

# BANNER LIGHT.



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## JASMINE;

## THE DISCIPLINE OF LIFE.

BY CORA WILKINSON.

### CHAPTER IV.

#### The Mystery of Oakleaf Hall.

"Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou  
shalt not escape calumny."—SARASMA.

"I must begin by saying a few words about myself." Thus commenced Nurse Annalee. "I was a widow, a young widow, poor and broken down by sorrow and the loss of my dear, good husband, when I came to Oakleaf Hall. I had never lived in a place of service before, but I heard of Mr. Northrup's generous heart, of his lady's gentle disposition, and I determined to try my luck. The first time I saw your mother, Miss Jessie, she was sitting on the piazza overlooking the South hills, and my heart went out toward her at once. She looked so sweet, so beautiful with her large dark eyes and drooping lashes, her splendid gold-brown, curly hair. Her smile was sad, her voice so low and soft, I knew at once she had trouble, and I longed to soothe her as I would a little child; but of course, I could not take such a liberty. She engaged me at good wages, and for light duties—the dear, unhappy lady!

Well, two years I lived with her, receiving many a present from the master. He was lively and more social than he did not look so awful stern and cold, when you were born, my dear, and I took you, too, to my heart. Mrs. Northrup loved Jesse's flowers most of all, and so were christened Jesse, with the holy name of Mary attached, and that will be your real name in heaven. I had never been blessed with a child, so I loved my mistress's baby all the more. But I knew and saw that some secret grief lay heavy on her heart. I puzzled here and there, and at last I found out why her cheek was so pale always, her smile so sad, her eyes so full of tears. I had quick eyes, and what they did not see, she, dear lady, little by little told me; for she wasn't a bit proud, not like the present lady at all."

Nurse Annalee sighed.

"Well, dear, it seems she had been a poor girl, and had worked for a living, doing embroideries and fancy work, and never knowing what it was to have a silk gown. You won't mind my telling you this, for, Miss Jessie, you've got common sense, and you don't scorn the poor, and scoff at humble things, our Saviour was born in a manger, you know. Your dear mamma was born and brought up in a little low-roofed cottage, on only child, and when Mr. Northrup first saw her, she was tending her invalid mother. He fell in love with her beauty and grace and goodness, and though he might have married the richest lady in the land, he preferred that cottage-rose. Miss Mary Wilder, her name was, did not wish to marry the great gentleman; her heart had been given to one in her own station of life, a brave young seaman. But he was too poor to take her out of poverty; he was made, or something, of a vessel that made long voyages to foreign parts. Old Mrs. Wilder was proud and peevish, from long sickness. When Mr. Northrup offered marriage to her daughter, she insisted on her accepting such good fortune; but Miss Mary could not bring her mind to it for ever so long. She was faithful to the absent one she had given her maiden promise to. Something of this she said to Mr. Northrup, but he was so bewitched by her beauty, and determined to have her for his own, that he did not pay much attention to her objections, but worried her every day with prayers to become his wife.

At last the old lady prevailed upon her, with tears and entreaties, to give him a favorable answer. Miss Mary was a good daughter; she found that she could minister to her mother's wants, perhaps prolong her life, in better circumstances; and she might wait for years before her lover could earn enough to marry with. So she asked for a year's time, promising to become Mr. Herbert Northrup's wife at the end of that time. She had then not heard from the young man for many months.

The year passed away and he never came back or wrote, and she gave him up as dead. She could not believe he was faithless. So the master married her, and he brought her to the Hall, and loaded her with trinkets and dresses, and all sorts of fine things; and she was such a lady by nature, she never was out of place in the grandest company.

But he could not take the loss of her mind, and the sorrow of her loving heart. She used to fear him, even in the first days of their marriage, because of his great family pride. The old lady died soon after the wedding; she never lived to come to the Hall; but of course everything was done to make her last days comfortable. I know Miss Mary would never have married the master after her mother's death.

Well, dear, you was a great solace to her. I never saw a mother so completely absorbed in a child. She fairly worshipped you; she never gave you into the care of servants. She did everything for you, and watched over you as over the greatest treasure our Lord could give. Mr. Northrup did not like it that she gave so much time to her child; he wanted her to receive more company, to go visiting in the neighborhood, to enjoy the fashions, and the dinner-parties, and the gay doings of the world. Poor lady! her heart wasn't in all those things; she was sorrowful and absent-minded, and cared for nothing on this earth but you. She never smiled her devious, and never failed in duty to her husband; but she could not return his love and being so hypocritical, she did not pretend to. And he saw it, and it chafed his proud spirit; and when he found that she was so much more devoted to him, and company did not have any other, why, he grew cross and harsh, and said unpleasant things, and reminded her of the lowly position he had taken her from—of all he had done for her, and she never answered a word.

word, but, quietly left the room, and went into her oratory and poured out her sorrow into the bosom of the blessed Virgin, and prayed for strength to do her duty and bear her cross."

Nurse Annalee lifted up to me her tear-filled eyes. She must have read the expression of my crimsoned face, the meaning of my convulsively clenched hands. "No, no dearie; remember he is your father. We must forgive as we have been forgiven. Men are sometimes stern and self-willed when anything thwarts their wishes. God has patience with us, let us be so bearing to each other!"

I kissed the meek brow, the eyelids that shed tears for my beloved one, and with outward calmness I listened to the eventful narration that she had gathered all her remaining strength to give.

"From my heart I pitied the dear lady; but what could I do to make her happier? Only when I spoke of you, and pointed out the bright, happy future that awaited you she would smile, and her face would light up, and she would kiss you and say, looking up to heaven:

"Oh Father, let me live to see her happy!"

Well, to come to what must be told, your father found some writing of hers—a sort of journal—in which she put down her thoughts; and something in it of the dead lover, stirred up his wrath, and he was terribly wrought up, and said some things that hurt his lady's feelings so badly she could not get over it.

"Oh, Anna!" said she to me, "if he could deem me forgetful of my duty!" She cried in my arms like a baby, and from that day was more abstracted and pensive than ever.

One time, you was about two years old, the master went on a journey, some twenty miles from here, and while he was gone the great misfortunes happened that cost your mother's life, and brought suspicion on her name.

"Do not move, dearie; I'll tell it as shortly as I can. I must, for she bade me do it. The young man she had been engaged to was not dead; he had been shipwrecked, and for four or five years been tossed about here and there, before he could return to his home.

He heard of Miss Mary's marriage, and he resolved to look on her face once more. So he came to the Hall. I saw him; he was tall as your father, but his eyes were blue, and his hair was a light brown. He looked good, and kind, and sorrowful; but of course was not as grand looking as your papa. I came up and told my mistress that a stranger wanted to see her in the front drawing-room. Well, she went, down, and soon I heard a shriek, and in I rushed to find my lady on the floor in a dead faint, and to see the stranger kneeling beside her, crying and wringing his hands, and calling her his lost angel. I knew at once how it was, so I said some kind words to him, and I carried my poor mistress into another room, and revived her. She threw her arms around my neck, and cried like a child:

"Oh, Anna, dear!" said she, "my sin has visited me. I persecuted myself for life, and now I am here! Oh God! Oh God!"

I did not know what to say to console her, so I led her to her own room, and left her praying before the crucifix. Well, as I went down again I heard loud talking in the drawing-room, and as I went in to speak to the sailor gentleman, who should I see but master! Some evil spirit brought him in just at that moment. He was abusing and threatening the stranger, telling him his name was too well known to him, that he wanted no vagabonds about his premises, and that he would shoot him like a dog, if he ever ventured to show his face again. The young man, looking him steadily in the face, asked him if he had no faith in human virtue, in man's respect for woman?

The master said he did not want any parleying with him, and ordered him to quit the house. He went, and I ran to my mistress. And oh, dearie, such a quarrel as they had that very day! I never saw my dear, quiet lady so excited; her cheeks blazed, and her eyes flashed like suns! She called her husband a tyrant, and said she would never forgive his unjust suspicions. His last words, as he let the room that day, were these:

"You shall be watched, Madam!"

This is a queer world, and people in it make mischief for each other, when they ought to be making peace and happiness. There was a gentleman used to visit here, who has been but once to see the master, some years ago when you were a little girl. You have a good memory, Miss Jessie, you know who I mean—Mr. Mark Catliffe.

I started to my feet, as I exclaimed:

"Hut—that dark, strange, curious man you would never tell me about? Why can't I remember all I heard and saw while he was here? I was sick after he went away—I remember that."

"Do not try to remember anything about him, my pet; he was the evil spirit of this house; and for the life of me I could never tell the why. Well, as I heard afterwards, he aroused your father's suspicions of your poor mother's fidelity to him. My dear child, you are innocent in the ways of the world; may the blessed saints forever keep you so. But appearances were against the mistress—terribly against her. I don't know dearie, how it happened, or what he saw and heard, but Mr. Northrup found the sailor gentleman in the house in the dead of night, and Mr. Catliffe dragged him out, or your father would have murdered him. Then, there was a scene between the master and his lady; she protesting her innocence, and he, furious as a madman, would not listen to anything she had to say."

