

# BANNER OF THE LIGHT.



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## Literary Department.

### LIFE IN EARNEST.

A Thrilling Domestic Tale.

BY KATH CARROLL.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Cards of invitation to a party at Col. Allyn's," said Mrs. Pemberton, "were sent out last week. I am sure you will be invited."

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"Is this I am uttering?" And striking his forehead, the infuriated fellow left her where he found her reading in the arbor near the lake.

"Mr. Anderson—Fred! Why do you leave me?" He turned, looked irresolutely at her, then at the house where duty lay, then, after another glance at his temper, he could not resist, but seated himself at her side and regarded her head, which she did not withdraw. Very skillfully she turned his thoughts from passionate to intellectual subjects, until he was just as ready to fall on his knees and worship her for every saintly attribute of humanity and reverence.

"This meeting was but one of many constantly occurring, each commencing and ending in exactly the same way. In process of time, it was observable that Miss Powell's unworldliness seemed less striking. Her large, defiant eyes grew gentle and soft, and of a deeper blue; and her other features improved, also, under the careful command she held over them.

"CHAPTER IX.  
A Preference Shown.

The evening for the party arrived. Fred, waiting in the drawing-room at Briargrove, had hastily pronounced Flora's blue silk and general outfit very handsome and becoming, and then, as if relieved of a bore, dismissed the subject, and sat impatiently watching for the appearance of Miss Powell. She came at last. White crepe and rich lace fell in soft, wavy folds around her figure, that never looked so magnificent, yet womanly, as now. A single pearl, the only ornament she wore, looped her hair on the front of her corsage, and told, besides, how well gems would become the wearer of this.

"Why, Flora, you are fairly outshone!" cried Mr. Pemberton. "I see," he added, to Miss Powell, who looked unutterable gratitude, "that you know how to dress, as well as talk incomparably."

"Your hair is very becomingly arranged," put in his wife; "those braids around the head look like a crown, and give you the air of a queen."

"Perhaps Nature gave her more of that air than her skillful hands have to-night. At any rate, she always impressed me that way," answered Mr. Pemberton, in a manner that flushed to purple the cheeks of the spoken of, and that gave a disagreeable thrill to Fred, which he could not easily rid himself of. Happily Mrs. Pemberton did not see this glance, as with a mother's pride and fondness, she was putting many a last touch into her daughter's dress.

Flora was beautiful. She was very safe there. Fred could find no fault in her lovely face. But his eyes did not linger on her. Miss Powell had all his glances; this that young lady knew, and also, although he had not spoken it, how well he was suited.

"And what word have you for your daughter?" asked Mrs. Pemberton, turning Flora to Mr. Pemberton.

"Oh, every good one in the vocabulary! My child, you do indeed look radiantly beautiful," and he affectionately kissed her low, broad forehead. This part of her face he particularly admired, because of its exceeding womanliness. And Fred, too, had often complimented it. Now both these gentlemen turned toward the intellectual expanse of forehead—Miss Powell's greatest facial beauty—and regarded it long and favorably, until the other thereof felt it time to blush and avert her face.

"That tinge makes you divine," whispered Mr. Pemberton, clasping a plain gold bracelet on each white, well-rounded wrist, a present for the occasion, and such as he had previously given Flora.

A single instant her eyes looked into his. It was enough. An internal smile rippled over the surface of her secret thoughts.

As if, dazed, Mr. Pemberton caught at the pleasurable, his wife, attracted by the movement, noticed the pallid face that he was trying to turn toward the window, away from her alarmed and anxious scrutiny.

"It is nothing, my love, only a slight faintness," he observed, by way of explanation, feeling that he must say something.

"Let me bathe your temple with some of this camellia oil," said Miss Powell, moving nearer, and doing as she had proposed.

An impulsive movement, as if he had rather some other would attend him, and then he yielded, while Fred hovered near in deep solicitude, the Flora in the innocence of her heart imagined it.

"Here they come," whispered Dinah, and Missa Fred, as usual, bound down to that vampire.

"I see it. Our dear child does not, though," answered Venus, who started on finding that strange, magnetic glance of Miss Powell resting on her neck.

"Her own cheek took an ash-colored hue at the sight, while her secret heart experienced a thrill of agony too intense to bear and be unseen. She looked plyingly upon her elegant mistress, and in that moment of sympathy, sympathy born but of deep wrong, her bosom sent up one third of forgiveness for injustice long and allently endured.

"Did you see?" moaned Venus, when the party had driven off.

"Did I? I tell you that this is worse than the plague in a house! What makes her want such a wide swing?"

"The love of power, and hatred of those who are more favored by fortune than herself," said Venus, thoughtfully, and the two women indulged in a private conversation.

"Good! they set forth on an embassy of deep duty," said Venus, who was now in a state of high indignation.

"Why will you go? Stay! But what business of yours is it? I am not a meddling body."

unattended and unseen. Now the bright star-light seemed an embarrassment, and Venus wished it would rain, or was darker.

"One thing, we shall get back before our folks do," congratulated Dinah, at last leaving smooth traveling, and darting along with the speed of an arrow, through a path intricate and tangled, that led northward.

"Good, faithful friend! how reassuring your words have ever been to me. Missa's fine I should have sunk beneath my burden, had not your kind voice sustained and comforted my efforts."

"Do not say nothing about it! Venus! We're placed here to aid and assist. Interposed Dinah, walking faster, and always, when praised. One of those rare beings, whose own conscience is all the scales needed."

"Three hours' hard walking, brought them to their destination. Here, in the tangled forest, they met an individual, who, in impatient tones, declared he had waited an eternity for Venus, who, so far from resenting his manner, ceased him into good humor, and promised never to leave him again.

"You'd better not! Ha!—I know where I can find pay for your airs!" he cried, in reply.

"I don't want to show off airs. Indeed, I do not, Joseph. But you know all this. What do you mean by finding pay?" And Venus tried to be calm and free from the slightest approach to apprehension as she spoke.

"Nothing; only—only—"

"Speak, man! Out with it! Say you have seen her?" And Venus in her excitement and indignation, seized the aggravating old creature, and shook him with so much violence that he soon pleaded for mercy.

"Forgive me, Joseph; I forgot you were an old man!" she gasped, exhausted, and suddenly recoiling herself—"But your manner wounded me beyond endurance—it did, indeed."

"And your manner! Humph!" said he, tantalizingly, as he restored his dress to its proper place; for he had been nearly shaken out of it.

"You will not overlook it?" She stood pleadingly before him, with streaming eyes and suppliant words.

"I am an old man, and you—you are a tigress! Forgive you? Ha! when I'm dead, perhaps!"

"You may be in that state soon, Joe," interposed Dinah. "It's a bit won't be forgiven as easy as some others may, remember that! There's no long years of love, devotion, interest and duty on your side; don't forget that! Ugh! how a rope would look round that neck of yours!"

The old man cowered, and covered his throat with his long, purple hands.

"Or," she continued, "maybe they'd make a fire of faggots here; right here, where you stand, perhaps, and burn you in the midst of it."

The old man moved tremblingly away from the spot her flashing eyes indicated.

"Such things have been, you know," she proceeded, sitting composedly at his feet. "What 'nd they care for such a bundle of dry bones—nothing! Ha! they'd laugh ter hear 'em crackle and curl in the hot flames."

"Hush! no more, no more! I'll be silent as the grave!" cried her listener, falling on his knees before her.

"Promise that again, coward! Then rise, and take the provision we've come all this way to bring you," returned Dinah, in ineffable contempt and derision.

"You want let out on me?" he supplicated, still groveling at her feet.

"Not till you drive me to it," she replied.

"I'll never do that! I take my oath now upon it!" "Go; write that on the sand!" jeered Dinah, to the wretched old being, cowering and trembling before her. "We'll come again in a week. If, in the meantime that you troubles you, give her a fright—one that she'll never get over, perhaps."

"Good Dinah, I could not live, were it not for you!" said Venus, when they had turned homeward.

"I could not, if it was not for my children," came, occasionally and reproachfully.

"I know I am weaker than you can ever be," said Venus, feeling reproved.

"Forgive me for wounding you already wounded spirit," returned Dinah, humbly, and dropping behind.

pose of quizzing one whose attractions were strong enough to charm the best men present. With uplifted hands, and face speaking intense astonishment, she ejaculated—"Ann Powell!" Yet, could scarcely believe that the poor, ugly, ill-dressed teacher she had so often snubbed, irritated, and disobeyed, was really the centre of such evident admiration.

She fluttered her fan, laughed aloud, and rustled about, but in vain. Those gentlemen would not leave her inferior (as she very naturally considered Miss Powell) to come to her.

"I shall actually be nobody, if I don't speak to her," soliloquized Miss Layne. "Yet to be obliged to notice Powell—Powell of whom I've made such nice sport! Powell that I thought, yes, and still think, lower than my servants! No matter for that—now its different with her, and me, too, forsooth! The step must be taken. My! to think I'm nobody when she's round!" And she fluttered nearer—parted the crowd, and with extended hand, and lips formed to a kiss, cried:

"Miss Powell! Is it possible! You cannot think how happy I am to see you here!"

Miss Powell was not so vehement. She said, in a careless way, she was pleased to meet her old friend, &c. But she did not take the hand or kiss awaiting acceptance.

This unexpected nonchalance was overwhelming to Miss Layne. She the inferior of Miss Powell! and of course Miss Powell's clique, that gathered about her like bees about a hive.

"But I'll deal her a blow by way of revenge! I see the game she's playing. I'll spoil it."

"Is your former pupil here?" she asked, pointedly.

"Do you mean Flora?" asked Miss Powell, quite undisturbed.

"Yes," and Miss Layne bit her lips with vexation.

"She is. You can find her in the music-room." Thither Miss Layne hastened, and instantly finding Flora, commenced:

"Flora Pemberton, is that low being your guest?" "I do not know to whom you refer," replied Flora, with the old hauteur and dislike that she always felt for Miss Layne, and which formed a strange contrast to her natural sweetness and trustfulness. A disposition that, with her pride, made her blind to intrigues.

