foundations of Spiritualism. There is no doubt if the new philosophy is presented to them, they will seize it with avidity, and the greatest good will grow out of it.

Spiritualists contribute nothing for the support of missionaries; they have few calls on their charity, compared with churchmen. Now if you consider the divine truths you advocate as of value; if you think that they are worthy and should be disseminated over the world, now is a golden opportunity. A mile is all that is asked. One of the trustees, H. Schlarbaum, writes in the Herald that our efforts are certainly being by red-handed war; peace reigns now in Germany, peace so essential to the diffusion of our truths. But we know not how long before war may yet on fire the combustible elements of the Fatherland.

The Directors of the movement are men noble and generous, who have their whole hearts in the glorious work, and will at once receive the entire confidence of the friends of the cause. Than H. Schlarbaum a more devoted Spiritualist, a more generous and noble-souled man, does not exist. A German, he has the deep spiritual nature of the Teuton, sharpened and deepened by a long residence in our country. He has not, however, forgotten Germany and the millions of brothers he has left, and with an energy and devotion worthy of the object, he has determined to send light into their darkness.

The Germans of this country will support him, and I know that the necessary amount will be raised forthwith. The object is a great one. The New World is refashioning a new Religion, and a new Philosophy to the Old. A Religion and Philosophy the grandest and most glorious, and soul-energizing the world has ever seen.

The high position occupied by all these connected with the movement, guarantees its success. They are all eminent for their devotion to the success of Reform, and the friends who subscribe may feel assured that every dollar will be held in sacred trust, and faithfully devoted to the object set forth.

In Germany, books are made at much less expense than here—probably at less than half—so that every dollar subscribed counts twice when it arrives there. The eminent scholar, Herr Witting, with indefatigable industry, has translated all of Davis's works, and is now going on translating other works on Spiritualism. Patiently he awaits the response of the New World, asking no other pay for his labor but the diffusion of the truths he so dearly loves.

Personally, I have no interest at stake; but as a believer in the Divine Philosophy of spiritual-intercourse, I can but feel deeply anxious for the success of this movement, which I consider of more consequence than all the tracts and bibles distributed to the South for the last hundred years. Of more consequence, because a great and enlightened nation are to be convinced and brought to the knowledge of the light. It is not savages whom we wish to enlighten, savages who are not as well off with a book as a flogging belt; but a nation of the deepest thinkers, the most scientific and spiritual of the Old World. HUBERT TUNNICLIFFE.

Walton Green Farm, April 12, 1863.

## Correspondence in Brief.

J. M. Mansfield, writes from St. Albans, Vt., under date of April 6th, that "Spiritualism has some advocates in this section. I wish some good speaker, or test medium, would visit this town; I think he would draw a good paying house, even if he did not make many converts."

O. A. Dorr, of Worcester, Mass., writes as follows: "I have been a reader of the BANNER or LIGHT for four years, having bought it weekly. I am well pleased with it, and have now concluded to subscribe. Please send enclosed three dollars, the remainder to be appropriated to the editor's—my wife to the editor."

J. J. Clark, of East Friscon, Mass., sends us an account of the physical manifestations at a seance of Miss Jenny Lord's, given in that town recently, which we omit for the reason that we have already published several accounts of similar manifestations given at her seances. Mr. Clark closes his letter on Spiritualism as follows:

"I only regret that others who are seeking for truth could not have been present. It is enough to make one weep for joy. Truth is floating on the wings of time; ever most dear. Above all do I value the most Christian philosophy, being in harmony with common sense and our highest reason, opening, as it does, to man the beauties of the spirit-world, bringing to light immortality, teaching eternal progression and hope for the darkened soul, exalting God by removing the narrow and inconsistent view given of him in the Church creed. It also teaches us the same light of inspiration which fell upon the prophets and sages, and which we seek in vain by the methods of the material sciences. We cry to those who are truly seers and seers at Spiritualism, that when we behold its benign influence, melting the heart of the hardened and cold, and bowing his head in humility and in tears, after the stern religion of the sects has failed to reach him, we can acknowledge his merits and hope for his advancement."

