

BANNER LIGHT.



VOL. XI.

WILLIAM WHITE & COMPANY,
Publishers and Proprietors.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1862.

TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR,
Payable in Advance.

NO. 20.

Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.

LIFE IN EARNEST.

A Thrilling Domestic Tale.

BY KATH CARROLL.

CHAPTER VI.

A Strange Character.

"The elements of dread discord fill her soul," Flora Pemberton's nature had not abated in the least. She would not recognize in her schoolmates an equal. From her self-imagined superiority she beheld in them inferiors whose presumptuous advances to the honor of her acquaintance should be treated with silent scorn. Not only had her first interview with them conducted to this, but every letter from home assisted her in the resolution to keep aloof.

When the August vacation arrived, she would not return to Briar Grove, but resolutely continued her studies at Elmwood, giving as a reason for such unexpected persistence against her parents' wishes that she had become sensible of her backwardness, and feared, if she gave up and returned home, that she should again lose all relish for school and study. Fred groaned over this. Mr. Pemberton smiled with inward satisfaction at his child's spirit, but owned himself disappointed; while his wife, completely overcome, taunted him with indifference to everything but himself. Flora was duly informed of this state of feeling at Briar Grove, but was not by it moved from her purpose, which she knew to be worth adhering to.

"You sent me away to become a woman worthy of the high estate to which I was born; and I will not return to you till that object is satisfactorily accomplished," she wrote in answer.

It is hardly to be expected that Madame Rivers could forego the pleasures of her usual trip to some fashionable watering place for the mere purpose of even so distant a journey as to Miss Pemberton. Leaving the young lady in charge of one of the under teachers who was unfortunate in having no home to fly to, Madame, with many protestations of affection for the former, left Elmwood.

"How shall I get through these dreary six weeks?" sighed the poor teacher, watching her superior out of sight.

"By making me the closest student that you ever dealt with," laughed Flora, tossing a handful of flowers at Miss Powell.

"Heigho!" ejaculated the latter, absently regarding the favor.

"What is it that employment enough?"

"I do not know. I sometimes think it is not sinful to wish one's lot, when it is dreary as mine, brighter, like—like yours, for instance," and Miss Powell raised her eyes to take, not for the first time, an inventory of the charms, dress and appearance of her solitary pupil, who, with uncommon suavity and natural kindness, sought to turn her thoughts into another and pleasanter channel.

"But think how much more you know than I do!"

"Pshaw! Excuse me, Miss Pemberton; but a fool, if rich, passes for a wise man." And Miss Powell picked her flowers into atoms and threw them upon the ground.

"Why do you study?" she asked impulsively, after a short silence.

"Why? What a queer question! To be happier, of course!"

"It will have the contrary effect, depend upon it. With me, every step forward makes me sigh for the darkness roosting. Look at this dress. See, it is not rich; gingham never are."

"But neat, and becoming to you, always."

"Thank you. Neat enough, I'll allow; and becoming to me, too. Would you wear so cheap a dress?"

"Perhaps—"

"Were you as poor as I, you were probably about to add. When a mere child, I knew none of the foolish differences that grown people are always seeing and making. Madame, just now, had parting words for you, but none for the poor, friendless teacher. Ah, you noticed it!" and gritting her teeth in ill-suppressed rage, Miss Powell preserved a moody silence that Flora could not break, but secretly wished herself able to. At last the former observed, with increasing discontent:

back to your cheeks. Not that I think your color nor life even, of much value, but I do not want you to go to the land of endlessness yet. Somehow I want you to live a trifle longer."

"Miss Powell!" And Flora drew herself proudly up, while inimitable scorn and outraged feeling flashed from her deep blue eyes.

"Ha! You wish me to remember the impassable difference between us! I will. But," with darkened face and menacing finger, "you shall rue it!"

"Miss Powell, come back!" catching the rapidly disappearing gingham dress. "You misunderstand me!"

"I don't. You are like them all. Coldness and contempt—coldness and contempt from every one!"

"Your singular disposition provokes it!"

"What a fascinating creature that singularity would render me were I only rich!" taunted Miss Powell, as she flew into the garden, where, throwing herself upon a seat, she watched with delighted, glowering eyes the effect of her strange words on Flora, who, weeping from mingled fear, loneliness and apprehension, wondered why such beings were sent to trouble people.

At dinner Miss Powell appeared in a profusion of jewelry. Noticing her pupil's surprise, she observed:

"You probably thought none but the wealthy could wear pure gems, and such mine really are. They contrast finely with my rich gingham, I think. You evidently wish to know how I came by them. That is my secret. I wear them to-day in honor of my charge. But she must not mention that I have so much as a plain ring, even. Would you like to be informed where I hide them when they are not on parade? Well, I pad them in my quilted skirt, which I wear summer and winter. Madame and her handlings little know the wealth poor, scorned, homeless Powell bears about her, do they? Nor must they. I would not hesitate to do anything to the one who could have sufficient temerity to inform against me."

"Inform against you?"

"Yes; for who would think such costly chains, bracelets, pins and rings were obtained honestly by poor, humble Powell?"

"Ah, look, gaze, seek; but you cannot read my secret. Dare but breathe that I possess these gems, and it will go hard with you! You are the only one that has seen them. Do you notice none of the servants are waiting on us? I told them, before I bedecked myself thus, that I would wait on you."

She paused, as if to mark the effect of her words, then quickly resumed:

"I don't think I want you to fear, but rather to trust me; I have trusted you. Come, shall we be friends?"

"An hour ago I would have answered yes," said Flora, frankly. "Now I cannot. Still, I will not be your enemy. Indeed, we will be seeming friends. Such a position may benefit you—it cannot help doing so," she paused, uncertain, wishing to say more.

"Well, what else?" encouraged Miss Powell, her repulsive face and attitude expressing defiance and contempt.

"I feel compelled to say, that, lowly as you consider your station, you can make it lower."

"I might cry, Oh, for the waves of the Red Sea to cover mine enemies from my sight! But I will not; trusting to my fertile brain for original means of punishment when I need them. However, I am harmless when not handled roughly. Till that time you are safe as an infant in the arms of its mother. Believe me. Study hard as you please; freeze me by your inevitable pride back to my obscurity; call upon my time, patience and wisdom often as you wish, I shall be merely the faithful, devoted, humble, contented drudge you need. Is that enough?"

"Oh, Miss Powell!" cried Flora, through genuine pity.

"You feel for me! I see you do! Don't throw away a single heart-throb on your most obedient servant; she has enough of her own! Her individual sympathy is a drug in her own market! I think you have finished your dinner. Please allow me to withdraw." And having received Flora's astonished permission, Miss Powell departed.

"What manner of being is this?" soliloquized Flora, completely overpowered. "She cannot be as dangerous to me as her words indicate, I am sure; else I should feel secret alarm, for, like my dear father, I believe in intuitions. Where did she obtain those jewels? She could not have come by them dishonestly, as my fears first assured me, because there are so many of them. She must have been discovered long ere now if she is a thief. Oh, she cannot be that awful thing! No, there is evidently a mystery in her case; I will respect it. None shall know that the singular creature has given me such unexpected and unwelcome confidence. Her inherent, suspicious pride is, and will be, her greatest enemy."

But it required a great deal of courage for so young a girl as Flora to meet daily, nay, hourly, so defiant and apparently dangerous a being as her teacher. Miss Powell could not be blind to the nervous trembling that sometimes seized her ambitious and persevering pupil when a glance from her glittering eye fell upon her. And she took pleasure in the thought that she could thus subdue one whose life had been passed in the lap of luxury, and who had never been a subject before.

"We get on very well," observed Miss Powell one evening at supper, once more arrayed in jewelry fit for a princess.

"Yes," was the laconic reply of Miss Pemberton.

"I see you do not like the dazle that oasts you into the shade. But I take an insane pleasure in it. Whom have we here?" she demanded, suddenly branching from her previous subject.

"Venus! Venus!" And Flora was in the arms of that faithful servant before Miss Powell had finished her question. This young lady viewed the meeting with apparent loathing.

"Pshaw! Let some servant be summoned to open the window!" she cried in disgust.

"This is my dear nurse," said Flora, blushing at such inconvolity, and hurt for Venus, who stood transfixed.

"Cannot she remain in the passage until you have finished your supper? Some odors I cannot endure."

"Yes, but I shall be there with her. But come, Venus, I will take you to my chamber! You shall not be further insulted."

When the two had left, Miss Powell rose and strode about in apparently uncalculated agitation, crying:

"Why does that girl have everything that is worth having, and I nothing! She at the top of the ladder, and I at the lowest round! Wealth, home, love, yes, love, and servants to obey her slightest wish, while Powell, poor, unknown Powell, drags her slow length along wearily, hopelessly, and cursing the fate that placed her where she is! Yet my day shall come!"

"Who is that lady, Flora?" questioned Venus, first carefully closing the chamber door, then seating herself beside her mistress.

"Miss Powell."

"Rich, beyond everything, I guess," continued Venus, thinking of the imposing display of gems.

"Those are rare jewels," said Flora, evasively, then adding, "How came you to steal upon me so unexpectedly?"

"Why, the servants said 'wait in the hall.' But I heard your blessed voice, and could not stop longer. That lady, though, was very angry with me. I should not care to be her nurse. But, my dear child, how do you do?" And lost in the delight of having Flora once more in her arms, she forgot everything else.

"You have not supped?" asked Flora, suddenly.

"No. It don't matter, though. That lady would forbid my eating a morsel, or stopping a moment more, if I went below for a supper."

"Nonsense. She's only one of the teachers."

"But you were afraid of her," observed Venus with great wonder, half fearing folks did not know how great her child was.

"Ought not I to be of my teachers?" laughed Flora, who, ringing her bell for a supper, soon had the pleasure of seeing her dear nurse partaking of a repeat word of the entertained and entertainer.

"Now for news," cried Flora, when Venus sat away from the table, "now for news, if you have good news for me!" But her merry voice and laughing eyes showed that she did not anticipate the opposite.

"Nothing, only Master Fred has a lady," and Venus's eyes twinkled merrily.

"Not another?" cried Flora, agitated.

"Dear child, forgive me. Could he desire any hand but this that I am glad to have in mine again?" And Venus drew Flora to her bosom, and in the most reassuring tones gave her message after message from Fred, and, besides, told her of a heavy letter and present of books that her valise contained, from the same thoughtful youth. Nor were Flora's parents backward in kind words and tokens of love.

"They and Master Fred wanted to come, only you utterly forbade their doing so."

"I know it. I was afraid if they came I should swerve from what I know to be a good resolution. Why, Venus, you cannot think how far behind girls of my age I found myself, when I had time to make comparisons."

But what a contrast to the calm above was the storm below!

"Ah, hear that voice! Happy and full of joy is her heart. Why is not mine?" cried Miss Powell, still pacing heavily, defiantly the floor of the supper-room. "Why these differences of wealth, where there are none in intellect? Strange that such powers to enjoy should be given one, and no wealth to gratify them!"

"This carpet's new," observed a colored girl, who had been an attentive observer, although engaged in cleansing the table.

The one addressed, so deeply engrossed by painful thought, had not noticed her entrance.

"Savee box! take that!" and right heavily fell the blows from Miss Powell's hand upon the head of the impertinent negress.

"Remember who you are!"

"And you, too!" shouted the girl, breaking from the enraged teacher, and darting out of the room.

"I'll unloose her dress," she added. "How awfully tight she wears them!"

"I'll help you!" said Flora, laying the tumbler of water on the floor, preparatory to assisting.

"My ——" cried Venus, suddenly covering her face with both hands, and trembling violently.

"What a singular mark! Is not it something like an initial?" exclaimed Flora, regarding intently a seamed mark below one of Miss Powell's shoulders, that did indeed look like a letter.

"Quick, child, ease her head! she is coming to," interposed Venus, hastily, yet tenderly laying the insensible figure back upon her own bosom.

"Run, child, for help; she is in a very bad faint!" she added a moment later.

As Flora's rapid steps bore her from the room, Venus murmured:

"One more look at that unexpected sight, and I shall be convinced. It is the same," she groaned—the very same! I did not dream to find her here, Oh! God, have mercy, if her lines have not been cast in pleasant places! Oh, I did what I did for the best good to one so dear to me! And her streaming eyes, and flushed face showed the depth of feeling that moved her.

"Where am I? Oh, I remember!" cried Miss Powell, starting to her feet. "What, weeping for me?"

"Could I help it, when you seemed so distressed?"

"Ah! Did I say anything in my fit?" And she grasped Venus roughly and angrily. "Tell me at once; the whole, or I will kill you!"

"You did not speak," sobbed Venus.

"What, then, did I?"

"Nothing, but I sincerely suffered."

"Weak fool; get up! Tears for suffering that such as you could not measure!" And she glowered scornfully down upon the trembling creature at her feet.

"Rise; you sicken me! Pshaw! an excess of meaningless pity in an inferior is loathsome to me!"

"Will you forgive me?" implored Venus, dropping on her knees, and raising her hands in supplication.

"Forgive you? You are mad! I do not know you. Had you wronged me, which of course you have not had opportunity to do, you would be beneath my forgiveness! There!"

"Mercy, mercy!" growled Venus, clinging to the astonished girl.

"Leave me, and you may have as much of my mercy as you can carry with you!" mocked Miss Powell, shaking her off, opening a window, and signifying her determination to be alone somewhere.

"I will go; you shall not have to leave this room for me. But—but—will you tell me—are you happy here?" And Venus pursued in her progress from the apartment.

"Happy! Ha, ha! When I make my superiors happy! My power! Happy here? Happy nowhere till wealth rains down upon me—that's the only manna to satisfy me!"

Venus, with a lingering look behind, went sadly from the room. Encountering Flora with reluctant help, near the door, she said:

"You need not go to the lady. She sent me from her."

"Then she has quite recovered?" asked Flora.

"Perfectly."

"Then, if she no longer needs us, I will dismiss these unfeeling girls, and we will go back to my chamber. I have so much to say to you."

"I must be going," said Venus, irresolutely.

"To-night? You do not know how late it is. Besides, I must not allow my dear nurse to travel so late. So, in my old willful way, I mean you shall sleep in my room. I'll ring at once for a cot to be brought in."

This order, like every other issued by the wealthy Miss Pemberton, was quickly obeyed.

After a long conversation upon matters near and dear to her heart, Flora proposed sleep as the next most desirable thing for both.

Vacation ended, the pupils again filled Elmwood Seminary with an animated life. Even the servants rejoiced at the change; for the unnecessary studiousness of Miss Pemberton, (as they regarded it,) and the hateful surveillance of Miss Powell had wearied and irritated them. Ever before through vacation the place had been left with them. No other heads lorded the manor, and they had liked it.

Ellen Layne had returned with a head full of rhapsody over the flattering attentions of one Mr. Anderson. From her manner, the girls quickly inferred that he was an accepted lover.

"He was of our party to the springs," enlightened Ellen.

"Come tell us the whole at once," cried a trio.

"Not now," she answered hastily, as Flora, approaching the group, said:

"Miss Layne has lost her heart, Miss Pemberton during vacation," laughed Miss Brawnish, disregarding certain warning looks from the one spoken of.

"Ah!"

"Yes. Don't you want to learn the name of the holder?"

"If it is not to be kept secret," returned Flora indifferently.

"Anderson!" replied Miss Brawnish, ignorant of the associations connected with that name in Flora's young mind.

"Fred Anderson!" added Miss Layne, provoked by such disregard of her wishes in the one, and indifference to learn the name of her insinuated admirer in the other.

"Ah!" replied Flora, with a momentary start.

"Of, or near Briar Grove," continued Miss Layne, with increasing recklessness and triumph.

"My father's ward, probably," said Flora, with calmness, not believing Miss Layne's story, yet wondering why Fred and she were so familiar as was intimated.

"So the young gentleman informed me. By the way, Miss Pemberton, what fine eyes he has, and such a glance he can shoot out of them!"

Miss Pemberton's deepening flush showed that she knew all about that glance, and did not care to have it so publicly spoken of.

"I was not aware that he knew you, until he accidentally, toward our parting, happened to speak of his guardian. Strange, if he does know you, that he never said so."

"I fancy he is a trifle like myself," replied Flora, calmly as she could.

"How?"

"In not making confidants of every one we meet."

"Quite a confession, that comparison. But, did not some country maiden once count her chickens before they were hatched?"

As Miss Pemberton desired no reply to this taunt, Miss Layne found herself alone on the field, until Miss Brawnish informed her she hoped no one else present would find themselves in the position of the country maiden, as such a mistake must be awful.

True to her promise, Flora was attentive to Miss Powell to a degree that astonished the scholars, and the recipient besides.

"She likes to do odd things," the former agreed with a single voice, while the latter imputed it to the fear she had wished to inspire. Being happy in her own thoughts about the matter, Flora pursued the chosen tenor of her way. But how sweet the labor to break up and sow the barren fields of mind! How miserably every moment hoarded its golden income! Truly her labor had its best reward, when, at the closing exhibition of the school, Mr. Pemberton clasped her to his breast, and told her in a fond, deep whisper, she did not know how happy he had made him.

"And now for home, little truant!"

"Has it changed in the three years?" asked Flora, with a kindling smile.

"Not much; we thought we'd let it run along in the old way till you came back. You can transmute it as you please."

"Thank you, dear father. But I don't want to, in the least. It was always the prettiest spot in the world!"

"In yours," laughed her father, petting her abroad.

"Is not that enough?" was asked quizzically.

"Unless we make an exception in favor of Fred's."

"Now, husband, remonstrated Mrs. Pemberton, as Fred, not half satisfied with the timid clasp of Flora's hand before the commencement of the exercises, now pressed forward, and drawing that same trembling member under his arm, went off on a promenade.

"Miss Pemberton has bagged your game," satirized Miss Brawnish, whose academic course was also ended.

"When I found it worthless," returned Miss Layne, with so burning an eye, that her usually pale cheek grew fearfully blanched.

"Hum!—that over counting of chickens did not fall in your direction?"

"Ignorant Yankee! out of my path!" interposed Miss Powell, who, an unnoticed listener to the sparring of the past moment, now, with strange familiarity, took Miss Layne by the hand, and walked her from the scene.

"Upon my word, Miss Powell!" commenced the indignant young lady.

"Not a word, Miss. Don't think for a moment, though, that I care a pin for your company. On the contrary, I feel demeaned by it. But I do not want him to have the satisfaction of thinking that he is quarreled about, even here!"

"Do you know this him that you're so chary of?" mockingly asked Miss Layne.

"There!—go your way!" And with this, Miss Powell walked off alone, as abruptly as she had appeared.

"Papa, I want to ask a great favor of you and mamma, will you grant it?" asked Flora, after dinner.

"Whatever it is," said both parents. "Ah, then it is all settled. Miss Powell can go home with us. Such a vacation as we can give her will do her an immensely of good. I should not wonder if it entirely cures her of her bitter feelings against the world."

"Miss Powell? Which of the young ladies is she?"

"The one, mamma, that examined us in Latin."

"Oh, a teacher, then," with a quiet, ladylike curl of the lip.

"Hum! Won't some other girl do as well for you to take home?"

"No, papa. Remember your promise!"

"Well, well. Show the young woman up."

"Not till I have made you both understand that she is extremely proud and sensitive, and will not receive a kindness rendered patronizingly."

"When?" answered Mr. Pemberton; "and how silly in her to be anything out of her sphere!" looked his wife.

But the introduction being made, and the invitation given and accepted, both parties did their best to be mutually agreeable. During the short interview preceding their departure for Briargrove, Miss Powell not only impressed the Pembertons favorably, but actually caused Fred to leave off watching Flora's exquisite face, and graceful motions, and pronounce her, mentally, charming.

And Flora saw all this, and delighted in having been the means, through Venus, of bringing friends and happiness to one so destitute of both.

But that most exemplary servant did not express the joy at sight of the visitor that Flora had anticipated.

"How, incomprehensible you are growing, Venus!" cried the disappointed girl, in real vexation.

"But she is so awful to look at," was the equivocal extenuation.

"You forgot that, when you begged me to be kind to her. What if she has red hair, unusually large eyes, freckled face, and ugly features; her figure is fine, and her manners and conversation are charming! Why, I am almost nothing compared with her!"

"A correct inventory," thought Miss Powell, in ambush. "I perceive Miss has a true eye! We'll see who has a true love! Changes will come to all!"

"Venus, see that the young lady's room is in perfect order. She must not feel slighted, mark me! I will arrange bouquets for the vases there. She is fond of flowers, so she shall have a plenty of them. But I find I shall have to repeat your own words, and to you, 'be kind to her!' I am afraid she has had a stormy childhood."

Flora paused to muse on the differences of fortune as seen around her.

"I will do as you wish," said Venus, hurriedly.

"That you will, you malicious crew!" mentally added Miss Powell, who, slipping from the recess in the hall outside Flora's room, stole softly to the garden, where her mind, roving eyes had seen another person go a few minutes before. Here she loitered in evident enjoyment; botanically examining plants, and showing off her fine figure in a thousand graceful attitudes, well practiced in the seclusion of her attic, for some future hour of triumph. Truly, she had counted her favorite lesson well, and chosen a favorable hour for reciting it. How gloriously beamed the summer sun upon that expansive, green, blooming and fragrant garden, whose bounds appeared illimitable as the forest that, in the distance, stretched itself far North, and rested its waving canopy against that of blue, which seemed floating nearer and nearer to the pure eyes giving it earnest and questioning glances—eyes not looking into its mystic depths from any of the olden outdoor haunts of childhood, but from the little closet, Venus' own, where prayer and trust, and divine love had been first explained to her. Here indeed, with strange willfulness, mused Flora, of the thousand mysteries that the clear azure of a summer sky brings ever to a reflective mind. She could see, if she cared, her visitor, peering the garden walks, but could not hear the words of discontent constantly issued in private from the same unquiet source.

No lovelier spot could have been chosen by Miss Powell, whereby to show how apt and thorough a pupil she had been. Here were groves of ornamental, and rows of fruit trees of rich tints, luscious burdens, and intoxicating perfumes; millions of roses climbing and clustering everywhere; vines wreathing column and colonnade, and showing their delicate blossoms, till fingers touched, but would not ruthlessly pluck such sweet and trusting little gems; while glimmering carelessly amid the trees and verdure, lay a sheet of water, clear and blue as the heavens above. Here fluttered the snowy sails of the 'Arrow,' on one of the red velvet seats of which sat Fred Anderson. On the sand were two colored oarsmen, awaiting his pleasure, in suits of blue and white, and broad-rimmed straw hats, with black ribbons streaming in the wind.

But cultivation had not rested from its labors when the gardens, park and plantations of Briargrove were arranged, but had gone rapidly and steadily northward, and reached a daring, if kindly hand, to join in a friendly clasp with the hale landmarks of a forest, whose wavy arches rose high in the air, and whose feet rested safely in the bosom of a low-ridge, dignified by the name of *Old Mount*, where was a cave, whose legendary lore, in the estimation of near dwellers, was unequalled by any that other State or clime could boast. This cave re-joined in the appellation of the *Bottomless Pit*; owing probably to its dark and gloomy interior, and the strange, rushing noises always heard by those who had courage to penetrate more than three feet beyond its entrance. There were frequent reports of its being inhabited; of a singular figure, bent and double with age, lingering about its mouth, giving to mumbling, strange words, and making odd and fearful noises, and threatening motions, that intimidated more, possibly, than they ever came to in actual deed.