"Of course, I can mean no one but Powell. She is the only plebeian here. You might as well let yourself down out of your proud eminence, (I am not very far beneath you, I fancy), and meet me as a friend, who wishes to detain you only long enough to say—beware of Powell; she is dangerously ambitious. Your old lover is captivated, and—well, no matter who else!" and she went chuckling to her carriage, unable to remain longer after such a rebuff.

"Poor girl! how curious she is! As if Fred could be drawn from me!" thought Flora, "and as if Miss Powell would presume so far! How happy she seems to-night. I rejoice that I surmounted my repugnance to her so far as to invite her home. Still, I do not like her much. How excited Fred grew when I told him so, yesterday. But, dear fellow, he's so full of sympathy for her! I think she's so lonely!" For the sake of the example he sets me, I will try to like her more. I wish she had not worn that pearl, though. It keeps reminding me of the time that she came to dinner a perfect jewelry establishment. How incomprehensible she was then."

Before the close of the entertainment, Miss Powell had received and accepted an invitation to make a visit at Allyn Hall. Thither, in a few days, she went.

"How friendly you and the Colonel are getting to be," observed Mrs. Pemberton, one morning at breakfast, when her husband had announced that the Colonel and himself were to be off that day on an excursion up the lake.

"He's a prime fellow," said Mr. Pemberton.

"How'd it do for Flora and I to pass the day at Allyn Hall? Will you drive us there?"

"Yes; But, come to think of it, the ladies are engaged to-day—somewhere among Mrs. Allyn's family, I believe."

"Wouldn't it be funny if it's where Ellen Layne is visiting. How angry Ellen would be to meet Miss Powell again."

"Very likely, Flora, it is there. Mrs. Allyn's family is not quite equal to the one she married in to," replied Mrs. Pemberton, as she leisurely broke a fresh egg.

"Don't you think, mamma," continued Flora, mirthfully, "that Miss Layne actually presumed to warn me of certain proclivities she fancied she had discovered in Miss Powell?"

"Such as what?" as mirthfully asked Mrs. Pemberton.

"A desire to lure Fred. As though such a thing were possible! even if Miss Powell wished to, which of course, she does not. She knows her place too well!"

"Certainly," replied Mrs. Pemberton, hastily dismissing the subject, as if it were a disagreeable one. Her pride would not, for a moment, permit her to place an inferior on a level with the children of her house. Her kindness and hospitality had made this inferior very happy, as nearly as she could judge. She did not dream, however, what volcanic fires this and the hereditary wealth, position, and splendor of her surroundings, had awakened, until they glowed with a heat ruinous to every incipient feeling of a nobler kind.

In the afternoon, Ellen Layne called at Briargrove. "I know," she commenced, after the exchange of salutations, "that I am not a meddling body, but I cannot help but notice that you are not the same person as the one I met at the carriage."

gully of a crime against etiquette in coming here uninvited, and worse, unbecomingly. But I only dropped in on my way by, to ask, why, my dear creature, you are not at the picnic? I saw your friend and Mr. Pemberton, (bowing to Mrs. Pemberton) on their way thither. Mrs. Allyn and Ann Powell were in the same carriage. Why! did not you know they were going? How strange some gentlemen are!"

Mrs. Pemberton, recovering from her slight astonishment, replied, she knew her husband was going on an excursion, but had made no inquiries in relation to it.

But Flora remembered that Fred was not quite so constantly at her side as formerly, and wondered why.

Seeing how intrusive she was regarded, and satisfied with the effect of her annunciation on Flora, Miss Layne departed.

"Our family and myself were not invited," continued Miss Layne, "I mean the family I happen to be visiting. We do not care, however, as parties of just that description are not the proper places for respectable females to be seen at."

"You forget, Miss Layne, that you have informed me of my husband being one of this party," said Mrs. Pemberton, with dignity.

"Pardon me. I had, indeed. But in Georgia—that part, you will infer, where I reside—married men are models of constancy and devotion to their wives and homes," and she paused, in order to consult her watch, then added, "It is quite time for me to hasten away." As neither of the ladies pressed her to remain longer, she acted upon her proposition.

"How disagreeable and insolent!" cried Mrs. Pemberton, as Ellen drove away. "She was not my equal, so I would not resent her coarse insinuations. But, child, are you weeping? Why?"

"It is for nothing, I dare say. Yet, does it strike you, mamma, that Fred is just as he used to be?"

"I have noticed no difference. Nonsense, Flora! You have actually allowed that ill-bred girl to make you wretched."

Mrs. Pemberton fondly drew her daughter's head upon her bosom, and bade her trust to Fred's long cherished affection for making these slight clouds pass away, and leave nothing but the blue of perfect confidence behind. Oh, the encouraging words of a fond mother. They are beyond all price!

"Ridder purer than Golconda can furnish is your reassuring suggestion, dear mamma," cried Flora, when she had brightened up and dried her tears.

"I'm glad that girl has spoken out what has been our secret trouble," said Venus to Dinah, after Flora had told the former every word Miss Layne had spoken on her short and forced call.

"What did you tell Flora?" asked Dinah, anxiously.

"Just what you would have told her; that Miss Powell was artful and dangerous, and to be avoided, if possible. But my opinion made the poor child more angry with me than ever she was before. I fear Dinah, the end of this visit—Miss Powell's, I mean—is not to be reached pleasantly, for all parties. I have a strange dread at times. What if we do fail, after all our efforts?" And Venus covered her face with her hands, and wept.

"We shan't, unless you falter," said Dinah, in a whisper. "Keep up your courage. Fall! Towards only that I will not fall!"

"Nor will I!" cried Venus, catching a spark of hope and courage from the enthusiasm of her companion. But both deserted her the next moment, upon seeing Miss Powell riding up to the house with Fred at her side.

"Look there, Dinah!"

"I am. But you'd better look at the place where your treasure is, if you want to keep up courage for the battle. For battle there'll be!"

"I know it," moaned Venus, covering and shrinking.

"Venus, rouse up. Watch, and give me a hint if you see immediate danger. Go in, now!"

Miss Powell did not stay long—had only driven up to see how the family were—and to ask them to Allyn Hall, to pass the next day. Something in Flora's eyes had drawn Fred from the side of Miss Powell.

"You have not been here for three days!" Thus ingeniously Flora opened her troubles to him.

"So long as that?" he answered, astonished.

"He has not missed me," Flora was ready to think. But could she, when he appeared so glad to see her! And Fred seemed driven to make amends now for all past neglectfulness.

Even Miss Powell grew secretly uneasy, and was about to leave, when Mrs. Pemberton, who had, as ever, been cordial and kind, asked:

"Where did you leave Mr. Pemberton?"

"On the excursion grounds," replied Miss Powell, slightly flushing, but instantly recovering herself.







of any foreign power in the state affairs of any government here, no longer colonial nor acknowledging dependence on transatlantic potentates. Every government here may stand, if it be able, on its own feet, and if worthy of national respect, will receive the fellowship of this government and its aid. If it be republican and democratic. But if through weakness of Constitution, hereditary or superinduced by circumstances, it cannot stand alone and invokes the help and submits to the control or protection of the European Powers, it is the duty of the United States, whose policy and political principles have nothing in common with those of the Allied Powers, which are deemed to be dangerous to our institutions when applied and put into exercise in such proximity to us, to protest against their interference not only, but to resist with force any step on their part to intermeddle or to mix themselves with the affairs of such imbecile body politic. To tolerate such action would be in disregard of our interests, our institutions, and dangerous to the life and genius of our government.

The United States have always most scrupulously avoided any interference with European state affairs. The great questions of legitimacy—of titles to thrones and thrones—of the balance of power among kings and princes—of the policy of war, or of peace among them—and of other matters of state almost ad infinitum, cannot divert its attention from its own business at home. And it would be well if Great Britain should follow our example in that respect and aspect. Had that great nation done so, it is true, it never had manifested its gallantry, nor shown its generosity in the establishment of a Mosquito Protectorate—and, besides, and but recently, not been obliged by sound policy to retrace its steps taken on Mexican territory, in company with her loving neighbors, France and Spain, on a sacred crusade against a people too unmindful of the claims of their creditors.

The stand taken by our Government, that foreign powers shall confine their conduct to the affairs of their own colonial possessions in America, and refrain from any intervention in the affairs of any American nationality, weak or strong, has generally been approved by our citizens. The period of the promulgation of the doctrine, dates back in our history as far as the second term of the presidency of Mr. Monroe. Certain conduct of the allied powers, growing out of their views in respect to the South American republics, late provinces, whose independence had been duly acknowledged by our Government, and whose ministers had been received at Washington, had been brought to the notice of the Chief Magistrate. Having considered the matter, he took occasion in his annual message of December 2, 1823, to define the views of himself and cabinet on intervention, which views have ever since been generally endorsed by the people. In a careful argument, considering the claims of European powers, President Monroe said to the Senate and House of Representatives, among other things: "In the wars of the European powers, in matters relating to themselves, we have never taken any part, nor does it comport with our policy so to do. It is only when our rights are invaded or seriously menaced, that we resent injuries, or make preparation for our defense. With the movements in this hemisphere we are of necessity made immediately connected, and by causes which must be obvious to all enlightened and impartial observers. The political system of the allied powers is essentially different in this respect from that of America. This difference proceeds from that which exists in their respective governments. And to the defense of our own, which has been achieved by the loss of so much blood and treasure, and matured by the wisdom of their most enlightened citizens, and under which we have enjoyed unexampled felicity, this whole nation is devoted. We owe it, therefore, to candor, and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those powers, to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere, as dangerous to our peace and safety. With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European power, we have not interfered, and shall not interfere. But with the governments who have declared their independence and maintained it, and whose independence we have, on great consideration, and on just principles, acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppression, or controlling in any other manner their destiny, by any European power, in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States."

