



Literary Department.

For the Banner of Light. QUINNEBAUG LYRICS. BY DR. HORACE DUNBAR. CANTO II. Pray let me see thy face again, dear river...

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

With roses crown her baby head, Close with a kiss her tender eyes, Brew lilies o'er her cradle bed...

HUMAN TRIALS. A TALE OF REAL LIFE. BY MARGARET WOOD. CHAPTER III.

That winter wore away far more cheerfully than could have been anticipated by Mrs. Barton at its commencement...

CHAPTER IV.

In accordance with this opinion, his usual calm deliberation overcame the excitement of the occasion, he hastened to pay his respects to the lady...

as her mother's daughter, than for any qualities which he found in herself, and when he had almost concluded to make her the happiest of women...

the attentions of the riot. Can't you persuade Mrs. Barton to a scotchlike? "I am not anxious to do so," replied he...

In no very amiable mood she re-entered her carriage. Soon she perceived a gentleman on horseback, whom she recognized as Charles Carter...

glance appear. For several years a... mode of life had been growing upon him... went into society merely to dissipate... ennui; but here, the knowledge of his... only placed him at a disadvantage, so that he... bit his lip with vexation at finding himself... by beardless boys in his attentions to the pretty... misses who formed a large proportion of... society. Then when he returned to his solitary... life seemed to him more than ever "flat, stale, and unprofitable." He would think of the men who had started in life with himself, many of whom were now enjoying well worn reputations and happy homes, with whom he had competed successfully in many a college exercise, when he, too, had dreams of

"Deeds to be done, And a name to be won."

These reflections, bootless as they seemed, would force themselves upon him, and make his solitary life more irksome than it otherwise would have been. He found that there were not only gaps, but huge caverns in life, which society could not fill up. Thus he resolved to marry. With the vanity which had been nursed in him by the obliging world, he supposed he had only to select among his numerous acquaintances, and the favored fair one would immediately reply "Yes, I thank you." The result of his experiment was a revelation. Words had been spoken, such as he had never before listened to, but which he received because the hour had come, and they gave a definite form to ideas which had often come like a dark cloud to overshadow and perplex him. Now that he had resolved to do, the next question was, what to do?

At the requirement of his guardian, he had once studied medicine, and was thought to have evinced considerable talent for the profession. He remembered still, the interest with which he had listened to medical lectures, and the desire which he had once felt, to wear the honors of M.D., but before this was accomplished, he was overtaken by that sometimes dangerous period "coming of age." A large income opened before him, a life of ease and pleasure, and he had succumbed to their influences. Should he now retrace his steps, or strike out a new path? He decided upon the former.

Though he could not hope for the eminence to which he had once aspired, yet he had served self so many years, and been rewarded only by dissatisfaction, he would now try the experiment of working for others; and for the furtherance of this object, nothing seemed so available as medical skill. His first thought was to leave his native place, and thus break at once blow, all frivolous associations. But this was to leave behind the good as well as the evil, and dreading above all, to lose his last found friend, who was the inspiration of his new born energy, he decided to remain. He therefore made immediate arrangements to study with Dr. Kalb, a skilful and well-read physician of extensive practice. He found his old knowledge return to him quite rapidly, as, also, his former interest in the profession.

It is not to be supposed that this change in Mr. Carter's habits was entirely acquiesced in by his former associates. Indeed, he received much sage advice to the contrary, and many were the jokes indulged in at his expense.

One morning a party of them intercepted him on his way to the office. One declared that a few evenings previous, seeing a light at an unusually late hour in Kalb's office, he stepped up to see the cause, and there found Dick Carter's pet greyhound lying upon the sofa, wrapped in his master's cloak. That the poor dog was evidently under the influence of an emetic, and the reproachful manner in which he rolled his eyes upon his master, for thus making him the subject of a medical experiment, was heart-rending to witness. "Oh, barbarous!" exclaimed another.

"That was a woful change, Carter, that came o'er the spirit of thy dream," said the third. And the first declared with emphasis that "Dick's fate was sealed, and that the only consolation for him was that which had been proposed years ago for similar unfortunates:

"The doctor singly like the sculler piles The patient struggles, and by inches dies; But two physicians, like a pair of oars, Wait him quite smoothly to the Stygian shores."

Carter had always stood exceedingly upon his dignity, and a joke had been seldom ventured upon by his friends. He was himself surprised at the equality with which he bore this attack; but life had suddenly grown so grand and serious, that this seemed like the child's play, which it really was.

"You are welcome, gentlemen," said he, "to your jokes at the expense of a Tyro; but though I submit to be your subject for the present, beware that you do not become my subjects by-and-by."

"Oh, horrors, Carter! too grave a joke by half. We give it up."

But Carter had his seasons of darkness and discouragement, when he was tempted to fall back upon his old ground. Sometimes, too, he chafed like a school-boy at the confinement of books, and longed for the old freedom of boating, driving and lounging in the open air; but he could not forget the ennet which had ever followed those pleasures.

In one of these seasons of depression he said to Mrs. Barton:

"I confess, sometimes, to a great distrust of this working life, unless where it is a matter of bread and butter. Some busy demon has all day long been whispering to me, 'What nonsense to add another to this already over-stocked profession, to deprive by your intrusion, if indeed you should ever arrive at that pitch, some poor fellow without a cent in his pocket, of his longed for life.'"

"If to take the foe were the chief object," said Mrs. B., "there would be some force to the argument of your demon; but there are so many who enter all professions for that purpose alone, it is important to preserve a balance of power against them. We have been reading, this evening, Mrs. Browning's works; who, I am thankful, did not say, 'Of what use to add another book to the world?' I am so humbled before her, and yet so glad of one who was not driven, but grandly accepted her destiny as a worker. She, the delicate and softly bred English woman, whose seeming fate was to float lightly upon the surface of society, would not rest there, but plunged downward into its dark depths, with love and pity in her heart for the wronged and suffering there."

"You give no quarter to my demon, Mrs. Barton. Indeed, you have so utterly demolished him; that I do not think he will intrude again."

In a few months—sooner than Mr. Carter himself wished—he assumed the title and duties of his profession, for Dr. Kalb was desirous of giving up to him a certain part of his practice, that which was most laborious and least remunerative, as his increasing years demanded an increase of rest. This practice was chiefly in out of the way places and among the poor, and Dr. Carter soon found himself so entirely occupied, heart, soul and body, as to have no time for those reflections which had formerly embittered his life. Indeed, the professional man, with his quick eye and elastic step, his sharp-wittedness, and his elegant figure, could scarcely be recognized as the elegant Mr. Carter, whose step was so deliberate, whose dress so exquisite, and whose glance or speech never betrayed an unbecoming haste. His place in church, where he had been for so many years.

so great a favorite, and were looked upon them as... of the dignity of the times. He frequently visited at Mrs. Barton's. Let us accompany him one Winter's evening. The parlor is cheerfully lighted, and heated by an open grate. Bobby is deeply immersed in the Franconia Stories, and Willie, in the life of Michael Angelo. At another table Mrs. B. is sewing, and Miss Williams, the lady before spoken of as her assistant, reading aloud. A slight tap, and Dr. C. enters. He is cordially welcomed by all. Willie claims his sympathy for Michael Angelo, and Bobby for Mary Bell, (one of the Franconia Stories.)

"Oh, Dr. Carter, Mary Bell is splendid!"

"No doubt of it, Bob. Was it she that I saw you totting to school upon your sled this morning?"

Willie shouted, and Bobby laughed also, but added:

"Pretty girl, is n't she? I mean to take her again to-morrow, for he had a pleasant way of accepting rather than warding off a joke."

"I have news for you," said the doctor to Mrs. B. "I saw your old friend, Miss Downe, two days ago."

"Indeed! I am so delighted! Tell me all about her."

"I was called to visit a patient, who proved to be the lady with whom she boards. She inquired for you with the greatest interest, and hopes to visit you during the next vacation."

"I am so happy!" she has made such promises before."

"So she told me, but says that there are now no prospective hindrances."

"It is nearly four years since I have seen her. How does she look?"

"Unaltered, excepting, it may be, a shade stouter. Time, it seems to me, usually gives to your sex, while he takes from mine." This was said with a glance at his own slight figure.

"In your case, Charles," said Mrs. B., "he has not a fair chance. You really are not quiet long enough for him to make any luxurious bestowals upon you."

"But you will confess that until within the last two years I gave him every opportunity, which he made but poor use of."

