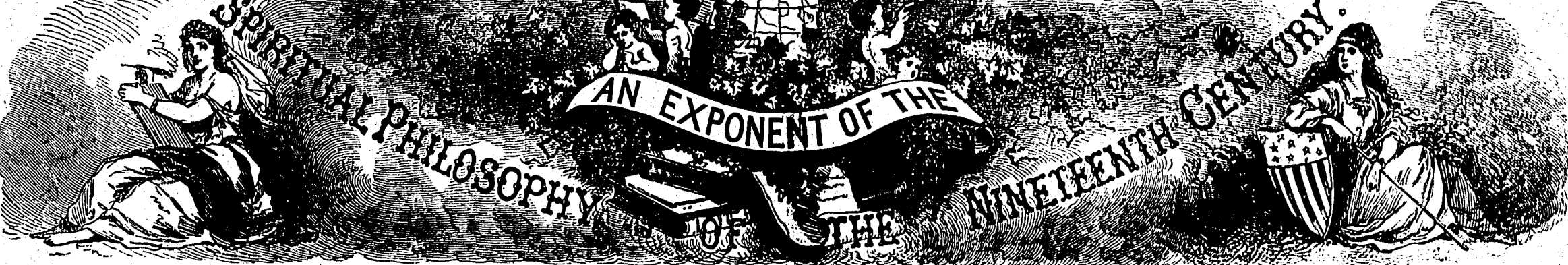


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XXVI.

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BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1869.

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NO. 6.

## THE TWO SIDES OF THE RIVER.

BY WILLIAM MORRIS.

**THE YOUTH.**  
Oh winter, oh white winter, wert thou gone  
No more within the wilds were I alone,  
Leaping with bent bow over creek and stone;  
No more alone, my love, the lamp should burn,  
Watching the weary spindle twist and turn,  
Or e'er the web hold back her tears and years.  
Oh winter, oh white winter, wert thou gone!

**THE MAIDENS.**  
Sweet thoughts fly swifter on the drifting snow,  
And with the twining thread a round longings grow,  
And o'er the web sweet pictures come and go;  
For no white winter are we long alone.

**THE YOUTH.**  
Oh stream, so changed, what hast thou done to me,  
That I thy glittering food no more can see  
Wreathing with white her fair feet lovingly?  
See in the rain she stands; and looking down  
With frightened eyes upon thy whirlpools brown,  
Drops to her feet again her girled gown.  
Oh hurrying, turbid stream, what hast thou done?

**THE MAIDENS.**  
The clouds lift, telling of a fairer day,  
When through the thin stream I shall take my way,  
Girt round with gold, and garlanded with May,  
What rushing stream can keep us long alone?

**THE YOUTH.**  
Oh burning Sun! Oh master of unrest!  
Why must we, toiling, cast away the best,  
Now when the bird sings by his empty nest?  
See, with my garland lying at her feet,  
In lonely labor stands my own, my sweet,  
Above the quern, half-filled with half-ground wheat.  
Oh red taskmaster, that thy flames were done!

**THE MAIDENS.**  
Oh love, to-night across the half-moon plain,  
Shall I not go to meet the yellow wain,  
A look of love at end of toll to gain?  
What flaming sun can keep us long alone?

**THE YOUTH.**  
To-morrow, said I, is grape-gathering o'er;  
To-morrow and our loves are twined no more.  
To-morrow came, to bring us woe and wail,  
What have I done, that I should stand with these,  
Harkening the dread shouts borne upon the breeze,  
While she, far off, sits weeping 'neath her trees?  
Alas! oh kings, what is it ye have done?

**THE MAIDENS.**  
Come, love, delay not, come and slay my dread;  
Already is the banquet-table spread,  
In the cool chamber flower-strewn is my bed.  
Come, love; what king can keep us long alone?

**THE YOUTH.**  
Oh city, city, open thou thy gate;  
See with life snatched from out the hand of fate,  
Still on this glittering triumph must I wait.  
Are not her hands stretched out to me? her eyes,  
Are they not weary as each new hope dies,  
And long before her still the long road lies?  
Oh golden city, vain would I be gone!

**THE MAIDENS.**  
Art thou art happy amid shouts and songs,  
And all that unto conquering glory belongs,  
Night hath for me no fear, and day no wrongs.  
What brazen city gates can keep us long?

**THE YOUTH.**  
Oh long, long road, how bare thou art, and gray;  
Hill after hill thou climbest, and the day  
Is ended now, oh moonlit, endless way!  
And she is standing where the rushes grow,  
And still with white hand shades her anxious brow,  
Though 'neath the world the sun has fallen now.  
Oh dreary road, when will thy longues be done?

**THE MAIDENS.**  
Oh tremble thou, gray road, or do my feet  
Tremble with joy thy flinty face to meet,  
Because my love's eyes soon mine eyes shall greet?  
No heart thou hast to keep us long alone.

**THE YOUTH.**  
Oh wilt thou no'er depart, thou heavy night?  
When will thy shining bring on the morning bright,  
That leads my weary feet to my delight?  
Why lingerest thou, filling with wandering fears  
My lone love's tired heart; her eyes with tears,  
For thoughts like sorrow for the vanished years?  
Weaver of ill thoughts, when wilt thou be gone?

**THE MAIDENS.**  
Love, to the East are thine eyes turned, as mine,  
In patient watching for the night's decline?  
And hast thou noted this gray widening line?  
Can any darkness keep us long alone?

**THE YOUTH.**  
Oh day! oh day! is this a little thing  
That thou so long unto thy life must cling,  
Because I gave thee such a welcoming?  
I called thee king of all felicity,  
I praised thee that thou bringest joy so nigh,  
Thine hours are turned to years; thou wilt not die.  
Oh day so longed for, would that thou wert gone!

**THE MAIDENS.**  
The light falls, love; the long day soon shall be  
Laid by a positive, happy memory.  
Blessed for the sales it sold to me and me,  
How hard it was, oh love, to be alone.

## GARIBALDI.

BY JOHN G. WHITTING.