So fully had the President become convinced of the course to be pursued by this government in respect to European intervention in American affairs not connected with colonial duties, that in his next annual message, December 7, 1823, he declared to the Congress that: "Separated as we are from Europe by the great Atlantic ocean, we can have no concern in the wars of European governments, nor in the causes which produce them. The balance of power between them, into whatever scale it may turn in its various vibrations, cannot affect us. It is the interest of the United States to preserve the most friendly relations with every power, and on conditions fair, equal, and applicable to all. But in regard to our neighbors, our situation is different. It is impossible for the European governments to interfere in their concerns, especially in those alluded to, which are vital, without affecting us; indeed, the motive which might induce such interference in the present state of the war between the parties, if a treaty may be called, would appear to be equally applicable to us."

These are doctrines found in our American state papers. Are they sound, and do they stand on the immutable basis of true political philosophy? Will they stand the test of experience? The answer, it would seem, should be, that the conflicting interests of government of the East and the West can never be made to move in harmony on the same ground—in the same neighborhood. The United States shook off the fetters of foreign power, which had worn deeply into the body politic, while swayed by the rule of a foreign master as colonial dependencies. Let not the remotest part of that body, nor any of its neighbors in fellowship and of like political faith, be ruled, or unlawfully touched by the hand of foreign power, with impunity. Hands off should be the definite and indignant response to all trespassers, whomsoever and whenever. Let them ever be vigilant to preserve the freedom which their struggle with the mightiest power of Europe gained for them in the contest for mastery, which followed the declaration that they had rights and dared maintain them—a declaration ever maintained, and preserved by resolution of the Continental Congress, July 4, 1776.

tion, put forth by President Monroe, as shown above, limit the European nations to their colonial possessions and territorial boundaries in America, and forbid their exercise of power here, in furtherance of the establishment of their systems of government over any of the dwellers on this continent outside of their present recognized possessions—and at the same time, define the position of the United States in respect to its neighbors, the colonies of other powers—neighbors who are still obedient to their behests. These principles are satisfactory in the main; but they do not reach to the full extent of the evil. What if any of these colonies, these neighbors to us, shall stand in the way of the enjoyment and exercise of any constitutional right of a citizen of the United States, and the home government will not remove the obstacle? What then is to be done? Shall not the United States at once intervene, or, in other words, redress the wrong?

It would seem that these principles and doctrines which are settled and substantive in the mind of the American Government, will be brought to positive trial, unless France and Spain shall pursue a different policy toward the governments of Mexico and the republic of Hayti. The recent national recognition places the Haytians within the pale of the protection of this Government, against the hostile acts and belligerent attitude of Spain. Both these peoples come within the category of the American Protection. Can the United States, thus committed to a policy so just and necessary to its peace and permanence as a nation, suffer France to subjugate Mexico, and to place a foreign prince, the Archduke Maximilian, on the throne of that country? Will it consent that any sister republic in America, singular or continental, shall be despoiled of its government, however much inferior it may be in its attainments to its own? The papal clergy in Mexico, in the South American Republics, and elsewhere, seem to be in league with the Emperor of the French, to establish therein his supremacy in state, for the greater security and wider range of the ecclesiasticalism of the See of Rome on this continent.

These republics, however unstable they may have been, and however deficient they may be in that element which gives strength and durability to our own, have been important instrumentalities in resisting the spread of European influence here, secular and ecclesiastical. They should have our sympathy and guardianship. Nor is it surprising that an example so illustrious as that of this government should find copyers. Is it not a reasonable expectation that colonists, in such immediate juxtaposition to us, as of necessity all must be who establish themselves on this part of the globe, will feel our influence and be affected by us? The spirit of liberty is an active principle, and will have an influence. What must be the influence of our example and successful experiment in self-government on our near neighbors, when our nation only in its infancy attracted the fearful gaze of legitimacy in the Old World, and by its beautiful symmetry of proportions and presentment of form and motion, came near unsettling the foundations of thrones which had been deemed immovable. France, far off across an ocean, was captivated with the wisdom and singular felicity of our Government, and became an admirer of our republican principles. Dazzled with the brightness of the star which was so resplendent in the Western hemisphere, it dreamed of rearing a republic on the ruins of the throne of the Bourbons. But mistaking the righteousness for liberty, it precipitated itself by the revolution justly denominated the Reign of Terror, into the depths of anarchy—and the movement was worse than none—a signal failure. The South American republics assuredly seem to owe their origin to our example. Has not destiny manifested here on this continent, such order—such sequence as this, in political development—first colonies, next republics, and in the ultimate, United States of America?

Mexico, often torn in pieces by intestine commotions and factions, and now invaded by a foreign foe, must come to us for help, or die—perish forever. No foreign protectorate, nor imported prince will be tolerated. British subjects, all the way from the stormy Atlantic to the frozen ocean, seem just now to be loyal, and content to bow to royalty. It may be well, however, for their rulers to take warning, and learn lessons from the late upheaval in India—regulation here as well as there is a possibility. Manifest destiny! Indeed, these words should not be terms of reproach, nor by-words of braggartism—seers they are significant.

Europe has had its United States; its great powers have, for a long period, been united by strong ties of fellowship, founded on self-interest, and not on real friendship and mutual good feeling. Their union is for the balance and perpetuation of power—the continuance of crowns—the inheritance of thrones, by certain successions of old royal families and ancient houses of princes of the realm or empire. Their holy alliance held in check the Eastern Continent, and was to the people who should rise up to resist the monarchism that ruled them. Where is Poland?—drawn in pieces, and dismembered like the victim of the quadrupled quadrupeds loosened and let go in the ancient torture. "Order reigns in Warsaw." Where is Hungary? Let its eloquent and heaven-inspired Kosuth, pursued like the partridge on the mountains, like the confines of old Asia, answer the question. He will say, its lawful governor, was driven beyond the pale of European civilization—that the Christian powers permitted the House of Hapsburg to hold its government; and history will record with shame, how kinder than a Christian is the worshiper at the shrine of the Prophet—how higher and holier than the Cross is the Crescent. But enough for illustration. Their systems—their policy—shall they weep over this land? Shall they find lodgment and life in its beautiful islands—on its mighty mountains—and along its broad and lengthened rivers? America, too, has yet its United States—and though sought to be destroyed by blood, traitors, and perfidious traitors, they have a government still—and they are fast spreading the banners of human freedom, and of rational liberty over the Western Continent. The day and the land in which we live are remarkable for the birth of republics—these and organized territories are rapidly covering the immense American domain. Let time hasten the day when, for the purposes of liberty and freedom, all men—of all climes—of all countries on the face of the earth—coming thither to dwell—

No pent up cities contract our powers, But the whole boundless continent is ours. Governments abroad taking advantage of our intestine troubles, may attempt the extension and establishment of their power over American soil now in the use and occupation of our neighbors—and let them take the timely warning given in the epistle in

our legations at the European Courts. Let them remember that the men now engaged in the effort to suppress the rebellion, are only a grand voluntary association—and that the thousands of men and millions of money employed to subdue the rebels, are only small contributions from the strength and treasure of the nation held in reserve and readiness for the preservation of its integrity, and the protection of its policy. Yours, &c.

HORACE DRESSER.  
New York, July 1, 1862.

Spiritual Phenomena.

[Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1861, by A. H. Davis, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the District of Massachusetts.]

COMPENDIUM OF FACTS.  
ON SUPER-MUNDANE PHENOMENA.

BY A. H. DAVIS.

CHAPTER VII.

PHENOMENA OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY—SPIRITUALISM.

BOUNDARY LINE BETWEEN MUNDANE AND SUPER-MUNDANE PHENOMENA—COMMENCEMENT OF THE MANIFESTATIONS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY—MANIFESTATIONS AT THE HOUSE OF DR. PHILIPS, STRATFORD, CONN.—WHEN MEDIUMS ARE BROUGHT UNDER SPIRIT CONTROL THEY ARE NO LONGER SUSCEPTIBLE TO HUMAN PATHEISM, SUBSTITUTED BY FACTS—ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS—THE FOUR MAGNETIC CONDITIONS—PROP. GRIMES AND THE FOX GIRLS—FACTS STATED BY DR. STILES IN THE NEW YORK CONFERENCE—TESTIMONY OF JOSEPH B. HALL—MY OWN EXPERIENCE.

"I know thou hast gone to the home of thy rest, Then why should my soul be so sad? I know thou hast gone where the weary are blest, And the mourner looks up and is glad. And hope, the sweet angel that gladdens the earth, Lies asleep on the bosom of bliss!"—T. K. Hervey.

I come now to the super-mundane phenomena of the nineteenth century; or what is commonly called spirit manifestations. In chapter five I intimated that there was a class of phenomena which, although similar in some of its phases to what is called Mesmerism or Pathetism, could not be classed under that head; and in this chapter I shall aim to show wherein the difference lies between the two, and to lay before my readers a class of phenomena to substantiate this difference.

One marked feature has already been noticed to be the fact, that, while in the phenomena called Pathetism or Mesmerism the agent or operator is visible, in the other they are invisible. Again, those mediums who were once susceptible to Mesmerism or Pathetism control, when brought under the control of an invisible operator, are no longer susceptible to Mesmerism control. This point I shall attempt to substantiate by well attested facts.

The manifestations of the nineteenth century first began to attract public attention in the spring of 1848, by a class of remarkable phenomena witnessed at the house of John D. Fox, at a village called Hydesville, in the town of Arcadia, Wayne county, State of New York. But as the facts connected with these manifestations are so generally known, I will not repeat them here, but refer my readers to other sources. The first phase of these disturbances was simply a rapping on the ceiling and other parts of the room. Here it was that intelligent investigation was commenced by the daughter of Mr. Fox, a mere child. While others, for centuries back, had been frightened almost out of their wits with the stories of ghosts, witches, haunted houses, &c., this young and playful child had courage to question the disturbing influence, and, marvelous to tell, she received, intelligent answers. From this point manifestations of a similar and varied nature began to occur all over the country. This may properly be considered the commencement of the manifestations of the nineteenth century, inasmuch as it was the point where intelligence was first received from the invisible operators.

