

BANNER LIGHT.



VOL. XIV.

(SEVEN PAGES PER WEEK.)

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1863.

(SINGLE COPIES, FIVE CENTS.)

NO. 6.

Literary Department.

(Quoted according to Act of Congress in the year 1880, by WILLIAM WHITE & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the District of Massachusetts.)

JASMINE; OR, THE DISCIPLINE OF LIFE.

BY CORA WILSON.

CHAPTER I.

First Meeting.

"I had had perhaps too much upon the lotus fruits imagination yields—fruits that undid the palate for the more substantial food of our own land—reality." L. E. L.

Much has been said and written on first love, that first awakening of the slumbering heart of youth or maiden at the magic touch of that most sweet and troubling angel. It has become the fashion in the romances of our time to exalt the early affection unto a standard of unapproachable excellence, to portray it as the most spiritual outgrowth of the soul, as something so divinely pure and immeasurably holy that naught of after years can ever outvie. To love more than once, is to incur the imputation of faithlessness, is to be deemed devoid of all romance and poetic feeling. Some one has written:

"Love, covered all with rose-like flowers—A fragrant, but an early thing—The spirit's alms, true, that buds And blossoms in its spring."

Faithfully expressed, but untrue. Some few choice souls there are who ripen early in spiritual perfection of love, so far as it can be attained in this world. To such, the glory of youth is fraught with the wisdom of maturity. They are the clairvoyant spirits, whose no mark can deceive; their intuitions are their safeguards; their heart-impulses are guidances of the divine. But such are rarely met with. In general, youth dwells in an untutored, sunny plain, where rivers of untrodden melody flow on unchecked, and the air is redolent with the perfume of favorite flowers; it has ascended no mountain heights of endeavor or of trial; it has not ventured on the stormy sea of disastrous change; it has lived a life of dreams, shrinking from the autumn time, the winter season of the future.

It is great and heroic to nurse a selfish grief through-out the years that should be dedicated to the service of humanity? Is it laudable to weep and mourn and trail the black vestments of a hopeless affection through the cheerful home, while the fleeting years speed on? Is it well done to make all this external show of feeling for some delicate object? To worry one's self into a premature grave, because out of the noble millions one heart has proved false to the trust reposed in it? Rather, ye weeping maidens, strive for a clearer vision, a higher intuition, a wiser choice, wiser time; add do not become stoned of this beautiful world, that contains so much love and fidelity.

For these eternally betrothed ones who keep their faith with the beloved beyond the veil, I harbor only admiration and deep respect. To those who, walking alone along the thorny path of endeavor, look upward for the best reason, the eternal marriage of true souls—to those, all hail! for their courage, endurance, constancy and sacred trust. But these sainted women spend no lingering hours over graves. They labor for the advancement of their spirits, for the entire purification of their inner selves; by lives of self-sacrifice and deeds of charity they render themselves worthy of the bridal chapel of immortality. Life is to them no "barren desert," no "vale of tears"—it is a probationary period, whose needed, oft-bitter discipline, is enlivened by many joys. Saying, "Thy will be done!" with a long drawn countenance and eyes laboriously uplifted, is not the prayer of a submissive child of God. For the wounds of the affections, there is healing balm in the hand of time, not alone in the soothing passage of years, but in the experiences they bring. One half of the miseries we endure are induced by our own ignorance of true needs. We are in want of affection from the cradle to the farthest hour, ay, and beyond; but in the impetuosity of youth, with but faint glimmerings of the significance of life, with impracticable views, with undeveloped faculties, we strive to grasp that which is awarded only to a higher culture of the heart and soul. With undisciplined passions we would assume the possession of those gifts awarded only unto those who have "overcome."

The world, with its enticements of ambition and display; self, with its internal warfare of the spirit and the flesh, with its clinging to the pride of name and station, its adherence, through fear to slavish creed and arbitrary custom—all this, and with it every vestige of that earthliness, that, however veiled by conventional refinement, still bears the taint of grossness, all must be swept from the heart—reason, are love, the pure and the beautiful, can build there his everlasting shrine.

Therefore let none despair, though the storms of sorrow have washed away the roses of their youth. The soul-love that in earth's millennial dawning shall bless her children, knows not of the diminution of soul-loveliness, counts not by years, but "heart-throbs;" looks from the imperfect revelation of external form and form to the transcendent beauty of the progressed, aspiring spirit.

First love is often but a folly; which, in place of weeping over, we should make merry of, or put aside as a conning lesson, an experience remembered for best purposes. We women may feel a little ashamed of ourselves when we think of the nonsense we acted, spoke and looked, during that inflated time. I assure you I am neither oppressed with melancholy nor weighed down with regrets in recalling my first love lessons. Many tears they cost me in the bygone, and these tears served to clear my vision, to cleanse my inner homestead from the rubbish of a spurious romance. With a thankful heart I can truly say that all is well.

I met with Ralph Faulkland again and again, sometimes in the presence of his haughty mother and proud-

ly indolent sister Ellnor. But oftener we met in the autumnal woods, in the distant hills, by the water-falls, and in all my favorite and sacred haunts. He could not climb or run, or leap as well as I could, and many a laugh have I had at his expense. I know not whether my stepmother or Mrs. Strong suspected these meetings; but I was not interfered with, not even by the officious Miss Dean. As I grew up, my outdoor life was not restricted. To what I owed this one great privilege, I never passed to think.

Many gay gatherings were held at our house, and to some I was admitted, when Lillian Vane was there. The new feeling that had taken possession of me estranged me somewhat from that dearest friend. I scarce could tell you how it was. There was a troubled look in Lillian's eyes, and questions trembled on her lip. "You must come to me again, dear child," she said. "I have taken a deep interest in you. Would that I could secure your happiness!"

But the permission to visit at Woodbine Cottage was not granted, and there was a distance and coldness in the manner of Mrs. Strong and Agatha that I could see wounded her deeply. I did not feel the prohibition as I should have felt it at another time, for Ralph Faulkland was an inmate of the hall, and I saw him every day.

The last time Lillian attended one of our grand parties, she took a graceful leave of all, and drawing me to the flower-enriched window—the same where I first met with Ralph—she kissed me tenderly and with tears, telling me that she was going to London, from thence she knew not where.

"But you shall hear from me, my Jasmine! I must not lose sight of you, though my presence be removed. My child, I wish I could stay near you, for something hovers about you that I fear! But our Father will protect you. Farewell, farewell, my love. Go into the dressing-room a moment, and see Mrs. Apthorp; she wishes to say good-by."

I was folded in a close embrace, her pitying tears rained on my upturned brow, her sweet, pure kisses fell in a shower on my cheeks and lips. I heard her sob, and then breaking from me, she hastened from the room.

I sat there a few moments, weeping silently. Then I went to the dressing-room, and was looked in the arms of good Mrs. Apthorp. I received her blessing, and the widow's prayer for my future happy lot in life. It was a sorrowful evening to me! And I did not even see Ralph before I left the brilliantly illuminated rooms.

I did not see Lillian again. Like a star of hope and promise she had arisen on my path. But for the companionship of Ralph, I should have been inconsolable. Before his coming, I had formed some wild projects of running away from home, and entreating her to adopt me, to take me with her in her travels around the world. But now all of heaven for me was the spot that held my love.

He had spoken of love to me from the first days of our acquaintance; but, strange to say, never by word or look did he admit that consciousness before any member of our family or his own. In their sight, he was polite, and nothing more. I never joined them at meals. Miss Ellnor had never succeeded to visit my room, nor had she addressed to me a single kind word. Mrs. Faulkland was distant as ever. I have set opposite that lady, yearning for a smile from those motherly lips, longing to tell her how much I loved her son.

One day we were strolling over the hills, gathering the last flowers, Ralph and I, when he said to me: "It's a beautiful day and a shame, the way they treat you, Jasmine! Your grandmother, or step-grandmother, or a Tartar! I wish I could change her into a deer, and set my dog upon her! And Mrs. Agatha is an iceberg of the first water! Such a set! But never mind, dear; a year or two and I shall have my fortune, and Jasmine will be my little wife. I must wait until old Uncle Hammond dies, and then I shall have a snug income. Mother wants me to marry an heiress, but I prefer you, my little Jasmine flower."

His egotism and selfishness were traits I could not see.

"Shall I never win your mother's regard? She gives me such supercilious looks! Oh Ralph!" And I covered my face with both hands.

"There, there, darling! Do not cry, I entreat you. My mother has her share of pride. I am sorry; what can I do?"

"Oh, tell her, Ralph! Tell her that you love me, and she may learn to care for me a little. She loves you so much, she must love all that belongs to you."

"Not yet, not yet," he said, eagerly; "leave all to time. I will bring my mother round with time. It cannot be done just now. Only wait till I get my fortune!"

"But is it not wicked to wait, almost to hope, for the death of a relative, that we may enjoy his money?" I inquired.

"What an unworthy child you are! Jasmine, you are so near the angel nature, that I worship you as much as I love you. No, dear, it is not wicked, for my people is an old man, and very infirm; death to him would be a release from pain and dolly suffering."

The handsome, sparkling face was overcast with a shadow, as of sympathy.

To be praised, to be inspired by the words of the one we love best! what a need of glory for the long-told heart, starting for its ailment of growth! Oh ye of the household, be not so chary of the welcome praise; for if you bestow it, the batteries of the world will not avail, the bird of home will not be snatched by the Fowler from afar.

"My Jasmine," he continued, and sweeter was the music of his voice than ever had been the melody of Nature to my ear—"how far more lovely you are to me, with your untutored ways, your natural grace, than all the fine, bedazzled ladies who throng your sister's Hall. You are charming in face and figure, in manner and in speech; strange that no one ever told you so. How I regret that you do not dance, for in spite of my mother's prejudices, your step-dance, and her stately, overpowering mame, I would lead you out before them all. Still, I enjoy our quiet conversations better. I should feel jealous of your beauty, your conversational talent, your fresh, poetic mind, if shared with others. I am grateful that my wild wood rose is reserved for me alone."

This to me! who almost since I could remember had

been called "a fright," "a booby," "a half idiot," with scores of such epithets. Not that I believed all this applied to me, the humble, self-distrustful Jasmine; but I would have staked my life upon his truthfulness. I was beautiful, and good, and talented in his partial eyes.

"But why," said I, "should your mother be prejudiced against me? What have I done to incur her displeasure?"

"Oh nothing, my love; but you see, I suppose that old-bog pardon—the great Megalos, Mrs. Strong, has been talking to her, not in your favor; and from the gracious confidence you bestow on me, I know that Mrs. Northrop is not your friend. So she is a little prejudiced, as you see; she has been informed that you will have no fortune. Forgive me, Jasmine, for the remark, but I am compelled to answer your question. My mother is a very proud woman; her father was a baronet. She is aristocratic in her views."

"Then she will never consent to your love for me!" I exclaimed, in despair.

"If she does not, I will be my own master when the means are in my hand; until then, though long ago of age, I am dependent on my mother."

"But she is barely civil to me, and Ellnor is positively hateful!" I exclaimed, with a burst of indignation.

"Ellnor is a spoiled child, dearest; I cannot always get along with her. But you must excuse my mother. Women of her position all have such views. My dear departed father shared them."

"Thank heaven, then, that I have no position that would make me look down upon a fellow creature! I should despise myself for such worldly folly. But Ralph—my father—and I besitated."

"Oh, Mr. Northrop will make no objections. He is not so bigoted as to refuse his consent on account of religion. And he is master of the pen and will not be influenced by his wife or any one else. And you, love, are too sensible to dwell on that point. Let us leave religion to the priests and elderly ladies who have no better occupation."

"Oh, Ralph!" I cried, with a little blushing tone. "Do not speak so, without religion life would be a waste indeed, and we would be miserable strugglers in a sea of difficulties. I do not mean my religion or yours; but belief in a God, in the existence of faith, in the glorious immortality all nations have for. You believe this, do you not?" I pleaded.

A strange expression flitted over his face, and a glowing smile disfigured, not beautified, his lip. A shadow fell upon his trusting heart.

"Oh, Ralph, my all, my loved one!" I cried, "say you are not an Atheist!" and I wrung my hands.

"You loving, foolish darling!"

His voice was tender, and the severity of affection beamed from the dear features I scanned so anxiously.

"Of course not; what put that idea into your busy little head? I am not a deeply religious man, you are, you really are; but I do love and fear God, and believe in the essentials of faith. Are you satisfied?"

The looks he bent upon me were so full of generous frankness, withal, so deeply expressive of the strong hold I had upon his soul, that I smiled and murmured assent, forgetting all the doubts and fears of the moment before.

Thus passed the days, and autumn came with clouded skies and falling leaves. But for its date of my journal, I should not know how time sped on, for I was entranced in those heart-visioned landscapes the outward world, and make an Eden of solitudes we dwell among. I seemed to be fasted to brief periods of rest and happiness, that were interrupted by sudden shocks of calamity. Thus it was when the Name Annelle lived, and when she came to die, when Lillian Vane came to me as a ministering angel, and disappeared and left me. This, my last and greatest boon, was snatched from me rudely, when I was playing in joy, and weaving blissful visions of the future.

I was walking in Oak Grove one afternoon with Ralph, the grief of his approaching parting weighing heavily on my spirits. He had in speaking in the most tenderly, solicitous manner, eloquently portraying the bright picture of our fled lives, and praising my love of Nature, and of all my favorite spots. He asked me abruptly, with sudden a transition of tone that I started and turned pale:

"What do you know about your river, Jasmine?"

My face flushed painfully, my eyelids with tears. Had my plotting enemies implanted suspicion in his soul? Did they, my stepmother and Mrs. Strong, know of that secret I deemed hid in my father's breast? That thought had thriven throughout many a day. That Ralph should not be the child of a sinful mother! I could not cope the agony that shook my frame; I wept and sobbed a fierce renewal of that sorrow that had lain coiled so long and the summer flowers of my happy life.

"Why, Jasmine! What have I done to agitate you so strangely? I only asked a simple question; I did not mean to wound your feelings. Do not, dearest, please be calm. I inquired of you, and could obtain no satisfaction; he coldly replied, that was a subject he never conversed upon, and simply asked him how old you were when your mother died, and what family she belonged to. Or Mrs. Northrop and Madame the Strong, they are sister against my darling, that I—"

"What did they say? What they dare to tell you about my angel mother?—dear, long-suffering, martyred mother?" I cried with indignation and grief.