But Mr. Pemberton always laughed at these stories, and never but once tried to trap the cause of so much whispering and mystery; and then, being unsuccessful, mirthfully gave the cave to any poor wretch that needed a hulk enough to take that.

And less vague grew the unrest in the bosom of Miss Powell, as she gazed, and gazing, learned fresh cause why she should feel disgust, envy, and hatred against all.

"So much for one to have," she sighed, curiously

keeping her discontent from the one she wished to attract. "Why, the sculptors here cost what I might call a fortune!"

Going, as if unconsciously, nearer the lake, she murmured in touching accents—accents like the mournful numbers of an aching heart:

"A glorious spot—nothing to strike the eye with an humiliating sense of newness; at each turn and view, we see history written plainly, proudly, grandly! The old homestead! How sweet a thought that one's own kindred has revealed in the beauties that unparading fortune lavishes, as far as the vision can reach. To know that kindly eyes have seen and loved the home that we adore because it is ours; ours for ages past, and ours as far as the yearning imagination carries it into futurity!"

Her eye kindled, and she paused to take from a slight eminence, a view of the spot so truly time-honored and grand. But suddenly, her manner changed, her eyes filled, her bosom heaved with suppressed emotion, her breath came quickly, her arms dropped listlessly, and in broken tones between heart-rending sighs, she added:

"Ah, but the sight of such a home to one whose weary feet from infancy have wandered over thorny tracks, parentless, friendless, poor and unloved, is a blessing, eye! and a torture!"

"Has your lot been indeed so dreary?"

With a graceful start, and deepening flush, Miss Powell raised her eyes at the speaker. His expressed sincere feeling. He had left the boat, and gradually, as if under a spell, drawn nearer the source of the sad and inexpressible sweet tones that yet made his bosom throb with a strange sense of anguish.

"I am sorry to have disturbed you," and with a timid and respectful bow, Miss Powell moved aside for him to pass on.

"You will not let me be your friend?" said he, in a voice of mingled surprise and regret.

"Ah, sir, you little guess how strangely the word falls on my ear. *Friend!* I never had one!"

"You forget Flora," said he, with a beaming smile that lighted up with a tender glory, his fine features.

"Oh—she is a dear child." As if something were wanting that the name he had suggested did not supply.

"But—but, can my Flora have kept from your knowledge the treasures of such a nature as hers? She used to be very ingenious. I hope this absence has not been an injury to her. Did she?—she surely could not have made you feel a void when she was high!"

Oh, the gall and wormwood contained in his words! the unconscious hostility proceeding from that matchless smile and face! Yet she smothered all feeling evoked by these contending enemies, militating against her wishes, and replied, more sadly, sweetly and lonesomely:

"She is very kind—kinder than I deserve, I dare say," and then the speaker turned drearily, absently to the inspection of a flower that she had idly plucked while speaking to Fred, and scarcely seemed to know she held.

Her manner was deeply touching.

"Let me be your friend," cried her impulsive companion.

"In darkness as well as light, if the latter should ever gleam upon me?" was asked eagerly, yet modestly and respectfully.

"May sorrow visit me if I desert one so desolate?" And their hands met in a fervent clasp.

At this moment a white dress fluttered in the distance; it came nearer, and its wearer, in a light girlish voice, asked, why the only beau at Briargrove was forgetful that a sail on the lake might be agreeable to the ladies.

"Sure enough," laughed Fred, looking with pride and happiness upon the brilliant face under the dark straw hat.

This addition and interruption were unwelcome to Miss Powell, who bit her lips with vexation at an opportunity thus lost.

"Come, ladies, I am at your disposal at once. I was about to ask Miss Powell—bowing to that mournful young person—'to sail with me before you came, Flora. However, I am glad I could not act immediately upon that impulse, as, by the delay consequent upon our conversation (tenderly glancing at the former) we have the pleasure of your society. Will she not be an addition, indeed, Miss Powell?"

"Nothing could be better," said Miss Powell, with affectionate warmth.

"I suppose I ought to courtesy to each of you for that compliment; and would, were it not for the love of being obstinate. Pray excuse me on that ground; and Fred, help Miss Powell on board. I can get there myself," and with a bound, Flora had reached a seat, seized an oar, dismissed the colored boatmen, and taken the basket of refreshments that Venus handed her unexpectedly.

"Why, Venus, how came you to know we should need this?" peeping under the cover.

"Oh—I—Well, I saw you coming here, and thought maybe, you'd like a sail, especially as you had not taken one here so long."

"So long! Yes, three whole years. But what is that loss compared with the gain? Ah, Venus!"

"May be nothing. Still I think of the three years gone you were not here."

"Why, what a selfish Venus!" said Flora, lightly, yet looking affectionately at the being so true and constant, and whose presence always irritated Miss Powell in a manner unaccountable to herself. Seeing this to be the case now, Flora hastily dismissed Venus with the assurance that she should return before supper-time.

Venus watched the retreating Arrow. Her heart yearned after the dear one, sitting smiling and tranquil on one of the velvet cushions, while her white hands twined a wreath of the flowers the bottom of the boat was covered with. The oar she had chosen had been, recaptured by Fred, who assured her he did not desire her services just then.

In an arm-chair, under a canopy in the stern, Miss Powell had been politely seated, and, having the opportunity, commenced "chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancies." But it was long ere she could regain the mournful calm she wished to have visible to her companions. Evil upon the innocent being who had come between her and the chance so opportunely hers to move with feeling one whom she wished to influence, she constantly wished in overflowing measure. How could she keep these vile thoughts down, was her living fear. But at length subduing them, she thought darkly:

"I can bide my time."

"How like the sky this lake looks," said Flora, dipping her slender fingers into the water, and playfully sprinkling Fred in the old way of her younger days.

"Only that—the sky I mean—does not mirror so angelic a face."

"Now, Fred, take that," professedly showering him from her dripping hands—"such gross flattery should not go unpunished, should it, Miss Powell?"

"As one fancied," came sweetly from the depths of a green veil which Miss Powell had drawn from her pocket, and thrown over her head and face, to hide emotions not yet quite controlled.

"Non-committal, very. I see I must stand alone. So Fred, seriously, I hate such speeches."

"Why?" murmured Miss Powell, in the softest and most subdued tones of refined astonishment.

"I do," persisted Flora, glancing a moment at the green veil, then fondly looking into Fred's face, where obliquity and anger were plainly typed.

"Our little friend is growing quite an empress," smilingly observed Miss Powell, turning toward the youth, who quickly replied with an injured air:

"I think so!"

"Then you think right," laughed Flora, breaking forth in a rich gush of melody that waked echoes from the listening groves along the water's edge.

"Let us go up as far as the Bottomless Pit," she said, when her song was ended.

"There's a change! I thought a moment since I was in paradise—now!"

"Now, Fred, you find yourself nearly opposite. I am glad of it, for I want Miss Powell to see this great natural curiosity; it is not often I am in the mood even to speak of it. Were Venus here, she'd beg me not to think of such a thing."

"And you'd obey her, I suppose?" asked Miss Powell.

"Very likely. Her wishes are usually so sensible that I am apt to be guided by them."

"Your mother is an elegant woman," in tones of the slightest possible reproach. Both Fred and Flora looked at the green veil in some well-bred astonishment. Neither felt quite sure how this should be taken.

"The—! Why the—?" hesitated the former, too polite to swear in ladies' company: "the world knows that!"

"Certainly! She must be an ornament to the world she adorns with her matchless beauty and presence," gently answered Miss Powell, with a faint, yet clearly audible sigh, at having been spoken so sharply to.

Flora had already regained her good humor, and casting a pleading glance at Fred to keep quiet, he smothered his displeasure at once, and redoubled his attentions to the possessor of the willow chair in the stern, who sat there, wishing herself anything in higher life than she was, and resolved to be so, and that at no far distant time.

Fred, also, ashamed of his impudent resentment against Flora, who had evidently no wish to disturb his serenity; and, who besides, he now trusted, was not destitute of sympathy for the distressed—a fault he had but a few moments before been on the point of attributing to her.

"Let us have up the sails," said Flora, perceiving that Fred looked heated and tired.

When this wish was smilingly granted, the party floated rapidly along, in sight of bright fields, gentle hills, and rolling plains that ran down to the water's edge, fringing it with waving grass and fragrant flowers.

Soon these were passed; now appeared a rough line of jagged rocks, and stunted trees; then came a beautiful, but solitary shore, that seemed never to have been visited by man before. In the background loomed up Old Mount, its grey summit resting fiercely against the sky. No house near to be seen—not a foot mark on the cool sand, not even the fitting of a bird to disturb the monotony of the scene.

"Ugh!" was the mental exclamation of Miss Powell, as Fred intimated that the Bottomless Pit might be found located in that wild range of mountain in the distance.

"You will be tired, I fear," suggested Fred to Flora.

"Never you think that; I grew to be a famous walker at Elmwood—that was about all the exercise and change I cared for there," answered Flora, preparing to land.

"I wonder if my friend will think it possible for me to be tired?" was the jealous comment of Miss Powell, sitting in seeming helplessness and dread.

"You are afraid, I see."

"Not very," she answered, with a lighter face.

"But," continued Fred, "I regret that we can obtain no carriage here to convey you to the Mount beyond it there is quite a settlement of white folks, maintained principally by our Briargrove friends. If you meet any of these demi-savages, do not feel alarmed, they are harmless. They are what our colored population call 'poor white folks.'"

"So, I am not overlooked," congratulated Miss Powell, mentally, of course.

Leaving the boat, the party ascended the hilly course leading to the Pit. Nothing could exceed the silence on all sides. Silence so deep, that one cared not, or dared not break it, for a mysterious awe seemed to hang on every surrounding object.

Flora attributed this unearthly stillness to the fear entertained by the neighborhood for this locality—for the Bottomless Pit had been long a bugbear as well as pride.

Miss Powell declared her willingness to live in the cave, if by so doing, she could claim Old Mount as her property.

"You ought to be rich, you want to be so much!" cried Flora, in astonishment.

"I shall," was the oracular reply.

Meanwhile the yawning mouth of the Bottomless Pit was reached. Miss Powell peeped inquisitively in.

"My courage has wholly left me," said Flora, with a nervous laugh, standing aloof from the others. Fred went back to her, while saying—

"If you wish to enter, I am ready to attend you, Miss Powell."

"I really intend to penetrate into this mystery. But I will not take you from Miss Pemberton. I can go alone." And she prepared to face the gloom within.

"You must not go first!" cried Fred, who, turning to Flora again, said, "wait outside here, you will be safe. I shall be out very soon. But, shall you feel quite safe alone?"

"Quite, Fred; especially as I expect to see you instantly driven forth by some of the fabulous beings that are said to infest the weird hollow!"

"You may laugh. There's no telling what treasures we shall find within," said Miss Powell, glad that Flora was to remain outside.

When a few feet within the cave, Fred threw a look at the anxious face watching him in his progress thus far. She could see him no more. For here two passages appeared, one diverging to the right, and the other to the left.

"Which will you take, Miss Powell?"

"The right, because it is most gloomy."

This grew darker, and more damp and chilly at each step.

"Are you fearful?" asked Fred, perceiving his companion tremble.

"No." Yet Miss Powell clung to him.

Soon the strange rushing sound that had frightened and driven out scores, was heard. Closer clung Miss Powell to her guide.

"This sound has always deterred further entrance. Shall we go on?"

"If you please. I am not afraid, yet I tremble. This wild sound is nothing more than that made by a current of air; I feel it on my face. See how it moves my dress. Let us go on, by all means."

They did.

A few feet more, in increasing darkness, and then an opening into a small apartment was unexpectedly reached. Into this the light streamed dimly yet pleasantly from a chasm in the side. On the floor was strewn a carpet of moss, and a bed in the corner was of the same material. A rough table, a chair or two, a trunk, a few cooking utensils and tin dishes, and the inventory of the treasures of the Bottomless Pit is complete.

"I did not dream this was or had been inhabited," said Fred, under breath. "Let us depart. The tenant, if about here, may suddenly return, and not like our presence."

"By no means must I leave now. I want to see more—the occupant, in short," replied Miss Powell, handling and regarding each evidence of living, natural proprietorship with deep interest and attention.

"You don't know what spirit you may be raising," said Fred, looking uneasily at her as she walked about, intent on curious investigation.

"Nothing bad, I have internal assurance."

Entering the cave at this moment, by means of the chasm that emitted light and air as well, was an old, white haired man, whose angry surprise gave to his purple face a singular expression. His grotesque attire, vehement gesticulation, as by dumb signs he bade them depart, and incoherent mutterings formed so ludicrous a scene, that Miss Powell burst into a harsh laugh, that provoked beyond endurance the cause of it.

"Go, rash girl, go!" he shouted, springing to the ground.

"I thought I could make you speak," was her inexplicable answer—inexplicable even to herself.

"I will take her out immediately," replied Fred, with deference. "Come, Miss Powell, this good man resents, and naturally enough, I think, our uninvited presence."

As they drew near the outer entrance, Miss Powell whispered, (for the jealous old man was not far behind):

"Let us keep this from Flora. It would frighten her to hear so strange a story."

"Well—for the present, perhaps. Yet the others should know it," said Fred, reflectively.

"There seems to me no reason why they should."

"Excuse me," with a doff of his hat, "for differing in opinion. Mr. Pemberton is the proprietor of this ridge. He has heard, but never trusted these stories of its being inhabited."

As if guessing the tenor of their conversation, the old man, with menacing manner, cried:

"Keep what you have learned here a secret. Remember, secret! If not, peril on the one that reveals!"

"How pale you both look!" cried Flora, meeting them as they emerged into open air. "I do believe you've seen the spirit of the Pit!"

"Hush!" whispered Fred, casting a hasty glance behind, fearing for her, not for himself.

"That is too much!" And Flora laughed in derision.

"She little guesses how nearly her light conjecture hit the truth," whispered Miss Powell, as Flora led the way to the boat. "We will not tell her." And there was a fresh charm in the face and manner of Miss Powell, as she pleaded for the peace of mind of one so dear to him.

Fred pressed the hand lying on his arm in token of assent, and returned tenderly the earnest, puzzling gaze given, while he thought:

"She is strange—quite beyond my experience with the sex. Still she's very charming."

After a pleasant sail, the party reached Briargrove in time for a late supper. The family, with a number of unexpected guests, stood waiting on the verandah to receive them. To the latter, Miss Powell was carefully presented, and she did not fail in her determination to please all who came within her reach. These new friends declared her the most entertaining and delightful girl they had ever met, and did not leave without earnestly inviting her to visit them.

"She has wonderful conversational powers," said Flora, while Venus stood behind her chair unbending her heavy tresses.

"She has," was the short reply.

"What makes you so chary of your words when speaking of my visitor?" demanded Flora, facing Venus.

"I don't wish to be. Maybe I'm jealous of her on your account," said Venus, hiding her true feelings by light words and gay manner.

"Then don't be jealous again. Let Miss Powell make all the friends she can; of course she cannot take one from me." And thus secure in her own pride and position, Flora went trustfully on from day to day.

"I don't know," thought Venus, "I don't know—but it strikes me Miss Powell is aiming at something." These thoughts she repeated to Dinah, who resolved to watch and see that nothing happened to the dear child that both regarded so tenderly. After they had made this resolution, Miss Powell became conscious of a constant surveillance that alarmed and irritated her. This commenced the third day of her visit. As soon as she realized it, she rushed into her chamber to express the anger she could not hide.

"I will be careful not to seem to wish to hurt their dove in their presence. This is the only way that I see to disarm them. Oh, that the power to lay a hundred lashes on each back were given me! The insolent wretches, to presume to watch me!" And she gritted her teeth with the rage she could not repress, yet trembled to have seen. "But why not watch me?" she resumed, after her rage had partially subsided, and reflection came up. "What am I, that these creatures may not take the liberty to dodge, watch, and wait? Nothing, in short, but one upon whose forehead, eye, and in whose heart poverty has dared to lay her cold, steel! But I'll wrest it from its vital bed! I'll dare her to place her icy hand on me again! I'll—why, I'll tell my body, yes, and my soul to be rich; to dwell in high

places; to be in the head, where now the foot is thrust; to be in the heart, where I feel my soul! Indeed I will, and think myself a gainer by the transaction!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Written for the Banner of Light.

UNDER THE SHADE.

BY COUSIN BENNA.

Under the shade of my grandfather's woods,
In a brown little cottage half hid in its arms,
Where Nature speaks out in her mystical words,
And a meadow-brook kindly is lending its charms:

Where the little ducks float on its silvery breast,
And the birds sing above in the musical pine;
Aside from the naughty old world, quies at rest,
Dwells the heart-loving, soul-loving mother of mine.

Under the shade of my grandfather's woods,
Late in the evening and early in morn,
Mother is seen in her garden of herbs,
Father is seen in his garden of corn.

Ah! lucky was he when he sought for a wife,
For a better one never on earth could he find,
To help wheel along the great wagon of life,
Than the heart-loving, soul-loving mother of mine.

Ever ready is she with her cruise and her basket,
And can give for a proof that I'm telling no lie,
A host of true, souls, in and out of the casket,
And a note on demand at the bank in the sky!

And so thin is the veil that is hanging between,
That I have not a doubt but the angels divine
Often come down through the shadows unseen
To the heart-loving, soul-loving mother of mine.

Talk of your mansion of free-stone and granite,
Of its towers, and verandas, French windows and
halls—
But keep back the vice's that privately haunt it,
When you laugh at the cottage near grandfather's
woods!

For I know of some ladies that ride in their carriage,
And have a rich husband that comes home to dine,
Who would give all their wealth for a share in the cot-
tage.

With the heart-loving, soul-loving mother of mine,
Contented we live 'neath the shade and the roses,
My father and mother, my sister and I;
For God wrote our creed in the days of old Moses.

And handed it down through a hole in the sky—
Then come out and see us, ye saviors of knowledge—
Some crumbs from our table may be for your good;
You will find us at home in a brown little cottage,
Under the shade of my grandfather's wood!

Thatchwood Cottage, 1862.

Original Essays.

WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT: WHAT-
EVER IS, IS WRONG.

BY EDWARD D. FREELAND.

A very old doctrine, and one which has played a considerable part in the past history of Religion and Philosophy, has been recently revived in this country, and more especially among the Spiritualists. It is asserted, by the holders of this doctrine, that there is no such thing as *Evil* in the world; that that which seems to be *evil*, and which we, therefore, call *Evil*, is, in reality, merely *negative* good; in other words, that it is a *lesser* good, relatively to that which we recognize as the *higher* good; but that, in and of itself, it is not *Evil*, but good, though in a smaller degree. Everything throughout the universe proceeds—according to the arguments of this teaching—by virtue of definite, fixed, invariable Natural Laws, existing in the constitution of things, or implanted there by

that which is made up of, and takes in, the two sides, absolute and relative, of truth. The truth of either side is merely a half-truth, good as far as it extends, but false when reckoned or used as the truth, or the whole truth. Whatever is, is right, held as a recognition of the unity of plan in the universe, of the inherent perfection of the Divine System of Order and Beauty, and of the fact that everything which occurs, takes place as a part of the scheme of the Creator, is a true and healthful recognition of one-half of the truth. But this half, held as the whole, or as applicable to the practical affairs of life, becomes a false guide, leading to endless error. It affirms that the loathsome appearance, the fetid smell and the brutal look of drunkenness are equally beautiful with the hue of health, the freshness of purity and the spiritual holiness. It denies the superiority of maidenly and womanly virtue, to degraded and filthy debauchery, and regards with an eye of equal worth, honesty and rascality, love and hate, truth and falsehood, unselfish devotion to truth, and reckless disregard of the welfare of humanity.

On the other hand, the opposite view of things, that opposed to the idea that whatever is, is right, the opposite half of the composite truth, taken alone as the whole, to the exclusion of the absolute side, is equally productive of error. It denies the universe a plan, in accordance with which all things proceed, denies the Laws of Creation to be the offspring of a Divine Power, and refuses to recognize the guiding hand of Providence. It leads to doubt, infidelity, a denial of the wisdom and power of the Creator, and plunges the one-sided holder of a half-truth into numberless errors, on that side. Whatever is, is right, unaccompanied by its correlative opposite, leads practically to undefined license; the opposite view, taken alone, leads to uncourted skepticism, or to a worse bigotry.

While, then, either the Absolute or the Relative view of any truth affirmed as the whole, or taken as a guide of action out of its own bounds, is practically a falsehood, the harmonization of these two opposite and apparently antagonistic half-truths in a complex whole, is the complete, vital, essential, working truth, the only truth in the full senses of the word.

It is this recognition of the composite nature of truth, this discovery that all practical truth is the integration of two opposite sides in themselves antagonistic, which is the basis of the Philosophy of Integralism, or Wholeness, now, in our own time, first announced. Heretofore the perception of the truth of one side was supposed necessarily to exclude the other. Thus all men, in all ages of the world, have been seeing, affirming and fighting for a half-truth, while denying the existence of the complementary half. From this denial have come the errors of the past in Religion, in Philosophy, and in Practical Life. Says the Religionist, "If the doctrine of Fixed Fate be true, then must the doctrine of Free Will be false, and vice versa." Integralism shows that Fixed Fate and Free Will are the Absolute and Relative views of the same truth in theology, just as the two views of right we have been considering are so in morals; that so far from one view excluding the other, that either view taken alone is virtually false, and that the real truth is in the recognition of the two sides, each as true in its own sphere. So of the doctrines of the Divine Trinity and Divine Unity. Neither excludes the other. Either alone is virtually false, is merely a half-truth; and the whole or higher truth is in the inherent validity of both views. These are examples merely. The Philosophy of Integralism is universal, and discovers the essential two-sidedness of truth everywhere.

Here, then, we have the solution of the question which has puzzled the world since the dawn of Theology and Philosophy. Here is a true Mediator and Reconciler between the jarring factions of contending sects. Here is a common ground on which both parties of combatants may stack arms and smoke the pipe of peace. Both of you are right, and both of you are wrong. Right in the affirmation of your half-truth; wrong in the supposition that it excludes its opposite, and in your consequent denial thereof. For this is the higher truth. Whatever is, is right, as a recognition of the fact that everything takes place in accordance with the harmonious working of Nature's laws, or in obedience to the Divine Plan; whatever is, is right, as a calm, serene, holy recognition of the wisdom that guides the world, and of trust and faith in His goodness. Whatever is, is wrong, as a recognition of the imperfection of man, individually and socially, as compared with the standard of divine manhood, as an incentive to earnest labor to lift mankind from its unhappy and degraded conditions to a loftier and nobler life, and as a recognition of the endless development of the human-divine, ever soaring to higher planes of thought and action, and ever straining to higher ideals before it.

USES OF COAL OIL.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

Almost every day extends the uses to which coal oil in its various forms is applied. The use of one of its products in place of turpentine, of which the rebellion denied us, in itself, was of great practical benefit.

Our refiners have as yet contented themselves with the production of burning fluid, a lubricating oil, and paraffine; but European manufacturers have extended the process, and the number of valuable compounds they extract are almost exhaustless. The principal of these are "Benzole," worth ten to twenty cents per pound, used extensively as a solvent for India rubber, and for extracting oil from wool before dyeing it; grease from clothing, etc. Nitro-Benzole, which has the taste and smell of oil of bitter almonds, and is used for the same purposes, worth one dollar per pound. Aniline, a dye used for producing the fashionable color, mauve—worth eight dollars per pound. Pure violet aniline powder, worth three hundred and twenty-five dollars per barrel.