The manifestations which occurred at Hydesville, however, were no more remarkable than those which subsequently took place at the house of Rev. Ellakim Phelps, D. D., Stratford, Conn., commencing on the tenth day of March, 1850, and continuing until the fifteenth day of December, 1851. The physical manifestations which were witnessed there were, perhaps, as remarkable as any that have ever been witnessed in this country.

I shall now attempt to prove by facts that when mediums are once brought fully under spirit control, they are no longer susceptible to mesmerism control.

The reader will here please to mark my meaning. I do not mean to be understood as saying that such mediums may not be influenced by human operators, so far as to assist in producing the necessary conditions for spirit control. I simply mean this: that they cannot control, by their will-power, either the muscles or mind of the medium.

So intimately connected as he is, with not only the mundane but also the spiritual phenomena of the nineteenth century, I cannot pass without laying before the reader some of the remarkable phenomena witnessed in the case of Andrew Jackson Davis, in illustration of my subject.

This gentleman I regard as one of the most remarkable men of our time. Davis's experience, as a Pathetic subject, dates back of the manifestations at Hydesville, or those which occurred at Stratford, Conn.; but it is somewhat remarkable that he entered what he denominates the fourth condition about the same time that phenomena at Hydesville first began to attract attention in the family of Mr. Meskum, who occupied the house previous to the Fox family moving into it, viz, 1844 and 1845.

I have carefully examined Mr. Davis's Autobiography, to ascertain, if possible, how far he was ever brought under pathetism control; and I find evidence which seems conclusive to my mind, that he was never under that control, any further than is necessary in producing the abnormal condition. I am impressed to say that he became clairvoyant before he was ever pathetized. That he was under the influence and control of an invisible operator, before any attempt was ever made to pathetize him, cannot be questioned by those who have carefully examined his own testimony.

In the spring of 1838, when only twelve years of age, he was taken sick with a fever. The doctor considered him a case of crisis, and forbade him the use of water. While paralyzing with thirst, and longing for water, a voice which he says resembled the voice of his mother, whispered to him in gentle accents, plainly, distinctly and with emphasis, these words: "You may drink the water." He obeyed, and the fever subsided. He never forgot the words, and he never forgot the use of water. While paralyzing with thirst, and longing for water, a voice which he says resembled the voice of his mother, whispered to him in gentle accents, plainly, distinctly and with emphasis, these words: "You may drink the water." He obeyed, and the fever subsided. He never forgot the words, and he never forgot the use of water. While paralyzing with thirst, and longing for water, a voice which he says resembled the voice of his mother, whispered to him in gentle accents, plainly, distinctly and with emphasis, these words: "You may drink the water." He obeyed, and the fever subsided. He never forgot the words, and he never forgot the use of water.

waters—of maple trees." He followed the direction, and in a few weeks was convalescent.

The same spring he says, he heard the *Mollan* strains blending with mysterious melody. In alluding to this, he says: "But now there was born in me an inexpressible yearning to know and love everything human. I seemed to be lifted, as by miracle, above the mist of selfishness. While I listened, confounded and transfixed with joy and wonderment combined, I seemed distinctly to hear floating down upon the glistening solar rays, as it were, an indescribable blending with the *Mollan* strains of the mysterious melody, these words: 'You may—desire—to travel.'" On another occasion the pastor of the church in the village where he resided, called upon him, and expressed his fear to him that he had sinned away the day of grace. On account of this, his mind was in trouble. He says: "I passed a moment; a beautiful tranquility succeeded my agitation. A soft breathing passed over my face, and I heard a voice like the gentle whispering summer breeze, 'Be—calm—the—pastor—is—wrong—you—shall—see!'" These events occurred more than five years before any attempt was ever made to pathetize him.

I do not give these examples to show that Mr. Davis was clairvoyant at the time, but to prove that he was more or less under the influence and control of an invisible agent or operator, previous to his being brought under pathetism influence.

The first attempt to pathetize him was made by Professor Grimes in 1848. Speaking of this event, Mr. Davis says: "The Professor went through a series of motions resembling the 'Pretto change' of legdemain performers, and then imperiously said—'You can't open your eyes.' He was mistaken. I did open my eyes with perfect ease. I make this statement to correct a subsequent unqualified assertion of Mr. Grimes, that he was the first to magnetize me."

The next attempt to pathetize him was made by Wm. Livingston, December 1, 1849. Mr. Livingston was so far successful as to induce the trance, but how much he was aided by invisible operators no one can tell. Almost immediately, Mr. Davis manifested the clairvoyant powers; and that he passed beyond pathetism control of the operator, most apparent evident from the following circumstances of the case narrated by himself. After coming out of the trance, he asked:

"What brought these folks here? What have I been about?"

"I sent for them," replied the operator.

"What's been done, again I asked? Tell me all about it."

"Why, after a little while you read from your forehead the large letters on a newspaper; told the time by our watches—besides you described where some of us are diseased, to our perfect satisfaction."

In speaking of Magnetical and Spiritual conditions, Mr. Davis has divided them into four classes, and beautifully illustrated them by diagrams.

The first condition is, when the operator begins the Pathetic process. In this condition, the spheres of the two individuals are entirely separated.

In the second condition, the spheres of the two blend partially, but not entirely; and the operator begins to assume power or control over the subject.

In the third condition, the spheres of the two completely blend. In this condition, the operator gains complete Pathetic control over the subject, and the subject often becomes incipiently clairvoyant; but in my opinion, both the operator and subject are often acted upon by an invisible operator.

Mr. Davis, I am impressed to say, entered this condition at the first or second sitting.

In the fourth condition, the spheres of the operator and subject are again separated, and the operator loses all control over the medium, and the medium becomes independently clairvoyant.

Mr. Davis tells us that he entered the fourth condition on the 28th of November, 1845. By this I presume he means, that he became somnambulist independent of a visible operator, and became subject to the Pathetic control of operators from the invisible and spiritual spheres of man's existence. His soul took its flight on wings of light and wisdom to the planes of spiritual knowledge and truth, and from this hour no human operator can induce even the trance condition. To this plane, for a series of years, his spirit-friends labored to bring him, and if they did make use of human instrumentalities, the work was finally accomplished without ever yielding him up in passive relation to the volitions of human will.

In further illustration of the point under consideration, I will cite several other cases which are to the point. Professor Grimes, in his public lectures, and elsewhere, frequently asserted that the Fox girls were developed under his lectures. The following letter from Mrs. Ann Leah Brown, formerly Ann L. Fox, not only contradicts this assertion of Mr. Grimes, but also goes to prove that they were never susceptible to Pathetic influence. It was written by Mrs. Brown to a gentleman in the city of New York, and reads as follows:

"New York, Sept. 4, 1855.

"Dear Sir—Mr. Grimes is a perfect stranger to me. I never saw him but once to my knowledge. This was more than a year after the manifestations had commenced in our family. My sisters were present at the interview referred to, and I am confident that they had never seen him before, and have not seen him since. No attempt was ever made to magnetize any member of our family by any one previous to the commencement of the manifestations in 1848; and as far as I know, and believe, we are none of us susceptible to magnetism, except through the aid of spirits."

ANN LEAH BROWN.

The following facts stated by Dr. Stiles, of Bridgeport, in the New York Conference, is also to the point. He says: "When Mesmerism first began to attract attention, I experimented in it. I had a subject, a young woman. I could put her to sleep at any time, and she would say just what I wished her to say. One day I fixed my room in a certain order—piled chairs, books, etc. in the middle of it, and then rode two miles to where my subject was. I put her to sleep. She accompanied me clairvoyantly to my room; I all right; but when she got there, she described the room, in spite of all my willing, just the reverse of what I had left it, and supposed it to be. I returned at once, and found she was right."

In conclusion, Mr. Stiles asks: "Which spirit was it that saw in this instance, here or mine?" If this does not substantiate the point in question, it clearly

shows that there were other operators than Dr. Stiles controlling her.

The following case, related by Mr. Joseph B. Hall, of Presque Isle, Maine, of the phenomena witnessed in the case of a medium, a Mrs. F., whom he frequently pathetized, is not altogether irrelevant. He says: "A very marked difference existed between her appearance in the magnetic clairvoyant state, when I magnetized her, than when magnetized by our spirit-friends; even though I said them in causing somnambulism. When magnetized by me alone, she exhibits all the phenomena of physical clairvoyance. On the other hand, when spirits aid in magnetizing her, she sees none but those that have passed the veil; and those she sees very clearly. While she loses her own identity, her appearance is very much changed, and spirits speak with her organs, or seem to, at any rate. This difference is new and singular to me; but it clearly shows to my mind something more than Mr. Mahan's 'polar force,' and proves conclusively, that in one case, some other will than mine is exerted."

I will, in concluding, refer again to Prof. Grimes. Although he attempts to account for the whole spiritual phenomena by Etheropathy, as he calls it, he is forced finally to acknowledge that it does not solve the mystery. He says: "The truth, however, is, that Mesmerism or Etheropathy shed no light whatever on this subject. It leaves it where it finds it."

Here I think Mr. Grimes is mistaken. From his standpoint perhaps it does not. But to me, Pathetism sheds abundant light. I regard the whole phenomena as necessary in paving the way to a higher and more beautiful condition—a stepping-stone from the mundane to the super-mundane.

I have given only a few cases from the experience of some of our most prominent and reliable mediums; but, if it was necessary, I could quote from the experience of hundreds of others to establish the point in question. As to myself, I need no such testimony to convince me. My own experience establishes the point in question, in my mind, beyond a doubt. I never was Pathetized; and I believe no human agent can so far effect me Pathetically, as to render me unconscious, or to make me utter a single thought by the volition of their will. And yet, I am often brought under the control of super-mundane operators; who not only control the mind, but by gentle magnetic currents—sensitively felt—move, not only the muscles of the body, but impress thoughts which are new, and which I positively know, are external to myself.

