

# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.

### THE MISTAKE OF A LIFE. A STORY OF THE PRESENT WAR.

BY CORA WILBURN.

#### CHAPTER I.

"I had so fixed my heart upon her. That whosoever I framed a scheme of life, Fortune to come, she was my only joy. With which I fused to sweeten future cares."

Quay's Venice Preserved.

The young, beautiful and fascinating Nellie Doran was beloved by the true and noble minded John Winslow, an intelligent mechanic in the city of "Brotherly Love." But in the heart of the young school teacher there was concealed the false ambition that has misled so many: conscious of superior beauty, and more than ordinary mental gifts, Nellie harbored vague and dazzling hopes of future elevation; of worldly position; of the pleasures of a fashionable life. The young man, fully her equal in intellectual attainments, and by far her superior in moral strength, often gently rebuked her for her visionary desires, as he deemed them. He pointed out to her the loveliness of the actual and the present; the joy that arose from a serene contentment; the undisturbed, heavenly repose of a congenial, though humble home; and in language that would have done honor to the most eloquent and finished orator, he pleaded the cause of Labor, that most ennobling blessing to mankind.

Refined and gentlemanly in speech and act, John Winslow was worthy of the highest station, and he graced his humble sphere with all the holy obedience of a brave heart to its duty. His widowed mother was dependent upon him for support, for he would not permit her who had toiled for him so long, to do so while he had health and strength, while he was in the flush of early manhood, and she entering upon her declining years.

His sister Georgiana was a lovely and lovable girl a few years the senior of Nellie, who was eighteen. John idolized his sister, and she in her turn doted upon her handsome brother. Brimful of mirthfulness and repartee was the young girl, and a happier family could not have been found in the city. Georgiana was aware of her brother's undivided affection for Nellie Doran, but a shade of thoughtfulness often crossed her brow as she thought of their future. Without revealing to him her doubts, she felt a strong misgiving and a fear that Nellie Doran would not make for John the devoted wife he deserved; and that she would think of refusing him she never dreamed of.

The last Sunday that Nellie spent at the Winslows was a happy one. The mother was pleased with the pretty, lively girl, and amused her with relating various incidents of her youth. John was in quiet raptures, and Georgiana recounted side-splitting anecdotes and made witty speeches until the tears rolled down Nellie's rosy and rounded cheeks. She asked the German grocer and the Irish store keeper to perfection, her brogue being inimitable, and her imitation of the poor bewildered *Deutscher* in attempting the English tongue was a piece of acting not to be excelled. She repeated with much zest and comic gesture the incident the *Hibernian* related to all the children of his acquaintance, namely, that when he "first came over the big say the first feathery fowl he saw in America was a *porkin*, and he chased it up a haystack, and shot it with a *patchfork*, the first time he hit it he missed; and the second time he hit it in the same place, he jabbed it!" Then he told of a former companion just returned from Canada, to whom he put the question:

"Yer from Montreal, sur; how is prattles there?"

To which the other replied:

"Great an' small, sur."

"And how d'ye ate 'em?"

"Skin an' all, sur!"

Then he always swore "by the piper as played before Moses."

The German made some unfortunate blunders in his futile attempts at "speaking English." He called his syrups "*Mulatto*," gave pepper for cloves, and garlic in place of soap; he said "*snuff*" for enough, and once having committed to memory the polite American phrase "help yourself," he handed a box of newly arrived raisins to a lady customer, saying with one of his blindest salesman-smiles: "You must *believe*" which, in the confusion of the moment, he had substituted for the oft-repeated lesson conned so studiously. He replied to a gentleman who called upon him with a favorite trained poodle, and who was anxious to display the animal's amusing feats:

"We got a tog, and we will no oder tog; snuff, snuff mit one tog."

When asked that Carlo was not for sale, he looked on his performance with a delighted eye, and called him "a splendid, putful beest!"

John smiled complacently at these innocent sallies, and when he went home with Nellie that night his heart was filled with the sweetest hope. Nellie was completely mistress of herself, an orphan, without a relative on earth. She had that night, as he accompanied her home, listened with more than usual attention to his portrayal of the happiness to be found in humble places. Yet a few weeks passed on, and there was a gradual change in the manner of Nellie. She was no longer as frank and candid

as usual; there was an air of reserve about her, even a slight assumption of haughtiness, that pained John Winslow as much as it surprised him. But a clue to the mystery was soon found: she had met with a young Southerner, an aristocratic scion of the far-vaunted F. F. V. of Virginia, and fascinated by her rare Northern beauty, he had become unremitting in his attentions. He was proud of his descent from the chivalry, supremely disdainful toward all that savored of labor; his fair, white, womanly hands proved that he had never condescended to the plebeian occupation of work; he left that to "menials, poor white folks and niggers, who were fit for nothing else," as he elegantly expressed himself. He said that he was wealthy; he flattered poor Nellie in a style wholly unknown to the truthful, sensible John, in exaggerated poetry, and prose that seemed to have run wild. And she, ambitious, and sighing in her heart for an elevated rank, was easily caught in the meshes of so accomplished a flatterer. John saw how matters stood, and his sorrow was unbounded; he even ventured to remonstrate with his beloved, to point out to her the danger she incurred in thus accepting the attentions of a perfect stranger, one who was unknown in the city, whose only reference of character was to be gleaned from himself. Nellie turned away with a scornful lip and haughtily flashing eye, saying, in a voice that trembled with indignation:

"He has offered me his hand, as well as his heart. He is a gentleman, and I believe his word. I do not see what business it is of yours to interfere!"

A sharp pang shot through his loving and devoted heart. Surely, surely, she could not have been blind to his long consecrated, faithful affection. He looked at her reproachfully, and said:

"If your womanly intuitions cannot divine the reason which my lips have never spoken, it is too late for me to speak it now. Your happiness, in whatever way you dispose of yourself, is dear to me, Nellie, dear as my own sister's welfare, more to me than life. But I have a strong, an evil presentiment, that you are about to take a step that you will repent forever. Listen to me, Nellie; do not commit yourself in haste; learn more of this man; do not trust his soft speeches and self-laudations without further investigation."

"Bah!" cried the young school teacher impatiently. "You are full of whims and fancies, and superstitious as well. I see nothing in Mr. Sunderland to doubt; I believe him a man of honor and good principles, and I—" She hesitated, and colored like a damask rose.

"Do you love him, Nellie?" queried John very softly, and in a trembling voice.

"I—I do not know; I have not taken a peep into my heart yet," she said, confused and still blushing.

"I never dreamed that you would go South to live," said John, with a deep drawn sigh.

"Why not I, as well as so many others?" she replied quickly.

"Because you so completely acquiesced in all my views of Southern life and institutions. Only a few weeks ago you were as bitterly opposed to the iniquitous traffic in human souls as mother, and Georgiana, and I. What could have changed you so suddenly?"

"Circumstances and opportunity," she made answer, looking him full in the face with her bright, triumphantly flashing blue eyes. "All that is very well in theory, but in practice it is very different; and I would rather be called a slave-holder than a poor, plodding school-ma'am all the days of my life, or, perhaps, what is just as low, a poor—"

"Mechanic's wife, you would say? Nellie Doran, bitterly, grievously have I been mistaken in you! I deemed your heart as beautiful as your countenance; I thought your beauty was an index to the loveliness of your soul. I was cruelly mistaken. You are at heart a worldling, a mere giddy butterfly. No, Nellie, you are not fit to be a poor mechanic's wife; that place must be filled by a true-hearted, loving, disinterested woman. You have no strength of principle; and may I be forgiven if I now tremble for those committed to your charge. You will be a hard task-mistress; and in the gilded misery you have chosen you will find no happy hour! Not in anger, but with deepest sorrow, I tell you this!"

"Do you mean to insult me, sir?" she cried, with cheeks crimsoned by excitement, with lightning vividness in her eye and suppressed rage in her tone. "Are you my dictator? my guardian? my keeper? I am my own mistress, and shall do exactly as I please!"

Her anger had transformed her from a smiling, genial fairy to an incensed fury. Gone was all the lingering softness of expression, all the mobile play of the delicate features; her face was rigid, stern and white, save where the burning flush deep dyed her cheeks; the small rose-bud mouth was compressed, and she regarded her truest friend with a look such as hatred and loathing alone can assume. And in that moment she hated him for daring to tell her the truth. The light brown, gold-tipped curls that hung in waving ringlets over brow and neck, to the inner vision of the disenchanted John seemed changed to snake folds; he saw the object of his adoration in all her moral hideousness. Never before had she thus revealed her temper, her overweening pride, her disdain of him and her own lowly avocation. He took his hat, and with an earnest searching gaze, that for the moment bowed even her indomitable spirit before him, he said coldly and distantly:

"I leave you to your own guardianship, to do exactly as you please, Miss Doran. Henceforth I shall not intrude my unwelcome presence, and my tid-

called for advice upon you. Hoping that years and the discipline they bring may give you better views, I bid you good evening and farewell."

Without another glance he left the room and the house.

"Let him go; what do I care? I am sure of Mr. Sunderland," said Nellie, throwing herself into a chair after the departure of John. Yet, nevertheless, for what reason she could not define, she burst into a flood of tears.

#### CHAPTER II.

##### The Compensation of Love.

"The meek mountain daisy, with delicate crest, And the violet whose eye held the heaven of her breast."—Mrs. Sigourney.

Not far from the neat and cleanly dwelling of the Winslows lived Marian Snow, a young girl whom hundreds would have passed by as common-place, and even homely in appearance. But the man skilled in the science of physiognomy, the woman endowed with the clear vision of a sympathetic heart, would have found rare treasures, unsurpassed soul-wealth, and great exalted faculties in the possession of that shrinking girl, who, ever evading notice, ever thinking meekly of herself, stood forth in the humility of her goodness a bright and silent example to the neighborhood. Mrs. Winslow doted upon her; she was Georgiana's dearest friend; and John respected her, and valued her good opinion and advice, but he never dreamed that in that pure breast was cherished and concealed a love for him that had grown and deepened from the years of childhood; that he was to her the embodied ideal of all greatness and worth; that the deep manly tones of his voice thrilled to her heart's core with the sweetness of divinest melody, for she was modest and retiring as the violet, to which she was often likened by her friends.

By the bedside of the sick and suffering she could often be found. Many were the long night-vigils spent by her at the couch of the dying; many a last pang was alleviated by her gentle ministrations; many an erring, tempted, blinded soul led back to virtue, and to God by this unassuming girl. No public acclaim had placed the laurel on her brow; no voice of popular applause had named her great and good; yet surely to the angels' sight that meek, fair brow was circled by the halo of the saints. For she was utterly self-denying, unworldly to the utmost degree, fully comprehending the beautiful injunctions of forgiveness, and at every opportunity practicing its mandates of love.

She was motherless from her earliest childhood, and with the labor of her own hands in the fashioning of choice embroideries, she maintained herself, and partially supported her unfortunate father, who was a self-immolated victim to the demon-power of intemperance. The bitterest sorrow weighing on the heart of the dutiful daughter was caused by her father's unmanly conduct, for often, under the influence of the besetting evil, he became quarrelsome, abusive and profane.

Marian knew of John's attachment to the sickle Nellie Doran. He had confessed to his "Sister Violet," as he sometimes called her, the hopes, aims and aspirations of his life; and she, smiling even with the sharp pain at her heart, received his confidence, and wished him success and joy. When he came to see her after his parting interview with the faithless one, Marian at once felt his disappointment, and unselfish as she was, shared his sorrow. Most lovingly, with true sisterly solicitude, she strove to console him, to point him to the future, wherein her generous, hopeful heart beheld fruition and blessedness for every noble effort. When he left her presence, a ray of hope had entered his bosom; the dark clouds encompassing him seemed to disperse before the prophetic sunbeams evoked by Marian's speech and cheerful spirit.

In a few weeks Nellie Doran's marriage was announced in the city papers, and soon after, she, with her husband, departed for the South. With many fortitude John struggled to overcome his grief for the lost illusion, and with the aid of that wordless and efficacious soul-prayer that ever strengthens the will, he conquered, and became his own true self again. And Marian rejoiced with exceeding and unselfish joy, never daring to harbor one presumptuous hope, in looking forward to the glorious future she portrayed for him, in which she never bore a part.

Georgiana's indignation at Nellie's unwomanly conduct knew no bounds. For awhile the light-hearted, merry girl attended to her duties with a heavy heart; then as John's former vivacity was restored, as he chatted again, and smiled as usual, she recovered her wonted spirits, and sang and laughed and joked again. Her companions at the store she attended, complimented her on the change, which they ascribed to an affair of the heart; but, as Georgiana told them they were mistaken "totally," for the heart of the young girl was untouched by aught but household love.

Two years sped on, and from a former school associate of Nellie's, the Winslows heard that she was living unhappily with her husband; that a child had been born and named for its mother; that Mrs. Sunderland was known in the vicinity of her plantation as a cruel mistress, who delighted in the infliction of punishment on her slaves, who all feared and hated her. Mr. Alfred Sunderland, it was hinted, although all politeness and civility in the presence of company, vented abuse and even personal ill-treatment upon her when alone. These rumors, discredited for awhile, at last gained strength and credence. In a letter written to her friend, the teacher, Nellie poured out the fullness of her grief

and confessed to the disenchantments of time. Her aristocratic, indolent husband was a gambler and leecher. Maddened with wine, he often visited his rage upon her, and in his infuriated moments had even lifted up his hand against the wailing child! Sorrow had hardened the disappointed soul of Nellie Doran, and in revenge for the fate she had herself prepared, she inflicted its stinging miseries upon the helpless dependents in her power. She even boasted of this, the hard, cold, cruelly changed woman, for she wrote thus to her friend and confidante:

"The only enjoyment I have in this out-of-the-way place, is in chastising my stupid negroes; in making them feel that without power or purpose, elsewhere, or in aught, (for Mr. Sunderland only pooh, poohs, when I rave and fret, or what is worse, retorts upon me with abusive epithets and blows,) I have supreme power over them—miserable, dastardly brutes of humanity that they are. My husband never interferes with me there, for he is a petty tyrant in perfection, and would make an excellent Eastern despot. I beat Malvina yesterday, until she could scarcely stand, for daring to answer me impudently; and the exercise did me good; it relieved me of a vast amount of accumulated spleen, which I could not rid myself of in any better way. I have made a great mistake; love and splendor do not always go hand in hand; and fine appearances deceive the heart as well as the eye. I must make the best of my condition, and strive to gild, at least to others' view, the galling chains that bind me. Could I have foreseen—but it is too late for regrets, and my aversion to low pursuits has augmented tenfold since I have become a resident of the unwelcome South, for I am not living amid its famed magnolia bowers and verisatting roses; we have Northern snows here, and that to me hateful emblem of the colder regions, the pine trees. I am weary of dressing for myself only, for Mr. Sunderland has lost all good taste, and all his vaunted love of the beautiful that once won my poetic fancy, was nothing but—fudge! He is a coarse, ill-mannered, turbulent, domestic brute, there! I have said it, and I truly believe he would kill me, were this sentence to meet his eyes. I often wish I were in that cleanly and familiar city of Quakerdom, where my best days were spent; or even in my first New England home. But then I should have no 'niggers' to chastise, and I should pine away for the want of that sole amusement."