A wide field is thus opened to the chemist, and undoubtedly products will be discovered and applied to uses not yet dreamed of.

The burning fluid it yields is inferior to none; in fact, affords the cheapest, best, and most elegant light of any other material. No other light, except that of gas, compares with it for brilliancy and beauty, and even that is not superior. It is especially the light for the million, being afforded at less than one-fourth that of tallow candles.

The oils, which are thick and oily like those of Mord, in their natural state, are the best of lubricants; never gumming, or congealing in the coldest weather. In the process of refining, they are always

more or less of this heavy oil produced, varying in consistency in proportion to the amount of burning fluid extracted. Thus among the crude and unmanufactured oils, there are all grades of consistency, from that of the finest oil, adapted to all varieties of machinery, from a watch to an engine—oils which will not gum, nor corrode metals, which keep the journals cool, and wear well. It is destined to supersede all other lubricators, and its consumption must be immense. Some railroad companies pay twenty-five thousand dollars a year for lubricators alone, and single manufacturers produce four hundred thousand per year. It can be afforded cheaper, and is much better than any other oil in use.

In the old world, the rock-oils have been successfully applied to painting, but here they have not been sufficiently tested by time. The experiments made are very satisfactory, and there can be no doubt but that it will be universally employed in the place of the costly linseed oil. When the crude oil is boiled with "drying," mixed with lead or other color, it forms a smooth, firm body, covers the wood well, dries rapidly and perfectly, and is odorless. Fifty millions of gallons of oil of various kinds are annually consumed in the United States, and it is highly probable that mineral oil will take their place in almost every instance. Lard, tallow, whale oil, etc., must then be of nominal value; in fact, the poor persecuted leviathan will not be worth the catching.

GLEANINGS FROM FESTUS.

NUMBER ELEVEN.

COMPILED FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT BY D. S. FRACKER.

To know
What 'tis to triumph o'er temptation, what
To fall before it; how the young spirit faints—
The virgin tremor, the heart's ebb and flow.
When first some vast temptation calmly comes
And staves itself before it, like the sun
Now looming in the west, above the wave
Of wimpling streamers, ere its waters grow
To size aerial. Than the Fleed himself
There is no greater evil. Less the shame
Of yielding, more the glory of conquering.
In him, to whom he goes, this soul elect.

Oh God! for thy glory only I act,
And for thy creature's good. When men stray
Further from thee, then warmest toward them turns
Thy love, even as yon sun beams hottest on
The earth when distant most.

Knowest thou not
God's son to be the brother and friend
Of spirit everywhere? Or hath thy soul
Been bound forever to thy foolish world?
Star unto star speaks light, and world to world
Repeats the password of the universe
To God: the name of Christ—the one great word
Well worth all languages in earth or heaven.

There are points from which we can command our life:
When the soul sweeps the future like a glass;
And coming things, full freighted with our fate,
Jut out, on the offing of the mind.

What matter how we call
That which all feel to be their noblest part?
Even the spirits have a better and a worse:
For every thing created must have form.
Passions they have, somewhat like thine, but less
Of grossness and that downwardness of soul
Which men have. It is true they have no earth;
For what they live on is above themselves.

There is less real difference among things
Than men imagine. They overlook the mass,
But fasten each on some particular crumb,
Because they feel that they are equal that,
Of doctrine, or belief, or party cause.

It matters not what men assume to be:
Of good, or bad, they are but what they are.
All men's wills, and all their ends and powers
Must come within the boundless scope of God's.

The spirits of those whom God loves circle us.
The nearest point wherein we come toward God
Is loving—making love—and being happy.

REFORM CONVENTION

AT EAGLE, WAUKESHA CO., WISCONSIN.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

This interesting meeting was opened Saturday, July 19th. Though under rather unfavorable circumstances, owing to a heavy fall of rain the night previous, yet there were a goodly number assembled on the ground in time for organization in the forenoon.

Officers chosen, were Walter Hyde, President; Arthur Howe and L. T. Whittier, Secretary; Alexander Bunker, Mr. and Mrs. P. B. Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Severance, Committee of Arrangements.

Afternoon session opened by the Chairman stating the object of the meeting to be the free expression of any thoughts or ideas which the various speakers might choose, each being alone responsible for what he might say.

Next followed music by Severance and Williams' Band, which was in attendance during the meeting. Mrs. C. M. Stowe, gave the opening address on the "Philosophy of Spiritualism," referring to what Spiritualism had done toward throwing off the shackles of bigotry and superstition, and what it was destined to do by teaching love and charity for all mankind.

Mrs. Dodge of Palmyra, a trance speaker of late development, next followed. Subject—"Ever does Truth come upmost, and ever is Justice done."

The Chairman called for volunteer speakers. Mrs. Stowe recited a poem—"Golden Door," written by Lucy Moulthrop, of Rockford, Ill.

Miss Knox spoke upon Health Reform, declaring herself an ordained minister of the Gospel of Truth. Self-ordained, because, like others, she was a sinner, and that whoever considers himself such, is authorized to go forth and preach the Gospel of Truth.

Mrs. Dr. Stillman spoke upon the same subject. She said you may drink your tea and coffee, and eat your meats, but mind you; you take the consequences.

Mr. Stowe spoke, saying he had heard it remarked in the audience, that if diet and dress reform were discussed here, it would hurt the cause; but if the cause was so easily hurt, let it die.

Several others spoke, after which the meeting adjourned till Sunday morning, when a largely increased audience assembled.

The first hour or two was spent in conference, in which Mr. Dutton, of Illinois, uttered some rather radical thoughts relative to males and females dressing alike and following the same pursuits, from the text—"Whom will ye serve, Mr. Grundy, or your own souls?" This called out some spirited remarks, and made the conference decidedly spicy and interesting.

The Chairman then announced, as speaker, Mr. A. J. Higgins, of Chicago, whose subject was—"Man."

Believing that religion and politics were inseparable, he dwelt somewhat at length upon the political condition of our country, occasionally referring to practical life, by protesting against the use of tea, coffee, and pork.

Mrs. Stowe, next followed, with a poem and short lecture.

Afternoon session opened with a conference. Miss A. B. Knox, of Rockford, Illinois, spoke next. Subject—"Woman." In a clear and logical manner she traced the false education of girls from childhood to womanhood, thus accounting for woman's present condition of slavery to fashion, and the existing soul-and-body destroying marriage institution.

Mrs. Dr. Stillman, of Iowa, gave the concluding

address upon "Health Reform," laying the ax at the root of the tree of inhumanity, by showing that it is impossible for a healthy mind to inhabit, and properly manifest itself through a diseased physical organism; and that it was sinning as much against the Creator to violate physiological laws as any other.

The Davenport boys were present, and gave a circle at the hall Sunday evening, with their usual success. Thus closed the first meeting of the kind ever held in this vicinity.

No more abstract like the above can do justice to the beautiful and practical sentiments and ideas so enthusiastically given utterance to by the speakers present, but will suffice to show that truth and progress are making their way here as elsewhere.

May such truths continue to be spoken, until health, harmony and happiness shall be the rule, and not, as now, the exception. Is the wish of a friend to reform.

LOUISA T. WHITTIER.
Whitewater, Wis.

Correspondence.

Itinerant Etchings of U. Clark.

Glory gleams—The Soul's Ordeal—Land and Water—Clerical Menials—Clerical Come-Outers—The Cause in the West—A Cowhild Clergyman—"Daisism"—Spiritualism and the Harmonical Philosophy.

Westward, ho! was the march-word closing my last BANNER Etchings. As I came over the hills of Chautauque County, and over the house-tops of Dunkirk, and caught a glimpse of the broad waters of Lake Erie, reflecting the golden gleams of the setting sun, who can define the emotions lifting the tired soul from the dusty highway of itinerant life up to that land where "everlasting spring abides," and whose horizon is bounded by no clouds charged with storms sweeping away the hopes and aspirations enkindled in the earlier years of earthly existence? A young friend sat by my side, sighing sadly, and lamenting a state of mind incapable of appreciating the glorious sunset scene. Ah, it is only in our saddest moments, our darkest hours, that scenes most radiant make their deepest impressions; as the glories of starry worlds shine brightest only during the darkest nights. Heaven, with its befitting souls, is never seen so near, so dear, so deeply imaged in the human spirit, as when some great calamity prostrates us, leaving us lone, helpless and despairing of earthly counsel and consolation, or when we stand over the dead, blinded with tears, and driven in agony to seek the solace of angel companions.

At the close of the last day in June I took the steamer at Dunkirk for Toledo. The evening was calm, the sky was clear, the lake was gently rippled beneath a soft breeze, which came as refreshing as the breath of God, fanning and cooling the feverish brow. I was glad to escape the highways and fields, and launch out on those broad blue waves which reflected nothing but the image of the starry heavens. No wonder the mariner leaps with joy as he once more stands on deck and welcomes the vast sea out on which he sails. Life on land, with all its rounds and routines, its din and dust, its artificial scenes and agitations, its winding paths and wearying wifedness, however grand its landscapes and genial the associations of its busy multitudes, after all, becomes only a feverish and fainting sort of existence, whose daily heat and burden are too often borne with sighs and longings for some clime over which the almighty never sweep, and the winds never come, laden with the echoes of sorrow and sobbing. I had just left a genial party of Spiritual friends at Casadaga Lake, and bore the image of dear smiling faces, and felt the vibrations of warm hearts, yet I had gone through ordeals whose fires were almost delirious, and the brain throbbled as though pierced with a crown of burning thorns. I walked the deck of the Canastota, and welcomed the evening breeze bounding blue billows, and the vast dome of the firmament, as though life had just been born anew, and I had just launched out on a voyage bounded only by a horizon beyond which no finite eye could sweep. The murmur of distant streams, the rustling of woodlands, the song of night-birds, the roar of cataracts, the rattle of engines flying over iron tracks, the sound of hurrying footsteps, and the hum of populous cities, all these were hushed into silence; and, pillowed and rocked as it were on the bosom of God, and overshadowed by celestial pilots, the weary wanderer fell into the arms of a slumber as sweet and calm as that of a boy once more dreaming of early home, and an angel mother smiling from the bowers of Paradise.

Landing at Toledo, I took the hand of friend Broad, and was happy to learn that Spiritualism had lost nothing in that prosperous, commercial city, though during the present season, no regular meetings are sustained. The friends have the use of a convenient hall, for which they are indebted to one of their most liberal souls, and efficient lecturers who are willing to run their own risk in regard to the amount of means they may be able to draw in the form of a small door-fee, are cordially welcomed and encouraged.

Toledo is the residence of our good sister, Mrs. E. M. Thompson, a superior medium for tests, personifications, select circles, and sometimes takes her place as inspirational speaker on the public platform. In taking the Southern Michigan and Northern Indiana road for the West, I passed within sight of the home of our excellent ex-reverend brother, Elijah Case, J., of Osseo. He was formerly a Universalist clergyman, coming out under my ministry, while I preached in Lookport, N. Y. Though an exquisite poet, a thorough student, a deep thinker, a ready writer, and a good sermonizer, as a pastor and preacher his success was never equal to his abilities, and he was constantly pestered with persecutions of the meanest character. And why? Simply because he could never tie his tongue, nor chain his soul, nor trim his clerical sails to suit sectarian sinners and saints, who wanted soft solder, instead of the sound thrashings they deserved. Bro. Case was unable to transform himself from a free man into a fashionable, mincing, tea-table-talking, wishy-washy, good lord-and-good-devil, mealy mouthed minister. He had a natural way of his own, and out of the pulpit, as well as in it, he had an unsophisticated habit of speaking and acting truthfully. If he found scribes, pharisees, hypocrites, and money-changers in any temple of God where he preached, he took up the scourge, and made it whistle over the mailed hide of those who deserved it, until they fairly danced with rage, and gnashed their teeth, and ordered his salary stopped, or his head to be cut off. Unfortunate Bro. Case! You ought to have known better, and a great many other young ministers ought to have known better, and among them, to wit, J. M. Peables, S. B. Brittan, M. Taylor, E. A. Holbrook, U. Clark, and about a hundred other deplorable wights of the impudent stamp.

Bro. Case at last stripped the shackles and took the spiritual field. He now has an eligible position as a minister in the army of the South-west, and on his return, will be the better prepared for valiant battle in the army of spiritual progress.

As my labors thus far, during the present trip, have been confined to Sturgis, Michigan, Middlebury, Elkhart and South Bend, Indiana, I am not fully prepared, from observation, to speak of the prospects and conditions of the cause paramount to all others. In Coldwater, Michigan, the friends continue hopeful and prosperous in their fine, large, new brick chapel, and maintain their wonted interest in sustaining Bro. Willis, though the times have sorely tested their financial resources. The Free Church in Sturgis, sustains regular lecturers every other Sunday, J. M. Peables, of Battle Creek, supplying once in four weeks. "Sturgis, blessed Sturgis!" was the quality uttered benediction of A. J. Davis, on entering the place a number of years ago, and it was just as he was entering the home of the present editor and proprietor of the Sturgis Journal. No marvel the exclamation involuntarily escaped his lips, if he experienced the genial influences I have felt in the same home, partaken of the same cordial hospitality, and caught inspirations similar to those with which I was baptized while seeking to fulfill my mission on the platform of the Sturgis Free Church.

In Elkhart, the friends are strong and earnest, and regular meetings will be resumed in early autumn. It was cheerful to greet some old friends here from Herkimer County, N. Y. Our legal brother, M. F. Shuey, something more than a "limb of the law," still holds his place in the ranks of progress, and occasionally does good service in filling vacancies as a volunteer speaker on the spiritual platform. Though a "woo" was once pronounced on lawyers, it is doubtful whether such lawyers as Bro. Shuey were meant, for he is rather wont to temper all his executions with the mercy of the new dispensation, instead of demanding the Shylock pound of flesh.

The Spiritualists in Middlebury have just organized for regular lectures as often as once a month, and the results thus far are highly encouraging. The meetings are large and intelligent, and the influences strong in the right direction. This place was the scene of an exciting incident not many months ago. A well cultivated, intelligent, virtuous, and highly influential young woman, after a short sickness, left the form. She was a Spiritualist, and belonged to one of the first Spiritualist families in the place. An evangelical minister in town, taking up the slander of a mischievous old Mrs. Grundy, assailed the reputation of the deceased young woman. An exasperated brother of the lady, arming himself with a cowhide, waited on the reverend tillifer, and demanded an open and honorable retraction; and failing to receive this, he proceeded to take satisfaction with his cowhide; and seizing the clerical gentleman by the collar of his black cloth, he thrashed him into a state of intensified consciousness of the guilt of slandering the dead, then gave himself up to the officers of legal justice, and freely paid a fine of twenty-five dollars, considering the price rather cheap for the privilege he enjoyed to administer summary retribution on the Mosala plane.

At South Bend, one of the finest towns in Northern Indiana, I found Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Bement, and a few other friends, still faithfully devoted. Mrs. Bement, a lady of superior worth, has rendered good service as a medium, without asking any material recompense, having labored for hundreds, and affording incontestable evidences of spiritual intercourse.

I have met H. P. Fairchild, the clairvoyant physician and inspirational speaker, who for sometime has been engaged in the West. His numerous friends in the East will be glad to learn that he has passed triumphantly through all the ordeals to which he was once exposed, and is now meeting with the most flattering success as a physician and a lecturer. His genial, fraternal soul attracts friends wherever he is known, and his inspirations stir the depths of thought and emotion. With his congenial companion as co-worker, his mission is broad and promising.

I lectured two evenings in the fine new Universalist Church in Dowagiac, Mich., and met with a hearty response from some old friends and new inquirers. The pastor of the church, our Rev. Bro. Stroup, was in attendance, and manifested a liberality of sentiment and spirit well worthy of the imitation of some of the clerical brethren of his denomination, who now stand off as though their sacerdotal robes were in danger of becoming soiled in contact with Spiritualism. Universalism, in its sectarian form, is in rather a low condition in Michigan.

A writer in a late number of the Chicago New Covenant, the Universalist organ of the West, complains that many preachers and laymen of the sect, some time ago, were drawn off by "Daisism." Who this writer is, I am unable to say, but I am safe in designating him as guilty of a most sneaking and dastardly effort to hurl contempt on Spiritualism, in calling it "Daisism," just as though the body of Spiritualists had selected Davis as inaugurated and had crowned him as their leader, had inaugurated a sort of despotism or sectarianism with him as their centre or sir oracle. Now, it is notorious that Spiritualism ignores all leaderships. It leads off with no great names as authority. Its public ad, vocates and its largest conventions are continually protesting against setting up any one man or any class of men as a priesthood. Neither Bro. A. J. Davis nor any of his liberal-minded friends are willing to admit any such leadership. Mr. Davis calls himself a Harmonical Philosopher, and does not use the term Spiritualism, as expressive of as much as the phrase, Harmonical Philosophy. He does not define what is technically called Spiritualism as embracing as much as what he calls the Harmonical Philosophy. He is entitled to his own definitions, and those who call themselves spiritual lecturers and believers claim an equal right to their definition of what they understand to be Spiritualism, and they maintain that Spiritualism, instead of being one-sided, embraces all science, all philosophy, all religion, all genuine revelations and inspirations, and all legitimate reforms. Mr. Davis distinctly repudiates all leadership, especially among Spiritualists, and has publicly declared that his sympathies were so little confined to the Spiritualists as a body, and so little in harmony with out-and-out public spiritual lecturers, he had no desire to attend Spiritualist Conventions, and I believe he has not attended one during the last five years. He is the best judge as to the wisdom of his course and position, but it is high time that the public Spiritualists as well as others, should understand where he is; and when this is understood, all classes will know the better how to govern themselves. I write this much, in justice to all parties, and not in derogation of Mr. Davis. I rank him as so nearly all Spiritualist, as among

the noblest and most remarkable philosophers, reformers and philanthropists of the age, and no man living has done as much to break down the barriers of superstition and materialism; but when either his personal devices or the opposing public persist in setting him up as our leader, our high priest or authority, Spiritualists are loud, and unanimous in their protestations, while at the same time they bid him God-speed in the broad field over which he waves the banner of his Harmonical Philosophy.

Lecturing one night at Decatur, Mich., I became familiar with the labors of Mrs. C. M. Stowe, whose home is in Vandalia, though she is now lecturing in Iowa. Mrs. Stowe has a wide and an enviable reputation as an inspirational lecturer and a heroine reformer. The war excitement runs high in Michigan, yet spiritual things elicit a profound interest. The people were never so well prepared to hear as at the present time, and lecturers and lay believers are in earnest in organizing a new campaign for the coming autumn and winter. More anon.

U. CLARK.

H. Melville Fay's Reply to Mr. Bonsall.

In the BANNER of August 23, there appears an article from a Mr. Bonsall, of Philadelphia, taking some exceptions to my mediumship. For what the gentleman has said I am glad, and I thank him very kindly for the notice he has taken of me. The opinions of one man, or set of men, warped by prejudice, and swayed by flying rumors, can never come off victor in the contest between facts and principles on the one side, and petty antagonisms and Mrs. Grundy's table-talk on the other.

It is true, Mr. Bonsall, that I gave seances in Philadelphia with the first circles in that city, "moving in my mediumistic capacity in the sphere of refined and intelligent ladies and gentlemen; and it makes but little difference to me whether I try to defend myself or not from the somewhat pointed and particular remarks in your article. I have been assailed before. What physical medium has not? In short, what mediums have not had their private characters attacked, and their public capacity and worth impeached? I admit that physical manifestations in dark circles are more liable to suspicion than any other phase of mediumship, perhaps; but still there are ways and means enough provided for all reasonable and candid minds to investigate.

The manifestations that occur with me have been vouched for and endorsed, as you are probably well aware, by some of the most eminent minds in this country. There are at present in the spiritual field six or eight public mediums, possessing the same phase of mediumship as myself. The Davenport Boys and Wm. M. Fay are the physical mediums with whom I have traveled most extensively, and my mediumship first started by sitting with the Davenport family. My experience with them is such, that I can vouch for their mediumship as being honest and genuine. These boys have been before the public seven years; I have been three years. They have been assailed, persecuted, and even imprisoned, as well as myself; but still they stem the tide, and so do I. Nor can all the slanderous showers of vengeance from deepest hell unloose the grasp I hold upon principles.

You say, sir, that I was "detected" in Philadelphia? Does your belief create a fact, or disbelief destroy one? The public of your city are well aware, as also Dr. Henry T. Childs, to whom I will now refer, under whose patronage I gave many of my circles, that when I left Philadelphia I left behind me a reputation pure and untainted. The mass of the people, even if they could not account for the phenomena on the spiritual hypothesis, were at least satisfied that there was no collusion on my part. And I now make the assertion, broad and strong, and without fear of successful contradiction, that there is not a public test medium walks to-day between the starry skies and the bright green earth, that has ever exhibited his or her powers in public before the masses in this or the old world, but what by some have been stigmatized as impostor.

I deny that I was detected in any imposition whatever in Philadelphia. I utterly and totally repudiate it. The manifestations while holding the arm, and all others that the spirits give in my presence, are given in a way to be perfectly satisfactory, as is attested to every night of my seances.

I distinctly and positively hurl back the charge of collusion, in the face of a skeptical world, and defy the most scrutinizing committees to discover any evidences of fraud. A mere statement on paper does not in and of itself alone prove or disprove the facts of the case. Wherever I give my sittings let the manifestations speak for themselves; let each individual judge for himself. The facts in the case are the only evidence in matters of this kind. All I have to say, I invite honest skepticism to meet me on the platform of honest investigation.

I would say to the public that I am ready to receive visitors at my rooms, No. 75 Beach street, or 231 Washington street, Boston, for evening sittings. I court the most rigid scrutiny of my medium powers.

Yours for progress,
H. MELVILLE FAY,
75 Beach street, Boston.

To Invalids.

Mr. Editor—Will you permit me to say a word in favor of one for whom I feel a deep respect, and whose kindness, care and remarkable skill, hath placed me under lasting obligations to him, for the bodily health and comfort he has been instrumental in bringing to me? This is no newspaper puff—I have never been accustomed to such things—and I am too old to begin in such a calling at present; but I do that true merit may receive at my hands its just reward, and the suffering may share with me in the blessings they may receive under the care of him who hath bid the torturing pain of years to be gone, from my poor aching form.

I had despaired of ever being relieved of the chronic difficulty that had become to me, as I thought, incurable. I had patiently concluded to bear it on, until the good Father should call me home. But last April an acute disease, that well nigh bore me to the portals of my higher home, made it necessary to call in a physician, and I felt impressed, from reading in your paper of Dr. Charles Main, of No. 7 Davis street, Boston, to send for him, which I did, and never was mortal more grateful at the place made than your humble servant. The relief received from his treatment was almost, if not quite, astonishing, he not only removed the acute difficulty, but the chronic also.

When I read your notice that the Doctor was to tarry still in his home of comfort for the sick until October at least, I seized my pen, with joy, hoping my testimony might induce others alike afflicted, to apply to him, and be cured. If, by so doing, I shall have been the humble instrument in this way of alleviating the pains of my fellow-mortals, I shall consider myself amply repaid for voluntarily recommending the Doctor.

Truly yours,
B. H. DAVIS.

Melford, Mass., July 26, 1862.

Mount Holyoke and the Chocopee Spiritualists.

