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Literary Department.

"WHAT WILL PEOPLE SAY?"

FANNY GRAINGER'S MOTTO.

BY MISS SARAH A. SOUTHWORTH.

CHAPTER I.

In a handsomely furnished parlor, in the city of T—, sat two ladies conversing. The elder of the two possessed a calm, earnest face, shaded by waves of dark brown hair, and irradiated by soft hazel eyes. She could never have passed for a beauty, and yet there was that in her countenance which always attracted attention, but nevertheless puzzled the beholder to tell wherein the fascination consisted.

In vivid contrast stood the dark, piquant face, sparkling black eyes, and jetty ringlets of her companion.

"Alice, how very cool you are about this provoking marriage!" impatiently exclaimed the latter, raising her eyes from an open letter in her hand. "I declare, you do not seem to feel it at all."

"Why should I, Fanny?" was the calm reply. "I consider that Harry has arrived at years of discretion, and understands what he desires for a wife, and if he has won such a place of perfection as he seems to imagine, I am certainly pleased to hear of it."

"How stupid you are!" was the contemptuous response. "What do I care how perfect she is? She's been a governess, and that's enough. Will people any when they hear that Harry Grainger, who might have married any lady in the land, has stooped so low? I shall be ashamed to introduce her to the Mortimers, or the Kingstons, and I shall die with mortification when she is presented as our sister, I know I shall."

"Not quite so bad as that, Fanny," laughed her listener. "As the wealthy Mrs. Grainger, due homage will be paid her, whether deserving or otherwise. I doubt not that she is far superior to those whose verdict you dread so much."

"Just like you for all the world," was the pettish rejoinder. "When was there ever a time that you did not delight in degrading associations. I declare, you are incorrigible. Mamma and I have been mourning over Harry's misalliance all the morning, and you seem to speak as if it were a matter of congratulation, and that we are highly honored in having a governess for a sister. Oh, I can just imagine her mistress of this mansion! How she will take on! 'Alas! Such people always do; but I shall just tell her now that I won't stay here to have her queen it over me. What a pity that papa gave this house to Harry. To be sure, the condition was that we were to have a home here as long as we chose, but that time will be of short duration after Mrs. Grainger is installed here. Oh, I hate the very thought of her. To think that Harry should be ensnared by the arts of such a designing creature!"

Fanny, Fanny!" expostulated her sister, "do at least suspend your judgment until you have seen her. You forget that you are not giving Harry much credit in describing him as so easily duped. He desires us to receive his bride kindly for his sake, until we know and appreciate her for ourselves. Then let us observe his wishes, and give her a cordial reception to our love and respect for him."

"Oh, wonder of wonders! Alice Grainger, the soul of truthfulness, counselling me; her sister, to practice deception, pretending to love where I hate," exclaimed Fanny, lifting her hands and arching her eyebrows in mock surprise.

"You understand what I mean," was the grave response. "I do not wish you to seem what you are not; but why cannot you make up your mind to love, as well as hate? You know nothing about her."

"I know enough," was the reply. "Emily Tracey wrote me that she was the most artful person that she ever saw; always putting herself forward in every imaginable way, and as Harry was the handsomest, and had the largest fortune of all the gentlemen that frequented the house, she soon singled him out, and played her cards so well that she is long he was inextricably involved in her meshes. I am sure Emily ought to know her, for she has been her sister's governess for two years. Wonderful friendship Harry had for Horace Tracey; all on account of that low creature! Oh, what will people say!"

"What a vulgar world is this!" laughingly rejoined her sister. "How you dread the august judgment; but seriously, though I do not consider Emily Tracey's testimony admissible in this case, I do not believe that she was a disinterested spectator, and perhaps, given, she might have been influenced by her to give you this disagreeable description of Harry's wife."

"He would have shown some signs if he had married Emily," rejoined Fanny, "and I should not be surprised if she was disappointed, as she would not be so likely young man to throw himself away in this manner. I might have known that it would be useless to waste my breath arguing with you. Of course, one who so far forgot her pride and dignity as to fall in love with a poor student, like Arthur Sinclair, can appreciate Harry's sublimity devoted to a governess. I suppose if I had not been for Harry, he would now be enjoying life and love in a cottage with Arthur."

As she gave a quick gasp, and turned a face white and rigid as marble to her sister.

"Oh, Fanny, you are cruel!" she said, in a voice choked with emotion. "I have not heard that name pronounced for five years, and your words pierced like an arrow. Yes, you are right, I should now probably be Arthur's wife, if parental authority had not interfered. Perhaps I weakly yielded when I should have foregone all, and followed him I had chosen; but I could not go forth with the terrible weight of a father's curse resting upon me. God only knows where he is now, but if he ever returns, he will find me Alice Grainger still."

"Why, is that the reason you have refused all offers? I thought you were very fastidious, but I never dreamed that you were wearing the willow for Arthur Sinclair. I am sure papa treated him as he deserved. Why, what would people have said if papa had bestowed your hand upon that penniless adventurer? How presumptuous to think of lifting his eyes to one of Warren Grainger's daughters."

Alice had risen, and was nervously pacing the floor; she now paused before her sister, and exclaimed:

"Fanny, among all those who flattered around me that winter, there were none worthy to be named with Arthur. His proud, noble nature shrank from vice, and his eloquent tongue ever pleaded for the down-trodden and the oppressed. He was a good, pure champion in the cause of truth and right. But poverty is a great crime, and dire consideration prevailed when it was discovered that he had dared to love a millionaire's daughter. Worth in a threadbare coat was not good currency, so he was hunted from the city. I will not question my father's motives, he has gone hence; in all else he was good and kind to me, and if he had worshiped gold too fondly, he saw his error when the Death Angel bent above him, and in that solemn hour he released me from the promise he had demanded. Therefore, I say, that if Arthur Sinclair should return, possessing the same honest, upright nature, and though he had not a single place to lay his head, I would give him my hand, and gladly endow him with my wealth, and what people might say would be a matter of perfect indifference to me."

"Your heroes are all lost upon me," replied Fanny, shrugging her shoulders. "For my part, as long as I live in the world, I won't make myself ridiculous by cherishing any such Utopian ideas. I doubt not that you and Harry will agree most wonderfully; but I prefer more select circles, and I believe mamma is of my way of thinking, therefore I will go to her now and inform her that you are all ready to strike up a most romantic friendship with the governess," and countering with mock gravity, she darted from the room.

Amid the shades of night Alice buried the past, pressed the last sod upon the re-opened grave, and then turned from the painful task to present duties with a face that betokened no inward struggle.

One week from that day, Harry Grainger presented his young, beautiful wife to his mother and sisters.

No flush or tremor disturbed the stately composure of the bride, as she responded to the oblique greetings of Mrs. Grainger and her youngest daughter; but the elder sister's gentle embrace was returned with almost convulsive warmth. After conducting her to her apartments, Alice returned to the parlor, and found her brother alone.