In this strain the letter went on, and it concluded with a cordial invitation to Katie Devon, its recipient, to come and spend some months with her and enliven her solitude. Katie, who had committed the breach of confidence of reading the missive to the Winslow family, said:

"I can't believe all this of Nellie, though she says it herself. Why, she was always gentle and tender-hearted—at least, she appeared so, and I have known her ever since she came to the city. I believe she makes herself worse than she is, in pure bitterness and waywardness of feeling. If she did treat her slaves so badly, she would have sense enough to keep it to herself, and not write about such doings to me, who she knows am opposed to the whole system of human chattel-holding. I think she is desperate, because of her husband's ill usage, and writes at random. I have a mind to take her at her word, and go and see for myself."

"I'd just as soon go to Bedlam, or the Penitentiary, at once," cried Georgiana, with flushed cheeks, and eyes that sparkled with strong resentment. "She's a dragon of the worst sort, and ought to be burnt alive, and flayed, hung, drawn and quartered! Such an inhuman, tyrannical, good-for-nothing upstart! If I had her, I'd choke her alive, the beast! I'd shut her up where she could n't see sun, moon, or stars, or one living human face for the remainder of her natural life. I wish there was an Inquisition for such wretches. I'd put her in the lowest dungeon, and have a dripping-stone right over her head, and give her five hundred lashes every morning for breakfast, bread and vinegar for dinner, and then rub her down with pepper and salt for supper, as they say they do to the slaves out South."

"Georgie, my dear," mildly remonstrated John. But his eyes too, were kindling, and his cheek burned.

To himself, he murmured:

"I thank thee, God, for my fortunate and timely escape."

"Let me alone, John," continued the excited girl. "You feel as indignant as I do, but you won't let on, and I say everything right out, else I should get a fit. So that's what her nabby-pamby, finicky little white hands are good for, eh? If there was any truth, and honor, and pity, in those spouting, roaring, ranting members of Congress, they'd make a law for such monsters. If I had a voice in the Legislature, things would n't go on in this way, long. I'd have such as Nellie Sunderland put in the pillory with a big placard on their backs. And she must be a fine piece to strike a woman, and beat a poor innocent babe. No wonder he's a tyrant, coward all ways are; and no one but a coward would abuse his slaves, or let that miserable, stuck up, goggled-eyed, goose-necked, ugly little vixen, abuse them. I wish they were all dead, I do. I'd sing hallelujah, while I was twisting hemp for them. They ought to be shot, and denied Christian burial, such hot-tentacles and cannibals, and Canary Island beathears."

"My dear child, you allow your just indignation to carry you too far," said the good mother. "Is it right to invoke such terrible punishments upon our fellows? And then in your anger, you call her ugly and goggle-eyed. Is that true, Georgiana? What- ever her faults, she was a very lovely girl."

"That may be, but she is changed to a demon, and Lucifer ain't handsome; and wickedness destroys good looks. And she is ugly, and hideous and loathsome; a beast and a gorgon; a hateful despot; and a crocodile, and it is right to wish such people out of the world. I take the part of the oppressed, and I wish I had all the aristocrats and great and little tyrants in my grasp, I'd put one noose round all their necks, and strangle them before you could say Jack Robinson. I'd go to Virginia to give that Tartar a piece of my mind! I'd read her a lecture she would n't get over in a month, and I'd frighten her most out of her five senses—but I could n't eat a morsel in her house. I'd feel as if the victuals were salted with the poor slaves' tears; and I'd fear every bit I swallowed was seasoned with arsenic. Oh, I'd wring her neck like a chicken's. I'd have her pulverized to atoms. I'd make a mummy of her, and out her up for mince meat. I've got neither pity, nor feelings, nor pardon, nor religion for such folks. She ought to be drowned, and I'd give my last dollar to see her laid out!"

Mrs. Winslow looked shocked and grieved; but John said to her soothingly:

"You know our Georgie, mother; she would not harm a fly, but she is sadly addicted to exaggeration. She would not hurt a hair of Nellie's head, if she were in her power this minute."

"Don't you trust me," said Georgiana, still flushed and panting; "the least I'd do would be to shut her up in our cellar, and feed her on Indian meal and slop tea, and I'd make her as gentle as a lamb before a month was over, and drive all the cruelty out of her with a good sound drubbing every day!"

"Well, that is an improvement on the hanging and drowning; on the five hundred lashes and cold water diet," said John, laughing.

And Katie Devon soon after left them.

Mingling with great curiosity to learn the entire truth of Nellie's statements, there lingered in her heart some remnant of the olden girlish affection, and she resolved to visit her friend, and see for herself. By strict economy Katie had saved a few hundred dollars; therefore she was entitled to some relaxation from unremitting toil. The letter was received in early Spring; the ensuing Summer, Katie undertook the journey, intending to remain with her friend until the fall. But in five weeks she returned, with a grave face and a disappointed spirit, and related to the Winslows all that had occurred. A more discordant, miserable household could not be met with. The wealth surrounding Nellie Sunderland was an illusive show, fast passing away beneath the dissipated habits of her husband; her child, a poor, weak, sickly thing, already displayed the unfortunate temper and the despotical tendencies inherited from both parents. Of Nellie's cruelty to her slaves, Katie Devon could not tell enough. With indignation only excelled by that of Georgiana, she told how, under the slightest pretext, she sent for Mr. Sunderland to whip them, and this was the only point on which he was ever ready to oblige his wife. With her own delicate white hands she wielded the lash. Katie was present one day, when, with a strength scarcely to be expected from one so fragile, Nellie dealt her black nurse a blow that sent her staggering to the wall. That woman's three-year old little girl having fallen by the side of a hot stove, and being severely burnt in the hands, the poor mother was denied the privilege of easing its pain, or applying any healing remedy. It was not until the little fingers had grown stiff, and indented in the palm, by the action of the fire, the poor creature having assumed that position in her agony, that a physician was sent for, and the needful operation performed on the hand that long after was disabled.

She seemed to take a fiendish delight in the infliction of torment; and Katie Devon finding her remonstrances in vain, and only responded to by the scornful remark that "they were used to it, and did not mind it—they had no feelings like white people," gave up the attempt of inducing to compassion the changed and callous heart of Nellie. One day she lost her temper, and in no measured terms she accused her of a violation of God's holiest command of mercy; and prophesied to her the unfailing retribution that awaited her. Forgetful of all, even the commonest duties of hospitality, Mrs. Sunderland heaped recrimination and abuse upon her guest; and that same day, Katie left the house forever.

On her way to town in the family carriage, she spoke a few words of encouragement and religious promise to the aged negro who drove her to the station, for the polite Virginia gentleman, Mr. Alfred Sunderland, in a fit of sulky resentment, had refrained from accompanying her. The "God in his mercy bless you, good young missus," of the white haired bondman, had thrilled like music to her ear and heart.

"Now ain't I right in saying she ought to be hung?" Such people poison the moral atmosphere, and are worse than wild beasts to society. She ought to be dayed alive, and torn piecemeal on the rack. I wish a whole tribe of wild Indians would surround them; tomahawk and scalp every one of them, the little monster included, and then set fire to the house; burn down their fields, and set the poor niggers free. That's what I wish, and I'd help them to do it," was Georgiana's outburst, as she listened to the story.

John had heard the narration with a paling face and quivering lips. He rose from his seat and nervously patted the room.

"This is a fact that occurred not long since in a Southern family, though not in Virginia.—C. W."



Mrs. Winslow raised her eyes to Heaven, and murmured:

"I am so thankful she is none of mine."

Marian, who was present, took the hand of the trembling excited Georgiana, and said impressively:

"The inevitable consequences of our every act cannot be evaded. There is an all overruling Providence, divinely just, as well as beneficently merciful."

## CHAPTER III.

The Tocsin of War—the Patriot's Response.

"Be just and fear not;  
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,  
Thy God's, and truth's."

—Shakespeare's Henry VIII.

As time passed on, there came wafted from the treason-plotted State of South Carolina, various rumors indicative of disloyalty and revolt; and still the lion-hearted spirit of the North that should have aroused long since for the defense of Universal Liberty, slumbered on, deeming not that its awakening was demanded. Alas, for the protracted, willful sleep of years, during which the Upas tree of Slavery spread far and wide its noxious growth; its baneful influence extending to the utmost confines of the land, overshadowing many a Northern household with its repressive curse. It was well that on the day of Sumter's fall the strong current of popular feeling was swayed in the one direction; that the lion, aroused from slumber, roared back defiance to the traitor hordes, and vowed the rescue of the Star Flag's tarnished glory. That with one loud, simultaneous shout, the patriot heart of the vast nation was kindled with the battle glow. That the patriot arm was nerved; that almost from every house-top on the soil of Liberty, there waved to the free air of heaven, the Star Banner of a Nation's love. The excitement manifested in the Quaker city was without parallel in its annals; strong men wept bitter tears of shame and indignation for the insult offered to the World's Ensign of Freedom, that had been trailed into the dust, trampled upon by maddened, intoxicated traitors, who, filled with unholly ambition, lost to truth and honor in their rage for power and supremacy, would have crushed out the illuminating rays of Liberty, and extinguished the heavenly stars.

Alas, short-sighted compromisers, tampering for years with the mightiest iniquity of earth, deprecating the name of freemen by a servile submission to the dictates of the ruling slaveocracy. Ye sowed the evil seed, whose harvest of blood and desolation it is our punishment to reap.

Very grand and beautiful were the varied manifestations of fervent patriotism that cheered the eye, and warmed the true American heart, in this our own faithful Quaker city. As if for a solemn festival, the Star Flag floated from its public buildings and private dwellings; doorways, arches, windows, every available place was decorated with the national fri-color; women and children adorned themselves with its heaven-bright hues; our adopted and grateful citizens displayed them, and pressed to their lips and hearts the consecrated emblem beneath whose shelter they had found home, friends and prosperity. All was commotion, eager questioning, excited gatherings; all the desires of the people merged in the one all else overruling thought, the sacrifice of all for our country's cause. And when the requisition for so many gallant hearts and stalwart arms was made, there was an instantaneous uprising of the masses in a fervid response; it was hailed with an enthusiasm unrecorded before in the world's "strange eventful history."

The echo of the booming of Fort Sumter's guns reached to the humble home of John Winslow, and with the awakened and indignant thousands, he, too, prepared for the coming battle-storm. The warrior-blood surged in his youthful veins, and with a firm, unalterable purpose, but with eyes filled with the fond, human tears of natural affection, he stood before his mother, and avowed his intention of volunteering in the ranks.

That tenderly affectionate mother was a patriot in heart and deed. One sharp, quick pang of maternal anguish, and she restrained the rising flood of sorrow, and closed her pale lips over the intended supplication that would have implored him to remain. Solemnly, as of old the Hebrew mother dedicated her only one to the Lord, she arose and blessed him with unsfaltering voice, and bade him go! In mute, worshipful thankfulness he knelt at her feet, and kissed her loving hands. Then, with a hastily uttered "God bless you, mother!" he rushed from the room to find his sister, and tell her of the consent he had won. The noble-hearted girl was weeping bitterly when he entered; but at the sight of him she wiped away her tears, and sprang into his outstretched arms, saying between her sobs and smiles:

"I see—I know—you need not tell me a word! I read it all in your exultant face! Mother has given you leave to go, and of course, I shan't act the coward and the fool! But, oh dear, darling John! I do take care of yourself; those southern traitors have Satan's own treachery and cunning, and I should not wonder if they poisoned their balls, and acted worse than ten million Camanches. Oh, John! I think that you, who have been so used to every home-comfort, will have to sleep on the bare mother-earth, and eat miserable camp victuals, and drink coffee without sugar or milk! Oh, dear! and you'll have to carry a great heavy musket and a sabre, and a knapsack, and a flag, and the dear knows what besides! I wish the secesshers had all been drowned in the Red Sea! and I wish, too, most heartily, that an earthquake would swallow up the whole South! I wish Jeff Davis was in one of the Moyamensing prison cells—I'd take him a rope to hang by! And Beauregard ought to be strung up a little each day, till he was hanged outright, to pay him off for the trouble he's brought upon us!"

John smiled at his sister's earnestness, and said, as he embraced her:

"You are true blue, my own dear! but surely you do not object to my going? Every one that can be spared is needed now and at once, to crush this monstrous and unnatural rebellion. You would do the same in my place, would you not?"

"Of course, I would! Do you think I'm a poltroon? a good for nothing sneak, because I am a woman? I'd fight while there was a single drop of blood in my veins, and every step I took on the battlefield, I'd hew down secesshers like grass! You're my own brave, noble, darling, best brother; go and get your uniform and sword, and things; I'll be as proud of you as a queen can be!" and she kissed him again and again.

He went thence to the near residence of Marian Snow, and told her of his resolve. He saw a shadow

of deep anxiety flit over the pale face, and for a moment the blue eyes were suffused with tears; then a roseate flush dyed even her very brow; and she, too, blessed him with unwonted fervor, and bade him go.

"He who permits this terrible conflict; He who knows that you have chosen for the right—He will protect and guard you!" she said. But when he was gone, she threw herself upon her knees and wept, crying aloud in the agony of a soul distressed: "If he should fall my life will be forever desolate!"

In a few days the young soldier was equipped and ready. Duly flew the nimble fingers of his sister in the preparation of housewives, havelocks, and other necessary articles for John and his companions, for several of his friends had enlisted in the same company.

Marian called each day with words of cheerful encouragement; for all; though her cheek was pale than ever, and her eyes were dimmed as if by weeping. No one surmised the cause, but ascribed it to the prevailing excitement. Her father, to her unbounded astonishment and delight, remained sober. He said, "he could not hear of what was going on if he got drunk, and as he loved his country better than whiskey, why, as long as she was in trouble, he meant to keep his wife clear, and keep a sharp lookout for traitors, of whom there was a whole brood right among us." The terrible visitation of war had thus brought about one good effect in the person of Harland Snow.

