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JASMINE; OR, THE DISCIPLINE OF LIFE.

BY DOXA WILBURN.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Fettering of the Fox.

"That stately night, with its clear silence, sent
tameless resolve which laughed at misery
into my soul." SHALLOTT.

Midsummer deepened. Slowly, slowly the season's
balm of healing, the romantic quiet of my best retreat,
the companionship of those pure and unselfish spirits,
effected a wondrous change in me. The ice-fetters that
had bound my heart, loosened their tenacious hold. I
gained the courage of fortitude, the calm of thought;
the olden ambition of life returned. I turned
to occupation, to reading. I took long rambles on the
beach, and, with the aid of Clarence May, I penned,
in my own untroubled fashion, some of the old le-
gends of the place. And I read with much pleasure,
and still greater profit, the unpublished works of my
mother's dearest friend, and wept afresh over the re-
cital of the life-sorrow so vividly and pathetically
portrayed.

It was a charmed life I led there, with no tokens of
the past to harass me. Only smiling, love illumined
faces met my sight; only tender and soothing words
fell on my ear. I was beloved of those two noble
hearts, and with the faithful Anastasia Doolis I was
soon a favorite.

My gentle mother seldom left her arm-chair. For a
few moments she could walk, supported on the arm of
Clarence, in the neat little garden; but I could see
that imperceptibly her strength was failing. Perhaps
the shock of joy occasioned by my coming had caused
the change. I knew not, but I shed many bitter tears
in secret, for what now to me would the earth be with-
out her? I had not her serene and soul-satisfying
glance.

I saw that Clarence, too, noted the change, but not
with the frenzy of despair it awakened in me. He
staid, at least, with undiminished vigor, he would
look upon the pale, sweet, wasting face, with a sigh
that was succeeded by a strangely brilliant smile. My
spirit rebelled at this. Surely he did not love her as I
did, else how could he smile in view of the dread and
cheerless future without her? One day I made some
faint allusion to the subject. He took my hand ten-
derly in both of his, looked in my face with that soul-
penetrating glance, and said:

"Do not be alarmed, Jasmine; it cannot be yet.
When God's time has come, he will give you strength.
As for me, I shall soon, very soon rejoice."

I understood him then, and said no more.
She suffered no pain, that Madonna-mother of my
soul. Slowly the life-fountain ebbed, and the spirit
rejoiced in the light; but as she said no word, and was
cheerful, resigned and happy as ever, I buried my
grief out of sight, giving expression to it only when
alone in the silence of my chamber.

Every day during his long stay, Clarence May was
with us. Every night he returned to his solitary cot-
tage on the distant hill. Every day brought to me the
lessons of a better faith and a higher philosophy than
that taught in the churches and the schoolroom. I
was an eager, willing learner, and soon I had cast
aside nearly all of my old superstitions, taking in
wholesome draughts of the pure air of a righteous free-
dom.

I made no more distinctions between Catholic and
Heretic, Christian or unbeliever, but learned to re-
verence humanity for its innate worth and Godly origin.
But far from my heart I put all thoughts of love.
I would live devoted to my mother, and if she left me,
I would seek by some means to serve the suffering and
the needy. Never again, I vowed, should an earthly
image be enshrined on my soul's altar. I made the
unthinking vow in inexperience and grief. I broke it
at wisdom's mandate, and with joy.

I felt would have sought for some employment of my
few talents, that I might not, as my independent spirit
felt it, be an added burden to good Clarence May.
But he declared I was his daughter now, and as such,
bound to obey him; that for the present I needed rest,
and not labor; that the future would bring its own re-
quirements. So I rested, and he went forth again;
and very sad and lonely seemed the humble cottage
home after he was gone. It was a contrast. Indeed,
from the spacious chambers and lofty apartments, the
long passages, winding stairways and imposing grounds
of Oakfast Hall, this plaything of a cottage, with its
furniture of rose-colored and blue chairs, its plain
white curtains, its simple engravings and costly orna-
ments, with the little space of a garden, the miniature
porch, twined around with roses and fragrant vines,
but that humble home contained for me all the treas-
ure-store of this world. Never once did I sigh for
the splendors of my father's Hall. I turned from the
recollection with a shudder, yet I could not refrain
from wishing that I knew what had become of Agatha
and her pure-proud, family-proud mother.

One great source of amusement we derived from the
conversation of Anastasia. That strange creature had
a most romantic history. Born in Ireland of a French
mother, she, with both parents, had wandered nearly
over the world, from her earliest childhood. Her
father had been a sort of "jack of all trades." Some-
times he was a gentleman, traveling for pleasure; then
adversity would compel him to go into the service of
others. But nothing, as Anastasia said, could daunt
his spirit, or quench his insatiable good humor.
He was a kind husband and a loving father; she was
the only child. Macfarlane O'Doolis, a descendant of
Scottish and Irish good families, died in the far East
Indies, and there, for some years, the widow maintained
herself and daughter by teaching school. The good
mother died, of fever, and the destiny of the father

seemed to pursue the girl with incessant change and
wandering. Anastasia was twenty when her mother
died, and had materially assisted her, for rude and sin-
gular as was her speech sometimes, she was not un-
learned; but constant bustling with the world had
given to her manner a sort of brusqueness that was as
original as her dress itself. I will let her tell her own
story:

"Miss Jessie, after my blessed mother went home
to the abode of the seraphs and the querubim, I was
all alone, and did not know which side of this great
valley of tribulation to turn to. I'm old and wrink-
led, and unlikely as a witch now; but then I was a
pretty fair specimen of God's next best work to man.
I had a good eye and a bright smile, so people said;
and the youngsters were a daubing after me as much
as if I were a beauty."

"You are good looking yet, Anastasia," I said.
"Your eyes are as bright as sunlight, and you have a
sweet, kindly smile. You look good, and that is far
better than mere beauty."

"Thanks, thank you, Miss Jessie. You've got the
way with you—know how to enliven up a poor, old,
wrinkled, shrunken, ugly woman's heart. Yes, honey,
as that dear negress said, it's a kind turn to an old
body to cheer them up when they have n't got kith or
kin, or cat or dog, in this wide world, even if you do
stretch the point and make believe what is n't and
can't be. But I'm obliged to you all the same. But
laws sakes alive, Miss Jessie, who is handsome, or
good, or anything at all, beside that angel of a mother
of yours? Tell me that! There ain't her equal all
over this universal universe, high or low. She's a
saint in earthly swaddling clothes, and her crown of
glory can't be seen by such eyes as 'a' ours. We have
a veil of flesh and wickedness over our orbits of vision;
she walks with the holy, blessed angels every day of
her life!"

I listened contentedly to these praises of my mother,
but I reminded Anastasia of her promise to continue
her story.