"Hush, hush, my love!" and I tried to soothe me as one would a child. "Nothing doing, of course; nothing of any account. Pray do weep as I implore you! I will never say a word upon this topic again."

But I was determined to know the extent of his knowledge and theirs; to know what extent the mystery enshrouding the last of my mother was destined to cloud my life; so about to question him, when a rustling about trees, a sound as of stealthy footsteps, fell upon my ear, and I broke away from the loving encircling me, and ran toward the place whence sounds proceeded. I thought I was watched by some of the Agathas or her mother. I saw, crouching in the bushes, the bent form of a man. I called loud and defiantly, to know his business there; his hands dropped

from the face he was covering with them; I saw the burning eyes, glaring as those of an infuriated animal, the deadly pale face of Austin Catliffe! I shrieked in terror, and ran back to my companion. Breathless and oppressed with a nameless dread, I brought him to take me home. My self-possession was gone, and I clung to Ralph as a frightened child would to its only protector. He urged me to tell him what I had seen, saying, as he valiantly strove to quiet my agitation, and with a slightly sarcastic voice:

"My little heroine is but a feeble young girl after all! She has nerves like all of the neighborhood. Come, Jasmine, your favorite retreat, it seems, is haunted by the shades of evil, as well as by the sylphs and wood-nymphs."

I could not frame a word in reply. At the broad path leading to the house we parted, he taking the main road, I the narrow foot-path across the hill.

CHAPTER XI.

A Bad Secret Unveiled.

"Hatred is a smothering poison; anger the opening of a valve."—JURGEN.

I was met on the threshold by Mrs. Strong, her face crimsoned with anger, her entire mien betokening discomposure joined to malicious triumph. She caught me by the arm, brought her steel-blue eyes close to my face by a bend of her tall neck, and cried:

"Where have you been? Where do you come from? What have you been crying for? Say, baby—deceitful wretch!—shameless runaway! Did you think you could carry on your game without my knowledge? You want answer, hey? Well, then, I'll tell you, mix! You've been off gallivanting in the woods, and love-making, milk-maid fashion, with young Ralph Faulkland! Deny it if you dare! You low-lived, wicked, good-for-nothing hussy! But this is the last of it; his mother shall be informed of your tricks, and your liberty curtailed by some miles, my lady! Come along with me; no hanging back, or I'll use force! Along with you, you make-believe innocent! In there with you, your father wants to see you. After this we shall see who rules the roost!"

She dragged me along the passage to the door of the library, and pushed me in. I had not answered a word, but I had resisted her violence with such effect that a portion of her lace ruff, and part of the purple bow she wore at the throat, remained as trophies in my hands. She blazed in my ears as she drove me into the stern and haughty presence of my father:

"You shall pay dearly for this!"

My father was pacing up and down the floor with his hands behind him, and his eyes cast down. I was wrought up to such a pitch of excitement I almost lost all sense of my father's presence. I demanded to know, in a quivering and indignant voice, why I was treated so roughly by "that old bag of a grandmother?"

"Sit down there, Jasmine!" he said with cold command.

I fell into the chair he pointed to. Crossing his arms upon his breast, he stood before me, regarding me with a fixed bitterness of expression that almost amounted to aversion:

"I cannot permit you to speak in that disrespectful manner of my wife's mother," he said. "Put your question as befits a young girl of your age, when alluding to her elders and superiors."

My blood boiled, but I restrained the thronging words that came, torrent-like, to my lips, and asked what I had done to warrant Mrs. Strong's interference?

"You know are this—for she has not that command of her temper that I have—her generous impulses and feelings of high honor are expressed as soon as formed. I am differently organized. What have you done? You claim to be truthful, Jasmine, but I find my earliest forebodings about you all too true! You have raked your reputation, and forfeited the respect due your family and name by stolen interviews with young Faulkland. While we thought you absent on your usual rambles, you were deceiving us all, and leading a soul into disobedience and forgetfulness of his mother's wishes. I forbid you, from this day, to meet with Ralph Faulkland, only as my chance in my presence. Between you and him there can be no question of love. You have been unaccountably and forward, I trust from ignorance. You must prove your obedience and penitence by submission to our wishes."

I could restrain myself no longer; to be accused of such terrible things—to be compelled to live without the sight of him I loved—to submit to the renunciation of the pure affection that was my all of life and hope! I could not! I would not yield to the tyrannical mandate, given in those too-cold tones.

With a wild burst of weeping, I cast myself at his feet, and for the first time since my childhood kissed his hand, retaining it between both my own, though he strove to withdraw it from my grasp. If I could only gain his pity, should I not also win his love?

"Oh, father," I pleaded, "believe me, I have done nothing you would blame, if you knew the circumstances. There is no one in this household I can confide in, and I dare not approach you; your heart has been closed to me always. Oh! why, oh! why, my father? I will bear all from you, but not from them; they hate me—they have persecuted me always—they have prejudiced you, my own good, noble father against me, and I have none to go to in my loneliness of heart!"

"If by your repetition of they you mean your stepmother and Mrs. Strong, you are unjust as well as ill-tempered, Jasmine. It is your own perverse disposition that has estranged them, and although they cannot love you; they would, by every measure, promote your good. Let go my hand, child. I dislike these dramatic exhibitions to the extreme. Sit down and talk to me calmly and reasonably, or I shall have to send you to your room and keep you there until your temper cools. I have that to say to you which I wish you to hear attentively."

But I would not rise from my place at his feet, though he had forcibly drawn back his hand, and stood regarding me so coldly with folded arms.

"Oh, father, say you love me—I say it only once!" I entreated, with streaming eyes of anguish.

"I cannot say what I do not feel!" he lolly replied. "You are not a livable girl; but I will do a father's duty by you, and prevent you from bringing reproach upon the name you bear."

"I have never done so. I never shall; they have poisoned your mind against me. Father, they have made you believe that I am deceitful, cold-hearted, selfish and indolent; that I do not love and respect you. As God lives and hears me, I am utterly wronged! Every word I speak, and every act I do is distorted and reported to you with such exaggerations you deem me a worthless, soulless girl! Oh, I have known this for years! There is no more truth in that old woman's words than there is in her mock alliances. Oh, father, how can you believe her, and doubt the words of your own wretched child?"

"Enough, enough of this, Jasmine. I tell you rise! I am not to be moved by a girl's tears and foolish fancies. No one has injured you in my estimation. Your own behavior is accountable for all. You are a self-willed, passionate, whimsical creature, and it is time your obstinacy was curbed and your conduct amended. You are a young woman now. If you are wretched, you alone are accountable for so being. I shall not permit you to say another syllable against the honored mother of my wife, and I forbid you to say ought in my hearing again against her or Agatha, who has been an angel of patience toward you."

There was no hope. I pressed my palms upon my eyes as if to shut out the light of day. His heart was truly hardened against me.

"Get up, Jasmine! Once more I bid you to be seated."

I arose and tottered to the chair, awaiting with bowed head and tightly clasped hands, the tinging of that knell of destiny that fell so harshly from a father's lips.

"Did you hear me say that henceforth you are to meet no more with Mr. Faulkland? This girlish freak must end. He cannot love you. He has only been amusing himself with your sentimental romance. You will bid him farewell, soon, in the presence of the family, as becomes a child who bears the name of Northrop, and I wish you to avoid him in the house, while he remains here a guest."

"I cannot, oh, I cannot promise that! He is all the world to me! He loves me, and I am to be his wife! Oh, father, do not speak so cruelly! Do not look at me with such eyes of scorn!"

"He cannot love you, miss, and your school-girl folly must end, now, and at once. Ralph is dependent on his mother, and is too dutiful a son to marry without that mother's consent. And mine would never be granted, even if Mrs. Faulkland were willing. I have other views for you."

"Ralph loves me only, and I will never love any one else on earth!" I exclaimed.

"I leave spare me all these heroics and outpourings," said my father, ironically. "All your tears and rhapsodies will not move me one inch from my purpose. I have the disposal of your hand. You have no fortune, and no expectations. You must leave Oakfast Hall for the home of the husband I have chosen for you, and that soon; for your presence is a source of annoyance to my wife, and to Mrs. Strong. You will marry Austin Catliffe. He has asked my permission to—"

"Never! never! while I have strength to resist! While the life-breath is in me! Mary Ann! the sneaking spy! the atrocious wretch! I detest him! Never! though you kill me! Ralph loves me, and will not forsake me. You are my father, but you have no right to dispose of me in this way. I will not submit! I would rather starve or die!"

"This is just what I expected," said my father, and his tones retained their even calm. "But a girl's waywardness will not frustrate my plans. You will do my bidding, or cease to be a child of mine."

"I will go out into the wide world! I will work for a livelihood! I will be a meal, a beggar, anything! but I will not be the wife of that bad man's son!"

"You talk like a lunatic, and rave like an actress. I knew your humbleness and softness was all assumed. What do you know of Mr. Catliffe's name, that you venture to call him a bad man?"

"He was my mother's enemy! He caused her untimely death! He filled your heart with distrust! He was the Satan of your home-paradise! I hate him! I hate all that bears his name!"

Then there came a change over the impassive countenance of Herbert Northrop. A grayish pallor overspread it, and a fierce look came into his eyes. He strode up to my chair, seized me by the arm, and cried in a voice trembling with suppressed emotion and rage:

"Who told you this? How dare you mention your mother in my presence? Do you know the misery and the ruin she wrought? The dishonor upon my name, she caused? Did Annelle tell you? How do you know? Speak quickly, girl!"

I was alarmed at a vehemence never before exhibited. But courage nerve my heart—I answered that Mrs. Annelle had told me concerning my mother on her death-bed; that I knew Mark Catliffe had been her secret enemy; that the flying fingers of my sainted one had written the record, and the protestation of her innocence with her latest breath. I offered to go and fetch the letter. I implored him to read it, to believe me; to allow me to vindicate her memory! He was deaf to all my supplications. He said that she was dead before she died. That during the progress of her insanity she must have written such a letter. That he had ample and convincing proofs of her unfaithfulness, that a world of counter testimony would tell to overthrow. Finally, with a spasm of intense mental suffering, distorting his still handsome face, he told me that because of the mother's faults he could not love the child.

"You inherit too much of her nature and looks," he said. "And though you are a Northrop, you have the wild, erratic visionary blood of the Wilders in your veins. I lowered myself in pride and in worldly position to wed her. I was punished severely for the infatuation. Never again, as you value my peace and your own happiness, revert to her by a solitary word. I cannot, will not hear it, least of all from you! Mark Catliffe has been my friend for years. Your foolish talk about intuitions is all rags. I know him and bless him for the good he did me in revealing to me my wrongs. The dying declaration of that person has no weight with me, for I tell you he was mad for some time before he died. Go to your room now, and if, as you say, you have so much love for me, prove it by fewer words and implicit obedience to my com-

made. Go now, and leave me. No more parleying. I would be alone."

I felt him with his whitened features and changed appearance, feeling, I know not why, a sort of pity for his apparent wretchedness. Perhaps—oh, fearful doubt! oh, stinging sorrow! perhaps oh had been guilty, and he, poor man, was wronged! But no, the letter—it bore no traces of a wandering mind. Such beautiful and noble thoughts never could have been penned by a feeble, sin-stained hand; and then my own unconquerable abhorrence of the man my father deemed his friend—my terror of the son! Was all this fancy?

I felt that trouble was before me; that I was encompassed by difficulties, but amid all above brightly from the airy sky of promise, the star of unchanged love. I had faith in Ralph, and in the future; and I hoped that he would prove the releasing angel of my life, to lead me forth to affection's recompense. I sought to reach my chamber, there to unbend my heart in prayer, to commune with self, and take counsel of my thoughts. Oh how I longed for the dear presence of the wise and loving Lillian.

I was waylaid in the long passage by Mrs. Strong. Perhaps she had been listening. Her Mary had expended herself. A malignant triumph-mien replaced it. She did not shake me rudely, but she said:

"Did you succeed in gauding papa here? I expect not; it is somewhat too late in the day for that. You've got to bend your stiff neck now, Miss Highflyer. You've got something to think of now, besides birds and flowers, and poetry and jinnecranks. You'll have to get ready for your wedding soon. Not with your chosen Adams of the woods, but with another gentleman not half so much admired. Your own amiable temper will find more than a match in his; you can't enjoy your tantrums with him. He was furious as a Turk this afternoon when he found you telegraphic in Oak Grove with somebody. He looked as pale as a ghost, and his eyes glared like red-hot coals! I congratulate you, my dear."

This was harder to bear than all. I would rather she had beaten me. I retorted with all the suppressed anger against her forth:

"Oh! Jezebel, what are my affairs to you? Is it not enough you have succeeded in prejudicing my father against me? What would you more? You would kill me if you dared—I know you would! Nothing deters you but the fear of hanging! I will yet conquer you all. You shall not place your feet upon my neck. I will yet outwit you all!"

"No doubt of it, my dear, if you get the chance. But your rule is over; henceforward you have to submit. Isn't that delightful to such a proud spirit as yours?"

"You witch of evil!—you malicious cormorant!" I shouted. "What do you torment me for? Why do you pursue me with your devil's hate and viper's tongue?"

"Because, you angel, I hated you from the first, and it is quite safe to tell you, because, tallish face! you've been in my way; and where Agatha's children was n't, I didn't want you to lord it. I can shake a shame-mark in your face any day, that will turn all your blood into ice-balls! Remember that! and look to your behaviour toward me when company is here, and you are admitted. I can crush your pride with three words, no beware, my young miss, or some day I'll blazon from one end of the kingdom to the other, who and what you are!"

No, she did not speak the name of the departed. I was a tiger, a young lioness then! I sprang upon her, and with my small hands, stopped her utterance. I did not hear the opening of the library door, nor see the approach of my father. I only knew that I held in my power and grasp the subtle foe who would asperse my dear mother's fame. I felt triumphed with superhuman strength, with a courage that defied the universe!

"Jamaine, in the name of heaven, what is this? Mother, what does this mean?" he ejaculated. And he tore her from my iron hold.