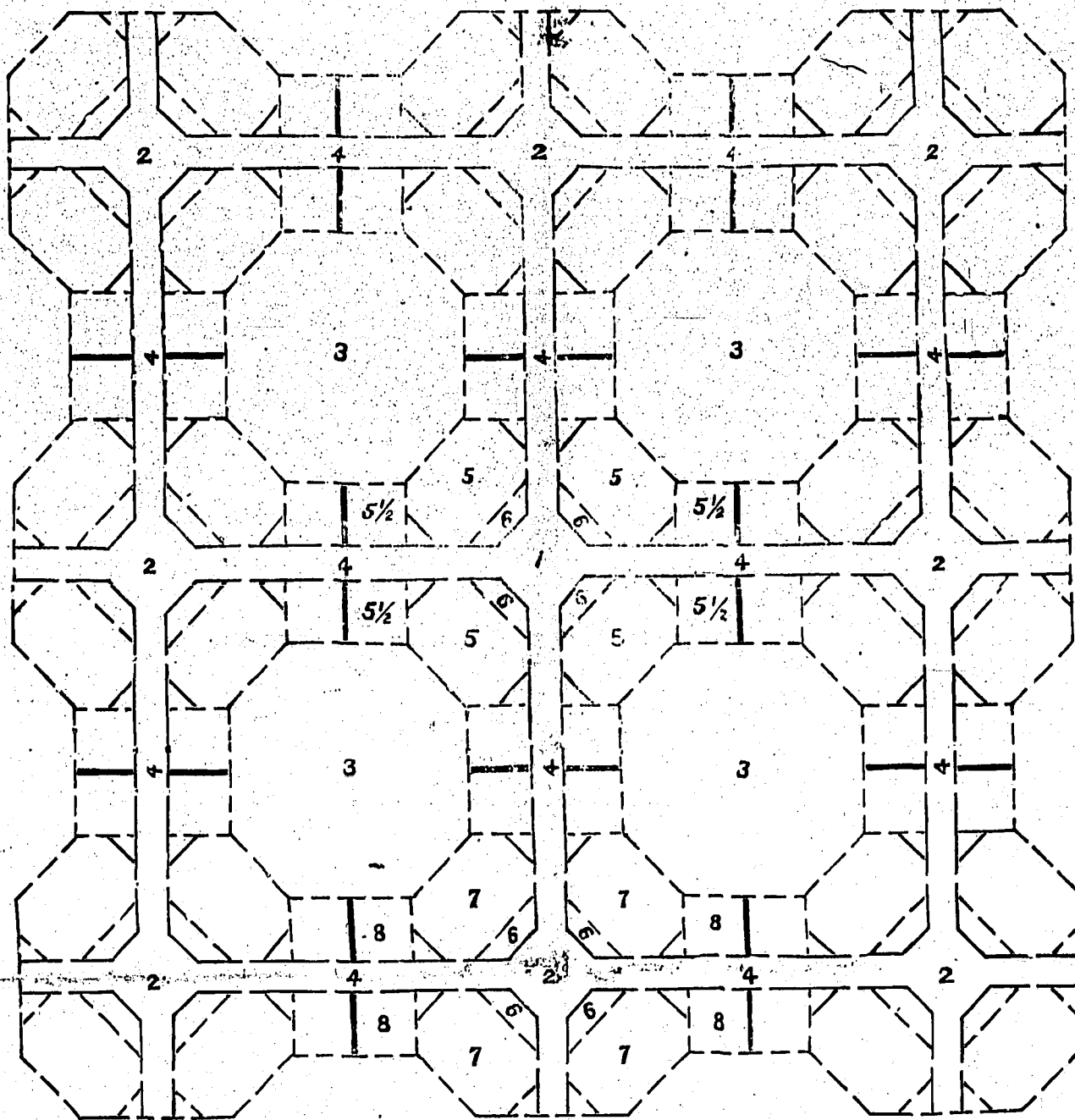
In trance and dream of old, God's prophet saw  
The casting down of thrones. Then watching lone  
The hot Sardinian coast-line, hazy-hill,  
Where, ringing round Capra's rocky zone  
With foam, the slow waves gather and withdraw,  
Behold! the vision of the sea-filled  
And hear! the sea winds burdened with a sound  
Of fallen chains, as one by one, unbound,  
The nations lift their right hand up and swear  
Their oath of freedom. From the white wall  
Of England, from the black Carpathian range,  
Along the Danube, and the Thebes, through all  
The passes of the Spanish Pyrenees,  
And from the Seine's thronged banks, a murmur strange  
And glad flows to thee o'er thy summer seas  
On the salt wind that stirs thy whitening hair—  
The song of Freedom's bloodless victories!  
Rejoice, oh Garibaldi! Though thy sword  
Fell at Rome's gates, and blood seemed vainly poured  
Where, in Christ's name, the crowned infidel  
Of France wrought murder with the arms of hell  
On that sad mountain slope whose ghastly dead,  
Unmuffled of the gray exorcist's ban,  
Walk, unappeased, the chambered Vatican,  
And draw the curtains of Napoleon's bed!  
God's providence is not blind, but full of eyes,  
It searches all the refuge of lies;  
And in His time and way, the acquired things  
Before whose evil feet the battle-page  
Has clashed defiance from thy youth to age  
Shall perish. All men shall be priests and kings,  
One royal brotherhood, one church made free  
By love, which is the law of liberty!

—[Atlantic Monthly for October.]

## THE INDIAN SUMMER.

Oh! beautiful Indian Summer!  
Thou favorite child of the year,  
Thou darling, whom Nature enriches  
With gifts and adornments so dear!  
How fair would we were thee to linger  
On mountain and meadow awhile,  
For our haunts, like the sweet haunts of Nature,  
Rejoice and grow young in thy smile.  
Not alone to the sad fields of autumn  
Dost thou a lost brightness restore,  
But thou bringest a world of glory  
Sweet dreams of its childhood once more;  
Thy loveliness fills us with memories  
Of all that was brightest and best—  
Thy peace and grace from off  
A foretaste of heavenly rest.

## GROUPED DWELLINGS—NEW IDEAS IN ARCHITECTURE.



## ECONOMICAL, CONVENIENT CITY RESIDENCES.

### Editors Banner of Light:

Many if not all your readers must be interested in what relates to the supply of convenient tenements, at moderate rents, and in which there is sufficient provision for light, ventilation, drainage and other conditions hitherto much neglected, and I have thought that you might be glad to reproduce in your paper an engraving, prepared and published by the New York Journal of Commerce, on the 21st of August, of a group of edifices intended for city use, not only as residences, but for all purposes, public and private equally.

The editors of the Journal say that "architects, as a class, are too much wedded to old forms, or follow too closely the prevalent fashion of an age," and they have had this plan engraved at considerable expense, to show that it is possible to introduce some new ideas, and that they are disposed to encourage the good work of providing comfortable homes for all our people.

If the plan seems to you, as to the editors of the Journal, one possessing merit, I shall be glad to have it appear in the Banner.

DAVID WILDER.

### GENERAL DESCRIPTION.

The edifices are to have four equal fronts, each 210 feet (not including walls) and on each front are three doors, opening to the street from halls which intersect the building and permit ready egress by means of eight separate stairways, reaching from base to dome of each central building, so that in case of fire, or other emergency, the means of escape shall be ample, and not limited, as in buildings now being constructed in this city, to a single door.