The patriotic Irish store-keeper closed his shop, as he declared that Bridget had "enuff to be seen" after with the childer, and enrolled his name with those of other gallant Hibernians.

The German grocer, also a young, robust fellow, but unincumbered with responsibilities, left his place in charge of a Teutonic matron and a boy, and enlisted beneath the Stars and Stripes, vowing that he would fight for the "new Faderland," and the "Schar Sphangled Panner forever and ever, yah, yah, hurrah!"

"An' it is to the war yer after goin', Mister Johannes Dintelback?" said Mike Shiels, as he met the exultant volunteer.

"Ich go to fecht, kill all de tam secessh!" he replied, brandishing his arms and clenching a ponderous fist.

"Well, then, the Lord be wid ye; yer the best Dutchman I ever come across in Ameriky! By the piper as danced afore Moses, but yer a jewel of a boy; and yer mother can be proud of ye. An' its for the Stripes an' Stars ye're agoin' to risk yer life and yer all? And such a smashin' business as ye've got. The howly saints keep ye safe, Mister Dintelback, and keep up yer courage forinast the tummy, bad luck to 'em for iver and a day afterwards! Give it to 'em, and keep yer eyes on that devil of a traitor, and double distilled rebel of a Jeff Davis! Musha, but I'd like to be after batterin' out his brains to be findin' out what color they has! What rightment be ye goin' with, sur?"

"Ich weis nit," said the grocer, who but half understood the friendly Irishman: "vat regiments? mit der Pennsylvania Deutsche Compagnie. Yah, yah, loh, kill dem Jeff Davis, and help hang all der rebbles, so wahr my name Johannes Dintelback!"

"Long life to ye, and the saints make yer bed in heaven! Here's me hand and me best wishes till yer, and three cheers for the Union, as no combination of devils shall and secessionism around! It's we as 'll give it to 'em, me boy; we 'll smash 'em inter smithereens, and bate 'em worse nor we iver bate the Britishers! I'm a thrue American, and an honest Irishman ter boot, an' I 'll tache 'em!" The two men shook hands, and with faces radiant with delight and patriotism, passed on their way.

A few days afterwards a dense crowd was assembled at the depot at Broad and Prime streets, to witness the departure of the soldiers who were called upon for the defense of the Capitol. Bravely suppressing his emotion, John kissed the pallid lips of his mother, pressed the farewell salute upon those of his weeping sister, and with a new, strangely awakened interest, he kissed the brow of Marian Snow, who stood beside him, tearful, yet heroically smiling, and with deep marks of suffering upon her gentle face. He shook hands with friends and acquaintances; loud cheers arose from the multitude; the shrill whistle piped; the train moved off; mothers, wives and daughters, sympathizing strangers slowly and thoughtfully retraced their way.

The mother and sister of John were sad at heart; and in the silence of her chamber Marian poured forth her grief in imploring prayer to Heaven. All dreaded for their beloved one the march through treacherous Baltimore, whose unhalloved soil was reddened by the blood of Massachusetts' martyrs. With a dread of expectation that one would not acknowledge to the other, they awaited tidings from him; and when they came, and reported him safe and cheerful, their joy and thankfulness was beautiful to witness.

Then came the news of the sanguinary conflict of Great Bethel; the announcement of the death of the gallant Greble; and again the anxious hearts of mothers, wives and kindred, thrilled with anxiety, and over many households fell the oppress and the willow gloom for the heroic dead, fallen in their country's defence.

It was some weeks before John's expected return from the three months' service that letters came stating that he had passed, unharmed, through various skirmishes with the enemy, and relating the death of a rebel officer, shot in an encounter with our troops, whose name was Sunderland. Whether it was the husband of Nellie, he had no means of ascertaining, though he was from that part of Virginia where their plantation was situated. Like so many other arrogant and scornful Southern boasters, he met with his deserts at Northern hands; the bullet of a "mudball," had pierced his heart; and it was decreed of Providence, that at the hands of a despised "mechanic," the heart-crushed and desolate widow should find aid and comfort; for it was Alfred Sunderland who had fallen while traitorously in arms against his lawful government.

The history of the present conflict is filled with sublimest lessons to the great and lowly; its manifold changes are fraught with teachings of the loftiest wisdom. It is anew "the time that tries men's souls."

We must go back awhile, and look in upon the fated Nellie, ere her tyrant lord and master went forth in his unrighteous cause.

## CHAPTER IV.

Retribution, Return and Awarded Happiness.

"The tyrant now  
Trusts not to men; nightly within his chamber  
The watch-dog guards his couch, the only friend  
He now dare trust." — Joanna Baillie, *Edith*.

"I am going to fight those infernal Yankees, and

teach them what the warm blood of the South is capable of!" cried Alfred Sunderland, bursting into his wife's chamber with excited countenance and flashing eyes. "I'll get a position in the army becoming my station as a gentleman, and I'll tear the usurping, vulgar rail-splitter from the Presidential chair, and—"

"Seat yourself in his place?" queried Nellie, with sarcastically curling lip, and looks expressive of more than indifference—of loathing and disgust.

"No irony, madam! I'm in a patriotic mood, and mean to shed my blood in the service of the Confederacy!"

"It's all you can give; house, lands, and furniture, money and valuables, are passing out of your hands; one after the other is sacrificed, not to your country, but to your accursed love of drink and gambling! And now this war, that you hot-headed Southerners have brought on yourselves! What is to become of me and my child, Mr. Sunderland?" said the pallid, faded wife, with defiant anger.

"Become of you? Why go home to your Yankee relatives!" he exclaimed with an oath. "My business is on the field of honor; I mean to achieve signal promotion, honor and glory, and stand before the world an example of Southern bravery and daring. This hand shall carry terror to the Yankee hordes, and our flag shall wave over their devoted cities; fire and sword shall compel them to acknowledge their Southern rulers! I am pledged—"

"To remain sober, I hope!" interrupted Nellie, with a sneer. "You are a disgrace to the name you bear; and a great acquisition you will be with your wandering wits, and brandy-confused ideas!"

He made a threatening gesture toward her, but recollecting himself, replied:

"I am sober now, and am going to town to obtain my commission; our affairs are pressing; I may not return to bid you farewell. Say good by, Nellie."

She turned contemptuously away.

"You may never see me again; I may be brought home dead, or fall by some low-lived Northern miscreant's bullet. I'm sober now, and I want to part from you accordingly. Kiss me, and say farewell, Nellie," he said with some touch of feeling in his voice.

"Good by," she coldly answered, without looking at him, or taking the extended hand.

"So! sulking still? Well, you'll come to your better senses by and by; send for the child, and let me kiss her before I go."

"She is not well, and I won't have her disturbed; don't try to get up a scene, Mr. Sunderland; after your past brutal conduct you will find all your labor lost. If you can have the heart to leave me here to be robbed and murdered by your villainous blacks, why do so, and don't stand there acting the sentimental!" Her cheeks were now crimsoned by anger, her voice sharp and shrill.

"Well, then—" he consigned her to a place "unmentionable to ears polite," and without another word departed; and Nellie bearing his retreating footsteps, burst into tears of apprehension and foreboding, not for him, not for his safety and honor, but for herself and child, left helpless and dependent with the few remaining negroes yet unsold. A terrible fear preyed on her mind; she had been so harsh and cruel; she was at their mercy now, for the nearest house was some miles distant.

She lived thenceforth in constant apprehension, and her quick eye detected every reluctant movement of the slaves, who had grown singularly indifferent ever since Mr. Sunderland's departure. Beneath the influence of her awakened fears, she restrained her tyrannical impulses, and forbore to punish and to scold.

One day, a piercing scream echoed through the silent house, and the women rushing to their mistress's room, found her with an open letter in her hand, brought by an evil messenger from the seat of war. Although Mrs. Sunderland strove to conceal the cause of her grief and alarm, it was soon revealed to the intelligent blacks. Their master was dead! and in the glances they exchanged there was a secret exultation.

A week afterwards, the little girl lay on her bed of silk and lace, in an unquiet, feverish slumber; and by her sat Mammie Luce, the mother of the poor little neglected Till, before spoken of. There are powers within the human breast, latent and strong, that, awakened at the touch of oppression, may blaze forth in deeds of heroic grandeur, or lead to the direct retaliations of revenge. The black mother, by the bedside of the fair, suffering child, the miniature tyrant, thought of her own little Allie, sleeping beneath the garden sod; ill usage and neglect had caused her untimely death; her sons were afar, groaning beneath the uplifted lash; her little delicate Till was smothering already under the curse of bondage's destiny:

"We is beaten and driv', and killed; and dis yere lives and thrives!" she murmured.

Nellie entered then, and said, in a low tone:

"How is she, Luce?"

"I think no worse and no better, missus!" she replied.

"Doctor Vanvorst must be sent for again; go, and tell Jim to go for him at once."

With a slow step and reluctant mien Mammie Luce obeyed.

Among the few remaining negroes a plan was ripening, but it was not of bloodshed and revenge such as Nellie's guilty fears evoked. In the breasts of the slaves, sorely tempted as they were to retaliation, there whispered the divine injunction, "forgive your enemies;" and all they sought was safety for themselves, escape from the iron rule, and protection in the Union ranks.

The physician came, and pronounced the child to be in considerable danger, but he had other patients to attend to and could not remain long, though Nellie implored him with tears. That night was spent in anguished vigil, and in the morning the mother stood beside the corpse of her little one; she was alone, childless and bereaved. Then fell upon her the long-delayed retribution of the over-weighing and Eternal Justice; then was her heart smitten with the tardy remorse and the bitter grief of self-accusation. For when screaming wildly for assistance she called upon her menials at early dawn, not one was there to answer to her call. She found the fire in the kitchen, everything in its place and order, but no one to obey her commands. Soon after midnight, the long oppressed had riven their fetters and were on their way to freedom.

It was a fearful sight to behold that young mother run walling through the house, or sitting in the stupor of her we beside the dead. She had idolized this wayward, spiteful, tyrannical child; it was her only link to life and happiness.

There came athwart her darkened spirit suggestions of despair and suicide; then a horror and a dread fell on her in that silent and desolate place,

and she reeled her eyes in an agony of superstitious fear, deeming that the space around her was peopled with the stern accusing phantoms of another world.

A party of drunken, brutal, fendish men, dishonoring the name of Christian soldiers, broke into the house next day. They were a rebel party, a detachment of a band famed for their barbarous atrocities. Notwithstanding the wretched mourner's assurance that her husband was in the Confederate Army, that she was a Southerner in feeling and in principle, they drove her thence with imprecations, shouts of deafening fury and unmanly threats. Possessing themselves of every available article about the place, plundering the unfortunate creature of her few remaining trinkets and small store of silver, they drove her from the shelter of her own roof, with terrific maledictions on the Union and its followers. With her dead child in her arms she fled with maniac speed across the fields. And thus ended Nellie Doran's ambitious dream of Southern life.

The great and fearful lesson of Bull Run had left its sad and lasting impression upon the Nation's heart, serving anew to arouse the all-sacrificing spirit of the North. John Winslow was in that famed, disgraceful retreat, in the midst of the day's hopeless and ungovernable panic. But his was no coward's shrinking, no craven soul's ignominy; with tears, such as grieved manhood sheds, with bitter groans of anguish he obeyed the command; but his spirit burned with indignation, and despite the smarting of his wounds, for he had felt the enemy's steel, he vowed again to dedicate his strength and life-blood to the service of his beloved and threatened country.

Overcome by fatigue, by pain and agony of mind, he fell by the wayside; and as the dear home faces flitted before his dimmed and failing sight, he breathed a low prayer for them and lapsed into complete insensibility.

How long he had lain there he knew not on awakening, but a pleasant and compassionate face was bent above him, and the kind and skillful hands of a comrade were binding up his wounds. John smiled faintly, and a cheery voice cried out:

"That's it, my boy! Never give up the ship! We'll both live to pay them off for this! And now I'm going to take care of you and take you where you'll be well cared for."

And he carried him for some distance, and then feebly, but with restored hope and somewhat recovered life-powers, John leant on his arm; and thus they reached a wagon and were driven to a neighboring and friendly house, where the careful nursing and the cheerful company of his new found friend soon produced the most beneficial effect. In a few days John was up, and he lost no time in reporting himself at Washington and resuming his post. A friendship, destined to be lasting as the glow of the eternal stars, sprang up between these young men thus brought together by the chances of war.

On the very day of John's departure for his home, whither he was about returning to recruit his strength and see his loved ones before anew enlisting beneath the Star Flag of his devotion, as he was resting at the house of a friend, there appeared suddenly before him a haggard spectral figure, with long dishevelled hair and eyes of insane wildness. With pity and wonder in his looks John sprang from the couch and asked the wretched creature in what manner he could aid her. With loud, heart-rending sobs she fell at his feet, and in incoherent speech, with means that curdled the warm life-current in his veins, she told him of her husband's death, of the departure of her child, and its burial in the forest by her own trembling hands. How she had fled from home with the beloved and dread burden in her arms, and that she was now homeless, friendless, and bereft of all—There was no vestige in that faded face of the once blooming Nellie Doran of his love; sad, fearful, and solemnly warning was the change. But had she stood before him in all the olden glory of her youth and loveliness, his heart would not again have throbbled with love, for another and a purer image there was graven by the compensating hand of time.

But tenderly, as a brother might, he raised that miserable penitent, and bade her lean on his fraternal arm and trust his heart and honor. He allowed her grief to vent itself in tears and moans until her strength was nigh exhausted, then he spoke to her of God, and His everlasting mercy to the stricken soul. He questioned her not of the manner and means whereby she had found him; enough for him it was to know that Providence had directed her steps.

The mother's and the sister's fears had been allayed by a letter from the dear absent one, and unconscious of the danger he had incurred; of the sufferings he had undergone, they impatiently awaited his arrival.

One trial yet awaited the pure heart of Marian Snow ere the fruition of her fondest hope was awarded. Her father, so long a victim to the fatal habit of intemperance, and now, for a time refraining from the indulgence, became ill and rapidly declined. It was the daughter's mission to watch by the death-bed, which, thanks to his altered condition, was a calm and happy one. He departed blessing his long-suffering and dutiful child, and avowing a sincere repentance for his past misconduct.

A few days after his funeral, as she sat immersed in grief and musing sadly over her loneliness, she was startled by a knock at the door that sent the crimson tide of emotion to her face. Another moment and she was clasped to the heart of him she only worshipped. Intense joy kept her silent and breathless; but the pallor on his erst ruddy cheeks, the scar across his brow, the sharpened outline, struck painfully the loving girl:

"Oh, John!" were her first words, "you have been wounded—sick and suffering!" and she burst into tears; but their holy rain of sympathy was shed upon his bosom.