"I will not bear this! I will not!" I shrieked. "Oh, my son, my very life is in danger, as you see!" gasped the hypocrite. "It was only admonishing her upon the sin of so fearful a temper, and she rushed upon me like a catamount! Oh Herbert, how have I deserved such treatment!" and she sobbed like an innocent and injured child.

"You shall be subjected to it no more. The miserable girl shall not annoy you much longer; she shall keep entirely to her own part of the house. Come, mother, lean on me. To your room, unworthy creature!" he thundered.

I fled with a maddened brain, a burning heart; and reaching my own door found there Hosita, her arms folded on her breast, her mild eyes filled with apprehension. She extended both arms, I fell upon her breast and wept.

"My poor child!—my poor darling! What have they been doing to you? Oh Lord, oh Lord—how long will the wicked triumph! Let me stroke your poor tired head, and try and soothe your poor little sorrowful heart! The madam, which cat—oh Lord, forgive. I forget some times—but I can't help it; let Hosita make you better, darling."

I loved to hear her lisping accents then, her strange division of her words. I had almost outgrown my childish and superstitious fear of her. She led me into my chamber, placed me in my accustomed arm-chair; gently and tenderly dispelled the burning anguish of my brow, with soft, cool fingers, whose magnetic touches passed over me like calming musical waves. With a respectful kiss of my hands, with a fervent recommendation to pray to God in my trouble, she left me. And my thoughts, before so tumultuous and rebellious a throng, were composed to calm reflection. I felt a sweet serenity of peace steal to my heart; the occurrences of the day melted away into dream-like indistinctness. I thought of Hosita; why was she so often sad? What was the mystery that dwelt in her sick longing, in her deep, unobtrusive eyes? What ties of love or duty bound her to the capricious mistress she seemed devoted to, and yet deplored at times? I pondered these questions, forgetful of my own encompassing difficulties, until drowsiness fell on me like a veil, and I sought my bed, and slept long and dreamlessly, until the lamps were lit.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A NATION OF FIJIAN.—In the Bay of Bengal, on the high road of commerce, is a group of islands thickly covered with impenetrable jungle, and swarming with leeches in the rainy, and ticks in the dry season. Except a species of pig, well recently unknown to science, there are no wild animals that offer any molestation to man; but to make up for this deficiency, the human inhabitants are amongst the most savage and hostile that voyagers have ever encountered. They may truly be termed a nation of pigmies, being on an average only four feet five inches high, and weighing from seventy to seventy-five pounds; but they are well proportioned, and display an agility and nimbleness truly wonderful. Their skin is dark, though not black as that of the negro, and their faces decidedly ugly. They go entirely naked, shave the hair off their head with pieces of bamboo, or broken bottle, and further increase their unsightly appearance by daubing themselves all over with a mixture of red ochre and oil, or covering their persons toward nightfall with a thick coating of soft mud, to serve as a protection against the mosquitoes, with which, in addition to the leeches and ticks, they seem to be tormented the whole year round. They are excellent swimmers, taking to the water almost before they can walk; and they rely upon the sea for the principal supply of their food—fish, oysters and sea.

THE HEART'S COMPLAINT, AND REASON'S REPLY.

BY MRS. ELIZA M. MICKEL.

Tempt me not with dreams of pleasure,
All my hopes of bliss are past,
I have met an earthly treasure,
Not a friend that long will last.
If it be the will of heaven
That dark hours of gloom are mine,
If my life of joy be given,
Why should I at this repine?

Yet 'tis hard, in life's fair morning,
When the hopes of youth were high,
Thus, instead of glory's dawning,
For the rest of death to sigh.
Tell me not 'tis vain forebodings—
Not one single ray of light
Pierces through the drear surroundings
Dark as hours of darkest night!

Clouds of sable hue appalling
O'er the joyous sunlight roll,
And dimmer darkness falling,
Shrouds my weary, waiting soul.
What hath wrought this work of sorrow?
Filled with sadness deep thy mind?
Why from hope hast thou not borrow?
Not one faithful friend canst thou find?

I am all alone and friendless—
Slender took my friends away;
I was wronged—it roused my anger—
Hatred de laced all the way.
There has been a constant warfare
In this troubled, suffering heart,
Striving to subdue the anger
Roused by demon slander's dart.

I could bear that foes should hate me—
Little care I if they do;
But to turn my friends against me—
This it is that grieves me so.
But the tortured heart is breaking,
With a mighty grief oppressed;
In the sleep that knows no waking
It shall find its sweetest rest.

REASON'S REPLY.

Fainting heart, hast thou no courage,
Thus to meet the storms of life?
Does not opposition nerve thee
With new ardor for the strife?
What! wilt thou in meek submission
To thy foes so kindly yield?
When the conflict rages fiercest,
Wilt thou tamely leave the field?

Wilt thou be a coward, driven,
Though that heart be faint with pain?
If the storm should now overwhelm thee,
Thou mayst never rise again.
Canst thou calmly speak of dying?
For the grave in sorrow sigh?
Better live, and toil, and suffer,
'Tis more noble than to die.

Al! methinks thou must remember,
Ere thou wast so lone and sad,
How thy bright hopes of the future
All thy pathway made so glad;
And thou canst not have forgotten,
In thy kinder, gentler mood,
How that heart, with better impulse,
Longed to work for others' good.

Shall the dark waves of oblivion
Bury in their depths thy name?
Wouldst thou be thus soon forgotten
By thy foes, and friends the same?
Oh, do not despair though darkness
Shroud in gloom the glorious day;
If thou mayst not view the sunrise,
Try to catch a glimmering ray.

Should thy pathway grow still darker,
Foes be countless, friends be none,
While thou hast a friend in heaven,
Never any thou 'rt all alone.
Now arm well for opposition;
Let thy foes attack in vain;
Stand erect; undaunted meet them;
Thus shalt thou the victory gain.

Written for the Banner of Light.

"HAPPY IS THE MAN THAT FIND-ETH WISDOM."

BY JOHN M. BERRY.

He who would study Wisdom's way,
Must in the path of Knowledge tread;
And weary not to "seek and pray,"
That light may o'er his pathway shed.

Let not the heart grow faint, when strong,
Though mountains in thy journey rise;
Mark well the path, and pass along,
For on some summit is the prize.

If thou shouldst from thy pathway stray,
And from Error's cunning arm,
Remember Truth will guide the way,
And lead you where no troubles harm.

'Tis true some meet with trials here;
The way seems dark, they see no light,
But Justice ever will be near,
To give us strength and judge us right.

Keep pace with Charity and Love,
Who knows not Sin, nor talks with Grief;
But, like some shining star above,
They guide our way, and give relief.

Sometimes Experience we meet,
That gives instruction on the way;
Points out the thorns beneath our feet,
Where weary travelers often stray.

When Pride and Folly ever stand,
That they may face us unaware;
Ah! few resist the willing hand
That smooths for us the tempting snare.

How happy, then, this world would be,
If Vice and Evil did not reign;
If we could walk in harmony,
And all our toils be free from pain.

Sugar for the Teeth.

It has always been a mooted point whether sugar really decays the teeth or not. The case of the negroes on the Southern sugar plantations is held to show that it does good rather than harm; while the case of the man in our Northern sugar refineries goes to show that the teeth crumble away in a very little time, from fasting the article. But there is a good reason for the difference. The negroes chew the cane, sip the syrup, and gorge themselves with the sugar, yet have plump bodies and brilliant teeth; in fact, there is no race, not even the Irish at home, whose teeth appear for white, none of the negro on the sugar plantations. There they get the raw article, unadorned with any element that is calculated to give it commercial value beyond what it has of itself. In the sugar refinery, however, time is used; and this at once acts on the teeth. The experiment of preserving teeth in pure syrup has proved successful; but when a little lime has been sprinkled into the syrup, the action of the new element on the enamel of the teeth has made itself very soon apparent. Sugar eaters may as well know of this.

WISDOM FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT, AND SOMETHING THAT SPIRITUALISM HAS DONE.

NUMBER SEVEN.

HAUNTED HOUSES.

Before proceeding further with this subject, which, by the way, has opened up a rich vein of interesting facts, permit me to make a short personal explanation, in answer to questions from correspondents, such as these: "What is your condition?" "How do you get at the facts related by you?" "Do you have a medium?" "I should certainly avoid each personal explanation were it not that the Philosophy of Spiritualism is in some measure, at least, involved in them. Twelve years of investigation and compliance with spirit direction, have brought me to a conclusion with the past two years in which I am conscious of the presence of spirit through three of the senses. First by sight, in which the form appears more or less distinct—sometimes a mere hazy outline, at others almost as clear and well defined as human beings to the outward vision. Second, by hearing, in which there is the same variation as to distinctness, sometimes being dull and at others clear and audible—(I am just now receiving an interesting communication on the subject of sound, from a philosophical spirit, with whom I converse freely). Thirdly, and by far the most common mode, by perception. This is, perhaps, the most difficult to describe, and unless a person experiences something of it, it can scarcely be comprehended. This varies in distinctness, from the mere perception of the presence of some one, to a very clear and distinct perception, not only of the presence of an individual spirit, but of their identity, name, &c.

As a general rule, all that is required has been for me to abstract myself from the usual excitement of business and get into a quiet place. I prefer doing this always in the same room alone, and with as nearly the same surroundings as I can have. I am in almost daily intercourse with mediums, and very often get tests as to the identity and character of the spirits who are with me; and whenever I receive anything through these media, I give them credit for it. Recently, at the time of my visit to the battle-field, I was not sensible of any spirit influence, and I could then understand why persons feeling in this way deny the existence of spirits, but a severe and painful attack of illness has now left me even more sensitive than before. The spirits referred to in the two last letters, report themselves to me as doing well. A host of new ones are waiting near me for an opportunity, when returning health and time will allow me to hear their stories; but I desire, as soon as may be, to pursue the subject of Haunted Houses.

After I had sent my last letter to you, a brother who has been a dweller in the spheres about thirty-one years, came and spoke to me through my friend Samuel H. Pile, and gave the following account of a visit he made to one of these places, and before entering on the philosophy of Haunted Houses, I will give you readers the observations made from the spiritual side:

Brother, I would like to give you an account of a visit made by myself and a friend here to an ancient haunted house. It was a large, old mansion, that had been built sometime before the Revolution, and at that time was beginning to show evident marks of decay. At present it is a crumbling ruin, having been uninhabited and shrouded by mortals for many years; even the grounds around it have grown up into a wilderness, and of all the spots I ever visited, this was the most ghastly and unattractive. My mind had been called to this subject by the last letter to the BANNER, which I saw before it had been impressed on paper, and an Indian spirit, whom I have seen frequently about these things, gave my friend, J. N., and I an invitation to accompany him to this place. We arrived there about twilight in the evening, and were taken into the house. There is a large room at the west end of the building, which had formerly been used as a parlor. It has four small windows in it; standing across one corner there is a large closet with a shut-door, on the inside of which was a green paper curtain, somewhat torn. On one side of the room is a very large, open fireplace. Some old dilapidated furniture—a table and some chairs, and a few sticks of wood were scattered in confusion about the room. The closet and the fireplace were the points to which our attention was particularly called by our Indian guide. As the twilight deepened into darkness, the booming of an owl reverberated through the dim silence, making a dismal sound though I am not a coward, I experienced some peculiar feelings at the time; but the presence of a good Indian guide assured both my friend and myself that we would be protected. We passed out round the house to take another view—the trees around it cast their irregular and dim shadows, and as we stood upon the old, dilapidated porch, with its broken lattice-work, its decaying floor and crumbling cornice, the scene awakened feelings such as I had feared but never known; it was a fit place for ghosts and gins. Our experience here differed from that of most, because these old ruins brought to us the impressive of former days, and their history was revealed to us but I must not stop now to speak of these.

Stopping, the corner of the house, our Indian friend held a his head for a few minutes, evidently in deep thought; then raising it he addressed us thus: "Pale faced men, you look upon these scenes with mingled admiration and fear. I am acted upon by different feelings. You see the place as it now is; I knew it as it was before the foot of the white man trod this portion of the land. Then it was a vast forest; and upon that spot where you now stand, an Indian village stood; the lawn, that lies before us, was used as a place for the performance of our religious rights. Here we often had our war-dances; and where you sit trees stand, our good medicine-men have often lain gazed up to the stars, and sought to receive inspiration from those old medicine-men of our tribe who I go down to the great hunting-ground so much talked by our people. You stream which now glistens the pale moonlight, supplied us with drink, and thence abundant in game. Here our people lived twice and tranquilly, enjoying life as fully as possible. But, alas! for our people, a treaty was made by chiefs, and the Indian was forced to leave this spot his childhood for the far West. And though wit the spot our love clung around it, and back to it wandered in fancy, for it was the home of our earliest affections—the home of our fathers, whose grave our people always hold dear. Here, too, we had many of our papposes to sleep their long sleep. I wonder then, if, on entering spirit-life and feelingly able to move freely, that I should soon see home of my childhood from which I had been driven. I returned, and found our village all gone, and wigwag built here, and strange pale faces all around. There was a loveliness and attraction in this spot here I dwell and admired the beauty of the place, and saw its peaceful inhabitants enjoying the life of my fathers; and I, too, enjoyed the beautiful arguments that were made with so much taste and grace around this place, I sometimes felt that it had done for me; and with all the fatality of my life I loved the inmates who had thus decorated the life of my childhood; and I watched their papposes their sleep, and walked beside their graves. And night's darkness had driven the beautiful sun into the waters and made the eyes of the pale face, I took my place upon this porch and basked in the day light and strong again and dried darkness away.

Thus have I generation after generation pass away—for it is more than twelve hundred years

since I came back to dwell here—and still the wigwag remained in the hands of the departed, and the great opera, my life was passed pleasantly here. But other times came. It passed into other hands, and I suffered much, for the strangers who came were harsh and unkind; they were almost always quarrelling among themselves, and I could not live with them. They drove me away, and I wandered up and down in this country, though I often returned to visit this wigwag, especially at night when all were at repose. And now I began to see strange spirits here, and terrible scenes were enacted. But I must go back to give you this history: You know that many, many moons ago, soon after I came here as a spirit, the pale faces got into that terrible war with the other pale faces from over the water, and we in the spirit-land watched them as they fought and fell, and many came to dwell with us. There was a terrible battle which occurred near this spot, and though I was far off with many other Indian spirits, we rushed to the scene and, thrilled with the old war fire, we inspired those who lived here so that they fought desperately and conquered. And let me say here that men will always fight better at home, because their spirit-friends can do more for them there.