He came to her immediately, and placing his arm around her, drew her to the sofa, exclaiming:

"It is really pleasant to find some warmth in the house. Mother and Fan are like a couple of icebergs. Horrified at my marrying a governess, I suppose; prefer some of the silly flapping beauties, who were all ready to throw themselves into my arms, to a girl of sense and dignity. Well, they'll learn to love her by and by. I know that their freezing brightness pierced her to the very soul; but you never would have suspected it from her manner. 'Alas! she is one of those that could die and make no sign.'"

"But, Harry, please tell me her history. I am all curiosity," said Alice.

"Well, she is of Spanish descent. Her father, and mother dying when she was but three years of age, she was placed in an asylum. There her rare beauty attracted the attention of a Mr. May and his lady, who, having no children of their own, adopted her. They gave her a splendid education, and she grew up the belle of the city. They traveled in Europe, and mid beauty, wealth and talent, she shone like a resplendent star. She now rode upon the topmost wave of popularity. The next instant she was hurled into the seething vortex of agony and despair. One sad day, by one of those fearful accidents that chill the blood, paralyze the heart, and make the brain reel with terror, she was deprived of both father and mother. All Mr. May's vast fortune was obtained by his sister's son, and she was left to earn her bread."

I first met her about three years ago, at a watering place, where I had followed Louise Stanley. I was becoming interested in Louise as you know; but the insults and reproaches that she heaped upon me in consequence of some trifling attention that I paid her, disenchanted me. I could not discover who the beautiful stranger was that had thus mistreated the modest my path."

A year after, I accepted Horace Tracey's invitation home, and there met her again; but all my advances were repelled. Pioneers that I sent her were sooty thrown aside to wither, or be trampled under foot. Books delicately offered were immediately given to Emily, who accepted them with modest

blushing effrontery. If I entered her favorite bow-er, it was only to see her disappear among the shrubbery, and when I dared to follow, the bird flew to her cage."

At last, one night I rescued her from insult in the street, and the next day enjoyed an hour's conversation with her. After this she did not avoid me, until the Traceys, observing my attentions, poured a torrent of reproaches upon her defenceless head, kindly informing her that I was only amusing myself at her expense, and painting me as a villain of the blackest dye, by assuring her that I was Emily's betrothed husband. Matters reached their climax when, upon going out there one day, I found the house deserted by all save Mrs. Tracey. Explanations ensued, and when the family returned, I presented her as my affianced bride, and calling a carriage, drove to a clergyman's, who, in a short time, gave me my wife to cherish, love and protect. Now is she not a glorious young creature?"

"Of course, in her fond husband's eyes," was the laughing response; "and yet I fully agree with you. But you know, Harry, that I am considered somewhat eccentric, and I should be extremely sorry if you have taken a wife that has nothing but a beautiful face to recommend her. If her mind and heart are as capable of commanding admiration as her external form, then have you indeed been fortunate."

"Spoken just like yourself, Alice," rejoined her brother; "but I have no fears but that you will find her all that you could desire for a sister, and I predict that you will soon be fast friends. She is very reserved, and trouble has taught her to distrust, but the love with passionate fervor when once her confidence is gained, and she cannot long resist your gentle, earnest advances."

I will commence storming the citadel at once, then," was the gay reply, "hoping that, your faith in my powers will not cause any exaltation on my part. I dislike to depart in the midst of your panegyric, but I fear that your bride will imagine that we are wanting in politeness, at least, if we leave her any longer to her own meditations," and she retreated from the room as Fanny entered by another door.

"Ah! have you come to offer your congratulations?" exclaimed Harry, advancing to meet her.

"When reason is dethroned, then perhaps I shall compliment you upon your senseless act of folly," she laughingly rejoined. "You have disgraced us all. I should have thought you might have had some respect for us, if not for yourself. What do you suppose the world will say at your absurd infatuation?"

"I am not at all concerned as to its verdict. I did not marry to please any one but myself. My wife is my equal in everything but wealth, and I possess enough of that for both. If any insults are offered to her, I shall consider that they extend to me, and as such shall treat them. Remember this, if you please, and I will now bid you good morning."

CHAPTER II.

The elite of T— were on the qui vive with excitement, at least those who had received invitations to Mrs. Harry Grainger's reception. It was the all-engrossing theme of conversation. Such whispered discussions as were witnessed by merchants and milliners, as the fashionable throng selected costly fabrics and flowers, with a view to the approaching fête.

Some, who had repeatedly reiterated their assertion of excluding Mrs. Grainger from their "set," concluded that they would reconsider the matter, and might possibly honor her with their company. Prudent mamma, with marriageable sons, and an eye upon the long rent-rolls of her sisters-in-law, decided that it would be politic to cultivate her acquaintance. Pappas, with notes about to be protested, were established that any one intended to offer any insolvency to the lady that such a respectable gentleman had honored with his name. Brilliant belles, that had gazed lovingly into the handsome face of Harry Grainger and longingly upon his splendid fortune, determined to go and see "what she was like." It was universally conceded that this would be the party of the season.

The eventful evening ushered a gay and glittering assemblage into the palatial mansion where Mrs. Grainger moved as mistress. She was robed in snowy satin, rich gems gleamed on the beautiful neck and arms, while the glossy midnight-hair was looped back from her face with bridal flowers, and then fell in a mass of ringlets from a jeweled comb. Her large, lustrous eyes were veiled by long, drooping lashes, a delicate rose-tint rested on her cheek, and the full, crimson lips were curved with smiles.

Her mother-in-law, cold, proud and stately, moved among the guests, noting each glance of admiration and every whispered encomium that was bestowed upon the surpassing beauty of the bride.

"After all," she thought, "she is magnificent, and people will forget that she has been a governess. I feared some awkwardness upon her part, but she carries herself like a very queen."

The next instant a smile of gratified pride illumined her countenance as Fanny approached, leaning upon a gentleman's arm. The former was indeed bewitching. Her flowing robe of amber gossamer was most becoming to her clear, dark complexion, a gold chain was twisted among her jetty curls, and it sparkled and gleamed with every turn of the pretty head.

"Why, Lord Carlton, this is indeed quite a surprise," exclaimed Mrs. Grainger, advancing to meet them, and cordially taking the gentlemen's proffered hands. "Not a disagreeable one, I hope," was the laugh-

ing reply. "I came to-day's steamer, and hearing of this soiree in honor of your son's bride, ventured to intrude, hoping that the many attractions gathered here would be my excuse."

"No excuse is necessary," was the gracious response. "Lord Carlton is always welcome, whenever he chooses to honor us with his company."

"Thank you, madam; but, Miss Grainger, I see the dancers are forming in the next room. Shall we join them?" and bowing, he turned away with Fanny upon his arm, while a glow of satisfaction rested upon the bride's countenance.

In the meantime, Alice, in a silver grey tulle, with scarlet verbenas nestling on her bosom and in the smooth brown braids of her hair, was sitting from room to room, arranging and stiling—that most difficult task—a promiscuous crowd in such relations that each might enjoy the greatest amount of pleasure possible.

After several young ladies had performed upon the piano in a most striking manner, a universal desire was expressed to hear the bride play, and with quiet grace she seated herself before the instrument.