"Sit down, my Violet," he said, no more calling her sister as of yore, "I have much to say to you, and not much time to spare; for still the safety of our land is menaced, and not yet is rebellion crushed. As soon as I regain my strength I must return. Now is the call more imperative than ever; every arm is needed, every heart that beats with love of country must be ready to give up its all for her beloved sake. My gentle Marian, my truest, dearest friend, your father is no more; hush! dearest, do not weep. I know all, for I have been home, and my mother has told me. Bereft of your only remaining parent, will you let me be your stay through life? Before I return to the battle-ground will you give me this precious hand, and be my wife, my dear, kind mother's second daughter?"

The illuminating joy that overspread the sweet expressive countenance made it truly beautiful; the

fine eyes were radiant with the ecstatic surprise of the heart that had never dared to hope for so glorious a return of its alien affection. With a glance of rapturous thanksgiving she folded her white arms meekly, and said in low faltering accents:

"I am not worthy of this happiness!"

"You are one of God's ministering spirits, my own beloved, and worthy of the crown of sainthood. Gradually, as the rising sun illumines and warms, have you brightened and cheered my life. You have been my dream and hope by day and night ever since I parted with you and felt your blessed sympathetic tears upon my hand. And now, my Marian, say that you love me, or I go hence a disappointed, wretched man."

She put her hand in his with a gesture of loving confidence, and said, with modest frankness, while a beautiful glow suffused her face:

"I have loved you nearly all my life, dear John! Then, when he had fondly thanked her and kissed her repeatedly, he told her of the changed fortunes of Nellie Sunderland; that, sick, heart-broken, a childless widow, bereft of friends and fortune, she was staying at his mother's house.

She who had brought balm of healing to so many brought it also to the stricken, tortured spirit of the once proud and tyrannical woman. By her sick bed that girlish figure in its mourning garb, performed an angel's mission. From the very brink of utter despair and skepticism she was led to the bosom of the Father, to the gates of truest penitence and prayer. What years might not have effected, the sudden and overwhelming strokes of misfortune had brought to pass; and what the most elaborate sermons and the loudest churchly denunciations would have failed in accomplishing, was done speedily and well by the heaven directed efforts of a young and unassuming girl. Beneath the roof of Mrs. Winslow, under the ministering care of Marian, Nellie Sunderland recovered from the first stunning results of her many miseries.

And Georgiana, whom the sight of so much wretchedness had totally disarmed, had for the sufferer not one word of reproach or irony. She, too, tended her as a sister, and never made the slightest allusion to the hanging, drawing and quartering arrangement, nor to any other of her former inquisitorial plans. The young friend, about to enlist in the same company with John, had won her entire regard by his care for her brother when he lay insensible and bleeding by the wayside. Frank Anderson had accompanied his new and congenial associate to Philadelphia principally on account of the sister he praised so much. The tall, graceful, sprightly girl won the young soldier's heart; and Georgiana smiled upon him with sunny encouragement, and gave him no reason to despair.

All were kind and attentive to the unfortunate Nellie. From their own rather scanty means they supplied her with necessary clothing; and though it was a fierce inner strife between the long cherished pride and the lessons of humility and gratitude she was compelled to learn, yet is she hourly becoming a better woman, redeemed from the follies and wrongs of the past.

John Winslow and Frank Anderson enlisted as they desired—together—and are now with the Grand Army of the Potomac; and if true patriotic feeling and bravery that bears the moral and intellectual as well as the genuine physical stamp be of avail in this great conflict, then will our gallant young heroes yet be heard from, to their praise, and to our country's good.

A few days before the joint departure of the friends there was a quiet wedding in Mrs. Winslow's parlor, and the life-long dream of a pure heart was fulfilled. The wife blessed the husband and bade him as courageous a farewell as the maiden; and she restrained the uprising tears, lest that one symptom of woman's weakness should fall discouragingly upon the heart elate with the love of Country and of Liberty.

Mike Shiels, the pleasant, witty Irishman, and Johannes Dintelback, our honest and loyal German friend, have returned to their posts of danger. Both are as brimful of patriotism as ever; one vowing still "to kill all de tam secessh"; and the other, flinging all the opprobrious epithets he can think of at the head of that "dubbel distilled traitor of a spalpeen, and devil of a Jeff Davis, bad luck to him for ever and a day afterwards!"

Sweet Marian, in becoming the wife of him she loved, so soon after her father's death, incurred the censure of some appearance-worshipping people, but her own conscience guided her aright, and in obeying its behests of wisdom, she can defy the malice of a world. She is now the beloved daughter of Mrs. Winslow, and resides with that beloved mother. The husband and wife meet sometimes, during the pauses of war.

Nellie Sunderland, slowly recruiting health and strength, will seek in the once despised field of labor, the honorable support of a disciplined, independent mind. She has learned of the past that happiness dwells not always with gold and power. This she confesses humbly to her true friends, Georgiana and Kate Devon.

The faithful ones at home, while poring over the letters of the absent, and weeping for the slaughtered thousands, ever pray, with uplifted hearts and petitioning souls, that the great conflict now waging, may result in Universal Liberty to all, and in the speedy restoration of peace.

Written for the Banner of Light.

LEARN TO BE KIND.

BY ALICE EGG.

O, learn to be kind! this counsel enjoined  
By that golden rule of our Teacher,  
Should be still defined as Love to mankind,  
And mercy to every creature.

Learn then to be kind: the good and refined  
Both rule and are governed by kindness;  
True kindness we find doth overrule Mind,  
And temper the brute in his blindness.

Be tender and kind, and bear it in mind  
The stoutest are not always sternest;  
But cheer from behind inspire the mind  
Of the captain to press on in earnest.

Be loving indeed. The tongue may not plead,  
But hearts that are gushing and tender  
Are most apt to bleed, consuming in need  
Of that which they oftentimes render!

When Hate is revealed, the weapons we wield  
Do wound us much more than defend us;  
On love's battle-field to win is to yield,  
All honor to him who surrenders.

Forgive and be kind. How woefully blind  
Is he who expects to be pardoned,  
Or hopes to find contentment of mind  
While his heart in unkindness is hardened.

August Hill, 1862.



## Original Essays.

PRINCIPLES OF ORGANIZATION,  
AND THEIR RELATION TO SPIRITUALISM.

BY EDWARD B. FISKLAND.

NUMBER FOUR.

## GOVERNMENT.

I have heretofore shown, at considerable length, the method by which the two essential, yet opposite principles of the Sovereignty of the Individual on the one hand, and of Implicit Obedience to the commands of a Chief on the other, can be harmoniously balanced and adjusted in practical organization or government. In this paper, with which I shall discontinue, for the present, at least, the subject of Government, I shall show the nature of some of the necessary institutions of such an organization and the peculiar method of their operations, as developed by the new science of Universalogy, and set forth in its preliminary publications; from which I shall make elucidating extracts, without specially designating them by quotation marks.

The office of the Legislature in a Government having as its basis the Sovereignty of every Individual, solely limited at the point where encroachment upon the equal freedom of others would begin, will not be to enact Laws arbitrarily, or to make Statutes, but to discover and promulgate the Laws of Nature, or the Laws of God in Nature, or the Laws of Order and Harmony in the Universe, and to demonstrate the mode and degree of their applicability as guides in the construction and operation of all human Societary Institutions, chiefly with a minor relation to all human affairs.

The Legislature will consist, therefore, of the entire body of Scientists, or Thinkers, denizens of the so-called Scientific World, who may choose to organize or embody themselves in the New Order, for the purpose of furnishing to the world at large the rational law of deportment or conduct in every field of human activity, without constraint or the arbitrary enforcement of their decrees. While this Legislative body will not arbitrarily enact Laws, it not only promulgates Laws, but announces penalties by virtue of the power which it has of prevision, or the foreknowledge of the consequences which must, by a scientific or logical necessity, result from one or another mode of procedure. It differs from the law-making power of the old-style arbitrary governments precisely as Modern Physiology in discovering and announcing the Laws of Life and Health, leaving individuals free to apply them (or not to apply them) for their own benefit, differs from the usage of the ancient Egyptian Priesthood, who arbitrarily, and without the aid of Science even, prescribed what each caste or class of persons in the community should be permitted to eat and drink. It is not difficult to see how Modern Science, in the midst of unlimited individual freedom, becomes, by the voluntary obedience of individuals to the hygienic and physiological laws which it promulgates, more truly regulative and salutary; more truly legislative in fact, over the deportment of mankind, than the merely instinctive or selfish arbitrium of a Priesthood. What Physiology is doing for the individual—its investigation conducted hitherto in an informal and unorganized manner—such a Legislature will do better by means of organization to that end; and so in each of the special Sciences; and what is or can be done for the individual health and happiness, whether informally or organically, to do also the same for the collective health and happiness of mankind by carrying up the Science of Man, from the individual to the collective sphere; from Physiology to Sociology; from self-government by virtue of science to social or political government by the same scientific and rational method.

The Executive Department of a State resulting from the scientific harmonization of the two opposite principles, the Divergent Individuality of isolated or separate personal freedom, and the Convergent Individuality which centers upon a chief, or head, voluntarily, for the purpose of securing greater good, will have for its office to devise, to organize, and to conduct those institutions, or instituted forms of the collective life of man, which shall best embody, express, and represent the Laws of Life promulgated by the Legislature, and best subserve the collective wants of all individuals in all spheres; not, again, as arbitrary forms to be imposed upon any one, but as simple means of accommodation to all.

This Executive Department is the Temporal as distinguished from the Spiritual Government. It superintends the industrial, the Commercial and the Financial relations of mankind. Informally, it consists at this day of the great self-elected chiefs of Industry, Commerce and Finance, the Abbot Lawrences, the George Laws, and the Baron Rothschilds, who are more effectively governors of the world than the so-called governments. The work of these Temporal Governments has been hitherto the creation and accumulation of wealth. Their methods have often seemed cruel, tyrannical, and oppressive, like those of the governments of the past in general; but the work to which they have been instinctively impelled is one of immense value to the race. They are providing the solid material basis upon which the future prosperity of mankind must rest. The wealth of the world is now augmenting with astounding rapidity. Eighty years ago there was nothing on the planet that we should now dignify by the name of machinery. Sixty years ago there was no Chemistry, there was no application, in fact, of Science to wealth-producing purposes, and never had been any in the world. Half of these short periods was given to getting ready to work. Thirty and forty years measure the date, therefore, during which the Industrial Revolution has been progressing under the auspices of Science, and hitherto informally, unorganically conducted. And yet how magnificent the results. Still, up to this day, the new and potential industrial industry has established itself only at a few points on the surface of the earth, the Manchester, the Lowell, etc. Now, it is spreading over the whole earth, and at the same time discovery and invention are, themselves, progressing in a geometrical ratio. Add the new accumulations from mechanical and chemical instrumentalities, now just fairly established and capable of production, to the spread of such applications as are now known over the whole field of human activity; and this again to the immense potency of the new knowledge that are being every day evolved; and there is no arithmetic which will not demonstrate, that in a few years this whole world is destined to be overflowing with wealth. In this respect, experience is of no value. The poverty-stricken condition of all human societies in the past, is no criterion for the future.

Wealth will soon so abound, that mere wealth will confer no distinction. Wisdom in the use of wealth for the common weal will then be the distinctive characteristic of the true Temporal Governors. For such wisdom they will come, gradually but speedily, under the loving persuasions of the Church, (the constitution functions and office of which will be set forth in succeeding papers,) to the Legislature, the Rational Government of the New State; will submit themselves voluntarily and gladly to its authority; and will achieve for themselves positions of great eminence, as a body, in just subordination to that Individual, who, by virtue of his organization, training and greatest capacity to serve in such position, shall be recognized as the Supreme Leader, or Thinking Head, of the World, so far as relates to the regulation of the noblest ambitions in every direction in the application of wealth. Honors, dignities, rank, titles, and decorations will be conferred by the Supreme Government for every grand achievement of a humanitarian kind, until an enthusiasm of competition and cooperation will be aroused among the rich, to test who can surpass the others in the magnificence of their donations and bequests to the Church and the State, and in the genius of adaptation

tion they can display in the administrative service of man. Organized for the greatest efficiency to such ends under the direction of the Scientific Chiefs, the great body of Temporal Chiefs will become the regular and recognized Executive Department of the New State, or, in the phrase of "Positivism," the Temporal Government of the race.

The Judicial Department of the New State will consist, as now, of the Courts of Judicature, which will be organized for the decision, as umpires, of all vexed questions in practical life, in accordance with the laws promulgated by the Legislature, that is to say, in accordance with natural right; and between parties who voluntarily submit themselves to their jurisdiction, or who, as subjects of the new State, may, with its growth, or development, be required to do so, and to abide by the decision, under penalty of being deprived in part or in full of the benefits which the State will have the ability to confer.

The State, by virtue of its legislative function as the discoverer, interpreter, and promulgator of intellectual Laws or Truths, is not only the civil government of the world at large, but is the governor, in respect to such truths, of the Church as well, while the Church is, in turn, represented in the State, by the Theological Bishops and Clergy. It is the special function of the Church relatively to the State, to inspire into the scientific and practical minds of the Spiritual and Temporal Governors, the Love of Moral Goodness and Truth, and of Philanthropic Endeavor in every sphere or department of life. The Executive of the State is, however, represented in the Deaconry of the Church, a body of practical and executive men, who devote themselves to the administration of the temporalities of that body. The Church and the State thus interlock with and embrace each other. The proliferation from that embrace must be Peace, Prosperity and Happiness, temporal and eternal. The State is, in relation to Temporal things, the husband to the Church. In such things it is the duty of the husband to love, cherish, and protect the wife; to sustain and defend her; to instruct her; to reveal to her more clearly her own nature, so far as it is estimable, by strictly intellectual investigation, and to yield himself lovingly to the refining and elevating influences which it is her prerogative to impart. The Legislative body must interpret for the Church the symbolic significance and the profound scientific correspondences of the Dogmas and Rites which she has instinctively adopted, and hitherto sentimentally held and taught; must translate her instinctual aspirations and obscure faith into the language of pure reason; must learn of her to feel experimentally the substance of which Science thus supplies the form; and so act as Temporal guardian and instructor, without damage, still, to the Spirituality or the Devotion of the Church.