"Truly," replied Mrs. Barton, laughing, "I will not attempt to defend him more."

"Mother," interrupted Bobby, "there's to be a great skating match on Duck's Pond, to-morrow, and I want to go, old Sykes to the contrary, for he refused us the day."

"Old Sykes, my boy! What an epithet for your teacher."

"Good enough for him when he serves us so."

"But not good enough for your own sake, Bobby. How would it please your father to hear you speak so?"

This reference to their father was common in Mrs. Barton, either by way of reproof or encouragement to her boys. Thus they grew up without the sense of orphanage, and with a strong desire to please this father of whose presence they were so often reminded.

Bobby, indeed, was becoming very like him in person, as well as in character. His smile, the tones of his voice, and his merry humor, had for that reason a double charm for his mother.

Rachel's visit occurred in early Summer, and gave all the enjoyment which had been anticipated. Quietly the two friends talked together of all the trials and successes, labors and plans of the past years, and their aspirations for the future. Each gave to the other every new friend and beautiful thought which she had herself received, every ray of love and light from the Eternal Fountain which had warmed and cheered some season of darkness and despair. Meetings like these are a blessed table-land in the ascent of life, when the soul looks backward, seeing clearly all that it has gained, joyfully conscious of that love which has guided over perilous passes, and in the strength of which it regards without shrinking those heights which loom in the distance. Rachel soon formed an alliance of friendship with Miss Williams, who was one of those neutral-tint characters which harmonize so delicately with every other shade. And Dr. Carter was so attentive to his friend's guest, that Madam Rumor was really at fault as to which of the two ladies he was particularly attracted. Mrs. Dalton, however, had no doubts upon the subject. She felt that the scheme she had so adroitly planned was in progress of fulfillment, but disgusted at the want of confidence with which she herself was treated, never deigned to refer to the subject.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

Written for the Banner of Light.

TO MY FRIEND, ANNIE OGDENE.

BY CORA WILDER.

"Will thou not be my friend in Heaven?"

Yes, I will be thy friend in Heaven,  
My Annie, loved and cherished long;  
Whoever wronged by love forgiven,  
And noble deed enshrined in song,  
Shall greet my wandering footsteps—here  
Or in the soul-land's summer sphere;

Wherever Truth and Aspiration,  
In golden heart-links, from above  
Invoke the poet inspiration  
Unto the prayerful heart of love;  
Wherever Friendship's guiding hand  
The pilgrim leads to Summer Land;

Wherever Faith, fond vigils keeping  
Over the treasured dreams of life,  
Awards the watcher's harvest reaping,  
E'en 'mid the war-storm's raging strife;  
Where'er for principles divine  
Life-offerings dead dear Freedom's shrine;

Wherever Usefulness and Beauty  
In Paradisean homes unite;  
Where'er peals the hymn of Duty,  
And gleams Ascension's beacon-light;  
Where'er glens heaven-renown,  
Eastwards the well-earned laurel crown—

I meet thee, friend! and thence my spirit  
Communes in music-waves with thee;  
Alike our kindred souls inherit  
The love of all things pure and free.  
'Tis heaven where'er a noble deed  
Is offered to the world's great need.

'Tis Summer Land where'er the angels  
Of human sympathy abide;  
Where'er sun-draped Truth's evangel  
Floats o'er the swaying human tide;  
Where'er from the tolling sod  
The seeking millions cry to God!

'Tis heaven where'er the Right is striving  
For Godlike mastery o'er the wrong;  
Where sweet content and love are thriving  
Amid the Mammon-chasing throng;  
Where hearts, inspired of Freedom, wait  
The opening of the Morning Gate.

Thus at all times thy wish is granted,  
And I forever am with thee,  
Whether I roam in dreams enchanted,  
Or to the wildwood stillness flee;  
Wherever holy thoughts of heaven  
Unto my longing soul are given;

Or loving deeds my heart upraise;  
And Progress marks with golden dial  
The world-marks of triumphant trial.  
The spirit's recompense of trial;  
Where'er of beauty grows the bliss,  
(In part of Soul-Land's summer sphere);

Marion, Iowa, 1863.

ORIGINAL ARTICLES.

THE PERSONALITY VS. THE OMNI- PRESENCE OF DEITY.—No. 6.

In replying to the criticisms of Mr. D. Palmer, let me premise that I neither affirm the finite can grasp the infinite, nor disregard the teaching, "Who by searching can find out God." My effort has been to show that it is more rational to hold on to the belief, "God is a Spirit," than to accept the new dogma, "Deity is a Principle" coextensive with matter, and everywhere present in endless space.

As this necessarily involves the question of Omnipresence, I feel our effort should be to learn both "what and where is God," as taught by Nature, Science and Reason; I have given some of my interpretations of their power to this momentous question. If Mr. Palmer, or any other of my readers will specify any alleged error or errors therein, I will gladly receive instruction; for my desire is to avoid error in my search for Truth. When considering a question of such intricacy and magnitude, it is important to find some standard standpoint to reason from and appeal to in our inquiries. As I understand the teachings of Nature and Science, as interpreted by Reason, they are, that matter is self-existent, but neither recognizes the self-existence of suns or earths. They claim these had their origin through the combination of material atoms previously existing in uncombined relations.

The logical conclusion therefore follows, that this was the condition and relations of material atoms before any combination of them occurred. Hence, "the original atoms" were the immediate germ-source of the existing physical universe. Therefore, the first change in their original relations was an effect resulting from an acting cause, and constituted the beginning of creation: Thus far, I believe, the Materialist, who holds matter is God, and the Spiritualist, who affirms Deity is a Principle, and the Spiritualist who accepts God is a Spirit, can and do agree in their interpretations of Nature and Science. But at this point they separate; because their conflicting theories will not allow the same solution of the question, "What was the acting cause?"—or, "Why did the atoms, thus originally free or uncombined, thus begin to unite in new relations?" It is for the Materialist, who ignores the existence of spirit in contradistinction to matter, to offer his own solution of this question; but it is my privilege to test its rationale and consistency with his theory.

So it is for the advocates of the "Principle" theory to explain for themselves the why and wherefore of this original beginning of change in the condition of existing atoms, and when any one of them will do so, the explanation shall have my careful and candid thought.

I, a Spiritualist, believing "God is a spirit," have given my explanation of this why and wherefore, and stand ready to vindicate it when specifically objected to. Mr. Palmer does not specify any alleged error in the argument that I can take issue on, but rather seems to think the logic is sound. True, he raises an important query, and one it will in due time be my duty to fairly meet; but let us settle one question at a time. If we purpose, in the free exercise of our reason, to invoke the aid of Analogy and Induction, it is an open question whether "these germ atoms" were self-existing primary elements, or compound results or creations, and the conclusions on this point are involved in the solution of the question, Why did they originally begin to combine?—and, if you please, Why have they since continued to exhibit a perpetual tendency to change? If the advocate of either Materialism or the Principle theory can rationally solve this, he will dispose of my theory, that "God is a spirit"; but if in despite of all his ingenuity, he fails to plausibly solve it, then I claim his failure is prima facie evidence that his theory is untrue, and on my showing the inconsistency of his solution with either the effect to be explained, or the promises for explaining it, then I shall claim a verdict against him, and proceed to further consider my affirmative proposition, "God is a spirit," and meet the query raised by Mr. Palmer, which I think can be successfully done in the harmony with our highest reverence for him as the source of all Life, Volition and Consciousness.

The poet has said, "Facts are the basis of philosophy," and then beautifully defines Philosophy to be "the harmony of facts seen in the right relations." If we accept as fact that "the original or germ atoms" were free, before their first combined, and the additional fact that since their first union they have been the subject of continued change, then our lesson is to discover the harmony of these two facts, for only thus can we progress in our knowledge of God and Nature.

I do hope Mr. Palmer and others may agree that this simple question should, in its detail, be fairly met, and thus each theory be tested for itself. Truth will not suffer thereby, though theories may.

PHILADELPHIA,  
April 30, 1863.

"PURE CHRISTIANITY."

BY E. T. BRADSTREET.