Now joyously the keys started at her touch! What showers of light fantastic mirth flashed out! What crashing, wailing agony groaned and moaned beneath the white fingers! The magic power of the improvisatrice floated over the throng, and they followed her rapt soul in its wanderings. Anon they stood amid the gorgeous richness of some tropic land, Emerald tints flashed in and out, and the aromatic fragrance of ripening fruit and glowing flowers enveloped sense and sight. Then the picture faded, and they trod the deck of a noble ship upon the billowy ocean. Clouds gathered. The thunder, in great reverberating echoes sounded their death-knell. Thick, obnoxious darkness crushed them in its folds, then the gleaming sword of the lightning rent the veil. The limbs and slowness of the growling, creaking ship parted, and with muttered curses, wailing prayers, and pallid faces upturned in the darkness, they went down.

The music ceased, and faces rose from her seat, while a low murmur of applause greeted her, and many thronged around her to inform her of the rare treat that she had given them.

Later in the evening, as Harry was standing by Alice, he abruptly exclaimed:

"Do you know anything about Lord Carlton? He seems to be paying particular attention to Fanny. I don't like his looks; but perhaps it is because I am prejudiced against the English."

"I can't say that I am very well pleased with him, either," was the reply. "There is a sinister gleam in his eye, and marks of dissipation upon his countenance. However, we have made all the inquiries possible. Rest assured that Fanny, notwithstanding her extraordinary penchant for foreigners, would never compromise herself by receiving attentions from any one until she was perfectly satisfied of their being and possessing all that they claimed."

"Well, I hope you are right," responded her brother, "although I fear that she will be obliged to learn some bitter lesson ere she will understand that 'all is not gold that glitters.' By the way, she, there is another lion here this evening besides Lord Carlton—the Hon. Arthur Earle, senator from New York. Ah! there comes Charley Hall bringing him this way."

The next instant Alice was presented to the gentleman, and they were soon agreeably conversing. "Is this your first visit to T—?" inquired Harry of the stranger.

"No, it is not. I spent some happy hours here a few years ago, but everything has undergone so many changes since then that I find it impossible to recognize many of the old landmarks. Your new public buildings have added much to the beauty of the place."

"Yes, we are enterprising here, and do not choose to be left behind in the march of progress. Strangers, as a general thing, are much pleased with our city. I suppose Mr. Hall has shown you all the objects of interest that we possess."

"I presume that he has; and now, crowding the whole, he has brought me to this charming gathering, and this evening will be always remembered as a beacon light shining over the ocean of life."

Alice had been regarding him attentively, and he now turned and offered her his arm for a promenade, and the next instant Harry and his friend stood alone.

"They are a fine couple," exclaimed the latter, gazing after their retreating forms. "How lovely Alice is in that misty dress. She looks like a pure white dove amid butterflies. Mr. Earle is a noble man. I have always admired his speeches so much in Congress. I heard him address a political gathering last summer, and he carried all before him. I was introduced to him then, and at last he accepted my invitation out here."

"I was intending to ask you how you became acquainted with him," was the response. "I, too, heard him speak once, and it seemed as if a fire coal from the altar of inspiration rested upon his lips. But, Charley, my boy, how speeds your wooing with Alice? I have not seen you together scarcely once this evening."

"Ah, Harry, there is no hope for me in that quarter. She has kindly, but decidedly, rejected my suit. It seemed to grieve her to the heart, and I had only myself to blame, for she had never given me the slightest encouragement."

"No, she is too dignified. I am sorry for you, for she will never become a good wife, though I do say it, and I wish it were so that you would be the

favoured one. But cheer up, my dear fellow; she is a good fish in the sea yet."

"I presume so; but I do not care to angle for any. I see your wife is looking this way, as if she desired your presence. Your lady is beautiful and accomplished, and I wish you joy."

"Thank you, Charles; may you be as fortunate," and he turned away.

Thus, mid mirth and revelry, the hours danced by, until the last guest was bonneted and cloaked, and the last carriage whirled away.

The next evening, Lord Carlton called, also Mr. Hall and his friend, the Senator. When they had retired, Fanny held up her hand upon which sparkled a betrothal ring.

"Has Lord Carlton indeed proposed?" exclaimed her mother, in a transport of delight.

"Yes he has. Give me joy. I shall soon dwell in merry England. His castle is already undergoing repairs. It is such a triumph over all the girls. Oh, what will people say!"

"I am rejoiced at your good fortune, my child, rejoined her mother. The dearest wish of my heart will now be realized. I only desire that your sister would take pattern by you, and accept some eligible offer."

But Alice playfully shook her head, and turning to Fanny, said:

"May all your dreams of future happiness be fulfilled."

While her brother teasingly exclaimed:

"Now Fan, I don't believe that you care anything more about Lord Carlton, than anybody else. You only want to hear the people's verdict, and be the nice days' wonder, as the bride of an English nobleman."

"Oh Harry!" cried his wife.

But Fanny coolly replied:

"I guess you are more than half right. If a greater catch should happen to come up, I might break my engagement if I thought I should stand any chance, and that, too, without injuring my heart in the least—it is very elastic."

Then noticing the shocked expression on her sister's face, she laughed merrily, and left the room, followed by her mother.

As soon as the door closed, Harry exclaimed:

"I begin to doubt whether Harry possesses that useful commodity that she speaks of. For two years she has danced and flirted, only winning smiles to reject them; and now she deliberately affirms that she loves only Lord Carlton's title."

"Oh, I cannot really believe that she is in earnest," rejoined Alice, in a distressed tone. "Her actions are, to be sure, governed in a great measure by her favorite motto, 'What will people say?' But still I trust that under her apparent carelessness, there beats a true woman's heart, and that what she said was merely to hide her feelings."

"Well, mother," exclaimed Fanny, lending the way to the library. "I at least shall not disgrace the family by a misalliance, and when we are married, you shall go with us to England. Perhaps I shall yet wear a coronet, for Alonzo is next heir to an earldom. I shall be so glad to get away from this house, for I can't endure it. What Harry ever saw to admire in her, I am sure I can't tell, and she pretends to be so very fond of him. I think she would have made a splendid performer upon the stage; there, her acting would have gained her some applause. So very stately and dignified as she is; sometimes when I have been talking with her I have felt as if I should choke with rage, while she sat looking as cool and unmoved as a piece of marble. Alice is completely infatuated also, and they may stay here and enjoy themselves while we are treading the proud halls of England, and the gay saloons of Paris."

"I presume they would be glad to get rid of us," rejoined her mother, "and for my part I shall not be sorry to go. It was something of a sacrifice for me to yield my place as mistress here to a governess. I am sure when your father gave this house to Harry, he never dreamed that he would bring such a creature as that to preside over it. He thought he had more of the Grainger pride. Poor, dear man, what would he say if he could see things to-day. Sometimes I think it was well he died before this disgrace was brought upon us; and yet I think that he would rejoice, if he could have lived to see you the bride of Lord Carlton. That thought sustains me. Now, if Alice could only contract as brilliant a marriage. I know that the Hon. Mr. Earle is much pleased with her, but it is no use hoping that she will accept him."