In this chapter I have not aimed to give any more of the phenomena of the nineteenth century than is necessary in showing how it was ushered into being, and to mark the distinction between the human and super-human, or spirit magnetism. In the chapters which are to follow, however, I shall trace the phenomena, and give the reader facts under distinctive heads, viz: Remarkable Physical Manifestations; Impressional and Inspirational; Prophecy; Gift of Tongues; Premonitions; Healing the Sick; Identifying Spirits; Spirit Lights; Spirit Voice; Spirit Touch; Spirit Music; Seeing Spirits; Spirit Writing and Drawing; Raised Letters on the Flesh; Lost Property Found; Psychometrical Reading, and Testimony of the Press and Noted Men.

† New England Spiritualist.  
‡ Grimes's Philosophy of Mesmerism, p. 220.

Enterprise.

The careful observer of human progress who beholds our nation rising from her lethargy and shaking off the present rebellion, slavery and all, and in loading herself with a debt, making an equal amount of currency to pay it, and holding up this currency to a level with the best paper currency that could be devised by State Legislation, must foresee an extraordinary amount of enterprise already awakened, and no wonder Congress is compelled to provide its share of outlets by passing the Homestead Bill, laying out the Pacific Railroad, and lining the nation with defensive walls, both stationary and floating.

We are adding \$1000,000,000 to our circulating medium, and starting it nearly all in the Free and Border Slave States, where reside the most enterprising portion of our population. It is fortunate for the poor that the Homestead and Pacific Railroad bills have been delayed, and passed at this time, as both with the opening of a vast amount of territory in the Slave States will tend to keep down the price of land under the great pressure of speculation with an abundant currency.

In the direction of business, and in the application of physical or mental force, the prospect has never been as flattering in our country as at the present time, and history furnishes no similar instance to ours of a nation growing rich and strong from its own resources and ingenuity, while carrying on a mighty and terrible war, feeding both armies and shipping bread-stuffs to foreign nations. One part of the nation destroying millions in raw material for manufacture, and the other with crowded warehouses of the same material manufactured and waiting a market, that the mills may turn out more while the loss is scarcely felt, except in the enhanced price, which is hardly noticed by the consumer of the cotton goods.

The rebellious side of the nation, destroying or distributing the wealth of its rich planters, which has been produced by the slaves, who will be released from the task of replacing it, and the poor whites and blacks who cannot be robbed of wealth or reputation (for they have none), are mixed in this general turmoil, sure to be benefited by the change of system and property.

Under these changes, the wealthy aristocracy must take what to them seems a lower level, and the poor, even the slaves, must be bought up. Even the speculations and enterprise that follow this war, and the vastly increased currency, will, if properly directed, (as seems likely to be by the acts of Congress,) tend greatly to build up the laborers and the poor generally. Land will be cheap, provisions abundant and cheap, labor and money plenty. Education will also take a start, and Spiritualism, which is the religion of, and for, the masses, and especially the poor, will derive a new impulse from the general impulse, while Christianity, which has drifted into sectarian monopoly, will follow the fortunes of its corresponding phase (aristocracy) in social life.

Monopolies, whether of land, labor, money, education or religion, must be greatly weakened, and reduced by the changes which are now rapidly transpiring in our nation. Our Government will be nearer to the people, our currency will be nearer to the people, our education will be nearer to the people, and our religion (in Spiritualism) will be nearer to the people, so that all can have land, labor, education and religion, and these will bring salvation.

WARREN CHASE.  
Battle Creek, Mich.

A late lecturer remarked that it would not be a very violent stretch of the imagination to believe—that the Massachusetts baby, six months' old, sits in his mother's lap, eyeing his own cradle, to see if he could not invent a better one, or at least make some improvements.



## MISS JENNIE LORD'S SEANCES.

Magic, Marvel, and Spiritual Phenomena not yet Dead.

I often hear our spiritual friends complaining when their speakers tell them anything new, that it is "beyond their comprehension—they do not understand it." On the other hand, they are yet more apt to murmur because they "do not hear anything new," and the expression, "Oh, I've heard it all before," is one of the most common reasons alleged for abstaining from spiritual meetings.

Now, I am quite aware that nine-tenths of those for whom I am penning these lines, will greet them with the usual comment, "Oh, I've seen all that before," or, "I know all about it," or else, "Why, Emma Harding is only repeating what she told us about, last winter." Why do not she give us "something new?" Now, as there is another class of Spiritualists, and a remarkably large class of outsiders who don't know anything, but assume to-day that the physical phenomena are passing away; for their benefit, I desire to offer a relation of the facts subjoined, whilst for the modern "Athenians," who are forever searching for "something new," I would mildly inquire how much use they have made of the old? How much they live on the theory? or realize the practice of spiritualistic doctrine? and how industriously they have used the opportunities of having "seen everything," and find out how it is all done?

Not having seen everything myself, or understood more than one per cent. of that I have seen, I was gratified to find, on my arrival to fulfill a three weeks' engagement in Chilopee, Mass., this present month of July, that Miss Jennie Lord, the best physical medium I have ever yet seen, was an inmate of the house I was to stop at. Miss Lord had been holding circles for some weeks in Chilopee, and the amount of marvel which greeted us on every side, ere I had been in the place an hour, determined me to suspend all expression of opinion until I could be my own witness of the facts.

I found that our hospitable entertainer had fitted up a room in his handsome mansion for the benefit and use of the spirits—the paraphernalia of which consists of closely darkened windows, two large tables, strong enough to bear more than mortal poundings, with every nameable missile; two fine drums (bass and side), along up to the ceiling; an excellent bass viol, violin, cello, tambourine, guitar, together with horns, pipes, and a perfect octave of bells, large and small. A gentleman, who is an admirable executant on the violin, kindly volunteers his services as the visible leader of the invisible choir, and the circles usually consist of from four to six outsiders, admitted on professional terms, for the medium's benefit, and a few of the family or invited friends to complete the circle.

To attempt any description of the phenomena beyond the recital of bare facts, would be absurd; they must be heard and *felt* to be fully appreciated. All I can do is to repeat some of the more details of the programme. This usually commences with the forcible playing of the bass viol, in accompaniment to the voices of the circle, in singing the opening song. Then follows a familiar conversation with the player, spoken on the part of the circle, and kindly but always most significantly responded to by the double-bass player, with taps of the bow on the tables, chairs, and persons of the circle. Sometimes he accompanies the violin-player in a merry jig; frequently gives him the note to tune his instrument with; taps for order, for commencement of the concert, and applause, and signifies his indignation at want of harmony, by such hideous scratches and indignant saws on the strings, as evince a hand and arm of something more than human power. As a general thing, this is succeeded by guitar playing; and here I find myself far more at a loss than in the attempt to describe any other portion of the performance. For, who would believe that a guitar, not played on the frets, but simply the open strings, (tuned in fifths and thirds), carried into all parts of the room, on the floor, ceiling, played on the heads and shoulders of the circle, and in perpetual motion, could and does make some of the sweetest and most forcible music (for a guitar), I ever listened to; and that in every description of time, beat, and power. One player, in earth, life, must have been a master of his instrument, and certainly has not degenerated in the spheres.

This performance generally lasts the longest of the evening, and being by far the sweetest and most scientific part of the concert, is enjoyed as a solo, although the maestro accompanies the voice or violin admirably. The bells in duette, trios, and sometimes solos, follow. Occasionally, a spring-bell is played alone, with the speed and neatness of a practiced hand and the rhythm of a good musician; the admirable time and variety in the beats of all the instruments is one of the greatest features of the performance.

The tambourine is very often accompanied by the sound of dancing feet, now light, now heavy, now a solo, then a party. Confectionery, if placed on the tables, or at times in the pockets of some of the circle, is handed round in the tambourine, and the tenderly caressing action of those who hold it, lightly touching our heads, faces and hands, is evidence that we are surrounded by love, as well as skill.

It is generally toward the close of the evening that the thunder of the drums high above our heads, takes part with other instruments, and constitutes one of the most remarkable parts of the concert; for not only do the spirits accompany tunes with skill and precision, but at the call of the company they will play different "points of war"—"a double drag," and certain wild, fierce, and very difficult points which I have only heard executed by marines.

Sometimes they treat us to a mimic bombardment, crashing on drums, walls, ceiling and tables, with a force that is heard far away in the village, beating with a strength that would crush our heads or hands to jelly within half an inch of us, but though in pitch darkness, never by any chance ever coming in contact with us. To the uninitiated, this part of the performance is fairly terrific, and never fails to call for the ejaculation, "why, they must see everything, or else they would have killed us."

The night preceding one of the late great battles before Richmond, the spirits represented the *clash ringing* conflict with frightful force, imitating the explosions of musketry and cannon, the beating of drums, and even the working of the telegraph, and then informed the circle they would (as they actually did) receive news of the battle the next day.

I can only add in addition to the above, that the violin and cello and accordion are both played at times, the latter (excepting the guitar) with more skill than any of the other instruments. An immense dinner-bell (rung over our heads) and (acting as a lever) the confusion of those who do not feel as if, that the spirit, if asked hard; or wrong us, closes the concert, except when they end by lifting up the medium, chair and all, turning her round; placing her with the speed of lightning; and the strength of a Hercules on the table, to her waist, and then dashing the chair, medium and all, up and down on the table several times, as the final triumph of the strength of an "imponderable airy body," or "nothing," as we have hitherto deemed of our own souls.

I must here add, with apologies to my friendly host, for dragging his domestic arrangements into print, (although I do so in duty to the verity of my story) that these proceedings take place in the house of a gentleman whose wealth is unapproachable standing; and long years of business and honorable application in the community, place the possibility of any delusion, rather on the outside of the north pole; and as the

medium's hands are constantly in the charge of the four members of the circle on either side of her, who does all this? If it be not intelligent spirits, (since human folly or impudence could hardly father it on our host, or his family.) I would propose that the "imponderable, magnetic, sympathetic, electric, cerebral, reflex, &c., &c., &c. power," that effects it all, should be respectfully solicited to take charge of our armies, conduct our orchestras; manage our telegraphs, and become elevator-general of heavy bodies to all the warehouses in the United States; it would save so much human strength and money!