Community of thought on any special subject, but above all, the isolation inevitable upon a difference in religious belief, seems destined to bring the sword of separation amongst the members of the human family; but whilst it cuts asunder the bonds that should encircle the whole, it certainly binds together the few who do think alike, in a fraternity the more complete in exact proportion to the amount of isolation from without. None experience this more completely than the Spiritualists of modern days. Ignoring all opinions which are not founded upon ASSURANCE DEMONSTRATION, whilst almost every other form of religious belief is based upon a theory, and rallies round faith in substances (and persons) not even now yet exactly proved, we naturally form the solitary exception to the universal rule of religious belief, more than any other sect that has ever yet arisen, seem destined to stand alone. To judge by the spirit of an excursion undertaken, moved by, and carried out in the full spirit of Spiritualism last Tuesday, we can well afford to do so, ay, and even to stand apart, if needs must be, from the whole world, illumined as our pathway is by kind angels, and rich as we feel ourselves in the pearl of price, which the world cannot give or take away. Thus impelled, and thus sustained, it was proposed by the kind entertainers with whom I am at present visiting in Chocopee, that we should make up "a little family party" to go to the celebrated Titan of Massachusetts—Mount Holyoke. By what impulse we were gathered together, except it be the universal law of gravitation, I am unable to say; but the party which commenced with some seven persons of our own household, set off from our gate on Tuesday morning last, at half past seven o'clock, numbering about thirty bodies, with heaven and the spirit-world alone can say, how many attendant souls; and ere we sat down to our midday meal, our party, including a select deputation "of the faith" from Northampton, had swelled to between forty and fifty persons.

Those of my readers who have ever visited the unrivalled scene of beauty, grandeur, and panoramic wonder which Mount Holyoke displays, will agree with me that it is one of "the Footprints of the Creator," to which "the streaming wonder" of Niagara might not unaptly be deemed a fellow; but to any that have not personally drank in the inspiration of its sublime realities, all word-peddling of mine would be but impotent attempts to color the cheek of the blushing rose, or blanch the lily white.

For the benefit of those, then, who, in visiting this part of Massachusetts, may be in search of the sublime and beautiful, I will for once turn guide-book, and state in plain statistical language what the eye can see at Mount Holyoke, leaving it for the spirit to realize what the eye of flesh merely informs it of.

The Invisible Architect has given us, as a prospect from the mountain-top, thirty-eight towns, mountains in four States, and some of the finest buildings in Massachusetts, including the State Lunatic Asylum at Northampton, the Colleges at Amherst, the famous Female Seminary at Hadley, Army at Springfield, and a range of villages, woods, slopes, valleys, mills, academies, and all the combined glories of art and nature in such wonderful profusion, that the eye of mind and matter alike aches at the very memory of the splendid appeal which the panorama makes on every side to wonder and admiration.

Meantime what the great Father has bestowed upon us in such bountiful largeness, man has faithfully illustrated with all the skill, industry and energy of mind, for not least of the wonders of the scene is a railway by which the almost impossible and dangerous ascent of the mountain is made a delightful sensation. It consists of a car which will seat four persons, and is drawn up a height of nearly four hundred feet, quite one-third of which is almost perpendicular, but so admirably is the track constructed, so firm the machinery and perfect the arrangements, that no sense of danger or the slightest jar is realized, and so exhilarating is the sense of ascent, as with swift and equal motion we scale the stupendous height, whilst the glorious panorama perpetually unfolds its gorgeous folds in wider and wider magnificence, that ere we reach the top, something of eagle triumph must swell, the most unimaginative mind, and the crowning point, which lands us at the very summit, recalls the weird history of the dizzy pinnacle where the kingdoms of the earth were outspread before the eyes of the Man of Sorrows.

No temptation awaits us here, however, for few could stand as I did in such a scene without a sense of exceeding littleness, rather than command, over a world whose sublimity was thus outstretched before us. In addition to the railroad, the industry of man has erected (man best knows how on such a height), an excellent hotel, replete with accommodations, an admirable telescope (pleasant), smiling attendants, and every accessory to comfort and enjoyment, as well as inspiration and intellectual revel. The railroad, hotel, and all the agreeable accessories aforesaid, are due to the enterprise of the present proprietor, Mr. French, and, as the Yankee portion of the community (whom I regard as the best living judges of such facts) inform me, the prices connected with these accommodations are remarkably low. I cannot but think Mr. French has been selected as the medium of beneficent, geological, scientific, artistic, and humanitarian spirits, for the purpose of smoothing the roughest road that was ever traveled, to the fairest part of "Jordan."

But the spiritualistic portion of my readers will doubtless inquire what of the Spiritualists, Spiritualism and Spirits? In reply, I have simply to say we had no convention, no discussions, no reforms; but forty-three spirits in the form, an unlimited quantity out of it; a little expression of opinion from spirit-land through your humble servant, the writer; and for the rest, just one heart, one mind, one accord, and one face, and that an universal smile. We had a very long and very bright day, and I cannot recall, during its entire progress, one single shadow, harsh word, sad face, or painful feeling. The place is a fit shrine for heaven, and we filled it from our own happy, heaven-lighted souls, full to its utmost capacity. I do not know what the strangers thought of us, though many crowded round to hear "the strange woman" speak in trance. I do not know what the villagers said of us, though our long string of carriages, with their gay prancing steeds and joyous inmates, attracted many a curious gaze forth from field, cottage and garden, to watch us.

Heaven be praised! we had nothing to do with "Mrs. Grundy" that day. I do firmly believe that we realized on that day, if never before, if never again on earth, that we must live, act, die, and be judged for ourselves, and by God and the angels, not for, or by, our neighbors' opinions. We know, ay, and felt, that the kingdom of heaven was within us, and sad and gloomy as this world at times appears to us, that it is yet the fairest and best that Divine Wisdom has found as fitted to enjoy, and that if we only gazed as steadily on the glory and loveliness as we do on its thorns and briars, we should shout, in chorus with rejoicing morning stars,

"The hand that made us is divine."

A return home, through the beautiful town of Northampton, and over the winding steeps of giant, grim old "Mount Tom," concluded this happy day's adventure. And as the gray mists of evening slowly, slowly, as unwilling to enshroud the last beams of sunlight that had illumined this happy day, fell like a shadowy veil over valley and forest, winding river and towering mountains brow, an imagination less vivid than mine might have reproduced the forms of the first pioneers, whose bold but pious ascent to the heights

of Mount Holyoke and Tom conferred their titles on them, and far away over the valleys, and echoing through dark untrodden gorges, reverberating over the vast prairie meadows, and lost amidst the steep peaks, might once again have been heard from either mount the voices of Capt. Elizar Holyoke and Thomas Rowland, crying, "What cheer, brother?" And though for two hundred years the forms of these men, the mountains' bold godfathers, have now been crumbling in the dust, their souls still cry, "What cheer?" to earth's poor pilgrims, and every rock and forest glade resounds with the cry of

"Glory! Hallelujah! We are marching on!"

To the fearful and fainting, who trust only in phenomena, and fear the Great Spirit has fallen asleep, and the angel-world gone back again to the darkness of the theological tomb, unless their tables are forever tipping, and their walls perpetually rattling out "I still live," I have good news to give concerning the wonderful doings of the spirits through the mediumship of Miss Jennie Lord, who is now with us in Chocopee, startling not only the skeptics, but the oldest soldiers amongst our spiritual ranks, with her astounding evidences of intelligent and scientific Spiritualism. As we none of us yet, at least, know ALL about Spiritualism, or have seen everything that is to be seen, unless we have all sat of Miss Lord's circles, I propose, ere I leave Chocopee, to send your readers a résumé of these wonders, the apathetic disregard of which, rather than the lack of will or power in the spirits to produce them, has given rise to the foolish cry that Spiritualism is dying out.

Next week, dear friends, in Western New York, I proceed to Oswego and Buffalo, and hope that many a face, old and new, in my remembrance, will be found willing to greet the ever devoted servant of mortals and immortals.

EMMA HARDING, Chocopee, Mass., July 20, 1862.

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1862.
OFFICE, 138 WASHINGTON STREET.
Room No. 3, Up Stairs.
WILLIAM WHITE, ISAAC B. RICH,
LUTHER COLBY, CHARLES H. CROWELL,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.
FOR TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION SEE EIGHTH PAGE.
LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

Politics and Politicians.

So at last we are come to those days which we have long advised as rapidly approaching. The did notions are proved useless for any further service, and the reign of substantial ideas is about to come in. The Church has for years been feeling, and, by its energetic defence of itself from time to time, been acknowledging, that the blows struck at its system by the repeated telling of plain truth dispassionately, are producing an effect impossible to be withstood. Lies have done their utmost. Delusions have begun to lose their charms. Men are in quest of what is right and best merely, and caring less for what is, was, or is likely to be popular.

As in Church, so in State. The same stir-up that overtook the Church, we knew would in due time overhaul the State also. Reach men's consciences—that is, their moral sense—and the effect is felt throughout the entire system under which they live. As a man's religion is, so is his conduct. If we worship a true and a really divine God, then we become God-like, and our practices, social customs, institutions and laws all partake of our own character.

Press and pulpit have, year in and year out, complained of the political corruption that has been undermining the true manliness and purity of our generation. Everybody wanted an office, and sought for office, because it was so commonly admitted to be a mark of distinction, no matter how obtained, or for what special purpose retained. Position was the great aim. Money helped carry the thing out, and so money was a co-related object of pursuit. If a person had about so much money, he must perforce go to Congress; or, if he did not know how to make money, or cared not to bother his wits about it, he must certainly go to Congress, at any rate. Failing this, he must be foreign consul; or perchance, a Chargé des Affaires; or collector; or deputy; or postmaster; or tide waiter in some capacity or another. Not for service, but for self—was all this fever of ambition continually fed; and as the competition waxed warmer and warmer, and men who were more and yet more unworthy, entered the arena for the spoils that were to be divided after the fray was over, the character of the whole thing grew to be low, and corrupt, and vicious to the last degree. It was a system calculated to take the sheen out of all true manliness, and foster a spirit of cheating beggary and pitiful vagabondism that made free government look contemptible. It was a system that rested wholly on deceit and the basest passions, and thrived only by the employment of the basest arts.

And now pause a moment, and see to what a pass of apparent—ay, and real, too, for the time—woe, it has brought us. We have put our trust in frauds and pretensions, till they have betrayed us and brought us all to the very brink of ruin. The men whom we thought our best men and greatest men, utterly fail us now, and skulk off among the shadows when the nation calls on the help it had a right to expect from them. Our political characters—what are they worth to us, in this day of our anguish? How they mock us when our woes come upon us, giving us back words of wind instead of wisdom! They were after "spoils," when there are none left, merely because they have depolled the nation of all, whither shall they turn, except to meet on every hand the visions of their condemnation?

Bribery has long enough been a working element in our politics, or our legislation. Now we want only what is true. We crave the doing of justice merely. We care to have no man exalted, whose life and character do not of themselves exalt him. We seek the widest benefit of the largest number—not the aggrandizement of one, or of a class, at the expense of the many. What has divine order and excellent government to do with making this man rich off the people's industry, while the people themselves are made poorer to that extent? Why should a free government, which is but the solemn act of the people reposing power in the hands of agents and servants of their own, selection, tend to nothing higher than raising up an army of professional place-holders and place-hunters, and the actual cheating of the people out of the very objects for which they delegated power at all? It is preposterous—absurd. The people know it, too; but, all this time, they have endured it, and now endurance is giving way to another feeling.

Against corruption of all sorts, in high places and low, we are to cry out without end. That is the poison which works to the destruction of all national, as well as individual, life. And men of observation and reflection know well enough that it is mainly by corruption, all the while undermining the State, that Governments as well as Parties are sustained in these latter days. Hamilton replied to old John Adams, in the presence of Jefferson—as the latter gives it in his

"Ana"—"If you destroy its corruptions (those of the British Government) or its power of corruption, you render it impotent and impracticable." Sir Thomas More called the governments of old Europe but "a conspiracy of the richer sort," who had taken all the lands and means of industry into their own selfish hands, while pretending to serve the multitude—the many. And it is accomplished only through Bribery.

We have felt the deadly operations of the same influence. It is now come to that point where it must be overthrown even by the most violent of violent means. The storm of lightning is to be severe, and protracted beyond timid persons' hopes; but oh! how pure and sweet will be the atmosphere afterwards. Not Slavery and its pretensions alone are to be smitten, but tyranny and bribery of all sorts in all latitudes, on this continent of ours first, and all over the old world afterwards. Our Government is surely to rest on a higher moral sense, and be administered by purer and better men, or it is to go down in anarchy and chaos, the like of which the world never beheld. The conflict will be terrible, and the forces that are to engage in it are already arrayed. We are not to exist much longer as a people, merely to furnish convenient places for drones to secure to themselves a fat living, but to do justice between man and man, to pursue the right alone, and, in pursuing it, to push all kinds of abuses and frauds to the wall forever. The men whom we require for this most necessary work are got such men as have been fattening so long on their own corruption, but men who seek only the highest good of all from the purest motives, and bring to their public life the credentials of a private life spent in the modest cultivation of their own characters from the desire of exaltation alone. These are to be our next politicians; we do not wonder the fellows of the old school refuse, even at this late day, to recognize or know them.

Native Wine and Brandy.

In these times, when so much is said of foreign intervention—when the Government falls back on its own resources—when the fields and factories of our country are found capable of supplying all the necessities, and most of the luxuries of the people, we cannot see why it is that the War and Navy Departments are so slow to perceive their duty in encouraging the use of native wine and brandy in our army and naval hospitals. These articles, produced somewhere, are deemed by physicians indispensable to the sick and wounded soldier and sailor, and are accordingly ordered and placed among the medical supplies for them in the calamities incident to their defence of the country. The great number of sick and wounded soldiers in the hospitals at the present time must make the demand for these articles quite large.

For several years the reports of the American Pharmaceutical Association have shown that the wine and brandy produced by the indigenous Catawba grape, now cultivated so extensively in the West, on chemical analysis, are found to be fully equal to the Sherry wine and French brandy (spirit vini Gallici), prescribed in the National Pharmacopoeia, and adopted from the English Pharmacopoeia.

Some surgeons of the United States Army, who have been acquainted with the excellent quality of these native products, and preferring them to all others for use in their practice, have received them through the Medical Purveyor in the city of New York, and used them with great satisfaction. It may be that all of them are not aware that we are now supplied with a home product, which is a fortunate and valuable substitute for the foreign Sherry wine and French brandy, hence we would call attention to this matter, and suggest to the Secretaries of War and Navy, or whomever of the Government at Washington it may concern, that the Surgeon General, and the whole Army and Navy Medical Corps, may be reminded of our native wines and brandy, now so largely produced as to afford supplies for all exigencies of Army and Navy. The public weal, and the health and happiness of our numerous sick and disabled patriots seem to second our motion.

If the Government at Washington would take the initiative in this behalf, a thing of but very little trouble, and which quadrates with humanity and national prosperity, it would inspire the producer with confidence, and give him courage to bestow more attention than he has hitherto bestowed upon the culture of our noble native grape. If it be objected that the necessary supply is not yet produced, we have to say that we are assured, from statistics, that all the Army and Navy hospitals together, do not, nor will consume but a small part of the native wines and brandy which are produced in the Western States, or even in one of them—the State of Ohio. So much competition is there already among the producers, that it cannot be difficult for the Government to select the best and cheapest.

We hope our countrymen may have the patronage of the Medical Purveyors. The hostile feelings and attitude of the country whence is derived the article designated in the Pharmacopoeia as spirit vini Gallici, certainly cannot largely contribute to a desire in an American Unionist to patronize its producer. A word to the wise, etc.

Spiritualists' Picnic at Abington Grove, July 29.

About two thousand persons were on the ground from Boston and other places. We can truly say that this Picnic was one of the most orderly, pleasant and interesting of any one we ever attended. The management of Dr. Gardner, to whom much credit is due, was unexceptionable; he conducted everything like clock-work. Mr. Holmes, the superintendent of the Old Colony Railroad, gave the company a plenty of room and seats. He was present himself, and did his duty faithfully and handsomely. Good railroad accommodations, in a picnic excursion, is a very important item. Mr. Holmes has our thanks, and we doubt not, the thanks of every one who went. So, also, of Dr. Gardner.

Abington Grove, as every one who has been in it knows, is one of the finest in the world. The management, and the accommodations afforded by the proprietors of the grove, Reed & Noyes, are of the best kind: A plenty of good cold water, served free in clean dippers, a bowling alley, a large bandstand, swings, a large dancing hall, sailing and paddle boats, a good speakers' stand, a large covered tent to eat luncheon in, and a good dining hall with excellent dinners all cooked and spread out, and, in fact, everything, in the woods, that could contribute to comfort and enjoyment.

The speaking from the stand was very interesting, and was listened to with undisturbed attention by the audience. Remarks were made by Dr. Gardner, Mr. Pardee, Dr. Child, Mr. Thayer, Mr. Storer, Judge Ladd, Mrs. Young, Mr. Edson, Mrs. Ricker, and Mr. and Mrs. Allen. Jacob Edson presided.

Great unanimity and kindness of feeling was manifested throughout the day in all the exercises. Dr. Gardner made allusion to the BANNER OF LIGHT and the HERALD OF PROGRESS, by saying that it was incumbent on all Spiritualists, all over the land to see well to these papers that they have a generous support, for they are ably conducted and expensive; they are mouth-pieces for the expression of a large and intelligent body of men and women. Let us sustain them generously, for our own sakes, and for the sake of a cause espoused by thousands and tens of thousands of the most thinking and intelligent men and women of the present age. If one Spiritualist out of every ten should subscribe for these papers, each would have a list of one hundred thousand.

Life is light and shadow—sunshine and storm.

Likeness of Emerson.

Mr. Emerson, in the August number of the "Atlantic," gives a sketch of this striking individual, recently deceased, which all readers will at once comprehend and admire. "He was equipped," says Mr. Emerson, "with a most adapted and serviceable body. He was of short stature, firmly built, of light complexion, with strong, serious blue eyes, and a grave aspect—his face covered in the late years with a becoming beard. His senses were acute, his frame well-knit and hardy, his hands strong and skillful in the use of tools. And there was a wonderful fitness of body and mind. He could pace sixteen rods more accurately than another man could measure them with rod and chain. He could find his path in the woods at night, he said, better by his feet than eyes. He could estimate the measure of a tree very well by his eye; he could estimate the weight of a calf or a pig, like a dealer. From a box containing a bushel or more of loose pencils, he could take up with his hands fast enough just a dozen pencils at every grasp. He was a good swimmer, runner, skater, boatman, and would probably outwalk most countrymen in a day's journey. And the relation of body to mind was still finer than we have indicated. He said he wanted every stride his legs made. The length of his walk uniformly made the length of his writing. If shut up in the house, he did not write at all."

An Important Hint.

We desire the friends of the BANNER to vote themselves into a committee of the whole to render us all the material aid they can at this time. The internal tax law will soon go into practical operation, thereby greatly increasing the already large expenditures of our establishment. We have been notified by our paper-maker that he shall be obliged to advance the price of paper immediately, thereby increasing the cost to us for the paper upon which the BANNER is printed several hundred dollars per year more than formerly.

We thank Dr. Gardner for his timely remarks in our behalf at the late meeting at Abington Grove. Truly he spoke, when he said the spiritual papers should be sustained, and that there were Spiritualists enough in the country to amply sustain them. We do not desire to raise the price of the BANNER, if we can possibly avoid it; and we see no way of avoiding it, unless we procure a large increase to our subscription list.

Railways and Canals.

On scanning the reports of the dividend-paying roads of the country, as furnished on the 1st of July, we find that the main railways of the country (North,) have done quite all their usual amount of business for the past six months—some of them more. Nearly all the Western roads are earning more than during the corresponding period last year. The Eastern are in high standing; the Panama earns its three per cent., quarterly. The canals are swollen with freights, and those which were relied on to furnish an outlet for the coal trade, have been repaired from the recent damages by flood, so that they are in a fair way to put that most important branch of traffic on its old footing again. The Pacific Railroad has been at length passed by both houses of Congress, and received the President's signature; so that, if the details are put in working order, the great plan of traversing the North American Continent with an iron road will be carried forward to completion.

Chirography.

If our correspondents would write in a plain and legible hand, it would save us a great amount of time and perplexity. Many manuscripts and letters appear like sheets of paper crossed by a drove of spiders with ink legs. Many of them are so illegible, that Digby has declared them written in some foreign and outlandish characters.

To young writers, we would say, that if you would ingratiate yourselves with the editor for whom you write, write "like print." Many a good article has been discarded, because it was impossible to read it; and many poor ones have been published just because recommended by their dress. Especially write names plainly, make printed letters, if you can't write plain enough otherwise.

The Navy.

The Government now has a navy, including its iron-clad vessels, gunboats, rams, and other new devices of marine architecture, of some three hundred vessels; and it is suddenly raised to what the foreign world styles a "first-class power." No European nations could come to our shores, and meddle with our affairs, on any pretext whatever. All the iron-clad frigates of France and England combined, could do nothing with us, for our iron batteries and gunboats and rams could easily move about in shoal water, compared with what vessels from beyond the sea would require, and could send them reeling to the bottom long before they could get within range of the cities along our sea-coast, for which they have so manifest a liking. Our powerful naval force has been created in little more than a year.

Cotton Goods.

The way cottons have gone up in the market surpasses the comprehension of almost everybody. We have none of us seen anything of the kind in our day. Eighteen cents already for the very coarsest goods to be had! And we are told by a leading paper of Rhode Island that one half of the cotton mills of that manufacturing State are already closed and closing, and that even more must follow suit; for as the staple cannot be bought in market except at such an extravagant figure, manufacturers prefer to close their mills to running the risk of bringing their high priced goods into a low market, as must almost inevitably be the case when the present troubles shall so far cease as to raise the cotton embargo. Hence we are looking for silent mills and no work to do, for a long time to come.

Out-door Air.

None of us get too much of it—most of us have too little. "Men who wield axes and breathe hard," wrote the late Major Winthrop, "have lungs. Blood aërated by the air that sings through the pine woods tingles in every fibre. Tingling blood makes life joyous. Joy can hardly look without a smile or speak without a laugh. And merry is the evergreen-wood in electric winter." That is what comes, in the way of health and robustness, to the lumberman of Maine; but the hardy fisherman of the Massachusetts coast is not a whit behind him in this regard. The vigorous drafts of salt sea air in which his deep lungs rejoice, are not to be estimated for their truly inspiring qualities.

Personal.

Mr. C. H. FOSTER.—This extraordinary test medium requests us to say that he will visit Portland the present month. We hope he will soon visit Boston, for many are anxiously inquiring when he will do so.

Dr. P. B. RANDOLPH writes to Dr. Gardner a letter dated July 3d, from the ruins of the King's Chamber in a great pyramid in Egypt. He is with a multitude of dead men's ghosts, learning a thousand things that is yet to be learnt. He says that he sees so much to learn, that he is convinced he is "one of the infants of this great human family of infants." He also writes that he will give, in January next, three lectures in Boston, on the interesting objects of his travels.

Miss LIZIE DORRIS is recovering from a severe illness. She is now in this city.

A Plain Truth.