All at once, I heard my mistress scream, and I ran to her assistance, but was forbidden to enter her room by Mr. Catliffe, who kept watch at the door. Some thing awful had taken place. I heard my dear lady moan and wail, and I fell on my knees and cried and prayed to be let in; but Mr. Catliffe put me back—roughly, but with a manner as if he was master there. I never slept a wink that night, and at daylight there was the traveling carriage before the Hall gate, and my mistress's trunk up to it, and your mother was carried down stairs by her husband, and that had, meddlesome man. She was wrapped up in a large cloak, though it was the middle of summer. She never suffered, nor raised a finger, and she never uttered a word for all the trouble she had gone through. Her face, too, I begged for once look at her, but she would not let me. She was so pale, and so sad, and so full of grief, that I could not bear to look at her. She never answered a word.

The carriage whirled off with my lady, Mark Catliffe, and the master. Before Mr. Northrup left, he told me to tell the servants that the mistress had been taken suddenly and dangerously ill in the night; that he was taking her to a physician who cured such diseases. I was to hint that the dear lady had gone out of her mind! He bade me to secrecy of what I knew, as he wanted me to remain with you, dear child. I promised everything, and made our servants believe the falsehood. The Lord forgive me! I never lied before. So my story accounted for the cry they had heard—the sailor gentleman was dragged away without any one seeing him, and I had sent back to bed all who had heard the shriek of the mistress.

While Mr. Northrup was gone, a strange, queer, odd-looking woman, dressed all in black, tall and gaunt, came to me and brought me the package you have in your lap. She just peered through the bushes, and stretched out a long, bony hand and arm, and said, "For you, faithful Anna!" and then she disappeared like a ghost, only I did hear her footsteps on the gravel-path. Well, dearie child, there was a letter for me, and it was written by a trembling, dying hand, and in it she said she was innocent. The writing was kind of wild-like as if she was not in her own right mind—I could not well make it out. She entrusted you to my care, and enjoined me to be secret as regards all that had passed. On your eighteenth birthday you were to know all. It has pleased the Lord to call me sooner. I thought it my duty to tell you before I die."

"Oh, tell me, nurse, did he, my father—did that bad man, Catliffe, kill her?" She went with them; she was in their power."

"God only knows, love. Men do fearful things when they forget themselves, in their passions. Mr. Northrup was terrible in those days, but I can't bring myself to believe he would raise his hand against her, and I do not think Mark Catliffe, wicked as I always thought he was, could do that. I rather think the freight and the misery killed her—she was almost dead when she was carried out of the house. A week after I received the letter, the master returned. He looked sad and pale, and wore mourning clothes; the dear, poor lady was gone to rest. He told me he had been with her to the last. He would not answer any questions, and he forbade me ever mentioning her name in his presence, or talking to you about her. He had a monument erected to her memory, and he told me the name of the place she was buried in. The servants did not suspect anything, and since that time all have been changed. I am the only one remaining that knows what happened here. I would not have left you for the treasures of the United Kingdom. I kept watch over those papers in fear and trembling. You see I have always worn the key around my neck. I was so in dread of some one taking them. Now, dearie, I have told you all."

This revelation of mystery, made with the labored breath and frequent pauses of exhausted energy, gave me the long-desired clue to the reason of my father's coldness. In the child, he hated the memory, and somewhat of the resemblance, of the low-born mother. He had accused her of some monstrous wrong—unfaithfulness to him. I scarcely know what that meant, for I was an unsophisticated child of Nature. But I understood that some horrible suspicion attached itself to the fair fame of my departed one. But in my soul a voice of majesty and power cried out in agony of filial love and defence, "She is innocent! She is pure as the saintly name she bears!"

I asked Nurse Annalee for the letter my mother had sent her. She said she had destroyed it at the request of the writer. I gave the sick woman her soothing draught, and hastened from the room to call Ronia. I was impatient to be alone, to read my mother's missive, to unravel still further the mystery of misfortune that encompassed me. I met the mulatto in the passage. She anxiously scanned my face, and smoothing my hair with both her soft, calm-dispensing hands, she said, in a low and pitying voice:

"Has the trouble and the grief-time come, my child? Bear up, bear up! Sorrow is sent by him who knows all things. We all have to suffer some way in this world of tribulation. Pray to the Lord, honey darling! He bring you out all safe! You come out all right, Miss Jessie!"

I thanked her, and asked her to remain with nurse, while I went away to my chamber for awhile. She said she had come for that purpose. Returning to the sick room, I kissed the brow, cheeks and hands of my mother's faithful friend, and carefully closing the communicating doors, I hastened to my prayer-book, lit my lamp, and placed it on the altar-table. Kneeling on a cushion, before I broke the seal, and with a thrill of reverential awe and love, with fast falling, heart-wringing tears, commenced the perusal of my mother's letter.

### CHAPTER V.

#### The Utterance of a Broken Heart.

"Appearances deceive,  
And this one axiom is a standing rule."

"No more!"

Words of despair I yet earth's, all earth's the woe  
Their passion breathes—the desolately deep!  
That sound in heaven—oh! image then the flow  
Of gladness in its tones—to part, to weep—  
No more!"

—MRS. HEMANS.

"My little child, my innocent one, deprived thus early of a mother's guardian care, with my last falling breath I bless thee, thou my heaven-sent, comforting angel! If by thy sufferings and sorrows I am deemed worthy of a place amid the ransomed ones of God, from the eternal shores will I watch over thee, gladly exchanging the glories of my heavenly abode for the murky atmosphere of earth, if I can only be permitted to watch over thee, side by side with thy own guardian spirit. I would inspire thee to all noble effort, to the supreme conquest of self, to the attainment of purity that is beyond the knowledge of this sensual world, to a righteousness that is acceptable to God, not vaunted of man alone.

"My Jessie, darling, some one in future days may tell you that your fond, unhappy mother was of low origin, of plebeian propinquity, that it was a condescension on the part of the wealthy, honored and influential Herbert Northrup to marry her, that she was unworthy of his elevation, and dragged his unpolished

name into disrepute. My child, God does not measure intellect and heart by worldly rules. Donces have sat on thrones, and amid the darkness, rubbish and repulsiveness of poverty, He, the Great Distributor, has cast the pearl-gleams of purest lives, the diamond mutilations of grandest intellect, the celestial radiance of holy, self-abnegating loves. My precious one, I have been named by all, a visionary. Stern realities have interposed their looming horrors betwixt my cherished dreams of happiness. My soaring spirit has been bowed in fetters, oh, far more galling than the prisoner's chain! My child, I have lived in soul apart from this turbulent, conventional, unjust and mocking world; my solitude has been peopled by messengers from the inner realms, by angel visitants, who came to teach what man as yet dare not proclaim in the churches, or woman respond to from her inmost soul. Mechanically I followed the outer routine of religious observance, as part and symbolic expression of indwelling truths, unspoken and unaccepted in their holiness. My God was not a far-off, benignant Father; He was to me an ever-present essence, made visible to eye and heart in every beautiful and graceful form of life; he was to me no inexorable Judge, no partial lover of his creation; he was the universal all; whose sun-rays glory falls alike, in compensating beauty and inspirational power on those who strive to do his will, in a solemn summons on the selfishly engrossed and viciously ensnared of evil ways.

My life was one continued aspiration of love; doubtless it needed the purification of sorrow and bitter, bitter disappointment. I go hence with one grief only at my heart—that I must leave thee, my untired, tender one, to the conflicts of this mercenary, plotting world. Oh, that I could take thee in my arms, and with thee glide fearless and believing over the dividing sea! But I will implore the Omnipotent God, who ever listens to the mother's prayer, and through his myriad and ministering channels of responding love, I shall be taught the means whereby to hover around thee, by day and by night, in sorrow and in joy, in life and at the last closing hour. I will speak to thee in the sighing winds, in the whispering flowers, in the flow of waves, from mountain tops, and from the placid valleys. God's teaching voices of Nature shall bear the impress of thy mother's tones of love.

I was humbly born, my child, of poor and honest parents, whose birthright was toil, almost from the cradle. My father departed for the land of rest and recompense with forgiving love upon his lips for the haughty and ill-used oppressors who had kept him chained to the toll-mart during life. I inherited much of his strangeness of thought, his visionary schemes of human improvement, his heretical ideas of religion, his revolutionary code, as his exalted views were formed by others. Had he lived, the sacrifices that forced me into a glided misery had never been exacted. My young life might have been dedicated to incessant labor, but never to regret and sorrow. I should not have been prematurely driven from this probationary earth.

The violets bloomed over his mortal resting-place when I had completed my fourteenth year. The neighbors said I was a cold, hard-hearted girl, for I shed no tear upon his grave. In the solitude of my own room, I wept for the lost companionship and the tender, visible care withdrawn; but I communed in thought and feeling, in aspiration and devotion with him as before. Only the veil of sense was between my vision and the dear, oft-frequent presence.

A daughter of the people, I felt grandly exalted by a love of humanity and the consciousness of unselfish effort, above the mere external planes of earthly position. I loved Nature, and she taught me more than books. I felt that poetry was true worship; that labor was sanctified by honest endeavor; that the treasures of the mind and heart were imperishable, the joys of the spirit were eternal. Therefore I did not pray and speak, and feel, and love, and hope, and fear as others did. I was happy within myself.