I would like, Mr. Editor, to suggest a few thoughts through your widely circulating Journal. I will state that some months ago I published, in the Rising Tide, an article under the following caption: "What are the Doctrines of Christ?" in which I earnestly asked for information and light on this time-honored subject. But my appeal went forth as the voice of a lone traveler on some broad and wild prairie, which dies suddenly away, without so much return as the slightest echo. Again I reiterate the same inquiry. And as there are very many "reformers," and a larger number of "Christians," who are fond of referring in specific terms to "the doctrine of Christ," "true religion," &c., will not some one of them put their finger down on the place or passage wherein "true Christianity" is expressed? Will not some one direct where the "young child" is, that I may come and worship him also? For as yet I am much perplexed, and cannot find it. I find no means by which to exactly determine what people mean by the expressions "true Christian religion," "pure Christianity," &c. We all suppose, however, that it has reference to the teachings and example of Christ, as set forth in the "New Testament." We have frequently gone to that Book, in our search after "pure Christianity," and confusion worse confounded has been the result. And, if we mistake not, a large portion of Christendom have shared something of a like experience. For instance: If we would preach a peace sermon from the authority of Christ in his "Sermon on the Mount," we may be suddenly met with the following: "And he that hath no sword let him sell his garment and buy one." Please, sir, what has this "Prince of Peace" to do with war weapons—instruments made for no other use than that of shedding the life-blood of men? And then, if we, from the same authority, insist upon the righteousness of war, the "Sermon on the Mount" immediately confronts us with the extremes of non-resistance, such as "turn the other cheek," "resist not evil," and so on. He is said to have been the "Prince of Peace," and yet he declares that he "came not to send peace on earth, but a sword."

At one time he tells us to "love, and endure evil"; but at another, we see him "wedding" "anxiety" courses upon an unbecoming girl. He also threatens "sinners," equally hard in the great "Judgment" at some future time. "If ye will, ye will argue the

principles of temperance, or efforts to give with a death-blow to his conduct at Cana, when he turned the "water of life" into the wine of a common wine press, certainly is only an effort of expediency, in use already "well drunk." And while in one place he calls to us the milk of human kindness, of quiet and meekness, he kicks it all over with the changers' money tables in the temple.

From Christ's teaching flows the warm injunction: "Honor thy father and thy mother;" and, again, when speaking of the same relation, abruptly commands, "Let the dead bury their dead." As we admirably listen to the sweet accents of "Father, forgive them," "neither do I condemn you," &c., how chimes with all this the grating words of, "depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire?" If we examine his metaphysics, we are soon introduced to the unphilosophical and untruthful intimation that belief and love are both a result of voluntary action; that man has the power to believe or love at will, and then pronounces damnation as a just punishment upon all men in whom certain belief and peculiar love is not found. His physics appear no better, especially where he promises those, who believe his gospel through the preaching of his disciples, that "they shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them."

Where, we ask, is the Christian, he be a "true Christian" or otherwise, who would not tremble for the safety of his physical structure if assured that he had swallowed a deadly potion of strychnine, corrosive sublimate, or any other "deadly thing"? Who would expect to escape from the venom of the viper merely by virtue of his Christian faith and baptism?

His mathematics are equally mixed, when three is one, and one is three. He also instructed his followers that he would remain in the tomb three days and three nights, but did it not. He gave out that before that generation should pass away, that he would come again in the clouds of heaven and the glory of his Father; with the angels, &c., but we have no account of such an event. We might still lengthen out, but perhaps enough has been said to answer the present purpose.

Much has been said about "harmonizing the Scriptures," as though all truth had not inherent harmony, and therefore did not always harmonize. We do not fear contradiction, when we assert that the absence of harmony in any degree, is a sure index to a want of truth or correctness in the same proportion. If Christ has said or done a thing, we cannot so change the fact as to make it that he did not say or do that thing. This "harmonizing," as it is called, is simply saying that Christ meant in one place what he said and done, but did not in another, we being choosers as to which of his sayings or doings shall stand as he said or done it, and also which shall be twisted into harmony with another. How is it that one thing which Christ said or done, is any more or less expressive of his doctrines, or principles, than another; or if it really is so, by what rule are we to determine which is deserving the preference. These "harmonizers" are much like the man who would contend that he had a cord of hickory wood, because there was a few genuine hickory sticks to be found in it, not realizing that a piece of bass wood, or any other kind of timber, which might help make up the pile, was just as much of that cord of wood as the same sized piece of hickory.

But suppose, to settle the difficulty, we "harmonize" this wood-cord, what is it likely the result would be? Just bass-wood and hickory, and all other kinds and qualities which had previously composed the pile—the same after "harmonizing" as before, we think. This "harmonizing" is either more of a sugar-coat process, than otherwise. In all truth there certainly is harmony, naturally and inherent. Harmony is not a something that may be infused as will into some thing, or things, in which it had not a spontaneous and natural existence, arising from their nature and fitness.

Will Dr. A. B. Child, or any other good Child, who is fond of "pure Christianity," who also may live where the Sun rises sooner than it does in the far West, give of their light, on this interesting subject, and oblige, as we think, many readers?

Dubuque, Iowa.

A FEW REMARKS ON "TRUE CIVILIZATION AN IMMEDIATE NECESSITY, AND THE LAST GROUND OF HOPE FOR MANKIND, BY JOSIAH WARREN, COUNSELLOR IN EQUITY."

This book of less than two hundred pages, bears, most assuredly, an imposing title, yet we may embrace the privilege which the author freely concedes to every reader, of doubting his conclusions.

He tells us "man must have power over man to resist wanton encroachments on universal rights," yet that it is "a fatal fallacy to suppose that this deciding power can be successfully vested in a majority over a minority, or over a single person."

With such views of a fundamental principle of free institutions, we may not be surprised at the conclusion to which he arrives in his 472d section, which is in these words: "The word Rebellion is only a barbarian name for the exercise of Freedom, and 'crushing out Rebellion' is CRUSHING OUT LIBERTY!"

If we can comprehend his argument, he would maintain that each individual has an inalienable right to do what he pleases, and that "true civilization," which is "an immediate necessity, and the last ground of hope for mankind," demands that each individual should be unrestrained in the exercise of this right.

If we misunderstand the writer, or misrepresent him, we do it innocently, whilst confessing our surprise that such sentiments could be harbored in any American bosom. Without doubting his parity of motive, we must be permitted to say that our author seems to misapprehend entirely the character, the wants, and the true situation of our country. This Republic is the first experiment of free government ever undertaken by an intelligent people who were capable of establishing and sustaining free institutions. Its success has been most complete and gratifying, and the experience of three-fourths of a century has convinced us that it is better calculated to secure the happiness of man than any other form of government which ever existed upon earth. So the people think; and that solid and invulnerable body of twenty-five millions of freemen who sustain the Union, and who hold the reins of government in their own hands, will continue to preserve our free institutions unimpaired.

This madly conceived, and now totally aimless, no less than fruitless rebellion, instead of shaking our faith in free institutions, will aid in confirming it, in the breasts of all who need such confirmation. It is indeed a bitter scourge, but perhaps a reasonable and necessary one; sent not to injure or destroy, but to purify and strengthen the Republic; and no fear whatever need be entertained of any other result. It is no crisis, but an incident in the progress of free institutions, which cannot fail to have a salutary influence in promoting the intellectual and moral improvement of man.

CRADLE SONG.

BY TIMOTHY FITZGIBBS.

Bid her sleep! a mother wants thee!  
Come with velvet arms,  
Hold the babe, that she grants thee;  
To thy love soft charms.

Bear him into Dreamland lightly;  
Give him slight of flowers,  
But not bring him back till brightly  
The sun has set on morning hours.

Close his eyes with gentle fingers,  
From his hands of snow,  
Till the angels wake his slumber,  
They must whisper low.

ORIGINAL ARTICLES.

Death of Nathaniel Osgood.

February 4th, 1863, at Alton, Maine, Nathan Osgood, of Pittsfield, Maine, aged 34 years, left his native place of Alton, after enduring for many hours the pains of a fever, caused by injuries received by the bursting of a steam boiler in the factory of Messrs. Shaw & Milliken, upon the engine connected with which Mr. Osgood and his cousin, Frank Howe, were making some repairs. The latter was instantly killed, but Mr. Osgood lingered a little time.

Mrs. Laura M. Rollin, by spirit influences, afflicted at his funeral, at Pittsfield, to which place his body was conveyed. Mr. Osgood was one of the noblemen of earth, "a sound man in a sound body," upright in all his associations with his fellow men; and esteemed and respected by them, and especially by those who knew him best; ingenious as a mechanic, modest and unassuming in his pretensions, and a deep thinker. He was a believer in the Philosophy of Spiritualism, and shaped his manner of life to accord with this belief. Unhappily with more than a common education, he was in the habit of committing his thoughts to paper, which usually were in the form of verse. Some of these effusions have been published in the Banner of Light. He walks no more visibly among us, but we believe that he is round about us, using the influence of his pure spirit for our good. He left behind him a wife and three small boys.