The author of the little book, entitled the "Honest Man's Book on Finance and Politics," which book deserves a much wider circulation than ever Thomas Paine's writings enjoyed "in the stormy times of the Revolution," says of the past condition of our politics and the possibility of remodeling the State—"Our past attempts at Democracy have resulted in the establishment of an obscene Rowdychief, with prodigious powers of taxation and public swindling. We began by confounding Equity with Equality. The holy truth that God regards and rewards all men impartially, has been twisted into a notion that 'all men are born equal,' and therefore all against right, whenever they raise themselves above anybody, either in industry, or temperance, or modesty, or any other virtue. We have practically forbidden sincerity, and required all men to ape, or follow the current lay-figure of Equality, for the time being. We have made Equality a sort of moral swill-tub, into which all must be plunged without regard to age or sex, color or character; and from which he who goes in next last, suffers least. Thus our past efforts to establish a Democracy have only resulted in an Aristocracy of Base-ness."

"The London American."

Mr. Knight, one of the editors of the London American, a loyal paper, which has done much good in correcting the misrepresentations of the English press and traitor emissaries in Europe, is now in this city, soliciting subscriptions, &c. He comes highly recommended, and should be generously sustained. The seasonists have established a journal in the British capital called The Index, which is crowded with columns against the United States, and the American is the only medium through which these columns can be exposed. Subscription, including postage Four Dollars per annum.

Bishop Mollivane, of Ohio, commends it in the following letter:

LONDON, Feb. 18, 1862.

As Mr. Knight is about visiting the United States with the view to promote among his countrymen the patronage and support of the London American, I beg to say that—having known that paper by being in the midst of its circulation, and at times when a decided and intelligent advocate of the cause of our country in its present struggle; as well as a full and faithful reporter of the state of our affairs was of the greatest importance in England—I believe it has done great good, and that it would be a great loss, if, for want of patronage, it should be abandoned. Americans at home should assist in its support. It is the only American voice in the European press of England. It ought not to be allowed to cease. It may be that such an organ will be wanted even more than at present. I commend Mr. Knight and his object to the confidence and support of my countrymen. CHAS. P. MOLLIVANE, Bishop of Ohio.

Mr. Knight's business address is No. 1 Scollay's Building, Court street, Boston, care of S. R. Miles.

Announcements.

The Spiritualists, during the vacation of their regular services, continue to hold Conference meetings every Sunday afternoon at the usual hour, in Lyceum Hall. The subject for consideration next Sunday is, "The Voice of Humanity as a Standard of Virtue." John Wetherbee, Jr., will make the opening address.

Mrs. M. S. Townsend will lecture in Charlestown next Sunday; N. Frank White in Quincy; Frank L. Wadsworth in Marlboro'; H. B. Storer in Randolph; Miss Laura E. A. DeForce in Chocopee; Mrs. Augusta A. Currier in Portland, Me.; Miss Emma Weston in Bucksport, Me.; Isaac P. Greenleaf in Swanton, Me.; W. K. Ripley in Bradley, Me.; M. Taylor in Hope Corner, Me.; Mrs. M. M. Wood in Putnam, Conn.; Mrs. A. P. Thompson in Groton, N. H.; Miss Emma Hardings in Oswego, N. Y.; Mrs. Sophia L. Chappell in Cortlandville, N. Y.; Uriah Clark in Battle Creek, Michigan.

L. Judd Pardee speaks in Plymouth on Sunday, Aug. 10, and will answer calls to lecture by being addressed at 18 LaGrange Place, Boston.

Warren Chase is lecturing in Vermont. His address up to August 20th is South Hardwick, Vt.

Dr. James Cooper will deliver a funeral discourse on the departure of Mrs. Annie E. Wickersham and daughter from the earth sphere, at Antrim's Woods, near Jerusalem, Logan County, Ohio, August 17, at half-past ten in the forenoon.

Owing to the crowded state of our columns we omit this week our usual list of lecturers' engagements.

The Lyceum Church.

This society held fair to become one of the strongest and most influential religious societies in the city of Boston. Even in their Conference last Sunday, there were over three hundred people in attendance, and before the summer vacation, on every Sunday there were from five to eight hundred. We are pleased to learn that the subject of Sunday Schools for the numerous children of this society is up for consideration. This is right. It is important that the welfare of the rising generation should be seen to and considered with a deep interest. We shall make a report of what is said on this subject.

Home Influences.

We do not need authority in our homes so much as influence. The sentiment of obedience is developed through influences, not through law and coercion. Laws are necessary for an artificial society, but the latent spiritual example and the affectionate influence are all that are required for the sanctification of home. The whole value of home education and training, therefore, may be destroyed by misconceiving or overdoing it. It is not well to trust too much, if indeed at all, to arbitrary rule; operate through the affections alone, and the work done is thorough and lasting. All parents ought to bear this simple fact in mind continually.

To our Contemporaries.

We are in continual receipt of papers from many parts of the country, asking an exchange with the BANNER. We should be happy to accommodate our contemporaries were their publications of any use to us; but as our paper is made up almost exclusively of original matter, we have no need of them. However, those publishers who desire our paper, can have it one year, without exchanging, by simply publishing our prospectus three times in their respective journals. The copies containing it, marked, will be responded to immediately on the receipt of such papers.

The Berries.

Don't forget these sweet children of the hillside pastures now, that are reddening and ripening for the eager fingers to go and pick them. These are the days to get all browned up, off in the huckleberry pastures. The air is so pure out there, and the odors are so sweet. You can almost hear your own thoughts, as they come grand and free, in the pauses of the sparrows' sweet singing. Let none who love it be the habit of their childhood, neglect even for one season the indescribable pleasures of berrying. They are as abiding as any that make life delightful.

Our Circles.

No public circles will be held at this office until the first of September next.

GENEROUS AND PATRIOTIC.—The American Mills Co., Rockville, Conn., offer to continue the whole pay of all men in their employ who volunteer, and to give them their places when they return.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

In our opinion there will be lively times in Europe the present year. The signs of the times denote it. The Franco-Russian alliance is exciting the English nation, and her merchants are turning pale with alarm at the sombre prospect before them. America need not fear a war with England. She will probably have as much as she can well attend to in other quarters, ere long. At least, she fears it. More trouble is also brewing in Italy.

Gov. Tod, of Ohio, has decided that after the 15th of August he will pay no more bounties. If there shall be a deficiency of volunteers then, it will be made up by draft, without bounty. The Governor of Iowa has also been authorized by the Secretary of War to make a draft whenever he should think proper. Similar applications have been made by other Governors, and they will probably be granted.

A nice little cottage in this town, says the Nevada Transcript, is said to be haunted nightly by a disturbed and disturbing spirit. The unfortunate spirit makes his troubles known by tapping on the window, under the bed, over the doors and under the floor, and making violent noises in various parts of the house at the still hour of the night. The inmates are much perplexed as to the causes which may be disturbing this visitor from "beyond the grave."

The Secretary of the Treasury has determined to issue no Treasury notes of the denomination of three dollars at present—only ones and twos. These two denominations will, it is supposed, supply the want of small notes.

The latest foreign advices do not indicate any movement of an official character, on the part of the European governments, having reference to intervention in American affairs.

Coal oil is said to be a sure destroyer of bedbugs. Apply plentifully with a small brush or feather to the places where they most congregate. The cure is effectual and permanent. Gilt frames, chandeliers, etc., rubbed slightly over with coal oil, will not be disturbed by flies.

A Paris chemist has invented an inflammable liquid. Some of it was placed in a bottle at Marseilles recently, and the bottle was broken by a rifle shot. Large heaps of timber were consumed, and the earth was calcined to the depth of a foot. This liquid, which resembles the Greek fire, is sufficiently powerful, when enclosed in a cannon ball, to set fire to an enemy's fleet.

"Have you 'Blasted Hopes'?" asked a lady of a green librarian, whose face was much swollen by the toothache. "No, ma'am," he replied, "but I have a blasted toothache."

"I shall be at home next Sunday night," a young lady said, as she followed her beau to the door, who seemed to be somewhat wavering in his attachment. "So shall I," was the reply.

A crusty old bachelor says that Adam's wife was called Eve, because, when she appeared, man's day of happiness was fast drawing to a close.

Men study for years to become skillful in administering medicines to persons who are diseased with a view to their cure, while medicines were they given to the robust or healthy, would wither and paralyze their strength.—Dr. J. O. Jackson.

Whoever sincerely endeavors to do all the good he can, will probably do much more than he imagines or will ever know till the secrets of all hearts shall be manifest.

A Washington despatch assures us that the ten new iron-cased gunboats will be put in commission in the course of three months.

Within the last fifteen years, England has spent more than £300,000,000 sterling, in imports of foreign corn.

A great fire has destroyed in Madrid the famous Alcazar of Segovia, with all the antiquarian and artistic treasures stored in that venerable pile since the days of Ferdinand and Isabella. An immense assortment of ancient armor, and twelve thousand volumes of recondite learning perished, with records and manuscripts of an early period.

Our days with beauty let us trim,
As Nature trims with flowers the sod;
Giving the glory all to Him—
Our Friend, our Father, and our God.

FAULT OF PRINCELY RULE.—According to the recent census, it appears that in Lombardy only from thirty to forty in one hundred know how to read; in Piedmont, from twenty to thirty; in Tuscany, from ten to twenty; while in Rome and its environs for ten miles around, not one person in a hundred can read. No wonder a new order of things is coming upon the earth.

Will Bro. L. K. Cooney inform us where he may be addressed at the present time?

TWO THINGS.—An Indian philosopher on being asked what were, according to his opinion, the two most beautiful things in the universe, answered: "The starry heavens above our heads, and the feeling of duty in our hearts."

An old farmer says he never buys butcher's meat. He keeps his own beasts, and whenever he wants meat, kills himself.—Ez.

Digby is anxious to know how many lives that "old farmer" has or, in other words, how often he kills himself?

A GOOD ONE.—The following is reported as having lately appeared in Bristol County:

"A witty clergyman being accosted by an old acquaintance of the name of Cobb, replied, 'I don't know you, sir.' 'My name is Cobb,' rejoined the man, who was about half a century old. 'Ah! sir,' replied the clergyman, 'you have so much corn on you I didn't see the cob.'"

HUMAN NATURE.—Although men are accused for not knowing their own weakness, yet, perhaps, as few know their own strength. It is in men as in fowls, where sometimes there is a vein of gold which the owner knows not of.

Mrs. Nicholson says: "Clandestine marriages seldom bring happiness. The woman who sacrifices home and father's and mother's affection for a lover, unless the parents are unusually unreasonable, generally regrets that reward which follows in the footsteps of ingratitude and disobedience."

NOR MUCH OF A LOSS.—"I don't miss my church so much as you may suppose," said a lady to her minister, who called on her during her illness, "for I make Betty sit at the window as soon as she begins to chime, and she tells me who are going to church, and whether they have got on anything new."

Coal mines have been discovered in California, near Sacramento.

ON A ROSE—BY AN EPIGRAM.
I thank thee, fair maid, for this beautiful rose,
Fresh with dew from thy favorite bower;
In the bloom of the garden she still knows,
For the rose is the best of flowers.

A letter from Athens announces that researches which Mr. Stock, an English architect, has caused to be made at his own expense, have brought to light the ancient theatre of Bacchus, upon the southern slope of the Acropolis.

He who knows his ignorance is the possessor of the rarest kind of valuable knowledge.

Col. Plasket, of the 11th Maine, writes that raw recruits for his regiment, received at Yorktown, were in the late battles, and fought like veterans. Side by side with those who had been under fire, men inexperienced became confident, and acted like heroes.

An English Sister of Mercy states the curious fact that the last words of a great number of soldiers dying in her presence, were of their mothers, though many of them must have left a wife and children.

Hollow metallic canes, filled with condensed gas, are now used in some of the European cities. The bearer has only to turn a small nipple and apply his match, when he will instantly find himself furnished with a torch that will furnish him light for several hours.

The old adage is a true one, that "barking dogs never bite."

July 30th, Heaven's artillery roared magnificently hereabouts, and several copious showers, following each other in rapid succession, were received with much satisfaction by those who did not get thoroughly drenched.

ARISE! ARISE!
Snatch from the ashes of your sins
The embers of their former fires;
And he who in the strife expires
Will add to their name of fear.
That tyranny shall quake to hear,
And leave his sons a hope, a fame.
They, too, will rather die than shame;
For Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft is ever won.

A friend of Digby's—an expert billiard-player, by the way—writes from the army that he is a sure shot—can "pocket his ball" every time; and that at one of the late battles he made a "nine shot" with his cue, (riffle).

DR. CHANNING AND THE SKEPTIC.—A skeptic visited the late Rev. Dr. William E. Channing, and told him that he could not reconcile the terrible denunciations in the twenty-third chapter of Matthew with the meekness and compassion of the Saviour. "Let me know," said the great preacher, "what in particular troubles you," and taking up the New Testament he began to read the passages, with the sweet solemnity of his voice. He had not proceeded far before his critic said: "Ah, if the Saviour denounced in a tone like that, I have nothing more to say."

Travelers will find comfortable quarters at the National House, Haymarket Square.

We call attention in another column to the card of Mrs. B. J. Young, the clairvoyant and inspirational reader. Her office is at 683 Washington street.

A fellow out West gets off the following definition of "widow": "One who knows what 's what, and is desirous of further information on the subject."

Correspondence in Brief.

M. J. SMITH, CINCINNATI, O.—Will the editors of the BANNER permit me to ask Dr. Child the following questions?

1. Is reason in man a fragmentary expression of infinite wisdom?
2. Is there a law that can be comprehended or understood by man without the exercise of his reason?
3. Is it compatible with wisdom and truth to assert that for which there can be no sufficient reason given?
4. Is it not as reasonable to common sense, to say that evil is infinite, and that whatever is, is evil, as it is to say, that good is infinite, and whatever is, is right?
5. Is not one man's assumption as consistent as the assumption of another man, though the assumption of one shall be diametrically opposed to the other?
6. Is it not as reasonable to suppose, since there is so much evil in the world, that good works out evil, as it is to suppose that evil works out good?
7. Why do so many good, moral people, in time, become bad and immoral?
8. Is God infinite? And if he is, must not all evil be in him as well as all good?

DR. CHILD'S ANSWERS.

1. Reason in man is but a fragmentary reflection of infinite wisdom.
2. No. Nor is there a law that can be comprehended and understood by man's reason, for reason is of the earth, earthy.
3. Yes. Everything is compatible with wisdom and truth, for Wisdom directs everything, and everything that is, is a fact of existence; is a truth.
4. Yes; just as reasonable to the common sense of the man who thinks so, and says so.
5. Each man's assumption is consistent to himself, and it is intrinsically for himself alone that he assumes—so assumption is consistent.
6. If everything is good, good works out good when it produces evil. The man who thinks and says that every production is evil to his vision, reasons well for himself, for the perception of evil is made upon, in, and from the realm of his own being.
7. Because progression will carry every one to the valley of humility, and had and immoral acts, dealt out by Wisdom, are sometimes necessary to this end.
8. Yes; God is infinite. All that is of the unseen world, is God and the material world, with all its attributes of goodness and badness; are but falling products of the real unseen world; of God.

C. H. SACRAMENTO, CAL.—The cause of progress thrives in our midst. Many are coming into the fold; but thousands here would become active members of our "army of progression," if we only had articles drawn up by some properly constituted authority, which those who chose could endorse. As it is now, the name *Spiritualist* is in some disfavor here, because it is so indefinitely understood. The leading thinkers of this place have soon to see an organized institution, which it is not doubted will become one of the most powerful organizations for good the world ever saw. When *Spiritualism* has a head and defined limits, so that any one can comprehend its objects, aims, and desires, then the work will progress rapidly. There are some in this community who connect *Progressionalism*, or *Spiritualism*, with "free love" and polygamy, and honestly believe that they are inseparable, and so refuse to investigate the immortal words of our faith. Let our creed be published to the world in simple language, and its truths will be self-evident to any unprejudiced mind, and thousands who are now groping in the darkness of fanaticism, will hail this new faith with delight. We have no regular meetings among us at present, and but one regular medium, Mrs. D. B. Curtis. The great calamity that overwhelmed us, this year, has disorganized, or paralyzed, more or less, every society amongst us. But the truths which we uphold will rise superior to every calamity, and live eternal in the souls of an enlightened people.

CORA WILKINSON writes from Philadelphia: "A series of interesting meetings have been held at the house of Geo. D. Henk, 260 North Ninth street, on the subject of emigration to Nicaragua. Dr. E. S. Tyler addressed the meeting, and spoke at length on the vast resources, fertile soil and general advantages of that Tropical land.

Conferences are held in Sanson Street Hall; and Dr. Tyler, it is said, delivered a very able discourse there recently.

Ladies visiting the city, and those residing here, will find their wants with regard to hoops, embroideries, and various kinds of trappings, amply supplied at Mrs. Bayley's, No. 812, Vine street, where they can also have the gratification of looking upon the picture of the spirit-child described in Prof. Anderson's letters, as given by the pencil of Mrs. Anderson.

Mrs. Bayley is a *Spiritualist*, and should meet with

the encouragement and patronage of the *Spiritualist* public."

D. BIRKALL, OF SAINT PETER, MINN., writes: "I send you enclosed one dollar for the BANNER OF LIGHT for six months. I think a good lecturer would do much good to our cause here, and would probably be sufficiently remunerated to pay something more than expenses. We have never had any lectures in this part of Minnesota. There are many here who feel anxious to hear and learn something of *Spiritualism*. Some of our most prominent citizens in and around Saint Peter are believers. Lecturers will at all times find my house open and prepared to entertain them, two and a half miles out of town."

A subscriber at Woodstock, Vt., writes: "I desire to thank you, Mr. Editor, for the pleasure and instruction I have received from the perusal of the BANNER for several years past. The truths that have reached my soul through the aid of *Spiritualism*, afford me much joy and peace."

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

J. H. N. LAFAYETTE, ILL.—The communication from Dr. Samuel Curtis was not given through our medium. It was sent to us by reliable parties. The wife of Dr. Curtis endorses it. Write to her upon the subject.

C. S. W. THOR, N. Y.—Your essay has been received. Have placed it on file for examination.

THE CONTINENTAL MONTHLY FOR AUGUST comes to hand filled to overflowing with the choicest literature. Its contents are: Among the Pines (concluded); Southern Rights; Macaroni and Canvases; Glances from the Senate Gallery; The Last Ditch; Rewarding the Army; John McDonough, the Millionaire; Helter-Skelter Papers; Sketches of the Orient; Viches, Elves, and Goblins; A True Romance; Hugenots of New York City; The Bane of our Country; The Molly O'Molly Papers; Wounded; Astor and the Capitalists of New York; Thunder all Round; Was he Successful? Corn is King; Literary Notices, etc.

A Merchant's Story, by the author of "Among the Pines," which is begun in this number, will be continued in each issue of the Continental until it is completed. It will depict Southern White Society, and be a truthful history of some eminent Northern merchants, who are largely in "the cotton trade and sugar line."

For sale by A. Williams & Co., 100 Washington street, Boston, who are the special agents for the sale of Harper & Brothers' publications.

Friends of Progress Meeting at Decatur, Wisconsin.

The Friends of Progress held a meeting at Decatur, Green County, Wis., Saturday and Sunday, July 12th and 13th. The meeting was called to order by appointing R. C. Barrett, President, and J. W. Stuart, and Milton H. Marble, Secretaries.

The Chairman made a few opening remarks, after which Miss M. J. Woodbury, an eloquent and impressive trance medium, was introduced, and delivered a most soul-stirring lecture on the doctrines of Progression—the tendency of *Spiritualism* to enlarge and expand the mind—the free interchange of thought necessary for this, &c.

A poem was then read by Milton H. Marble, after which the meeting adjourned till one o'clock, P. M.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Opened by an address from Mr. Lemuel Taylor—subject, "The Agency and Harmony of Truth Wherever Found." After which, a lecture on "Light" was delivered by Milton H. Marble, of Iowa. God has spoken in the Nineteenth Century, and again said, "LET THERE BE LIGHT."

The audience were then entertained by a speech from Dr. H. Morgan, on the Progress of Religious Freedom and the onward march of Truth. Minor Taylor spoke at some length, when remarks were made on Organization, by C. O. Knowles, and others. Miss Edna Ratty, of Dayton, sang, under influence, a song, "We are Going Home." Meeting then adjourned.

SECOND DAY—FORENOON SESSION.

Owing to the inclemency of the weather, the congregation repaired to the school-house from the beautiful grove where the meeting had been held.

A lecture was delivered by the Chairman, R. C. Barrett, on *Spiritualism*—what is it? What do *Spiritualists* believe and teach? The Philosophy of *Spiritualism*, &c.

At the request of the audience, the poem by Milton H. Marble, read on the day previous, was re-read. Adjourned till one o'clock.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Remarks on Organization by L. Taylor, C. C. Knowles, Dr. H. Morgan, and others. Miss Woodbury then came forward and spoke in her usual eloquent style. Subjects: The Proof of *Spiritualism* offers in favor of Immortality—All things in Nature useful—No-falseness in Creation—The upward tendency of the *Spiritual Philosophy*, &c.

Remarks were made by several speakers, after which the meeting adjourned.

To the speakers, and the friends who so liberally opened their hearts to the cause, sincere thanks are returned. R. C. BARRETT, President.

J. W. STUART,
MILTON H. MARBLE, Sec'y.

Recruits! Recruits!

I have been authorized by J. D. Williams, Adjutant General of this State, to recruit a company for one of the regiments now organizing in this State, for service in the Federal Government. I am going into the service myself, and I want some good, intelligent and moral men to go with me. The time having arrived when we as a nation should show the power we possess, let us show it; show it, if we are able, by our physical presence in the ranks of our army.

Any friends to our country's cause who cannot help this movement by their physical presence, and have a disposition to help it in some other way, can do so by reporting at headquarters. Any assistance rendered will be most cordially appreciated.

It is clearly evidenced that our friends on the Potomac need assistance, and it is your duty and mine to assist them; and now in the hour of their need is the time for you and I to do. Young men who wish to go into the service of our country and go in a company of liberal and moral men, especially my acquaintances among the readers of the BANNER, will do well to come along and go with me in this company.

Soldiers enlisting in this State are compensated as well as in any other State in the Union, and the provisions for their future welfare are as numerous and liberal.

All who wish to join this company, and cannot apply in person, would do well to address a letter to me immediately.

Headquarters at Hazardville, Conn. All letters addressed here will receive prompt attention.

Comrades of free thought and morality, join this company and go with me.

Any one wishing to enlist with us can come here immediately, and they will be provided with subsistence from the date of enlistment.

Come one, come all! Let us go and battle for Truth, and Freedom, and Right.

Yours for the Truth,
H. R. BARNALL, Recruiting Officer.

Hazardville, Conn., July 30, 1862.

Convention at Vermont.

The Vermont Annual Convention of *Spiritualists* is to be held at Rockingham Centre, Vermont, on the 6th, 8th and 9th of September next. A town hall can be had that will seat one thousand persons or more. All speakers that can make it convenient are invited to be present; also our friends, one and all, are expected to meet each other there and enjoy a heavenly feast with the angel world.

Bridgewater, July 24, 1862.

Public Meeting.

Mr. Editor: We are to have a *Spiritual* Progressive Grove or Hall Meeting here the first Friday, Saturday and Sunday in September. Everybody is invited to attend, especially all those who are in political or sectarian bondage, &c.