This wigwag was used for the wounded men. Here we came to labor, for we saw them suffering, and that was enough to draw us. We did all we could. In this room to which I have introduced you, there were seven persons, who were malicious and quarrelsome even among themselves. They were Housians, who had been employed to come to this country and subdue the rebellion. These seven men all died in that room, and I supposed that, like myself, they would seek the homes of their early days; but instead of that, I saw them remaining around here; but they were no longer disposed to quarrel among themselves, or to make any disturbance; they remained passively about for many years. At the time I mentioned, when the house was sold, and I felt so badly, I saw these spirits were forming an alliance, and determining to drive out these occupants of the wigwag, and I left, and seldom returned, for I had other and pleasant homes and labors, of which I am to tell you elsewhere. Still I visited this place occasionally, and found it deserted and uninhabited. How they accomplished this you will see by the operations of to-night. My good guides have laid a plan to break up this band and set them free, and you are chosen to aid me, and also to report this night's proceedings to your brother who walks the earth to tell the people there."

Many other matters of historical interest were given to me by our Indian guide and friend; but as they belong to his history, I leave them for him to relate.

We had been directed to draw as much earthly magnetism as we could bear around ourselves, so that we might witness the proceedings, as far as possible, on the physical plane, without injury to ourselves, so well as to perceive, as much as possible, the feelings which would actuate mortals under similar circumstances.

About ten o'clock we entered the room. My friend and I took our places opposite the closet and joined hands, while our Indian friend stood immediately before us. We found afterward that this was a very wise precaution on his part, for, as he told us, he was more accustomed to combat the physical elements than we were, and as he was familiar with their operations and influences, he knew that he could do better for us in this position. We remained but a few minutes, when the door of the closet suddenly opened, and a tall, thick-set man made his appearance. He stood rigid in the doorway, in front of the closet.

"This," said our Indian friend, "is the leader of the band. There are many points of interest connected with his history which you will be able to glean from him hereafter. I will only say now that he is a commanding officer among the Housian troops, and a man of very considerable power, physically and intellectually. He is one of the seven to whom I alluded as passing into the inner life in this room, when it was used as a hospital, more than eighty years since, and who, as has been during all that time, what we call a LOCALIZED SPIRIT, a term which expresses a very important condition in the border land of spirit life. Except a separation from the external body, with a loss of some of its peculiar powers and an increase of a limited number of others, there is but little change in these spirits. Imprisoned and fixed by their own magnetism to a limited space, they dwell and labor in this small circle. In his countenance you may read the lines which unbridled passions have written. He carries with him an air which always seems to say, 'I am sole controller of these premises.'"

During this time he was engaged in uttering a low soliloquy. At times a shade of sadness would pass over his countenance, but this was dispelled almost instantly by a look of determination which invariably followed. He stood there a few minutes, and then made a very peculiarly shrill vocal noise, which was instantly responded to from many parts of the house, and in a very short time the band assembled in the room, awaiting the orders of their chief. We had remained unnoticed up to this time, but now we were pointed out to the leader by one of the spirits, who was more aloof than the rest. A dark frown now overspread his countenance, and he immediately made a dash toward the place in which we stood; but our Indian friend, who seemed equal to every emergency, moved us to another position, and threw over us a mantle of mist, which enveloped all of us and hid us from the sight of those spirits, although it permitted us to see them, and watch all their movements. Finding themselves thus balked, their rage became unbounded. The leader said to them, "This is the work of that damned Indian!"

We now observed them wrangling and quarrelling with one another, in a very desperate manner. Said I to our guide, "Are they really in earnest?" "Not altogether," said he, "but by doing this they draw around them magnetism of a gross character, and other elements of such a kind as will strengthen them and enable them to do their work." Such an effect had this excited condition and the accumulation of discordant elements on the objects in the room, that they began to move about as though they were animated. The doors were opened and shut. The tables and chairs and other articles were thrown about the room with violence. Even the very walls of the building shook and vibrated, and sounds of the most terrific character proceeded from various parts of the room.

"Now," said our Indian guide, "watch closely, and you may discover how these manifestations are produced. Do you observe these fine chords, like bow-strings, which connect the different articles in the room to each other? These," said he, "are electrical lines, and it is by this agent, which pervades all Nature, and is to be found in every substance, that all these manifestations are performed. It is the instrument used by the Great Spirit in keeping all things in the universe in their order and harmony. It furnishes the means of all power. With the physical workings of this element we, as spirits, are ever seeking to become acquainted, for upon this knowledge depends our power, and the same is true of mortals. A knowledge of this element and the laws which govern it, has already given men more power than anything else, and is destined to open a still wider and more important field for the race to labor in and be benefited by. It is by a knowledge of electricity and its laws that spirits, not those whom you now see here, produce these wonderful phenomena which are going on here. Everything in Nature possesses a life peculiar to itself, of its own kind and character, and they all act upon one another, and I am requested to say to your brother that this is a great fundamental truth in Nature, that there is not, and cannot possibly be, such

a thing as dead matter. More than that, it is the life of the elements of matter in Nature that makes them all alive and grand and harmonious wholes, which in relation of parts must be continually changing, the sum of the whole is unalterably fixed as God himself.

But I am not here to philosophize. These parties who are playing this fearful drama before us, know not how this is done, nor do they understand the part they play in these singular manifestations. Neither are they aware that the intense excitement of anger which prompts them to these violent acts, is an essential means for eliciting these phenomena, and that the absence of light is also an essential condition for the most powerful manifestations. All these things, however, are understood to some extent, at least, by those who are the prime movers in these exciting scenes, in which the disturbed electrical condition of the various elements and bodies produces this apparently wild and uncontrollable condition. But when you reflect that thought governs these elements, just in proportion to the amount of knowledge and well-directed will-power of the individual, there is no difficulty in understanding how these things are done, or we have at least pushed the solution one step farther back, and the question arises, How does thought control electricity? And though your friends can give their explanation of this through me, as they have done this, if they wish, they desire not to delay longer our observations of the phenomena."

He now called our attention particularly to the sounds we were hearing. We know that sounds are produced by electrical action always, and the fact that the human organism in its voice, through the will-power, can so wonderfully modify these tones, is a beautiful illustration of the will in controlling and regulating the electrical forces.

We noticed that the most hideous sounds appeared to be always produced by a concentration of the forces at a point where there was iron or steel. This idea was soon dispelled, for in the centre of the room there occurred three distinct explosions, resembling the report of a large pistol. Said our guide, "These sounds are produced by bringing two currents of different kinds of electricity, of about equal power, near to each other. An instantaneous union takes place, and with an explosion, from a disturbance not only of the atmosphere, but more particularly of its electrical condition."

We observed these sounds to increase in force, and they seemed to afford a kind of gratification to the spirits present, somewhat similar to that experienced by boys on a Fourth of July celebration. We asked our Indian friend if we could have a repetition of the phenomena? "Yes," said he, and I saw him throw a ball of electricity in the direction in which they were preparing some, and immediately another report was heard, even louder than the former. This surprised and disconcerted the band. In fact, they were driven into confusion. Most of them appeared it was an accidental explosion. Their leader, however, was the first to recover himself from the surprise, and he immediately gave the order that all the spirits who did not belong to the band should be driven out of the room.

At this moment, the Indian raised the mantle, and exposed us to the view of several of the band. Taking his stand firmly in front of us, he waited a moment until the leader approached to within about two feet of him, when, as if by magic power, we were all enveloped in a mist, which entirely concealed us from their view. At this, his anger became unbounded. He knew we had not left the room, but could not tell where we were. He commanded a most diligent search to be made by all the band, which was carried on for some time, while we moved about very quietly under the direction of our guide, who seemed desirous of perplexing these spirits. For instance, when he would find the spirit alone, he would raise the mantle and expose us to view for a moment. This tended to create greater consternation and excitement among them. Such was the excited condition which they had brought about, that every object in the room was affected by it. The tables and chairs and pieces of wood that were lying on the floor, were all thrown into violent motion, and in this confusion the leader declared that some of the band were false to him, and in league with the three spirits that had been seen in the room, and these he knew were still there. This created a greater excitement. We could see that many of these movements were beyond the direction or control of the spirits who had brought about these conditions.

"Now," said our Indian friend, "you have been brought here to-night not only to witness these phenomena, but to assist me in influencing these spirits. The physical plane which I occupy, enables me to control them, to a certain extent. Wait, here a few moments, till I pass round the room alone."

He then made himself visible to the spirits, and passed around the room. At first they were disposed to punish him, for having introduced us to their room; but he assumed a positive and defensive character, and they became more quiet. They had frequently seen him before. Now taking three of the spirits who were the most passive, he began to converse with them, and in a little while he persuaded them to be willing to speak to us. At this point, the leader of the band felt certain that he had now found traitors in his band, but no sooner had he come up to us than he was completely enveloped in a mist. This led some to doubt the sincerity of their leader.

At this time we left the room and occupied a position upon the veranda, in the moonlight. All was quiet around us here. In a few moments we were joined by our Indian friend, who said: "Now I wish you to assist me in the work of the night. Two spirits whom you have seen and heard, are not, as you may suppose, acting independently. There are other spirits who possess a controlling influence over them, who are invisible both to them and you. These spirits have much more knowledge than any whom you have seen here. They have studied the intricate and mysterious laws which govern the movements of the imponderables. Some of them take delight in making circles that are held on earth for the purpose of producing physical manifestations, and though they are really not wicked, they are not, generally speaking, very conscientious, mostly fun-loving. It is this class of spirits that produces that reckless and want of integrity among physical mediums that is so common. The phenomena which they present are very important, awakening inquiry into the profound laws which govern these mysterious imponderables, and when these spirits are met in a proper spirit of philosophical inquiry, by mankind, they will be able and willing to reveal many important and valuable truths. But to return: Those whom we have designated as 'localized' spirits, are much used by this class in their experiments, and most of the physical manifestations that occur in haunted houses, are brought about by the conjoint action of these two classes of spirits. Our object is to break up this locality, so that as long as these spirits remain here, they will continue under the influence of those to whom I have alluded, they have no aspirations for anything higher, and if they had, the surroundings bind them here. It is known they are not entirely satisfied with their condition, but they see no way out of it. The following plan has been given me, for, too, am under instructions here, and I wish it understood that I am prompted by what that I have said and done to-night by spirits who have far more wisdom than I have. The first thing I want to do was to get them into just such a position and as far as we now have them, the result of which is that there is no unity of action, or concert of feeling

among them, and they would not all of them now agree upon any plan of action.

In the first place I will stop all the movements which are going on, and then you may come in and converse with these spirits. Each of you will select one, and you will find that you can hold them spell-bound; they will gradually explain to them the fact that they are not acting for themselves, but are the tools of other spirits who are keeping them in this condition of servitude.

Each one will doubt this, but I will reveal to them the fact by showing them how they are connected with and controlled by other spirits, who will be made manifest to them for the first time, by a very simple act of my own. It is natural for every one to hate a condition of servitude, and you can readily imagine what will be the effect of this.

Everything having been arranged, we entered the house again, having first thrown off those elements with which we had clothed ourselves in the early part of the evening. The excitement was still very intense, and language of the most denunciatory character was freely indulged in, not only in reference to each other but also toward us.

After we had taken our places according to direction, the Indian proceeded to wave his hand, when immediately all the confusion ceased, and no more quarreling was heard. After a few moments of silence the spirits separated from each other, and each of us approached one of them. My friend approached the leader of the band, while I turned to one who seemed to have considerable influence among them.

I said, my friend, I wish to speak to you. He replied in a rough manner, desiring to know what business I had there. I answered, that I had come to do him good and render him more happy, and after informing him that I had witnessed the ceremonies of the evening, I then began cautiously to show him that he was only the slave of others. He replied that he thought it was just so, but how could he get away from this place, or throw off the chains which bound him and all of them so firmly. I told him that there was power that could break these chains, and emancipate them all, but that it would be necessary for them to coöperate earnestly with us in order to do this. By this time several others had come near and were listening to our conversation. My friend had proceeded about as far with the leader, and some who had come around them.

We now explained to them how they were used as tools by spirits who possessed more knowledge, and consequently, more power. At this point, our Indian guide advanced and revealed to them their spirit-oppressors, and soon showed them how completely they had been under the control of these. These controlling spirits not being fully aware of our intentions, thought they were amusing us by compelling the others to go through their performances. In doing which they at once perceived how much they were influenced by those spirits whom they had never seen before. The leader of the band was the first to speak. Said he: "I see this is so now, but what shall we do?" The Indian had had remained silent until this time, now addressed them as follows:

"The first thing for you to do, is to separate. For so long as you remain here together, they will have this power over you; and if you remain together, you will be drawn back to this place and kept in the same condition you have occupied for so long a time, and which is by no means desirable or agreeable to you."

After some further conversation, in which we informed them of some of the changes that had transpired since they left the form, the leader said:

"I speak for myself, and for the whole band, when I say that we desire most earnestly to escape from this condition. We have come here from time to time from our various hiding-places, night after night, and when the approach of morning has come, have returned to our hiding-places to pass the hours of day away from the hands of men in a condition of partial consciousness. And if what you have told us in reference to time is true, we must have passed many years in this condition, occasionally being aroused by those spirits whom we now perceive to have been our masters. We have not fully realized who or what we were." Then assuming an anxious look, he said: "Have you come to pronounce judgment and sentence of eternal punishment upon us?"

We now explained to them our mission. We then conducted them out to the portico, where we spent some time with them. The Indian now left us, and the leader of the band desired to know of me whether he was not an enemy. Said he: "I have often seen him about these premises, and I never felt comfortable in his presence." I assured him that he was animated by the best motives, and that to him they were greatly indebted for their deliverance. I was impressed to speak to them as follows:

"The great law of progression runs throughout the entire domain of matter and of mind, and holds within its influence all forms, from the simplest atom to the most complex structure, and on the plane of life every thing, from the monad, through all the varieties and grades of life, up to the highest spiritual organization, and there exists a relationship among all these which hold the relative ranks above and below each other, so that they act upon and influence each other, and the higher power always controls the lower, and whenever any being or class of beings come to occupy a false position in relation to those around them, so that this law of progression cannot operate upon them; they are either crowded out of existence, or driven into such a position as to be under the law of progression as it operates through those above it. In this manner races of animals and of men have passed away, because the link between them and that race which is just above them, has been broken, and they cannot be drawn upward.