The Head of the New State, representing the monarchical principle, or Individuality of Lead, is the individual, self-elected, but powerless except as he is voluntarily acknowledged and obeyed, who is most conscious of power to devise, constitute, and direct a Just, Harmonious, and Triumphant Social Organization, adapted to the wants of all mankind—power to lead in—through Science, and the Revival of Faith, and the Cooperation of the Spirit World, and the Divine Guidance back of all—the period of the reconciliation of all conflicts; the harmonious or millennial age; the Golden Age of the Future.

The function of this Head is the service of all; his diploma, the greatest capacity to serve. All are free to devise plans and to organize departments of administration as large as they feel in themselves consciousness of the power to wield. As these shall prove themselves beneficent, and seek affiliation with the New State they can come into subordinate relations with it in accordance with their rank and worth. Should rivalries spring up with the State itself, contest will ensue, transferred from the battlefield, however, to friendly competition for superior Grandeur of Design, and Power of Benevolent Accomplishment to serve and to bless mankind. In such a conflict, he who loses will gain, as truly as he who wins.

The great Thinkers and Philanthropists, Wise Reformers, truly broad and aspiring Religious natures devoted to the spiritual elevation of mankind, the great Literati and Artists, Geniuses, great Organized Minds, those who devote and achieve splendid Industrial Designs; those, in fact, who distinguish themselves in any manner, indicating Grandeur of Soul, are the True Nobility of the Race, and should be recognized and constituted, by a true Universal Spiritual Government, into the Aristocracy of the World. We speak instinctively of Nature's Noblemen and Noblewomen. It is the function of a true Government to cause all such to assume their true places in the eye of the world, so that they may shed the influence of illustrious example on others from the highest position which society is able to confer. The Aristocracies of the past have been based chiefly on military prowess. In this age, the Aristocracy of wealth is rising into importance. Higher still is the Aristocracy of Intellect, consecrated and devoted to the Highest Humanitarian and Religious ends—conquest in the field of pure Thought and Sentiment translated into Practical Life.

The New State will, therefore, through its Head and Legislature, recognize and promulgate the inherent titles of honor which exist in individuals; will confer Patents of Nobility, and all other marks of distinction, with scientific exactitude in the discrimination of rank; will organize, in fact, a Court, and a Veritable Aristocracy. All men have in them inherently the love of pomp and luxury, and approbation; honors, decorations, and rank. However much a few intellectual anchorites may repress in themselves these dispositions, and effort to despise them in others, this is merely a reaction from inversion or undevelopment in their use in the past, and will cease when they are rightly applied, as incentives to a noble life. The great Heart of Humanity, and more than all, the female heart, the just gauge of sentiment, beats sympathetically with them. Essentially, what Humanity ever has been, Humanity ever will be. Refinement and Elevation reach not the substance of things, but their form. Even Spiritualization only causes a change in the preponderance of tendencies, without destruction to any that were ever normal or true. In a true Social Order, every normal passion of the Soul must find its appropriate gratification and use. Those which have been most loudly decried, will prove to be, when scientifically understood and adjusted, the most potent springs of harmonious and benevolent human activity. Honors thus conferred will be, in fact, no more than nominations by the government to the people, of meritorious individuals for the reception of such exalted consideration as can alone be conferred in the end by the people themselves. The popularity and continuance in power of the Government itself will depend among other similar titles, upon its just discrimination and judiciousness in selecting and designating the genuine nobility—and in assigning to the different sections of society their true relative rank. This will constitute the scientifically adjusted and effectual check upon favoritism and false honors in every sphere; and this, in turn, will give a real value to the honors which are conferred, as virtually they will be conferred both by the government and the people.

The first step in reform is always in the direction of the denial of the tendency to luxury, and the repression of the natural desires. Evil is discovered to flow, in some way, from indulgence, and the simplest and most ready remedy is to suppress the natural promptings to the special gratification which leads to the evil. This drift is sometimes called Stoicism, sometimes Moralism, sometimes Reform, and sometimes a return to the State of Nature; hence the hair-cloth and the cave in the earth of the old sages, the drab colors and plain dress of the followers of George Fox; the braud bread, the linsey-woolsey, and the red garments of modern reformers; sumptuary laws; the tub of Diogenes, and the par simony of Poor Richard. All the religious sects, all schools of Ethical Philosophy, all systems of Domestic and Social Policy, which have professed to be reformatory, have gone in the same track—the repression of the passions; the subjugation of the natural man to the domination of restrictive opinion or restrictive legislation. Each new sect has in turn thus

looked at and endeavored to exterminate some portion of the man. Presbyterianism feels and fears the evils of dissipation from the accompaniments of dancing—from obeying the God-inspired love of the poetry of motion. Ignorant of any higher method, and well meaning, it prescribes the extermination, by non-use, of the desire; the destruction of one of the faculties of the soul in the cause of virtue; a process as effective and of the same character as the palsy and shriveling of the arm of the Indian Fakir, from holding it extended or bound to his body for years in the service of the same idea. Quakerism sees the same or similar evils in the indulgence of the musical faculty and taste; and prescribes the extermination of another portion of the soul. Shakerism detects the anti-spiritualizing tendency of the sexual appetite during the stages of inferior development in the race, and subjects it to the same process of destruction; and so the other sects in religion, morality, and law. As a first step, this philosophy of repression is good, because it is a necessary stage through which the progress of the race has to pass, and because it prepares that basis of moderation upon which all genuine and healthful indulgences must rest.

The true progress of development is through repression to an infinitely varied and luxurious gratification, in true subordination and harmony, of all the natural tendencies of the soul, from the animal appetites up to the love of God. The second step in reform is, therefore, just the opposite of the first. It reverts, from the suppression of the passions or desires, or motor forces of the soul, to their development and harmonization, through the *numerousness, exuberance, and balanced action of them all.*

Justified, therefore, by Science, the Court of the New State will ultimately exceed in magnificence all the royal splendors of the past. All the refinements of Nature and Science and Art and Religion, will be cultured there, and go forth, as from a spiritual focus, radiating gracefulness, and beauty, and charm, to the remotest portions of the earth. The progress of material reform, the application of Science to the production of wealth, will soon lead the planet with abundance; but abundance without culture would prove debasing and destructive to the extreme. Society would rot of its own grossness. A refined court has always been, and must always be, the fountain of refining influences shed upon the people. A new chivalry, a new sentiment of honor and courtesy, regardless of all titles to respect, from the humblest to the highest; devotion to all truth; the whole life of the individual, the nation, the world, made happy, religious, refined; attractive industry, crowned with adequate honors; the Theatre, ying with the Church and the Church with the Theatre, in the purity and the elevation of their influences; these and other similar thoughts inspire the design of a Panarchical and Paternal Government; a spiritual coordination of the whole human family in accordance with harmonic laws, rising in the midst of and above all national and sectarian differences, and commanding, by its own superior tendencies, the deference, the veneration, the acceptance, and, finally, the allegiance of all.

To conduct the world to such a result, if practicable at all—and different men will differ in their measure of faith in respect to it—must obviously demand the services of the highest order of sociological talent, aided by new discovery and the cooperative sympathy of great numbers. The democratic idea alone is not equal to the task. If to build a bridge or a railroad requires the *Single Man, the Engineer*, whose knowledge of the way is more than that of all the owners of the work even, how much more important that the complicated problems of society shall be threaded, and its construction engineered, by a mind competent by organization and training to that end!

As the substratum, the basis, and the support of a true Aristocracy and a true Monarchy must be a truly constituted and contented Democracy, the Sovereignty of every Individual, solely limited at the point where encroachment upon the equal freedom of others would begin, is the foundation of all true hierarchical and supreme sovereignty. The Head of the New State will be, therefore, the most dependent of men. He is monarchically by virtue of his daily and hourly reflection by the people, in consideration of the continuation of popular benefits which he, in a higher degree than other men, is able, by their cooperation, to confer. The doctrine of checks and balances in government is here, therefore, carried to its highest perfection; absolute Democracy and a beneficent despotism co-working harmoniously with each other, supplying the benefits and neutralizing the evils of each; the *tormenting problem of human government scientifically solved.*

If it be objected that the organic basis of the New State is too perfect; that it is fitted only for the government of men, and through their higher natures, which are but poorly developed, as yet; and that it lacks the element of force—let it be so understood for the present; and the reply to be made is, That the old-style governments remain still in existence, and will remain in existence, so long as the demand for them remains. With a reduced prominence of the elements of force, and fear, and punishment, in the government of men; and with the relative importance of the old-style governments, in comparison with the new style, gradually declining; it may be admitted even that they will still be a perpetual necessity. There is no reason in this, however, why a different order of Government, based on attraction and rewards, and benefits conferred, with the possibility of their being withdrawn as a penalty, should not plant itself in their midst, and gain its ascendancy over that portion of mankind who shall be found amenable to superior motives. The police function of the old governments will only be relieved so far, and in proportion as, through this instrumentality, aided by all others, the standard of development in the race is made higher, and the supremacy of the spiritual government is confirmed.

It should, therefore, be well understood that the New State will not place itself in a hostile attitude to any of the existing governments of the earth. It will tender its services as the friend and counsellor and helper as well of the Governments as of the Peoples, aided in its counsel by the newly discovered science of Universalogy, and all the influences at its command. It will become, by voluntary selection, the umpire between Kings, Emperors and Republics, and between rulers and their revolting subjects, and so will supply that great International Tribunal of which there is a felt and growing want in the world, and for which a Congress of Nations has been suggested. By this means it will contribute to peace, to enable Governments to reduce their hostile armaments, and finally to abolish them; to infuse into them, so far as applicable, its own more scientific and humane methods, to procure their recognition of the rightfulness of its own position as mediator between them; and, finally, their voluntary submission to its superior authority and the assumption of their positions as branches or departments of the planetary government.

The New State will, therefore, send ambassadors to every Court, to explain the nature of its own constitution and purposes, to satisfy the governments of its peaceable and cooperative intentions; to commend to them a study of its principles of government; to tender its mediatorial services; to negotiate for a unitary system of weights and measures, coinage, finance, etc., and for the introduction of science, and a unitary policy for the race in all practicable ways, to take the place of arbitrary regulations and narrow and restrictive systems of legislation now and heretofore prevalent among them.

Among the less immediate and more permanent functions of the New Government will be to maintain the true teachers and pioneers of the progress of the race, while at their work, in the place of maintaining an army of useless politicians and sinecure placemen in Church and State, and elsewhere, to publish all scientific and other works of a highly useful nature, but not promising a circulation extended enough to reward private enterprise; to cooperate with inadequate private ability, in the same manner, in respect to all inventions and discoveries; to anticipate the public appreciation of all new and true things, and aid them to achieve a public

recognition, and to do so with a constantly accumulating authority by virtue of other similar services already rendered; and especially, to lead the way to the extinction of all slaveries, without violence or loss, by demonstrating the problem of Attractive Industry in all spheres; to organize Industrial Armies for the conquest of swamps, deserts, mountains, passes, the opening of mines, harbors, etc.; to maintain scientific expeditions and experiments, especially such as directly affect the best modes of living and the social happiness of man; to favor organized emigration, etc., etc., etc.

In respect to its Treasury, the great means of performing its function in the world, the New State will adopt the principle of Voluntaryism. "All governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed." Such is the language of the American Declaration of Independence. Such is supposed to be the basis upon which rests the present government of the United States—a basis toward which all other liberal governments are professedly tending—a principle adopted of late in France, Italy, and elsewhere. But let any individual resident in any of these countries decline or refuse to obey the constituted governments which happen to exist there, or to pay his quota for the support of them, and he will soon find, by penalties inflicted, that it is a government to which he has given no consent, but which he expressly repudiates, which has obtained power over him, and which will compel him to obey and to contribute of his substance to the means of strengthening and perpetuating the compulsion. He will find that it is not his own will, but the will of a Majority of the nation, not of the present day even, but of some former time, now assumed as perpetual, by governors wholly different in all respects, it may be, from those to whom the fathers gave their allegiance, which must determine his duties, control his conduct, and compel his obedience.

A government based on the will of a Majority is not based on the will of the governed, if the governed happen to belong to the Minority.

In respect to Church matters, for more than two centuries, in England and New England, the battle has been waged by the Minority in behalf of their right to manage their own affairs, to constitute and obey the Government of their own choice, and to be rid of the impertinent assumption by a Majority of the right to rule over them, by mere virtue of being a Majority.

Curiously enough, during the same period, in the sphere of Politics, the Right of the Majority to Govern has been not only admitted or endured, but affirmed and lauded as the last word of Political Philosophy in behalf of Freedom. Still, Majority-rule is as much a tyranny as Despotism.

The New Government consecrates this principle of Voluntaryism in the State. Taxes are only levied by voluntary contribution; authority only exercised over those who intelligently accept its righteousness; contented Individualities as the logical basis of "Contented Nationalities." It was believed that no Church could exist under the financial aspect of the Voluntary Principle. Experience in America, where all the Churches are supported in that way, has exploded this theory in respect to the Church, and will do so, everywhere, in respect to the State. Beginning with the world lying in poverty, oppression and wretchedness, the New State will be able through New Science, the Science of Organization, aided by all benign spiritual revelations and influx, to conduct society to its true Harmonical destiny on earth; until the whole people shall be housed in palaces; until the earth shall be cultivated like a garden; until Equity, and Honor, and Religion, shall reign universally; until health and beauty shall be the common inheritance; until all human affairs shall be radiant with a True Millennial Glory.

The Governments and the Aristocracies of the world now extant, are derived almost wholly from the military achievements of ancestors. This is characteristic of an age of physical force. Let these institutions stand for all they may be worth in the future. But let the Heroes of Thought of this intellectual age assert their own dignity and rank. At present they stand as lackeys in the courts of a greatness essentially less than their own. They need only a scientific organization, a competent leadership, and a specific dedication of their services to the well being of mankind, in order to assume their true place as the higher or Spiritual Government, sustained by the grateful and enthusiastic devotion of all.

ORGANIZATION OF SPIRITUAL  
SOCIETIES.

I am very much pleased with the reading of a letter in the BANNER from Warren Chase, upon the Organization of Spiritual Societies. Also, one from Emma Hardinge, upon the "Church of Spiritualism," which I shall make the subject of another letter.

If Spiritualism is true—and some of the wisest of men say it is—it is far in advance of all other systems of moral philosophy and ethical science, and is destined to compel a reorganization of society, and a new generalization of all our systems of moral, social, political and physical sciences. I go to the full extent of Brother Chase's suggestions, and hope to see them all realized by a wise and just application.

While I am opposed to institutionalism, I am in favor of organized society, as the best means to promote the general good of mankind. It unites strength with endeavor, and success with effort, and crowns the labors of the industrious with prosperity and happiness.