"In course, Miss Jessie; only I have such a habit
of rambling off. Well, there was one young chap I liked
better than the rest. He neither swore, nor gambled,
nor fought, nor drank spirituous, nor liked the women
promiscuously, so I liked him, and we was to have
been married, and then I should n't have crossed so
many oceans, and seen so many sights, and known so
much of human nature, inside. I don't know which
is best, ignorance or knowledge; one is bitter-sweet,
and the other's sweet and bitter. Praise the Lord!
Captain May says as I is for the best, so I won't gain-
say it; and I've always tried to be religious, after a
fashion of my own, though I never could believe all
that hodge-podge of the churches. It's such an awful
jumble and mystification about three Gods in one, and
forfeiture, and plan of salvation, election, damna-
tion, sanctification, and I don't know how many other
atoms, that it confuses and bewilders a common mind.
I always thought God was good; then how can he get
angry at the doings of the people he made, and send
down plagues, and rain pestilences, and shower down
war, as if he delighted in destruction? I tell you,
my dear, that's all humbug. Folks make a God out
of the image of themselves, instead of making them-
selves pure and good and righteous, as the dear Lord
laid! My mother was a Catholic, and her beads and
saints and prayers and confessions and masses and
penances never kept her from getting into some of her
French tantrums of a temper, whenever she had a
mind to. She was a good woman—the Lord rest her
soul! Amen! But I've seen her smash an ivory
image of the Virgin, and knock St. John the apostle's
head clean off, when she was in a rage, and cry,
Diable, diable, and Mort de mort! as if she was a
savage that had never had any bringing up. My dear
father never had any religion, and he was as good a
man as ever trod shoe-leather! He believed in God,
and sent all the rest of the creed and ceremony ker-
chunk overboard. Amen!"

"But why did you not marry the young man?" I
queried, as she stopped to take breath.

A shadow of pain swept over the old face; the kind
lips quivered; a sudden moisture dimmed the keen,
small eyes. The voice with which she answered me
was low and sad; and a woman's deathless tenderness
imbued the changed tones.
"Because the Lord willed otherwise, my dear. He
died, my George died, two weeks before the time we
were to be married; and I never cared for any other
man."

I expressed my sympathy, remarking that she must
have had many chances, such a merry, good-looking
and good-natured girl as she must have been. With a
sweep of her hand she seemed to chase away the mel-
ancholy cloud from her face. The olden humor twink-
led in her eye, the complacent smile wreathed her
mouth. In her former cheery voice, she said:

"I was n't as good-looking as some, nor as good-
natured as others; but I was neither coarse grained nor
stuck up with high-flying notions, nor bothered with
ally imaginations. I had a touch of my dear father's
Paddy cheerfulness, and my French woman's careless-
ness, and I took any trouble way. Once I could splutter in
superior French, Miss Jessie, but I've most for-
gotten that tongue in picking up so many others. I've
jabbered Hindostanee in Calcutta, have broken my
jaws over the German—never could get that accent,
it's worse than Tipperary Irish! I've talked Spanish,
and low Dutch; and American Choctaw, for what I
know. I picked up a few words of Hebrew, and once
learned some doctor's Latin. I could read Italian, and
my some long words I never learnt the meaning of in
English. Mercy sakes! where does n't I live? East
and west and north and south, to all the jumping-off
places in this round globe of the Lord's. I've been
on ship-board and on a camel's back; have ridden don-
keys and mules, and been carried in palanquins, se-
dan chairs, stage coaches and railroad cars. And I've
come to this conclusion, that this ere world of ours is
a great mad-house, where hundreds of thousands of
innocents are running wild and free, cutting up such
capers as would make saints and angels cry and laugh
in one breath. It's a beautiful place, this earth is,
and plenty of room for everybody, without elbowing
the neighbor, or sending one another out of it before
the time. But look at the people! they're perpetu-
ally in a muddle, fighting about something, killing and
slaying, and then making long prayers over it; and

singing to God for making butchers of themselves!
Pshaw! pshaw! diddle-diddle! I'm sick of the sham-
ming, and the pretences, and the straw, that folks
break their necks over, and flatterery base in their
worthless bodies for! I believe in a millennium; but
I think it will come when few will be left to enjoy it.
With land-fights and sea-fights, and all kinds of
kinds of hateful, killing feelings, millions drop off,
and the doctors send thousands to the above and be-
low places every year. But I was telling you about
my own insignificant self. I couldn't bear to remain
in one place after George had gone, so I traveled here,
there and everywhere, in all capacities, as lady's
maid and children's governess, as interpreter and
companion, as reader and attendant, keeper of lap-
dogs and what not. So it went on till Captain May—
the Lord bless and save and keep his dear face and
handsome soul, Amen—he found me in Bermuda, and
brought me here to wait on the dear angel of a lady,
ten years ago last Christmas."

"You have indeed had an eventful life," I replied;
"but you feel happy in this seclusion, do you?"

"I do, and in the fulfillment of my duty," said the
old woman with a glow of honest pride. "I've
shared the darling lady's troubled days and sorrowful
nights; now, thanks be to the Lord, I share her joy.
Only I wish I had n't such troublesome dreams. I al-
ways see—that is, lately—a great black spider, with
yellow eyes, a creeping over the house and all of us.
It worries me, for my dreams always signify something.
Why should n't we have prophetic dreams and sym-
bolic visions, as the clergy call them, as well as those
old patriarchs that was n't any better than they ought
to be, and those things we read about that took ever so
many illegitimate wives, besides those belonging to
other husbands? If any decent body was to go and
do the things King David and the wise Solomon did,
they'd be hissed at in the streets, and booed at in the
churches. I would n't be that flinty-hearted Bar-
rah, and turn poor black Hagar out of doors, as she
did, the jealous old temptress! nor Rachel, nor Leah,
or any of that deceiving, conniving crew! I'm glad
I'm plain Anastasia Doolis, without an O, or a French
de, to my name, and if I can't make a stir in the
world by brewing mischief, I may do a little quiet
good, if I do go to Church only out of curiosity, and
to look at the Sunday faces of the people. I've
smiled fire and brimstone, enough in my life; don't
want to be crammed down my throat with this village.
The folks think we're a decent set of Pagans, anyhow,
and can't bring anything against us. We're peace-
able, moral and tolerant; with I could say the same of
all. The minister always walks away thoughtful when
he comes to see Mrs. Wilder. I expect he gets more
learning from her than he ever got out of his divinity
books and rusty, musty old sermons. Mistress gets
her ideas fresh from heaven; he searches for his, with
tooth and nail, from what others said and did. But I
do wish I did n't dream of the black spider!"

I shuddered, and thought of Mark Catledge, with the
reptile gleam in his eye.

"Now, dear, tell old Anastasia about that little fly-
away, light-haired step-mother of yours. You see I
know almost everything," and she winked and poked
up her conical nose, until I burst out laughing.
"That's right, honey, as that dear minister says;
laughter is better than all the pill-grass prescriptions;
laugh away. Now you know if there is one
thing I can do, it's to keep my mouth shut when other
people's business is let into my ears. So tell me,
dear, how she does look, the little trippery, and that
grenadier of a Mrs. Strong, as I hear you call her."

Anastasia sat with us familiarly in the evenings
sometimes. I knew not whether she knew my father's
name, but the secret and the sorrow of my mother
had been communicated to that faithful heart. I was
called Jasmine Wilder now, and the few villagers who
called, with gentle ministry of kindness for the in-
valid, did not manifest extreme surprise at my appear-
ance. Among that simple, unsuspecting people no
vague animosity ultimatum in suspicion, no far seeking
questions were asked.