"Oh no, of course not, I am astonished that you should expect she would do such a sensible thing. Why, she told me the other day that if Arthur Sinclair should return the same as when he went away, she would marry him, if he still desired it. Did you know that papa released her from her promise before he died?"

"Yes, dear, I know that he did, much to my regret, although I do not think there is any danger of the young man's ever returning. It is six years now since he departed, and he is probably married long ere this. He was very proud, for a person that had no business to be, and even if he is yet free, he would never make advances again where he was received in the manner he was here. But only to think that a daughter of mine should make herself the laughing stock of society by becoming so infatuated as to reject rank and wealth in her husband for Arthur Sinclair! She is just like your Aunt Isabel; she always had the same ridiculous ideas about love and matrimony. I do wish that Alice would make up her mind to marry, at least. He is a good man I am sure, and no matter if

did not love him at first, if she respected him. Your father's and my marriage was more a matter of convenience than anything else, and yet I am sure we lived as happily together as if we had been the most devoted lovers."

"That is just my idea," responded her amiable daughter. "I meant to marry when I found one who could place me at the head of an elegant establishment with all the accessories. It was with that feeling I promised to become Lady Carlton. Give me my castle and diamonds, and love and all that nonsense will follow, or if they don't, I shall be perfectly contented if I get all that I bargained for. I never was given to sentiment, that I leave to fools and love-sick daisies, like Alice. None of my acquaintances ever had such a splendid engagement ring," and she turned the sparkling jewel on her finger. "Alonso wishes to be married in a few days, but I told him I could not possibly get ready for two months, as I am determined to have everything in the most elegant style. The girls will half die with envy when I stand before the altar. Oh, what will people say when Lady Carlton leaves town?"

CHAPTER III.

The sun rose clear and bright upon the morning of Fanny Grainger's bridal day. The happy party were to be married in church at nine o'clock. Then returning to the house with a select company of friends partake of the wedding breakfast and immediately embark for England.

The approaching event had occasioned much wonder and surprise, and not a few heart-burnings. It had been speculated and commented upon enough to have satisfied even the insatiable Fanny.

Ere the momentous hour arrived, the church was densely thronged, and it was with difficulty that the bride party reached the altar. The maiden's heart swelled with proud exultation. She thought not of the solemn vows she was about to take upon herself. No sad memories filled her soul that she was so soon to leave friends and native land to enter upon an untrodden sphere. Ah, no! Even while the clergyman's voice broke the profound silence, her fancy was picturing the splendor that would radiate around her in that aisle across the sea.

The next instant a loud voice near the door exclaimed:

"Hold! I forbid the bans!"

There was a universal start, and every eye turned in that direction.

The groom was deadly pale, and the bride clung to him for support, as a policeman, with a lady upon his arm, came up the centre aisle to the altar.

"By what right do you stay these proceedings?" inquired the priest.

The stranger flung back her veil as her companion answered:

"Because this lady has a prior claim—he is her lawful husband. Then again he is not Lord Carlton, but that gentleman's valet. The English noble was drowned, and this fellow, by his extraordinary likeness, and having possession of his papers has managed to palm himself off for his master. He is my prisoner on a charge of forgery, also, and I am indebted to his forsaken wife for his capture."

"Yes," said the woman, her dark eye flashing, as she gazed upon the cowering wretch before her, "I am the cause of your present disgrace. I forgave all the manifold wrongs you heaped upon me until your hand sought my life. Then I vowed revenge. I am just in season to save this young lady from life-long wretchedness, and to consign you to a little different castle from your pretended one across the sea."

Her husband seemed paralyzed by her sudden appearance, and made no resistance, while the bride and her mother, fainting, were borne out, and the assembly dispersed, giving vent in uttering screams, to their delight, that the proud, haughty spirit of Fanny Grainger, had been so signally humbled.

When the stricken girl returned to consciousness, she found herself upon a lounge, with Harry and Alice bending over her.

"Oh dear, what will people say?" she screamed, starting up, and then falling back in another swoon.

"There, I guess she will do," said her brother, "the world seems to be her first thought, so I'll wager that her heart is not fractured yet."

"It is a great shock, though," replied Alice; "nothing could be more mortifying to a person of her temperament. I am only thankful at her escape, although I never liked the man, I did not dream of such a denouement as this."

"It is somewhat worse than marrying a governess," responded her brother, "and I hope it will teach her a lesson. It is, as you say, a bitter dose for her to swallow. The laugh is on the other side, now, and people will remember that she has carried her head rather high, lately. She was to make such a distinguished alliance, you know."

"Hush, Harry, she is coming too. Do not laugh at the prostrate, Fanny is kind-hearted, only a slave, like a great many others, to the power of dear Mrs. Grundy."

A fortnight passed away, Mrs. Grainger and Fanny denying themselves to all, even their most intimate friends. The blow had fallen heavily, because, so unexpected, and they could not rise at once from the painful shock. Therefore, the next steamer that sailed, bore them to Europe; they could remain no longer in the scene of their bitter mortification, hoping that should they conclude to return after an absence of a few years, that the memory of the past would be obliterated from the minds of the people of T—

Alice decided to remain with her brother and his wife, and they constituted a most happy household.

One evening as they sat together in the library, Harry exclaimed:

"Well, Alice, when are you intending to present me with a brother? I see that Mr. Earl acknowledges an attraction here, as he is a constant visitor, whenever he is in town, and that is very often, lately. He is a fine fellow, and I should be proud to receive him into the family."

"You are a little too fast," replied his sister, and a shade passed over her countenance. "The gentleman that you refer to has never given me cause to think of him otherwise than as a friend, and I should be sorry to have him entertain any sentiment that would disturb our present relations. Indeed," she continued, with a faint smile, "I guess you will have to make up your mind to see me become a member of the ancient sisterhood."

"Oh, what a fate," cried Harry mockingly. "Is it possible that Alice Grainger intends to brave the storms and sorrows of the world, and live and die a child?"

Oh, how mother and Fanny would roll up

their eyes if they heard that decision. Mrs. Grundy says that it is better to be dead like a lamb to the slaughter, than to be sold into slavery, health and happiness, rather than to become a sisterhood angel to the world generally."

"I never accepted that amiable lady as my mistress," laughed Alice, "and therefore do not fear her frowns. If it is my particular destiny to travel the world with no especial aim to lean upon, rest assured that I shall be provided for. I only wish to work out my mission, whether it be as a wife or a maiden, and I am content to let circumstances reveal my fate."

The servant now opened the door and announced that Mr. Earl was in the parlor, and desired to see Miss Grainger. Her brother smiled as she passed out with a flush upon her countenance.

Entering the room below, she greeted her visitor cordially, and soon they were pleasantly conversing. After a short time, he requested her to play and sing for him, and to her consternation, he selected several pieces that had been Arthur Sinclair's favorites. Mastering her emotion with a great effort, she went to the piano and performed one that harrowed her soul with painful thoughts, and then, unable to continue, she arose abruptly and retreated to the sofa.