P. A.

Mr. Enron—the following lines were written by Mr. Osgood some weeks previous to his death, and he designed sending them to us, but left them aside to make some change. To us, now, they seem prophetic. Yours, &c. C. B. A.

Pittsfield, April 29th, 1863.

WEEP NOT FOR ME.

Weep not for me when ye are gathered round  
To watch my flickering lamp of life expire,  
Pain my quick ear with no sad, murmuring sound,  
Nor hold me earthward with one vain desire.  
When the Great Father calls his wandering child  
One upward step toward the perfect day,  
Grieve not that I obey the mandate mild,  
And break with duster breath from earth away.

Shed no hot tears for me, ye dearly loved,  
That pain would clasp me to your heart of hearts;  
We may not part the tender bonds unloved,  
Nor check the earth-born grief that death imparts.  
Yet the torn tendrils of each bleeding heart,  
So readily severed from the joys of earth,  
Upward shall reach to greet the painful start,  
Winged with the welcome joys of spirit birth.

I go—but backward on the wings of love  
I shall return, ye dear ones, once again;  
When the stirred watch of your hours shall move,  
Perchance that I shall give the tender pain.  
Then seek with earnest zeal, as I have sought,  
To touch the tenuous strings of spirit life;  
They'll thrill responsive to the trembling thought,  
To cheer us onward through earth's painful strife.

Death has no terrors for the soul that longs  
With joy instinctive for that Better Land;  
Earth's fainter music yields to angels' songs,  
When the third spirit counts the falling sand.  
Oh, joy for me, ye watching, weeping friends!  
Mine is the ecstasy, and yours the weal!  
Ye cheer the arduous law of promise deeds,  
And spirits wait—dear ones, to them I go.

Letter from Washington.

DEAR BANNER—By one of the changing mutations of life, I find myself called upon to serve the Government, now in its most dangerous epoch. At this hour the streets are filled with anxious faces, each desiring to know, yet fearing to ask, "how goes the battle?" For some days the people have been kept in anxious expectancy. I have felt that the decisive hour is near at hand; the pointer has nearly reached the striking point, and I feel the utmost assurance that the nation will come out bright and victorious.—I find a marked change in the sentiment of Washington since I was last here. Then treason dazed about its head, and the copperhead flag was flaunted in our faces in a number of places. Not that there is no copperheadism here now—for there is—but like its representative, it is obliged to do its work secretly, borrowing in the earth. The Union League is undoubtedly one great cause of the change of sentiment. The wisdom of the policy of the Administration on the slavery question, is being seen gradually, until to-day, the capital of the nation is more anti-slavery than was Boston two years ago. This is partly owing to the change of population, produced by the change of the Administration; but at the same time there has been a decided change in the views of old residents. Many former pro-slavery advocates are to-day as good Abolitionists as General Butler.

Washington is undergoing a great change, by the introduction of Northern society, social as well as political. Southern rule has hung like an incubus over the whole of the inhabitants of the city; few Northern people have stopped here during the year, and the rule of the city has been to live as in Dixie. In keeping, that which in the North has been considered as indispensable necessities, are here considered as superfluous. Rents are enormously high. Usually at this season of the year, tenements have been plenty, but now the most indifferent accommodations command the most fabulous prices. Yearly rents are paid, which in the North would be considered good prices for the property under the hammer.

Spiritualism has not made any public show here, yet it is notorious that many of the leading men of the nation are full believers. Dr. Roggie, formerly of Philadelphia, and his partner, Bro. Penick, have opened a boarding house here, and have commenced holding Sunday meetings in a fine hall on 9th street. From here Spiritualism should radiate to all parts of the United States, and it is to be hoped that advocates will spread the movement by visiting Washington and aiding by their powers in establishing permanent meetings. All believers should have a national pride in having an established head of our glorious belief at the Capital. There are a few earnest advocates, who will do all in their power, among whom is our revered Brother Pierpont.

Just as we were about establishing our regular meetings, we were called upon to part with the bodily presence of one of its most earnest friends, Dr. Francis J. Stratton, a clerk in the Patent office. On Sunday he told me he should do all in his power to support the meetings. On Wednesday he passed on, to reside the beauties of spirit-life. Bro. Stratton, I believe, was appointed from New Jersey, and he was formerly a resident of Rochester, New York, had lived in Ohio and Indiana, and in Coldwater, Michigan. He was one of the most noble souls I have ever met.

Without a fault, he could never see any one in error without giving of his own, or else interesting himself with others. His age was 47 years. He leaves a wife and seven children. The widow, although deeply afflicted, has not lost a particle of her knowledge. She has been interested in the Congressional proceedings, and the religious services were conducted by our worthy friend Pierpont, who is an appropriate successor to Bro. Stratton. He is a true and noble man, and his presence will be missed by all who were acquainted with him.

This was probably the first Spiritualist who had been appointed to a position in the Government.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

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hearted by the hand, and lead those who are in sin to the path of health, peace and virtue. You may, each, in some degree, assist in these hospitals. You may be nurses, physicians, or surgeons. Sometimes the wounds require probing; sometimes a skillful hand is necessary to restore a broken or fractured moral limb; but it is always done with a steady and unvarying kindness. As a surgeon in the army is never heard to rebuke a soldier for fighting upon the battlefield, as a surgeon who understands his business is never heard to rebuke a patient whose broken limb he is called upon to bind up or remove, for having carelessly or willfully gone into the way of danger, so the true moral surgeon never points to the crime which led to the unhappy state of his patients; but by constant endeavor, earnest aid, powerful kindness, leads them back to the path of peace and health. The lesson is sufficient. They require not to be told to go in the way of sin no more. The child, burning its finger in the flame, soon learns not to place it there again; and the sinful man, suffering through crime a long and bitter experience, has learned too deeply the lesson. If restored to health and happiness, ever to tread in the same path again; or, if once or twice again, there is a time which must be the last.

So charity, loving and forever kind, must teach all humanity the way to peace and happiness. We condemn great crimes, we condemn great criminals, murderers, oppressors; so, by our laws and regulations of earth, we condemn petty crimes—those which are the direct offspring of society; but we forget that little crimes lead to great ones; we forget that imperfections in individual men lead to imperfections in society and in governments; we forget that individuals, representatives of the general frailties of humanity, occupy every position in life; we forget that the king upon his throne is but a man, as well as the beggar upon the street. Therefore we must remember that until this remedy commences upon individuals, it cannot operate upon societies, governments, or nations. Until each individual shall say, "I will not cast the first stone," there will never be a cessation of condemnation. Until every person shall say, "I have such a frailty; therefore I will not condemn my brother for such another frailty," there will be no cessation of strife, of sin, or misery. This is the kingdom of heaven spoken of that is to be established upon the earth, and by refraining from casting the first stone, we take the first essential step toward its attainment.

We cast the stone but too often; we cast it every day; we cast it, perhaps, often unconsciously. Remember it in the early morning and at noon, and late in the evening—commence to live the day by saying "I will cast no stone at my fellow beings," and how soon would the streets of your crowded cities be transformed into places where angels might dwell, your temples of devotion, instead of solemn mockeries to Heaven, become places where the fountains of light and truth might gush in upon the spirit, and your halls of legislation, instead of places of depravity, become places where every virtue might reign, and where justice, in all her pride and splendor, might preside! One day, one week, one year, and the virtue is established. Commence to-night, "I will cast no stone!" It is very easy. No word! She passes by. "It is her misfortune. I will speak to her kindly; perchance a chord may be struck that will recall the remembrance of past days of innocence and virtue." A man commits a wrong: "I will cast no stone. He may have been strongly tempted. In any event, it will not remedy the evil." A business associate may have performed some wrong deed: "I will cast no stone; it may aid in sending him down to the foot of the hill." So, every morning, when you open your eyes, let this be your thought—"I will cast no stone to-day;" and so surely as it is, you will find every day grow brighter and brighter, and a more nearer approach to the kingdom of heaven be attained than you have ever dreamed of attaining by all the powerful utterances or expressions which the world has ever produced. And remember this: that no man is without sin; that no one is perfect, but God, and he by being infinite in goodness. Therefore, cast not the first stone at any individual being, and presently no stones will be cast at all. The angels who attend their harps in praise of God, play not upon golden lyres, but upon those strings with the thoughts and feelings of human beings; and not an angel is so high in heaven that he may not stoop to minister to the lowliest child of earth; and angels, in their high thoughts and purity, are not afraid, and cast no stones.