I gave a description of my step-mother, and Anasta-
sia thus summed up her opinion:
"She's small and lazy; little bodies is generally
spry and quick, and springy as a squirrel, consequent-
ly she's got an indolent mind; wouldn't take the
trouble to think for herself; always wants somebody to
lean upon. Pshaw! a doll-body—a waxen image—a
useless parlor-bit of porcelain, dainty and brittle,
and good for nothing! What are such women good for?
To dress up and be looked at. Blue eyes are beautiful
when the sunshine of feeling is in them; but soon cold,
glittering, chilly-though things! When I tell you
curdle one's blood like an iceberg in mid sea! Gold-
en hair and no lustre on it! That's a witchified,
I should be afraid of her; she might n't do a mischief
herself; but she'd have it done, and stand by and
smile! And the old woman, the Strong madam, as
pretends to be half sick all the time, she's an ancon-
da, a terribly dangerous snake, I tell you! She'd
peril life and soul for money and grandeur! Miss
Jasmine, it's my conviction that old woman has done
some dreadful things in her life time. She may be
brought to an account yet, for she ain't dead and
buried, by a long jagg fall!"

I too, had troubled dreams that night, and vague
forebodings oppressed me during the succeeding day.
I was not overcome by surprise, nor rendered speech-
less by terror, when Anastasia summoned me to her
own room, telling me that a stranger wanted me to speak
to me in the garden:
"I did n't see his face, but I know it's that wicked
man as comes here sometimes and shortens my mis-
tress's life. I'll keep within sight and hearing, my
love, and if you should get afraid at anything he says
or does, just wave your handkerchief, and I will chase
him with a broomstick, on my own account. The mis-
tress is lying down, and do n't know anything about it."

"Don't tell her, Anastasia, please. I will talk to
the man. I am not in the least afraid."

"You're a brave soldier, and a brave, bonnie lassie.
Just like her, and only half as good, and not near as
handsome, the Lord save and keep and guard you,
child, amen!" with which orthodox formula, she dis-
missed me.

I proceeded to the vine-covered arbor at the end of
the patch of a garden, and stood face to face with

Mark Catledge! I was desperately composed, pale but
unfettered; not a vestige of apprehension in my
mien. Not alone for myself, but for my dear, innocent
mother's sake, I assumed that air of icy indifference,
of fearless determination.

He put back the straw hat with which he had been
shading his countenance. I could not repress the
thrill of repulsion with which I gazed upon the marked,
sinister features.

"Not a welcome visitor, I see," said the metallic,
false-toned voice. I have asked to see you this time,
Jasmine; the happiness of the whole family depends
upon you. I offer you a free and triumphant return
to your home, the complete vindication of your moth-
er's honor, and her re-instatement as the mistress of
Oakfast Hall—your stepmother and Madame Strong
have removed—everything your heart can desire, on the
sole condition that you marry Austin—who cannot
live without you. Pause, reflect well before you give
a hasty reply, for I have yet to show you the reverse
of the medal. Refuse, and I will brand your mother's
name with infamy, afar and near. I will hunt you
from place to place; go where you will, you cannot
escape me. A mere girl's whim shall not destroy my
boy's happiness. The Catledge are never thwarted in
their plans. I will cover the haughty name of North-
rup with a disgrace so deep it shall never recover its
ancient lustre! Do you hear me, Jasmine? I will
drive your father from his home, and you shall be the
scold and by-word of all classes. I will dash the
breaking of your mother's heart, and the downfall of
your pride! I know a story of young Faulkland—
shall I tell it to the world?"

Was this man possessed of a familiar demon who re-
vealed to him all secrets? I clasped my hands, and
cried:

"Tell me, for God's sake! tell me what have we
done to you that you should persecute us thus? What
have I ever done? What has she, my poor, suffering
mother, done to you, that you should be so bitter, so
relentless a foe?"

His thin lips curved with irony:
"You know that old saw: the sins of the fathers",
and so on?" he replied. "I am fulfilling a vow made
years ago, before you saw the light. Your answer,
Jasmine?"

Then was before to me a power not mine own.
Warmth, courage, defiance, and resolve, nerved my
soul, and rang forth from my lips in intrepid words:
"Do your worst; the God of the innocent will not
forfeit us. Tell all of me you know; heap falsehood
upon injury! Prepare for yourself a fearful, an aveng-
ing retribution. For the bubble of the world's opinion
I will not forfeit self-respect, and link myself to mi-
sery! Persecute us even to death, you cannot follow
us beyond! But as there is a God, Mark Catledge, pre-
pare for a day of reckoning! Your wicked schemes
will not always succeed! Relying upon God's mercy,
we defy your threats! I will not marry Austin! Now
do your utmost villainy!"

He ground his teeth with an oath, cast on me a
look of malignant hatred, and without another word
passed out of the back gate. I hastened in and held a
conference with the quick-witted Anastasia. I feared
violence, force, everything from that unscrupulous
man; all the more because Captain May was absent.

The good woman, under some pretext, brought four
sturdy fishermen to guard the house at night. I went
into my mother's room to break to her as gently as
possible the tidings of evil I had received.

I found her asleep, and dressed in the pale blue mus-
lin that was so becoming to her ethereal beauty. She
smiled, and held out her hand:

"My Jasmine-flower!" she said, before I had uttered
a word. "We have often spoken of removal from this
place. The time has almost come; dark tempest clouds
are gathering; but beyond the ocean all is clear and
bright. I shall yet breathe the balmy air of the
Tropics, and from that earthly Eden pass on to my
awaiting spirit-home. Now tell me, love, what trou-
bles you?"

I told her, and she, the feeblest, soothed me into
strength; for I had again grown weak and trembling
from apprehension and dread of Mark Catledge's pow-
er:

"Fear not," said my mother, tenderly, with that
impressiveness of manner that ever fully convinced
me: "God will not permit him to harm us; the angels
have told me so in sleep; and Clarence will soon re-
turn."

He returned in less than a fortnight, having only
been gone on a short voyage along the coast. He did
not again leave the village, and with his coming ad
my alarm was dispelled. We made preparations for
our departure to the Tropics lands, whose genial cli-
mate had been recommended for my dear mother's
health. The prospects of the future brightened, yet
on my heart lay an unaccountable weight of gloom. I
was disturbed by fearful dreams, in which I beheld
my childhood's home, the faces of its inmates, ghostlike
and distorted, with lurid shadows on the familiar
walls, and everywhere the footprints of some terrible
misfortune.

Our preparations were nearly concluded, when one
night I was aroused from troubled sleep by a barred
knocking at the door, by the loud sound of agitated
voices. I arose and quickly dressed myself, trembling
with the apprehension of I knew not what. I ran
down stairs; by the beams of the full moon, I saw An-
astasia on the threshold, gesticulating wildly, talking
incoherently, waving aside the proffered assistance of
the sturdy fishermen, who stood upon our kitchen
floor. I saw three men bear in from a sort of litter, a
lifeless, blood-stained figure. Almost faint with hor-
ror, I prayed for strength, rushed forward, seiz-
ing the lamp that Anastasia held behind her, threw
back the cloth, and looked—oh, gracious Heaven!—
upon my father's face!

CHAPTER XVII.