A correspondent writing from Berlin, Wis., says: "Spiritualism has progressed during our residence here (eighteen months) with a strength and rapidity that is astonishing. It has been one continual revival in all this region. From being scarcely able to pay Mr. Warner for lecturing for their one Sunday in a month in Berlin, they now pay her promptly the same price per lecture for two Sundays in each month—two lectures each Sunday. She has continued in Uman one Sunday of each month for the same period, and has just made an engagement to speak one-fourth of the time in Oakbrook, ten miles from Uman. From all of which it will be seen that she is very well."

We have received the following letter, dated Plymouth, Mass., April 8th, 1863:

"Mr. Editor.—I received from you, on the 7th inst., by request, a message purporting to come from the spirit of Wm. H. Channing of this town. I wish to say that, as far as the statement goes, it is correct, according to the information I have been able to get. He was sick in the deaf-mute camp at Alexandria, Va. when the spirit departed from the better-land. He was 52 years 3 months 6 days. Whether the style of his communications be of the nature of a seer, or not, I am unable to say. I am, Sir, very respectfully,  
Yours truly,  
J. S. CANNON."

[The message alluded to above will be found on the 11th page of this week's issue.]

## One Night.

The last of the Spring-terms for the season will take place at Tremont Temple, on Wednesday night, April 22nd, 9 o'clock, occasion for which we are indebted to the kind and generous ladies and gentlemen of the city, who have given the assembly, the use of the hall. The managers have labored assiduously during the winter to please their patrons, and the hall will be well filled on this occasion. The price of tickets will be \$1.00.







[APRIL 25] 1868.

Now I want to tell you how I happened to enlist, so that there'll be no danger of mistaking me. I'd got 'till little down—I was broke, as we say—and I drank a little too much, because I was a little down—a little dispirited, and when I was under the influence of liquor, I got persuaded to enlist, and when I came to my senses, I found that I was Uncle Sam's man, and not my own. I would n't back out, you know, after I'd enlisted, so I went; so I lost my life—do n't care anything about that; it was n't good for much anyway.

Now what I should like would be to establish a good railroad home. And I want a free ticket all the time, so that's what I want; do n't care, stranger, whether the pass comes in my body like this or any other kind. I'm getting used to this one. I rather think, stranger, I might be as good as dead, but I don't care.

n within the great and mighty

Well, I've got some one beside a brother. I've a little girl about nine years old, that's never known what it is to want much for the things of this world; and in case I should n't meet that brother, should n't get a chance to talk with him, like as I do, with younkers, I'll say: "Alli, I want you to take care of Sophy. I can't do it now; in one sense I can, and in another sense

...faculties toward us again, for

say no, I'll settle with you when you come here. You want say no. I know the gambler has a soul as big as anybody else." Don't you believe it? [I don't know why he should n't have. What was your age at the time of your death?] Well, I was a little less than forty-one. I used to say when I was on earth

## 17

and he that I was more. . I knew he was right then, but was not disposed to own it. The time's come when I'm disposed to be honorable in everything.

thy will, O God?"

Well, stranger, what do you ask, or charge? [It's free here.] Free? [All I ask of you is to let the light inside of you shine out, that others may be benefited by it.]

say the same. You are all obviously

Written for the Banner of Light.  
**HIDDEN MUSIC.**

ld teach you that the law is div

There's music in the crystal streams,  
That sigh within the earth;  
That never gleamed with golden beams,  
Nor danced, filled with delight

law is a unit in itself.

That sing beneath the rose,  
And chime their little tony bells,  
In lonely minstrelsy.

he believes he desired to convey that

By warbling organs sung;  
Although no listener there hath stood,  
And heard its piping tongue.

There 's music in the murmuring brooks,  
Unspied by human ken;  
Transcending all the strains of books,  
Composed by rhyming men.

There 's music in the sounding hum  
Of Nature whispering low  
When fragrant summer evenings come,  
And soft the zephyrs blow,

There 's music in the stormy winds  
That sigh within their caves;  
To tow the crisp and tasseled pines,  
And lift the mountain waves.

There 's music on the distant shore

tained poison, which if I had taken

Proclaiming the power of God.

There 's music in the forest's wall,  
When lurid lightnings glare;  
And tempests wild of rattling hail  
The leafy kingdom tear.