Her companion had watched her keenly, and now crossing the room, he seated himself by her side, exclaiming:

"Miss Grainger, you must have seen that I admire you very much. I have sought your society in the fond hope that one day you would become my wife. Tell me that I am not presumptuous, and that you will think of me in that light."

"Oh, spare me, spare me!" pleaded Alice, deeply pained. "God knows I never intended to encourage your attentions. Believe me, I sorrow to give you pain, and yet I can never marry you. If it would be any consolation for you to know that I am as miserable as yourself, I will tell you that for six years I have loved hopelessly. It is humiliating for me to confess this, but I do it in pity for you."

"Pity, they say, is akin to love, and perhaps you might, in time, think of me as your husband. But may I not know who my rival in your affections is? I have heard that a poor fellow, one Arthur Sinclair, once presumed to aspire for your hand, but surely it is not of him that you speak?"

"Yes, but it is of him," she rejoined with flashing eyes, "and it was no presumption on his part, but rather on theirs, who, investing themselves with high authority, pronounced the doom that sent him a hopeless wanderer from the city, and left me to mask an aching heart beneath a smiling face. Go, it is useless to urge me, for when Alice Grainger once loves, she never forgets."

"I knew it, Alice! I knew it!"

She started involuntarily at the changed voice, and gazing into Mr. Earl's face, she saw him throw the way looks back from the broad, white brow, and while a smile played over the manly features, the joyous truth flashed upon her that Arthur Sinclair stood before her. The revelation of feeling almost overpowered her, and her lover exclaimed:

"Now, dearest, you are fairly caught, so it seems you will not refuse the love of the poor student. Then, my bride, pronounce the happy day."

"I think I shall revoke all that I said a few minutes ago," she archely replied. "You ought to be punished for not revealing yourself sooner. Strange that I did not recognize you. But please to give an account of yourself, sir."

"After I left T—, I continued the study of the law in a distant city. A hard, severe struggle brought me at last to one goal of my desire—my first case in court. The presiding judge happened to be an old friend of my father's, rich and childless. He took a great fancy to me, and soon I was on the high road to prosperity. I conducted an important lawsuit for your father a year before his death, and he never imagined that the popular barrister and the poor student were the same. At last I was elected to Congress, and a short time after I took my seat the judge died, bequeathing all his property to me. Now wealthy and honored, I thought I would return to T— and see if my Alice had forgotten me. You know the rest, how I tried to win you from your old love, and failed."

"But why did you change your name?" inquired Alice.

"Oh, I had forgotten that. My middle name is Earl, and as I have constantly written it in full for the past five years, people have not always been particular, and have sometimes dropped my surname. Thus I was introduced to you as Mr. Earl, and I concluded that I would not reveal myself when I perceived that you did not recognize me."

"Strange that I should have been so stupid," replied his companion; "but six years have greatly changed you, and although it always seemed as if I must have known you previously, I decided that it was 'only one of those singular coincidences that sometimes cross our path when a strange face will, somehow correspond with features forgotten upon the page of memory. But I must introduce you to Harry and 'luc in your new character,' and ringing the bell, she desired the servant to inform Mr. and Mrs. Grainger that she wished to see them. They presently appeared, and were much surprised when they listened to Mr. Sinclair's story, but one glance into the beaming, happy face of Alice satisfied them, although her brother was inclined to laugh at her a little, inquiring if she really intended to withdraw her name from the list of maidens of an uncertain age."

"Now for Fanny's motto, 'Oh, what will people say?'" he exclaimed.

T— was indeed in a maze of astonishment when it was discovered what a romantic episode had occurred in their very midst. The couple were quite prepossessed that such a delicious titbit had escaped their Argus eyes.

Spring came with smiles and blushes, and in her trailing emerald-tinted robe went sweeping over hill and plain, attended by the silver footfalls of the streams, and the rich gushing melody of myriad sweet voices. What more fitting time for Alice Grainger to go forth from her brother's house with him on whom her love and prayers had so long rested? Therefore an early day was named for the nuptial rite to be performed.

"It seems so like a dream, this fond happiness of mine," she said one evening as she sat beside her lover, "that sometimes I fear that I shall awaken only to find it the troubled wanderings of some sleeping fancy."

"Well, my dear, just sleep three days longer, and you will arouse to find yourself, Mrs. Arthur Sinclair," he replied with a laugh. "But by the way, I suppose I must return to the hotel soon, for I must take the early morning boat for Albany. I have

some important business to transact, but I will not detain me long. Harry is to accompany me, and I shall expect to see my Alice welcome me back in her bridal attire. Now, darling, farewell until we meet again, and the next instant he had left the house with her "God keep you," ringing in his ears.

About nine o'clock the next morning, Mr. Grainger walked into the library.

"Why, Harry?" exclaimed his wife, "I supposed you were on the way to Albany by this time. Did you miss the boat?"

"Yes, confound it!" he replied in a vexed tone. "It is a thing that never happened in my life before, and it is all owing to these new boots. I had a little business conversation with Charley Hall, and then made for the boat; but just as I got to River street my foot slipped, and down I went, and when I arrived at the wharf I was tantalized by seeing they had started, and there I stood, the bystanders laughing at my expense. Arthur was on board, and he abused something, but I could not distinguish what."

"Well, never mind," responded his wife soothingly. "I guess it's all for the best. You can wait, now, until after the wedding. How happy Alice is. It is really a pleasure to look at her."

Date in the afternoon, as they sat sewing in the parlor, her husband entered, but with a face so white and ghastly that she started in alarm.

"What is it, Harry? Are you ill? What has happened?" she exclaimed.

"Where is Alice?" he gasped.

"Up stairs, in her room. Is it Arthur? Oh, speak!"

"The Albatross is burned, and Arthur has perished. Oh God, how can I break the news to Alice? It will kill her."

The door slowly opened, and his sister entered. Every vestige of color had fled from her face, and unutterable woe looked forth from her eyes as she said:

"I thought I heard some one in the street say that the Albatross was burnt. Speak, and tell me it is not so."

"My poor darling," was all her brother could utter.

She pressed her hands to her heart, as if it were bursting, while her eyes retained their agonized gaze.

"Arthur dead?" she murmured. "Impossible. It cannot be. God would be more merciful. Oh, it is terrible! My brain reels, but blissful unconsciousness is not granted me. The sad news is written with a red hot iron upon my soul! Oh, son! thou wast too bright, and in thy splendor I forgot that happiness could be fleeting. Oh, if he could only have passed hence in my arms. No parting words, no fond looks, no sweet caresses! Gone, gone forever! Oh God, was it not cruel to press this sweet draught to my lips and then dash it to the earth? Heavenly Father, bear with the poor broken reed that cannot now, in the first agony, say, 'Thy will be done!'"

Her brother and sister, awed by her appalling woe, could only watch her with streaming eyes, fearful of the result, but as for her, "the grief that cannot weep, whispers to the overfraught heart and bids it break."