**Rev. Mr. Wasson at the Meledeon, Sunday, May 3.**

We make the following selections from the many beautiful utterances that fell from the lips of one of the deepest thinkers and most spiritually-minded men of the present age. His subject was "Union and Unity."

Our country was called a union, but it was not a unity.

When a physician is called to a patient, and he finds the tongue dark and coated, the pulse quick and irregular, the head hot and throbbing, the breathing hurried and feverish, the mind wandering and delirious, he does not stop to inquire, "Is this patient sick?" Such is the state of our Union. Our nation is sick. This war is an indication of a deep seated evil. Some have said that the ailment is anti-slavery oratory. This will do for boys to say.

It is trivial to say that the sharp speeches of abolitionists are the cause of this war. Tongues will never set a continent on fire. There is a deeper cause. A magazine of powder was under this nation's feet. The deeper and subtler eloquence of facts, not tongues, has spread the fire of war over this continent.

What is the cause of this war? Our Union has been a union without unity.

We hear the cry, "Pat down the rebellion, and all will be well." Whipping the earth will not stop the earthquake. The causes lie deeper than the surface.

The Union as it was can never be, for our Union as it was was only a disunion; it contained disavowing forces, immensely powerful.

The soul's aim and prayer is that humanity may be a unity.

Why does insanity carry with it the phase of demons and obsessions? Because the unity of the man is broken.

"Love thy neighbor as thyself"—that is, find thy neighbor in thyself.

Sobriety destroys the Church, because the bond of unity is broken.

The sanctity of marriage is the spirit of union it carries.

Religion is the union of the faculties of a true man. Friendship and love are the soul of unity. In hate, envy and avarice there is no union.

The root of nobleness is the identification of our own interests with the interests of others.

Patriotism is the identification of one's self with the body of the people.

The moment a man separates his own welfare from the welfare of those with whom he lives, he mistakes the purpose of his own existence.

He who to one human being denies sympathy, does what he may to trample upon his own soul.

To love a man, is to divide what nature joins.

Who to them who dissolve or hinder lawful unions, who raise dams and put barriers before flowing sympathy.

Those who have fostered a disunion in humanity, have made this civil war, have plunged this Union into a state of disunion with a streak that has started the world.

The union of humanity must be taken as the basis of the attainable Federal Union. Peace & Federal

Union upon the chaos of selfish interests, and you will have the calamity of today.

All the joys and all the nobleness of human life exist in the unity of all.

The actual unification of society has always been by over-reaching the bounds of selfishness.

The greatest triumph proclaims the oneness of humanity, and stands side by side with the true Christian.

The mandate is, he that is greatest among you let him be your servant.

The more one is made truly great, the more he recognizes the unity of and feels in sympathy with all.

The silent universe is intent on making man subject to spirituality, and in bringing him in unity and in sympathy with humanity.

A. B. C.

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

**Banner of Light.**

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1868.

OFFICE, 158 WASHINGTON STREET, ROOM NO. 5, UP STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO., PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

FOR TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION SEE EIGHTH PAGE.

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 there is a better 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 calm 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.

**California.**

If we did not revert, from time to time, to the actual progress we are making on this continent toward a broader and more complete civilization, there would be danger of our going on in ignorance of the very resources to which we are indebted for what we are, and of the extent and power of the nation we all help to create. Few have ever given to California even the few moments' attentive consideration which her astounding growth merits; in any other land than our own, where such miracles of enterprise and concentrated population are too common to excite protracted wonder, and in which we are all too earnest actors to pause long enough to contemplate what is really being done, few would be without most minute information on a topic of not a fraction of the same interest.

A volume of goodly bulk has lately been published by a resident of the new State, on whose pages we find plenty of facts to stimulate our element of marvel, and to the utmost limit. We will cite a few, in our own language, for the interest of readers who may never have had an opportunity to see such an array of striking statements gathered in a single volume. In the first place, California astonishes us with the vast extent of her gold fields, and the facility with which they may be worked. There are gold-bearing streams in which fortunes could be shoveled up in a week. There are antediluvian streams, by far richer than those of the present era. There are beds of lava, which, after first filling up the beds of these antediluvian rivers, were left, by the washing away of the banks and adjacent plains, to stand as mountains and mark the place of vast treasures beneath them. Nuggets of gold are dug, each of itself worth a fortune. Mining is made a branch of industry entirely new and strange to the habits of labor of our people. Unheard of inventions are made by and for the population. Mountains are washed down. The rivers of the Sacramento basin are filled with thick mud throughout the year. A hundred mountains have been already lifted from their beds. Six thousand miles of mining ditches have been constructed. Aqueducts have been laid, not perhaps so durable, but certainly as wonderful as those of old Rome. Silver mines have been discovered, rivaling those of ancient Peru; and quicksilver mines, surpassing those of old Spain. Then there are vast deposits of sulphur and asphaltum; lakes of borax; mud volcanoes, geysers, and natural bridges; there is one valley of unsurpassed beauty and grandeur combined, shut in by walls almost perpendicular and more than three quarters of a mile in height, with half a dozen grand cascades, in one of which the water, at two leaps, falls more than a third of a mile.

The climate is as wonderful as all the rest. It is not only conducive to health, but likewise to physical and intellectual exertion, so temperate on the middle coast, that ice is never seen and thick clothing never worn, and the mercury in January varies but eight degrees from its average position in July. The botany of the State, too, is as wonderful as the mines and the atmosphere. It offers to the wonder of the world the most magnificent group of cone-bearing trees known, of which half a dozen species grow to be more than two hundred and fifty feet high, while one species reaches a height—scarcely credible—of four hundred and fifty feet, with a diameter of forty feet in the trunk! The zoölogy is as peculiar as the botany. The animals are nearly all denizens only of the coast, including the largest bird north of the equator, and the largest and most formidable quadruped of the continent. From importing all their food the first year, the citizens of this great State now send forth their wheat and wine in quest of buyers to the ends of the earth, and their markets are without a rival in the variety and excellence of home-grown fruits; in fact, California can boast of the largest fruits and vegetables and the largest crops of grain of any similar tract of land known to civilized man.

Within her borders, whose varied topography almost defies description, there are the steepest, most rugged and barren mountains, and valleys the most productive and beautiful; deserts the most sterile; spacious bays, grand waterfalls, picturesque lakes, extensive marshes, broad prairies, and dense forests. Could ever such contrasting features be recited of any single State before? The climate is like that of no other country, and entirely unlike the climate east of the Rocky Mountains. The winters are warmer by far than on the Atlantic Coast, the summers cooler—especially at night—the changes from hot to cold neither so sudden nor so great, the quantity of rain less, and confined to the winter and spring months, the atmosphere drier, the cloudy days fewer, thunder and lightning rarer, as well as hail, snow, ice, and the adverse boreals, the winds more regular—blowing from the north for fair weather, and the south for storms—and earthquakes more frequent. On the coast, and between the thirty-fifth and fortieth degrees of latitude, the difference in the summer and winter temperatures is not sufficient to deserve remark; though San Francisco is in the same latitude with Washington and St. Louis, it is a stranger to the cold winters and hot summers which affect both of those places. Ice never forms there of more than an inch's thickness; the thermometer was never known to indicate less than twenty-two degrees. "Snow is a great stranger, in St. Louis, there is rarely a day in winter which is truly comfortable in the open air; but half the winter season, at least, is in San Francisco, the day is

meaning clear, the sun warm, and the breezes gentle, the weather which resembles that of the Indian Summer in the Upper Mississippi basin. The coldest winter days at noon are as warm as the warmest in Philadelphia, at the same hour.

On the contrary, the summers are cool. There are not more than a dozen days when the thermometer rises above eighty degrees. However warm the days, the evenings are always cool, and blankets always in requisition for sleeping. Summer clothing is seldom worn by the men, but woollen is ordinarily worn both in summer and winter. The atmosphere is considerably warmer, however, in the interior; and persons coming thence to San Francisco, are greatly puzzled to know how they are to dress themselves suitably. Hail, when it falls, does not come in July and August, as with us, but between February and May. Hailstones fall in one district, in the interior, weighing a dozen pounds each! In all particulars, California is one of the wonders of our time; and it is as much to say that we live during the settlement and development of such a country, as that we witnessed the efforts of our people to put down with arms the most gigantic rebellion ever known to history.