My dear, worldly-minded mother urged on me the necessity of entering upon a wealthy marriage, which, with my beauty, as she fondly styled my few personal attractions, my not ungraceful appearance, might elevate me to a high and enviable position, and relieve us from the ever-recurring necessity of toil. Gently but firmly I refused compliance with her request, for to me had come the purest, holiest gift that angels ever gave into woman's keeping. One of those exceptional natures that seem to be commissioned of our Father to shed blessings around them wherever they abide, offered to me, poor, humble Mary Wilder, all the hoarded store of affection, the crown of a completed manhood, the sceptre of a world-ruling love. Clarence was ten years my senior; but perfect health, a superior mind, a benevolent heart, had kept his features molded in the charm of youth. He was born of a noble mother, one who bore the honors of an ancient house, the last descendant of a haughty race of old time nobility. Left an orphan, heirless of vast wealth, endowed with that spiritual beauty that attracts the soul-love of the few, she descended from her lofty station to wed with one her equal in the sight of God, but proscribed by that exclusive class that named her an associate. The persecutions of the world followed them for years, but in their happiness they defied its outcries. Much joy was theirs, and within a week both loving spirits were reunited in the world above. Clarence was then a boy of sixteen, well cultured, brought up in an atmosphere of love and harmony. This only child should have inherited the vast estate of his mother, but unjust and partial laws deprived him of his rightful home and dues. Then he wandered off to foreign lands, satisfying the cravings of his soul for the beautiful, in the humblest capacity. He went to sea, and amid rude and uncongenial surroundings ever retained the purity of his mind and morals, the gentleness and refinement of his being.

I loved him, daughter, with an affection that you will one day understand. Many love with the blindness of fancy, the intoxication of passion, the inexperience of the heart. First love is often but a folly, from which the disciplined soul awakes to smile in pitying remembrance. But it was not so with us. He had known trial, sorrow, solitude. The great world, with its throngs of fashionable beauties, he despised; he honored labor, and revered true womanhood. The mother's spiritual intuitions and clear-sightedness of affection had descended to the son, and

with that was blended the father's independent mind, the many virtues of the humble, skillful artisan.

My school of training had been a peculiar one; vanity and love of admiration had never ensnared my heart, and still I needed the discipline of sorrow, for I had built the heart-home of too many hopes on earth. We loved from the first, and in that love there was no fluctuation of feeling; no alternations of doubt and fear perplexed us; never an unholy thought disturbed the summer-current of that divine repose and confidence. Divested of every particle of grossness, it led us to heights where unusual and calculating sentiment are unknown. It was a love worthy of the benediction of the angels, guarded in a vassallo fame, and forever consecrated unto God. Some day my child will learn that such love knows no fall, that it is a union of souls that care not for the perishable frame, that sooner would the star-world and the sun-orbs fall than their divinely appointed places than such a love trill its angelic lustre in the impure dust of earth.

Oh, when will the world learn that pure love is a Saviour and a shield, an outgrowth of the immortal essence, a part of God, a symbol and reality of eternal life! Oh, doubters, scoffers, men with the hearts of beasts, and women with distorted souls, will you not believe that accession is possible from the lower planes? from the condition of the animal, the grovelling states? Why will you persist in linking unholy, devastating passion with chaste and everlasting love? why bind the spirit to its fleshly bonds, why yield forever to the tempting demons of desire, when blessed angels bespeak to a celestial communion of purity! Oh, world! world! clothing thyself forever in the scarlet mantle of thy iniquities, and striving to cast its lurid shadow on the actions of the pure and wisely loving, oh when, my God! Father of Love and Source of Purity! shall the serpent cease to wound thy children, and the reign of evil die! Upon the shrinking shoulders of woman is laid the heaviest cross; when will her virginal robes be honored, her divine maternity be acknowledged?

Do I speak intelligibly to the awakening heart of my child? Oh, Jasmine, thine is a warning nature; heed to the counsels of maternal love. Guard well the avenues of feeling, the impulsiveness of thy character; beware of the stimulated love that looks to the earthly possession only; beware of its under current of blighting passion. The love that is all purity, is distant worship, is reverential homage, is tenderness enwrapped in soul communion. It is chary of caresses, and outward demonstrations of its depth and fervor. It is world-wide in its influence, not selfish in its appropriation. The one chosen spirit is its help-mate for time and for eternity. Its highest inspirational gifts are for that only one; but from that central love proceed the self-abnegations, the charities that bless, the influences that elevate, the forgiveness that is enjoined of God, the brotherhood of man, the peace, regeneration, and happiness of the world.

My daughter, dear, love flower of my spirit, I see you in your early womanhood; the child-marks are on your brow and cheek. Retain forever the characteristics of thy blessed childhood. Be pure as a snow, be loving unto all, be true and faithful to thy appointed tasks. Is it a sinful mother, who, from her dying bed thus entreates her only child? Yes, my beloved, I have failed in living out my ideal life of purity, truth, and usefulness. From a mistaken idea of duty, I sacrificed my life. I uttered perjured vows, and for this am I justly punished. But of that gross and revolting crime they accuse me of, I am innocent! I am innocent, my child, so help me God! Oh, Jasmine, dear, some day, perhaps, your father will tell you a fearful tale of the low-born wife's deep guilt. As you love my memory, as you believe in God and hope for Heaven, I implore you, believe it not. Only in this, I ask you to disbelieve your father. He has been cruelly, shamefully deceived! I pity, I forgive him for all; even for—

Do not allow one revengful feeling to usurp the place of the filial love and respect you owe to him. Surely he will love my little child, and some day—for God is just, as well as merciful—perhaps she may be His chosen instrument to bring to light her mother's innocence. I care not that my impudic crime is hidden from the world. He, your father, believes it. A bold, bad, unscrupulous man has aspersed my fame of womanhood. I will not rest in Heaven till that fame is cleared of the foul and vile accusation.

But, with trembling hand and falling sight I was tracing my brief life history for the perusal of my bereft child. Clarence went abroad to obtain the means needed for our future subsistence. Few and short were the blessed meetings we had. My mother frowned upon our love, but faith in the future inspired us with patient fortitude. Sometimes he hoped that some fortunate turn of circumstance would return to him his mother's patrimony, but these hopes were doomed to a complete frustration. So we hoped for success from the labor of our hands and brain, for Clarence, endowed with rare poetical genius and descriptive powers, was compiling narratives of travel, and a book of poems, the principal subjects touching upon the wonders and beauties of God's reflective mirror, the glorious sea. A friendly publisher had promised his aid. We were calmly hopeful of the future in our Father's universe.

Then came a time of harrowing anxiety and gloom. A dim forbidding overcame me at the last parting, and I knew, although he spoke not, that his heart echoed the haunting fears of mine.

I never heard from him again. Months sped on. How in my heart I mourned, the plying, overwatching angels know. What silent, voiceless agony I endured, is known alone to him, who wields the disciplinary rod. Then Mr. Northrup came and offered marriage to me, the sad and lonely toiler. My poor mother was an invalid, our earnings were scant. Our future embowered in gloom. I related long the querulous pleadings of my feeble parent. I longed to surround her with comforts, to cheer her last days with ease from care. I asked for a year's respite, vainly hoping still against despair. The year passed on—no tidings came of Clarence. From the first, I believed him dead. Two years had sped upon my aching brow, I became the wife of Herbert Northrup. Oh child of grief and mother-love! If ever the sor-







W. F. Jamison, trance speaker, Paw Paw, Mich. ap11-7  
A. S. Whiting, trance speaker, Albion, Mich. ap11-7



## The Banner.

It may not be fully appreciated at the office, or known to the readers of the BANNER, as it is to me, that the BANNER is emphatically the people's paper—the poor man's and poor woman's friend, and the hope of many a despairing heart struggling with the crushing weight of false systems—freighted with icy customs—oppressed with the suffocating smoke of a false and burning religion, or drifted ashore by the rumbling currents of popularity.

Hundreds of persons or families who can scarcely secure the necessities of life take the BANNER, and think they cannot do without it; and many I know who cannot get together the sum to send for it six months, contrive to save five cents each week, and buy it at a newsroom—often at rooms where they will not keep them to sell, but will get all that persons will take regularly.

I find in travelling extensively over the region and through the ranks of Spiritualism, that a majority of the wealthy families who take but one spiritual paper take the Herald of Progress, while a majority of the middle and poorer classes take the BANNER, and some take both and cannot spare either, or tell which they like best. I am glad to find such, and wish there were more, for surely there is variety and value enough in each to pay the yearly price of both, even to a man who has to earn the money by labor of his hands. But what I have especially noticed and attempted to note here, was the thousands of broken hearts that are hung on this willow—the thousands that look through weeping eyes and saddened countenances to your spirit messages and other messages, as the only sure promise and reliable hope of a fairer and happier hereafter for the down-trodden, the oppressed, and the broken-hearted. Weekly your sheet carries healing balm to thousands of hearts wounded by the darts and daggers of envy, malice, hate or scorn, and who look in vain to the popular societies and their papers and books, in religion, politics, or morals.

I send you the following little poem, written by one of these struggling souls, whose pen and needle have been barely able for years to save her and her lovely daughter from the frosts of poverty, now a resident of Indiana, with a soul refined and well-developed, struggling to educate her daughter, and asking where and how she can do it, and not tell her soul for a mess of sectarian postage. I cannot answer. Shall we ever have an answer for such? WARREN CHASE.

Ripon, Wis., Sept. 12, 1863.