Friend Chase thinks the time has fully come to organize Spiritual Societies. I say amen to it. Spiritualism has had a brilliant march in the last twelve years; its influence has been gentle, yet powerful, like the beating of the sun's rays upon the ice mountains of the North. Yet all its hopeful promises thus far have grown up in the midst of an unorganized and chaotic condition of its advocates. In view of this, it surely is high time that another advance be made, for in and through this essential teachings of Spiritualism I can only see "a hope for all."

A doubt about what shall be the basis of organization ought not to delay the work. Let none stand for a moment waiting for a basis, but organize at once. One so humble as myself cannot be expected to give a very intelligent suggestion. Nevertheless, I would suggest that every organization, however formal it may be, ought not to set forth, at the very outset, that the distinctive object was to promulgate the distinctive teachings of Spiritualism in all their brilliant and soul-inspiring beauty. Let no one be ashamed of the name of Spiritualist, for it is the vital philosophy of the age.

Paul said he was not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ. Are you ashamed of the gospel of Spiritualism?

What does it signify, though you are far away and surrounded by sectarian influences, and hedged in on every side with cold and unfriendly associations? You have the consolation that many a pure soul and gentle tongue is pleading your cause amid the ranks of cold-hearted skeptics. You still have the consolation that gentle spirit-friends are continually descending from the heavens above, and watching over you through all the dark paths you may have to tread.

Give the world a moral philosophy that will dif-

fuse itself through all branches of business, and through every day in the week—a philosophy that teaches the freest and freest application of human rights in society, and the most ample means to supply the deserving with honest toil, and reward the virtuous and aspiring with health and prosperity. Do this, and millions of human beings will walk the path of righteousness as Enoch walked with God. And woman, with all her social and inspirational nature and teachings, will bless and adorn, ennoble and immortalize each succeeding age, in its swift march to the future; for, "all orators are dumb when beauty pleads." Let the spheres of the two sexes be so adjusted as to insure the successful action of each to the end of securing the highest good possible to the race.

L. U. REAVIS.

Beardstown, Ill.

From the Rising Tide.

## THE WORLD IS ALL THE BETTER FOR IT.

A PARODY ON THE POPULAR SONG, "THE WORLD WOULD BE THE BETTER FOR IT," AS VIEWED FROM AN "ALL RIGHT" STANDPOINT.

As men care not for wealth or fame,  
Neither for battle-fields nor glory;  
Since writ in human hearts, a name  
Seems better than in song or story;  
Since men, instead of nursing pride,  
Do each one hate it and abhor it;  
As all rely  
On Love's supply,  
The World is all the better for it!

Since men deal less in stocks and lands,  
Than in kind deeds and bonds fraternal;  
Since Love's work has no lack of hands  
To link this world to the supernal;  
Since men store up Love's oil and wine,  
And on bruised human hearts do pour it—  
Since "yours" and "mine"  
Do now combine,  
The World is all the better for it!

Since all men act the play of Life,  
And no one profits it in rehearsal;  
Since Bigotry has sheathed its knife,  
And Good now is quite universal;  
Since Custom, gray with ages grown,  
Has not one soul left to adore it;  
Since talents shone  
In Truth alone,  
The World is all the better for it!

Since men are wise in little things—  
Upright and honest in their dealings;  
And hearts have now no rusty strings,  
To isolate their kindly feelings;  
As thought's Wrong, but all is right,  
We have no need, then, to restore it—  
Since Right makes Might  
In every fight,  
The World is all the better for it!

## CONVENTION OF SPIRITUALISTS

In Kalamazoo County, Mich.

THREE THOUSAND PEOPLE ASSEMBLED!

This truly great meeting was opened Saturday, June 28th, by the choice of Mr. Tower, of Texas, President, and Mr. Hope, of the same place, as Secretary. The forenoon was spent in arranging preliminaries for the meeting and in a short conference, in which all the speakers assembled participated.

In the afternoon a large audience gathered in the grove. Mr. Jamieson, of Paw Paw, made the opening speech. He called attention to the claims of Spiritualism, its rapid growth and influence, challenging, as it does to-day, the investigation of the civilized world.

He was followed by Mr. Whipple, of Ohio, who gave a very instructive lecture on Geology; he traced, by the aid of this science, the age and development of the earth and man, showing the contrast between the teachings of science and the myths of the ancients with regard to creation.

The exercises were concluded by a short, sarcastic and spicy speech from Mr. Fairfield. Meeting then adjourned till Sunday morning, at which time a largely increased audience assembled. Mr. Peebles, of Battle Creek, made the first speech, from the text, "There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding." He gave a very beautiful and truthful explanation of inspiration, demonstrating its eternity and its adaptation to the wants of humanity in every age.

He was followed by Mr. Fairfield, who continued the same subject under the head of "Inspiration, Revelation and Education," in which his controlling spirit (who announced himself as Sylvester Judd) made some excellent hits at the follies and inconsistencies of the Orthodox world, interspersing his discourse with apt and cutting comparisons and illustrations. He compared the Bible to a stack of wheat that needed threshing and separating—the straw and chaff from the wheat. Also to a huge nut that the sledge-hammer of Spiritualism must crack, that the meat may be preserved and the shuck thrown to the winds. "The theologian says you must eat the nut, shell and all, but we say give us the meat, they are welcome to the shell."

At the Sunday afternoon session the audience was again largely increased in numbers. The services began by a short speech from Mr. E. C. Dunn, (entranced) on the subject of spirit existence and development. He was followed by a short speech from Mr. Fairfield and one from Mr. Rouse, of Indiana (the blind speaker).

The concluding address was made by the subscriber. Subject—"The purpose of Spiritualism," and an improvised poem on a subject given by a committee chosen from the audience. Excellent instrumental music was in attendance, under the management of Mr. Geo. Voke, of Paw Paw.

This was one of the largest and most useful meetings I ever attended in this part of the country. There were nearly three thousand people in attendance, and all evinced a strong and earnest interest to the close, thereby showing plain that words can tell, how "Spiritualism is going down in Michigan." Yes, going down deep into the hearts of the people. Not a single accident occurred to mar the pleasure of the assembly, and each and all seemed to realize the great and mighty import of the glorious truths of Spiritualism. A Baptist brother, who owned the lot of land adjoining the grove, thought he could best serve the Lord by letting a spot of ground to a lot of rowlies to open a mission-ary station for the sale of whiskey to the congregation on the Lord's day, but the business did not prove lucrative, and though it was not near enough to disturb our meeting, the pious establishment was broken up at the noon intermission by the prompt action of a few friends, without accident.

I took a report of several of the speeches made, but no abstract can do justice to the earnest and lofty expression of feeling and enthusiasm that infused itself into the utterances of most of the speakers. Truly, inspiration seemed to more than do, and monstrosities in the living words spoken, and sentiments inculcated.

The subject of organization was touched upon by several speakers—this great want is beginning to make itself manifest to the minds of a large class of Spiritualists, and I trust the Spiritualists of America, will all soon see the necessity and the practicability of a permanent business organization.

Let us all unite and strive to purge ourselves from all fanaticalisms, and those foolish side issues, that make the cause a burlesque and a mockery in the eyes of many honest and elevated minds among us, as well as among opposers; and like the "Lycium Church" of Boston, and other organized bodies of a similar character, band ourselves together for the promulgation of spiritual truth.

A. B. WATSON.

Aldon, Mich., July 8, 1862.



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## Message Department.

Each message in this department of the BANNER we claim was spoken by the spirit whose name it bears, through the medium of H. COVART, while in a condition called the Trance. They are not published on account of literary merit, but as tests of spirit communion to those friends who may recognize them.

These messages go to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether good or evil.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns, that does not comport with his reason. Each expresses so much of truth as he perceives—no more.

**Our Circles.**—The circles at which these communications are given, are held at the BANNER Office, No. 138 Washington Street, Room No. 3, (up stairs) every Monday, Tuesday and Thursday afternoon, and are free to the public. The doors are closed precisely at three o'clock, and none are admitted after that time.

### MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

The communications given by the following named spirits will be published in regular course:

**Thursday, June 20.**—Invocation: Questions and Answers: G. G. Folton, late President of Harvard College; Augustus Oldfield, of Chesapeake, N. Y. (published in No. 15); Alexander Currier, of Machias, Me.

**Monday, June 20.**—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Sarah Ann Siles, Manchester, N. H.; Lieutenant Morley of Charleston, S. C.; John Sailer to his brother Samuel in London.

**Tuesday, July 1.**—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Rachel T. Collins, to Dr. Alexander Collins, of Portsmouth, N. H.; John T. Worsyth, of New Orleans; Robert Bates, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; John Nelson Merrill, of Hartford, Conn., to his mother.

**Thursday, July 3.**—Invocation: Soliloquy upon the approaching Fourth of July. Questions and answers: Ben McCulloch, the Hotel General; Capt. Spencer to her mother in Princeton, New Jersey; Oliver William Madigan, of Boston.

**Monday, July 7.**—Questions and Answers: George Bailey of Boston; Harriet McGrath, of New York; Patrick Duffy, of Co. P, 4th N. Y. Regiment, to his wife.

**Tuesday, July 8.**—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Nancy T. Brown, mother of Gov. Brown of Georgia; Louis Ksantzi to Carl Somers of New Orleans; Walter B. Jamieson, Richmond, Va., to his father Robert Jamieson; Roxanna Bruce.

In consequence of the physical inability of our medium to-day, we shall be obliged to depart from our usual method of communicating, or, in other words, we shall be obliged to change our control. Instead of giving our thoughts through the brain, we shall give them through the hand, mechanically upon paper. However, while we are changing our control, we would invite our friends present to hold counsel with us upon any subject they may choose to offer.

June 23.

### Questions and Answers.

**Ques.**—Can our spirit friends communicate with us when requested to do so through a medium?

**Ans.**—That depends entirely upon conditions, or the law governing, at the time the request is made. They can do so at all times when conditions are favorable, but when unfavorable they cannot.

**Q.**—How is this request made known to them, and how are our spirit friends recognized?

**A.**—There is no need of embodying our thoughts in language, that the disembodied spirit may receive them. The thought, as it exists in the mind of the individual, is as real and tangible to the disembodied spirit as if given in the form of sound or by words, in the way I now speak to you.

**Q.**—Do our spirit friends know or recollect things or transactions they did before leaving this world, and if they do, have they the power to tell them?

**A.**—Memory is eternal; it never dies. Any experience that the spirit has once passed through is never forgotten by that spirit. It is ever present with that spirit, but sometimes it is concealed from conscious life, by the overpowering conditions surrounding it.

**Q.**—What do you think of the Homeopathic doctrines in medicine? and what relations do they bear to Spiritualism?

**A.**—Many of our spirit intelligences are decidedly in favor of this form of medical treatment, and many are not. The theory is indeed a grand and beautiful one; there is more beauty beneath its surface than man supposes. The time is not far distant—according to our belief—when Homeopathy will not only be better understood by mankind, but will be the prevailing system of medical treatment.

**Q.**—Do I understand that you, as an individual, spirit, are in favor of this mode of treatment?

**A.**—You do, most certainly.

**Q.**—Are you aware that the basis of that theory is, that whatever produces a disease will also cure it?

**A.**—We are.

**Q.**—Is the theory, then, a sound one, in your estimation?

**A.**—In some degree, it is; in other respects, not. It will bear investigation and the sternest criticism of science; not alone the science of materialism, but the grand science which underlies all others—even your science—the science of Spiritualism.

**Q.**—Then we must wait patiently for more light upon the subject, I suppose?

**A.**—Yes, and it shall come, as light follows darkness, or day follows night. It shall surely come, as star-beam after star-beam comes from heaven. See to it, that while it comes in all its simplicity from the Great Father of Spirit, your minds be ready to receive it.

June 23.

### Edith Santal.

My Dear Son—It is now twenty-two years since I left you, and many times I have tried to come into rapport with you, through the way and means our good Father has ordained for us.

You will remember I left you on the 5th of December; also, that the night was dark and stormy, and your own spirit kept pace with the elements. Do you remember, also, the thoughts that passed through your mind at the hour of my departure? I know them, and they were these: "I wonder to whom my mother will leave her earthly possessions?" And do you also remember of my asking you to bring me a small box, that I might give you a note it contained? Do you also remember going to that box after my death—just one hour after—and taking therefrom my last wishes to you and your half-sister?

Oh, my son! all this you must remember, and more also. I would to God I was not the one obliged to come, charging you as I do! but I am that appointed one, to lead you from darkness to light. My son, I come to counsel you to restore what you have taken from another, before it be too late, and you have cause to suffer more thereby. This is from your mother, Edith Santal. To you, Benjamin Barney, of Manchester, England.

June 23.

### James B. Robinson.

Be so kind as to say to my folks, I am all right on this side, only I am not well pleased with the way I come. Ask them to call me home to speak with them.

JAMES B. ROBINSON,  
Of Martin's Battery.

I died at the White House.

### Charlotte Davis.

Let us come to you, dear mother. We will not frighten you. Father says I must tell where I died. In New York City, on Grand street, two years ago. My name, Charlotte Davis; age, eleven years.

June 23.

### Henry Oakes.

No, Joe, I can't tell you where your father is; at least, not as you ask. But I can tell you something better. Sam is in California, and not dead, as you suppose. Write to him at Sacramento.

HENRY OAKES, late of Detroit.

To his friend, JOSEPH COVART.

### Philip Jenkins.

My wife—The way is not all dark, as you will soon see. Do not murmur at God's Providence, for he doeth all things well. PHILIP JENKINS, who died eleven years ago, in the city of Boston, to his wife, Jane.

June 23.

### Hiram French.

Dear Charles—Many times I have tried to come and meet your request, but Fortune has not favored me, nor does she well to-day. I hope to come again soon.

Your brother,  
HIRAM FRENCH.

June 23.

### Invocation.

Oh Lord our God, the whole earth is groaning beneath its weight of spiritual ignorance. Oh, our Father, we ask at this time that wherewith to relieve them, to send back the clouds of darkness and error which are fast thickening about them, and to give them those streams of truth and purity which are to be found in thy Celestial Kingdom. Oh Most Holy One, we ask this in behalf of thy mourning children of earth, and for this, as well as for previous blessings, we will return thee thanks throughout eternity. Amen.

June 24.

### The Truth of Spiritualism.

Have the friends present any questions to offer? If so, we are now ready to answer them.

[No response.]

If there are none, we then propose to answer one we find already with us. A good brother and expounder of Theology, residing in your city, hath sent us the following question:

"If the doctrine of Spiritualism be true, will not some one or more of my departed friends return and communicate with me in private, that I may then become positively assured that they can commune with the inhabitants of earth?"