The engraving shows the plan of the second floor, to which all the others correspond substantially, though on each the partitions can be dispensed with partially, and the space required for halls for public use readily obtained.

### FAIRIES.

Amongst other curious tales connected with the lore of Welsh Fairies is the following:

"A young man had just quitted an adjacent farm-house early one fine summer's morning, when he heard a little bird singing in the most enchanting strain on a tree close by. Allured by the melody, he sat down under it until the music ceased, when he arose, supposing a few minutes only had elapsed, but his surprise may well be imagined when he saw the tree withered and barkless. Returning full of astonishment to the house, he found that changed too, and no one within but an old man whom he had never seen before. He asked him what he was doing there? upon which the old man abruptly inquired who was he that dared insult him in his own house? 'In your own house where's my father and mother,' said he, 'whom I left here a few minutes since, while I listened to the most charming music under your tree, when I arose, was withered and leafless, and all things, too, seemed changed.' 'Under the tree—music!—what is your name?' 'John,' said he. 'Poor John!' cried out the old man; 'I heard my grandfather, who was your father, often speak of you, and long did

But the four stories above the basement, which is intended for business purposes, are calculated for dwellings, and contain thirty-two parlors (No. 7) each 17x25 feet; forty bedrooms (No. 8) 12x12 feet; and also thirty-two large closets (No. 6), and fifty-six smaller closets 3x6 feet.

In the centre of the group, lighted from four open areas (No. 3) 48x48 feet, is a building intended for all those purposes which are common to the whole, and in this is an elevator (No. 1); dining, school, reading-rooms, &c., (No. 5 and 6) connected by halls (No. 4) six feet wide, with all portions of the building. At the top of this central building, and not in the basement, are all the kitchens and laundries required by the occupants of the group, and the work in these is to be carried on by artists, and not by drudges who have no interest in performing it properly.

Your readers know, if others do not, that the quality of food and the effect produced upon us by our clothing, is due to something besides what appears externally, and that it is vitally important that both should be prepared by persons properly qualified.

And it is also important that steam, smoke and odor of food, should not be permitted to fill the whole building, by the use of the basement for cooking and washing, and therefore we insist upon reversing the mode hitherto adopted, and placing all these operations as high up as possible.

It is also provided that under each stairway (No. 2), there shall be a furnace, or other heating apparatus, from which the smoke passes vertically, and the heat nearly so, through flues in the closets (No. 6).

There is space in these closets for other pipes and flues, including those for ventilation, so that the necessity for horizontal plying, except the mains in the cellar, will be measurably avoided.

The plan contemplates, among other novelties,

the introduction of an ample supply of pure air, free from dust, summer and winter, of the proper temperature and humidity, and through channels as much under control and regulation as those used for water, drainage, gas and ventilation.

It had also been provided, prior to the introduction of earth closets, so highly and justly recommended by the advocates of sanitary reform, that a similar contrivance should be introduced, using, however, fine anthracite, or other ashes, in place of earth; the former being always readily obtainable without cost, and having been proved more than twenty years since, by my own experience, to be well adapted for the purpose.

I may, perhaps, properly add, in conclusion, that the plan now offered has resulted from my observation as a housekeeper, for more than thirty years, during which period I have been considering the wants of others beside myself; and I believe that when it comes to be understood, and the natural repugnance to new things has disappeared, it will be found not only well adapted to meet the necessities of great numbers of our people, who seek comfortable though not costly accommodations; but serve for public purposes equally, and perhaps enable us to say that we have contrived a new, strictly American, order of architecture, founded primarily upon our wants as they now exist, and not necessarily upon the dead past.

Our purpose should be, having due regard to harmonious exteriors, to secure the largest amount of available space with the least expenditure of means, and if possible, supply small families, as well as large, with just sufficient room without unnecessary cost for that which is for the time useless.

This result, I believe, can be reached by the proposed plan, and I shall hope that after a reasonable time it may find general acceptance. For that, I can wait.

must be carried away. The whole of this scene was invisible to those who stood without the margin of the lake; only an indistinct mass was seen in the middle, and it was observed that no bird would fly over the water, and that a soft strain of music at times breathed with rapturous sweetness in the breeze of the morning.

It happened upon one of these annual visits that a sacrilegious wretch, when about to leave the garden, put a flower, with which he had been presented, in his pocket; but the theft had been no good. As soon as he had touched unhallowed ground, the flower vanished, and he lost his senses. Of this injury the fair family took no notice at the time; they dismissed their guests with their accustomed courtesy, and the door was closed as usual, but their resentment ran high; for though the Tylwyth Teg and their garden undoubtedly occupy the spot to this day, though the birds still keep at a respectful distance from the lake, and some broken strains of music are still heard at times, yet the door which led to the island was never reopened.

Some time after this, an adventurous person attempted to draw off the water, in order to discover its contents, when a terrible form arose from the midst of the lake, commanding him to desist, or otherwise he would drown the country.

## Original Essay.

### LABOR, AND INTEREST, AND CRIME.

BY FREDERICK ROBINSON.

In saying that interest on money is crime, I did not mean to be understood that it was legally so in any civilized nation, but that it was a contrivance of the governing classes, whereby the surplus labor of the people might be drawn into their hands without returning an equivalent in personal labor, either of body or brain. In what I have said upon this subject I did not expect the approval of many persons. I suppose that the people are not ready for this reform. Too many are hoping for the pleasure, power and luxury which interest on money confers.

I hold that money is not wealth, but simply a measure of value, established, like all other measures, by the sovereignty of nations. It is the quantity and not the quality of money that control prices. If we double the currency, prices double, and vice versa. I hold with the late Mr. Stephens that Congress is not confined to any particular material in the creation thereof. It is the image and superscription of sovereignty that makes it money, and not the material of which it is made. It is a fiat of sovereignty. It needs little if any intrinsic value. A paper currency, created by Congress, will measure out the value of things as accurately as if made of silver and gold, and more accurately, because the amount may be fixed by law, and not liable to increase or diminution, and then prices would only vary in consequence of plenty or scarcity of productions. But a gold and silver currency, made to correspond with the value of the uncolored metal of which it is made, must constantly diminish in value from the increased productiveness of the mines. Even now a currency of this kind does not answer as an accurate measure of value. For the debt that may be paid at the end of twenty or forty years in silver or gold dollars may not then measure out half as much wealth as they do now. This constant increase of what is called the precious metals, must finally necessitate the adoption of a paper currency of a fixed amount by all nations. And then it will be found that the value of gold and silver has been kept up only by the use of them as a currency, and they will then drop down to their rightful value as merchantable materials. We have seen by the use of our fractional currency that it needs upon it no promise of payment. It is enough to stamp upon it the amount for which it shall pass, without redemption, except the redemption of old currency with new. And a currency of this kind, I say, will be a better measure of value, if the amount is fixed by law, than an ever increasing amount of gold and silver. It matters not of what the measure made, provided it always measures the same.