**The Fear of Ridicule.**

The fear of "the world's dread laugh" has deterred many a willing spirit from advancement on the progressive path. The whisperings of conscience, (for that divine monitor is not silent upon lesser points of culture); the suggestions of common sense, and the appeals of reason, all have been in vain, against the potency of the tyrant, Custom. Health, usefulness, strength, bodily and mental activity, are sacrificed to the demon of appearances. The female child is cramped from its earliest years with fashionable trappings; its freedom of motion impeded; its being distorted by vanity and display. To act "the little lady," is the supreme injunction; even the bright, romping, mischief-making boy is exhorted "not to get into the dirt," as some fastidious people call the dear mother soil; "not to soil their clothes," &c., just as if frills and ruffles, starchings and trimmings were of more importance than robust, rural, health and supple limbs. Young folks, say, and old ones, often feel like having a jolly good time, running, leaping, jumping; or shouting at the bidding of the imprisoned spirit of cheerfulness; but propriety forbids, "and people would laugh."

Well, let them. Laughter is the best medicine for low spirits. You may do your neighbors good by making them laugh, though it be at your own expense. Join in with them, "so the laugh can be on both sides. Just see one of our 'city ladies' try to jump over a fence; what displays of petty fears and reluctances, of janey awkwardness; and what a loss of time! A fine girl of the Tomboy species would show them how to do it in the twinkling of an eye; but she, even, would have to be disencumbered of the cage-like corset, and the fearfully tight dress.

With no fear of ridicule to mar her innocent pleasures, the child of Nature grows into a useful member of society, combining the refinement of the true woman with that glow of health and bodily vitality that is so glorious to look upon; so rarely met with in this age of affectation and indolence.

The fear of ridicule! Why, it is a silly bugbear. How can reasonable men and women yield to its ridiculous spell? They violate their better sense each day, by their blind obedience to the despot, named "La Mode." At that dictator's fiat, the peaceful night is turned into an unwholesome gas-light day; nauseous and injurious menses are swallowed under a pretext of civilization, and poisonous draughts imbibed, that wrong the brain and pale the cheeks; dancing, that beautiful and healthful exercise, becomes either a stage performance, or an indolent drag through the languid hours; conversation is a continued falsehood; for interchanges of ideas, we have rank commonplaces, slanderous insinuations, mean and insipid small talk—all from fear of ridicule; for many intellectual minds, rich in treasures of thought, dread the exposure of their inner selves; for emotion is decidedly unfashionable, and perfect self-possession, that is, entire absence of feeling, is the law. Of course there are honorable exceptions; but few would venture to touch upon subjects of vital interest in a crowded ball-room; few would dare to respond to the revelations of the reformatory spirit, while the eye of the world was upon them: "It is weak and culpable to be thus subjected to the surface opinion of those who have no claims of grandeur of soul or goodness of heart to constitute them judges of the rest. It is folly to bow down in worship of appearances; to assume a mere semblance, a hypocritical mask for the sake of gaining the fleeting favor of society. It is wrong to yield our freedom of belief, of life-purpose, of dress, and food and living, to the mandates of an overbearing tyrant, whose trite powers are fashion, custom, and the world.

**The Patent Business.**

We have for some time thought it was pretty well attended to, although patentees have claimed, from Eli Whitney down, that a successful inventor was treated more like a criminal than a benefactor. Let that be true or not—even if it were true, it happens that inventors are so possessed and tormented with their own thoughts, their brains are forever teeming with such wonderful hints of possible and impossible creations, that they cannot refrain from going ahead with their work, even if they are positively certain that the poorhouse, or the jail, is just at the end of their path. The London Times has been giving a reflection or two to the plentifulness of patents, and the unaccounted accumulation of patents and patentees; and says: "It is a common saying that we can be sure only of two things in this life—death and taxes. This, however, is a mistake, for whether can we see from patents? But patents are so very beneficial, especially to a large and influential class of Her Majesty's loving subjects, who shall dare raise his voice against them? There are the patent agents, who do a capital business, with a host of mechanical draughtsmen and lithographers in their train; the scientific witnesses and advisers, who glory in a good patent cause, thinking only of their fees, and the lawyers, who revel in patent litigation and grow fat on the spoil. Nevertheless, the public has begun seriously to inquire whether all this patenting is either necessary or desirable; and some persons even presume to ask whether we need any." So, we see, all sorts of questions are asked on all sorts of subjects, in these latter days. It may be that communities may yet spring up, that shall "hold all things common." That is to be an early bleat of the millennium dawn, no doubt.

**Incidents of my Life.**

This is the title of Mr. D. D. Home's New Book, which has just been published from the advance English sheets, by Carlton, of New York. We refer the reader to the "Introduction to the American Edition," by Judge Edmonds, on our eighth page, which gives an interesting account of the Progress of Spiritualism in the United States, from the first manifestations in Rochester, N. Y., about fifteen years ago, down to the present time.

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**Our Foreign Relations.**

The relations of our Government with those of France and England are not of the most propitious character just at this time. We find in the letter of the London Times from Paris how the Emperor of that nation is disposed toward us, and a recent debate in Parliament lets us into the secret of the actual feeling of the national Legislature of Great Britain. France, in fact, may have to draw the sword in behalf of Poland; it all depends on what sort of an answer the Russian Czar returns to Napoleon's note respecting affairs in Poland. But if not, something must be done to still the rising restlessness of the people, generated by scarcity of cotton; and the specific for this disease in France has ever been war. The Times correspondent says it is believed in Paris, that, sooner or later, "coercive measures will become necessary to put an end to the conflict between the Northern and Southern States, and that negotiations will be resumed between the English and French Governments, with a view to interference of some kind." He further threatens, that when France is done with Mexico, she will turn her attention to President Lincoln.

In the British Parliament, the debate was bitter beyond precedent. Lord Palmerston and Earl Russell, indeed, talked with the most calmness—if we except Mr. Cobden.

The trouble with us is all about our seizure of their vessels, especially those trading with Mexico—a neutral power. They charge us with being offensively interfering, by our cruisers, with their legal trade, and carrying of mail. Minister Adams had also given a sort of clearance, or certificate of honest intention, to a vessel bound to Mexico, which had offended the French Emperor, as well as the British Government. It will require a cool head, a steady, but firm hand, and a large experience in public affairs, to steer us clear of the foreign obstacles that are thrown in our path.

**Leisure Hours.**

How do we employ them? We can make of them bright, lovely memories, that shall follow us forever, like soothing angels, or evoke from them spectres and shadows that appal. We can paint pictures so beautiful in home-repose and aspiration that they shall deck our life-gallery with adorning joy. We can create forms so majestically heroic, so divinely harmonious, that naught of earth shall excel them. We can plant gardens of imperishable bloom and fragrance, and think poems that shall thrill all kindred hearts with the fervor of truth and love. We can build temples of architectural grandeur, and therein worship with the good of the past and present. We can commune with the benefactors of the world, and sing the triumph songs of the liberators of humanity.

Oh, leisure hours! filled with the golden poeas of thought and feeling, to what blissful heights of spiritual culture ye point the way! What priceless treasures can be gathered from each fleeting hour! How lovingly the teaching angels call upon us to learn, to know, to seek, to strive; not for the earth-life's uses only, but for the eternal uses of the endless lives to come. Shall we, then, spend the precious moments in factious ill-willness, or, far worse, in mean and ignoble pursuits? Shall we not rather devote each fleeting second to the advancement of self and others, knowing by the light and truth awarded us, that only through our own unweary efforts shall we obtain salvation from the inherited and world-acquired discords of our Nature? Shall we look upon heaven, with its peace, serenity and beauty, as a far-off sphere and condition, when we can obtain its blessed possession here? Shall we people our hearts and homes and memories with remnant demons, in place of filling them with loving angels? Our future depends upon the wise uses of the passing hour. Let us consecrate our leisure moments, as well as the rest of life, to the cultivation of the Beautiful and the True.