Of course the spirits would not do it, if they could, for independent of the fact that they need a medium, and Jenny Lord cannot be all over the States at once, they claim it would deprive us of the privilege of living, laboring, thinking and executing, were others to come and do the work for us; they would live, and we should vegetate; but "imponderable, unintelligent force" has no such human and logical scruples.

Surely, Messrs. Professors, it would pay well to take out a patent for such a new motive power! pity but what you would try it and it must be a reality, for haven't one third of the "seances" of the day declared it to be the origin of all these manifestations?

As to you, my spiritual friends, before you complain that the spirits give you nothing new, that the phenomena is dying out, and you really know all about it, be pleased to afford us poor students, still on the anxious seat of spiritual knowledge, some little light as to how all this is accomplished. New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Providence, Cincinnati, Cleveland, St. Louis, &c., &c., are "progressed beyond all this," and poor little Chilopee thinks itself exceedingly fortunate in picking up this rich crumb from their tables.

Should any of these great depots of "bygone Spiritualism" wish to return to first principles again, I presume they may do so by addressing Miss Jennie Lord, at Chilopee, Mass. There they will find a gentle, delicate, unobtrusive young lady, who, for the consideration of kind treatment, and a moderate wherewith to sustain her useful life, will soon convince every creature that has sense or candor enough to be convinced that Spiritualism, in its most powerful and interesting phenomenal phase, is not yet quite "played out."

As to the doctrinal part, (if the witness of so notorious a "revivalist" as your subscriber be legal evidence,) I beg to call attention to the fact that, despite the oppressively warm and thundery weather that has prevailed during the entire month of July, in Chilopee, despite the absence of material bodies engaged in the dreadful distant war, and spiritual energies diverted into the same direction, still our Sunday meetings have been nobly sustained.

The hourly discourse of a very large and entirely harmonious circle in this village is "our religion," and the practice of the aforesaid circle, during my past month's residence amongst them, has been a constant experiment of how best to shower kindness and hospitality on my grateful head. Spiritualism, with this people, in its most living, practical, vital sense, is their very meat and drink; rarely have my eyes been blessed with such a continual succession of evidences of the presence of the immortals.

I am happy enough to be a seeress at times, in most places; but in Chilopee, those times are *all times*; whether the admirable clearness and force of Miss Lord's circles, and the glorious opening of my own spiritual vision, may not be promoted by the affectionate harmony that prevails in our surroundings, as well as a scene room, and place, held sacred to the spirits, and a magnetism always preserved pure and unbroken, I will not pretend to say; but I would advise the ill-natured caviller and inharmonious investigator to try similar conditions before he indulges too loudly in the complaint that he can never obtain any manifestations of a satisfactory character.

EMMA HARDING.  
Chilopee, Mass., July 30, 1862.

We, the undersigned, have read the above statement of Miss Emma Harding. We have sat repeatedly at Miss Lord's circles ourselves, witnessed all that is here described, and so much more in addition, that we feel it would be hardly safe to draw on the credulity of the public to the extent of our own experience. In justice to the medium herself, and for the benefit of that portion of the community less highly favored than ourselves who have participated in these manifestations, we herewith append our names in full and hearty endorsement of Miss Harding's statement:

Isaac Bullens, Mrs. Erastus Stebbins,  
Thomas A. Denison, P. L. B. Stickney,  
A. Bullens, A. Bullens,  
P. L. B. Stickney, M. D., The A. Denison,  
Lyndon Van Horn, Lyndon Van Horn,  
Erastus Stebbins, Wm. H. Gilmore,  
Wm. H. Gilmore, Miss Sophia Stebbins,  
Wm. P. Beals, Sarah E. Bullens,  
David Bronson, Mrs. B. B. Hill,  
Lewis C. Bullens, W. P. Beals,  
George H. Knapp, Esq., B. B. Hill,  
Richmond Donks, And two hundred other citizens of Chilopee and Springfield.

## Notes of Travel.

My first Grove meeting this season was at Northampton, Summit Co., Ohio, June 7th and 8th. It was a general good time. Summit Co. is one of the oldest Spiritual vineyards in all "that region round about." And from the very first, I believe Northern Ohio has been foremost in the investigation of Spiritualism. I think the first Spiritual paper established in the West, was at Cleveland. Our meeting at Northampton gave evidence of no decreasing interest in the minds of the thinkers there. I believe there never was a time when Spiritualism (not marvelous) Spiritualism was so deeply seated in the hearts of its advocates in Ohio, as at the present time.

On Sunday, June 16th, I gave a funeral discourse in Huntsburg, Geauga Co., Ohio, of a young man named Lorenzo Morse, who died in the army. The Town Hall was filled with intelligent listeners. This town is the place of my nativity. Though years have passed since I left there, still familiar faces greeted me, and familiar hands grasped mine. Did one ever visit the place of his childhood, and not feel emotions swell in the soul too big for utterance? My heart was full all day; and when I saw the fields, the woods and groves where I used to play, I almost wished myself a child again.

Sunday, June 22d, I lectured in Jackson, Michigan, to a good audience. The friends there seem to be united and in earnest. Henry Slade, a well known clairvoyant physician, resides there, and is reported as doing a good business.

June 27th and 28th found us in Wayland, Mich., where we had a fine Grove meeting. This town is about midway between Kalamazoo and Grand Rapids, on the stage line. The country is quite new, the people are intelligent and enterprising. Mrs. M. J. Kutz made a couple of fine speeches at the meeting. She is a lady of rare attainments, and as a speaker has few superiors. She has never crowded herself into public notice, but where she is known she is popular. Mrs. Leland gave a lecture, on the history of revolutions, full of thought and interest. In short, our meeting was a perfect success, and all felt glad that they were there.

At Grattan, Kent Co., July 5th and 6th, we had a large audience and a good time. Mrs. Kutz, Mrs. Wellman and Peter Johnson, all spoke on subjects of interest, and satisfied the askings of many minds. A larger or more orderly gathering is seldom met with than that at Grattan.

July 18th, I lectured at Maple Rapids, to a good audience, although there was some misunderstanding in regard to the appointment. I did not speak in favor

as announced, on account of a severe attack of fever, from which I am now just recovering.  
Fraternally yours,  
S. PHILLIPS LALLAND.

Grand Rapids, Aug. 4, 1862.

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

## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1862.

OFFICE, 158 WASHINGTON STREET.  
Room No. 3, 2d Floor.

WILLIAM WHITE, ISAAC B. RICH,  
LUTHER COLBY, CHARLES H. CROWELL,  
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

FOR TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION SEE EIGHTH PAGE.

LUTHER COLBY, . . . . . EDITOR.

## The Dawn.

It is breaking. If others are inclined to be downcast, it is our lot to be filled and buoyed up with a more perfect faith. What is generally the topic of regret, of lamentation even, comes to us now as matter for open congratulation. All these trials, reverses, griefs, and woes,—all this disappointment, chagrin, humiliation, and confessed sin,—what is it but the long-sought pledge of the happy day when all men will learn to do justly by one another, and love to do righteously for the sake of righteousness alone? We call not for confusion, chaos, anarchy, or anything of the kind. We have no desire to witness, nor yet to become participants in, any suffering which the world of to-day can get along without. The last wish of our heart would be, that our neighbors and friends are forced to see what they will not, or cannot otherwise see, through the instrumentality of suffering, deprivation, and outright grief. Still, as lovers of truth, and knowing well that we none of us become inheritors of it to any extent, save by the discipline of these very processes, we shall continue to rejoice that truth is rapidly making its way, and will in good time be glorified in the heart and life of every man. All men, on looking back over the reaches of history, rejoice that certain advances have been made, and that certain obstacles have been successfully removed; and yet, if they pause and send out their active sympathies among the numberless individuals whose conditions have been sadly changed for the time by the progress of events, they would certainly lose sight of the great results which were finally attained, and by entirely swallowed up in sympathy for the incidents as they went along.

This very strife, these struggles—multiplied and multiplying—these frequent passages of souls from earth-forms to spirit-realms—this present confusion and blindness of thought—this feeling about unawares for a source of truth, never really found as yet, no matter how persistently professed, a triad that alone can carry us every one through the trials of the earth-sphere, and purify us as we pass—this universal shaking to their very centre of all the many tricks, unreal schemes, corrupt plots, and wicked subterfuges that have so long passed with our modern state for realities—what are all these but signs and symptoms not to be set aside, of the dawn of a brighter and better day, when what is true and sincere alone, shall be sought after, and all that is worthless and empty shall be thrown away?

We are no alarmist. We would adopt any other calling almost. But we are bound to speak what is true, and to reason upon such premises as that furnishes, as correctly as we can. And when we reflect on the course we have been drifting as a people; for so long, and seriously consider the tendency of our national life under influences so undeniably pernicious as those which have of late years inflated our sails—when we reflect, too, upon the numbers of aspiring souls that have all this while been kept down by the tyrannical mechanism and formularies of things which men considered to be established, and think that the present confusion and the coming chaos are sent but to trample down those existing tyrannies with their own naked power, and so to prepare the way for the incoming of a better rule, of more spiritual ideas, of a larger and more permanent toleration—how is it possible for us to be filled with anything but a great joy? Out of all this present and superficial evil will come positive good. Suffering begets sympathy; and sympathy is a mysterious something which has too long reigned upon our tongues, and kept itself too much out of our hearts.

Who is inclined to lament the approach, and the immediate ushering in, of the day when men can speak and believe what they think? When the corrupting and paralyzing power of money—that is, capital—is to be broken?—when labor and capital will be harnessed together in harmonious cooperation, in stead of, as now, fighting each a guerrilla battle for itself, and winning mutual victories at immense cost? Who will mourn to know that the blessed gospel of truth will be permitted to descend into every man's heart, without the pernicious hindrance of a paid priesthood, that stand forth advocates for their own system and for themselves?