The point to which I would especially draw your attention, is, that the same law of gradation and mutual influence exists in the spiritual, as in the material world, and that just above and below each one of us there exists a class of spirits who exert an influence upon, and are influenced by us, and whenever the relationship between these is such as to interfere with true progression, it should be changed; though on this plane no one can be crowded out of existence. You have been under the influence of a class of spirits who have used you as instruments for their own amusement for a long period, and you feel that you have made but little progress. It is therefore time for you to change your position and the relations which you hold to those around you. Let each one then select such companion as seems most attractive, and go away from this place. Our mission here is to aid you in this. You may see each other at times, but you must understand that the association is broken up, and drawn into the same condition that you have so often been here, separate at once, and go to your places."

The Indian now returned and brought with him seven spirits, who were at once recognized by the band as having been fellow-sufferers with them in that room when it was used as a hospital. "These," said he, "are those who will now take you in charge. Our mission with you is now accomplished. You will go with these." Each one went with a companion, after mutual farewells and promises to meet again.

"There," said the Indian, "we have sent seven happy spirits on their way rejoicing. We have broken the chains which bound them here. They will no longer be localized spirits, and we will find ample reward in the consciousness of having done a good act. I have learned something of my true mission, having been acting, as you are aware, under the direction and care of spirits whose plan I have thus far successfully carried out. You have learned much in reference to

the condition of these spirits, and the practical workings of the physical laws, and they have gained the sweetest boon that man or angel can realize—true LIBERTY."

Henry T. Child, M. D.
632 Arch Street, Phila., Pa., Oct. 1868.

Original Essays.

THE SPIRIT OF CONDEMNATION.

It is "the hour of prayer." Clairvoyantly I behold throughout the wide realm of Christendom the gatherings of the great multitude. In camp and chapel, in cottage and palace, with Catholic and Protestant, with dissenter and Spiritualist, a one idea is prominent. No matter how diverse in sentiment, how antagonistic in doctrine and feeling, this one idea animates all for the time—*Our cause is sacred.* Secularism lives and feeds upon this one idea, and can we deny that among so-called modern "reformers" the pure and holy teachings of the angels have not yet taken deep root in our hearts. How many of those who to-day assemble in their various places of meeting as dissenters from the Orthodox faith, can set before the world an example of "patient continuance in well-doing," which shall carry with it more than the weight of words—yes, an argument which, in the sight of heaven, needs no defence?

How many among Spiritualists have, in reality, reached the plane of a true Christian charity? Reader of the BANNER, have you and I lived the lesson yet? Not yet! Let us read it again—let us study it—let us judge ourselves by it—let us frame its brightest parts and set them to our daily songs—let us glid the leaves that contain them. Let us forget the book in which they are written—let us set them as jewels in a golden circle which shall embrace every hour of our immortal lives! Do we fear to make the experiment—do we shrink from the application? Are we too much "thieves" and "robbers" to do this? And are we "the worst" of criminals, that we so loudly condemn others? Are we preaching the gospel of love for the angel world from the public platform, and the gospel of denunciation, the gospel of reprobation, from the open doorway of the lips in private society? Are we putting on the angel robes to dazzle or charm the outward sense, speaking great swelling words of hope and heavenly wisdom, while, like a barren fig-tree, no fruits of the spirit are found upon the branches of our short earthly life. Oh, so short a time to bless and love and redeem our afflicted race, and its precious moments perverted to the worship of a jealous God—a God that leads us on to "curse," and not to "bless"! And this, then, is why so many brothers and sisters, in the weary march of life, must thrust the sharp and cruel dart to the heart's core, and cause the rich, red drops to mingle with the tears that millions weep! Ah yes, the voice that spoke through sister Cora has told it all.

The tribunal of a more than mortal authority is to-day erecting its judgment-seat in the heart and conscience of every true soul, and the public sense cannot long withstand it. We may love the truth fully spoken, but we love it more when lived. We may talk and preach and write of reform and progress, and all of that, but the great-world will, with all its vice, call us hypocrites, till we live all that we preach. And it has a right to. We may be thankful it does; for if we are right, the world cannot hurt us; if we are not right, the world may show us the truth we need.

Still, we must have some standard. And what is it? A very simple one indeed. The simple "golden rule," and the great truth which underlies it. God made all men, and made them just exactly what they are. Far beyond any one individual's control, lies the great world of conditions and circumstances which make the man and the woman each the one conscious individuality. Each is alike dear in the sight of the eternal Father—the hosts of pure and blessed spirits—the mother that gave the physical birth, if she be a mother indeed—and should be alike dear to all the members of the great human family. When the true reformation has taken root in the soul, you will bear no more cursing, for this habit is fixed only in the unregenerate heart.

The true Spiritual or Christian Reformer is like his divine ideal. There is no moral greatness he may not attain to, though circumstances may prevent his full and complete manifestation. But if he assumes to teach others the truths and responsibilities of a spiritual state, he is not first pledged to the world around him to live up to the standard he sets before the multitude for their acceptance? And is it not the greatest moral virtue, when, despite the censure and misconception of the world, we can dare be just and true to God, to ourselves, and to all mankind?

It is a small thing indeed which we are required to do to ensure a calm and peaceful frame of mind for the possessor, viz., the exercise of a tolerant spirit, a forgiving spirit, the spirit of blessing, the spirit of recognition, the spirit of divine equality. The recognition of every child of God as an immortal being with a heavenly heritage, and by the laws of divine equality, no higher or lower, no better or worse, than ourselves. This makes every child of earth and heaven just what he must be, because the Lord Omnipotent reigneth, or his laws, which effect the same as if they were the direct influence of a conscious will power from the great intelligent cause.

As with clairvoyant sense my spirit goes out to-day and listens to the Sermon of Life from thousands of lips, I hear the words of prayer and praise to God and his angels, I hear the measured notes of music, sweet as the skill of man can draw forth; I see multitudes moved by the power of language, and the great-world by thought kindle with the glow of increasing light; but with all that has been well said, well done, in the way of worship, one great, one glaring imperfection has marred the beauty and glory of the scene, and spread its pall of darkness over the stained window and the golden-fringed cushion of the church—marred the enjoyment of the solemn hour, and left its shadows alike in the hearts of both priest and people. It has spread its lengthened outlines over the heads and hearts of the great multitude—it has crept with the subtle, stealthy tread of an invisible foe up the steps of the altar whereof were laid the choicest of sacrifices—it has even wound itself boldly and defiantly amid the rarest flowers of angel beatitude, and sipped from the same cup which ministering spirits held to the lips of famishing mortals! It has pursued the innocent till the world cried, "Outcast!" It followed a Jesus till the Jews cried, "A friend of publicans and sinners!" "crucify him!" By it a Paul was martyred, and that was recorded—by it a Stephen was stoned, and the breath of forgiveness wreathed his name in immortal glory. And how many have lived and blessed the world with great truths? How many lives to-day, while this spirit of condemnation is flourished like a jeweled dagger, and without mercy, too, in the hands of "chosen" teachers, till plunged to the hilt in their devoted hearts!

But with this wholesale indulgence in a pernicious habit, the world at large is becoming quite weary of it, and suspicious, likewise, when it takes on its vilest form; viz., that of slander. All know that not one vicious person has been reclaimed by it—not one social evil has ever been removed by it, but families have been broken, children rudely torn from their parents' breasts, made deadly foes, the tenderest of friends parted, men made criminals in the eyes of civil law, women made homeless; and we question if any great

political war which has ever convulsed nations has been more deadly in its effects upon the peace of families, neighborhoods and communities than this vice, which is termed by our angel-instructors the "worst kind of murder." There are many who know from observation and experience its baneful effects; but certainly the author and abettor of the crime is more to be pitied than the victim. Let him lay his plans ever so ably, let him off his words with all the polish of pretended merit, there always comes a day of penalty to him, and the "universal law whereby to judge of humanity" lays bare the naked facts.

Can we hope that wars will cease till men cease to oppress and condemn? Have not we, as Spiritualists, been as arbitrary and oppressive in our judgment of others as they whose doctrines we repudiate? It is time that we bring our judgments home to our own hearts, for not yet have we learned to work with as truly and as innocently as the birds that whisper at their sweet songs the thoughts I have penned this beautiful Sabbath morning. "It is time, too, that we as bravely work for the right as we have zealously, and rashly, too, condemned the evil." "It is not by 'cursing' that we win the race—'whate'er the deeds we sow will rise again all multiplied, and blessings dropped with silent hand, a thought, a wish, may yield a harvest in the coming years, whose crowding wealth shall choke the poison weeds of hatred quills, and make them obsolete. Then,

Though earthly interest takes flight,
Or sorrow upon the sod,
Let us still dare to do the right,
And leave the rest to God."
Do what our duty calls each day,
Regardless what the world may say.

Though scoffs and jeers our frenzied foes
Roll on us like a flood,
Or weave a web of subtle wiles,
They cannot harm the good.
The clouds and shadows here we have
Project a glory to the grave.

Oh then we'll bravely bear each blow;
A blessing will be given—
If not in this black world below,
In yonder smiling heaven.
We'll walk the way by martyr's trod,
"Do right, and leave the rest to God."

FRATERNITY.
† See last column on first page of Mrs. Hatch's lecture, published in the BANNER of May 16th.

SABBATH SCHOOLS.

BY W. R. SMITH.

I am glad, Mr. Editor, to see the subject of Sabbath Schools attracting the attention of some of your able correspondents. It is one which we deem to be of vast importance. We may either stop and inquire how they work beneficially on the minds of the young, or we may admit the fact, and build thereon; but that there is a central point of merit in Sabbath Schools but few will deny. Yet in what does that central point consist? It is stated on good authority, that a vast majority of the inmates of State Prisons and Penitentiaries were never the students or members of the Sabbath School, and are but little acquainted with the Scriptures; they are not praying men; apt to be in temperate and profane, while very little profanity or intemperance is found among the patrons of the Sabbath Schools. And may we ask, are there any vices encouraged by them? Are the young-made any worse, socially or politically, by such training? And at the same time, I feel to endorse the article lately from the pen of Mrs. E. A. Kingsbury, on this subject, in the BANNER. Indeed, it is full time that we were awakening up to the importance of our mission as reformers. It is necessary to awaken the moral and religious sentiment in children, and to kindle their reverence by pleasing worthy objects before them. But to ask them to bow down in blind adoration to the Bible and its patron saints, Moses and Joshua, and David and Solomon, Abraham and Isaac and Jacob; with all their follies and vices, and encourage, nay, require children to read and emulate, is it right?

We must teach that the world was made six thousand years ago; that Adam was the first man; Cain was the first murderer; that the world was square and flat; the flood covered the earth over thirty thousand feet above sea level; that the rainbow was first created after the flood was gone; that eight persons existed in an ark, with a mass of animal life two or three times its bulk, for one year and ten days with provision and water to match, while the ark was unventilated and water-tight, and so on to the end of the chapter! Let us introduce and sustain Sabbath Schools adapted to the wants of the rising generation, and in which Truth may be taught without malice or wrangling; then, and not till then, may we hope to secure the blessing of well-trained childhood, and an intelligent, upright, and worthy manhood!

Correspondence.

Our Cause in the West.

Last evening Mrs. Emma F. Jay Bullene completed a course of five lectures at this place, which gave great satisfaction. Mrs. Bullene is the pioneer lecturer here, and well did she discharge that important and difficult office. All concede that her lectures were unrivaled in originality, beauty of language, purity and elevated moral sentiment. Her prayers and singing were angelic. She did much good here.

Three and one half months ago there was but one single avowed Spiritualist in Princeton. Now we have at least twenty avowed Spiritualists, while as many more are really believers, yet lack as yet the moral courage to avow their belief. I was one of the first of the new converts to the Spiritual Philosophy, after I had read your paper fifteen months, attended the Spiritual Convention at St. Charles, Ill., in July last, and had, for the past year, with much pains and without bias, carefully and deliberately investigated the merits of this new philosophy. Mrs. Julia Brown, of Prophetstown, Ill., test medium, was also present with us during this meeting. She gave us a great variety of beautiful and convincing tests, and excellent delineations of character.

Mrs. C. M. Stowe will deliver five lectures at this place, commencing November 18th, and ending with the 22d. Yours for the truth,
MILTON T. PARKES
Princeton, Ill., Oct. 13, 1868.

Another correspondent, George W. Hatch, says: "None but golden words of praise from the pen of better writers than myself can do Mrs. Bullene justice as to the worth of her spiritual lectures, and though this commendation is intensely orthodox, yet to it she has been an angel of light and love. Her style is not only elegant and pleasing, but of the highest order of intellect. She receives subjects from the audience, and discourses impromptu; and while she dispenses intellectual pearls of priceless value to wondering and greedy hearers, she also wins their respect and admiration."

Correction.—Mrs. Moulthrop made a slight mistake in her report of the Belvidere Convention. She said that I, in speaking of S. P. Leland, said his mother told me her son was a natural liar. I said a friend of Mr. Leland's told me he had some talent, but his propensity for untruthfulness would ruin him.
H. F. M. BROWN.

DEATH SONG OF THE OUTCAST.

BY DE VANE VINING.

"Whom the heart of man casts out, the heart of God takes in."
Ah, alone, alone! not a being in near.
As I wander abroad mid the tempest's career,
And list to the turbulent night wind's moan,
As they dimly murmur, Alone! alone!

Alone? Ah, yes, with no fond one to cheer!
Of the many in childhood my heart held so dear;
They all have turned from me, refusing to own
A tie for the fallen one, wandering alone.

Oh, Father, of mercy I why, why was I born
To suffer humanity's censure and scorn?
To feel that no friendship on earth is my own—
That no one will love me—that I am alone!

'T is true, I have sinned, but a woman's warm heart
Beats still in my breast as the burning tears start;
Can nothing for one youthful fully atone?
My God! must I thus sorrow alone?

Oh, man—heartless man! why turn from me now?
As angels I still was as pure but for thou;
Remember the love by the Nazarene shown
To the erring and weak. Leave me not—alone!