The Triumph of Faith.

"Who then to power and glory shall restore
That which an evil ransom hath undone?
Who unto mystic harmony once more
Attune those restless chords? There is but One!
He that through dust the stream of life can pour.
The mighty and the merciful alone!
Yet on His path have midnight for their shade—
He leaves to man the rain man hath made."
MRS. HENRIKS.

"Alas, and alas! green grows the grass;
Like the waves we come, like the winds we pass."

I cannot recall the scene without a shudder! It
was so terrible, so unexpected. As he lay there, white
and rigid, with only his blue lips moving in inarticu-
late murmurs, with his dimmed eyes unclosing and
gazing upon us in a sort of pitiful surprise, I could
have shrieked aloud with the terror and agony that
was upon me! But I bent down silently over the
white, changed face, and chafed the numbed, cold
hands. A smile passed over his quivering mouth, a
deep sigh stole up from his heart; faintly he uttered:
"Jasmine, my child!"

And there was infinite tenderness in that broken
voice. While I knelt before him, wondering and ter-
rified, did I once revert to the time when he had
thrust me from the home-shelter with bitter, wounding
words and cruel blows? I remembered nothing save
the life-long, yearning love; I felt only the tenderest
compassion, as I kissed the nerveless hand, and raised
my sorrowing tears upon it. But who had that struck
en down that kindly form, yet in his prime of life?
How came he thus? But my mind was diverted from
these questionings by the appearance of my mother,
white-robed, serene, gliding noiselessly as a spirit to
the couch on which we had laid him.

There was the slightest vestige of agitation in her
manner; a lofty composure, an exalted calm, that
was far removed from indifference, learned from her
sweet, pale face. With eyes bent on the recumbent
figure she advanced and placed one thin, white hand
upon his brow. His eyes flew open, and settled on
her countenance with an agony of speechless entreaty
in their gaze.

"Yes, it is I, Herbert. God bless you!" she softly
said.

A quickly passing crimson flush glowed momentarily
the deathly pallor from his features; he essayed to speak
and moaned in the intensity of his bodily and mental
pangs. In the meantime, Anastasia had seated with
and sent away the men who had brought him; they
were villagers whom she knew. With cautious steps,
folded arms, and anxiously gleaming eyes, the little
woman spoke to the fishermen, who still kept guard
over our home at night. A pallid awe sat on their
sun-burnt faces.

"This is my husband, Anastasia; help me to do all
you can for him. He has come to help me and his
child before God calls him hence."

Anastasia was so bewildered she repeatedly crossed
herself, murmuring a strange medley of foreign ejacu-
lations and prayers. At last she knelt down before my
mother, and tenderly and respectfully kissed her hand,
saying, while the tears rolled down her cheeks:

"Tell me what I can do, mistress. I'll serve you
and him to the last breath in my old body. Shall I
go for the doctor or the clergy?"

Then she covered her face with a portion of her half-
arranged head-gear, and sobbed like a little child.

My father lay in a kind of half stupor, with a clam-
my sweat oozing from his pale contracted brow. But
as my mother's hand rested upon it, while the rigid
tension relaxed, the spasms of keen suffering that
wrought his features gave place to a comparative re-
pose; his lips moved still, and I could faintly hear the
words of sorrow and remorse they framed in piteous
pleading.

The faithful Anastasia was sent for the village phy-
sician and surgeon, but his skill was of no avail; the
murderous bullet had sped to its appointed mark—he
could not live for many days.

When the sun arose upon the watchers in Ocean
Rest cottage, its glorious rays fell on the forgiving and
forgiven heart, so long estranged by the wiles of a
relicious foe. As a commissioned angel of the Most
High and Merciful, as a loving sister toward an erring,
long wandering brother, my saintly mother ministered
unto him whose hand had been uplifted against her
timeless life! What were all my past sorrows, the
torments and neglect of my childhood, to her life-long
burden of undeserved misery? The complete reu-
nion of her claims to the happiness of this world?

Before her calm and inspired look my throbbing
heart grew still. From her dignified and serene com-
posure I gathered strength. Had the dear angels she
communed with daily prepared her for the great
changes at hand? I knew not; but a superhuman
power seemed to uphold the tender invalid. She need
not the aid of others; a sudden energy and power
was instilled into the wasted frame.

Morning brought Clarence May to our door. I heard
Anastasia talking to him. My mother, in her clear,
silver tones, called him to come in, and Herbert
Northrup's heavy eyes unclosed again, and the feeble
hand was outstretched in a welcoming sign.

I had always venerated my friend for the supreme
self-control evinced upon every occasion. I could
have fallen at his feet in the worship of goodness,
when I saw the changed pallor of his face, the gleam-
ing heart-dew of compassion in his eye, the tremor of
the fine out lip, the agitation of sympathy that marked
his manner as he took that outstretched hand and
pressed it gently, as he bent over my father and whis-
pered loving, soothing words. The deferential respect
of his greeting and conversation with my mother was
the same as had always marked their intercourse. In
a husky voice, broken by sobs, and interrupted by
sharp dartings of pain, my poor father humbly ex-
pressed his gratitude for the pardon of the noble man he had in-
jured so cruelly and long. And with gracious fervor,
with the hand-cleap of brotherhood, a free and full
forgiveness was accorded by the Christ spirit of Claren-
ce May.

Then he made the same request of my mother, and
again and again she soothed him with the soft tones
of her cooling hand, the musical accents of her forgiv-
ing words.

She said to me toward noon of that day:

"His mind is burdened with a weight of doubts
and fears concerning his future destiny. Be thou
to him a priestess of the true faith, my child!
Speak to him words of holy consolation; reveal to him
the peace, the blessedness and progression of the eter-
nal life awaiting him."

"I am unfitted for the task. I cannot find the fit-
ting words to address him. Oh, mother, I am not
good, not loving, forbearing, and all-forgiving as you
are! I shrink appalled from the great mystery of
death!"

J. H. LOVELAND, will answer calls to lecture. Address for the present, Williamstown, Conn. April-†
 L. JUDN FARRER's address is Cincinnati, Ohio. April-†
 REV. ADIN BALLOU, lecturer, Hopedale, Mass. April-†
 W. F. JAMINSON, trance speaker, Paw Paw, Mich. April-†

Our Cause in Washington.

In the BANNER of last week Warren Chase queries as to the whereabouts of former advocates of Spiritualism. This leads me to fulfill a promise I have made to myself a number of times lately, to give the readers of the BANNER an inkling of what we are doing in Washington. I trust we have established permanent meetings, and now ask the cooperation of all lecturers and mediums. The meetings are held every Sunday evening at Sneed's Hall, on 9th street. Rev. John Pierpont gave the first lecture. The next Sunday the desk was occupied by T. Gates Foster. This was the first opportunity I have ever had to hear him, and I think I can say that he gave the very best lecture I have ever heard. The two past Sundays our Bro. A. E. Newton has lectured. Of his lectures I do not need to speak. He fully sustained the honorable reputation he has won in past years as a faithful, earnest and able advocate. He will continue to lecture during the month of November. In December we shall probably have a continued course through the organization of Bro. T. G. Foster.