There 's music in the sounding lyre,  
That heavenly raptures bring  
When gentle fingers, touched with fire,  
Awake the silver strings.

spell my name Hertz. My age w

That every creature pour;  
That travelleth in pain and groans,  
For life's immortal shores.

There's music in the timbrel's ring  
That angel-bands employ,  
When morning-stars together sing,  
And shout the hosts for joy.

There's music in the underpoles,  
That shakes the nether pole;  
'T is the divinity that cheers

sumption, and I suffered much an

There 's music in the voice of love—  
 'Tis of celestial birth;  
 It strikes a golden chord above  
 All other sounds of earth.

There 's music in my tanelaf soul—  
 It leaps from every string;  
 I'd give the world could I control  
 An angel's power to sing.

Then sing for me, ye crystal streams,  
 Ye roaring woods and shells;

11

Ye stormy winds and crested main,  
That vex the sounding shore,  
In plaintive dirges sound the strain  
My muse so oft would pour.  
  
Ye tempests wild, and thunder-voiced  
Of heaven's empyreal tongue,  
Peal forth the music of my choirs—  
When Nature's hase is sung;  
  
Strike all our hearts, we cravèd through

It seems as if I'd got two. Do anybody? [Oh yes.] Well, I

My secret notes to dwell.  
Ye golden strings and brooks of foam  
Melodious against years,  
With angel-hands that make your home  
Where women wars do burn.  
But there's a voice I most would hear;  
It would thrill my raptured breast:  
Its words of love, and words of cheer  
Would calm my wild unrest.

New York, 1882.

ork with 7' Well, stranger, you are  
with the sporting fraternity, are you

or person. But the most valuable and lasting beauty is that which is least cultivated—and this is the beauty which is born of ampleness—of genuine goodness of heart. This is indeed Beauty herself, and she is ever a favorite. She never seems to grow old. The longer she is known the better she is loved. She is prepared with comfort for every emergency, and she has no need of concealment for she is behind a bank of everlasting bloom.







[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

The definition given by one of the best lexicographers of the term *Idol*, is, "a person who disbelieves in the plenary inspiration of Scriptures, and the Divine Origin of Christianity." Did we accept this as a rule, the so-called *Idols* would far outnumber the believers. Men with earnest souls lose their faith in such things, in proportion as they find they do not answer to their deep, spiritual need. Men who "act in the living present," require the Living Word; and no dead letter, nor scrolls, of musty Theology, however much they may breathe of the spirituality of the past, will suffice to fill the enlarged capacity of to-day. Only in *Jesus* does Modern Christianity resemble that which was given to the world through the mediumship of *Jesus*, and could be either personally into one of these

"As," in its beginning was the Word, and the Word  
was with God, and the Word was God," so the Bible  
would read the record of that Word from the beginning  
or from man's furthest reach of thought; must turn  
back to those pages written all over by the hand of  
Deity. In the great Book of Nature alone can a cor-  
rect account be found of Creation, as well as the law  
by which all things were created. The Great Archi-  
tect—the Master Mason—kept his journal, and at the  
things there contained were recorded by his own  
hand. No errors of translation, no interpolations, no  
perversions of the original text, no vain and useless  
remarks of learned commentators are to be found  
there. It contains the simple truth; but grand, mag-  
nificent and beautiful, because of its very simplicity.  
The Religion of Nature—the sublime science of Truth  
and Beauty, of Order and Harmony—are there, and

Thus far the material for this grand Encyclopedia of Intellectual and moral wisdom lies all around you. Many souls are busy, even now—apostrophizing to themselves—in making approximations to this greater work. Only when truth is extricated from the multitude of words with which the imperfections of human

Oh, what was there left him but sin?  
I met in the wood-path a lordling,  
Arrayed in his garments of pride,  
And, like Moses who slew the Egyptian,  
I smote him so sore that he died.  
Oh, the blood on my hands and my girdle,  
Oh, the terrible face of the dead!  
His gold could not tempt me to linger—  
I turned in my horror and fled.

- Contents:  
 Portraits of the Author,  
 Title Page,  
 The Dedication

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