And thou, too, my sister, dost thou turn away
With a smile of contempt from the lone one astray?
Oh, then am I lost! If no mercy is shown
In the heart of a woman, I'm truly alone!

Ah! you who are pure and sinless, beware
Lest mingled love lead you into the snare
Which the tempter hath set, for virtue once flown,
Mankind will forsake you to wander alone.

There's none in the cold world to soothe the torn
Heart,
To bid the dim promptings of anguish depart.
To bid you hope on, and with love's earnest tone,
Assure you, though fallen, you are not alone.

Why, why do I weep for a friendless heart,
When thousands are revelling in pleasure and mirth?
I have called at the mansions where plenty was known,
But they bade me "depart!"—and I journey alone.

But though men may turn from me and darkly revile,
Though angels themselves cease their love-blighted
Smile—
There is One sixth high on the heavenly throne,
Who never will leave His weak children alone.

Wild, wild sweeps the wind o'er the desolate world,
And my frail being shivers with terror and cold;
'T is past—and I'm happy—let! whence that sweet
Tune?

'T is the bright angels singing. I am not alone!
How cheerful and warm! and I am not alone!
Though earth-friends have left me denying to own—
For the angels of God from the mansions above
Come gently to soothe me with kindness and love.

And they ask me to go to their brotherly home—
That bright land of peace where the glorified roam,
Where sin, and transgression, and tears are unknown—
And I go, gladly go, where no soul is ALONE!

* The above poem was sent to us a few weeks before the lamented and talented young author passed on to the Summer Land—Ed. BANNER.

Wisconsin Association.

The Spiritualist Association of Northwestern Wisconsin held its annual meeting at Oshkosh, on the 13th and 14th inst.

The meeting was numerously attended, and was addressed on Saturday evening by E. V. Wilson, in a very able argument on the "Proofs of Spiritualism." Nature and revelations, facts and philosophy, were made to bear incontestible evidence of the great truths under consideration.

Sunday morning, as well as Saturday afternoon, was devoted to conference meeting, after which Warren Chase delivered one of his characteristic lectures, in which he contended that Spiritualism controlled the popular literature, the songs and poetry of the day—that it had taken deep root in the hearts of the people—that it had gained more adherents than any other system of belief ever held in the same length of time, and that it was better adapted to the present and future welfare of mankind, than any other system of morals or religion the world had ever seen, and that it was specially destined to supplant every other kind of religion.

At 2 P. M., Mrs. E. Warner addressed the meeting. Her lecture was a good one, (as all of hers are,) showing among other things, the difference between a carnal faith and a living and glorious knowledge concerning the future.

Sunday evening, E. V. Wilson lectured on "The State of the Country." This was a grand effort. Himself a life-long Democrat, who voted against Mr. Lincoln, he fully endorsed his war policy, proclamation, and all, giving tribute both North and South such a searching as they seldom get. Carrying the entire audience with him, (some he carried out of the door before he got half through,) and being tumultuously cheered all the way through, he closed a speech of nearly two hours in length with a peroration which electrified the vast assembly.

The next quarterly meeting was voted to be held at Fond du Lac on the 13th and 14th of December next. The following resolution was unanimously passed: Resolved, That at all subsequent meetings of this Association, persons attending the same, unless specially invited by friends to lecture, will be expected to provide for their own entertainment.

J. P. GALLUP, Secretary.
Oshkosh, Sept. 20, 1868.

A CLERICAL BLUNDER AT A FUNERAL.—A singular case occurred at a funeral recently in one of the towns of Winnebago County, bordering on Iowa. A young unmarried lady dying suddenly, a clergyman was invited from abroad to officiate at her burial. Having no acquaintance with the deceased and her relatives, the usual information on these points were given him; but by the broadest misconception of existing facts, the reverend gentleman in his "long prayer" turned the maiden into wife, mother and grandmother, and supplicated earnestly for the bereaved husband, children and grandchildren. As no one dared stop him while praying, for the purpose of setting him right, the effect of his language on the father, mother, brothers and sisters, and of her dear relatives, was distressing, and on the large audience ludicrous. After the amen was pronounced, the conductor of the funeral told the minister of his "awful blunder," which intelligence naturally put him into no enviable frame of mind, while it did nothing toward mending matters. The mother of the girl, we are told, desired that he should go over with the service again, and pray "according to circumstances." This, however, was not done, and without further remarks the meeting was dismissed. It was universally conceded, that either the minister should have been better "posted," or more mindful of his instructions.—*Investigator.*

STRENGTH OF TRUE LOVE.

Go from me, yet I feel that I shall stand
Henceforward in thy shadow, Nevermore
Alone upon the threshold of my door
Of individual life, shall I command
The use of my soul, nor lift my hand
Fervently in the sunshine as before.
Without the sense of that which I forbore,
Thy touch upon the pulse, The widest land
Dumb takes to part us, leaves the heart in pain
With pulses that beat double. What I do
And what I dream include thee, as the wine
Must taste of its own grapes. And when I see
God for myself, He hears that name of thine,
And sees within my eyes the tears of two.
—[Mrs. Browning.]

True delicacy is always more wounded by an offence
From itself than to itself.

Sto in the soul is like Jonah in the ship. It turns the
smoothed water into a troubled ocean.

Stopping Right in the Rapids.

The President is a good story-teller, but he possesses the not too usual merit of giving his stories the very point and application which makes them all the more effective. In this view, he may be said to possess the shrewd mother wit and wisdom of old Joseph himself, the father of fables, and of whose book the President was remarkably fond in his younger days. A happy return is just now fattered upon him, which we cannot refuse to reproduce, especially as it is so applicable to the present state of affairs in the country. An honest farmer applied to him, not long since, to secure his assistance in collecting a bill against the Government, for damages done by troops passing through his premises. The President referred him to the proper officer, whose duty it was to attend to such matters. But the farmer would not be thus rebuffed, betraying his anxiety to have the President look into the case himself, and settle it for him as it ought to be settled; "for then," said the farmer, "they will attend to it at once—otherwise I may have to wait a long time."

"But," said the President, "I have no leisure to look after such things." "It won't take more than a few minutes," urged his visitor. "You remind me of what occurred to a friend of mine on the Mississippi River," said the President. "He was a captain of a steamboat, and, when passing through the rapids, he always took the wheel and steered the boat himself. One day, when he was in the most difficult part of the stream, a boy came blubbering up to him, crying, 'Captain! Captain!' 'Well, what do you want?' 'Oh, do stop the boat; I've lost my apple anchored!'"

The farmer saw the point of the story, and wisely concluded to collect his bill in the usual routine manner.

From Rockingham, Vt., July 20th, of dropsy on the brain, Hattie Maria Smith, aged 1 year and 6 months. Both father and mother had crossed the silent river before her, and as I looked upon the little form, so beautiful, I could but exclaim, "It is well that the jewel has departed."

From Rockingham, Vt., July 25th, of heart disease, Eunice Weatherlee, aged 76 years. He was one of the first in this town to embrace the noble philosophy of spiritualism; and it has ever been to him a source of pleasure; and is now a comfort to his surviving companion, who fully believes that the death toll to light he is often near in spirit, and anxiously does she await the summons to "come up higher," where separation comes no more.

From Baltimore, Md., August 11th, of diphtheria, Leonard H., aged 5 years and 6 months. August 13th, Ella, aged 4 years and 1 month, only children of Franklin and Hannah Parker.

It seemed when little Leonard's form was laid to rest, though the parents' cup of sorrow was full, that no lips could speak their agony; but Ella was with them to direct in a degree their grief. But as I gazed on her flushed cheek and glowing eye, I feared that the dread disease was working there; and indeed in a few short days the summons came that again I was waited there, for Ella's spirit had soared away, and they wished again to listen to the inspiration that flowed through my organism, to gather, if possible, some truth or ray of light that would whisper peace to their souls. The trial with my own feelings in responding to their call I cannot relate, for all the love and affection of a mother's nature, welled up within me, and I felt that through me, it would be hard to give utterance to consolation; but I said to my own sympathetic nature, "be still, I must do what duty calls me!" and in just one week from Leonard's burial, I stood again in their home, the home of mourning. Gently did the angels strive to still the troubled waters, and bind up their broken hearts. When I stood by the graves that contained the forms of their darlings, and witnessed the parents' agony, I could but pray, "Father if it is possible, let this cup pass from me." That angels may surround them with their pure atmosphere, and so impress them as to enable them to realize the presence of their darlings, is my constant prayer.

From Rockingham, Oct. 3th, Charles A., infant son of Abiah and Mary Busb. The little bud tarried long enough to endure itself to all, and it was hard to witness its suffering. May the parents, sisters and brother look not upon the little mound as the resting place of their darling, but little angels gently enfolding it in the regions of the summer land, where suffering is unknown.

Rockingham, Vt., Oct., 1868. In Cambridgeport, Oct. 11, Anna M. H. Hall, aged 16 years, 11 months 9 days. This frail flower, so soon blighted by the destroyer, (consumption) has been transplanted to blossom in the spirit land, where, clothed in robes of purity, she will live on through eternity, and her angel voice will be heard again and again, whispering peace to the parents and little sister that now mourn her sudden departure, and yet rejoice in the truth of Spiritualism that unfolds to them the truth of immortality. Angel forms gathered around her before her gentle spirit took its flight, and the place, which she had occupied for her countenance, spoke of the peace within. And as I looked upon that wasted rasket, after the spirit's departure, I asked that God and his ministering angels might make my exit as calm and peaceful as was hers. May this loss to the sorrowing parents and sister be a lesson in "be ye also ready," and enable them to trust ever in the power and love of the Father that dwells all things well; and as the angel world holds sweet communion with them, make the remainder of their days here happy; and when called away to join the loved one, may they be as happy as she was.

From Stevens Plains, Me., on the morning of August 31st, our dear mother, Mrs. Mary Whitney, aged 71 years, quietly fell asleep to awake and greet the angels and enjoyments and greeting of friends gone before. In the higher life.

The words of Jesus, spoken in reference to another, were most emphatically true of her—She hath done what she could." Her life was one of continued usefulness and tender solicitude for the welfare of those she loved, always performing life's duties with cheerful faithfulness, and bearing its trials with patient fortitude. Seven children survive her, to whom she was always a mother, retaining the same affectionate anxiety and watchful interest for them in nature. Life that protected their infancy and guided their childhood, and though "mortal form has passed from our sight, the vision of her goodness will always be before us."

She retained her faculties almost unimpaired until the last, making her closing life strikingly suggestive of the sun setting in its brightness at evening, mildly casting its lingering rays upon the wandering cloud. Even so does the light of her life and example shine upon our pathway, leading us in her footsteps to the home on the other side, whether the unbriken life of her love is drawing us.

From Bangorville, Mo., of diphtheria, July 15, George Henry, son of George Duty, aged 22 years 11 months. Also, Sept. 23, of cancer, George Duty, father of the above, aged 60 years. Also, Oct. 17, of diphtheria, David J., youngest son of the above named George Duty, aged 17 years 1 month.

Thus in the short space of three months have the father and two sons been removed from that stricken family. The funeral services in the first two cases were performed by Charles A. Hayden, and on the last occasion by E. H. Averil, and on each occasion large audiences of neighbors and friends testified by their presence their sympathy for the bereaved, and their respect for the departed. May the widow and the remaining brother and sisters be abundantly sustained in this season of bereavement by that knowledge they have obtained, and those hopes they cherish of spirit communion, and of a reunion with their loved ones who have passed on before them.

From Westbrook, Me., Sept. 12th, Willie, aged 5 years 2 months, Oct. 6th, Annie, aged 4 years 1 month; Oct. 11th, Alice M., aged 1 year 1 month, children of Levi and Mary A. Cram, passed on to the abode of angels.

Very beautiful were these little immortal buds as they unfolded in their earth-home, but the destroyer came and blighted the beauty of their outward form; the spirit has gone upward to unfold in brighter beauty in the bright "summer-land." Each little voice is hushed on earth to be attuned to more perfect melody as it joins with the little band who have before passed onward, in singing their songs of love to the dear ones of earth.

In the sunlight of Oct. 15th, Eleanor Love, only child of F. L. and L. M. Willis, was borne by the angels to the Summer Land.

From Rockingham, Vt., July 20th, of dropsy on the brain, Hattie Maria Smith, aged 1 year and 6 months. Both father and mother had crossed the silent river before her, and as I looked upon the little form, so beautiful, I could but exclaim, "It is well that the jewel has departed."

From Rockingham, Vt., July 25th, of heart disease, Eunice Weatherlee, aged 76 years. He was one of the first in this town to embrace the noble philosophy of spiritualism; and it has ever been to him a source of pleasure; and is now a comfort to his surviving companion, who fully believes that the death toll to light he is often near in spirit, and anxiously does she await the summons to "come up higher," where separation comes no more.

From Baltimore, Md., August 11th, of diphtheria, Leonard H., aged 5 years and 6 months. August 13th, Ella, aged 4 years and 1 month, only children of Franklin and Hannah Parker.

It seemed when

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1863
OFFICE, 138 WASHINGTON STREET.
Room No. 3, 2d Floor.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

FOR TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION SEE EIGHTH PAGE.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

The Issue.
"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..."

"Woe through slaughter to a throne
And about the gates of mercy on unkindling
but I have a far other and far brighter vision before my gaze. It may be but a vision, but I still cherish it. I see one vast Confederation stretching from the frozen north in one unbroken line to the glowing south, and from the wild billows of the Atlantic westward to the calm waters of the Pacific; and I see one people, and one law, and one language, and one faith, and over all that vast Continent, the home of freedom and of peace for the oppressed of every race and of every clime."—Extract from John Bright's Speech on American Affairs, delivered at Birmingham, England.

The War—What it has done—What it is doing—and what it is to do for the Nation.

It never has been more emphatically believed by the people of the country than it is at this very day, that the war was sent as a test of the national feeling, and that it will result in the consolidation of it beyond what could have been hoped as the result of any other process. There are other missions, however, which it was sent to fulfill. These relate not altogether to politics and public affairs, but to matters on which rest and ramify all our social, intellectual, and religious relations.