The foregoing, I think, will satisfy Bro. Chase that two at least of whom he inquires are doing their duty. They are engaged in the War Department, but find time to advocate the cause so near the heart of all. In addition to those of whom I have previously spoken, I have recently found that Dr. Dresser, of New York, has taken his abode with us.

Spiritualism has a great many earnest inquirers among us, yet it is in its infancy, and demands the rudimentary phases. Mediums for physical manifestations are called for. We hope before long to see the famous Davenport Brothers, Chas. H. Foster, Mrs. A. J. Chamberlain, or any other medium who can give such evidence as to cause the reflecting mind thought enough to investigate. I think there is no field calling for manifestations equal to Washington, and no place from which more good can result. Any medium or lecturer desirous of visiting us can address Dr. R. C. Champlin, or Dr. E. B. Hay, the President and Secretary of the Association of Spiritualists of Washington, or myself.

I have recently heard of a young man in this city, in whose presence physical manifestations of a surprising nature take place. They occur in the light. I have been unable to meet with him as yet, for he is afraid of becoming public. The first he knew of his power was while lying in bed; his umbrella was deliberately passed from one side of the room to the other. The next manifestation was, his large traveling trunk was carried with great force the same distance, and other equally unwieldy bodies moved in a similar manner.

Yours for the truth.

Washington, D. C., Nov. 9, 1863.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

[OFFICIAL.]

By his Excellency,
JOHN A. ANDREW,
GOVERNOR.

A PROCLAMATION

FOR A DAY OF

PUBLIC THANKSGIVING AND PRAISE.

By the advice and consent of the Council, I do hereby appoint THURSDAY, the 26th day of November, next, to be observed by the people of Massachusetts, as a day of Public Thanksgiving and Praise. And I respectfully, but earnestly exhort all the people of this Commonwealth, whom this Proclamation shall reach, wherever they may be, whether on sea or land, within our quiet borders, or abroad on distant fields of War, to consecrate that day, in the sight of Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, by heartfelt words of charity, by devout thanksgiving, and by joyful praise. "O go your way into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise: be thankful unto him, and speak good of his Name. For the Lord God is gracious, his mercy is everlasting."

For all the innumerable mercies, for the multitude of blessings by which the year has been crowned; for health and prosperous industry, for peaceful homes, for waving fields of grain, for harvest rich with all the food of man, for all the bounties of the sea, the wealth of mines, the skill and thrift of every handicraft; for the great agencies of Nature herself, working as kindly helpers to the hands of men, and for all the fruits of their gigantic toil; for intellectual activity, and moral life; for every gift and fruit of reason, of conscience and religion, bless ye the Lord, and him only; praise him and magnify him forever.

Let us reverently contemplate the wonderful Providence which has led and guided the hearts and minds of this people, and is shaping and working out the destiny of this Nation. Even in time of war we are rejoicing in the growth of the arts of Peace. Subjected to its temptations and demoralizing influence, yet the virtues of forbearance, patience and charity, are daily illustrating the social life of our people no less conspicuously than their loyal patriotism. Side by side with the march of armies, and the destructive engines of War, move the messengers of Love, with every voice for the body or the mind, to soften the soldier's lot or alleviate the travail of mortality. Sometimes slowly, and with hesitating tide, but always surely, sometimes with a receding eddy, but always on an undecurrent of steady and majestic power, has been borne the symbol of our Nationality. The moral sight has been quickened, duty has grown clearer to the mind, and faith has grown warmer in the heart, as the revelations of trial and the discipline of a great suffering have done their appointed work.

Blending the temper of forgiveness with an unflinching integrity of purpose; weeping with the bereaved who mourn the beauty of our Israel; slain upon our high places; but catching the sublime spirit of those who sealed their testimony with their blood, may we fall not to inspire on this our annual festival, strength from above to exercise ourselves also in every heroic virtue for the vindication of right and the overthrow of wrong.

Let us trust that Peace soon return to our borders, and a union of hearts and hands revert to the ruins of that injustice and humanity which bred our sorrows; when all the inhabitants of the land will unite in singing, "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel; for he hath visited and redeemed his people."

Given at the Council Chamber, in Boston, this first day of October, in the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, and the eighty-eighth of the independence of the United States of America.

JOHN A. ANDREW,
By His Excellency the Governor, with the advice of the Council.
OLIVER WARREN, Secretary.

God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Correspondence in Brief.

APPRECIATED.—A friend in the West, in a note inclosing the amount for a renewal of his subscription, says:

"You have reason to be proud of the beautiful appearance of the BANNER. The spiritual and intellectual feast which it contains each week is all the more palatable for the neat and tasty manner in which it is served up to the thousands. Those who miss the BANNER are deprived of a luxury indeed."

A lady correspondent writes:

"I wish to procure books for my two little girls, aged respectively 6 and 9 years. It is very hard to part with them; none but a mother knows how hard! But I must! I wish to procure them home in families of Spiritualists, where they would be treated as their own. They are bright and intelligent."

For further information apply to this office.

Boston, Wis., Nov. 10, 1863.

This thriving town lies thirty-five miles east of Prairie du Chien and McGregor, on the railroad, and the majority of its citizens are Spiritualists, and yet there are but a few Spiritualists here. No lecturer has ever visited this point, and this item is to call the attention of some laborer in the vineyard, who may pass near us to the fact. I am urged by the friends here to write direct to some medium, and secure their services; but I prefer to address the BANNER on this subject, with faith that it will be responded to in due time. Truly the harvest is plenty, but the laborers are few.

L. R. TATIN.

Why is a woman in love like a man of profound knowledge? Because she understands the art and science.

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1863.

OFFICE, 158 WASHINGTON STREET.

Room No. 2, Up Stairs.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,
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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

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

Conspiracies against Society.

An exchange is led to say, from seeing the extortions which are practiced upon the community by one and another, that "conspiracies to raise the market value of necessities are punished in Turkey, and, we believe, in Russia, with the lash and the pillory. There is something very wholesome, sometimes, in the sharp policy of absolute power." We accept the remark as an apt one for the present times; for, of the many sins which are set down in the calendar, not one but has some sort of an excuse or apology likewise set down for it. save only the heinous sin of conspiring to keep provisions, fuel, and the several necessities of life, at a price where the poorer classes cannot by any possibility reach them. We read of tigers in the jungles, of gorillas in the African wilds, and of Arab lying in wait for the unsuspecting traveler near the springs in the desert, and our flesh creeps, while our souls shrink with horror at the blood-thirstiness depicted in their men; yet they are all positively human, and even Christian, by the side of the men who forestall prices in coal just as the severe weather approaches, or combine to put the price of flour above the reach of the means of the ordinarily poor.

We are frequently told that this is the *fact*, however, and that it is so common an one as to excite no special attention; and we may be told, too, as we often are, that it is like trying to whistle down the wind to attempt the reformation of this great evil by discussing against it. It may be even so, though we do not believe it; we know it never would be so, were all those who are sure of its wickedness to refuse to be quiet concerning it whenever a fit occasion offered for them to express themselves. It is by this very system of ducking and dodging that so many evils still hold their place in the social system; were we all to speak out, a common sentiment would soon be formed and combined, against which resistance would be vain. We have learned that the poorest way of curing an evil is to stop talking about it. Rogues and knaves ask no better chance than that which silence furnishes them. Burglars choose night for their nefarious operations, on the same principle. The only way to cure a social evil is to work a change of the social sentiment respecting it; and, with that irresistible lever in hand, we have something like a chance to accomplish the result aimed at.