Shall we sorrow, because we shall be able to attain to these most desirable things only at a precious expense and cost? Would it be experience, without cost? or discipline? or riches? Is anything of any worth, unless it has root in our own being? And if it have root there, can we expect it to occur without labor, and watching, and waiting, and deprivation? Are we such children yet, as to suppose, or even to hope, that we can at any time get, and not give in return? Should we be developed, should we be enriched, if we could have what we desired, by merely wishing, and not by work?

All our State is yet to discuss these matters of civil polity over again. We are to dig, and dig, until we reach rock bottom. Trials will teach us patience; suffering will develop sympathy. Disappointments will impart to us a higher skill. We will bring forth blessings, and sweet peace will become the child of violence and blood. Then will the world take another, and a longer stride forward. We shall advance, but for ourselves, and not through the orders and officious authority of others. History will have to record, that out of this present black cloud, leaped the bright lightning that electrified and purified the world.

## Knowing too Much.

A ready and pliant talker is like a bottle with but little in it; he runs easy, and is soon empty. Your man of conceit is the man to furnish you with instruction; it is no matter with him whether you know all about a topic or not—he would have you think that he knows it all, and he is forever ready to ask you questions such as you would never think of putting yourself, and cannot get hold of to answer, they are so simple. "Oh, if you only knew, as much about these spirits as I do," says one. Well, but what is the particular value to a person, of such contact with spirits; except that he may the better understand the great spiritual laws thereby—those of his own being included? Tests are for such as need them, and always useful; but the more curiously bent in these matters, the wonder-seeker, the mystery-monger, what opportunity does he not display, when he heartily proclaims that another person, more or less inspired than himself, is totally ignorant of spiritual laws and their operations, because he has not had to go to the same school with himself!

## Modern Spiritualism.

Our eyes and ears are wide open to any good results which can be reported by the believers in this new movement. We are told, from two to three millions. We have therefore published in the present number of the magazine a second article, from a very intelligent source, on this subject. We certainly agree with the writer as to the *causes* with which the world should be treated, and the *rules* applied equally well to all subjects of a religious nature. The base of all religious investigation, is intellectual honesty—not the strong, clear exercise of the reason, but reason used without the grace of humility. We have read some thousands of pages on Modern Spiritualism. One thing has seemed to us, as patients enough. No such phenomena could have triumphed if the teachings of the Church had been clear, full, and rational, touching the great themes of immortality. Two millions of people would not have resorted to Spiritualism, unless their minds and hearts had been starved and baffled, and unless their deepest yearnings had been in vain. And they have found two grand Christian truths, which the churches had either darkened or ignored, that there is a spiritual world, real, and not spectral; and that it lies close to this, and brings all our departed kindred near to us. These are old truths, which had been nearly lost, and which Spiritualism has done something to restore.

But the question arises, is this to be a new dispensation, the healthful and normal method of learning religious truth, or is it a disorderly method, permitted for a time to a skeptical and sensual age? Is open spirit-intercourse a thing to be sought for as a divinely appointed method, or is it, in fact, the nature of the case, a normal, and attended with deadly peril? So far as we have been able to observe, the general tendency of this sort of cultus has been to the rejection of all that is distinctive in Christianity, and to the baldest naturalism and pantheism. The exceptions to this which we have become acquainted with are the Christian Spiritualists, represented by Rev. T. L. Harris, and these have gone off into extravagances which sober-minded people would hardly believe hearthful and sane. The intelligent believers in Spiritualism ought to show that there are incidental and exceptional, and that the prevailing results are humility, larger faith in Christ, the reason not abolished for spirit guidance, but made more clearly to reflect the truths of divine revelation; God more vitally apprehended, not sunk and lost in nature. Not only the fact of immortality should be shown, and that "spirits communicate," but the laws of retribution should be more fully revealed, and the spirits should communicate something which adds to our knowledge, or which fills our hearts with a sweeter, tenderer, and profounder love. These should be the tests, and these should be fairly shown as the prevailing results of the new cultus.

The above notice of an article—the second one on the same topic—just published in the Monthly Religious Magazine, on "Modern Spiritualism," we print for the sake of calling the attention of the BANNER readers to the views of the editors on that important topic, and of letting them know what they will doubtless be glad to know, that we shall publish the article itself in our next week's paper. It is a fine production, as calmly and clearly stated, and as well reasoned out, as the previous one from the same author. Our republication of the other one in the columns of the BANNER, called forth a great many expressions of thanks from the liberally inclined portion of the community; and we do not doubt but that the second article will be hailed with equal satisfaction.

It is undeniable, even by those who were so recently thoughtless scoffers, that Spiritualism—as a fundamental and all-pervading system, or philosophy—is rapidly becoming understood and appreciated. It holds its place in men's hearts all the more fixedly, because there is no work or labor like proselytism connected with it. Every man must open his own eyes and let the light enter, or he may still keep them shut and enjoy his own darkness. No pride, no intellectual conceit, no possible combination of scientific wise men or bigoted creeds will avail to interrupt the operation of God's own laws throughout all nature. The least an intelligent man can do is, in humility to read, reflect, investigate, and enjoy. We can do no more now than bespeak the reader's special attention to the second article on "Modern Spiritualism," from the Monthly Religious Magazine, which, we repeat, will appear in the columns of the BANNER next week.

## A Picnic in the Woods.

It has been suggested by many that Dr. Gardner "put the wheels in motion" for another Picnic—and that "Dungen Rock," Lynn, be the place of meeting. A similar one to that at Abington Grove would not come amiss this hot weather, and we hope the hint here dropped will induce the Doctor to immediately move in the matter.

What can be pleasanter than to go off in the form of a party, luncheon-baskets in hand, and pass the day strolling through the woods? Too many days have we spent ourselves that way, and we fondly hope a good many more are left us to enjoy. The feast on the ground, with all the indescribable scents of earth and trees rising and floating around you, is such a feast as one finds on no tables at this time of the year. There is so much refreshment for mind, body, and spirits in the careless leisure of such a day. The cares of social life incessantly drop off from the thoughts, as the tired body is divested of its clothing at night. We much prefer to see a holiday passed in this pleasing way, to seeing it smothered all over with burning gunpowder, and made hideous with the explosions of fire-arms and the yells of discordant throats. A true picnic gives you nothing but suggestions of harmony and peace.

## About Farming.

No business is so sure as farming, say what we will. In New England, it is estimated that those who till the soil do not, as a general thing, invest over from one thousand to two thousand dollars in their business; could the same money, invested in trade, secure a man a *wealthy* living—and a good one, too? But a farmer must needs be intelligent, the more so; he must know his business, how to improve them, and then be courageous enough to do it. In the difference between farmers on this point, lies the difference between their conditions. As an observing writer on agriculture says—some men never succeed in anything. From the want of common understanding they fall in every thing, while others, with much less labor and bustle, succeed in whatever they wish to pursue. It is a fact that no small investments pay equal to those made in farming operations; so many families could not be supported on the same amounts invested in any other way.

## 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 revenue 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 do not intend 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 in our subscription list.

## Lecturing Tour.

We have received a long letter from Bro. A. H. Davis, giving an account of his public labors in Southern Vermont, which we have been obliged to defer. It will appear in our next.

## Our Editors.

No public notice will be given of the death of any of our contributors.

## Disagreeable People.

The "Country Parson" who contributes to the Atlantic Monthly, had some excellent reflections in the August number, concerning the "very sort of people whose characteristic quality we have written above." He tells us how many sorts of truly disagreeable people there are, and in how many ways they are disagreeable. Especially of one class does he speak, who have had their portraits sketched before. "It must be admitted," says the Parson, "with great regret, that people who make a considerable profession of religion, have succeeded in making themselves more thoroughly disagreeable than almost any other human beings have ever made themselves. You will find people who claim not merely to be pious and Christian people, but to be very much more pious and Christian than others, who are extremely uncharitable, unamiable, repulsive, stupid, and narrow-minded; and intensely opinionated and self-satisfied. We know, from a very high authority, that a Christian ought to be an epitome in commendation of the blessed faith he holds. But it is beyond question that many people who profess to be Christians, are like grim Gorgons' heads, warning people off from having anything to do with Christianity. Why should a middle-aged clergyman walk along the streets with a sullen and malignant scowl always on his face, which at the best would be a very ugly one?" And so on, with his questions. He "shows up" Phariseism to the letter.

## A Fine Description.

Starr King thus paints the changes of the spring year, as seen upon one of the grand mountains on the Pacific Coast, which he has been studying of late. "The fields are quite green in January, but the roads then in the picturesque districts are impassable. Until April or May, it is almost impossible to visit any 'out-of-the-way region.' After May, the glory fades from the landscape, and, unless a traveler rejoices in a grey and brown by the thousand square miles, he will not court any of the heights of Central and Western California. So I have watched the changes on the Contra Costa hills, and the dome of Diablo beyond, for three seasons, before finding the opportunity to start for the climb that would show the riches of the State spread at my feet. About Christmas time, the green begins to creep upward from the shores of the Bay. In January, it reaches the edges of the canons among the hills. In February, it marches steadily upward along the track of their water-courses. In March, we see the barework for fifty miles, brilliant with verdure. In April, and early May, the flowers interfuse their color, an arrested and chronic sunset, over the vast wall, and Diablo beyond shows that the spring has planted its embroidered banner in his upper dells. In June, nature grows suddenly sober in her mood and tastes, and after the first of July, except when sunset drowns out the grey with its fleeting pomp of purple, no one in this part of California can account the thirst or the taste for natural beauty as a blessing."

## Robert Hall as a Talker.

A recent number of the London *Electric Review* has an interesting paper on Table Talkers, maintaining, among other things, that we know much more about these famous persons by hearsay than by actual and literal report. Robert Hall, the eloquent preacher, is set down as one of the finest of all table-talkers. In conversation, he was all that that was as a preacher; possessing rapidly, imagination, wit, force; in a large degree. He was unhappy in his courtship of Miss Steel. When he was, perhaps, smarting under the disappointment, he went out to tea. The lady of the house said, with no very bad taste, "You are dull, Mr. Hall; we have no polished men here to entertain you." "Oh, madam," he retorted, "that's not of the slightest consequence; you have plenty of polished brass!" On another occasion, when some rumor of marriage had gone about, he broke out at once decided, "Sir, sir; marry Miss —, sir; I would as soon marry the devil's daughter, and go home and live with the old folks!"