The right of making money and taking interest upon it belongs to the government alone, and should be used for the benefit of the whole people, in defraying the expenses of government instead of other kinds of taxation. The privilege of making paper money by the rich, and taking interest upon it, is a usurpation of the rightful power of the whole people, and is a robbery to the full amount of the principal and interest in this way obtained. We occasionally hear of the benefactions of great bankers, and we rejoice in their liberality, but it would be better if the millions thus obtained had not been collected. How true it is that history repeats itself. In the dark ages, when open robbery was a respectable employment, and one had accumulated his million by rapine and murder, if then he made a few donations to the poor, or endowed a church, he was lauded to the skies as a benefactor of mankind. It is impossible to become excessively rich by honest industry alone.

If we mean to be a nation of free and equal men and women we must cease to imitate the monarchical and aristocratical governments of Europe. These governments can only exist by contrivances to elevate the thousands over the millions, and in order to attach the rich and influential to kindly despotic power, nothing has proved so successful as to dole out to them a part of the national sovereignty over the currency, and to confer upon them a part of the prerogative of taxation, in the shape of interest upon their countless paper issues. But wherever this system has long existed, it has absorbed the wealth of the nation. All the landed and other property of Great Britain is now held by a few thousands, among a population of thirty millions, and has already reduced the laboring classes to a condition of quasi servitude, and the same causes must eventually produce the same effects among us.

I have said that money is not like anything else in the world. It is not a production of industry, but a creation of government. It is not a consumable article, and is not injured by use. It contains, therefore, none of the elements of traffic and gain. If I borrow anything else, I ought to pay for the use of it, because it is a production of industry and consumption, and I ought to pay for the wear and tear thereof; so if I hire a house, I ought to pay the rent to keep the house in repair, and for all the care and expenses incident to the ownership thereof. But no such reasons can be given for the payment of interest. If I borrow money, the use of it does in no way injure the value thereof. I can return it to the lender in just as good condition as I received it. He may loan it or not, just as he pleases. He can therefore receive no wrong in denying to him the privilege of taxing the community for the use of it. Money is a creation of government as a measure of value, and to pass from hand to hand in exchange of commodities, and it has a right to say that the thing which it has created for this purpose, shall be used for this purpose exclusively, and shall not be perverted from its legitimate end for the benefit of usurers, sharpers, gamblers, speculators and capitalists; then the thousands











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## Banner of Light.

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### A Sick Mind.

The following is the text of a note written by  
that truly remarkable man, Thomas Carlyle, to  
the author of a poem which had forwarded the  
critic a copy for his private reading:

"CHICHESTER, London, 19th January, 1869.  
DEAR SIR: At last I receive your pamphlet,  
and have read it with what attention and  
appreciation I could bestow.

Considerable faculties of mind are manifested  
in it; powers of intellect, of imagination; a serious  
earnest character; here and there a tone of  
sombre eloquence, and vestiges of real literary  
skill.

But my constant regret was, and is, to see such  
powers operating in a field so unimportant, and  
lying beyond the limits of man's intelligence.  
These are not thoughts, which you give; they are  
huge, gaunt, vacant dreams—for ever incapable, by  
nature, of being either affirmed or denied.

My clear advice, therefore, would be, give up all  
that; resign to employ your intellect, on things  
which are of use to the world; to seek good seed  
in the realm of mere cloud and shadow. The highest  
intellect which issues in no certainty has com-  
pletely failed. The world of practice and fact is  
the true arena for its inhabitants; wide enough  
for any or all of its intellects; and never lay  
more encumbered with sordid darkness and per-  
nicious delusions than even now.

Real intellect might write with advantage on  
such things; better still perhaps, it might remain  
silent, and bend its whole force on illuminating  
one's own poor path in such a wilderness; on  
more and more clearly ascertaining, for at least  
one earnest man, *What to do, and how to do it!*

Probably you will not adopt this advice, almost  
certainly not at once; nor shall that dishearten me  
at all. Your tract I found throughout to be rather  
pleasant reading, and to have a certain interest;  
nothing in it, except one small section, treating  
of a thing I never mention unless when com-  
pelled—the thing which calls itself 'Spiritualism'  
(which might more fitly be called 'Ultra-NATURAL-  
ISM,' and 'LITURGY of Dead-Souls'), was dis-  
agreeable to me.

Yours with many good wishes,

T. CARLYLE."

We have thus given the whole of this *outré*  
production of Carlyle, that the reader may be-  
come the better judge of its real temper and aim.  
It is obvious that it is the speculations contained  
in the poem that have provoked the ire of the  
Chelsea sage, since he appears to direct his  
advice, as well as his objections, against the en-  
tire tendency of dealing, even in meditation, with  
unseen and spiritual things. At first blush, on  
reading this strange outburst of mental ill-will,  
one would be apt to say that the writer is hope-  
lessly, incurably, and eternally given over to the  
worship of materialism. He counsels men of  
real intellect to write, if they insist on writing at  
all, on "practice and fact," declaring that to be  
enough for them. He says that that world is the  
true arena for the inhabitants of the earth, wide  
enough for the activity of all intellects, and to be  
cleared of the "sordid darkness and pernicious delu-  
sions" that encumber it.

Precisely so, Mr. Carlyle! We extend our  
hand in fraternal sympathy on that point. But  
we beg to ask you how that darkness and those  
delusions which lay so heavily on the world  
around us, are to be lifted, cleared away by any  
further "writing" of the dogmatical sort. The  
world, we judge, has had quite enough of that al-  
ready. There is ecclesiastical tyranny, political  
tyranny, and social tyranny, to keep the mind of  
man in fetters perpetually. Mankind struggles  
for release. How is it to come, and whence?  
Surely not by continuing the old methods; not by  
hugging the delusions that now encumber us; not  
by traveling paths already worn by weary feet  
until nothing more will grow under them. The  
world, it is painfully evident, cannot be healed by  
any of the old quackery. It cannot receive a  
new influx of power from the old quarter. It  
pleads in vain for help to those who long since  
have confessed their inability to render it. Yet  
the case is urgent, multitudes are suffering in an  
unwilling bondage, the air of the prison house is  
growing more and more stifling, and the univer-  
sal prayer goes up for relief. It must be instant,  
and it must be sufficient. Who is to appear with  
it? In what direction is the new Saviour to be  
looked for?