The following is the poem alluded to above:

I've hung my harp on the willow,  
Yet I cannot forget its tone;  
Like the voice of the weeping willow,  
Seems the echo of my own.  
And its murmur often haunts me,  
Like the voice of Love, in dreams;  
Like sweet memories when they chant me,  
A requiem sad, it seems.  
At times, when my heart seems breaking,  
I take it up, and try  
To forget in its voice the aching  
Void, that within dethroned lies;  
But so sad is the plaint it gives me,  
As I wake its feeble strain,  
That the effort only grieves me,  
So I lay it down again.  
Yes, "I've hung my harp on the willow,"  
And I hear the wild winds play  
All night, in its trembling wires;  
Its whispering seems to say:  
"No more will thy weary heart-beats,  
Keep time with this rattle strain;  
For the storm that hath crushed thy spirit,  
Hath broken thy harp in twain."  
VIOLET.

## Correspondence in Brief.

Mr. Editor—I send you the following extract from a private letter I received a few days since from my brother, to show you in what estimation your BANNER is held in Ohio. It is dated North Union, near Chakeland, September 20, 1863. North Union is a Shaker village, seven miles from Cleveland, the writer being the presiding elder.

A. L. P.  
I received some copies of the BANNER OF LIGHT from you, for which please accept my thanks. Consider it the best, most reliable spiritual paper published in the United States. I think we shall subscribe for it ere long. There was one extraordinary communication in it not long since, purporting to come from Theodore Parker on the subject of "The Future of America." That was a valuable document. We read it with much interest. The subject was worthy of the author. Those who were acquainted with him while in the form could easily identify him all through the whole treatise. These gifts and spirit manifestations were familiar to us, and had been for some twelve years before they went to the world in their present form or phase.

It is not strange, my brother, that any should call in question the truth and reality of departed spirits returning and communicating to their friends on earth in the form? Some good, some bad, some kind, and some not reliable; but all are spirits of some kind, or grade, just as they were here in the form; many of them undeveloped and unimproved.

Soon, very soon, the millions on earth now will be in the other world, and what will be their existence there? Will it not be spiritual or spirit-existence? What else can it be? Our physical bodies will be in the grave, returning back to dust. Dost thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return, is a very old maxim. This is the inevitable decree of the Almighty. And who can escape the universal application to the whole human race?

Let us live every day as though it were our last. Let us live for God and eternity. Let us live for the spirit. Let us cultivate love and good will to all men, and especially to the household of faith who believe in a true and rational Spiritualism on earth.

I am as ever, yours, &c.  
J. S. P.  
Enclosed I send you two and a half dollars for the BANNER OF LIGHT. Your new paper makes a splendid show, and the story you have just commenced excites the curiosity of readers here very much. The Messages, Lectures, &c. are very interesting. The paper is well thought of by those who read it about here.  
Yours, &c., BENJ. GUNNISON.  
Erie, Pa., Sept. 26, 1863.

A THOUGHTFUL SUBSCRIBER is the following, as the subjoined note will testify:

BROTHER COLBY—You'll receive subscriptions for the BANNER, won't you, and save me the trouble of writing again by-and-by? Please accredit the enclosed half-year subscription to Anna M. Blomd, Foster's Crossing, O. She has already paid to the first of February, 1864.  
SUSAN O. BIXON.

## A Youthful Medium.

Henry Allen, only eleven years of age, who resides with his uncle, Myron Brewster, in Hyde Park, North-east Vermont, is said to be a remarkable medium for varied spirit-manifestations. His friends possessed no knowledge of his medium powers nine months ago. Since that time they have rapidly developed. In his presence, in open daylight, writes a correspondent, musical instruments will play and bells be rung, keeping good time, without contact of hands. When the light is taken away the manifestations, however, are much more powerful. The musical instruments will float over the heads of those present at such séances, playing the while. B. Brittan informs us that young Allen visited his house at South Harwick, on several occasions. Our correspondent adds, "The ball is not told about the wonderful things that are done in the presence of this boy-medium. Some of the most respectable people in Vermont can bear witness to the truth of what I assert."

## To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

B. W. E. KESSE, B. H.—We decline accepting your advertisement.

Mrs. H. P. M. E., WAVERHAM, II.—\$5.75 received.

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

## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1863.

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WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,

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FOR TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION SEE EIGHTH PAGE.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

## The Banner.

"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 far other and brighter vision before my eyes. I see a vast Confederation stretching from the frozen north to the sun-broken line to the glowing south, and from the wild billows of the Atlantic westward to the eastern 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.

## The Great Struggle in this Country.

In perusing the late, talented, more or less spiritual, and wholly antagonistic "Letter to Thomas Carlyle" in the last number of the Atlantic Monthly, we came to a passage which so truthfully stated the purport of the terrible struggle in which we are at present engaged on this continent, that we quote it as a text from which to hang some reflections which are naturally suggested by current events. The writer is endeavoring to demonstrate to Mr. Carlyle why he has no right to judge us or our affairs. He says:

"There is a spiritual nature of man, which is ever and everywhere the same; and, through the necessary freedom of this in every human being, there is a common sense and a common conscience, which make each man one with all others. Here in America we are seeking to give the force of political ascription to this common sense and conscience, assuming that all political problems are at last questions of simple justice, courage, good sense, and fellow-feeling, which any sound heart and healthy intelligence may appreciate."

It is an excellent statement of the issue; and, further, it happens to express just the idea which our labor has been inspired, in the treatment of these great practical questions which have to do with the future of our national life. To this common and undivided spiritual nature of our people we are striving, so far as in us lies, to give the force of political sovereignty. It must, in fact, result in this, or else in some, thing worse. Our politics are of a certainty to become spiritualized, or they must grow worse than they were before. The ward-room or most give way to a purer one, and the coarse politician to the lead of higher and nobler influences. Were the destinies of this great nation of freemen to be in the hands and at the mercy of the coarse and common men who once held us in their unrelenting grip by the force of custom and party drill combined, what would become of the hopes which are centered in the advancement of this people, and the aspirations which torment the best of us with their perpetual unrest?

It is, as the writer of the article already alluded to says—"We do not deny Difference (in men); we recognize the truth of spiritual Degree; we merely detect the common element as the material out of which to construct, and the force by which to operate, the State." Now then, what do we do with that "common element"? It is not only a power in use, State, we are to recognize it as the power, and the only one which may claim to be supreme. It must, therefore, be exalted; it must be made noble; it must be rendered as intelligent as possible; it must be infused with the highest and most vigorous spiritual qualities. It cannot be kept longer out of sight, whether by parties in the State, or clans in the Church, or insiders and outsiders in society, that a great spiritual fact lies at the base of our political system. This family of sister States was never drawn together, by sympathy in a common cause of suffering and by the ties of a common interest afterward, just for a few ambitious men to supply themselves with offices and display to the public view an assumed importance by virtue of such trifling possessions, nor yet for the sake of demonstrating to the foreign world that such a fraternity could centralize a power in a brief time, which all other nations would be obliged to respect; none of these cheap and more obvious purposes would in any sense correspond to the unthoughted preparations which were made for the birth of such a people.

Our career was mapped out by the superior powers on a very different scale from this. It was to make a great people, noble and exalted, rather than a strong government; a large community of individuals, rather than of one which should be represented by a few men of power; a happy fusion of a variety of human elements, which should in turn produce a new style of character, to be infused with a spiritual life and vigor such as never entered distinctively into a race before. Events have, in the hands of superior directors, been all along combining, like the clouds of heaven, to collect these thunders which have been rending the atmosphere; but the bow of heavenly promise was truly set of old, and after the tempest and the uproar shall cease, there will certainly ensue a calm that will be glorious above description. The rains that beat with such power will by that time have revived the earth, and forced a fresh vigor into every plant and blade which before was drooping.

Our struggle is to elevate the Common to that point where it will become the Good, and so will of right rule and govern our national destinies. The popular sentiment requires to be raised to that standard at which it will exercise a controlling influence over public servants, so that they shall conceive and cherish no other purposes than those which rule the public heart and mind. As a free people, the average sentiment must always govern us; and hence it is of the highest importance that it be worthy in every respect of the governing place. We have followed at the heels of interest and self hitherto; henceforward we shall pursue higher aims, and be inspired with more worthy motives. The interior life is to become more demonstrative in the future, and usurp the place of the exterior and superficial. We are to live in and for meanings more, and less for shows and professions. We are to come out of our present trials purified of the dross which clung to our national character, and enter upon a career whose splendors we would not have believed possible but yesterday, had they been distinctly revealed to us.

There is nothing but hopefulness in any view we choose to take of our present circumstances. The doubt, the oppressed feeling, the anxiety, the tumult of thought, the outright fear—all these will be gone through as children pass through dark places, filled with imaginings far more terrible than any realities could be; and when we reach that place above the reach of them all, where we can look back and behold the fog and clouds and tempests through which we have safely passed, then we shall, for the first time, awaken to a proper comprehension of the experiences which have for wise purposes been laid upon us, and to the actual growth and advancement which we have made. We shall then become aware of our altered sentiment; and our position, our laws, our public servants, our institutions will all answer to the new order

as faithfully as the answers unto face in the water. We shall have become a truly spiritual nation, and our pure light will attract the eyes of the world.