We would inform him, that we are not always able to return and commune with our friends, in the way and at the time we might most desire to do so, because we are at all times the subject of laws we cannot trespass upon—the laws of God. He hath set our bounds, and said unto each individual spirit: "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther."

Now, we commune with the inhabitants of earth through the physical form, and whenever we attempt to trespass upon its laws, our power is lost. We might stand at the door of your soul knocking for entrance through all eternity. Now, it is necessary that we spirits have some person or subject, that through their physical form we may be enabled to communicate with you. It is true, that we sometimes use inanimate objects, such as chairs, tables, and various articles of furniture, to serve our purpose in manifesting our presence unto you. But to commune with our brother, as he desires, without the interposition of any of the above-named objects, we cannot, simply because we are loyal subjects of the Eternal Spirit.

Before we close, we would ask our good brother to furnish us with a subject or medium, through whom we may commune, and if we do not out of that which has so long been grounded and rooted in his being, namely, error, he may declare there is no door between the two worlds.

June 24.

### Benjamin Franklin Wood.

They said if I would come to this place I could speak with my father, and perhaps my mother. [Don't you find them here?] No, sir. I been away six years. [Where did you reside?] In New York City. [Do you remember the name of the street?] No. I was six years old when I died. My name is Wood, or used to be Benjamin Franklin Wood. [What is your father's name?] Benjamin. [Your mother's?] Ann Maria. [What disease did you die of?] First, I had lung fever, then I got most well, and I had it worse and died. [You had a relapse of the same fever.]

My cousin here says, my mother went to some body in New York, and I, we'n't there, because I didn't know it. [What was your cousin's name?] John Wood. He lived in Connecticut, he says. He says he went to my mother and wrote to her. Can I go? [Yes.] When can I go? [I don't know, your parents will probably call you to them.]

I'd like to speak with my father first. I thought they'd be here. [You want to speak with your parents very much, do you?] Yes, sir, I do. My grandfather, Samuel Wood, does, too, and he says many more would like to whom names it would be no use to mention. [I think they'll give you an opportunity to speak with them.] When? [I can't say when; probably not until after they receive your message in our paper.] What'll it be? [THE BANNER or LIGHT, a Spiritual paper.] Well, I want to talk, not as I do here; I want to go home. Must I go from here now? [If you have said all you wish to.] I have to you, because I don't know you. My father reads all the papers. [Then he'll get your message.]

June 24.

### Ellen Raney.

If you will please to tell me what I am to do here I shall do it. [I suppose you wish to speak with some of your friends, don't you?] Yes, to me brother. [Then you have only to speak of such facts as will enable him to recognize you.] My name was Ellen Raney, and I was twenty-two years old when I die. I'm here, sir, if I can, to talk with me brother.

I took sick while I was doing chamber-work, and was only sick eight or nine days. I was carried to the Hospital in New York, where I lived. [Where were you living at the time you were taken sick?] I lived at the Waverly Place Hotel. I had some money, most two hundred dollars, laid by. Me brother take that, and instead of giving it to those persons he knew I'd like for to have it, he kept it all himself, and what is worse than all the rest, he would not pay a cent of my funeral expenses; and if I can speak to him I want to very much. [In what Bank was your money deposited?] 'Twas not in any Bank, 't was with myself, but he was told about it, and was to keep it for me until I should come out of the hospital. [Then he knew you had laid by money enough to defray all your funeral expenses?] Of course he knew, and he said I did not leave anything at all. [Did you send for him when you were first taken sick?] The folks I lived with did, and he came, and I was carried away to the hospital.

Everybody's coming here and saying whatever they please, and I thought I'd come and say what I pleased. [What was your brother's name?] William Raney. He was older than me. [What is his business?] Sometimes he tend a bar, and once he set up a place—I don't know what you call it, but it's where ladies go and roll balls. [A bowling alley, wasn't it?] Yes, that's what it was called, and afterwards he went into the bar to tend, and he sometimes drinks too much himself, and that's what troubles me and makes me anxious to speak with him.

Our father went away from us in delirium tremens, and ever since he's been here he says it's been very hard for him, and if he could speak to me brother he'd say, of all things, for him not to drink, for if he do, it'll come upon him so hard in the spirit world, because me father died before him by drink.

I don't know how to use mediums, and such like, as you call them, but I thought I should come to-day, if it was ever so hard, and send some word to me brother. They suppose that because I'm dead, that I can't see, hear and know what's going on in the world. It's not so, at all, for I'm not gone, nor was I away from earth at all; at least I don't think I was.

I can tell me brother much about the place I'm in, and many things that would be very much to his comfort and happiness on earth. [Do you know where his place of business now is?] He was in Park Place when I die, but I don't know where he is now, for sometimes he takes too much drink, and then people lose confidence in him, and so he has to go from one place to another. He knows very well I'm dead, and how I died, and that what I say is true. He can read and write, and is not so ignorant but that he can understand what I've said.

We hear something about folks coming back without belief before I die. I've been here in all I think about eighteen months; that's a year and a half. It seems much longer when I'm here, but when I'm away it do'n't seem so long. How will you send that, to me brother? What will you say? [We

shall print what you say in our paper, and in that way it may reach him.] Oh I hope I'll not have to come again, not in this way to him, but I'd like to speak to him alone.

[Is your mother living on earth?] No, she's what you call dead, but we do not dwell together here. Shall I come any more? [If you don't succeed in reaching your brother this time.] Who's to pay you? [We ask no pay.] Good by.

June 24.

### Nathaniel Jackman.

Well, Captain, they furnish us with the body but who with the strength to use it? [If you have not the strength to control, I do n't know as we can give it to you.] It's hard work, and I do n't know that I have the strength. You do n't furnish it? [No, we sometimes assist the medium in that respect.] Well, then, I do n't see but that I've got to take it as coolly as possible. [Do n't be too anxious.] Anxious! My God, I ain't been, but when you get started you do n't want to back out of a thing, you know.

Well, they say I'm dead, but I do n't hardly feel it so, although I'm not able to move about much. [Your voice seems to be strong enough.] Voice! I ain't lacking for that, but I can't seem to move well. [I suppose you are somewhat weak.] Weak! My God! Well, I was weak when I went out from my body I can tell you. [The feeling still clings to you now.] You won't catch me round here again. [You'll feel better another time.] I thought you said it always stuck to us. [Only for a while.]

You want me to talk sort of easy. Well, I feel so much as I did before I went out, that I find it rather hard to be choice of my words, now. [You are a free spirit, now.] I can't be free while I'm cooped up here; there ain't much freedom in this mode of living, I can tell you, Captain. They'd tell you South that you might have your liberty when the breath was about leaving your body.

[Where did you die?] In Richmond, one of the meanest holes you ever saw. [Were you a prisoner in the hands of the rebels?] Yes, and I've been there, between hell and earth—living sometimes on a crust of bread, sometimes without it—ever since I was taken prisoner. Oh, if you want to see life—that is the hard side of it you'd better go to Richmond.

[How long have you been dead?] As nigh as I can guess on your time, I've been here about three weeks. Dead! I ain't dead any more than you are, Captain! [You passed away in May, didn't you?] I expect I did. What is it now, almost Independence? [Yes, to-day is the twenty-fourth of June.] I'll celebrate the Fourth in new style, this year, won't I? [I think likely.]

Can I speak just as I've a mind to, Captain? [Certainly.] Then I want my brother to do his duty—to avenge my death. If you'll let me stay here a few hours, so I can get accustomed to your rules, I think I'll be able to talk easier; but you see we come back here on the very steam we went out with, and it's pretty hard work to conquer one's ill feeling toward those who have injured them. [Did you die from ill-treatment, or were you wounded?] I died of my wounds and ill-treatment, all together. It's hard telling which killed me, stranger.

My name was Nathaniel Jackman. My age you want, don't you? [Yes.] I was n't quite twenty-five. I should have been, if I had lived a few days longer. I was from Corlies, Indiana. [What is your brother's name?] John. [Is he in the army?] Yes. He's a little under just now; that is, he's a little sick, but he's coming up; he's not wounded. They say he ain't going to die yet, and will have a chance, perhaps, to see the hard side of life before he dies, as well as myself.

All at the folks is, to avenge my death, and all the rest of us. I know it's a revengeful feeling to have, stranger, but I did with it, and I can't help it. [You'll get over it by-and-by.] I do n't want to get over it, at least not until I've done one or two things. [What battle were you taken prisoner in?] I suspect it's what you call Bull Run. I received one wound there.

When will you print that? [In two or three weeks. Are your father and mother living in Indiana?] No, they're lucky, they've gone aloft. [Were you married?] Oh, no; and I'm glad of it, too. I see some of 'em round here who have got wives and children that were dependent upon them, and I tell you they feel pretty bad. I think I am lucky, on the whole, stranger. I am lucky—I feel myself so. They say we may fight some now, and if we can, you may count upon me for one.

Can't you beat the revolve while I step out? [I can't do that, but you have my best wishes.] That'll do.

June 24.

### Stephen Gilbert.

Written:  
MY DEAR FATHER—James is not dead, as you have heard, but, on the contrary, he will be with you in person almost as soon as this shall reach you. You have asked for a test from the spirit world, and here you have it. James will tell you that I came to him as plain as while in life, while he lay on the battle-field. And so I did, and saved him.

STEPHEN GILBERT,  
of Cleveland, Ohio.

June 24.

### Written for the Banner of Light.

#### TO MY ABSENT WIFE.

Oh, dearest, hasten thy return!  
Thy absence here there's naught can fill;  
The evening fires as brightly burn,  
Our laughing May and darling Will,  
Are playing just beyond the wall,  
And everything seems bright with cheer,  
Yet still there's something wanting here.

Since you have left our cottage home,  
The rose has donned its richest hues,  
And fragrant sweets now daily roam  
Amongst the morning's pearly dews,  
And softly round the orchard strews  
Its tender bloom of red and white,  
Yet all thy absence can't requite.

Our bobolink has come again,  
And warbles just the same old song;  
There floats a joyous mellow strain  
From fields and orchard all day long,  
And everywhere new beauties throng  
To fill each sense with joy and bliss—  
Yet still I feel a loneliness.

Come, quickly speed, oh, harnessed steam,  
That brings my love o'er hill and plain;  
Although I know leagues intervene,  
My eyes will wander down the lane  
And find a void I can't explain—  
I only know the want I feel  
Thy presence here alone can heal.

In absence now I realize  
Thy worth and wealth of love the more,  
And henceforth shall forever prize  
The boon more highly than before,  
Kind Heaven thanking for the store,  
For down within my inner heart  
'T is written there how dear thou art.

Then hasten back, oh, dearest one!  
I count the days to thy return,  
Each lingering hour and lingering sun  
But makes the fever stronger burn;  
All other annoyances I spurn,  
Oh, let me here thy presence greet,  
And then my joys will be complete.

Janetville, June 20, 1862.

A. P. M.

Vanity Fair thinks that "leaves of absence" are never least becoming to a warrior's brow.

## ITINERANT ETCHINGS OF U. CLARK.

*Drawings—Vagrant Missionaries—Worthy laborers—Good lives and bad—Progress of Reform—The work of Woman—The Magdalen Cry—Westward, ho!*

One of the strongest evidences of the truth of Spiritualism is found in its ability to survive all disasters and abuses. No cause has been killed and effectually annihilated so many times. It has borne all sorts of hacks, humbugs, hobby-riders, and every thing prefigured in the great sheet seen by Peter.

While John F. Coles and myself were lecturing in Elmira, N. Y., several years ago, Dr. Potter of that place, remarked in a conference meeting, that five years previous to that period, he and two other doctors took hold of Spiritualism in its infancy, and had nursed and watched it step by step, until it had grown strong and would go alone. Coles facetiously replied, that Dr. Potter's testimony afforded him about as strong evidence as he ever received; he concluded that anything able to survive the treatment of three doctors for five years, gave conclusive proof of its divinity, or that it could n't be killed any way.

The country has been filled with various classes of would-be mediums and speakers, who have taught the people some serious lessons. I once designated them as "vagrabonds," but this term is too severe. Many of these persons have been governed by good motives, but they have mistaken their mission. They have palmed themselves off on the good people, under the plea of laboring for "the cause," having a work to do, sent by the spirits, and so on. These claims need testing. Charity may afford hospitality and help to the most beggarly and forlorn; who call at our door, but when men and women of no public capacity, undertake to palm themselves off as the agents, orators, or mediums of some mighty mission which turns out to be a fizzle, and claim free board as long as they may please to laze around, to say nothing of the filthy lucre they seek to eke out, it becomes a serious question as to whether they should receive a gentle hint to make tracks, or be sent to the kitchen, the field, or the work-house. Whatever treatment humanity may dictate toward these itinerant vagrants, it is certain that justice to our cause does not demand that they should be encouraged or put forward in their futile efforts, or that they should be permitted to disgrace or rob efficient laborers, who, at best, have hard enough work to make their way, without coming in competition with these insufferable drones and bores, whose inspirations are little above dribblings, and whose misadventure turns out to be a compound of conceit, fanaticism and laziness.

During my late travels, I have crossed the track of several of these missionaries, with whose mission the people will soon be able to dispense. But these cases are exceptional among the numerous laborers now in the field.

I have met with our young brother, Lyman C. Howe, of New Albion, whose labors have been principally confined to that section of Western New York, over which I have recently traveled. A more worthy, devoted, effective and eloquent inspirational orator, I have never found, and wherever he is known, he is honored, admired, and trusted as a man, a medium and speaker. He has already given evidences of gifts destined to rank him among the very first apostles of the age. When his modesty permits him to appear in New England, he will make his mark anew.

George W. Taylor, of Shirley, Erie Co., N. Y., is another young man worthy of a wider reputation than he has as yet attained, though he does not claim to be a constant professional lecturer, only speaking at the home-meetings in North Collins, and in Hemlock Hall, and responding to funeral and other calls within the circle of his acquaintance. Wherever he is known, his public teachings and private life combine to wield the most genial influence in behalf of the celestial gospel.

I spoke two Sundays in Hemlock Hall, a large summer building in the town of Brant, adjoining North Collins, and the large, intelligent audiences pouring in from every direction within ten miles around, gave the most encouraging indications of the work of progress going on for years in this once Quaker neighborhood.

The friends here, for many years, have kept up an annual meeting of three days; their next yearly gathering will be held in the middle of August, and a season of unusual interest is anticipated. This vicinity was formerly one of the strongholds of Quakerism, but like the Waterloo and many other neighborhoods, it has become radically changed under the influence of Spiritualism, and a very large majority of those now attending Sunday meetings, held regularly every other week, are regarded as on the plane of Spiritual progress.