At the Unitarian Convention which was recently held in Springfield, in this State, the topic under discussion being Optimism—or the existence and uses of Evil—an speaker, in alluding to the influence of the war upon the people and their future welfare, remarked with an earnestness and candor which of themselves help on conviction wonderfully, that "he wanted the Convention to go home, feeling that the war has broken up the foundations of Orthodoxy, and that now is the time to propagate liberal Christianity." And he added—what is just as true of one body of men and women as of another—that "we have got to become a missionary body in order to accomplish anything."

We have no doubt, as indeed few intelligent and reflecting persons have, that Orthodoxy of every stripe has been deprived of its peculiar authority by the events of this war. The process was going on for some time before actual battles began; but it required this very culmination of arms and violence to deal out the blow for which the creaking structure was waiting. First the human mind was made ready for the event; then the actual force necessary for its accomplishment was brought to bear. That must be an enslaved mind indeed which will not admit the operation of the law of progress. And we all know that progress is but the fruit, or rather the co-partner of experience—and that experience comes after much trial, doubt, grief, and tribulation. While we sit down and lament the presence of war in our midst, mourning as if we refused to be comforted for the loss of the sons and brethren whose lives have paid the forfeit of national sin and evil—we are nevertheless making progress for the great body, and through a multitude of woe our people are being purified as if they were passing through the fire of a furnace, seven times heated.

This, therefore, is true, even if nothing else be true—that the war, which is but the climax and culmination of the many disturbing causes which preceded it, has already succeeded in breaking up the foundations of the old Orthodoxy, laid by human hands alone—and that it is still at work in the same direction to release men's minds from ancient fetters by expanding their sympathies, quickening their understandings, and enlarging their vision. The common suffering of the time elements one of the strongest possible bonds between man and man. This done, the way lies open for the ingress and egress of all liberal and beautiful thoughts, such as enable humanity and lift up even the life-long slaves of bigotry and dogmatism. While a class of our fellow-citizens are congratulating themselves that by their own persistent labors a population of four million of slaves are to be released from servitude in one section of the country, they cannot see that the same action of theirs tends to the disenfranchisement of a yet larger body of slaves right around them—to their liberation from the grips of dogmas which have cramped the souls of generations of human beings, and their gradual but sure exaltation in the scale of spiritual existence.

The war has accomplished thus much, and it is yet to accomplish a thousand times more. But all this is to be reached by no "miracles;" all will be done according to the processes of established law. It is while passing through these processes, however, that the nation is to become aware of the possession of traits and qualities whose presence will be likely to elude and dishearten any but those who abide in eternal faith. One must needs have a faith which cannot be shaken, if he would hold out to the end, in the midst of events like those which are now passing before our eyes. Who, in truth, can behold the corruption in which, as in a sink, men are daily drowning themselves for the sake of gaining temporary wealth, without a twinge of doubt, and a sharp pang in the region of faith? Who can believe that the disgraceful scrambling and clawing which is everywhere apparently taking place for the mere pickings of a great war like the present, has any necessary connection with the overthrow of conspiring rebellion or the advancement of the nation? Who does not instinctively avert his face with an inward shudder, looking at this general mockery of our national woes by a struggle for place, power, and pecuniary profit?

With such spectacles the heart is sickened, and oftentimes gives way in half-despair. And yet this nation is to pass through its fiery judgments, prolonged and continued until the day when the people are willing to unite upon a higher plane of action. So long as men are chiefly engaged in making fortunes off the wounded body of the nation, is it to be expected that those wounds will heal? or that, while a wide and wild game of robbery is going on, those higher motives and spurs to action can have play, which are finally to lift us all out of the deep of this death to the plane of a higher and truer national existence? Will there be progress until we every one advance for ourselves? Can the nation be saved by a common resolution merely to get rich off its miseries and misfortunes? Can we collect, like so many carrion-birds, about the carcass of our country, and creak forth our faith in its resurrection to a brighter future while we sit and pick its bones? It never was so in the history of man—it will never be so in the history of nations.

As soon as the men of the land rise up together with the determination simply to exalt their country's name, and combine their faith, their hope, their prayers, and their efforts in the sole work of building up a nation on the basis of truth and justice, righteousness and purity—instead of upon the remnants of cor-

ruption, the schemes of intrigue, and the actual waste of innate power—there will come to us all the salvation for which we profess to pray; but until we are ready to put away the selfish practices which now render virtue itself effete and destroy the last vestiges of many patriotisms, we may look for a mildew for all our national hopes, and a deadly blight for the antipathies which we have idly cherished. It requires good men to make a great and noble nation; that is a very different matter from a commonwealth of plunderers and extortioners, of corruptionists and thieves. One and another of us may lament this current state of things as long as we choose; we shall continue to lament it until a bitter, bitter experience has chastened us into a love of truth, and honor, and purity. And the war in our opinion, will not naturally end until it has succeeded in scourging all the devils of the day back to their dens, and liberating the souls of men and women from their dreadful thralldom.

The Wrong of Scandal.

The great evils perpetrated by that unruly member, the tongue, are innumerable as are the varied forms that slanderous intentions assume. Sometimes with honeyed words and carefully modulated tones, the venom is concealed, whereby a heart is poisoned for evermore. So insidious are the approaches of this prevailing foe to all household peace, that it is often welcomed as a warning friend, when it should be chased from the hearthstone as the invader of domestic happiness. The slumbering fires of Jealousy are by it fanned into a destructive blaze; the first suspicion of the guiltless soul is aroused, never again to be banished. Into the maiden's ear it whispers tales of treachery and deceit; over the wife's heart it spreads the pall of a broken trust; it broods by the firesides of the land, disguised in various shapes: a persecuting, haunting demon! And in our weakness we give admittance to this coiling serpent, and permit it to become a familiar guest. Alas, for human short-sightedness! A wisely disciplined soul would, with righteous indignation, drive such an intruder from the home circle. Wisdom would not for one moment lend the ear to scandal's embellished tales of wrong, nor heed, with one accelerated heart-throb, the malicious inventions of the worst enemy to the soul's repose.

Most painfully do we endure these recitations of evil, and sad and bitter, and losing is the penalty we pay for imbibing the poison of suspicion into our minds and hearts. Charity, as taught by Jesus of old, as urged upon us by the inspiring angels of the present, bids us rather attribute to ignorance than to willful design the wrongs committed against us. Slander is productive of bitter, hateful, and revengeful feelings. Charity, ever prudent and discreetly silent, lends to forgiveness and harmony. Sad is the gossiping propensity among women, debarred by the prejudices of custom on the one hand, from participation in active labors, and on the other, shut out from useful occupation by personal indolence and false pride, they indulge most freely in the revolting recreation of tattling; seeking not for the bright places in some clouded soul, but dwelling with astonishing pertinacity upon unamiable traits, dwelling and exaggerating upon every fault.

Private experiences often lead the unhappily married, or the oft-deceived one, to make sweeping assertions concerning the falsity of man, and the entire unreliability of friends. Such persons always bring with them a foggy, unpleasant atmosphere. They chill you mentally and morally. To their eyes creation's beauties are ever enveloped in funeral veils; only trouble and apprehension are with them the permanent gifts of life. They dampen all enthusiasm, and drown all wholesome gladness in a sea of cynical fount. You praise so-and-so with all the fervor of friendly feelings; the gossip "knows something that would soon cause you to change your mind, and the dart of suspicion enters your soul, and your day is suddenly clouded by the gloom of disappointment. The scandal-monger has weapons of all degrees at command; looks, mysterious shrugs, sighs, and halfhints; but you never find a truly misanthropic spirit engaged in this demolition of character. Cheerfulness is linked with goodness; calm browed charity ever wears a smile. It is your low-spirited, desponding folks who engage in slander; never the sunny, laughing, joke-cracking individual. Therefore, dear reader, avoid the fiend Melancholy, who if allowed to obtain possession, will sting your soul into distrust of all human faith and honor. Listen not to the slanderer's story; give no attention to the tale bearer; believe no evil, but strive for self-culture, and try to lead all less favored ones out of the mists of ignorance; out of the enslavement of disobedience to divine law. Be peace makers, not peace-breakers. Seek for individual and universal harmony, and your life will be blest with the genius of wisdom, and enriched by daily deeds of love.

A Call for Volunteers.

Now that the elections are principally over, and there is nothing to hinder the people from making earnest and united efforts to fill up the ranks of the army, the President has made a call upon the several States for a fresh force of three hundred thousand men, to be raised by voluntary exertions instead of by draft. Of this number, Massachusetts will be required to raise a little over fifteen thousand. It is a condition annexed to this latest call of the President, that if the whole body named is not raised by the 5th day of January, then a draft will be resorted to. But it seems that the President has much more faith in the patriotic willingness of the people to come forward at the call of their country and assist in giving the finish to the rebellion, than he has in any such coercive measure as the draft. Nor do we believe that he greatly misjudges the spirit and temper of the people. He knows that the people regard this as their own government, and that they will do anything and everything in their power to preserve it from the efforts of its foes to destroy the structure. Now is a fine chance for all those men who opposed the draft as being ill-timed, bearing hard upon certain classes, and all that, to demonstrate that a call for volunteers is better. It is certain, at any rate, that we need the men, and that they must be forthcoming in the service of the Union without much more delay.

Davis in the Field.

Jefferson Davis, the rebel President, has gone to Chattanooga. It is said, to take the command out of the hands of Bragg, and conduct the remainder of the campaign to suit himself. We can readily believe that he has a multitude of motives for doing as is reported of him. In the first place, with all the ill luck of his confederate plans, he now awakes to find that the whole concern is likely to be divided for the second time from Chattanooga. It would be far better for him to be beaten on the sea coast, or to lose Richmond and Charleston together, than to suffer defeat at the point to which Rosecrans has penetrated. He knows, too, that the fortunes of his bogus Confederacy, are rapidly falling; unless he can do something very speedily to raise them, all is over with him and his fond hopes. In such a frame of mind, therefore, we are quite ready to believe that, having reserved himself for the critical hour of all, he is willing and even determined to take the field at the head of his troops, and make one final effort to stay the tide which is setting so fearfully against him. In case he loses all, he will throw himself into the very jaws of danger, and give away his worthless life in the cause for which he has been the means of sacrificing so many more. The sequel will of course show how truly we have divined his intent, and we are willing to wait and see what it is to be.

Our Beautiful Paper.

The constant readers of the Banner must bear with us, if we stop to say a few words in praise of the mechanical appearance of the paper. Readers of books well know that a luxury is a book printed with clear, open faced type, on thick, white paper, and so bound as to open with an inviting appearance. It is the same with a newspaper as with a book. The readers of a journal much prefer to open a well-appearing, and even a handsome sheet, to one indifferently printed on miserable paper. The very ideas and sentiments which are impressed by type upon the sheet, come home to the mind and heart with increased power when set forth in an attractive manner. We think we can reasonably call attention to the successful result of the pains taken by us in making the favorite Banner look bright, fresh and attractive. We are quite willing, in fact, to challenge for it, in respect to its mechanical appearance, comparison with any other sheet, folio, or quarto, in the country. This is not said boastfully, but satisfactorily. We only wish to ask our readers and friends to give the Banner a second look, and to say if all that we have ventured to speak of it is not true, and more too.

Meade and Lee.

What was actually going on between Gen. Meade and Lee, all last week, puzzled the military men themselves to decide. Meade was ordered to fall back, so it was said, in order to save him the risk and trouble of defending so much country. No sooner did he begin that movement than he was followed closely up by Gen. Lee. A few sharp fights and some skirmishes were all that signified that military operation; in all of which, however, we find that the Union army, though surprised somewhat in the several attacks, got decidedly the best of it, beating off the enemy triumphantly. Lee then moved away, this time watched and followed by Meade. But whether it is the rebel intention to make another attempt to cross the Potomac and make another raid into Maryland, and perhaps even into Pennsylvania, is still an open question. No one seems competent to settle it. We have every assurance that Gen. Meade is fully equal to the task of protecting Washington and defending Maryland. Yet it would suit us all much better if he was in a condition to fall upon Lee's exposed army in full force, and scatter it to the four corners of Virginia, if not of the earth.

Odd Fellows' Festival.

The members of Boston Lodge of I. O. O. F. celebrated the twentieth anniversary of the Lodge, on Tuesday evening, Oct. 20th, with appropriate observances in Odd Fellows' Hall, 513 Washington street. The various apartments in the spacious building occupied by the Order, were thrown open to the inspection of friends of the members, who were present in large numbers. The exercises in the Lodge room were commenced by a prayer from the venerable and worthy Bro. Rev. E. T. Taylor. An address from Rev. D. B. King followed, in which he gave a history of the Lodge, &c., from which we learned that the Lodge had paid out for benevolent purposes to their members, widows and orphans, the sum of \$17,000, and that they still have a fund left of upwards of \$3,000. The Lodge has over one hundred members, and is in a prosperous and harmonious condition. Bro. B. P. Shillaber gave one of his most brilliant and humorous poems, which was exceedingly well received by the audience. The officers, past and present, of the Grand Lodge of the State, and others belonging to the Order then followed with appropriate speeches.

After the feast of reason was through a most excellent supper was served up, to the entire satisfaction of all the participants. Then followed a very entertaining time in the large and elegant hall, to the music of Brown & Baldwin's band. Altogether it was a very pleasant and social affair.

The Elections.

The recent elections held in Pennsylvania and Ohio, Indiana and Iowa, give profound satisfaction by their results. Though we do not interfere in partisan politics at all, we feel that we are called on, with all others, who hope for the loftiest and truest ends for their beloved country's career, to express our pleasure over the soundness of the popular heart, which still discovers itself everywhere. The late elections speak to us of an undying determination on the part of the people to sustain their noble Government, and defend it against all traitors and enemies. They will not consent to a divided and distracted nation, let the cost be what it may. They still believe in constitutional liberty, and are willing to pay any amount, either in treasure or life, to sustain it. They are hopeful, even in the midst of the sorest and severest trials, of the grand destiny which has been marked out for an overruling Providence. We feel that the patriotic sentiment of the masses has again been directly tested, this time at the ballot box, to ascertain if it would support the stand already taken in the field.

Miss Lizzie Doten's Poems.