## Autumn Thoughts.

"The melancholy days have come; the saddest of the year," say some, while others, disciplined in heart and spiritualized by the trials and experiences of life, feel that the earth is beautiful even in her waning season. The gorgeous magnificence of field and forest is no more indicative of decay; it suggests only change, solace, and need, out of which shall blossom new forms of beauty. And as the outward world is typical of the inner, so the calm autumn of life offers no untoward sign of disenchantment to the gatherer of immortal treasure; it gives a harvest yield of gracious plantings. (The spiritual crown of the noble worker is decorated with the imperishable roses of eternal spring; the soul's unfading youth-embellish. There, too, flash in perennial lustre the glorious midsummer; and the wealth of autumn fruit and flowers—all assembled in accordant beauty, and the trine seasons smile in the regal adornment of a kingly soul. To the true harmonical philosopher—that is, the simple, living, ever-hopeful child of the Great Father of all—there is no winter of the soul, no gloomy looking forward to long nights of spirit coldness and storm, to days unbrightened by the vivifying sunshine of God's smile. Winter is in the external only; beautiful, home-blessing, and fraught with many fruitful joys. But in the inner realm there will trail fasten of roses over summer-swards, and the perfumed breezes of June will regale the sense, and the unbound waters mirror the cerulean depths of heaven. The tried and faithful heart need fear no change in time; the passing seasons all are revelations of beauty, imbued with lessons of wisdom, ennobled by sunshine from the realms of endless summer. The circling years but bring us nearer to the world of fruition and lasting peace.

## France and England.

If stories ran true, there is a speak of trouble between France and her ancient rival across the channel. Should it lead to anything like an outbreak, it would prove a decided advantage to us, under present circumstances. It appears that the Sultan of Turkey tried to bring about an agreement between these two western powers on the Suez Canal question, but he has finally failed in his endeavor. His withdrawal certain privileges from the French Canal Company, such as the concession he formerly made of lands bordering on the fresh water canal, and likewise abolished pre-emptively all forced labor on the public works of Egypt. This new resolution he has communicated to the French Company by a special messenger. Such a step cuts off the prospect of the French obtaining a foothold on the isthmus forever. It is said that Napoleon does not like the intelligence any too well, and it is currently believed that he will oppose it with might and main. The Paris Journals say the French Government will not yield an inch. If not, then England must, or there will be trouble; for it is not to be supposed that France will readily abandon its dreams of Eastern power, all of which rest upon this connection by the way of the Suez isthmus.

## Our and the Rebels.

The difference in the treatment of our men in rebel hands and their men in ours, is marked enough to stand as a lasting illustration of the different ideas that inspire the contending powers in the field. Our two unhappy captives, who are confined in the rebel prison at Richmond, under sentence of death, are kept in a narrow cage, with no light save from the top, and neither ventilation nor facilities for ordinary cleanliness. The two men whom we have ordered into confinement are treated for the threatened lives of the other two, are treated like gentlemen, and with every consideration for their comfort and self-respect. It must clearly be the intention of Davis, foisted in his threat to execute the two Union Captives, to take their lives by the slower process of hard usage and ignominious treatment. Thus they may seem to have died, although they would not less be murdered than if they had been shot to death with musketry. Their lives are what Davis is after, to appease the clamor of certain persons and presses behind him. And this is chivalry! This is a taste of the better order of government which is promised at the hands of the Southern leaders!

## Beverly Johnson.

This gentleman remarked, in the course of a late speech in Maryland, that "slavery must forever be the cause of national trouble and weakness," and that "it will be matter for national rejoicing when it becomes constitutionally extinct." This language is held by a prominent Southern man, with any but radical views in his mind, and influenced by none of those higher and abstract views which are supposed to enter into the conduct of speech of professed Abolitionists. Mr. Beverly Johnson is and long has been, one of the ablest constitutional lawyers in the country. He has held the important office of Attorney General of the United States. He is a leading citizen of Maryland; and may be supposed to know somewhat of the institution of which he speaks. We may hear the doom of slavery pronounced by the words of such men. The people desire, more and more, to be rid of the one trouble which overshadows their happiness. Belief will come to them in the form of emancipation, in some cases, and outright abolition in others. The people will free themselves at last from the load which has so long bent them down.

## These Days.

Could there be more spiritual weather than that which goes with these days now emptied from the skies over the earth? They are more than golden; and their atmosphere has a strange influence in shaping the thoughts and coloring the sentiments. There are bright, bright mornings now, and sunny noons, and gorgeous sunsets. These are the days of the "sere and yellow leaf." "The melancholy days" are come—the "saddest of the year." It is harvest time for the heart, as well as for the farmer. To take long and solitary strolls on the shore, over the hills, and in the woods, is just the sort of recreation which the nature seems to crave. For the thoughts are so tempered and toned by the sphere, and the heart feels with such delight the influences of sun and warmth, that none but sweetest experiences can be inwardly consummated, and the darts are altogether of happiness and heaven. Beautiful thoughts come to one while he sits upon the old sea wall, and the most treasured experiences dwell in his mind in the shadows of the obelisks.

## Negro Cavalry.

The reports the wonderful deeds of negro cavalry are more than thrilling—they have an air of romance about them with none of us dreamed possible. One story is told some negroes from a Mississippi plantation, who, the news of attack by the former owner of the plantation, suddenly mounted bareback upon the mules, a pot off, fall chase after them. The black cavalry riding with no other means of guiding their animals a rope halter, kept far ahead of the white men, followed on their horses, and drove the assailants across a stream, killing and wounding several of them, before their white friends could come up. The news showed themselves quick, brave, and persistent. They even crossed the stream themselves, and took every horse that had been stolen from the plantation, proud to have their white co-workers ride their feet on the side of the Union.

## Miss Annie Poter's Lecture.

This favorite exponent of the Spiritual Philosophy was greeted on Sunday, Sept. 27th, with crowded audiences, and many were obliged to go away for want of room. In the afternoon she gave an address usually sound in argument and philosophical reasoning upon the theme of "Personal Identity" or, as she phrased it to the question, "Who am I?" Under a strong inspirational influence, she treated the subject in a manner long to be remembered by all who heard it. We hope to be able to print this lecture in the BANNER before many weeks.

Popular Delusions" was the subject of her evening discourse. It was one of deep historical research, very instructive and interesting. After the lecture was through, she gave the following beautiful poem, under the inspiration of Robert Burns, entitled,

## WORDS OF CHEER.

GIVE FRIENDS:  
Although not present to your sight,  
I gle ye greeting here to night;  
Not claiming to be perfect quite,  
Free talent of passion,  
Yet will I stand my speech aright,  
In glad Scotch fashion.  
Oh, could some canting word o' mine,  
But make your careworn faces shine,  
Or cause the heart in grief that pine,  
To throbb with pleasure,  
Then with my cup to aid lang syne,  
Fill to its measure.  
The gracious powers above us know,  
How sair a weight of want and woe  
Must be the lot of those who go  
Through earth to heaven;  
But say, the life above will show  
Wherefore 't was given.

And that good God who loves us a',  
Who sees the chattering sparrow a',  
Will never turn his face awa',  
Though you should stray;  
But all his wandering sheep will a',  
Back to the way.

So much are the cares o' men,  
That truth at times, is hard to ken,  
And error, to her gruesome den—  
So dark and eerie,  
Wiles those who have na heart to men,  
Pair wanderers weary.

Alack! how many a luckless wight  
Has gane a'gley in Error's night,  
Not that he had less love for right,  
Than countless others;  
But that he lacked the keener sight  
Of his gold brethren.

Lo! Calvin, Knox, and Luther, cry  
"I have the truth"—and I—"and I"—  
Pair sinners! If ye gang a'gley,  
The de'il will be ye,  
And then the Lord will stand a'beigh,  
And will na save ye.

But hootie! hootie! na see fast,  
When Gabriel shall blow his blast,  
And Heaven and Earth awa have passed,  
These lang syne saints  
Shall bide the de'il and hell at last,  
Mere phantoms faint.

The upright, honest-hearted man,  
Who strives to do the best he can,  
Need never fear the Church's ban,  
Or hell's damnation;  
For God will be a special plan,  
For his salvation.

The one who knows our deepest needs,  
Recks little how man counts his beads,  
For righteousness is not in deeds,  
Or solemn faces;  
But rather lies in kindly deeds,  
And Christian graces.

Then never fear I'll purpose foul,  
A head to think, a heart to feel  
For human weal and human woe—  
Na preachin'! loveliness!  
Your sacred brightbirth ere can steal  
To heaven above.

Tak' ye tent o' truth, and heed this well:  
The man who sinks makes his sin bell;  
There's na waurer de'il than himself;  
But God is strongest,  
And when pair human hearts rebel,  
He hauds out longest.

With loving kindness will he wait,  
Till all the prodigals o' fate  
Return unto their fair estate,  
And blessings many;  
Nor will he shut the golden gate  
Of heaven on any.

Choral. Loathing, 11 Stop.  
1 Trembling, 2 Stand, 3 True.  
4 Great, 5 Arise, 6 Follow, 7 Pay attention.

## Miss Sarah A. Nutt at Lyceum Hall.

Just as we were sending our forms to press, we learned that the Lecture Committee of the Lyceum Society of Spiritualists in this city, had engaged the services of Miss Sarah A. Nutt, to fill their desk in place of Mrs. Chappell, who was obliged to disappoint them on account of indisposition.

Miss Nutt, we are informed, is a young lady not yet seventeen years of age; that she was a medium for spirit control at the age of nine. From that time to the present she has been under the guiding and developing influence of the spirits, who have so fully developed her powers as to pronounce her capable of doing credit to the cause and to herself. She has already spoken many times in public, in New Hampshire, her native place, with astonishing ability, as we are informed by competent judges.