In time of peace this great evil is bad enough; in time of war it is too bad to be properly characterized. Our common tongue falters and fails for lack of words strong enough to denounce it as it deserves. When every commodity is as high as common reason will possibly allow, then we have a class of men, who call themselves human, combine to put prices higher, to place the very necessities of life out of the reach of those who chiefly want them because upon them society is chiefly dependent, is a practice which not only convicts the laws tolerating it of even greater guilt than its authors, but brings the heaviest reproach upon those customs of society which are generally thought to belong to a state of civilization. We could wish, on beholding these wicked practices of a considerable class of our people, that they were indeed compelled to submit to the lash and the pillory in requital of their crimes. For it is crime which they practice upon the community, and by no other name may it be fitly spoken of.

Because meanness and wickedness are the custom, because the money they too often secure bribes the body of society into a show of respect for those who possess it through such practices, because people tolerate what in fact they despise and condemn, and men of evil ways are not dragged up to a felon's trial at the bar of strict and equal justice—that is no reason at all why those evil ways should be delightfully passed over on the other hand, that is the very reason why they should be all the more thoroughly and persistently blown upon. Let in the light, as strong as possible, upon vice, and its horrid deformity will be all the sooner seen. Conceal evil ways, and the community soon corrupts from the false belief, at its very core. It is not only better, it is absolutely necessary, that this corruption should be exposed to the light, laid open to the air, that purification may be wrought at the earliest moment.

No community that permits its poor and, comparatively speaking, dependent class to be made poorer by extortions, oppressors and thieves, ought to expect that existence in a state of health and wholesome ease is at all possible for itself. No society that allows one class of men to combine, merely because they have the power and facility, against the prime waste and the bare necessities of another and a helpless class, can well expect for a long time to stand. The poor must be provided for even before all the rest. The laborer is at the bottom of all our civilized possibilities; take him out of the scale, and the whole system will come down for want of support. And if the controlling powers, or conditions, or laws, of society do not permit the poor member to take the rich man's money, neither ought it to permit the rich member to take the poor one's bread in order to make himself still more rich by the transfer. It all resolves itself into nothing more than this simple matter of Give and Take. What belongs equally to all, no one class has a right to appropriate and deny to the remainder, for no better reason than because it has the power. The society that tolerates the practice is not wholly civilized—for barbarians set us a better example than that—it is not able long to exist. It will soon be stung to death by its own scorpion stings.

We cannot speak to one another too plainly, or too often, about these vital matters. They concern the life-blood of our social existence. We cannot tolerate them and live. We must either break out in open and destroying revolt, or a class of Shylocks will put their gripe to our throats and choke us to death. All these things call for legislation. If our law-makers regard not the morals of a community primarily, but its material interests rather, then here is every reason why they should reform an evil which will, if unchecked, surely master us all. If our public agents legislate for the people alone, here is a chance for them to do some substantial work. They should visit with severe pen-

alties all combinations which can be shown to exist, whether by the aid of direct or circumstantial proof, for the purpose of forcing the masses to pay more than a fair price, all things considered, for coal and flour, or for the other articles which go to the support of human life. Such legislation is indeed a good deal more in these times than any proclamations of emancipation; and we have never yet been able to see how the cause of genuine freedom is helped on, by putting the yoke on the neck of one class even more heavily than it was ever laid on those whom it is proposed to relieve. No such philanthropy will stand. It is a stretch in the nostrils of all pure men, and should forthwith be cast out. Let our reforms be thorough, or they fail of their work entirely.

A National Bankrupt Law.

The needs of the country have long demanded some general law of the above description, that shall deal justly to both debtor and creditor, yet release the former from bonds which are of no practical service in the cause of right, but are of decided damage to the interests of the nation. A National Bankrupt Association has been organized in New York City, of which Mr. George L. Cannon is secretary; having for its object the "speedy passage of a bill to provide for the relief of honest, but unfortunate debtors, and the equal and just distribution of their property among their creditors, to whom it justly belongs, and allow the debtor to commence business again free from the claims he could not pay." This object is to be most speedily and permanently secured by a uniform system of Bankruptcy through the United States. Every part of the country, and every class of society, is interested in the passage of some such measure. It is perfectly fair for the creditor, for he understands the effects of giving credit beforehand; and it is no more than common justice to the debtor, for it unties his hands when it would otherwise be in the power of a grinding creditor to keep him bound in servitude, permitting him to go at business again and retrieve his fortune if he can. On no other plan than this can the industry and commercial genius of a great nation like ours be made of any value.

It behooves Congress to look after a legislative plan of this sort, as soon as possible. Here are thousands of active minds, all ready for business, with valuable experience and discipline already at their command, who are no better than so many dead men to the nation, because they cannot be allowed to bring their powers into play again. Their faculties are locked up, hidden away. They are made of no further use to the nation. If this is the way to develop the resources of a community, or a State, or a federation of States, then it is an altogether novel nation in political economy. We are to-day engaged in relating the assaults of another organized form of slavery, and it would go hard but we are just as much bound to attack the same institution in this form also. For that is but a new form of servitude which weighs men down beneath the load of pecuniary obligations, when they ought to be released as soon as possible in order to recover themselves again and become active producers of national wealth.

Any information on this most important topic can be had by addressing Geo. L. Cannon, Box 848, New York Post Office.

Marshal Forey in New York.

The great French General who has been for the past year industriously carrying out the instructions of his imperial master, Louis Napoleon, in Mexico, landed in New York, the 17th inst., on his way back to France. There he was going to give an account of what he had done in the neighboring republic, and, no doubt, to put into the imperial ear a suggestion relative to new movements or combinations. The frigate in which he sailed from Vera Cruz touched at New York for coal, and while delayed for that purpose, the Marshal took a brief run over to Niagara Falls. There was more or less talk of a *slaying* character, in the New York papers, over a project to tender Napoleon's new Marshal a public dinner, and some went so far as to suggest that what was left of the Russian affair would be plenty good for him. We cannot think Napoleon directed his military agent to come to New York just at this time, when the Russians were in such high feather, with a view to see what sort of treatment he would receive from the merchants and people of the great metropolis, and still, if he had done so, he could not have fallen upon a more lucky, or unlucky, time to obtain the information he was in quest of.

The Russian Serfs.

Russia keeps up with the movements of the age. The Czar undertook emancipation in earnest, and he is carrying it out in good faith. A gentleman now traveling in the Russian Empire writes home that there is no show about this business, but that it is a great and noble reality, carried out with a combined courage and caution that do equal honor to the head and heart of its imperial author. We can scarcely comprehend the extent of this magnificent revolution. In its progress some forty millions of people are raised from a condition closely akin to slavery, to the level of free men of other civilized States. The act is commensurate with little suffering or inconvenience, and with large prospects of future advantage to the nobles and proprietors of land. The emancipated serfs already bring a most encouraging degree of intelligence and industry, which surprises none more than their former owners. Schools are established, and money which had been hoarded is laid out on lands and tenements, and in many other ways the raised dependents show symptoms of an intelligence and sagacity which are of the greatest promise for them in the future.