J. M. BARNWELL,
Beloit, Wt., June 26, 1862.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

LUTHER HALL, THORNTON STREET, (opposite head of School street).—The regular course of lectures will recommence on Sunday, August 10th. Address: Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Sept. 1 and 2; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Sept. 3 and 4; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Sept. 5 and 6; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Sept. 7 and 8; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Sept. 9 and 10; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Sept. 11 and 12; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Sept. 13 and 14; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Sept. 15 and 16; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Sept. 17 and 18; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Sept. 19 and 20; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Sept. 21 and 22; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Sept. 23 and 24; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Sept. 25 and 26; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Sept. 27 and 28; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Sept. 29 and 30; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Oct. 1 and 2; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Oct. 3 and 4; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Oct. 5 and 6; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Oct. 7 and 8; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Oct. 9 and 10; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Oct. 11 and 12; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Oct. 13 and 14; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Oct. 15 and 16; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Oct. 17 and 18; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Oct. 19 and 20; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Oct. 21 and 22; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Oct. 23 and 24; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Oct. 25 and 26; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Oct. 27 and 28; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Oct. 29 and 30; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Nov. 1 and 2; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Nov. 3 and 4; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Nov. 5 and 6; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Nov. 7 and 8; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Nov. 9 and 10; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Nov. 11 and 12; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Nov. 13 and 14; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Nov. 15 and 16; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Nov. 17 and 18; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Nov. 19 and 20; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Nov. 21 and 22; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Nov. 23 and 24; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Nov. 25 and 26; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Nov. 27 and 28; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Nov. 29 and 30; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Dec. 1 and 2; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Dec. 3 and 4; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Dec. 5 and 6; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Dec. 7 and 8; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Dec. 9 and 10; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Dec. 11 and 12; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Dec. 13 and 14; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Dec. 15 and 16; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Dec. 17 and 18; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Dec. 19 and 20; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Dec. 21 and 22; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Dec. 23 and 24; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Dec. 25 and 26; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Dec. 27 and 28; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Dec. 29 and 30; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Jan. 1 and 2; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Jan. 3 and 4; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Jan. 5 and 6; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Jan. 7 and 8; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Jan. 9 and 10; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Jan. 11 and 12; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Jan. 13 and 14; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Jan. 15 and 16; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Jan. 17 and 18; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Jan. 19 and 20; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Jan. 21 and 22; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Jan. 23 and 24; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Jan. 25 and 26; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Jan. 27 and 28; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Jan. 29 and 30; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Feb. 1 and 2; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Feb. 3 and 4; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Feb. 5 and 6; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Feb. 7 and 8; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Feb. 9 and 10; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Feb. 11 and 12; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Feb. 13 and 14; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Feb. 15 and 16; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Feb. 17 and 18; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Feb. 19 and 20; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Feb. 21 and 22; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Feb. 23 and 24; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Feb. 25 and 26; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Feb. 27 and 28; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Feb. 29 and 30; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Mar. 1 and 2; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Mar. 3 and 4; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Mar. 5 and 6; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Mar. 7 and 8; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Mar. 9 and 10; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Mar. 11 and 12; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Mar. 13 and 14; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Mar. 15 and 16; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Mar. 17 and 18; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Mar. 19 and 20; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Mar. 21 and 22; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Mar. 23 and 24; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Mar. 25 and 26; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Mar. 27 and 28; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Mar. 29 and 30; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Apr. 1 and 2; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Apr. 3 and 4; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Apr. 5 and 6; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Apr. 7 and 8; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Apr. 9 and 10; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Apr. 11 and 12; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Apr. 13 and 14; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Apr. 15 and 16; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Apr. 17 and 18; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Apr. 19 and 20; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Apr. 21 and 22; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Apr. 23 and 24; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Apr. 25 and 26; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Apr. 27 and 28; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Apr. 29 and 30; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, May 1 and 2; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, May 3 and 4; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, May 5 and 6; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, May 7 and 8; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, May 9 and 10; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, May 11 and 12; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, May 13 and 14; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, May 15 and 16; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, May 17 and 18; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, May 19 and 20; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, May 21 and 22; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, May 23 and 24; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, May 25 and 26; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, May 27 and 28; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, May 29 and 30; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, June 1 and 2; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, June 3 and 4; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, June 5 and 6; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, June 7 and 8; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, June 9 and 10; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, June 11 and 12; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, June 13 and 14; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, June 15 and 16; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, June 17 and 18; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, June 19 and 20; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, June 21 and 22; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, June 23 and 24; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, June 25 and 26; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, June 27 and 28; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, June 29 and 30; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, July 1 and 2; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, July 3 and 4; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, July 5 and 6; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, July 7 and 8; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, July 9 and 10; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, July 11 and 12; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, July 13 and 14; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, July 15 and 16; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, July 17 and 18; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, July 19 and 20; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, July 21 and 22; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, July 23 and 24; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, July 25 and 26; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, July 27 and 28; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, July 29 and 30; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Aug. 1 and 2; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Aug. 3 and 4; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Aug. 5 and 6; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Aug. 7 and 8; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Aug. 9 and 10; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Aug. 11 and 12; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Aug. 13 and 14; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Aug. 15 and 16; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Aug. 17 and 18; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Aug. 19 and 20; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Aug. 21 and 22; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Aug. 23 and 24; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Aug. 25 and 26; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Aug. 27 and 28; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Aug. 29 and 30; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Sept. 1 and 2; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Sept. 3 and 4; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Sept. 5 and 6; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Sept. 7 and 8; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Sept. 9 and 10; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Sept. 11 and 12; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Sept. 13 and 14; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Sept. 15 and 16; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Sept. 17 and 18; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Sept. 19 and 20; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Sept. 21 and 22; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Sept. 23 and 24; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Sept. 25 and 26; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Sept. 27 and 28; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Sept. 29 and 30; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Oct. 1 and 2; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Oct. 3 and 4; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Oct. 5 and 6; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Oct. 7 and 8; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Oct. 9 and 10; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Oct. 11 and 12; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Oct. 13 and 14; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Oct. 15 and 16; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Oct. 17 and 18; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Oct. 19 and 20; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Oct. 21 and 22; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Oct. 23 and 24; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Oct. 25 and 26; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Oct. 27 and 28; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Oct. 29 and 30; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Nov. 1 and 2; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Nov. 3 and 4; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Nov. 5 and 6; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Nov. 7 and 8; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Nov. 9 and 10; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Nov. 11 and 1

Message Department.

Each message in this department of the BANNER we claim to be spoken by a spirit whose name it bears, through the medium of a person, in a condition called the trance. They are not published on account of literary merit, but as tokens 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 or LIGHT OFFICE, No. 155 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, July 10.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Patrick Shaw, late of Cass's Regiment; James King; Louis Bond, to her step-mother, Williamsburg, N. Y.; Willie Short to his parents in Buffalo, N. Y.; Sarah Lathrop to her son in Providence, R. I.

Monday, July 14.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Robert Garrett, to his son, in Mobile, Ala.; Cecil Buck, to her father, Wm. Buck, of Buckeyville, Ala.

Tuesday, July 15.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Col. Jones of Montgomery, Ala.; James Sherman, of Company C, 4th N. Y. Reg., to his wife in New York; Emma Augusta Brown, of South Boston, to her parents in Newton, Mass.

Thursday, July 17.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Thomas Hunt, of Dublin, Indiana; Charles W. Harris, of Lexington, Kentucky; Annette Phillips Hurde to her mother in Montreal, Canada; John Williams of the ship Albatross, to his wife Charlotte in Liverpool, England; Samuel Mather, of Hingham, Conn., who in Florida.

Monday, July 21.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Charles Horton, of the 23d Mass. Regiment, Company A; Daniel Williams, of the 25th Mass. Regiment, Company G; Sophia Dalton, of Baltimore, Md., to her uncle, William Heilmann, of Baltimore.

Thursday, July 24.—Invocation: Apoptosis to America; Questions and Answers; Mary Elizabeth Sawyer to her son; John S. Choate, 22d Reg., Co. A; Walter L. Cheswell to his father in Baltimore; Caleb McAllister of Montgomery, Ala.

Do we Exist prior to Mortal Birth? Does the Soul ever Weary?

We now propose to hold a friendly conversation with the friends who have gathered here. If any one present has any questions to propound, or would like to open any subject for consideration, we are now ready to occupy the next ten or fifteen minutes in that way.

CHAIRMAN.—There seems to be none.

If there are none, we will occupy our time in speaking of one we find Spiritually before us. In order that there may be no misunderstanding upon the part of our hearers, we would state that those questions asked of us by us as being Spiritually before us, are those sent to us by the Thought-Telegraph. For instance, a person or persons in their own chamber may ask of us, in thought only, some question or questions, which are immediately telegraphed to us by the brain, thus prohibiting all possibility of mortal collusion. It would be well also for us to add, that we have by the power of the Almighty, gathered many a soul into our fold in this way.

That which we propose to speak upon this afternoon is a subject which many a mind has been almost lost on; many a spirit has been wrecked upon this subject, simply because they have never been able to discover the truth of the matter. Our querist prefaces his thoughts in this way:

I am compelled from the force of a something I cannot designate, to believe that I, as an individual spirit, have existed in some other state prior to the human mortal form. If this is true, I would ask that some of my friends return and answer the following questions:

"Did I have an existence prior to my inhabiting the mortal form? And again, Does the soul of man ever grow weary?"

Ans.—Immortality! what does it signify? Has it no greater meaning than that which is generally attached to it? Does it mean that we exist here and through the future? Surely, it must mean something more than this. Now to believe that we are to exist through an endless future, is to believe that we have always existed, as distinct individuals, bearing always our own identity. And as we come down to the present, we look upon ourselves as having had a previous existence at some past time and before our spiritual entrance into the human body.

Why is it, good friend, that you are conscious of this feeling of preexistence? Why, simply because you have lived from all eternity; because you, like God, have always had an existence, and the soul itself is conscious of that existence, and sometimes impresses it upon your external senses.

What is this mysterious force that impresses this belief upon your senses? Why, it is Jehovah himself.

We know that our philosophy, in some respects, corresponds with the old Pythagorean Doctrine; that we have stepped aside from the old beaten path of religion; but we know that we are correct, nevertheless.

before long, he called to the spirit-world. Well, I can say that I disregarded this warning. I believed what was told me was true, but somehow the habit had got so strong upon me, that I thought I could not break away from it. Sure enough, the words of my spirit-friends proved true; and a few hours after I was taken sick I was a spirit free from my body, sent across by rum. I might as well be blind; there's no use in covering up the truth, after one's been foolish enough to pursue the wrong course in life. Why, since I've been here I would have given worlds to come back and live my life over. I tell you what, there's no such thing as going back in nature. "Forever ahead" is the word here.

I am acquainted with many upon earth who rather scoff at the idea of Spiritualism being true, and of the spirit's power to return to earth after death. I'll bet all I hope for in the way of happiness, if any one, or all of these friends will give me a chance to speak with them, that I'll overthrow their skepticism in less than half the time I'm talking to you; that is, if they want it overthrown, and they'll meet me just as I am, not that I'm any better than I was while here on earth.

I would like to have my folks meet me with that man I once sat with, Foster, and if I do not overcome their skepticism, then they may say I'm not George Bailey. [Do you mean C. H. Foster?] I do not know his initials. I knew him in Boston. I was here last fall in this room, though I can't exactly say what time. [I was trying to recall you to memory.] I will give you a description of myself, and then, perhaps, you'll remember me. I was something near a head taller than you are, (referring to the chairman), pretty stout, full face, rather florid complexion. [What was your age?] Over fifty. [Did you live in Boston?] I belonged here, although I've been away almost every season, for the last ten or twelve years. [Where did you reside when in town?] I stopped at the City Hotel, New England House, and National House. I died at the Mansion House. [A gentleman present recognizing the spirit, asked, if he ever lived in Cuba?] The reply was, yes. [Can you give us any description of the world you now dwell in?] It seems to be very much like the one I left, only that it does not seem so pleasant a world to me. But I've been here since I've been here, that the want is in me, and not in the world itself. For instance, I see flowers in the spirit-world, but they do not seem near as beautiful as they were on earth. I see water, sometimes; it is not so clear as it used to be. I'm told that I lived in a world that is far more beautiful than the one I left, and that the feeling of disappointment I have in regard to it, is caused by the want of perfect harmony in my own soul, or spirit, and it's not in my surroundings.

Why, I just as good as committed suicide. I was told that a certain course would bring speedy death, by my spirit-guides, and as I saw fit to persevere in such a course, I did nothing more nor less than take my own life, or what amounted to the same thing. [Do things in the spirit-world seem illusory, or real?] These external things seem to be real and stationary. [Have you the power to change from place to place?] Well, to try is equivalent to being there, in the spirit-world; but in my case I'm disappointed. [Does time seem tedious?] Yes, very. I've thought since I've been here that if I could only have the use of my own body on earth again for one year, that I would willingly forfeit years of happiness in the spirit-world. But it's gone, and I've forfeited all right to it, and I ought to be thankful for the privilege of returning to earth as I have to day, even for a short time.

When I was here I believed that the spirit had power to do whatever it pleased; that it could overthrow Bunker Hill Monument if it chose to do so. When the spirit has a knowledge of the power concentrated within itself, it can use that power. I believed that we had that knowledge of our own power when upon earth, but I no longer think so.

I don't wish to name any of my friends. I know the feeling that exists about this coming back, and I know that my chance of reaching them is quite as good in this way as in any other. [Are you aware that you have the power to make yourself more cheerful and contented than you are at present?] Yes, I know I've got the power to throw off this gloom, but somehow I've not been able to exercise it as yet. Well, the future is untied, but we've all got to try it. I don't expect to go through any more hell than I have gone through already, but I do expect some day to be a little better off. Well, good bye.

July 7.

Harriet McGrath.

I see, by considering your time, that I have been away near sixteen years. My name was Harriet McGrath. I was seventeen years of age, and I lived in East Fourteenth street, New York. I was burned to death. I had then a father, mother, two sisters and a brother. Now I have a brother, one sister, and mother. [Do they still reside in the place where you left them?] They are living on earth; further than that I cannot tell. The particulars of my death I will give, if you are willing. [Certainly.] I had been writing during the evening, to friends who were away from me. I had written one letter, and had nearly finished a second, when I suppose I fell asleep. While asleep, I set some portion of my dress on fire, and before I could be relieved I was so badly burned that I died the next day.

My father was a provision dealer, and was then doing a comfortable business. The person to whom my letter was addressed—the one I had already finished, you understand—is living, also, and is now married to a Unitarian clergyman. I am able to distinguish the place of her residence, partly: I seem to be the west part of New York City. I cannot be more explicit, for I'm not able to judge of localities, either from material surroundings or physical conditions. [No matter.] I would rejoice if I could but unfold to her spirit but one side of the beautiful reality of Spiritualism. And my mother, although we have been separated for years, I still feel the same pure and deep affection for her now as I did while upon earth. But they say there is always a mysterious cord uniting mother and child, whether it be on earth or in the world above. I would ask her, by all the love she bore me while on earth, to give me an opportunity of speaking with her privately, that I may direct her thoughts to the study of the spiritual rather than the material world.

I have received much assistance from relatives and friends in the spirit-land, and some of them are intuitive believers in the spirit's return, and that has added much to their spirit-power. My grandfather, Alexander McGrath, has been very kind to me.

I have been told that all letters from our life in the spirit-world received here, are published and sent out upon the ocean of time. And if they contain enough of truth to enable them to float upon the surface, they will sooner or later reach their destined haven; if not, they sink until they gather enough of truth in the future to rise again and float homeward. I have endeavored to give you truth, and I sincerely hope that my letter may reach its destined port.

The husband of my friend is well acquainted with the circumstances of my death, and knows, also, of the friendship that formerly existed between his wife and myself. I am told that he reads extensively, and does not confine himself to one class of matter, but rather wanders over the intellectual field, and reads what pleases his fancy. So I am to hope, at least, that his eye may rest upon my little message, and it be sent to my mother. And if he sees it, I am sure his wife will, also. Farewell, sir.

July 7.

Patrick Duffy.

I'm not much used to this way of coming, and its little time I had to make myself acquainted with it before coming here to-day. But I'm told it's all like it, and if we speak at all, we must speak through speech as given us. I'm sort of jumping between two places. [Are you satisfied with one?] I'm satisfied in one way; in another I'm not. I was told when I came here that I must lay aside

all feelings of revenge and be as good-natured as possible. But somehow, in spite of myself, I'd like to fight a little. I try to make myself out better than I was; but it's all the same—I'm the same, anyway.

I got a wife and I got two children, but they're too small to understand anything I say to them. I got two brothers and a mother in the old country, that I'd like to talk to if I could. I know very well where my wife is. I left her at No. 9 Mott street, New York City. [Who with?] With herself; she was taking care of herself.

I was a pressman by trade; you know what that is, I suppose? [Yes, I was a pressman once myself.] There's a good many kinds of pressmen, you know. Now what kind were you? [I was pressman in a printing office.] That's not the kind I work at. I mean to say I press off garments—coats, pants and vests. That's the kind I was. [Quite another thing.] That's a wide difference, sir.

I suppose you know about the battle. I don't know what you call it, but the troops were near Hanover Court House. [I think it was called the battle of Hanover Court House.] Well, I was wounded, then I was taken prisoner, then I was taken a long way off. It's very hard to tell where I died. I died in the hands of my enemies, but I suffered so much after I was wounded, that I didn't care much to know where I was; as high as I know anything about it, I lived near three days after I was wounded, and was changed about a good deal from place to place in that time. [Do you remember what Company and Regiment you belonged to?] Yes, and I'll tell you; wait a bit. Company D, 6th New York Regiment of Volunteers.

First, I want to give, if I can, some particulars about myself. When I was about leaving for the war, I fixed affairs as well as I could, and I told my brother what I wanted done in case anything should happen to me. After I leave, my brother went into the army, so now I like, if I can, to ask my wife to go to my cousin, David Duffy, and then he'll tell her what he wants done.

Have I told me age? [No.] Thirty-one years. My wife's name shall I tell you? [If you please.] Margaret Ellen Duffy. My own name is Patrick—a very good name—that you do not much like. [It's a good name enough.] I'm feeling as though I'd like to fight; it's in me. Well, I was told I'd hold back all those feelings I had before coming here, and some of them 'round here tell us that in coming back to earth we feel much as we did when we left our body.

[Have you seen any of the battles since you became a spirit?] No, I've not been able to see anything at all to speak of, since I came here. I suppose it's no use for me to send any word to me mother in Ireland. [The chances of her receiving any such word would be, I think, rather small.] Well, she'll have to try her hand at this kind of business some time or other. I knew something of this before I die, that is, as you call it. Yes, I talked considerable about this coming back.

You know even a little knowledge of this kind is a help to one in the spirit-world. Well, even the little talks I had with friends before my death, did me much good, and I find that what I'd learned here seemed to be a kind of a guide toward finding my way back to earth again. I don't want to see my wife and children bad off, if I can help it, for by-and-by they'll be called to the spirit-world, too. [I think your wife will go to some medium for the purpose of speaking with you, if the priest does not tell her not to go.] Maybe she'll think she'll go, and then go to confession afterward. I'd like very much to talk with my wife, if I could; but I'd like very much to be round, well, say about a couple of years, and then I'd die and be willing to be sent to hell for the next century. Well, I'll come again if I can. I'd like very much to ask for the privilege of taking the body I now use, to New York for awhile. [I hardly think your friends would know you.] Faith, I suppose not; it's the outside that ain't 'st the thing. [Referring to the female garb of our medium.] You're selling under false colors. Ah, yes, sir, mighty false. Well, they tell us we must all wear them. Well, stop me from coming when I like, if I don't succeed in making myself known, when I once get the door open. [Can you give your captain's name?] I've lost all memory of names, but I'm told after coming here a few times I'll be able to remember the names of persons and places better. You saw that I was obliged to stop before giving the names of my own folks? [Yes.] Well, I almost forgot me own name, folks? [Do you remember where you were wounded?] I was wounded in two places; once in the neck, and the other was a flesh-wound in the knee. Well, this—[pointing to the neck of the medium]—caused a swelling in me throat, and I do not know whether I died of inflammation or not. I'd like to avenge me own wrongs very much, if I could. Well, sir, good day to ye all.

July 7.

Invocation.

Oh, thou who art the only Perfect God, thou who art our Father, we would enter within the holy of holies of thy temple, and there commune with thee. We would shut out the disorders of life from our souls, and live nearer unto thee. Oh, Father, we need not tell thee that humanity is suffering; we need not ask thee to bind up the broken heart and soothe the sorrowing soul, for hast thou not always taught us to look unto thee for strength and comfort in our hour of need? And though we seem to be always at variance with thee, yet there is always a something within our souls that is continually telling us to pray unto thee for strength to combat the trials of life. And our Father, through all the wild raging elements and storms of life, we still hear the voice within, urging us to place our trust in God, and all will be well with us in the future. Oh God, for this voice, this monitor within each human soul, we thank thee. For all that the lustful past has reaped upon us, we thank thee; for all the blessings the present is lavishing upon us, as well as for all thou hast stored up for us in the future, we would thank thee, our Father. Oh, our God, we would bless thee forever. Though we are dependent upon thee, and thou not upon us, nevertheless, thou hast taught us to thank thee, and we obey thee. Amen.

July 8.

Selfishness—What is it? Is there a place of Rest for the Soul?

If we can impart any light to our friends in mortal, we should be happy to do so; and if the friends can give us any light in return, we shall most gratefully accept the same; for light cometh not alone from the spirit-world to brighten the pathway of man, but it comes oft-times from the material-world, and we receive it from that oft-times, for we know that the same God walks with you as with us, and that all his children, whether of the earth or world above, are the recipients of God's favor and mercy.

Ans.—"Selfishness—what is it?"

Ques.—Selfishness is a principle not withholding its dark and unrighteous exterior, and it is born of God. You have been taught to take care of self as one of the first laws of Nature. Spiritualism teaches you more than this; for it is one of the grandest laws of Nature, and should be universally obeyed, for within your own being is perhaps a counterpart of God himself. Selfishness! the whole angel-world would unite in telling you to cultivate and cherish selfishness; not that selfishness that is as a dark-hued messenger of evil walking among you to-day, but that which is born of God, and is a divine attribute which any of God's earthly children might be proud to possess.

Selfishness, our friend—we may call it Godliness, since it owes its origin to the Father of all Creation—is a principle which should govern life itself. But to love self well, you must first know yourself; you must know the demands of your own being, before you can properly minister to its necessities. When self demands of you as an individual spirit to answer the calls of God, you should at once set about the task, and this can be accomplished in no better way than to seek and understand God and his so-called mysteries. The

past has looked up the self of your own being; the present unlocks the door, and furnishes you with a guide to its numberless labyrinth. Turn within the temple of self, and while you wander there, do not forget to send forth to the outer world, evidences of your research and labor, that they may know that you, as an individual, are walking with God. Selfishness; let it be the reigning king with all through life, and learn to love self with all that pure and undefiled love, which was so characteristic of Christ when upon earth. Seek to know self, and then you shall know your God.

A question comes to us to-day from one who must shortly become one of our number, and one who has not the slightest shadow of belief in the spirit's return to earth, or in the soul's future existence. The question or rather questions are these:

"When shall I be at rest? When shall I cease to be troubled by my own thoughts? Is there a place of rest for the soul of man after death? If spirits can return, will the spirits of my friends return and answer my questions?"

Ans.—That they can return all Nature will prove to you, and that they have returned to-day in answer to the call of our dying brother, we ask but a response from his own soul. To be at rest is to be in harmony with one's self; to be at rest is to be in a condition of soul-happiness and ease; in a condition of perfect harmony. It does not matter whether the spirit be embodied or disembodied, for if there is harmony within there will be harmony without.