Her course of spiritual development has been somewhat similar to that through which Mrs. Corn Hatch passed. Mediums who are trained and developed under the guidance and wisdom of the spirits, from an early age, rarely, if ever, fail to make good and reliable mediums. The worst enemy they have to fear is the too laudacious flattery of personal friends.

## Mrs. Chappell, of Potsdam, N. Y.

We understand that this lady, who was engaged to lecture in this city last Sunday, was not able to meet her engagement, on account of illness. She did not inform the Committee of the fact till late in the week, hoping to the last that she would feel strong enough to come. But it appears such was not the case, and our friends were much disappointed, for there was quite a growing desire to hear her in this city, as well as in our neighboring cities and towns.

127 Mrs. Harrison says she do not know as we wish he did. He would find us one of the clearest fellows in the world; fully alive to the sufferings of humanity everywhere; whose soul yearns continually to aid his fellow creatures less, fortunately circumstanced than himself. All round, friend Garrison, we should be most happy to shake you by the hand, and to see you in our midst.

127 Another of Mrs. Hatch's friends would be published in the BANNER soon. It is entitled "THE NATIONAL STRUGGLE."

## Father Dean's Visit to Boston.

The worthy subject of this sketch, who is familiarly known throughout the State of Ohio as Father Dean, arrived in Boston some two weeks since, bringing letters of introduction from Brother Blake, Justice, and a conversation with the old gentleman, we learned that he was advised to go to Boston by his spirit-friends, with the assurance that if he did so, he would receive benefit thereby, both in mind and body. When he inquired of his spirit-guides, whom he was in the habit of consulting at his home in Columbus, Conn., from time to time, if it would not answer for him to go and see Doctor Newton, then in Boston, they still insisted upon his going to Boston. Finding that his spirit-guides would not relinquish the idea of his visiting the Parian City, and that all arguments of his own failed against them, he at last submitted upon his journey under the most favorable circumstances.

Upon his safe arrival in our city, Father Dean was directed to this office, where he at once presented his letters of introduction to our brother associate, Messrs. Crowell and Rich. After stating to these gentlemen the object of his visit to Boston, which was to secure his bodily health and acquire all the knowledge possible from consultation with the most reliable mediums of our city. It was at last agreed upon that our aged brother should become the guest of Mr. Crowell during his sojourn in town. This proposal was received with delight by Father Dean, who, to quote his own words—said:

"It seemed to remove a burden from me in a moment, when Mr. Crowell said he did not know of anything better he could do for me than to take me home with him, if I could put up with his accommodations. I was drawn right to him, and felt easy, as soon as he said I might go with him, and satisfied that my direction was ordered before I came to your city."

His further remarks, that every one he was introduced to, and got acquainted with, during his stay in Boston, seemed to enter into sympathy with him, and made him feel that they were his friends, and almost his kindred.

It may be well for us to here state, that Father Dean—an ex-minister of the Gospel, and for some time a resident of Milan, Ohio—has three children in the spirit-world, a daughter and two sons. To the loss of the latter may be attributed the feeble health of our aged brother. During his visit to Boston, Father Dean was the grateful recipient of some three or four spiritual favors from his loved ones in the spirit-land. The circumstances which led to the bestowal of these gifts, are related in the following letter of our friend, Dr. J. C. Gilman Pike, of this city:

"On the evening of the 17th of September, I was at Mr. Conant's room. About eight o'clock she was entered by a female spirit, known as 'Markin.' After a conversation of perhaps fifteen or twenty minutes with her, she remarked that a gentleman stranger was present, who wished to speak with me. I asked if he would be able to do so? and she replied that he would, and immediately said 'good-by,' and gave up control. In a few seconds Mrs. Conant was controlled by the stranger, who, begging pardon for the intrusion, stated that he wished to learn something of the manner of controlling the medium, who, although personally a stranger to him, he felt not to be entirely so, from the fact of his having been a reader of the 'Message Department' of the BANNER OF LIGHT. He then proceeded to say:

"I was Surgeon of the 25th Ohio Regiment, and was present at the last Bull Run fight. All was confusion, and by some strange neglect, or mistake, no provision was made for the subsistence of the Regiment. I was four days with scarcely a mouthful of food, and exposed to the inclemency of the weather. I performed my duty to the sick and wounded, until I could no longer stand, about which time I fell to the earth. I was taken to the hospital in Georgetown. Ever followed as the consequence of my exposure and suffering, and soon terminated my earthly life.

I left an aged father and mother. My father is a medium, and a firm believer in the Spiritual Philosophy. At the time that he announced himself as a Spiritist, he was a preacher of the Orthodox faith. His congregation, instead of receiving the 'New Light,' turned a deaf ear to his appeals and deserted him.

There was always a perfect understanding between my father, myself, and a younger brother, who was a physician. This younger brother, shortly after my death, came to the spirit-land, and is now here with me. Another brother, with whom I have been stopping, is a preacher of the Orthodox faith. He has no sympathy with Spiritualism. My father has passed through many trials, and is now bowed down with sorrow and sadness. He has not long to stay on earth, and I wish to do something to relieve him before he comes to the spirit-world. I also left a wife and six children in earth-life.

To my inquiry, 'Where is your father?' the spirit replied, 'He is now in your city.' I then said, 'Do you wish to communicate with him through the medium? If so, I will endeavor to aid you in the accomplishment of your desire.' The spirit answered, 'I shall be very happy to do so, and shall feel grateful to you for any aid you can render me.' Here our conversation terminated.

The next morning I went to the BANNER OF LIGHT office, and there learned more of the old gentleman whom I had as yet never seen. In the forenoon, Mr. or Dean called upon me, in company with Mr. C. B. Crowell. I stated to him what he had written, and engaged to meet him at Mr. Conant's room the same evening. I was present at the appointed time; but I shall not attempt to picture to you the meeting between father and son. It was one of those affecting scenes that cannot be described.

Very respectfully yours,  
J. T. GILMAN PIKE.  
Hancock House, Court Square, Boston, Mass.

The spirit who held the above conversation with Dr. Pike, and who subsequently communicated with his son, was known in the army as Surgeon W. F. Dean. His name in full having been William Franklin Dean. An eminent surgeon, a faithful husband, and devoted child, he fell a victim to typhoid fever, while nobly discharging his duties to the sick and wounded of his regiment.

Deprived of the earth-presence of this beloved son, may our aged brother feel the nearness of his spirit, and like the poet, still have strength to cry:

"Immortality o'ercomes  
All pain, all tears, all time, all fears, and leads  
Into my arms this truth—Thou'lt live forever!"

Before leaving for his home in Connecticut, Father Dean received a written communication, purporting to come from his daughter in the spirit-land, the transcript of which he kindly placed in our hands for publication. Here it is:

"My Best of Fathers—From my spirit-home I send you words of love and cheer. Oh, never forget that those who have so lately joined us, are now happy. Soon you will see the wisdom of the Father in their death. Let He bring forth good out of evil. You James that the love of the Lord, be the joy, in the gliding of wisdom.

Your loving daughter,  
ANNE.

The individual whom the spirit calls James, is the above communication, is doubtless her brother, Rev. J. A. Dean, of Colchester, Conn., with whom Father Dean is at present residing.

May the memory of our newly-made friend's visit to Boston long live in his heart, as it will in our own. And when in time the angel Death shall bear his spirit to the celestial regions, may he return in spirit to gladden the souls of such of his brothers as labor in the earthly preparation of the Father.



## New Publications.

**The Self-Abnegation, or The Two Kings and Queens.** By Wm. W. Wright, author of "The Empire of the Mother," etc. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 100. Boston: Bala Marsh. For sale at the Banner of Light Office.

Mr. Wright is widely and most favorably known as an able and zealous laborer in the cause of reform, and a new work from his pen is sure to command the regards of a circle of readers at once extensive and composed of enlightened men and women. In this work on Self-Abnegation, he discusses the relations of human beings to one another in the spirit of true love and real self-denial. He affirms that self-abnegation, or self-sacrifice, is the most sacred and ennobling demand of human nature, and that the self-preservation is Nature's first law. Thus he labors to overthrow the old role of selfishness, and would substitute for it the true "higher law," that we should love our fellow beings with that perfect love which Christian teaching is its true, as God's creature. To most men, Mr. Wright's teachings will appear absurd, which only shows how necessary it is that they should become his pupils. That he is in the right, is proved by the conduct of even the most hard-hearted of men on many occasions. The measure of creature's admiration generally—in others; and every man's blood becomes warmer, and circulates more rapidly, when he reads of heroic deeds performed, and noble sacrifices made. This shows that selfishness is not the animating principle of humanity, though it may have attained to enormous development in consequence of humanity's vicious education. We recommend all to read what Mr. Wright has to say on this subject—a subject that should be of engrossing interest, and which will become so as soon as man shall have begun to think soundly on both his worldly and his eternal interests. The Christian law is what he expounds, and this he does in a fervent and an effectual manner, the only way in which the mind of mankind can be reached, and great and enduring reforms be effected, for the lasting welfare of the race.

**THE BOOK OF THINGS.**—The following criticism on Prof. Denton's new work, is from the Christian Examiner, a monthly magazine, devoted mainly to the interests of the Unitarian sect. "The Book of Things" is steadily gaining in popularity with the public mind, which is not surprising, for it is one of the most interesting and remarkable works of the age.