**Tobacco.**

See how we are producing and consuming the weed. All the blasts that can be blown now from a mob of King Jameses would have no other effect than to make the article burn brighter. Here in New England, we not only chew, snuff and smoke it, but we raise it, too, and in enormous quantities, each year increasing. Only ten years since there were grown in the State of Massachusetts but about a hundred thousand pounds of it; to-day, Massachusetts grows nearly four millions of pounds! In 1850, Connecticut raised about one million pounds; now she forwards to market between six and seven millions of pounds! We all recollect what Secretary Seward—who is a great smoker—said when it was proposed to lay a tax on tobacco, as one of the luxuries of life: "Tobacco," said he, "is a necessary; not a luxury." In 1850, there were raised in the country nearly two hundred millions of pounds; in 1860, upwards of four hundred and twenty millions. If it astonishing what progress mankind make in the "vices;" they are eating, or they would not be so closely attended to by our people. But then cure come chiefly through experience, and not by mere preaching; and by this kind of reasoning, if tobacco is so generally used, we may soon expect to see it fall into an general disuse soon. Will a vice "down" because it is out-grown, and has the worst of the case in logic? Let us wait and see.

**Napoleon III. a Spiritualist.**

Interesting facts are being developed in relation to Napoleon III. and his association with Spiritualism. It is a matter of some importance to the Bible student to know that the most distinguished monarch of earth has become a Spiritualist, as well as many others of the most noted rulers on our planet. To us, this is one of the strong evidences that we are near the end of the present dispensation; for, as we understand the Scriptures, the end cannot come till after this has taken place.

"The above is the commencement of an article in the World's Crisis (Adventist). We endorse the above statement. It is true that we are near the end of the present dispensation. It has fulfilled its mission, and must give place to a more expansive code of ethics. The Church of to-day has ceased to progress, and a higher dispensation is to be inaugurated upon the earth in consequence. But when the Crisis intimates, as it does in the article from which we quote, that the new dispensation is the work of demons, we protest against such wholesale assertion. We know to the contrary. We fear the editor does not bear in mind the injunction of Scripture, wherein it says, "Judge not, lest ye be judged."

**We want more subscribers!**

Friends of the BANNER, each one of you, use every effort in your power to induce your acquaintances to subscribe. Our expenses are heavy, and the friends of our glorious cause must not quietly see us faint by the way for lack of material support. Six years of our time have been given to the cause—and the columns of the BANNER will show whether we have been industrious, or not—and the time has now come, we think, when Spiritualists everywhere should amply sustain us. We have faith that they will. But it must be remembered that we are striving against a mighty opposition; and hence the more urgent our appeals for aid from those who are daily availing the ranks of Spiritualism—those who have been convinced, through our instrumentalities and that of others, of the mighty truths embraced in the Spiritual Philosophy of the nineteenth century.

**Lecturers Wanted.**

It will be seen by a note under head of "Brief Correspondence," that lecturers on the Spiritual Philosophy are wanted at Ogdenburg, N. Y. For particulars, see our advertisement.

**Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch's Lectures.**

This renowned lecturer on the Spiritual Philosophy, gave two discourses in Lyceum Hall, in this city, on Sunday, May 3d. The hall was packed to its utmost capacity, and hundreds were unable to obtain admittance. It has been some four years since this lady spoke to a Boston audience, during which time she has labored mostly in New York. She has just returned from a most successful Western tour, where the desire to hear her was very great, her audiences always being as large as the capacity of the halls would admit.

Many who heard her years ago, thought there could be no improvement in her elocution, but we noticed a marked change in the tone of her voice. It is much stronger and clearer than it was, and is most beautifully modulated; her accents fall upon the ear with a clear, soft and musical roundness that perfectly charms the auditors, while the plain, logical and philosophical argument she uses, rivets the attention till the last utterance dies away in her closing benediction to the infinite Jehovah.

She is a very slender, unassuming, fair-haired blonde, of medium height, with curls gracefully flowing down to her shoulders, which give her quite a youthful appearance. When delivering her lectures, she is in an entirely unconscious trance state.

In the afternoon the theme of her discourse was "The Fountain of Perpetual Youth." She said that from the earliest dawn of human existence, it has been the aim of all to perpetuate youth. She alluded to the prevalent belief among the ancients that there was a land far in the East where flowed a fountain so potent in life-giving qualities, that those who drank therefrom enjoyed perpetual youth, and of the many pilgrims who journeyed in search of that desired abode, but who never returned, being swept away by the simoons of the desert or the disease of the climate. At last the belief began to be prevalent that the fabled land must be far in the West, toward the setting sun; and when Vesputi and his followers landed upon the newly discovered shores of America, and finding almost everything the heart of man could wish—genial climate, limpid streams and placid lakes, fruits of all varieties growing spontaneously—they thought they had truly found the long-dreamed-of land, where death never comes. But they were doomed to disappointment.

She then portrayed, in eloquent strains, the enchanted realm of spirit, the home of the immortal soul, as the spot where flowed the Fountain of Perpetual Youth. No jarring discords, blighted hopes, chilling winds, or withering blasts of earth life end entrance there. There, too, flowed the pure fountain of a mother's love; and in depicting the strength and purity of this love, the speaker's words glowed with an inspiration that touched all hearts, while they responded with sympathetic tenderness to the truthful picture. She also alluded to how man could cause this Fountain of Perpetual Youth to flow in his heart, by performing deeds of love, kindness, charity and good will toward his fellow man. It was a lesson worthy to be remembered. The entire lecture was one of great beauty, and was listened to with the profoundest attention.

Her evening discourse was on Practical Charity, which we hope all our readers will avail themselves of the opportunity of reading. A full photographic report will be found on the third page of this week's paper.

Mrs. Hatch speaks again at the same place next Sunday, afternoon and evening.

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Troops for the Tropics.

In a letter to the New York Post, Blaine Wright, of this city, while discussing the inability of white and black to fall before the attacks of fevers in tropical climates...

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

My direct attention to two interesting items on our eighth page, given at our office—the first on the "FORMATION OF THOUGHT" and the second on the "NATURE AND DURATION OF CONSCIOUSNESS"...

LAW FOR THE INDIANS.—See Mr. John Beeson's Card in another column.

Our venerable friend, it will be seen, is still active in his specialty, laboring for the poor Indians. He is at the seat of Government, where he finds a chance to come in contact with agents and delegates from all the various tribes...

INCIDENTS IN MY LIFE.

Just Published, From the advanced English sheets, by special arrangement with the author. THE PERSONAL MEMOIRS OF D. D. HOME, THE CELEBRATED SPIRIT-MEDIUM, ENTITLED, INCIDENTS IN MY LIFE, With an Introduction by JUDGE EDMONDS, OF NEW YORK.

A NEW BOOK.

PULMONARY CONSUMPTION, THAT FATAL DESTROYER OF MAN! CURABILITY DEMONSTRATED ON NATURAL PRINCIPLES ALONE. Medicated Air, Medicated Inhalation, AND NATURAL HYGIENE. BY ANDREW STONE, M. D.

Correspondence in Brief.

PUBLISHERS BANNER.—Please find enclosed one dollar to help you to keep up the Free Circles. We would not have the Message Department of your paper stopped on any account.

How blessed it is to feel assured that when the spirit of a loved one leaves the body, it is not dead, or lost to us, but has passed to a higher life, to welcome us when we ourselves cast off the mortal form!

Dr. L. K. Conley writes us encouragingly from Worcester County, where he is at present lecturing. He recently spoke in Worcester to crowded houses. Truly the spiritual work goes bravely on.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

In order to meet the large demand for this remarkable work, we have made arrangements to supply it to its subscribers and readers, and will send it by mail, postage free, on receipt of price, \$1.25.

ESSAYS

ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS. INTENDED to elucidate the Causes of the Changes coming upon all the Earth at the present time; and the Nature of the Calamities that are so rapidly approaching...

THE RIGHTS OF MAN.

BY GEORGE FOX, given through a lady. Price 4 cents. Postage, 1 cent. For sale at this office.

All Right—All Wrong.

The Herald of Progress pays a very high compliment to the "All Right" theory by declaring, "that with Deity all is right—the principle of right is a reality."

THE COPPERHEADS ARE NOT WITHOUT A PARTY.

It is now chiefly on the wrong side of Mason and Dixon's line. The forces under Banks found in Franklin and Onondaga, the speeches of Cox, Seymour and Valandigham, for sale. It must have been gratifying to our soldiers to discover such expressions of "Union" sentiment so far from their homes, and endorsed as sound by the enemies they were sent to fight.

THE FRENCH WERE SHOCKED AT THE THOUGHT OF AN AMERICAN BOMBARDMENT OF NEW ORLEANS.