The Maryland Election.

It strikes the ordinary reader with surprise to find that the recent election in Maryland, a slave State, has gone with such an emphatic voice for Emancipation. It is true that the success of the unconditional Union Party there, is equivalent to the triumph of the cause of Emancipation. What are we to think of the progress of events, when we behold a State like Maryland, settled by the proudest blood that ever flowed in the veins of cavaliers, and sensitive to its pet institutions beyond almost every other State, except, perhaps, South Carolina, now turning its back deliberately upon all its old traditions, and agreeing to let them all go for the sake of Union with progress, and the great movements of the age? What other conclusions can we draw, than that Emancipation has been practically set on foot by the operations of the war, and that it will not stop until the end designed of Heaven, shall have been successfully reached? Maryland will find herself an entirely new State, redeemed and regenerated, when divested of her slavery system; and it is certain that Kentucky, Tennessee, Virginia, and Missouri, will soon follow her shining example, thus putting it out of the power of slavery ever again to overturn the settled order of the affairs of a continent.

Spiritualism in Australia.

We have received No. 4, Vol. 1, of the *Australian Spiritualist*, dated August 18th, 1863. It is published by F. Sinclair. We shall copy from it hereafter. So it seems the good cause is spreading to all parts of the earth. First in America, then France, Germany, England, the East Indies, China. A general breaking up of the old, to give place to New, is being inaugurated everywhere. What man of reflection can look calmly on current events, and not see the hand of Divine Providence in all these things? Men are to be made wiser and better by tribulation.

Fraternity Lecture.

The third lecture before the Fraternity was announced to be delivered by Gen. Butler, says the Post, but he was summoned to active service, and Theodore D. Weld was selected to fill his place. Mr. Weld's lecture was delivered November 10th, and was attended by a large audience, though not quite so numerous as have attended the previous lectures. Mr. Lang played upon the organ for half an hour before the lecturer came upon the platform, and his efforts were loudly applauded. These introductory performances form one of the attractions of the course of lectures, and are always well attended, and are listened to with much attention.

Mr. Weld announced that he should speak of the "Higher Law," a phrase which had been coined at and scorned since it was first uttered by Mr. Seward in a speech in Western New York ten or fifteen years ago. The laws of God are open to all, and the rage and the boor may study them with equal freedom. And the latter often learns more from his observation and natural tact than the former can glean with the assistance of his books. Even the fool knows that the fire burns, that it hardens clay and softens wax; that water will freeze, run down hill, float ships, tons and wreck them. He needs no teacher to learn him these and a thousand other similar things, but is at home in them all. He calls them natural and him a natural fool who says they are otherwise. The words law, cause and effect he never speaks and never will, but the things they stand for he has mastered, and he always acts upon his knowledge. He understands in the same way the operations of mental and moral laws, and, without knowing it, has soared to the heights of the higher law; indeed he was born there, and has never left the spot and never will. Every step from barbarism to civilization, from heathenism to Christianity, from despotism to democracy, has been a victory of the higher law, or rather of the one only law, the laws of Moses, Draco, Solon, Lycurgus, and the Justinian code were all founded upon this, and it was the only lamp that lighted up the dark ages till Luther re-illuminated them. In that light Hampden, Sydney and Milton stood revealed, and Mandefield, Sharpe and Blackstone broke the clouds that surrounded it, and it burst in full light upon our Declaration of Independence. The perfect day will come when the proclamation of President Lincoln has accomplished its work. Having thus considered what the higher law is, the lecturer proceeded to consider what it does. If the soul receives it willingly, it showers down blessings, but if it is received with scorn, its reaction. To illustrate this Mr. Weld desired to select some great crime, which had been fostered and assisted in its growth, until a reaction had come with terrible force upon its friends. He thought the history of slavery in this country was such an instance, and went on at some length to describe the evil of slavery, and the punishment which it brought upon the nation where it existed.

The next lecture will be by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

Strikes.

The frequency and extent of the strikes which are occurring at this time, stretching through all the cities from Boston to Washington, compel the attention of reflecting men. It is plain enough that they are the result of necessity, in the first place—the prices of necessities rising much faster than wages. To make the matter as equal as possible, and in order that the laborer shall have as much hire as he once did, proportioned to what it will buy for him in provisions, fuel, clothing, and the like—it is fair that an advance should be made in his pay. Hence the present combinations, extending from our eastern yards to the public offices in Washington. The men seem to have selected the present as the time when their demands would be most likely to prove successful. Indeed, some of their speakers frankly announce as much. That is all very natural. But even though their demand is a just one—as it certainly is, if wages have not been increased for two years, as some of them claim—it is to be borne in mind that by forcing their employers, who are under contract to the Government, to lie idle, they are directly blinding the operations of the Government itself, and at a time when it needs the whole services of all its men, to put to death this wicked rebellion. There is a rational limit even to the demands for justice. They should be made at the right time, and in the right way, or they fall through want of sympathy and cooperation on the part of the community. Both Labor and Capital have rights, and we believe that the proper adjustment of their rights and relations is one of the great questions of the years which are just before us. Let the poor mechanic have every cent that belongs to him, however. The wrong is rarely done on that side of the question.

Rev. Charles Beecher.

This gentleman, it appears, has been forced to resign his pastoral charge at Georgetown, in this State, owing to the very rank opposition to him entertained by the minority of his parish. The Essex County Conference of Churches has suspended the Georgetown Church from fellowship, because that Church insisted on retaining a pastor of their own choice. That pastor (Mr. Beecher) had been tried for "heresy," and duly convicted; but his congregation stuck to him still, and there was no way of driving him out of his parish. If not out of the Orthodox ministry, but by the step which the Essex Conference has finally taken. We trust that body is now easy in its mind. It must feel a little consoled, too, to reflect that the people of Georgetown have elected Mr. Beecher to the Legislature, and that their confidence in him is unimpaired, whatever these heated sectaries may think of him. What will these loving Christians (!) do when they meet in Heaven? We should not wonder if they actually quarreled for their privileges before the Throne. Their carryings-on here, at any rate, are ridiculously childish and malignant. No wonder they hate Spiritualism so badly.

Louis Napoleon's Case.

This gentleman is afflicted with another trouble than that of Mexico—personal and boisterous. The Russian bear does not plague him one half so much. Correspondents of London and New York papers, writing from Paris, say that he is not able to disguise any longer the fact that his old disease has laid its hand on him again, and this time heavily. It is openly stated that he is in imminent danger of being taken off at any time, and very suddenly. What he will leave behind him for a legacy, any of us can see for ourselves. His empire will be worth little enough, as an inheritance, to his boy, or to his wife; in fact, there is little fear of the French people troubling themselves with thoughts about his family, or their future. The next wave of war that sweeps over Europe, is likely to submerge them all.

Agency.

Dr. J. K. Coonley is authorized to take subscriptions for the BANNER or LIGHT. Mr. C. is doing good service in the lecturing field, and also in the healing art; he is not behind many of larger pretensions. We want everybody to subscribe for the BANNER, and Bro. Coonley will be always ready to take the gold piece.