Clearly, nothing is more certain than that a  
new inspiration is required; not perhaps by any  
unrecognized methods, but coming down from  
heaven into the minds and hearts of men as the  
silent and refreshing dews are distilled upon the  
grateful earth. In truth, materialism had so got  
the better of men, had so completely blocked the  
avenues of free thought, stopped the ways of  
speculation, and plaited up every chink and  
cranny through which light might enter the  
soul of man, that there was no more of release  
and relief except that which an entirely new in-  
flux of power was competent to supply. And  
that is the work assigned of heaven to Spiritual-  
ism. Men in the pride of intellect, who found  
their preconceived prejudices and their cherished  
pride brought to the dust by the matchless sim-  
plicity of its teachings and humility of its doc-  
trine, would naturally be expected to resist them  
as Mr. Carlyle has done. Spiritualism is some-  
thing that does not jump with their habits of  
thought, their mental temper, and their egotistic  
hopes. It comes down from above for the very  
purpose of shattering the idols that have been so  
long cherished, and for that reason they utterly  
refuse to have anything to do with its signifi-  
cations.

In Carlyle's case, it is matter of notoriety that  
he is the victim of chronic mental disease, and he  
is to be met with corresponding clarity. Of his  
instinctive devotion to what is eminently spiri-  
tual in life, in literature, and in the studies of his  
fellow-men, we require no more conclusive proof  
than is furnished on page after page of his noble  
criticisms and essays—a matchless series—on  
German literature, in the reviews of thirty and  
forty years ago. There he has indelibly stamped  
the impress of a belief which his open mind and  
aspiring soul held fast. Since those days he has  
grown sick in mind, and all his thoughts and  
speculations have taken on, perhaps involuntarily,  
the hue of despondency and despair. He has

prided himself on portraying these sentiments as  
Byron did that other sentiment of a contemptu-  
ous and lonely hatred of man and all his affairs.  
Carlyle's passion, however, grew out of a more  
healthy feeling. He abominated every species of  
cant, not more in literature than in religion; and  
in struggling for that expression which would  
seem to adequately relieve the throes of his mind,  
he unconsciously drove his faculties over into the  
opposite extreme of impatience and contempt;  
and out of this condition of mind sprang that  
strange development which took the final form of  
a blind worship of physical strength and the  
rudest heroism of force. A strange spectacle  
enough, that of a man of rare, of the rarest in-  
tellectual gifts and power, become the blind wor-  
shipper of brute strength!

If men who are struggling in the chaotic seas  
of doubt and unbelief, who find nothing to lift up  
their souls in the dogmas that have been worn  
out with continued handling and bandying, will  
accept the advice of Mr. Carlyle in respect to the  
conduct of life, seeking for true and living inspi-  
ration in their actions from the source whence it  
ever comes, and which Spiritualism has made  
plain and palpable by a new and grand revela-  
tion, there need no longer be any fears for the re-  
gression of the human mind, the decay of the  
life and power of the human soul, or the despon-  
dency of men over their hopes of earthly happi-  
ness.

### Music Hall Spiritual Meetings.

The regular course of lectures in Music Hall,  
Boston, was opened successfully, on Sunday af-  
ternoon, October 10th, with a discourse by Mrs.  
Cora L. Y. Tappan. The subject: "SPIRITUAL  
ETHICS." The lecture, which was able and elo-  
quent, was listened to with marked attention by  
the large audience present.

Mr. Tappan will lecture each Sunday after-  
noon during October, and her themes will be con-  
tinuous, embracing the Science, Philosophy and  
Religion of Spiritualism.

We shall publish full reports of these lectures  
from time to time. The first will appear in our  
forthcoming issue.

The Post of the 11th, alluding to the opening  
of the above meetings, holds the following lan-  
guage:

"The first lecture of the third course in the Spiritual  
philosophy was delivered in Music Hall yesterday afternoon,  
by Mrs. Cora L. Y. Tappan, to a large audience. Mrs. Tappan,  
in commencement, said that in spiritual ethics the time  
had arrived when instead of fighting for a mere existence,  
and struggling against the anomalies of prejudice, super-  
stition and bigotry, the science and religion of Spiritualism  
claimed a positive and affirmative place in the world of  
thought. All that could be said of any science was that it  
illustrated a principle. Spirit was a term, absolute, sim-  
ple, not a compound, unalterable, unmodifiable, unimpro-  
vable. It could not be measured by comparison with any  
other substance. There was no difference between spirit  
and matter, because there was no likeness which assumed a  
similarity. As with spirit, so with matter; the esteem of  
matter was unchangeable, inactive, wholly without  
power; mind or spirit, was active, aggressive, all potent,  
all power; and this constituted in its essential analysis all  
the relationship which there was between matter and spirit.  
Those materialists who attempted to show that spirit was  
altered matter fell short of their purpose, for spirit was  
absolute substance, and those who attempted to say that the  
soul was the outgrowth of matter, fell short of a comprehen-  
sion of the subject, for neither was an outgrowth of the  
other. Body was shaped, formed, controlled and moved by  
spirit. No matter could ever become spirit; no spirit  
could ever become matter. In its general life, spirit con-  
stituted everything that there was of life in all creation.  
The unfolding of the germ was in eternity. Here, said the  
speaker, we break off a stem. Is that the flower? Is that any  
part of the loveliness that is to be shown you? Yes, answer  
her. In the great cycle which makes up the soul's exis-  
tence, neither you nor I have any right to judge of its per-  
fectness, or its imperfection, for we only see what would be  
but one piece of a stem as compared to a full blown  
flower. The lecture, from beginning to end, was listened to  
with the profoundest attention, and to judge from the effects  
of the first, the future ones of the course will be extensively  
attended. Mr. Lewis B. Wilson, whose efficient and faithful  
management has past courses of lectures, and who, of all  
his friends, has determined to spare no labors to render the  
present as interesting as they have been."

The singing was rendered by the quartette in  
an artistic manner, and was an acceptable feature  
in the exercises. Miss Crossman's accompani-  
ment on a Chickering Grand Piano, was faultless.  
The choir consists of Miss Loud, soprano, Mr.  
Winter, tenor, and Mr. and Mrs. Turner, all accom-  
plished vocalists.

### London, England.

James Burns, Esq. of London, has just com-  
menced a course of lectures on "The Science of  
Human Nature," at 15 Southampton Row, Bloom-  
sbury Square, Holborn, London, W. C., to continue  
every Tuesday evening for twelve weeks. Stu-  
dents who avail themselves of this course will re-  
ceive ample value for their money, as the prac-  
tical knowledge imparted will be a useful key to  
their future reading and observation. The course  
will embrace a general outline of physiology, di-  
etetics, the laws of health, the treatment of dis-  
ease, the temperaments, phrenology, the laws of  
mediumship, and principles of Spiritualism. The  
lectures will be practical, and students will be  
individually instructed in the details of the sub-  
jects presented. Ample illustrations will be af-  
forded by means of diagrams, preparations from  
nature, models, skulls, busts, and the living or-  
ganism. The oxy-hydrogen microscope will also  
be called into requisition.