They are less concerned for Mexican towns, having raised shot and shell upon Puebla, to the destruction of public edifices, as well as of ordinary houses. Circumstances alter cases, and what they set down as wicked in us, is an act of duty, when done by themselves.

THE BEST ALWAYS THE CHEAPEST.

"STODART" PIANOS. STODART & MORRIS, Manufacturers, Warrenton 328 Broadway, New York.

THE CURSE OF CONSUMPTION.

THE CURSE OF CONSUMPTION BY THE MEDIUM OF THE STOMACH. The Dietary of the Consumptive. Manner of Eating. The Clothing of the Consumptive Invalid.

Strawberries—Plant and Reap.

If our readers wish to enjoy the luxury of strawberries and cream next summer, now is the time to set out the plants. A friend of ours will furnish up-top plants of the very best kind, with full directions for culture, at eighty cents per hundred.

RECREATION OF SOME SORT IS ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY TO RELIEVE OUR MINDS AND BODIES FROM TOO CONSTANT ATTENTION TO LABOR.

Indeed, the use of wisdom consists in tempering our recreations. There are some so rigid, or so timorous, that they avoid all diversions, and dare not indulge in them, for fear of offending their self-righteous friends.

UNION TULIP.

We have received from a friend in New York, a photograph picture of what he terms a "Union Tulip." It was said to have been drawn in ten minutes. It is indeed a curiosity. It may be seen at this office.

THE SECOND VOLUME

ARCANA OF NATURE. BY HUDSON TUTTLE. IT WILL BE ISSUED ON MONDAY MAY 11th, 1863.

IRON IN THE BLOOD.

THE GREAT VALUE OF IRON AS A MEDICINE well known and acknowledged by all Medical men. The difficulty has been to obtain such a preparation of it as will enter the circulation and assimilate at once with the blood.

PERSONAL.

We are informed by Bro. L. U. Davis, of Beardstown, Ill., that a letter remains at that office addressed to Mrs. Laura DeForest Gordon. It has been retained from the dead letter office on account of its valuable contents.

HEARDLESS, COLD INTELLECTUALLY CAN NEVER MAKE A WARM, AFFECTIONATE, CORDIAL FRIEND AND COMPANION.

How TO CURE A FEWER.—When one of these painful torments appears on the hand, apply a piece of reunit, soaked in milk, to the affected part, and renew the application at brief intervals, until relief is found.

ALTERED GREENBACKS.

Two dollar U. S. notes, altered to fifteen, and tens, altered to one hundred dollars, are in circulation. The alteration is bunglingly done, and can easily be detected.

75 CENTS A MONTH!

I want to hire Agents in every county at \$75 a month, expenses paid, to sell my new cheap Family Sewing Machines. Address, May 16, 3m S MADISON, Alfred, Maine.

PERUVIAN SYRUP.

THE SECRET OF THE ASTONISHING SUCCESS OF THIS REMEDY IN curing Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Dropsy, Nervous Affections, Headache, Langour, Neuralgia, Sciatica, and all complaints accompanied by General Debility, or originating in a bad state of the blood.

Donations to the Free Circles Fund.

Wm. Davis, Milton, Mass., \$1.00; Thomas D. Denton, Chittosee, Mass., \$1.00; George B. Saunders, East Taunton, Mass., \$1.00; Wm. Saunders, East Taunton, Mass., \$1.00; Benj. Winkley, East Taunton, Mass., \$1.00; Jennie Lord, Chittosee, Mass., \$1.00; T. M. Jenkins, New York City, \$1.00; C. B. Gregory, Beverly N. J., \$2.00; C. Cook, Hampton, N. H., \$3.00; Collins Eaton, Ogdensburg, N. Y., \$1.00; A. Kellogg, Kelloggville, Ohio, \$1.00; A. A. Tooker, Hamburg, Conn., \$1.00; Dr. J. B. Oram, Boston, Mass., \$1.00; several friends at Circles room, \$3.00.

REMARKS ON THE PORT, DIED OF STARVATION.

A splendid monument adorns his grave, and on it is written, "He asked for bread, and ye gave him a stone." The finest sarcasm ever uttered.

MEETINGS AT ELKHORN, WALWORTH CO., WISCONSIN.

To the Spiritualists and Friends of Progress in this region: I wish to state that meetings will be commenced on the first Sunday in May next, at the residence of Bro. J. B. Tupper, in Elkhorn, at 11 o'clock A. M., and continue regularly every alternate Sunday, through the summer.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Our terms are ten cents per line for the first and eight cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Payment invariably in Advance.

FREE AND INDEPENDENT PAPER!

IT was a remark of the celebrated David Hume, that "The liberty of the Press and the liberty of the People must stand or fall together." The Boston Investigator continues to be devoted to the maintenance of the great principle of Universal Mental Liberty, and will leave no untried, well written communication, be it Religious or Political, Orthodoxy or Heterodoxy, if it be dictated by good taste and expressed in the spirit of charity.

PROGRESSIVE FRIENDS.

The Religious Society of Progressive Friends will hold its Eleventh Yearly Meeting at Longwood, Chester Co. Pa., commencing on Fifth-day (Thursday), the 4th of Sixth month (June), 1863, at 10 o'clock, A. M., and continuing two or three days.

THE PERSISTENCY OF THE SOUTHERN STATES IN SLAVERY IS THE GREATEST MORAL DEFORMITY OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Victor Hugo. One of the most scientific astronomers of Italy, Battista Amici, died a few days since at Florence, at the advanced age of seventy-nine. He was known at all the learned institutions of Europe for his observations upon the double stars.

INFIDEL CONVENTION.

THE INFIDEL ASSOCIATION of America will hold its Annual Convention on the day and evening of WEDNESDAY, the 18th of June, at the beautiful Hall, Summer street, Boston, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M. Friends of the Cause in the vicinity are respectfully invited to attend.

INTRODUCTION.

Adam not the first man; Men built cities in Asia thirty-five thousand years ago; Lake Burde and the credibility of History; The Fate of Genesis; the New York Tribune and Leonard Horner on Egyptian Papyrus 15,000 years old; How we know that the Egyptians made Pottery 7,000 years before Adam's date; The Artesian Well borings of the French Engineers in the Egyptian Delta; Discovery of the colossal statue of Rhamseth II., and what followed it; Synchrology and the Chaldean Chronology, stretching back 24,000 years; Chinese Kings 18,000 years ago; Fu-Ar-Go, the original Chinaman, created 129,000 years ago!

LANDS!

A BARR opportunity for all wanting Farms in the large New England settlement of Massachusetts. The climate is best; the soil and markets in the Union; 20 miles southeast of Philadelphia, \$10 to \$20 per acre. Terms easy. For full information address or apply to E. J. STYLER, Manchester, New Jersey.

LAW FOR THE INDIANS.

The subscriber has learned that the Indians and others are sometimes kept out of their dues by unprincipled men, and that when they apply for legal redress, they are still more imposed upon. To prevent these wrongs, the subscriber has made arrangements with competent counsel to prosecute any just claim before the Departments, and before the Supreme Court of the United States at Washington, and will guarantee that all cases that are put in his hands shall be prosecuted with promptness and in strict accordance with justice and honor.

ANSWERING SEALED LETTERS.

We have made arrangements with a competent medium to answer Sealed Letters. The terms are One Dollar for each letter so answered, including three red postage stamps. Whenever the conditions are such that a spirit addressed cannot respond, the money and letter sent to us will be returned within two or three weeks after its receipt. We cannot guarantee that every letter will be answered entirely satisfactory, as sometimes spirits address hold-imperfect control of the medium, and do as well as they can under the circumstances. To prevent misapprehension—as some suppose—Mrs. Conant is the medium for answering the sealed letters sent to us for that purpose—it is proper to state that another lady medium answers them. Address—Elihu or Lorenz, 128 Washington street, Boston.

DR. J. T. GILMAN PIKE.

DR. J. T. GILMAN PIKE, HANCOCK HOUSE, CORNER MARKET ST. BOSTON.

THE STORY OF THE HUMAN RACE.

FROM 35,000 TO 100,000 YEARS AGO! BY GRIFFIN LEE, OF TEXAS.

ASTROLOGY AND MEDIUMS.

DR. LISTER, 25 Lowell street can be consulted in person or by mail. Full (Astrological) 50 cents; oral or three questions answered by mail, 25 cents. An oral or written question answered by mail, 25 cents. All through H. L. Lister, 25, Lowell St., Boston. Medicines sent by express with full directions. Sent Feb. 21, 1863.