## 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.

Mrs. M. S. Townsend will lecture in Charlestown next Sunday; N. Frank White in Quincy; Frank L. Wadsworth in Marlboro'; H. B. Storer in Plymouth; Mrs. A. P. Thompson in Portland, Me.; Charles A. Hayden in Foxcroft, Me.; W. K. Ripley in Levant, Me.; Mrs. Augusta A. Currier in Bucksport, Me.; M. Taylor in Union Common, Me.; Mrs. M. M. Wood in Putnam, Conn.; Miss Emma Harding in Oswego, N. Y.

Mrs. E. A. Kingsbury lectures in Auburn, N. Y., Aug. 17th, and in Cicero, Aug. 21st.  
Dr. E. L. Lyon will answer calls to lecture in any part of New England. He may be addressed at this office for the present.

## To Our Agents.

Mrs. E. A. Kingsbury writes from Victor, N. Y., as follows:  
"I am told that several speakers receive only one dollar and a half for subscriptions to the BANNER for one year, and that they obtain the paper for subscribers at that rate, even though these subscribers are living one in a place."

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## Letter to Secretary Seward.

We ask the attention of our readers to the article furnished in another part of the BANNER, by Horace Dresser, Esq., of New York, on the "Monroe Doctrine" for this continent. It is an elaborately written essay, and will command wide and profound attention. It discusses of topics that come home to the heart of every true American. The author prepared it originally for the "Atlantic Monthly," but the editor, in his large wisdom, refused it. If the Atlantic copies it from us, will it be kind enough to give the BANNER due credit?

"LITTLE NELLIE" has sent her picture, just as she promised. It is the too of a different and fainter little girl, and such a one as we should have been disappointed not to find in answer to her name. She accompanies the gift of her photograph with an original letter in her own hand, which lets us take her private history somewhat. She is a good girl, we feel sure, and we should forget to perform our duty, if, did we only tell her that we wish her all good things with her new letter, and the pleasure of knowing that her "little father" has been helped by her. "Little Nellie's" Paper," published at Portland, Me., might well be subscribed for and advertised in by every one who wished to do a good thing. Good things, we shall never forget you, and your photograph shall have a conspicuous place in our Album. We regret to learn that Mrs. Annalee A. Fiske has been lying dangerously ill at Portland, Me., for some time. She is now slowly recovering, and we hope to hear of her again, and of her friends, who will be able to answer to Worcester, where she will find a warm welcome.



## John Baker

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because each week had but one instance has grown  
 in which I have been obliged to put a man in  
 charge of other discipline. Not a case of drunkenness  
 has occurred, and yet I have around me a number  
 who know, under other circumstances, are liable  
 to become "perpetual" drinkers. The average "first-  
 day" of this data, had not been two yet now. How I  
 value happy results like the effect of the "first-  
 day" unusual hospital discipline, I do not profess to  
 say, but I am assured by past experience, and the  
 commendation of others that it was not without  
 effect. In all places, but with all other things  
 I have freely avowed my spiritual and physical  
 side, and to the future I often speak in my sermons  
 on them, with the greatest, important, and  
 most daily, and more than the human part  
 of the nature of soldier has increased



of a brighter and happier world for all such as die in the discharge of duty.

The terrors of the old creed often hang heavily on the mind of the poor, sick, soldier, and words of truth come most opportune in such cases. I have often observed that the mind becomes easily more susceptible of the truth at the approach of death. I once asked a poor fellow who expected to die, and was consequently in much terror of hell, if he thought God would inflict misery upon him in the other world, after he had been fighting the battles of his country and lost his life thereby? He looked up, wistfully, and answered, that he "didn't think it would be right." I assured him that God would do nothing but what was right, and that just so far as he had been a true man, he would receive his reward.

The elements of the great moral reformation are being diffused everywhere, and though it may seem impossible that they should find ingress within the lines of aggressive warfare, yet it is nevertheless true, and the discerning mind perceives beyond the material strife of today, and sees clearly the scene of a beautiful and harmonized world presented to view after the smoke of the world's great battles has passed away.

I went into the army with the idea that I would suffer most from discords and strifes around me, and though such has been the case to a considerable extent, yet I have learned that a strong will, rightly directed, can establish, to a great extent, the conditions most desired around it. Mild strife and the discordant results of war, I have found peace, contentment, and even happiness, predominant in my immediate surroundings.

I have found the army a great harvest-field, where the spiritual rewards of labor have been abundantly bestowed. In this I am not insensible of the beneficent influence of ministering spirits, and instead of taking to myself any credit, I most freely accord to them the full measure of every good work that has been manifested through me. Nothing short of such controlling power could have aided me so perfectly from the usual consequences of adventuring unpopular doctrines while in the discharge of duties usually regarded incompatible with reformatory ideas.

The lines of conservatism and bigotry are drawing closer and closer as the great work goes on, and persecution for opinion's sake will soon be one of the bitterest elements of war. It is well, for all to be watchful, and not well for any to speak too freely who regard this life as of more importance than the truth, for the whole history of martyrdom is not yet written.

Seminary Hospital, Savannah, Tenn., 1862.

### Another Large Gathering of Spiritualists.

After leaving St. Charles, Illinois, (where my last report was dated,) I wandered my way, via Chicago, across the lake to the Michigan shore, where, near Pier Cove, the friends of Spiritualism were to assemble for a three-day's meeting, on Friday, July 11th. Mr. Davenport and his two sons accompanied me. They, though unexpected, were gladly welcomed by the friends, as a useful auxiliary to the convention. The meeting was held in a beautiful grove on the shore of Lake Michigan, where the resounding waves mingled their melody with that of the excellent choir, that favored us with music at intervals during the meeting, and the inspired utterances of the several speakers. The Convention was organized Friday afternoon, by the choice of the following officers: President, Dr. C. B. Goodrich, of Ganges; Vice-Presidents, Messrs. Parry, of Ganges, Paynter, of Broadville, and Weeks, of Allegan.

It fell to my lot (as usual,) to act as Secretary, and prepare a report for publication. The remainder of the afternoon was occupied in short speeches by each of the speakers present.

Saturday morning session was opened by the reading of a selected poem by Mr. E. C. Dunn, after which, Mr. Peabody gave the regular discourses from the text—"And Pilate said unto Jesus, what is truth?" on which he founded a very able and instructive lecture. The meeting then adjourned for two hours, which were very pleasantly spent in a picnic dinner, for which there was an abundant supply of all the good things in *material* for the support of the inner man, rambling on the lake shore, gathering shells, pebbles, and other curiosities, and listening to the music of the rolling waves.

I gave the regular afternoon lecture, from the text—"Behold, I make all things new," and closed with an improvised poem on the subject of Superstition, given by a gentleman in the audience. After this, an hour was spent in conference, in which Mr. Ritch, Father Shaffer, and others participated. Sunday's meeting opened with a largely increased audience. The morning services were opened with music by the choir, an appropriate chapter in the Bible was read, and a short invocation offered by Mr. Peabody, after which he gave another of his able discourses on "The Evidences of Immortality," in which he contrasted the "misericordies" of the past, with the positive proof, found in spirit-communication, and urged all to strive for knowledge on this all-important subject.

After an hour's intermission, which was enlivened by a little shower, just by way of baptism, but not enough to spoil our closing session, we assembled again with an audience undiminished. Mr. Fish gave the opening lecture, subject—"The Mission of Spiritualism," in which he showed, by able argument and historical facts, that Spiritualism was fulfilling a high and holy mission, which had not been, and could not be accomplished by any other religious system, ancient or modern. Mr. Dunn then made a short speech, and I followed, giving the closing lecture of the Convention, and another poem. The meeting then adjourned to meet at the same place August 10th, 1862.

The Davenport boys held circles each evening during the Convention, and did the cause of truth much good. Their tangible demonstrations of spirit power, taken all in all, this meeting was a session long to be remembered by all who participated therein.

A. B. W.

**CONVENTION.**—I notice one very important omission in my report of the St. Charles Convention. In the synopsis of my own speech (first column, and fifth paragraph,) it reads, "Spiritualism reveals the truth of immortality unknown before, millions of minds owe all their knowledge to Modern Spiritualism." It should read, "millions of minds owe all their knowledge *thereof* to Modern Spiritualism."

A. B. W.

### LIST OF LECTURERS.

Parties desiring to hear these lectures should call atention to the BANNER. Lecturers will be careful to give notice of any change of their arrangements, in order that our list may be kept as correct as possible. Dr. C. B. Goodrich will deliver a discourse on the departure of Mrs. Anna A. Wickham, and daughter from the earth, at 7 o'clock, on Monday, August 12th, at 10 o'clock, on Tuesday, August 13th, at 10 o'clock, on Wednesday, August 14th, at 10 o'clock, on Thursday, August 15th, at 10 o'clock, on Friday, August 16th, at 10 o'clock, on Saturday, August 17th, at 10 o'clock, on Sunday, August 18th, at 10 o'clock, on Monday, August 19th, at 10 o'clock, on Tuesday, August 20th, at 10 o'clock, on Wednesday, August 21st, at 10 o'clock, on Thursday, August 22nd, at 10 o'clock, on Friday, August 23rd, at 10 o'clock, on Saturday, August 24th, at 10 o'clock, on Sunday, August 25th, at 10 o'clock, on Monday, August 26th, at 10 o'clock, on Tuesday, August 27th, at 10 o'clock, on Wednesday, August 28th, at 10 o'clock, on Thursday, August 29th, at 10 o'clock, on Friday, August 30th, at 10 o'clock, on Saturday, August 31st, at 10 o'clock, on Sunday, September 1st, at 10 o'clock, on Monday, September 2nd, at 10 o'clock, on Tuesday, September 3rd, at 10 o'clock, on Wednesday, 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14th, at 10 o'clock, on Sunday



William White & Co.