Our attention has been called to a small volume rather transcendental in title, thoroughly scientific in form, and in substance, and which, in our opinion, is one of the most important contributions to the philosophy of the human mind. The author, Mr. Denton, is a man, as we learn, of some eminence as a geologist and practical explorer of mines. By habit a man of acute and delicate observation, he had noticed the great difference among persons in susceptibility to certain impressions received from inorganic substances held in the hand or near any sensitive portion of the nervous system, especially the forehead. Following up his observations he found that some persons of extremely delicate organization received, not only impressions corresponding to the physical structure of bodies; but others, which he could only ascribe to impressions made formerly upon these objects, and preserved in their molecular structure, so as to affect all after impressions transmitted through them. Thus a piece of quartz might be found only to have its peculiar effect upon the nervous system answering to its mineralogical structure, but it conveys to one who is sensitive enough to receive them, the images which have fallen upon it from the numberless objects and scenes with which it has been in contact. Every object, in short, is a mirror, which not only reflects, but transmits up and repeats forever after whatever scenes have been transacted in its presence. Thus, to take two examples from this volume: A bit of marble from Caracalla's baths, taken at random from a box of specimens, and held in the hand of one not seeing it, or having any knowledge what it is, brings up vivid pictures of Roman luxury; and a fragment of fossil coral repeats the scenes of the remote period when it was wrought by its busy fabricators in the ocean depths. About a hundred of these observations are reported and condensed, as taken from the mouth of the lady who was the principal subject of these phenomena. The circumstances and the results rest on the good faith of the reporter; and they appear to him to open the way to a boundless field, not only of curious experiment, but of strictly scientific discovery. From meteorites what may we not learn of the inter-planetary spaces, or from fossils of the geological periods, or from antiquarian relics, of details of human history, life and manners wholly undecipherable in any other way?

It is not easy to state this interesting speculation in brief, so as to make it seem intelligible, or even sane. Still one or two approaches have been made to it before, which may, perhaps, help bring it within the range of fair discussion. There are several well-authenticated instances of persons susceptible, in the way described, to impressions from manuscript held in the hand, so as to give with curious accuracy the moral characteristics of the writer. And the scientific reader will remember an argument of Sir Charles Babbage, published about twenty years ago, in which he urges the absolute necessity of impressions made by unconscious motion—as in sound, color, and even thought—to prove by physical analogy, the reality of moral retribution in a future life. These speculations were carried out somewhat further in a little book called "The Stars and the Earth," which attracted some attention among the curious and thoughtful; and were included in the argument presented by Mr. (then President) Eliot, in the title, "Geometrical Faith," in which the various scientific analogies are grouped with more felicity and skill than we remember elsewhere. Still in spite of all previous familiarity with this order of thought in general, we are staggered and perplexed when it comes as now, under the sober guise of the literal reporting of facts as experienced. The special and most marvellous power represented, to be possessed by the subject of these experiments, Mrs. Denton, is, that in the vast multitude of groups of impressions thus recorded in the substance, she is able to single and follow out at will any particular group; so that the fragment of an ancient building shall recall the pomp of its days of splendor, and the procession of events that have attended its ruin and decay; or else the scenes of its geological formation, and the secrets of the dark places of the earth. In short, there is no incident in the past life of the earth or man, which has not left its material image stamped somewhere, and whose record may not be accurately recalled when submitted to a sensitive subject. Of the tone of this remarkable book, it is enough to say that it is sober and sober; its ethical lessons are well put, and the keenness of its facts is counterpoised by a calm, candid and lucid exposition of the theory upon which they rest.

**THE PACIFIC MONTHLY** for September has come to hand. Its contents fully sustain its fast growing popularity. California may well be proud of this representative of its literature.

## Boston and Maine Railroad.

It gives us great pleasure to endorse the following, which we clip from the Boston Post. No wonder this road is doing so much business. It is well deserving the patronage it so liberally receives:

"The Boston and Maine Railroad owes no small portion of its prosperity and popularity with the traveling public, to the business capacity and uniform efficiency of its Superintendent, WILLIAM HENRIET, Esq. He discharges his numerous duties in so systematic a manner, that no matter how great the pressure, there is no confusion or delay; promptness and order enable him to meet all requirements satisfactorily, and thus advance the interests of the Corporation, and please all customers. A good Superintendent is as essential to a Road as steam power."

We clip the following from the Belvidere (Ill.) Standard of Sept. 16th:

"Mr. E. P. Leland has been coming the times during the past week in the Belvidere. We understand the 'Devonport' boys have accepted his challenge. He is informed by several, that the rapping, rump-hitting, and such state performed by Leland, are so much the genuine manifestations that shall be a poor fellow who passed his watch says that he raised money with a lever."

## Cure by Spirit Power.

Our friend and correspondent, Dr. W. R. Holbrook, of Waukegan, Wisconsin, who has been very ill of late, paid us a visit a few days since, and we were glad to see him in such fine spirits and health. He has been in our city some time under medical treatment, and we are happy to learn that he has received great benefit through the aid of a spiritual medium. Dr. H. is one of the most zealous supporters of our cause in the West, and through his instrumental aid some of the ablest advocates of the Spiritual Philosophy have been induced to visit Waukegan, the result of which has been a very large increase of believers in Spiritualism in the Western vineyard, and in that place in particular. God and humanity will bless all such noble souls.

Just before leaving our city for his Western home, the Doctor sent us a note, in which he says, "I had a terrible fit of sickness during last fall and winter, which brought me near to the grave. I was carried through it by spirit-power, through the mediumship of Mrs. Fanny Wheelock; but the vitalizing forces were so weak, that to regain my health proved to be out of the question." After alluding to the cause and nature of his disease, he says, "I was strongly impressed that the spiritual magnetic forces, when rightly applied, would restore me to health. I was recommended to visit Mrs. Kirby Wilson, residing at 41 Harrison avenue, Boston, and it is now just two weeks since the spirits through Mrs. Wilson began their work, and to-day I am discharged, and by the invisibles pronounced free from disease; and I can assure you I have not felt so well for years. Such is spirit-power, and I am doubly thankful to that power which has been so potent for my restoration."

## Another Day "Among the Pines."

The 29th of September, the day selected for a picnic among the pines of Island Grove, Abington, by the Spiritualists, was one of those genial and balmy seasons which Nature has in store (but rarely exhibits) for the especial benefit of mortals. But owing to a want of proper and timely notice of the intended excursion, not a very large party availed themselves of this opportunity to breathe the pure air of heaven "from without the city's walls." Yet those who did go had a good sojourn time, and enjoyed the healthful recreations of the day finely.

Besides music and dancing, bowling and awing, etc., there was an intellectual feast of spiritual food, served up by trance and normal speakers. Among those who furnished the delicacies at this feast were Miss Lizette Doten, Miss Ryder, Mrs. Johnson, and Messrs. Wetherbee, Atwood, Bacon, Bickford, Coolidge and Dr. Gardner, whose respective offerings were finely relished and well digested, after which the party leisurely repaired to the cars, and after about an hour's ride through the variegated scenery of a pleasant part of the country, arrived safely home, feeling very grateful to our zealous friend, Dr. Gardner, for his untiring efforts to render these excursions pleasant, social and respectable, which aims he has succeeded admirably in carrying out.

## The English Press.

The English Press is suddenly shifting its ground. After glimmering through, but some very significant hints along with its shells and Greek key, at Charleston, the London Times began to think the sitting-out of pirate vessels had gone about far enough, and suddenly changed its tone. Thereupon the other papers followed suit with commendable haste. They see it now, or begin to, in its true light. They can understand the reason of matters and things. It is really pitiful, that a great nation like Great Britain, should thus be driven to advocate the cause of common justice by reason of its fears chiefly; it degrades such a nation in the eyes of the civilized world, and deprives it of all the moral power it may once have been possessed of. We are rejoiced, of course, to see this reform in the tone of the British press, let the motive for the same be what it may. It is high time some sort of measure was adopted by that Government to put a stop to a series of flagrant outrages, which was certain to drift into war with this country in a short time.

## Spiritual Experience.

Says a brief paragraph which is now going the rounds—"The longer you keep a canary bird in a cage, the sweeter it will sing; so the more severe the discipline of the good man's experience, the sweeter the song of his spiritual life. The gold that is refined in the hottest furnace comes out the brightest, and the character molded by intense heat, will exhibit the most wondrous excellence." That is nothing but the common experience. Only through experience, which includes and implies suffering, can we know and realize and progress. To wish for a life without trial and trouble, is to crave a dead state of existence—a vegetable existence altogether. We do not at the time know when we are blessed. Our obstacles are but rough-coated nuts for us to crack, and they all contain meat of the sweetest and most nourishing sort. We are made intensely happy by realizing an increase of individual power; and that comes only with the efforts which we make to overcome obstacles.

## Mr. Foster in Boston.

This gentleman, who possesses excellent medium powers, is doing a good work here at this time. He is giving undoubted evidence to many skeptical minds of the presence of invisible beings near and around him and them. This is all we need to know to induce us to learn the facts for ourselves. His rooms are at No. 11 Suffolk Place. A correspondent, in alluding to Mr. F., says:

"No one can witness the manifestation of Mr. Foster's mediumship without being moved to a sure conviction of the claims of Spiritualism, without being satisfied beyond a doubt that their departed relatives and friends still live and love, by incontrovertible and numerous tests."