You go out in the grand way of material life in search of peace and happiness, but you do not find it. Sweep clean the chamber of your own soul, and you will not have to come into the outer vestibule of material life to seek for God and rest. What though you wander for years through life in search of this coveted state of soul-happiness and peace, do you suppose you will find rest while carrying hell within yourself? Though you should be transplanted into the realms of the Celestial World, yet would your troubled soul fall to find rest even there.

Oh, wanderer upon earth's plane, we beseech you to turn within the chamber of your own heart and sweep it clean. And if reform is needed, commence it at home, and all the warring elements of discord in outer life shall fall to affect you, and you shall say, as did one of old, "Now mine eyes have seen thy salvation," I am ready for all things.

July 8.

Written for the Banner of Light.
SPEAK KINDLY.
BY A. W. FENNO.

"A loving word kindly spoken,
May soothe a heart that's torn and broken."
Why should we ever speak unkindly
To those we're blessed by happy stars?
If they have sinned or loved too blindly,
Do not their poor hearts bear the scars?
Have they not prayed by day, and nightly
Wept o'er their frail and feeble will?
Think them not in God's eye naughty
Ah, no! He loves them still.

Sorrow's children many debts are paying
Ere their birth contracted
By their parents, while the world is saying,
"They should not thus have acted—
Our own sins are few, and soon forgiven;
Tis sinful fathers and weak mothers
That rob us of our earthly heaven:
We but pay the debts of others.

Some there are harmoniously blended,
Who know and dare to do the right
Whose battle e'en with life's not ended,
Whose path is onward to the light.
Oh! blessed ones, your chains are riven—
Then strike them from all others—
Find havens for the tempest-driven,
And raise your fallen brothers.

The poor imbecile, apyrian, slave,
By Nature's ties appeal to you.
For you have strength and power to save;
'Tis yours God's work to do.
E'en in the weakest soul a power lies.
Though mid life's sad scenes groping blindly—
We all can kiss the tears from sorrow's eyes,
And soothe sad hearts by speaking kindly.
New York, 1862.

An Appeal.

To My Friends—To those, who, accepting my humble ministrations of the pen, have by them been in aught benefitted, mayhap strengthened for the battle of life, or soothed in sorrow and in pain; to the brotherly hearts of the true men striving upward to the pure and sympathizing souls of mothers, sisters, wives and daughters, who have perused with oft tear-filled eyes the inspirations so imperfectly rendered, I now make a pressing and urgent appeal.

To those, who, with me, have reaped the compensations of a religion of love; who, in accepting a true Spiritualism, have been brought nearer than ever to the All-loving Father; to those, who, with the new dispensation, have imposed upon themselves a rigid self-discipline, tending to a better life and still higher morality; a more unwavering adherence to truth; to those who have discarded Atheistic and free love sophistries, I now appeal; after mature deliberation, and with that reluctance of the spirit, (assured as I am of the good will of my many unknown friends), that can only be felt by those unaccustomed even after long years of buffeting with the world, to seek its favors.

After eight years most earnestly devoted to the cause of truth, as I understand it, I find myself at this time of almost universal suffering, with broken health, and the avenues of my usual employments closed. Incurring unavoidable debts for my food and shelter. I am unable to meet them; for the literary business is almost at a standstill. And, troubled with severe and exhausting nervous headaches, the result of mental anxiety, I am incapable of much exertion and physically too enfeebled for manual labor of any sort; therefore I am compelled to appeal to you, my friends and readers.

My nervous condition, added to a return of heart trouble, to which I was subject some twelve years ago, urge upon me the supreme necessity of change of climate and rest, for a time. My strong inward promptings point me to Minnesota as the land of cure. I need a settled climate, no matter how intense the cold is in Winter. I need the means to defray my passage, to purchase a small supply of suitable clothing, and enough to pay for food and shelter, until strength and opportunity shall be given me again to earn my daily bread.

My friends, I ask of you no great sacrifices, only a very small proof of your sympathy at this, my sorest time of need. If a number of those who love and esteem the lonely toiler who has earnestly labored for them, will combine together and contribute ten or twelve cents each, a sum sufficient for my purpose will be obtained. You can club together, and when several dollars have been collected, remit to me. In that way no one is called upon for a sacrifice beyond their power in these hard times. I ask you for the necessities of life; for nothing more. And to this I am not entitled, at your hands, ye who have homes, relations, kindred?

My mode of life ever since it pleased my Heavenly Father to enroll me among the daughters of toil, has been simple and self-denying, as all who know me can testify. My conscience shrinks not from asking this favor at your hands, although the yet lingering remnants of pride have done so fearfully. But I cannot feel that I am in any way losing sight of self-respect by this application. I have no kindred living on this earth. You, kind and distant strangers, must supply their place.

To the editors of the BANNER OF LIGHT and HARMONY or PROGRESS my heartfelt thanks are due, for most timely favors. To the editors of the Progressive Age, published at Hopedale, Mass., as well as to many generous friends living there, whom I have never met face to face, my deepest gratitude is ever due.

If you assist me promptly, friends, I will start for the West this Autumn; and, with renewed health, will labor for you with redoubled zeal; for the evidences of timely sympathy are strengthening draughts to mind and soul.

Remit to me in such sums as your means permit, as your judgment and benevolence dictate, and please let me have all your names, so that I may know to my own satisfaction, to whom I am indebted. My present address is 250 Ninth street, corner of Morgan, Philadelphia, Pa. Or, if more convenient, you can remit to our worthy brother, Luther Colby, editor of the BANNER, who will forward to me.

In trust and loving faith, yours as ever, for holy truth,
CORA WILBURN.
Philadelphia, July 27, 1862.

Why is it Thus?

Nothing that is repulsive or hateful can be charged to Spiritualism. It is only the grosser attributes of our material existence, breaking and falling away, that people see, and in ignorance charge to Spiritualism. One says, "Yes, many say Spiritualism is hateful; it is dangerous; it ruins all who have anything to do with it; it damages respectability; it makes rich men poor; it cuts us off from what we have trusted in and relied upon; it leads us to expect what it fails to give; it makes us sensitive, foolish, fanatical, unhappy, and almost insane. I do believe it is of the devil, and I will renounce the whole thing, and return again to the modes of life I have previously pursued. I have been a Spiritualist, but I am a Spiritualist no longer."

It is true that a great many good men, and women, too, who have caught glimpses of the heavenly world through devotion to Spiritualism, have, after a while, arrived at the above conclusions. But it is not strange, and it is nothing against the realities of the soul's attributes that they should say as they have, for their sensuous perception is yet greater than their spiritual perception; the love of the material world, that is ever breaking, falling and perishing, is yet greater than that which is to be of the spiritual world that is ever abiding. It is lawful and right to cling to matter for a time, and the only reason why some Spiritualists suffer so much, is because they come too early to catch glimpses of the heavenly world, and so they have to secede, renounce, and go back again to materialism.

People who have caught glimpses of spiritual beauties and cease to see them, are not ready yet for their more full and perfect fulfillment; so the shadows of material things are needed for a little more time, to cloud their vision; and it is these shadows of earth that are charged upon Spiritualism. This is lawful and right; but it is only our sensuous vision that sees, and our sensuous love that makes these charges. It is never the perception and the love of spiritual things that says one word derogatory to Spiritualism. It is earthly eyes that see, earthly tongues that speak, and earthly love that proclaims Spiritualism as being dangerous, ruinous, bad or devilish. So when you hear a man denounce Spiritualism, be ye sure it is not his finer, better nature that does it; it is his grosser, falling, material nature denouncing only grosser material attributes.

These grosser perceptions and affections of our being will pass away, but they cannot pass until the lawful time. So all that is said in opposition to Spiritualism is true to the sayer's nature. Professor Felton was as true to himself in denouncing Spiritualism as Robert Chalmers is true to himself in advocating it. The faithful, hard-working Martyrs of to-day are as true to their condition in bearing the messages of angels to others, as are the other young women who have rich fathers, and are obedient servants of fashion, and fling a haughty disgust at the nonsense of Spiritualism. Each one acts as she must—the condition of each makes the acts of each. So the condemnation of Spiritualism is right to the nature of those who condemn it, and the love and approval of Spiritualism is right to the nature of those who love and approve it.

A. B. C.

Written for the Banner of Light.
THE ANGELS.
BY MISS NETTIE COLBURN.

They're calling us—they're calling
In the loved tones of yore,
With smiling lips they beckon us
To yonder peaceful shore;
And seeing that we linger,
Or that we erring stray,
They hasten o'er death's river,
To lead us by the way.

They're calling us—they're calling,
And bid us to fulfill
The many heavy duties
That tax the mind and will;
One hand they give to aid us
Along life's thorny way,
The other pointing upward
To realms of endless day.

They're calling us—they're calling—
Let us hasten to reply,
In loving acts of kindness,
To check the tear and sigh;
And when our task is ended
We'll hasten home above,
To wear the wreath of angels
Are twining now in love!

Albany, N. Y., 1862.

An Affecting Incident.—At the funeral of a child in New Sharon, a few days since, the following touching circumstance occurred:

"The little one, all beautifully robed for the grave, was laid in its coffin on the morning of its burial. The weeping friends placed in its little hand a small bouquet of flowers, among which was an unopened rosebud of the 'Rose of Sharon.' The lid was then placed upon the coffin, and the funeral services performed. When, after the lapse of two or three hours, the coffin was again opened, and the friends gathered around to look upon it for the last time, that bud had become a full-blown rose, while grasped in the cold hand of death."

WHAT WE ARE.
Notes in the sunshine—
Dust on the flower—
Sand on the seashore—
Things of an hour.
Sparkles of Spirit—
Flashes of flame—
Heaven's light is a spark—
We go, whence we came.

JUST PUBLISHED.

First American Edition, from the English
stereotype Plates.THE PRINCIPLES OF NATURE
DIVINE REVELATIONS,
AND
A VOICE TO MANKIND.

AND BY THE AUTHOR

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

The Publisher takes pleasure in announcing the
appearance of an edition of *Nature's Divine Revela-
tions*—the most complete and comprehensive volume of
the author—issued in a style the work merits.
Those unacquainted with the value and extent of
the work are invited to examine the following

Table of Contents.

PART I. INTRODUCTION, AND BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH
OF THE AUTHOR, 1-32.
AUTHOR'S ADDRESS TO THE WORLD, 1-4INDEX OF PART I, OR THE PRINCIPLES
OF NATURE.

GENERAL DIVISIONS.

Preliminary Remarks, pp. 32-33.

The true mode of Reasoning unfolded, 22.

Explanation of Animal Magnetism and Clairvoyance,
and of the manner in which the author received his
impressions, 30-31.Matter and Motion, and the general principles which
they involve, 35-36.

Experience of the true Mechanism appealed to, 35-36.

Experience of the true Attraction appealed to, 35-36.

The first Cause and its Attributes, 104-105.

SUBJECTS DISCUSSED OR TOUCHED UPON

IN PART I.

Anatomical structure of Man, 83-85.

Physiology, Psychology, &c., deductions from,
77-82.

Animal Magnetism, exposition of, 30-37.

Animal Magnetism, summary recapitulation of argu-
ment on, 33-34.

Artistic, the true experience of, 93-98.

Atmosphere, state of, 107, 108-109.

Author's magnetic metamorphosis analogous to death,
44, 45.Cause, the Great, with its attributes as proved by
Nature, 104-105.

Cause of life, 30, and elsewhere.

Cause of matter, the question discussed, 37-60.

Cause of motion, the question discussed, 37-60.

Cause of spirit, the question discussed, 37-60.

Cause of the human mind, the question discussed, 37-60.

Cause of the human soul, the question discussed, 37-60.

Cause of the human body, the question discussed, 37-60.

Cause of the human mind, the question discussed, 37-60.

Cause of the human soul, the question discussed, 37-60.

Cause of the human body, the question discussed, 37-60.

Cause of the human mind, the question discussed, 37-60.

Cause of the human soul, the question discussed, 37-60.

Cause of the human body, the question discussed, 37-60.

Cause of the human mind, the question discussed, 37-60.

Cause of the human soul, the question discussed, 37-60.

Cause of the human body, the question discussed, 37-60.

Cause of the human mind, the question discussed, 37-60.

Cause of the human soul, the question discussed, 37-60.

Cause of the human body, the question discussed, 37-60.

Cause of the human mind, the question discussed, 37-60.

Cause of the human soul, the question discussed, 37-60.

Cause of the human body, the question discussed, 37-60.

Cause of the human mind, the question discussed, 37-60.

Cause of the human soul, the question discussed, 37-60.

Cause of the human body, the question discussed, 37-60.

Cause of the human mind, the question discussed, 37-60.

Cause of the human soul, the question discussed, 37-60.

Cause of the human body, the question discussed, 37-60.

Cause of the human mind, the question discussed, 37-60.

Cause of the human soul, the question discussed, 37-60.

Cause of the human body, the question discussed, 37-60.

Cause of the human mind, the question discussed, 37-60.

Cause of the human soul, the question discussed, 37-60.

Cause of the human body, the question discussed, 37-60.

Cause of the human mind, the question discussed, 37-60.

Cause of the human soul, the question discussed, 37-60.

Cause of the human body, the question discussed, 37-60.

Cause of the human mind, the question discussed, 37-60.

Cause of the human soul, the question discussed, 37-60.

Cause of the human body, the question discussed, 37-60.

Cause of the human mind, the question discussed, 37-60.

Cause of the human soul, the question discussed, 37-60.

Cause of the human body, the question discussed, 37-60.

Cause of the human mind, the question discussed, 37-60.

Cause of the human soul, the question discussed, 37-60.

Cause of the human body, the question discussed, 37-60.

Cause of the human mind, the question discussed, 37-60.

Cause of the human soul, the question discussed, 37-60.

Cause of the human body, the question discussed, 37-60.

Cause of the human mind, the question discussed, 37-60.

Cause of the human soul, the question discussed, 37-60.

Cause of the human body, the question discussed, 37-60.

Cause of the human mind, the question discussed, 37-60.

Cause of the human soul, the question discussed, 37-60.

Cause of the human body, the question discussed, 37-60.

Cause of the human mind, the question discussed, 37-60.

Cause of the human soul, the question discussed, 37-60.

Cause of the human body, the question discussed, 37-60.

Cause of the human mind, the question discussed, 37-60.

Cause of the human soul, the question discussed, 37-60.

Cause of the human body, the question discussed, 37-60.

Chronology of the Earth after formation of first

cell; 222.

Coal, how formed, 231.

Coal, how formed, 231.

Coal, how formed, 231.

Coal, how formed, 231.

Coal, how formed, 231.

Coal, how formed, 231.

Coal, how formed, 231.

Coal, how formed, 231.

Coal, how formed, 231.

Coal, how formed, 231.

Coal, how formed, 231.

Coal, how formed, 231.

Coal, how formed, 231.

Coal, how formed, 231.

Coal, how formed, 231.

Coal, how formed, 231.

Coal, how formed, 231.

Coal, how formed, 231.

Coal, how formed, 231.

Coal, how formed, 231.

Coal, how formed, 231.

Coal, how formed, 231.

Coal, how formed, 231.

Coal, how formed, 231.

Coal, how formed, 231.

Coal, how formed, 231.

Coal, how formed, 231.

Coal, how formed, 231.

Coal, how formed, 231.

Coal, how formed, 231.

Coal, how formed, 231.

Coal, how formed, 231.

Coal, how formed, 231.

Coal, how formed, 231.

Coal, how formed, 231.

Coal, how formed, 231.

Coal, how formed, 231.

Coal, how formed, 231.

Coal, how formed, 231.

Coal, how formed, 231.

Coal, how formed, 231.

Coal, how formed, 231.

Coal, how formed, 231.

Coal, how formed, 231.

Coal, how formed, 231.

Coal, how formed, 231.

Coal, how formed, 231.

Coal, how formed, 231.

Coal, how formed, 231.

Coal, how formed, 231.

Coal, how formed, 231.

Coal, how formed, 231.

Coal, how formed, 231.

Coal, how formed, 231.

Coal, how formed, 231.

Coal, how formed, 231.

Coal, how formed, 231.

Coal, how formed, 231.

Coal, how formed, 231.

Coal, how formed, 231.

Coal, how formed, 231.

Coal, how formed, 231.

Coal, how formed, 231.

Coal, how formed, 231.

Coal, how formed, 231.

Coal, how formed, 231.

Coal, how formed, 231.

Coal, how formed, 231.

Coal, how formed, 231.

Coal, how formed, 231.

Coal, how formed, 231.

Coal, how formed, 231.

Coal, how formed, 231.

Coal, how formed, 231.

Coal, how formed, 231.

Coal, how formed, 231.

Coal, how formed, 231.

Coal, how formed, 231.

Coal, how formed, 231.

Coal, how formed, 231.

Coal, how formed, 231.

Coal, how formed, 231.

Coal, how formed, 231.

Coal, how formed, 231.

Coal, how formed, 231.

Coal, how formed, 231.

Coal, how formed, 231.

Coal, how formed, 231.

Coal, how formed, 231.

Coal, how formed, 231.

Coal, how formed, 231.

Coal, how formed, 231.

Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622,

623.

Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622,

Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622,

Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622,

Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622,

Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622,

Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622,

Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622,

Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622,

Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622,

Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622,

Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622,

Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622,

Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622,

Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622,

Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622,

Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622,

Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622,

Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622,

Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622,

Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622,

Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622,

Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622,

Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622,

Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622,

Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622,

Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622,

Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622,

Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622,

Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622,

Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622,

Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622,

Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622,

Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622,

Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622,

Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622,

Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622,

Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622,

Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622,

Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622,

Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622,

Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622,

Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622,

Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622,

Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622,

Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622,

Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622,

Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622,

Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622,

Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622,

Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622,

Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622,

Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622,

Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622,

Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622,

Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622,

Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622,

Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622,

Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622,

Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622,

Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622,

Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622,

Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622,

Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622,

Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622,

Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622,

Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622,

Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622,

Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622,

Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622,

Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622,

Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622,

Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622,

Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622,

Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622,

Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622,

Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622,

Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622,

Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622,

Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622,

Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622,

Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622,

Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622,

Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622,

Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622,

Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622,

Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622,

Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622,

Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622,

Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622,

Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622,

Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622,

Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622,

PUBLICATIONS

—FOR SALE AT THE—

BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE.

THE PROPRIETORS OF THE BANNER OF LIGHT
offer for sale the following list of Works at the prices set
against them. We take this opportunity to put these works
before our patrons, most of them at reduced prices, in con-
sequence of the scarcity of money, and it is our intention to
place, as far as in our power, reading matter in the hands of
our friends as cheap as we possibly can, in justice to ourselves.
Our friends desiring any of these publications sent by
mail, will forward us the amount set against the work, with
the postage enclosed, except the *Wildfire Club*. Arcana of
Nature, Whatever is Right, and the Spiritual Reasoner, the
postage of which is included in the price set against
them. Address

Pearls.

And quoted odes, and jewels five words long,
That on the striped fore-finger of all time
Sparkle forever.

MIDNIGHT MUSINGS.

Where'er we pray along life's way,
Kind Angels list to hear us;
When all our thoughts are pure and true,
'Tis then that they are near us.

Live simple, plain; the right maintain,
Draw every virtue near you.
And evermore they'll hover o'er,
To strengthen, guide and cheer you.

Let all your acts be free from guile,
Your conscience hold dominion;
Have charity for all mankind,
Grant freedom of opinion.

May Love with softest, strongest ties,
Bind human hearts together,
And Strife and Discord soon disperse,
Like mist in sunny weather.—[W. A. English.]

Man reasons because he doubts; he celebrates—he
desires. God is omniscient; he never doubts, there-
fore never reasons.

THE SEA BEYOND.

O life! O silent shore!
Where we sit patient—O great sea beyond,
To which we turn with solemn hope and fond,
But sorrowful no more:

A little while and then we too shall soar
Like white-winged sea-birds in the infinite deep:
Till then, thou Father, will our spirits keep.
[After Maloch.]

More compromising, covering up, is not peace-making.
The bold assertion of the right is peace-making.
[Chapin.]

LOVE.

She that would raise a noble love, must find
Ways to beget a passion for the mind;
She must be that which she to the world would seem;
For all true love is grounded on esteem:
Plainness and truth gain more a gentle heart,
Than all the crooked subtleties of art.—[Buckingham.]

The happiness of the heart induces quietness, not
noise or mirth.

A SULTRY NIGHT IN SUMMER.

Earth turned in her sleep with pain,
Sultrily sighed for proof:
In heaven and out again,
Lightning!—where it broke the roof,
Bloodlike, some few drops of rain.
[Robert Browning.]

Funeral knells are only the door-bells of the other
world.

SPIRITUAL ORGANIZATIONS.

REMARKS OF DR. A. B. CHILD, BEFORE THE LYCEUM
CHURCH, SUNDAY, JULY 27.

The platform of Spiritualism is free. Every church
and every religion in reality stands upon it, and also
every grade and condition of sinners stand upon it.
The Spiritualism that accepts but a part of the family
of humanity is only Spiritualism in a fraction.

The platform of Spiritualism that will ere long be
brought to the recognition of men, is a platform on
which every human being really holds a place; each
one's belief being as it is, and as it will be. It is a
platform for humanity laid by the Father of humanity.
Salute are on it no less than sinners, and sinners no
less than saints. To build an organization that would
cover this platform of Spiritualism, would be as fool-
ish and as impracticable as it would for a farmer to
build the house that he lives in large enough to cover
over the whole farm that he cultivates.

Spiritualism came without being sent for. It goes
without being led. And it will fulfill its work with-
out the aid of human effort. No pleading for it ad-
vances it. No opposition to it retards it. It is a
movement that this world cannot keep back or move
forward. No man, or body of men, can control it.
It is totally independent of human effort, or human
will, in its onward march. As it advances, we begin
to see its working for good, or for evil, as men say.
Some joy over it—some weep over it. Some would
have it this way, and some would have it another way;
while it proves itself to be inflexible as the laws
of Nature, heeding nobody's would, or would n't, no-
body's joy or sorrow. Like the powerful sunshine, it
stops not when it is talked against and scolded about,
and advances no faster when it is called for and invited.
It is an invisible power, mighty beyond definition,
that has begun to move the world of men and women;
and it will still continue to move them more and
more till earthly love and glory shall be dissolved
and fall in ruins. Men do not move Spiritualism any more
than vegetables growing on the earth move the sun
that shines upon them to give light and warmth.
Men and women have no influence upon Spiritu-
alism to direct it, to govern it, than the feeble armies
of earth have upon the revolutions of the earth on
its axis.

If Spiritualists may be called a sect, it is the first
sect that has stood out before the world without ex-
ternal forms and ceremonies to characterize a religious
organization—such forms and ceremonies as have
heretofore been necessary to give a sect recognition.
A sect is a part of Spiritualism. Does
Spiritualism constitute a sect? No. And the longer
it shall run, the wider it will spread a power that shall
obliterate the lines that constrain bodies of men and
women here and there to the limits of sect and secta-
rian organizations.

Spiritualism has spontaneously burst forth in mem-
bers of every sect of religion on the earth. Here and
there, one or more in every church, and in every or-
ganization of men, is found to be a Spiritualist. What
regard, then, has Spiritualism for sectarian organiza-
tions? No regard. Spirit holds sectarianism and
earthly organizations in total disrespect. It makes no
difference what church our medium is from, about her
love for angels, or about her medium powers. The
organizations of sectarianism are of as little account
to Spiritualism as the morning fog is to the farmer.

When the sun gets up, the fog is gone; so when Spir-
itualism gets up, sectarian organizations are gone.
Spiritual manifestations come through saints and sin-
ners just the same, regardless of this human distinc-
tion set up by men, between the two.