In traveling through the country, mingling with Spiritualists in their homes and avocations, many encouraging signs of reform are continually appearing. Those who become thorough in belief, begin to realize the need of applying the practical principles involved. They see the need of entire regeneration in every department of life, and especially in the physiological, since certain physical conditions are indispensable to true, harmonious, spiritual culture. Hence, an increased interest in regard to habits of eating, drinking, sleeping, air, exercise, recreation and labor. Unless the body is kept sound and pure, the soul can attain little or no true growth. Those who are reckless of what they eat and drink, and live in defiance of all physical laws, will find themselves diseased, weakened, dwarfed, perverted, in body and soul. Yet there are those who are reckless not only in regard to themselves but others.

To illustrate: they fall into a certain line of living, and never stop to inquire as to whether what they eat and drink is injurious, or otherwise. Either by accident, choice, education or necessity, they have adopted a certain dietetic creed. Their bill of fare is stereotyped, and is never modified, no matter what the results are. If they become diseased, they expect to be cured either by medicine or miracle, neither of which will avail while the disease is continually being fed by foul habits in eating and drinking. If they invite friends to partake of their hospitality, without consulting tastes, conditions or anything else, they bring forward the same bill of fare, and their guests must eat or drink, or starve and become exposed to the charge of being unnecessarily fastidious, though their stomachs may revolt, and their systems suffer for the want of some suitable nutriment. There are poor people who cannot do otherwise than confine themselves to certain habits of living, and yet but few people are so poor as to be unable to vary their bill of fare. The poorest live frequently expend more means than would be necessary to live in the best and most healthful style; what is needed is more taste, tact, and knowledge in selecting and preparing articles of food.

It may be out of taste for an itinerant to deal in suggestions like these; but I do not write for myself; I have no occasion to complain; I am constantly humbled in gratitude for the many favors I find in genial, hospitable homes, opened wherever I go. I often feel as though I fared too well for one claiming an apostolic mission in behalf of lowly, suffering humanity, and I sometimes wonder, whether either I myself, or any other of our modern pioneers, would be willing to go forth laboring and faring in common with heroes of olden times or him who "had not where to lay his head."

Thorough Spiritualists are becoming interested in all the true reforms of the age. In the medical department there is no little alarm among professional conservatives, whose old schools are threatened. While the science of physiology, anatomy and surgery will suffer nothing, intuitive physicians and mediums are fast inaugurating natural and spiritual methods for the prevention and cure of disease, and the people will soon learn the duty of taking care of their own bodies as well as souls, without depending entirely on professionals.

Woman is coming to learn her responsibility in the sanitary line of life. Male physicians, however necessary they may be regarded on certain occasions, are not held as absolutely indispensable every time a woman needs medical aid, and women of the right stamp are encouraged to take their place, not only as nurses, but as scientific practitioners. Such women are appearing and taking their place with eminent success. Mrs. Laura A. Lord, of Gowanda, N. Y., is an illustration of this class of progressive women. In the midst of fearful ordeals like those to which thousands of the flower of the sex are exposed, she qualified herself as physician and dentist, and by her superior skill and intuitive womanly influence, has now gained a wide practice and commanding position. Women of this stamp, who have the laudable ambition to depend on the resources of their own genius and the heroism to stand out against the conservative world and meet the brass-faced jeers of the professional male gender, are the women who are yet to rank among the Messiahs of the generation.

Woman can never be redeemed from the crushing servitude to which she has been, for ages, subjected, until she is freely permitted to take her place side by side with man, in many of those vocations and professions in which she can engage with as much propriety and success as the opposite sex. As much as she is regarded a mere pet or appendage to man, with no dependence save on him, and is impelled to marry for a home, for a living, for a name, for the gratification of transient fancies or passions, so long will woman compromise the divinity of her own individuality, allow the best energies of her being to lie dormant and languish into disease, suffer a terrible inversion of her affectional nature, become so far weakened in her womanhood as to fall an easy prey to a specious liberalism that promises pleasure where there is nothing but the poisonous slime of the serpent; and the sacred sanctuary of homes, where lust and selfishness reign supreme, is turned into a hell of horrors, and the offices of wife and mother become curses, rendering existence worse than death. Oh, woman, awake, awake! No longer allow the fancies, the frivolities, the passions, the pleasures, the attractions and triumphs of an hour to absorb the divine elements of thy entire womanhood, and then leave thee a wreck of pity, over whom angels might weep tears of blood.

Oh man, as thou art the image of thy Maker, take woman by the hand as thy sister, and treat her as the Messiah who for ages has hung on the cross shedding the heart's love for her love for her own redemption and the redemption of humanity. Her cries, long piercing the heavens, have at last called down the angel Marys of the eternal world; and woe unto man if he shall longer dare seek to trample the flower of her being into the dust, or prostitute the attributes of her mission.

Spiritualism, is doing for woman what nothing else has ever before done. It comes with its celestial aids and inspirations, finding her the most susceptible and ready to respond in sympathy with the aims and aspirations of higher intelligences. It leaves her no longer bound pining and powerless beneath the conventional oppressions of false social life, a drudge, a burden, a dumb idol of sorrow and supineness, but comes with angel voices to bid her look up, stand forth, and take the angel hands outstretched to lead her on to noble missions not only in the household, the home and the common walks of human life, but in the



Man and are rapidly ascending those heights of knowledge and faith, wherefrom they discern the Canaan of rest from physical sin and suffering, and trace distinctly the "narrow way" which leadeth there. Man, thank God! is beginning to see that only in obedience to a divinely inspired will, do the devils of disease depart from the temple of God—the human body. He is more inclined to hear and heed the apostles of health, when they affirm,

"God fills the scribe and canister,  
Sin piles the loaded board."

when they urge the ambitious, money hunting herd of mortals to

"Live in the sunshine, swim the sea,  
Drink the wild air's salubrity!"

there is a quicker, and a truer response from hearts which beat too unsteadily the painful moments of life! We therefore shall offer no apology to the sick and suffering, in that we only direct them to the paths which lead to the well spring of life and health.

Muggill Hill.

#### MEETING OF PROGRESSIVE FRIENDS.

The Quarterly Meeting of Progressive Friends was held at Dublin, Indiana, during the last three days. It was delayed over a week to secure a speaker.

Dr. Mason, of Connorsville, was appointed President. In opening the meeting, he spoke of the difficulties he had had to meet in his investigations of the subject of Spiritualism, and asked what is spirit? What is life? What are reformers, and what the object of reformation? Said that reformers should be thinkers; he cared not how thought was elicited. It was thought that the body contained a spirit. He wanted it demonstrated.

D. W. Hunt suggested that each individual constitute him and herself a secretary, and endeavor, as far as possible, to unite every ennobling sentiment of the Convention in their hearts, and when we pass over the river and meet on the further shore, that we compare notes.

Bro. S. J. Finney was glad to hear the President's remarks on the necessity of demonstrating the existence of the soul. The President had asked what is spirit? He would ask what matter? He demanded a demonstration that there is matter. What we call matter, was merely spirit precipitated. It is not by Science; it is not by Chemistry or Philosophy; that we prove that matter exists. It is our conscious intuition that proves and demonstrates it. Spiritualism was going to reverse the entire style of thinking. What is love? It is the spirit of gravity. What is gravity? Can you demonstrate what it is? No, matter can only tell how it acts on matter, or how matter acts on it.

Dr. W. Hunt suggested that all those who had a thought in their minds should back on their own individuality, and utter that thought. It might better mankind.

#### AFTERNOON SESSION.

Bro. Finney spoke on the Philosophy of Inspiration, as described by the Harmonical Philosophy. It is not to Genesis or the New Testament; that the Harmonical Philosophy looks for inspiration. He finds no book under heaven large enough to contain the inspiration of the universe. He looks at the universe itself. We look not to dead men's dead opinions, we go to Nature herself. There is no inspiration in the Bible. It is only a record of events, few of which even had inspiration in them at the time they occurred. No miracle ever occurred. In a world of miracles no science could exist. Are mathematics based on inspiration? No; but on self-evident axioms to our consciousness—the intuition of mind. Orthodoxy don't reason; they take everything for granted. They first come at you with reason, but as soon as you apply it, they demand of you to throw reason away, and believe or be damned. When Adam fell, he fell up. He had seen men who said they were Atheists, and had asked them, do you believe in Love, in Justice, in Goodness, in Beauty? Yes. You believe in everything that constitutes a God, and yet don't believe in God. No man ever discovered anything outside of him, that does not have its counterpart within him. Man had the tiger, the lion, and all the animals embodied in him, but then he had also the angel to sit upon the throne of reason and control those other passions. He showed how creeds blind down the masses of the people. Had heard a minister of the Gospel pray for the ministrations of angels, and vote at the same meeting not to allow the members to investigate Spiritualism.

Bro. Bates, of Dayton, made some appropriate remarks in reference to the Harmonical Philosophy. The President referred to his introductory, and thought all the difficulties arose out of ignorance. Thought Bro. Finney had uttered the eternal truths of God. Had laid down the platform of the Harmonical Philosophy just in accordance with his own views. The two lectures already given, were, in his estimation, worth any fifty volumes of the popular orthodox writings of the day.

The evening was enlivened by the music of Bros. Harris, Reed and Parks, and we say, without the fear of contradiction, that the old walls of that church never echoed better.

Bro. Finney asked to be excused from a long talk; said Bro. Bates had as much of the God in him as any one, and thought he ought to speak.

Bro. Bates loved to talk on Spiritualism. Thought he heard a whisper from some part of the audience, that man was totally depraved. It might be that, but the believers in the doctrines of Spiritualism could not for a moment tolerate so monstrous a doctrine.

Bro. Finney wished that the servants of popular orthodoxy would come forward and take up half of the time on the rostrum. Threw down a broad challenge to the clergy, and dared them to accept it. Said if they would not till we were gone, they were worse than traitors, and would shoot us in the back. Let them come forward and reply, if they dare. I will wait for a reply.

After a short time, a general call for Finney was made, and he said he would dwell a few remarks onto the afternoon discourse. Thought there were persons in the congregation who held converse with spirits, and knew it not. Wondered there was as much inspiration as there was in this great world of tobacco, rum and gunpowder, with their attendant train of desolation.

Sunday morning Bro. Finney lectured on the Destiny of the Soul. Thought everybody had religion. The differences of opinion were not on religion, but on theology. Had yet to learn that age was entitled to respect. It was goodness alone that was entitled to respect. Asked, how could God be just and throw the sins of man on the noble Jesus. Orthodox said that Jesus had offered himself as such sacrifice. That would elevate Jesus in our estimation, but degraded God for planning such an atonement or accepting such a sacrifice. He exploded the doctrine of the fall of man. Take the devil out of Orthodoxy and you destroy the whole fabric. Your Orthodox preacher, within the last forty-eight hours, has said that the Spiritualists had committed the unpardonable sin. Yes, every sin they ever committed is unpardonable. You cannot violate the laws of God. Many a spirit has hovered over the earth lamenting his unrequited sins.

He took a peep at the Orthodox heaven. Thought they would not stay in such a place twenty-four hours. Put William Lloyd Garrison in such a heaven, and in a short time you would see him peering over the parapets into the tormenting flames of hell, and constructing an underground railroad to run the limping devil into glory.

Place a Yankee in an Orthodox hell, and he would stay no longer than he could whistle his satanic majesty into good humor, get out his jack-knife and whittle down the door. What is the soul according to Orthodoxy? It is an immaterial something. It is the Irishman's footless stocking without any leg. The afternoon discourse was delivered in the grove to a large and attentive audience. It was upon the Present Time, with its Destinies in the

Future. It is only necessary to say it was one of Finney's noblest efforts. My notes will not begin to do justice to his remarks, so I will close by assuring you that no three days' meeting was ever held more harmoniously in Indiana. The large audience, many of whom were our bitter opponents, listened with respectful attention, and we venture the assertion that more thought was aroused than ever before in the same length of time in that community. Yours for all that's good, D. W. HUNT.

Dublin, Ind., July 1, 1862.

#### LIST OF LECTURERS.

Parties noticed under this head are requested to call attention to the BANNER. Lecturers will be careful to give notice of any change of their arrangements, in order that our list may be kept as correct as possible.

L. E. COOMLEY, trance speaker, is engaged to lecture the Sunday during Sept. in Milwaukee, Wis.; Elkhart, Ind. Oct.; Toledo, Ohio, four first Sundays in Nov.; Lytle, Ohio, last Sunday in Nov.; Cleveland, Ohio, Dec. Mrs. A. Coomley will give Recitations. Both are clairvoyants. Will speak week evenings in vicinity of Sunday appointments. Address accordingly.

WARREN CHASE speaks in Mexico, N. Y., July 30; Watertown, N. Y., July 31; Superior, Wis., Aug. 1; Lowell, Mass., Aug. 2; Quincy, first four Sundays in Nov. Friends in Ohio and New York wishing lectures must apply soon. He will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light.

B. PHILIPS LELAND will lecture in Lyons, Mich., July 30; Alpena, Mich., Aug. 1; Detroit, Mich., Aug. 2; Detroit, Mich., Aug. 3; Detroit, Mich., Aug. 4; Detroit, Mich., Aug. 5; Detroit, Mich., Aug. 6; Detroit, Mich., Aug. 7; Detroit, Mich., Aug. 8; Detroit, Mich., Aug. 9; Detroit, Mich., Aug. 10; Detroit, Mich., Aug. 11; Detroit, Mich., Aug. 12; Detroit, Mich., Aug. 13; Detroit, Mich., Aug. 14; Detroit, Mich., Aug. 15; Detroit, Mich., Aug. 16; Detroit, Mich., Aug. 17; Detroit, Mich., Aug. 18; Detroit, Mich., Aug. 19; Detroit, Mich., Aug. 20; Detroit, Mich., Aug. 21; Detroit, Mich., Aug. 22; Detroit, Mich., Aug. 23; Detroit, Mich., Aug. 24; Detroit, Mich., Aug. 25; Detroit, Mich., Aug. 26; Detroit, Mich., Aug. 27; Detroit, Mich., Aug. 28; Detroit, Mich., Aug. 29; Detroit, Mich., Aug. 30; Detroit, Mich., Aug. 31; Detroit, Mich., Sept. 1; Detroit, Mich., Sept. 2; Detroit, Mich., Sept. 3; Detroit, Mich., Sept. 4; Detroit, Mich., Sept. 5; Detroit, Mich., Sept. 6; Detroit, Mich., Sept. 7; Detroit, Mich., Sept. 8; 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