Miss Lizette Doten at Lyceum Hall.

Miss Doten will speak in Lyceum Hall next Sunday, afternoon and evening. Those who were unable to gain admission to the hall when she last spoke here, will now have an opportunity to listen to this popular speaker.

New Publications.

PECULIAR. A TALE OF THE GREAT TRANSITION. By Spens Sargent. 1 vol., 12mo., 600 pp. New York: G. W. Carleton.

In this remarkable novel we have been agreeably surprised to find the author boldly declaring his belief in the spiritual phenomena. The story derives its singular title from one of the principal characters, an escaped negro slave, who has received from his master, half in jest and half in earnest, the name of "Peculiar Institution." The fact is founded on facts communicated by General Butler, showing that at the time of the occupation of New Orleans by the United States forces, it was not an uncommon thing to find among the female slaves, women so white as to be indistinguishable, both in features and in complexion, from the fairest Anglo Saxons. There is still displayed at the store of Williams & Everett, on Washington street, an iron instrument of torture taken from the neck of one of these suffering creatures. From the materials thus furnished—materials abounding in all the elements of the most passionate and engrossing drama—the author has constructed a novel, which, in profound and well sustained interest, and in that earnestness of purpose and sincerity of style which produce upon the reader the effect of literal truth, has been seldom equalled. The character-painting is excellent; and the grouping of the various scenes is executed with rare fidelity and skill. The description of a slave-auction in New Orleans has the vividness and spirit of one of Hogarth's pictures; and the dinner scene at the St. Charles Hotel, in which Senator Wigfall and the notorious George Saunders are introduced, would do credit to any modern humorist. Perhaps one of the finest comic scenes in the book is that between Pomplady and Maloney, the Irish tailor, in the chapter entitled "Making the best of it." Of the feminine portraits we will say nothing, except that we believe every woman's heart will recognize their truthfulness.

We will not detract by any analysis of the plot or exposure of the leading incidents from the curiosity with which the whole story will be read. Suffice it to say it is a book which is not likely to be confounded with the thousand and one fictions that are pouring from the press. It must be read by all who would keep pace with the highest literature of the day, for it is a work not only of the most engaging and delightful character as a novel, but one worthy of being preserved and often referred to for its passages replete, with a stirring eloquence and lofty spiritual wisdom; for its patriotic teachings, its words of consolation to the bereaved, its cheering views of life, and of the "great transition" to which we are all hastening. Joined to its thrilling interest as a story, "Peculiar" carries in its eloquent and glowing style the unimpaired impress of genius. The author of the work is a gentleman of the highest literary reputation, and so well and favorably known in the world of letters, that the mere announcement of a work from his pen is sufficient to secure thousands of readers. We commend this work to our readers as one which will especially interest them.

STRANGE STORIES OF A DETECTIVE OFFICE; OR, CRIMINALS OF CRIME. By an Ex-Detective, Dick Fitzgerald, publisher, 18 Ann street, New York. For sale by A. Williams & Co., 100 Washington street, Boston.

The above is the title of a book of near two hundred pages, made up of collections of stories, all of which have a strong personal interest, and some of them are extraordinary in their details, without being extravagant or improbable. An expert detective is called on to play a game of fence with men whose wits are sharpened by need, fear and profligacy; and the contests between skill and roguery in which he engages are attractive to all conditions of people. A perusal of the work will give the reader a pretty good idea of the annals of crime in large cities. The price of the work is fifty cents, sent by mail postage free.

BALLOON'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE for December is well filled with interesting stories and illustrations.

Miss Doten's Lecture.

Unintentionally we last week omitted to speak of Miss Doten's visit and lecture in this city. In obedience to the long-ago and most urgent request of Edgar A. Poe—whose spirit had many times communicated poetry to mankind through her adapted faculties—she entered upon her engagement with him at Clinton Hall last Monday evening.

Under the exalted auspices she delivered a peculiarly excellent discourse on the "Mysteries of Godliness." Her graceful manner and eloquent speaking attracted and lifted the audience. They listened with profound attention to her truthful and original exposition of the familiar text. Our reporter was present, and we shall, therefore, soon give her lecture to our readers. Succeeding the lecture came the promised poem from the spirit of Poe. His influence seemed to overwhelm her in a flood of power. It was his "Farewell to Earth"—a poem of unusual measure and merit. It was fully reported, and will be incorporated in her new book of poems about to be issued.

The New York friends with warm hearts welcomed Miss Doten to the platform, the "Harmonical Chord" greeted her with harmonious strains, and the audience thanked her for mediocrity so complete and convincing.—*Herald of Progress*, Nov. 14.

Mrs. Laura Cuppy.

This lady occupied the platform of the Lyceum Society in this city on Sunday, Nov. 8th. She is from Dayton, Ohio, and this was her first appearance in the New England States. Her personal appearance is much in her favor, giving unmistakable evidence of refinement and culture. She was greeted with intelligent audiences, which crowded the hall.

In the afternoon she spoke upon "Sin and Sorrow," and her Lessons to the Human Family," in which she made a noble plea for fallen humanity; gave a touching and sympathetic picture of life's sorrow, and closed with a cheering view of the benefits and rewards which await all as the result of earthly unrighteousness.

Her evening theme was: "The Present Crisis—its causes and probable results." A photographic report of which will be found on our eighth page. Mrs. C. speaks in Dodworth's Hall, New York, on next two Sabbaths.

A National Academy.

In New York has recently been laid the cornerstone of a new National Academy of Design. With the elegance of the architecture and the cost of the general undertaking we are not about to speak; but simply of the rapid growth which the spirit of Beauty, which is the spirit of Truth, is making in this country. There are to be several Schools of Art taught within this Academy, to each of which appropriate rooms will be devoted; and there will likewise be a lecture room, a library and council-room, and magnificent picture galleries. This is the first Academy of Fine Arts on this side of the Atlantic.

Chelsea Meetings.

The Spiritualists in Chelsea opened meetings in the Library Hall last Sunday, U. Clark lecturing in the afternoon and evening. Many friends in that place will gladly cooperate in establishing regular Sunday assemblies.

A Quiet Hint.

As the long evenings grow close, now is just the right season to subscribe for the BANNER or LIGHT, one of the most interesting papers within our knowledge. Friends, tell your neighbors to take it. Don't be diffident in a good cause.

Peter Doherty,
Ah, well, there's trouble this side as well as on the
side. The rebels is in trouble, and the Yankees is

Mediums in Boston.

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AT NO. 9 DAVIN STREET, is now open as before for the
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Patients will be attended at their homes as heretofore
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First floor from Boston, and at the same time, at the residence from 8 a.m. until 9 p.m. Mrs. J. will visit the sick at the residence from 8 to 9 p.m. 3mo Nov. 7.

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TRIO PHYSICIAN, cures all diseases that are curable.
Nervous and diagnostic feelings removed. Admits, Treats,
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Jesse's Emerson street, Sunville, Ind. July 11

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plants, or a few questions answered by mail for no cost.
Sick at home, or in the street, you can come—(all day),
through life. Index: 215, 216, 217, 218.

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1948. 17 June

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