As bold and as ugly as the idea may at first seem,
Spiritualism has a total disrespect for morality and
immorality. It holds a power above the need of these
uncertain, questionable attributes of matter, that are
used as instruments of deception chiefly—cloaks to
cover up the seditious devil with. Spiritualism will
carry humanity above the need of morality and immor-
ality. In a deep, unprejudiced view, what is moral-
ity? The paucity of deception and self-righteous-
ness. Look deep enough, men and women, and you
will see that it is so. What is immorality? Self-
righteousness uncovered; righteousness without its
deception.

Spiritualism has no respect for distinctions; sects,
orders, organizations, disorganizations, morality, im-

morality, virtue, vice, material elevation, or material
degradation, riches or poverty. These all are only
the shadows of matter; the clouds of the earth, and
Spiritualism, like the lightning that streaks down
from the darkened heaven, disregards them all. Spir-
itualism breaks forth through the shadows of earth, as
lightning does through clouds and vapors, regardless
of their existence. It holds reality, and in reality it
abides.

The nature of Spiritualism is to disintegrate and
dissolve material things, rather than to organize, form
and reform them. Organization belongs to the mate-
rial world, not to the spiritual world. Every organi-
zation that ever was, or will be, must be made of ma-
terial things. It is true that spirit underlies the pro-
duction of all organic things, but all organisms, as
effects, are purely material. And spirit will dissolve
every organization that it has produced; and it will do
this work with an inflexible power, lawfully and
surely, with a ruthless hand, if need be. And this is the
work that Spiritualism is doing. It is doing it through-
out our land to-day. It is dissolving not only material
forms and organizations, but it is dissolving man's
inhumanity to man; it is destroying material organi-
zations, earthly affections, propensities and inclina-
tions—but it is awakening, to cherish forever, the yet
slumbering germs of pure affection for that better and
more real world of spirit to which all men and women
are rapidly hastening.

The mission of Spiritualism is to carry humanity
from the material world of organizations and disorgani-
zations, of conflict and suffering, war and contention,
to the spiritual world of peace and love, where organi-
zations and disorganizations, and all the dissolving
things of earth are superseded. Then why weep over
dissolving matter and vanishing shadows, when real
life is stalking forth for our perception, and the sun of
heaven that shines without the darkness of the night-
time is rising upon us? Why weep over these falling
things of earth, justice, injustice, morality, immorality,
holy, wicked, pure, impure, aught, ought, not,
must and must not—things such as these, that consti-
tute the attributes of organizations? These are only
the attributes that cement organizations. Our dissolv-
ing Union is an organization—and why shall we weep
over its dissolving attributes when we are fast coming
to the recognition of a world, whose powers of light
and love transcend the use of that which holds within
it the elements of its own destruction. It is the com-
ing of Spiritualism upon the earth that is devastating
and ruining the glory of our beautiful, prosperous coun-
try. It is Spiritualism, unseen, coming upon us with
an awful power, that shall make seas of human blood
flow, and wring the hearts of the multitude with iron
agony.

Christ, or Spiritualism, or whatever this awful spiri-
tual power may be called, comes not with peace to support
organizations of human bodies and human institu-
tions, but it comes with the sword, to destroy, to
disorganize human bodies and their attributes of
lighting glory, whereby our view of the spirit-world shall
be opened. What shall it avail us if we make a pile
of sand into a little mound of earth by toil and effort,
and call the pile an organization and worship at its
shrine? The rains will gully it, and the flowing tides
will level it, or human hands will be made to tear it
down again. And not one grain of sand remains un-
moved to mark the spot we made it on. Religious or
moral organizations, or any organizations, are like
sandy mounds. The powers of heaven will sweep
them away and obliterate them, as time obliterated
the tracks of human feet on earth. May God and an-
gels give us, as is now being done in Spiritualism,
that which is more enduring than the dissolving or-
ganizations of earth and time, to kneel and worship by.

In spiritual things, we know nothing of organiza-
tions. To all of the organization of the spiritual
world, is only comparing spiritual to material things;
it is a futile effort to tell what a cause is by its effect.
This cannot be done. It is not the tree that makes
the fruit it bears. There is a cause above the tree.
Spiritualism has its birth in the womb of causes—
causes unseen by physical eyes; and beyond the reach
of sensuous perception lies the yet hidden cause that
moves it. No definition can be given to Spiritualism;
but material things can be defined.

This Lyceum Church platform is from the world of
causes. It is spontaneous. It is not an organization
of effects, but a spontaneous bubbling up from the foun-
tain of causes. Can the fountain of truth organize its
refreshing, pure drops, when sent off to a thirsting
world? Can flowing inspiration organize the sweep
of its intuition to the limits of a creed, a sect, to a re-
ligious organization? Can a refreshing fountain send
off water in organizations, to slake the thirst of weary
travelers? Spontaneous thought is like running water.
Organization is like frozen water; but it will dissolve.
This society is not an organization in spiritual
things. But it has a platform that the East, the West,
the North or South makes no boundaries for. The
highest expanse of heaven it may reach beyond, and
in the deepest depth of hell it finds no stopping place,
and still goes on downward, as it has been called, but
in reality ascending downward into new and clearer
heavens forever. Downward is the same as upward in
spiritual things.

Mortals count the grains of sand, measure and com-
pare them, and then they do not comprehend their
meaning. As lightning strikes the heavens, so spirit,
in lesser time, sweeps the mighty realm of its own de-
velopment.

Organizations stand on the earth. Spirit sweeps
the dominion of space without a compass or
cardinal point. In this new and beautiful Church
there may be now and then a lump of organized,
creaky clay hanging yet undissolved around. There
may be a sentence or two that is blurred with the
dust of pretending self-purity. But what of that? Time
and water will dissolve the lumps, and heaven's sun will
bleach the dubs. This is a Church of Spiritualism. It
is the best that it can be for the time. It takes no-
body. It pushes nobody away. It holds nobody. It
lashes nobody. It church-male nobody. It sepa-
nobody to the gallows or the prison, and before long it
will send nobody to bloody warfare; but it invites
everybody to kneel and worship at the altar of for-
giveness, of charity, of humility, of kindness and
love. It shall live in the sunshine of wisdom. It
yokes no two or more men together to walk in the
same narrow thorny avenue of one man's belief or
desires.

This Church leaves each and every one free to go as
he or she must, without disguise; for each to work out
his and her own salvation.

This Church recognizes a platform made by God him-
self, whereon all his children do absolutely stand,
thinking it unnecessary to put bandages and sticking
plasters around men and women in squads, and call
these squads religious organizations, or to give each
member a black cambric curtain of disguise, in the
form of profession, to cover up their naughty thoughts
and acts with. This Church is not an organization—
it is a platform of freedom on which to worship God
without disguise.

In man's glory and in woman's glory, to recognize the
rights of each and all, bursting asunder the bonds of
self-love, self-righteousness, and limited sectarianism
and organization."

Such is the nature, the tendency and the drift of this
friendly association of men and women called the Lyceum
Church, in the city of Boston. Here is the shadow of
past organizations it is true, but it is only the shadow.
There is substantially no meaning in this semblance,
this shadow of organization, for it is a Spiritual Church.

Life, as it is filled up with weal and woe, we must
accept, whether we will or no. Here is a step in the
direction of the acceptance of life, religious life,
without the jangle and wrangle with the church war-
fare incident to the conflicts of "right" and "wrong"
creeds.

It is a wise providence that has mixed up the hate-
ful with the lovely things of life, not men or churches.
The creation and continuance of Churches are no less
under the government of invisible laws than human
war that goes hand in hand with them, nor than is the
birth of men, who questions wisdom's ways that
makes them. See what strides the Lyceum Church
has taken in the acceptance of all the various beliefs
that wisdom has instituted among men. Faith in God
is the acceptance of all his ways and all his workings
in the present and for the future and a confidence in
his goodness to us without a murmur. The Lyceum
Church is running rapidly in the direction of faith in
God. Faith in God is free from fault-finding, and
from sectarianism.

There is no soul-progression that is not accompanied
by mental or physical suffering. Pain is an inevitable
consequence of the soul's onward movement. Agony
opens the gates of intuition. Whom God loveth he
chasteneth. There is coming upon us a new birth—a
birth into a more spiritual existence; and a birth of
agony it must be—born in blood, baptized in tears, we
shall rise redeemed from the thralldom of organiza-
tions. The very attributes that constitute the organi-
zation of our National Union, hold within themselves
the seeds that shall germinate and blossom in its own
dissolution. All organizations are for time, for con-
tention, for dissolution, corruption and death. Here
is a Church without an organization, without blame
and bitterness to any other Church or creed. Truly
this Church is an anomaly. But do you not think that
it will meet with frowns and opposition, with cal-
lany and hatred from those who love to frown, and
to oppose, and to calumniate, and to hate?

Considerable feeling of vengeance in some, in many,
has found vent in words, because some Spiritualists
do not denounce, do not blame, do not accuse others,
do not groan for others. It seems to be the case, that
many Spiritualists do not feel the necessity of forever
telling of and applauding their own virtues by de-
nouncing the vices of others.

Who is there that prefers sorrow to joy? Who is
there that prefers misery to happiness? Joy is virtue,
and sorrow is vice. Happiness is morality, and misery
is immorality. Let the world come to recognize these
facts, and there shall be no need of crime and immor-
ality any more. Crime is only useful to drive away
darkness and make a clearer perception of truth
through pain and suffering. When we learn the
causes of sorrow, and suffering, shall we not try to
avert and avoid them? Will they be needed longer?
No. Criminal, immoral and vicious deeds are always
done in blindness, and the suffering is necessary that
comes of them for those who do them. Men are blind
when they are immoral and wicked. But they are
not worthy of any one's blame. They suffer for what
they do. And we, while on earth, are all in the cat-
alogues of sinners. So says this Church of Spiritualism.
May God defend us. May heaven protect us.

The Spiritual Post Office.

NUMBER TWO.

In "trying the spirits" through the agency of the
Spiritual Post Office, the investigator should bear in
mind that "Love letters" are most likely to meet a
response, platters dictated by curiosity, selfishness or
deceit, have a tendency to develop similar conditions
in the medium, and to attract spirits whose ruling
propensities harmonize with such conditions. "Love is
the fulfilling of the law," and the law of true spiri-
tual communion is emphatically the law of love. They
that love each other most entirely, can, in the nature
of the case, communicate to each other with greatest
ease. Love is spontaneous, and seeks expression, and
the moment you open a channel for it by your desires
for communication, it flows into you and demonstrates
its presence.

The most perfect tests of identity can be obtained
only by those who have perfect acquaintance with the
spirits whom they invoke. Love, or sympathy, gives
such acquaintance—such unity. You have become
acquainted with a great many bodies, it may be, dur-
ing your sojourn on the earth, and have called them
friends—but very little have you known of the spirits
within those bodies. Most persons wear masks in so-
ciety. Our acquaintance with others is superficial—
our apprehension is of surfaces, not of interior qual-
ities of spirit. You cannot identify a spirit by his
body, any more than you can identify a person by his
clothes—both are subject to change and to disguise.
You must have spiritual acquaintance, or identifica-
tion is not possible. Just to the extent of your ac-
quaintance with the spiritual qualities and acquire-
ments of another, are you competent to identify them.
Bear this in mind, and when you write letters to
spirits, write to those whom you love most—with
whom you feel the most interior or spiritual unity.

Many persons suppose that one spirit can communi-
cate with them as well as another; but if they have
ever loved one person better than another—if they
have ever awakened the love of one person more than
another for them, let that experience demonstrate their
error, and illustrate the law by which communication
between spirits is possible at all. If you are so un-
fortunate as never to have had a lover—either in the
mother that bore you, the father that begot you, the
brother and sisters that grew up with you, the rela-
tives of your blood, or among the human brotherhood
with whom you have mingled—if you have never loved
anybody but yourself, then, indeed, it may be im-
possible for you to identify any spirit, or distinguish
among them all. But if you have ever known what it
is to love deeply and strongly any spirit beside your-
self, rest assured you have interior power to identify
that spirit, and from any sphere of the spiritual uni-
verse to attract it to yourself.

I use the word love in its true significance—entirely
distinct from lust and selfishness, for

"The test of all affection is the full and free rejection
Of all selfishness in love."

It does not necessarily follow that the investigator
can get a response from his spirit-world, because they
lived together twenty-five years, and she bore him ten
children. Perhaps they were never united in spirit.
Only their bodies were married. She may have been
a minister to his lust, not a participant of his love.
She may have borne all those children with regret and
terror—her life may have been fatigue of body and
weariness of spirit—and all those years she may have
been praying for deliverance from the body of death
which was chained to her by the legal forms that mad
her wife. Such cases there have been. "It is not to
be expected, or desired, that when such wives are lib-
erated from their prison-houses, and conducted by the
death-angel to spheres of freedom—when they have
entered into that rest which was denied them here—
that they should be able to hear even the call of the
old jailer, urging them to return again to the scenes of
their former captivity."

It is not certain that relatives of your blood will
answer your call upon them. They may all have had
enough of you when they were with you on the earth.
You were thrown together by the accident of birth,
and bound by the ties of relationship. But there
was perhaps no real spiritual unity among you.
Birth caged you together, and when death opened the
door of the cage, your companions flew on the wings of
the spirit where their aspirations led, far from you.
—Your foes may have been of your own household,
and your truest friends: have come to you from stran-
ger tribes. Whoever your dearest friend may be, fa-
ther or mother, sister or brother, or is there

"A dearest one:
Still, and a nearer one
Yet than all other?"

you are united by a cord of vital affinity—a sym-
pathetic wire, over which the messages of love can pass
with unobstructed current.

Again, in corresponding with spirit-friends, your
success will be determined somewhat by the character
of what you write. Love should dictate every ques-
tion, and inspire every sentence. If you loved your
friend on earth, it was because that friend possessed
certain lovable qualities of character. Address your-
self to those qualities, for in your sympathy with them
consists your union to the spirit. The spirit with
whom you are in rapport can most readily manifest to
you through the mediumship of whatever department
of your nature is in closest sympathy with itself. If you
wish to identify a long absent friend, whose personal
appearance has greatly changed in his absence, you
are enabled to do so by testing first, the general qual-
ities of his character with which you were once fami-
liar, and then by his memory of events, of which you
were both cognizant. So not with reference to your
spirit-friends. Establish a conscious sympathetic rap-
port between those qualities of character wherein you
were on earth most closely united—those leading traits
of your spirit—which are as immortal as the spirit it-
self—and when that is done, then you may expect
memory to perform its office, and give you tests out of
its storehouse.

Our memory is most tenacious of those things which
appeal to our ruling love. The memory of us all,
as spirits we are, is strong according to the interest
which we feel in any subject of memory. Things or
events which do not awaken any particular interest
in us, we do not distinctly remember. Those events
in which lovers participate most perfectly—those expe-
riences in which they are most perfectly blended—be-
come naturally enough the most prominent subjects of
memory whenever they meet. Is it not reasonable
then to expect that when tests from the memory are
given by spirits, they would be concerning those things
which were most prominent or distinct in the memory
of the sympathizing investigator on the earth?

And yet this is made a prominent objection to the
tests which are given, that they were read from the
mind of the applicant. No spirit is so capable of
reading your memory as the one that loves you best,
and that dear friend would be least likely to deceive
you.

I do not believe that spirits in the form or out of it,
have their heart's secrets so exposed to the idle gaze
of every spiritual vagabond, as to admit of their being
stolen for fraudulent purposes, by those who wish to
deceive the honest and loving seeker after truth. The
experiences of the earth-life—the sacred secrets of lov-
ing souls—are not printed in staring capitals upon the
page of memory, and then hung up as bulletins on the
highways of the spirit-world, that all who run may
read. No, they are the jewels of the spirit, kept in
the treasury of the individual soul, to be worn again
at the marriage-supper, when loving hearts are again
united in spirit-life at the coronation of the spirit,
when, having conquered death, it ascends the throne
of immortality, and with the scepter of love rules ever
in the spirit's domain of consciousness.

Love has good memory—it can refer to the past,
and dwell upon scenes that long ago transpired, with
the vividness of present experience. But it can man-
ifest that memory of events, and identify itself as a
participant in them, only to a sympathetic spirit.

H. B. STORER.

Only great minds can bear greatness; it makes small
ones giddy.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

The oldest and largest Spiritualistic Journal
in the World.

IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT BOSTON, MASS., BY
WILLIAM WHITE, ISAAC B. RICH,
LUTHER COLEBY, CHARLES H. CROWELL,
LUTHER COLEBY, EDITOR.

Terms of Subscription:
Single copies, one year, \$3 00
Three copies one year, in one package, per copy, 1 75
Three copies six months, in one package, per copy, 88
Four or more copies, one year, in one package, per copy, 1 80
Four or more copies, six months, in one package, 75
Every additional subscriber to a club will be charged \$1.50
per year.

There will be no deviation from the above terms.
Money sent at our risk; but where drafts on Boston
can be procured, we prefer to have them sent, to avoid
loss. No Western Bank Notes, excepting those of the
State Bank of Ohio, State Bank of Iowa, and State Bank
of Indiana, are current here. Foreign money—ones and threes
only—of the new issue, will be received for subscriptions;
subscribers will please send none of the other denominations,
for they are of no use to us. Subscriptions discontinued at
the expiration of the time paid for.
Subscribers in Canada, or other foreign countries, will
add to the terms of subscription 50 cents per year, for pre-
payment of American postage.
Subscribers wishing the direction of their paper changed
from one town to another, must always give the name of
the town, county and State to which it has been sent.
25¢ Express Copies sent free.
Advertisements inserted on the most favorable terms.
25¢ All Communications designed for publication, or in
any way connected with the editorial department, should be
addressed to the Editor. Letters to the Editor not intended
for publication should be marked "private" on the envelop.

CONTRIBUTORS.
PROFESSOR B. B. BRITTON, of New York City.
HORACE DARRER, L.L.D., of New York.
HON. WARREN CHASE, of Battle Creek, Mich.
HUDSON TUTTLE, Esq., of Berlin Heights, Ohio.
GEORGE STRAUS, Esq., of West Acton, Mass.
A. B. CHAPIN, M.D., of Boston.
REV. FREDERICK W. WILLIAMS, of Coldwater, Mich.
PROF. PATTON SERRON, M.D., of New York City.
UNION OLANK, of Auburn, N. Y.
W. W. McQUIDDY, of Ohio.
MISS EMMA HARRISON, of Boston.
MISS CORA WILSON, of Philadelphia, Pa.
MISS A. M. SERRON, of New York City.
MISS A. W. SPRAGUE, of Plymouth, Vt.
MISS BELLIE DUNE, of Norristown, Pa.
MISS EMMA TUTTLE, of Berlin Heights, Ohio.
And many other writers of note.

IT PUBLISHES
Original Novels from the best pens in the country.
Original Essays upon philosophical, religious and sci-
entific subjects.
Reports of Spiritual Lectures from trance and normal
speakers.
Spirit Messages, given through Mrs. J. H. Conant, from
educated and uneducated spirits, proving their identity to
relatives and friends.
Choice and Original Poetry, Miscellaneous, Wit, &c.
All of which features render the BANNER a popular family
paper, and at the same time the harbinger of a glorious
religious religion.

All Business Letters must be addressed
"BANNER OF LIGHT, BOSTON, MASS."
WILLIAM WHITE & Co.

WHOLESALE AGENTS FOR THE BANNER:
JOHN J. DINE & Co., 105 School street, Boston.
A. WILLIAMS & Co., 100 Washington St.,
FROTHMAN & Co., 9 Court St.,
SINGMASTER & Co., 131 Nassau street, New York City.
JOHN B. WALSH, Madison street, Chicago, Ill.

New Books.

THIRD EDITION—JUST ISSUED!

ARCANA OF NATURE.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

CAREFULLY REVISED AND CORRECTED
BY THE AUTHOR.

Contents.

PART I. CHAPTER I. A General Survey of Matter.
CHAPTER II. The Origin of the World.—CHAPTER III.
The Theory of the Origin of the World.—CHAPTER IV.
History of the Earth, from the Gaseous Ocean, to
the Cambrian.—PART II. CHAPTER V. Life and Organi-
zation.—CHAPTER VI. Plan of Organic Being.—CHAPTER VII.
Influence of Conditions.—CHAPTER VIII. Laws of Life.
CHAPTER IX. The History of Life through the Silurian For-
mation.—CHAPTER X. The Old Red Sandstone Series.
CHAPTER XI. Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—CHAPTER
XII. Permian and Trias Period.—CHAPTER XIII. Oolite;
Lias; Wadalen.—CHAPTER XIV. The Cretaceous or Chalk
Period.—CHAPTER XV. The Tertiary.—CHAPTER XVI.
CHAPTER OF INFERENCES. CHAPTER XVII. Origin of Man.
PART III. CHAPTER XVIII. The Human Brain.—CHAPTER
XIX. Structure and Functions of the Brain and Nervous
System, Studied with reference to the Origin of Thought.
CHAPTER XX. The Sources of Thought Studied from an-
thropological Standpoint.—CHAPTER XXI. Retrospect of the
Theory of development, as herein advanced; Conclusion;
Facts followed from their Source to their Legitimate Re-
sults.—Appendix. An Explanation of some of the Laws
of Nature, their Effects, &c.
Published at this Office. Sent to any part of the United
States on receipt of One Dollar. May 11.

JUST PUBLISHED.

AN EXTRAORDINARY AND THRILLING WORK

DEALINGS WITH THE DEAD!

THE HUMAN SOUL: ITS MIGRATIONS AND ITS
TRANSMIGRATIONS!

BY F. B. RANDOLPH.

The above work may be had at the office of the BANNER OF
LIGHT, 158 Washington street, by wholesale and retail.
Single copies 75 cents. The usual discount will be made
to the trade. Mailed to any part of the United States on re-
ceipt of the price named above. March 8.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATED

BY

Moral and Religious Stories,

FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

BY MRS. M. L. WILLIS.

CONTENTS.—The Little Peace-maker. Child's Prayer.
The Desire to be Good. Little Mary. Mary Marshall.
Wishes. The Golden Rule. Let me Hear the Gentle Voice.
Filial Duty. Unfading Flowers. The Dream. Evening
Hymn.
For sale at the Banner of Light office, 158 Washington st.
Price 15c. Postage 4c. March 8.

THE UNVEILING;

OR, WHAT I THINK OF SPIRITUALISM. By Dr. P. B.
Randolph. Price, 25c.

IT ISN'T ALL RIGHT;

BEING A Holoender to Dr. Child's celebrated work, "What
ever is, is Right." By Cynthia Temple. Price 10c.
The above named works have just been received and are
for sale at the Banner of Light Office. March 8.

FIFTH EDITION.

EVERY ONE'S BOOK.

JUST WHAT IS NEEDED IN THESE TIMES!

A New Book by Andrew Jackson Davis

THE HARBINGER OF HEALTH!

CONTAINING MEDICAL PRESCRIPTIONS FOR THE
Human Body and Mind.

BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

How to repel disease, regain health, live as one ought
treat disease of every conceivable kind, recuperate the en-
ergies, recruit the worn and exhausted system, go through the
world with the least wear and tear and in the truest con-
ditions of harmony—this is what is distinctly taught in this
volume, both by prescriptions and principles.
There are to be found more than
300 Prescriptions for more than 100 forms of
Disease.

Such a mass of information, coming through such a score
makes this book one of Indescribable Value for
Family Reference, and it ought to be found in every
household in the land.