Mr. Burns has established a Progressive Lib-  
rary and Spiritualist Depository, at No. 15, as named  
above, where all works pertaining to Spiritual-  
ism and general reforms can be obtained. Also a  
publishing office and a shop for the sale of books,  
and a reading-room, where may be found all the  
spiritual and progressive publications of the  
world. A drawing-room has been fitted up for  
the especial accommodation of ladies and sub-  
scribers; also private rooms for séances and com-  
mittee meetings. The subscription, entitling to  
all the privileges of the establishment, including  
the use of two books at a time from the Library  
for home perusal, is 21s. per annum.

Mr. Burns is now publisher of two monthly pe-  
riodicals, "The Spiritual Magazine" and "Human  
Nature." He is certainly an energetic and enter-  
prising man, and deserves well of the public he  
strives so hard to accommodate and instruct.

### Gone Home.

Mrs. Mary Ann Pearson, wife of Mr. Sewall  
Pearson, of Boston, while on a visit to Gloucester,  
Mass., passed calmly and quietly away from the  
sufferings of earth, on October 10th, aged 55 years.  
Her disease was scrofulous consumption. She  
was a well known medium for spirit communi-  
cation, and her physical departure will be missed  
by a large circle of friends. She passed on in the  
full possession of her faculties, and with a firm  
faith of her ability to return in days that are to  
come.

### Salem, Mass.

The Spiritualists of Salem gave Moses Hull a  
hearty welcome, Sunday, Oct. 10th. The large  
Lycium Hall was filled with an audience that  
highly relished his discourses. He will lecture  
week evenings when called for. He lectures in  
New York in January and February.

### Lowell.

Sunday, Oct. 10th, A. E. Carpenter addressed a  
large audience in Lowell, on the subject of Spir-  
itualism. It is the design to hold regular meet-  
ings there during the winter. The Children's Ly-  
ceum is in good working condition, and well at-  
tended. The meetings are held in Wells Hall.

**"The Woman who Dared."**  
The new poem under the above title, by Mr.  
Epes Sargent, was published on the 15th inst., by  
Roberts Brothers, Boston, there having been a  
demand for it, prior to publication, which exhaust-  
ed several editions. It is not only a poem in the  
best sense of the word, but a story of profound in-  
terest, full of passages that will be read with liv-  
ely satisfaction by Spiritualists, as well as by all  
who would enlarge the present condition of woman  
and enlarge her opportunities of developing her  
own nature in her own way.

Of course there is much in the poem that will  
be assailed by the conservative sentiment of the  
country; but with the spirit that breathes through  
the work no one can find fault. It is devout,  
reverential, philosophical and sympathetic; and  
every true woman will, we think, feel grateful to  
the author for this eloquent plea in behalf of the  
sex.

The best commendation of the poem will be to  
give a few extracts. Passing by the "Overture,"  
perhaps the most remarkable part of the whole  
work, we choose such passages as will indicate  
the polemical drift. There are a number of charm-  
ing little lyrics scattered through the story, of  
which we select one. The book is a beautiful vol-  
ume of 270 pages, and will form an admirable gift  
for the holidays. It is sold at \$1.50, bound in cloth,  
at which price we can forward it to any part of  
the country postage free.

### THE SOUL'S LATENT POWERS.

"Let do not think  
The inner presence never stirred or spoke;  
Vell'd though it be from consciousness so strangely,  
And its true voice unheard amid the din  
Of outward things, the quest of earthly passion,  
There is an under-sea, a faculty  
All independent of our mortal organs,  
And circumscribed by neither space nor time.  
Else whence proceed they, those clairvoyant glimpses,  
That vision piercing to the distant future,  
Those quick intuitions of impending ruin,  
If not from depths of soul which consciousness,  
Limited as it is, is mortal scope,  
May not explore? Yet there serenely latent,  
Or with a conscious being all their own,  
Superior and apart from what we know  
In this close keep we call our waking state,  
Lie growing with our growth the lofty powers  
We seek not of; which some may live a life  
And never heed, nor know they have a soul;  
Which many a shuddering anthropologist,  
Philosopher, logician, Scientist,  
Ignore as moonshine; but which are, no less,  
Actual, proven, and, in their dignity  
And grasp and space-defying attributes,  
Worthy to qualify a deathless spirit  
To have the range of an infinity  
Through an unending period—at once  
A promise and a proof of life immortal."

### WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

"Perceive-eyed me with a puzzled look,  
Then said: 'The time is on its way, I hope,  
When from her thralldom woman will come forth,  
And in her own hands take her own redress;  
When laws disabling her shall not be made  
Under the cover of a sacred right—  
That man is better qualified than woman  
To estimate her needs and do her justice.  
Justice to her shall be to man advancement;  
And woman's wit can best lead woman's wrongs.  
Accelerate that time, all women true,  
To their own sex—not so much to that  
As to themselves and all the human race!  
But pardon me, I have taken you the point—  
Following you. Now tell me, could you make  
America your home?'"

### IS IT MORAL?

"Behold the world's ideal of a wife!  
'T is something like this:— 'She marries young,  
Perhaps in meek submission to the will  
Parental, or in hope of a support;  
In a few years—as heart and brain mature,  
And knowledge and wisdom grow and master  
Is a wrong-headed churl, a selfish tyrant,  
A miser, or a blockhead, or a brute;  
Her love for him, if love there ever was,  
Is turned to hatred or indifference;  
What shall she do? The world has no reply:  
You made your bed, and you must lie in it;  
True, you were heedless seventeen—no matter!  
True, a false ideal of duty misled you;  
And you were wrongly influenced—no matter!  
Be his wife still; stand by him to the last;  
Do not rebel against his cruelty;  
The world's praise and blame are more merit  
In your endurance! Suffering is your lot,  
Is the badge and jewel of a woman.  
Shun not contamination: from his touch;  
Keep his blood on you, for his traits  
And his bad blood may be continuous.  
Think that you love him still; and feel your heart  
With all the lies you can, to keep it passive!"

"So say the bellwethers who lead the many  
Over stone walls into the thorns and ditches,  
Because their leaders took that way before them.  
Such is the popular morality!  
But is it moral? Nay; when man or woman  
Can look up, with the heart of prayer, and say,  
'Forbid it, Heaven forbid it, heaven forbid it,  
That I should regard for others,  
That this one should be parent to my child—  
That moment should the intimate relations  
Of marriage end, and a release be found!'"