Few escaped from the burning wreck, and others besides Alice walked loved ones lost, and like her; wan and pale, took the load of life and traveled on. Years passed away. Mr. Grainger never regretted the day that he took Lucy May to his heart and life. Fanny never returned to her native land, but exchanging her wealth for a title, is the same careless, gorgeous butterfly as of old.

In one of the hospitals at Washington, a slender figure, with a pale, calm face and large spiritual eyes, sits in and out, binding up ghastly wounds, quenching the thirst of dying lips, listening to last messages to distant loved ones, and bearing freed souls on the wings of song to realms of endless day. Thus does Alice Grainger fulfill the mission which circumstances has revealed to her, until she, too, can join the ransomed ones, wearing the bridal garments of life immortal.

Written for the Banner of Light.

SONG OF THE DYING GIRL.

BY DE VERN YOUNG.

[The following poem was suggested to the author by the beautiful remark of a sweet young girl, who was fast fading from earth with consumption. "Oh," said she, "I would not die now, when the earth is so green, and looking so lovely in her summer garments. I would wait until the cheerless autumn days, and die with the flowers."]

"While, oh! yet a little while—

Until the crimson-tinted leaves

Fall in the golden netted smile

An autumn sunset's sweetly weaves—

Until the fragrant-scented flowers

Grow pale before the Frost-King's breath.

Until the birds forsake the bower,

And summer beauties fade in death—

My Father, would I linger here,

To view their loveliness decay,

Then, when the earth grows dark and drear,

I will no longer ask to stay.

But yet awhile, a little while.

Kind Father, grant to spare me here,

Till summer hours cease to smile;

Then, when the sunlight, cold and clear,

Streams o'er the bare and naked land,

I'll journey from this vale of tears,

To those bright hills of God, which stand

Enthroned upon the grave of years.

If I must die, I fain would go;

In autumn days, with all the fall,

Sweet loves of Nature here below,

When troubled storm-winds sadly wail

A requiem over all things fair,

May this frail body sink in rest,

While Psyche journeys "over there,"

To those bright regions of the blest.

I care not thus to live, when all

Earth's beauty and its joy have flown—

When Nature sleeps beneath the pall

Of winter hush around her thrown—

December, 1862.

CROCODON MOUNTAIN AND THE SCENERY FROM ITS SUMMIT.

Written for the Banner of Light.

GODFREY C. FELTON.

Not human hands its corner stones have laid,

Or made its walls to tower toward the sky;

Or built its spires far reaching unto heaven;

Nor can man's works with this, God's Temple, vie.

It is well to thrust the thoughts of care aside,

And go to worship on its sacred domes,

And feel while treading on the rocks eternal,

Further from earth and nearer angel homes.

Round it is thrown the glorious robes of Day,

Or o'er its brow the imperial crown of Night;

Or capped with mist its summit doth appear,

Scathed with shade, or standing forth with light.

Flagged to climb these heights that tower in air—

These hills on hills piled in the distance dim;

And so I sought the mountain to ascend,

And on the Temple's spire give praise to Him:

I lumbered where the rocks were piled on rocks—

Walked with firm tread on earth's foundation stones;

Walked without fear on the uncrumbling ledges,

And from their crevices gazed upon the valley homes.

I found my way through forests old and dim,

Save where the sunbeams came, with hues of gold,

To glid each waving leaf, and wake to song

The birds, whose music seemed heaven's light to hold.

I paused in wonder, that a tiny rill,

From mammoth rock had loosed and bade it stand

Further down the mountain side, while leaving

A cave, where once it stood with its black band.

Then on again, not yet content to stay,

I walked o'er rocks, where waters sometimes flowed;

For they had caught the wave of all its ripples—

Or rather they were seeds wave-music sowed.

Some rocks and ledges showed the painter's art—

Purple and crimson, and the wild rose hue;

With purest white, dark brown, and others beautiful,

Which sometimes strike the astonished gazer's view.

I found a wild flower shooting from the ledge—

A tiny flower of purple, edged with gold;

It brought to me a thought of awe and beauty,

So frail a flower mid sternness to behold.

And soon I stood on rocks like little hills,

And from the height the steep descent gazed down,

On tops of trees, on lakes and villages;

Some gathered near, others in distance thrown.

Thus on and on, I took the new charmed path,

And felt as birds that rest within the air—

Saw lower earth within the view receding,

And loved God more who ruleth every where.

The sun declined above to greet the hills,

And mounts that guard kept o'er the golden West.

When near the summit, save one height more gaining,

Really was Expectation's test.

There fire with its destroying power had been,

And robed in black the once proud forest king.

O'er each charred, fallen form did I ascend,

And to the higher summit passage win.

And then I stood as one amazed may stand,

And gazed the while with silent wonder blind.

For grandeur joyed to clasp the hand of beauty,

Mid all the scenes that stretched out far around.

Here once I thought Heaven bent in smiles to Earth,

And Earth sought to kiss the brow of Heaven;

But clouds were floating still, so far above,

If angels on their rods no sign was given.

I could not catch to furl their snowy wings,

Or on the summit bid with me to stay;

But o'er the earth my gaze was soon directed,

Highlights rising near, mounts towering far away.

Over New Hampshire's pleasant hills and vales,

Her rugged rocks, her homes, and hamlets fair,

Her mirroring lakes, and larger villages,

And rivers that were rolling everywhere.

Well wot that named the proud old Granite State—

Grandeur and beauty in each feature lie;

And oh! as seen from Crocodon Mountain's height,

Grandeur and beauty with each other vie.

There bordering this and dear Green Mountain State,

Connecticut is silver in the sun;

And there beyond are mountains of Vermont,

That guard the West from morn till day is done.

A shade of night on these at times was thrown

From storm clouds hanging in the northern West;

At times the sun his sheets of gold was throwing

Within the air and on the earth to rest.

A portion of the West was crimson bright,

As though the red sea waves were playing there.

With darker clouds of love and all had given

While golden light edged all the crimson lair.

Sublime and beautiful was all around,

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1863.

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FOR TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION SEE SEVENTH PAGE.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

"I cannot believe that civilization in its journey with the sun will sink into endless night to gratify the ambition of the leaders of this revolt, who seek to..."

"Wade through slaughter to a throne
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind!"

but I have a far other and far brighter vision before my gaze. It may be but a vision, but I still cherish it. I see one vast Confederation stretching from the frozen north in one unbroken line to the glowing south, and from the wild billows of the Atlantic westward to the calm waters of the Pacific, and I see one people, and one law, and one language, and one faith, and, over all that vast Continent, the home of freedom and refuge for the oppressed of every race and of every clime—Retreat from John Bright's Speech on American Affairs, delivered at Birmingham, England.

Self-Searching.

We have no special faith in the virtue of complaining, criticising, or whining. If a person, or a people, have faults, something else ought to be considered than the faults merely. Yet we find that our people, honeycombed as their character is, with failings and shortcomings, have never been prone to self-criticism, nor particularly patient under the misanthropic of foreign and outside judgments. So slightly have they paid heed to this most necessary element in all discipline and development of character, we have long since come to esteem those persons open enemies, who at any time ventured to remind us that we were not much above the common lot of humanity, after all.