## Essays by the Invisibles.

An essay by one of the Invisibles may be found on the sixth page of this issue. Subject: "EXPLANATION OF THE PARABLE OF THE LOANER AND FISHER." Also, among "Questions and Answers," an allusion to Spirit Photography, the spirit taking the ground of its practicability, under the right conditions; that it was done years ago in the Old World, etc.

## Announcements.

Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes will address the Spiritualists of Quincy on Sunday next, Oct. 11.

Lizzie Doten left last week for Philadelphia, where she is engaged to lecture through the month of October.

"We know your 'nondescript' writer's name, friend Garrison, and are aware of his motive in attacking us. He has been at it for the past two years. He talks about being excluded from our columns, forsooth! His gross billingsgate of us and ours in the Investigator taught us to have nothing to do with him. You, under the circumstances, Mr. Garrison, would have acted in a shabby manner—and you will yet, doubtless."

**THE GLOBE HOTEL, OR COLORADO SAILORS' HOME.** No. 2 Dover street, New York, city, under the direction of the American Seamen's Friend Society, is worthy of patronage.

Read the interesting report by Mrs. Monthrop, of the Spiritual Convention in Belvidere, Ill., on our eighth page.

## ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

**CONNECTION.**—In the article, Spirit Interference, in our last issue, first column, second paragraph, for "Vix Medicatrix," read "Vix Medicatrix"; and in same line, for "Nines Formations," read "Nines Formations"; also on fourth page, third paragraph, for "reader's" creditably, read "reader's creditably."

WM. DENTON, Esq., the author of *Soul of Things*, has just ended a very interesting course of Lectures on Geology in Foxboro. He will lecture in Milford till the 11th of October, and in Providence till the 11th. All Spiritualists as well as other people should listen to his lectures.

After reading the advertisement of a stocking supporter, Digby seriously asked if the inventor was not a Knight of the Garter.

A Pike's Pecker, writing to a Minnesota Journal, says the miners are very much discouraged in that region: they have to dig through a solid vein of silver four feet thick before they reach the gold!

The best can bear reproach who merit praise.

One hundred thousand volumes were sold at the book trade sale in New York recently.

About two millions of greenbacks are at Port Royal for the payment of the troops, awaiting the arrival of paymasters to be paid over.

It is estimated that the rebels lose on an average one hundred slaves per day. At this rate, according to their present value, Secesh would be out of pocket in one year \$36,000,000! Mammon is their god—and that's what they are fighting for. But the kingdom of God is to be set up on earth instead. The time is not far distant.

The best tribute to Burns that Digby knows of, is nutron tallow.

The rebel government still threatens to raise the black flag inscribed with the skull and cross-bones. Well, skull and cross-bones would be a very expressive emblem of the Confederate government, as being about all there is left of it.—*Frederick.*

Late news from Mexico inform us that the Mexicans are concentrating forces at San Luis Potosi, and are determined to fight the French till they drive them from the soil.

The Atlanta Southern Confederacy newspaper has raised its price to \$30 per year. A pretty steep price.

It is said a grand revolution is in embryo at the French capital, liable to burst out at any moment.

The Russian fleet now in New York harbor it is thought will visit Boston. Hope so.

Those grapes came safely to hand, friend Hudson Tuttle. Many thanks are your due for thus remembering the "poor printer." God bless you and yours, comes from all our hearts.

Self-righteousness sometimes steps up on so high a pedestal of its own creation, that it overlooks altogether that cardinal virtue, Charity. "He who giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord," the good book says—and self-righteousness would attempt to make them.

GEN. BAKER is to be our next President. Mark that.

Such is the pressure of goods going West, that the New York Central Railroad had, one day last week, five hundred cars loaded beyond the capacity of the road to transport. Put this in your pipe and smoke it, John Bull.

Doing pretty well in war times for the Northern States to send \$388,000 to suffering Europeans.

The enforcement of the death penalty in the Army of the Potomac is rapidly decreasing the number of desertions.

The "Fashions" say tunic over-dresses in rich lace will be very popular this winter, and have been imported in charming patterns.

Nothing is at present transpiring in the Army of the Potomac, indicative of a forward movement. It is understood from rebel sources that Lee will act on the defensive. But we incline to the belief that he will make a flank movement, by and-by, and try his northern campaign over again.

A private letter to us of a recent date from one of our soldiers at Morris Island, B. O., says—"Rebel officers and privates are coming within our lines as fast as they can see a chance. About fifty a week desert, I should think, and their officers encourage it. They are down on Beauregard."

Mr. Edmund Kirk, author of "Among the Pines," has prepared, as we understand, a lecture on the "Southern Whites," their social and political characteristics," which he will give the coming fall and winter before any literary societies that may desire his services. He can be addressed, "Care of Continental Monthly, New York."

An account of the Progressive Convention at Potsdam, N. Y., is on the third page. Also something for the children to read, under the appropriate heading.

We have several very long communications on hand, which we feel disposed to print; we are sorely perplexed how and when we can find room for them, providing we keep up our usual variety of reading matter. Snow, send us some pens.

The public reception extended to the Russians in New York, was most enthusiastic. Fifteen regiments formed the escort, and the spectators are said to have reached the number of 100,000. At the City Hall the official welcome was tendered, and the guests reviewed the military. The whole affair passed off finely.

The flag of truce that New York arrived at Fort Monroe Sept. 30th with six hundred and thirty exchanged Federal prisoners.

It is said there are only about 20,000 colored men in the service. Whose fault is it that there are not 200,000 in Uncle Sam's employ?

It is said the travel on Lake Superior is superior travel.

READERS OF THE BANNER will bear in mind that one DOLLAR sent J. P. Snow, 65 Cedar street, N. Y., will get by return mail more good Steel Pens than you can get any other way. We have used them. If so 27.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

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

## DYSPEPSIA AND FITS.

A sure Cure for the distressing complaints is now made known in a "TANTRICUS BROWNE AND JAYNE'S LAXATIVE," published by DR. C. P. BROWN. The prescription, furnished him by a young clergyman girl, while in a state of trance, has cured everybody who has taken it, after having failed a single case. It is equally sure in cases of Fits as of Dyspepsia; and the ingredients may be found in any drug store free of all receipt of one stamp to prepare patent. Address, Dr. C. P. BROWN, No. 10 Grand Street, New York, N. Y. If so 27.

## UNION SOCIETIES!

THE third course of the Union Societies at Lyceum Hall, will commence on Tuesday evening, Oct. 30th, 1863, and continue every Tuesday evening through the season. Music by Hoffer and Edson's Quartette Band. If so 27.

## HOME'S NEW BOOK.

## INCIDENTS IN MY LIFE.

Recently published from the advance English sheets, in meeting with rapid sales all over the country. It is an exceedingly interesting and startling work. It has been favorably commented on by the press generally. Spiritualists and all others will find something to interest them in.

## THE PERSONAL MEMOIRS

OF

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The extraordinary Life and History of Daniel Home, (or Home, as he is sometimes called,) the Spirit-Medium, from his humble birth through a series of associations with personages distinguished in scientific and literary circles throughout Europe, to even a familiarity with crowned heads, has surrounded him with an interest of the most powerful character. As a spirit-medium his superiority is supreme, and the publication of these memoirs will probably excite as much comment in this country as they have in Europe, and will be eagerly hailed by every one interested in Spiritualism.

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

## BANNER OF LIGHT.

Aug. 15. Boston, Mass.

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## OR

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CHAPTER 4.—Mysteries Revealed. Fortune-Telling; Dreams; Beliefs and Anxieties; Hallucinations.

CHAPTER 5.—Conclusions. Psychometry reveals the Power of the Body As the Body becomes weaker it becomes stronger; Evidence of our Future Existence.

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IN this work of over 100 large pages, the Doctor has given to the public a large amount of most valuable information in regard to the preservation of health, the causes of disease, and how it can be cured—especially, that fatal disease, CONSUMPTION. He deals with the "ills that flesh is heir to" in a clear, comprehensive and common sense manner. He gives the cause and cure of from forty to fifty of the most permanent diseases which afflict humanity. The Doctor most earnestly believes that it was never designed that man's existence should be consumed in premature decay, and with that conviction fully impressed on his soul, he has endeavored to give the world something which will benefit the human race.

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## SPIRIT SONG.

WORDS BY R. K. L. Edited by O. M. BROWN. Price 25 cents, including postage. Usual discount to the Trade. For sale by WILLIAM WHITE & CO., 129 Washington street, Boston. Nov. 16

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## SPIRITUALISM!

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## OR PSYCHOMETRIC DELINEATION OF CHARACTER.

MRS. A. B. BRYNARCK would respectfully announce to the public that those who wish, and will visit her at home, or send their autograph or lock of hair, she will give an accurate description of their leading traits of character and peculiarities of disposition;



In Newkendon, N. H., Sept. 10th, by Rev. Samuel  
Cott, Mr. Charles F. Smith of Newkendon, N. H. to  
his Emma G. Colby, daughter of John L. and Mary  
Colby, of Franklin, N. H. and friends of the  
couples, were present with them in their new residence,  
witnessing the exchange upon the altar of matrimony.  
It will be pleasant and prosperous, and that all  
earthly trials, which heaven and earth can bestow will pro-  
bably pursue their pathway.

May peace and happiness and love  
illumine life's shadowed way,  
And every blessing from above  
Make brighter all its day.



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