### LETTERS FROM A MARRIED MAN.

"The air was gentle, and a rapid tread  
Soon brought them to the beach. The ebb had left  
A level stretch of sand, white, smooth and hard,  
With not a hoof-mark on the glistening plain.  
The horses with their heads and necks arched high,  
Feeling the ocean breeze, as curved and fell  
Up the long line the creeping fringe of foam,  
Then backward slid in undulating glass,  
While all the west in their splendor flamed.  
'But this is the old Lunda, as she put  
Her horse to all his speed, and shook her whip.  
They skinned the sand, they chased the flying waves,  
They walked their horses slow along the beach:  
And the light fell on Lunda, as she put  
And made it a white glory to the eyes,  
Said Lunda: 'See! it fades into the gray,  
And now 'tis dim, and now is seen no more!  
Yet would it a little light reveal it still,  
So fade from memory scenes which higher points  
Of vision shall reveal: the beautiful,  
The good, shall never die, and so to-day  
Shall be a lasting recollection!'"

"Murmur low, little rivulet flowing!  
For to sleep our dear Lunda is going:  
All good little lambs be reposing,  
For Lunda one eyelid is closing.  
Oh frogs! what a noise you are making!  
Oh crickets! now don't keep her waking!  
She is going, you little dew-drops,  
Till Lunda can get half-asleep over.  
Little birds, let our world of love reach you—  
Go to bed, go to sleep, I beseech you;  
On her little white covert lying,  
To sleep our dear Lunda is trying.  
Hush! sing just as softly as may be;  
Sing lullaby, lullaby, lullaby!  
Now sleep the dear Lunda is going—  
Murmur low, little rivulet flowing!"

### The Lycium Amateur Dramatic Association.

This successful company commences their sec-  
ond season on Wednesday evening, Oct. 27th, on  
which occasion they will present the pleasing  
drama, "Agnes De Vere," and the laughable  
farce, "The Captain of the Watch," cast to the  
full strength of the company. The short vacation  
that they have had during the summer, has been  
fully occupied by the rehearsal of several fine  
dramas, which will be presented in a manner sel-  
dom seen on the amateur stage. Few, if any, so-  
cieties, have made the rapid strides toward suc-  
cess that this has, and the Spiritualists of Boston  
may well feel proud at having in their midst one  
of the best Amateur Dramatic Associations in  
this city, composed of members of their Lycium.

Friends, rally to the seat on the above occasion,  
and do not let a vacant seat be obtainable, for the  
benefit of the Lycium is the end in view, and such  
an institution deserves the support of all. Tickets  
are for sale at this office and by the members of  
Association.

Officers for season 1869-70: President, D. N.  
Ford; Secretary, Thos. Marsh; Treasurer, Wm.  
A. Dunklee; Stage Manager, Fred M. Hawley;  
Prompter, Lizzie F. Lovejoy; Properties, E. D.  
Chase; Costumer, Chas. W. Sullivan.

### Baltimore, Md.

The First Society of Spiritualists in Baltimore  
resumed their meetings the first Sunday of Octo-  
ber, with Mrs. F. O. Hyzer as the lecturer.

### Funeral of Mr. John White.

The funeral services of this gentleman—an old  
and well-known musician, and firm and out-  
spoken Spiritualist—were conducted at the Melo-  
naon (Tremont Temple), Boston, on Tuesday af-  
ternoon, October 12th, by Miss Lizzie Doten. A  
goodly number were in attendance to offer the  
last tribute of respect to translated worth.

The exercises consisted of the reading of selec-  
tions of Scripture by Miss Doten, followed by the  
delivery of an address on the general lessons con-  
veyed by life and death. Occasions like the present  
(said the speaker) led us to be thoughtful. We  
could not understand the meaning of any one life,  
because we could not understand ourselves; we  
could see but in part, and prophesy but in part.  
Death was no more a mystery than life, but to our  
poor human conceptions it must, after all, be a  
mystery. In view of this change the human heart  
often cried out, "If a man die, shall he live again?"  
And was there no voice to answer? The answer  
of the past came, that at the last day we should be  
raised, and the faith of the ages gone had ex-  
pressed this thought, notwithstanding the differ-  
ences of religions or creeds; and in this latter  
time the voice of inspiration—the voices of the as-  
cended loved ones had answered us, as one by  
one they went away. On the present occasion  
was celebrated the birth of another soul to the  
better life. Could he in his present state under-  
stand his past existence? and how did his history  
appear to his expanded vision? How appropri-  
ate was it, at this season, when the husbandman  
was gathering the fruitage of the year, that the  
fruitage of the autumn time of a ripened individual  
existence should be harvested by the angels.

The speaker referred to the fact that five years  
ago, during a course of lectures which she was  
then delivering in Lyceum Hall, she was led by  
the venerable countenance and earnest demeanor  
of the deceased, to look for him regularly among  
the audience, and on one occasion at the close of  
the meeting, coming near him, she saw the spirit  
of a child standing by his side. She described it to  
him, and with deep emotion he recognized it to  
be the form of a little one who had gone  
home by a sad accident years ago. The ac-  
quaintance thus formed had continued un-  
broken up to the time of his physical change.  
He who had passed on would never cross  
our thresholds again with that bending form,  
but his bright and glorious and youthful spirit  
would come to us with lessons of wisdom  
from the kingdom of light. The speaker referred  
to the innate love of harmony which had ruled  
the life (as well as the profession) of the deceased.  
This world had not given him any great place in  
its consideration, but in that land where the eyes  
of the immortals could read the secrets of the  
soul, he who had gone from our sight would be  
found to have taken his heaven with him—as we  
all must—that he might enjoy it there. The ad-  
dress contained several extracts from some of  
Miss Doten's poems, and closed with a beautiful  
invocation.

The deceased passed away from earth "like a  
shock of corn fully ripe," having attained the ad-  
vanced age of eighty-four years and two months.  
He was able to go out of the house on Saturday,  
and on the next day—Sunday, 10th—he fell asleep  
in the arms of those loving angels who are ever  
in waiting to bear the weary pilgrims of earth to  
the Summer-Land of glory and repose.