Timons are useful in every Athens. No meats keep sweet long without salt. To probe faults and vices, whether of manners or principle, is as necessary in morals as in surgery. Corruption cannot be suffered to remain in the national system, if general healthiness and happiness is the chief end sought to be secured. Hence, it is reasonable to conclude that those who are most ready to consider and condemn popular faults are naturally most desirous of bringing the standard of popular health up to the highest mark possible.

We are all of us well supplied with good opinions of ourselves. Modesty is anything but a badge of merit, in our country. A bashful man is set down as a fool, and nothing short of that at all. Whatever has been done by man, and more, we all think can be done by ourselves. Granted that we built Monitors and fired eleven-inch guns before the rest of the world set about that branch of mechanics—does such a fact as that, or that single fact multiplied by even a thousand more such, give us all special character and warrant to strut and swagger in the face of the civilized world, and to swear aloud that we are the greatest people ever seen under the sun, in all other particulars as well as in that of our eleven-inch guns and Monitors? Let any sensible man pause, and answer calmly to himself. There is an overplus of this spirit of brag among us; we are very sure we can dive deeper, swim further, and come up dryer, than any other race who ever went by the name mortal; we will not listen to the suggestions of any one else, unless they can at once be made to push a man into Congress or a fortune quicker than we own a patent for already.

Had we not such excellent stock for national character as we have, there would be no sort of use in offering criticisms to such a vice of exaggeration as this is; but when it is plain what a material improvement would accrue to us, were we to resolve to prune down these exuberances and dig out these petty vices by the roots—and when none of us can well fail to see how much more solid and permanent would become the remaining qualities of our character in consequence—there will be no need of apologizing for suggesting what ought readily to rise to the reflections of all who are addicted to the habit of reflection.

After much experience, bitter and sore, we shall become a better balanced, a much more harmonious people, in the matter of character, than we ever have been in the past. We are just now passing out of the gristle, and hardening into the bone. It is well, at this critical stage of our growth, that the conceit should be taken out of us. We have fallen into a habit of vaunting too readily, of which it would be well if we could be cured. There is no sorer symptom of internal weakness than conceit; and as every fact about our circumstances and character goes to show that we are not weak, it would be no sort of loss to us if we should lop off such exuberances, for good and for all.

Russell, of the London Times, in his recently published "Diary," has told us many unpalatable truths, which our newspapers resisted and rejected so long as they could, just as children refuse to take medicine; but our people have settled down a little from the "high horse" of their contempt and scorn, since reflecting upon what he has to say, and a good many have come to the sensible conclusion that even from an enemy one may learn much valuable truth. Russell, however, is not amenable to the charge of being our enemy, though he has no good reason to feel complimented with the occurrence which sent him post-haste out of the country. We wish that all our readers would retire, each for himself, to search carefully for this element of conceit in themselves, and lead it out to crucifixion without hesitation.

In the Morning.

If you went to bed last night in the mood of mind you ought, the thoughts that visited you on early waking this morning, were the sweetest and purest and freshest you will have through the day. Take heed and give good entertainment to the morning thoughts. The angels enter the heart then, before any of the spirits of the earth regions are out on their errands of mischief or malignity. Then is the time to open wide all the doors of the soul, that the visitants of Heaven may be allowed free ingress and egress, bringing and leaving their holy influences for the individual's good. Our waking thoughts and impressions are priceless; they should be cherished above all others; and time ought sagaciously to be given these spiritual messengers, that prefer this silent hour of the day, to utter all they will, and impress their interlarded upon the heart and the life. Men trust too much to themselves, and shut out these heavenly visitants; it is a mistake which is never, not right, again to be, and of the longest day on which such mistake is made.

Home.

It can be made the scull's resting-place of love and joy, or its abode of dread and torture. It can be the Paradise of the heart and brain; or, the gloomiest hell whereof imagination can conceive. It may be the abiding place of loftiest angels, or of lowliest demons; the battle-ground of basest passions, or sweetest peace-realm of the holiest affections; there may arise an altar, sacred to the God of Love; or, a Moloch fane, dedicated to all idols of the baser world. There may flourish the choicest growths of soul, and the priceless gems of intellect and feeling may adorn the shrine; or Upas shades may exude the heavenly brightness, and poisonous weeds overrun the soil. There, nightingales and doves may nestle, or birds of night hold converse. Footprints of angels there may linger lovingly, or steps of fiends leave the impress of unbalanced visitation. Home may be the consecrated site of prayer, or the vestibule to all evil deeds. There may arise the poetic fervor of a loving memory, and from its guarded silence may emerge the armed assassin! The patriot or the traitor, the humble lover of mankind, the ambitious, unscrupulous plotter, the chivalrous defender of all truth and honor, the betrayer of innocence and trust, all issue from its gates, molded into good or perversion by its Omnipotent influence; by the charm or mastery, the harmony or discord, the sunshine or the night of home.

Let us see it, then, that the first school of impressions be a salutary one; that principles, not creeds and forms, be inculcated in youthful minds; that love, not fear, and slavish terror, be the watchword there; that Truth be worshiped as the guiding star of life; and true Religion and fervent Charity be applied to the uses of the daily life.

Make home "the dearest spot on earth," by attractive goodness, gentleness, harmony. Be it ever so humble, seek to beautify it; bear its inevitable cross of endurance; elevate its standard; consecrate its being; so that all who enter may feel the benign influences of guiding and controlling love; the spirit of peace pervading its serene atmosphere; the reflected glory of the spirit-world resting upon it like a benediction from on high.

Coming to the Surface.

The malignity, ignorance, falsehood, and unclean motives that led to such an experiment as this Rebellion, daily show themselves more and more plainly on the surface of affairs, making perfectly intelligible the true character and motives of the entire scheme. The instances, recently noted, of the hunting down of men and women, old and young, by bloodhounds in the mountains of Alabama, are calculated to freeze one's blood with horror, or make it boil hot with indignation. This is barbarism indeed returned. We have read of things equally wicked and monstrous in other lands, but we did not look for such manifestations here. The Black Hole of Calcutta is historical for its horrors; but the blood-bound system of the South passes every limit laid down by that. Hunting down their own people, because they declined to participate in the destruction of a Government which they were all bound to support equally—nay worse, were hunting down innocent young females, helpless and stricken dumb with fear—the men who can do this are at only, like rebellious Sepoys, to expiate their inhuman guilt by being blown into shapeless masses from the mouths of avenging cannon.

Thumb and Lady.

The smallest—and greatest—fear that has been played off to the astonished delight of thousands of people, calling themselves intelligent and virtuous, has recently been noticed in all the papers as occurring at the famous Grace Church, New York City. "Tom Thumb," a well-known dwarf, was married by a clergyman in canonicals with another dwarf, not so well known, and all japonica went into ecstasies. Had Spiritualists been adepts and abettors in the business of pairing Nature's outcasts or monstrosities, a shout of horror would have gone up from every secular (and of course, religious) press in the land. There would have been no end to the denunciation that would have been hurled at them. And it would all have been deserved, too. This whole affair is discreditable to our civilization, and shows pretty nearly the estimate which people have learned to place on the marriage bond and relation, by the discipline of the tyrannical laws. We are all of us not much before these dwarfs, say what we will.