We take great pleasure in the announcement of a forthcoming volume of poems by Miss Lizzie Doten. The volume will contain all the poems which have been given by the spirits of Edgar A. Poe, Burns, Shakespeare, and others in spirit-life, together with a large number that were written by the talented lady before she became a public medium, in a complete form. Also, an Introduction, containing a full statement of the manner in which she is influenced by spirits, and the conditions under which the poems were given. The book is nearly ready for the press; indeed, the "copyright" is already secured, and the advanced sheets are in the hands of the publishers, and will be ready for delivery in season for the Holidays. We anticipate for this book a very large demand, as hundreds of Spiritualists and others have frequently expressed a desire for the publication of these poems in book form.

Due notice will be given of the exact time of its issue, and the price of the book.

The Mexican Business.

We find, by the latest foreign advices, that the Paris correspondent of the London Times reports as follows in relation to Maximilian's acceptance of the proffered Mexican throne: The people do not see in Maximilian's reply to the Mexican deputation any assurance that a monarchy will be as rapidly, or easily, established as is desirable. They even go further, and look on the answer as a civil refusal, rather than an acceptance, inasmuch as he asks conditions which it will be difficult to satisfy. That is just about the view we took of the matter ourselves, when we first heard of the decision of Maximilian. It is now said that he made his answer at last with the approval of his brother, the Emperor of Austria. It is easy enough to see that neither France, nor the Mexicans, could accept such terms as that, without in turn making pledges to the cautious Archduke which it will be quite out of their power to fulfill. Napoleon's troubles in Mexico have probably but just begun.

It is our aim to do all the good we can during our brief sojourn in earth-life; to raise the fallen, when in our power to do so—not parade their shortcomings continually before the world; but by kind words and good deeds endeavor to convince them of the error of their ways, that they in due time, through the law of compensation, may come nearer to the Father, and become purified thereby. In the words of the divine man, Jesus, we would say to those who seek to hold up the erring to public censure—"Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."

The Whole Story in Brief.

Secretary Chase recently made a flying visit to Ohio and Indiana, and on the route made several brief speeches. At Shelbyville, on the arrival of the train, Mr. Chase was called for, and made a brief speech from the platform. In alluding to the election, he said:

"In Ohio, we have done our part by permitting a certain gentleman who has been waiting and watching over the border, to remain there and continue his occupation under Queen Victoria's protection. [Unpleasant cheers.] He'll stay there till Uncle Abe pardons him. [Cheers.] How soon that will be, if ever, Uncle Abe may know. I don't know. [Cheers.]"

At Indianapolis, he was introduced to the audience by Gov. Morton, and gave another speech, which he commenced by saying that,

"On Friday last he had been conferring with our excellent President on some important matters, and at the close of the conversation, had said that he had a great notion to go out to Ohio and vote the Union ticket. The wheels of his department were running smoothly. He had twenty-five millions ahead to pay the soldiers on the 1st of November, and if the President had nothing particular for him to do, he thought he would go."

After reviewing the financial condition of the country, he touched upon the rebellion and its causes, and the inevitable results accruing from it in regard to slavery. He gave the whole story of the war in a nut shell. He said:

"Permit me a word or two on what seem likely to be the issues of this war. Through all its rise and progress I see the distinct indications of Divine Providence. There had grown up with us an aristocracy hostile to free labor and free institutions. You see that it was an aristocracy that equally pressed on slaves and white men who were unable to own slaves. It asked this Government and made it work their will. It asked the Government to do that, at the African slave trade. It accused the very idea of free institutions. So successful, so compact, so determined, it resolved to break up this republic rather than submit to a verdict of the popular majority that affected its overshadowing cloud. Mr. Lincoln was elected President; they still had power—still had prestige—above all, still had the assurance that the old disposition existed to compromise rather than resist their imperious demands; but they were not content that power should pass to the representatives of the people. They determined to form a new Republic, founded on slavery. They elaborated the plot and persuaded themselves of its certain success. They boasted that New York would join them; that the navigation of the Mississippi could force Indiana and the whole North to come. They had no doubt they would build up a mighty slave empire in this country—but when they undertook it, the first gun at Fort Sumter brought the nation to arms. We used then to be impatient. I remember, myself, how we wanted this or that military movement made, and how we chafed under delays that seemed needless—but it was only when we made up our minds that slavery must be destroyed—only when the President's Proclamation of Emancipation was issued—that any distinguished success began to attend our arms. To-day slavery is everywhere recognized as the prop and cause of the rebellion. On both sides it is distinctly understood and acknowledged. They fight for a slave empire; we fight for the right of the people to govern themselves. In Missouri, in Maryland, in Delaware, everywhere throughout the Border States, the Republicans demand the immediate destruction of slavery. Immediate emancipation with compensation, if they can get it, if not, immediate emancipation any way. They feel that there can be no peace without its destruction. The war was upon us. The President was obliged to strike out whatever stood in the way of ending it. Slavery stood in the way, and he struck it out. In there a man here who would have it reestablished? [Cries of "No, never."] Is there a man here who does not want its destruction completed? [Cries of "No, no."] Is there a man here who wants the President to shrink from a rigid enforcement of his Proclamation? [A loud shout of "No, not a man."] Is there a man here who does not hope that the Border States men who are exempt from the Proclamation, may succeed in speedily ending slavery in their States for themselves? [Cries of "No, not one."] We had not been moving in the right path. In God's Providence the war was sent upon us that we might be born again. Whenever there was a great necessity for civilization and progress it came. As civilization had spread, railroads were needed, and Fulton and Stephenson were born. A speedy transmission of thought was needed. The telegraph was invented. Now there was a necessity for a great nation governing itself, and respecting the rights of every human being, of whatever complexion. [Prolonged cheers.] This nation is being born. War is developing it, and when the war is no longer needed for this purpose, the war will end. I can think no more appropriate, but this is my faith in the Providence that rules among the nations. How proud are we to look on assemblies like this, and remember that every man has a right to choose his own path. The other day some one showed me a copy of the Cincinnati Enquirer, a paper you may have heard of. It spoke of my coming out to vote, and said the Irishman that carries the hod would kill Secretary Chase's vote. Why that is the very glory of our country. I am glad that no man in office can cast a vote that can't be balanced by the humblest citizen in the land. [Immense cheering.]

The Weather.

After enjoying so delightful a Fall season, it is quite time to look for the stiff gusts of winter. October has been truly delicious. No more mellow suns have fallen across the woods and hillsides, wearing the soft air-tissues which so entrance the senses of the out-of-door sentimentalizer. We certainly may take it much to heart that we have been as highly favored as we have been, up to so late a day in the season. There has thus been left us time enough to enjoy to the full all the more delightful sensations which are spiritually begotten of the season. A whole year will have to go by before we can behold with these trained eyes of ours the sights and scenes which have ever been so welcome; still, the other seasons have their joys and their beauties, and do but heighten the brief pleasures which are even now passing from our enjoyment. Let us be grateful for everything.

Free Spiritual Meetings.

Shall they be continued? Is the question to be answered by the friends of so desirable an object, in this city; and for the purpose of ascertaining something definite about the matter, there is to be a meeting next Sunday forenoon in Lyceum Hall, Tremont street, at 10 1/2 o'clock, of all those who are interested in having the free meetings which are now held in that hall continued for another year. It is highly necessary that this question should be decided now, so that the Lecture Committee can go on and engage lecturers for another term. It is earnestly hoped that all the friends of free meetings, of both sexes, will be present. If sufficient encouragement is not given, the present arrangement will cease on the first of January.

Colored Soldiers.

John M. Langston, Esq., of Oberlin, who is working in connexion with Major Stearns, has issued a patriotic appeal to the colored citizens of Ohio, to come forward and fill up a regiment forming in that State. Already, he says, "We have three companies of fine-looking and well-behaved colored soldiers, in the beautiful Camp Delaware. They compose the nucleus of the First Regiment of colored men from Ohio. We propose to fill this regiment as soon as possible. The commissioned officers, as in the case of the 68th and 55th Massachusetts regiments, will be white men of military experience and temperate habits, and thorough anti-slavery character. The non-commissioned officers will be colored men."

Lyceum Hall Meetings.

Uriah Clark will speak before the Society of Spiritualists in this city in the above hall, on Sunday, Nov. 1st, afternoon and evening. Mr. Clark is a man of talents, and speaks in an earnest, clear and agreeable manner. He has been a zealous laborer in the ranks of spiritual reform, as lecturer, and editor, for many years. We doubt not his lectures will be worthy of the occasion and the man.

New Publications.

THE BLACK MAN: HIS ANCESTRY, HIS CHARACTER, AND HIS ACHIEVEMENTS. By William Wells Brown. Second edition. Biographical Sketches of Any-thing. Celebrated colored man. Price \$1. Boston: James Redpath. For sale by Lee & Shepard.
The author of this interesting biographical work in his preface says the calculations and traditions of the negro are to be found, mainly, among two classes. The first and most relentless are those who have done them the greatest injury, by being instrumental in their enslavement and consequent degradation. They delight to descend upon the "natural inferiority" of the blacks, and claim that they were destined only for a servile condition, entitled neither to liberty nor the legitimate pursuit of happiness. The second class are those who are ignorant of the characteristics of the race, and are the mere echoes of the first. To men and refute these misrepresentations, and to supply a deficiency, long felt in the community, of a work containing sketches of individuals who, by their own genius, capacity and intellectual development, have surmounted the many obstacles which slavery and prejudice have thrown in their way, and raised themselves to positions of honor and influence, this volume was written. The characters represented in most of these biographies, are for the first time put in print. The author's long sojourn in Europe, his opportunity of research amid the archives of England and France, and his visit to the West Indies, have given him the advantage of information respecting the blacks seldom acquired.

VINCENZO. A Novel. By J. Raffini, author of "Don Tor Antonio," "Lavinia," etc. New York: Cass, ton, publisher. Boston: Crosby & Nichols.
The readers of Raffini's previous works will hail with delight a fresh novel from his pen. Vincenzo, or, The Sunken Rocks, just issued by Clarion, is in many respects superior to either of the author's other popular and interesting stories of Italian life. The London critics speak very highly of it as a charming creation of fiction. The materials are so skillfully arranged and woven together, that the attention is riveted at once, and the interest is kept up to the end of the volume.

The Atlantic Monthly for November has been received. We will give our readers a list of the contents and contributors to this number, and they can judge of its value for themselves: The Standard and the Heretic; Weariness; Mrs. Lewis; The Formation of Glaciers; Two Scenes from the Life of Blondin; Night and Moonlight; Adante; The Brothers; The San Adams Regiments in the Town of Boston; Wet Weather Work; The French Struggle for Naval and Colonial Power; Something left Undone; The Great Instrument; The King's Wine; Monograph from an Old Note-Book, with a Postscript; Reviews and Literary Notices, Ticknor's History of Spanish Literature; Recent American Publications. The writers in the present number are Henry W. Longfellow, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Prof. Agassiz, Louis M. Alcott, T. B. Aldrich, Mrs. Thomas, Richard Frothingham, Charles Sumner, James Russell Lowell, Henry D. Thoreau, L. M. Carroll, Francis Parkman, A. West, G. Reynolds.

Peterson's Magazine for November has been laid on our table by Williams & Co., 100 Washington street. Now is the time to subscribe for this popular monthly which contains more for the money than any magazine in the world. In 1864, it will have nearly a thousand pages, twenty-five to thirty steel plates, twelve colored patterns, and nine hundred wood engravings—and all this for only two dollars a year, or a dollar less than magazines of its class. Every lady ought to take "Peterson." In the general advance of prices, it is the only magazine that has not raised its price, either to single subscribers or to clubs; and is, therefore, emphatically, the magazine for the times.

Harper's Monthly Magazine for November is set with a splendid table of contents, together with some fine illustrations of Japanese Life, and Scenes in the Frontier, War of 1812. The editors of this magazine are determined to keep up its great popularity.

THE OLD FARMER'S ALMANAC for 1864, by Robert B. Thomas, published by Brewer & Tilton, Boston, is out and for sale by all dealers in literature.

Lyceum Hall Sociables.

The first party of the season was fully attended at Lyceum Hall on Tuesday evening, Oct. 20th, over six hundred couples being in attendance. The music of Edmund's Quadrille Band was excellent. The Hall, as it always is, was in first rate condition. If superior management, excellent music, a clean Hall, and a fire door—always free from dust—are appreciated, the present course of Union Sociables, so auspiciously commenced, will prove eminently successful.

Bro. F. L. H. Willis's Bereavement.
Brother Willis will surely be at Dedworth's Hall, next Sunday. He and his excellent compass are bowed down with a great sorrow. Their beautiful little one has gone to the Summer Land, leaving them lonely and sad, to live and work yet longer for the development of love and truth on earth.—Herald of Progress, Oct. 24th.

We sincerely sympathize with Bro. Willis in his bereavement. The angels who are teaching the feet of his little one to walk the paths of the Summer Land, will not fail to be around his way upon earth and guide him into perfect peace.

Haunted Houses.

Under this heading the reader will find a very interesting article, from the pen of Dr. H. T. Child, of Philadelphia. It brings to light and elucidates what appears mysterious, even to Spiritualists, in regard to the physical manifestations.

Announcements.

H. B. Storer is to address the Spiritualists in our neighboring city of Charlestown, next Sunday.

Miss Susie M. Johnson lectures in Lowell next Sunday, Nov. 1.

Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, spoke in Dedworth's Hall in New York, Oct. 18th, to the very general satisfaction of the audience.

Mrs. Clara A. Fields, Lecturer.

In behalf of the friends of progress in Saco, Maine, and that vicinity, in Maine, we have been requested to publish the following endorsement of Mrs. Clara A. Fields, of Newport, Me., as a public reform lecturer:

"Believing as we do, that the labors of Mrs. Clara A. Fields, of Newport, Me., would be both useful and interesting to any community, we would heartily recommend her to the public as a most excellent teacher. We can cheerfully recommend her as a woman of a good moral character, and as one who has been shown, in a good degree, that earthly trials are but a refining process, well calculated to raise and exalt the higher faculties of the soul. Her lectures in Saco and vicinity have been received by attentive audiences with great applause. She has at present no further engagements, but feels that she should be about her Master's business."

Gen. Gillmore's artillery practice on Fort Sumter, and the capture of the rebel iron clad Atlanta by the monitor Weehawken, have created quite an interest in England. The naval authorities begin to think their own system of iron-clads a failure, and are making haste to build iron-clads. We must not push-pool the Americans, says Dr. Russell.