### Is It So?

According to Austrian and Hungarian journals,  
a Messiah is to make his appearance in Jerusalem.  
Letters are said to have been received by the  
Rabbi of Paks, (Hungary), which state: "To-  
ward the end of last month a column of fire was  
seen at the ruins of Solomon's Temple, and a  
strong voice was heard, addressing itself to a  
Jew who was rendering his devotion there at the  
time, intimating to him to announce, as prophet,  
that the Messiah will arrive at the coming year,  
that the Jews should repent and observe better  
the religion of their fathers. The man so ad-  
dressed immediately went to the city, predicted  
in the manner of the old prophets, and announced  
what the voice had revealed to him. The people  
of the various creeds treated him as an impostor,  
and some wanted to kill him, but with superhu-  
man strength he fought hundreds of his assail-  
ants; a battalion of soldiers was sent to arrest  
him, but they proved powerless against him.  
This week two Israelites will leave for Jerusalem  
to obtain exact information."

### New Subscribers.

Our old subscribers have sent us a list of thirty-  
three new names since our last issue. The names  
of our helpers are as follows: Hiram Doyle sent  
one new subscriber; Mrs. O. Fisk, one; Mrs. M.  
Lincoln, one; S. J. Stanton, one; Wm. W. Allen,  
one; G. Sweet, one; N. Hoyt, one; D. Quilley,  
one; M. Allen, one; M. H. Righter, one; O. Veb-  
ber, one; H. Fox, one; H. E. Weldon, one; E. W.  
Bradford, one; J. M. Hall, two; M. M. Blanchard,  
two; Joshua Nickerson, one; Mrs. H. Dimon, one;  
J. Millard, one; M. Wright, one; J. C. Bender, one;  
Dr. J. M. Blakesley, one; Caroline A. Grimes, one;  
A. E. Carpenter, one; H. Benedict, one; C. S.  
Field, one; C. L. Smith, one; D. Johnson, one;  
J. F. Peterson, one; A. J. Faunce, one; S. D.  
Williams, one.

### Lectures in Charlestown.

The First Spiritualist Lecture Association, of  
Charlestown, has engaged Union Hall, on Main  
street, for the present, and are regularly address-  
ed each Sunday afternoon, by Mrs. Fannie B.  
Felton, of Malden. Rev. Rowland Connor has  
spoken before them for several successive Sunday  
evenings, with good effect. It is the desire of the  
committee to render these lectures, both after-  
noon and evening, acceptable to the spiritualistic  
public of Charlestown, and we hope their efforts  
will meet with merited success. Miss Lizzie Do-  
ten lectures Sunday evening, Oct. 24th.

### Worcester and Providence.

We learn that it is the intention of Dr. H. B.  
Storer—whose medical office is at 120 Harrison  
Avenue, in this city—to visit both Worcester and  
Providence, one day of each week, and give the  
sick and suffering in those places opportunity of  
employing the very remarkable spiritual and  
clairvoyant mediumship of Mrs. J. M. Friend.  
This estimable lady has for many years been at-  
tended by thoroughly educated and highly intelli-  
gent physicians, whose diagnoses and prescrip-  
tions through her have brought relief to thou-  
sands. Our friends may rely upon the genui-  
ness and satisfactory character of this lady's su-  
perior powers.

### J. M. Peebles in London.

We have just been favored with advance proof-  
sheets from *Human Nature*, (a talented spiritual  
monthly published by J. Burns, Esq.,) giving an  
extended account of Mr. Peebles's public recep-  
tion by the Spiritualists of London, which was  
very cordial indeed. We shall make copious ex-  
tracts from these proof-sheets for insertion in the  
next issue of the *Banner*.

### New Publications.

AMERICAN COMMERCIAL LAW is the title of a neat and  
comprehensive work on the general law of business in all  
its practical varieties, and is intended as a complete and  
safe guide for the correct transaction of every kind of  
business. It embraces plain and full instructions, with  
practical forms adapted to all the States of the Union. The  
author is Franklin Chamberlin, Esq., of Hartford, Con-  
necticut, in which city it has been published by Messrs. O.  
D. Case & Co. We need scarcely attempt to specify the  
great variety of topics treated in these invaluable pages,  
since they comprise almost all that may be mentioned in  
connection with the wants of man in our modern republican  
communities. They are all alphabetically arranged, and  
make a long list indeed. This volume is intended by its  
capable and experienced compiler to be a lawbook for the  
mass of the people, to the lawyer, the merchant, the me-  
chanic, the manufacturer, the insurance man, the owner of  
property, the landlord, the tenant, the stockholder, the  
creditor, the debtor, the partner, the bondholder, the lessee,  
the agent, the public officer, the contractor, the builder, the  
shipper, the guardian, the teacher, the farmer, the clergy-  
man, the doctor and the citizen. It is the freshest work of  
its character before the public, and the most complete, full  
and reliable. Its forms are plain and concise, being  
stripped of all complications and superfluities. It is pre-  
sented with the most satisfactory array of testimonials  
from judges and members of the bar, not only in Connecti-  
cut but other States, and as a whole may with confidence  
be regarded as a perfect treatise of its kind, leaving nothing  
to be desired by those who almost daily find themselves  
in need of competent legal advice close at hand, that can  
be called in without the needless expense of a fee. The  
outlay for such a work would seem to be an essential in-  
vestment for every American citizen.

THE DAVENPORT BROTHERS, the World-Renowned Spir-  
itual Mediums, with their Biography and Adventures in Eu-  
rope and America, is the name of a book, just issued from  
the press of Wm. White & Co., Boston, which will command very  
wide attention. Those who accept the philosophy and the di-  
vine principles of Spiritualism, equally with that large class  
whose curiosity for the time outruns their faith and keeps  
in advance of their professions, will eagerly reach out their  
hands for a book whose clear revelations must satisfy the  
wants of their nature. There is wonderful variety in the  
sketches that form the body of the book, and together they  
make a summary of narrative that cannot be easily matched  
for intensity of interest. The entire career of these remark-  
able Brothers is given in these pages with accuracy; and as  
it includes episodes in all parts of the civilized world, and  
brings them in contact with characters of public interest  
and renown, it will be read with an eager appetite by all.  
We cannot begin to give any outline of the contents of a  
book that is so well filled up with exciting, surprising, and  
convincing manifestations by the unseen intelligences. It  
must suffice for us to assure the reader that a perusal of its  
pages will more than compensate for any time or pains  
taken in reading the volume for its numberless manifes-  
tations of spirit experience and development.

HEARST BROTHERS' NEW WORK: or, the Mystery Solved,  
forms the title of a life written by Mrs. S. A. Southworth,  
and published by Lee & Shepard. It is a pathetic story of the  
trials and sufferings a country family, whose near and re-  
mote relation to other families and to country scenes, in-  
cidents, experiences and character is sketched with a skillful  
hand. We can commend this book as one inculcating  
lessons of genuine morality and benevolence, and above all,  
as crowded with real life and its shifting interests. It is  
very handsomely got up by the publishers, who never slight  
work which they undertake to present to an appreciative  
reading public.

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