Conceit in Men.

Could this offensive quality be taken out of men, and public men especially, it would be better for them and for us all. It is always in the way. It is a perfect blind for merit—as much as as genuine modesty is its truest interpreter. If you can do a thing well, then why brag so about it? Do it, and let the simple deed speak. If you cannot perform the wonders you continually allude to, your boasting unmistakably betrays you; it is the confession of a want of power, and you make it every time you open your lips. There are quantities of individuals who would be every way agreeable, and vastly more serviceable, too, if they were to leave off the habit of telling what is in them which they do not believe in anybody else. Oftentimes it is nothing but a habit, but it is one that casts a person into an extremely deep shadow in the estimation of others around him.

One Book.

Just one favorite book, well studied, thoroughly understood, and slowly absorbed into the mental organism—if it be a noble book especially—will prove to be a liberal education for any man. Take Clarendon's History, with its involute sentences, but powerful description; Shakespeare; Butler's Analogy; Bacon's Essays; Milton's Prose Writings; any one of the good Church of England divines; let a person deliberately, and of natural choice, select one such book, and stick to it through all weathers, mastering it in detail, and in its entirety, obeying it as Bacon says "some books are to be obeyed,"—and we assure our friend that he will have good reason to be astonished at his own development, and what a power he has gained to grasp all the problems and enjoy all the pleasures of sound and healthy literature.

Charity.

From a private letter from Hodson Tuttle, we snip the following paragraph: "So you don't like to mix with everybody's quarrels? Well, I can't blame you, and hope you will hold to your resolution. The Banner could never have over such. Give us the same kind, brotherly, charitable spirit forever, as in the past. Nor should its columns be open to anybody to abuse anybody. Let the religious papers do that. We want to see them a pattern."

The Spirit Photographs.

Mr. EORRAN.—We received from Mr. Wm. H. Mumler, Boston, Mass., one of his circulars, stating that persons residing any distance whatever from Boston could have a picture of their departed friends taken by simply sending a likeness of themselves, stating age and time of death, &c. of the spirit pictures desired, and sending him \$7.50. It is accordingly sent to him for a picture of our father, stating name, age, and time of death, as required by his circular; and enclosed the prescribed fee, \$7.50. In about three weeks afterward we received from him half a dozen cards with what he claimed as the "spirit" of our father. We could not trace any resemblance in these pictures to the relative we sent for. We informed Mr. Mumler of the fact, and he said he would make another trial. We accordingly sent on more money for a second trial. In a few weeks we again received half a dozen cards. These are no better than the first. Neither can be recognized.

We are of the opinion that likenesses of friends cannot be obtained in the way Mr. Wm. H. Mumler has stated in his circular, and we wish to inform the public, through your paper, of the facts as stated above. For Truth and Progress, we are respectfully yours, BOSTON, Mass. Stockport, Cal., Co., N. Y., Jan. 27, 1863.

We have received several letters lately of similar import to the above, and while we would not condemn Mr. Mumler without evidence, we feel it to be our duty as public journalists to disapprove this way of doing the business. Those who sit, or send their pictures to the artist, expect likenesses of their spirit friends. If they do not receive them, they are not only disappointed in their feelings, but consider that they have not had an equivalent for the money so expended.

Since the above was put in type we have received the following card. Mr. Boyle is a photographer of this city, and we are of opinion that Mr. Mumler should give such a committee a hearing, in order that, if Mr. M.'s assertions that he really does produce spirit photographs be correct, he may then and there make it manifest to the satisfaction of said committee. He owes it to the public and himself to do so at once, in order to set the matter right in the eyes of the community. If he is sincere in his professions, he can, in our opinion, have no good and sufficient reason to object. Until he does this, the public will look with suspicion upon the whole affair.

A CARD.

I propose to go to Mr. Mumler's rooms with a committee of disinterested men and an honest reporter, and I will then and there, in presence of that committee and reporter, discover any exhibit the trick of spirit photographing as done by said Mumler, if he, Mumler, will grant said committee, reporter and myself the same privileges that I have heard he has given to Mr. Quay, who has written favorably of his (Mumler's) operations in regard to spirit photographing. CHAS. B. BOYLE.

About a Spirit Message.

A spirit came to our circle Nov. 18th, and announced himself as "F. H. Rogers" and he lost his body on the 10th of August last, on the passage from San Francisco to Boston; was second officer on board the ship Golconda; had trouble with one of the crew, which resulted in his death; said he was killed by a man named Roberts, but that Roberts was not any more to blame than he was, and he did not wish him hung; and he came to speak in his behalf. "I forgive him—from my soul I forgive him," he said; "and, as all the powers of good bear me witness, I will do all I can to save him from capital punishment."

Not one single fact given above was known to the medium at the time it was uttered, at our circle. The following from the Journal, which appeared subsequently, goes conclusively to show how truthful was the statement then and there made. It is our most solemn conviction that what purported to be the spirit of Francis H. Rogers, did come personally to our medium, and control her vocal organs to speak what our reporter took down, verbatim on the 18th of November. Here are the items that were clipped from the Journal by a friend of ours, the date of which we have not, we regret, although we think they were printed Dec. 23d and 24th, or near that time:—

TRIED FOR MANSLAUGHTER.—Andrew Roberts, a colored seaman, was tried in the United States District Court, Tuesday, on a charge of killing Francis H. Rogers, mate of the ship Golconda, on the passage from San Francisco to Boston, last summer. A verdict was returned by the jury after the adjournment of the Court. T. K. Lothrop for the Government, E. F. Russell for defendant.

NOT GUILTY.—The verdict of the jury in the case of Andrew Roberts, the colored seaman tried in the U. S. District Court, yesterday, for killing Francis H. Rogers, mate of the Golconda, was opened this morning, and finds him not guilty.

Since our last issue we have received the following unsolicited note from the medium who answers sealed letters which are sent to this office for that purpose. We have no doubt but that the spirit whose name is attributed to it wrote it through the medium without her (the medium) being conscious of what was written at the time by her hand, as she is always in a semi-unconscious trance state when spirits control her to write. In reply to a note from us recently that questions in letters sent her for answer were not fully responded to, which was a source of dissatisfaction to many, she innocently replied: "I can't help it—the spirits say what they have a mind to. I do not know what is written." Here is the note:—

DEAR SIR—I wish to say a few words through your paper to my husband, but I do not know how to do so. Will you assist me? He is doing very wrong to say that the medium opened the letter falling into the one Mr. B. sent. I want to tell my dear mother that I am often with her and Elsie. I watch over my children. Yours with respect, MARY BARTOLOTTA. Wife of L. E.

"Look on that Picture, and then on this."

From the Boston (W.) National Broad-Axe, of the 19th ult., we make a few quotations from the market of that town, which we compare with the price of the same articles in the Boston Market of the 25th:—

	Boston.	W. N. B. A.
Flour,	\$2.75, 3.00	\$3.50
Corn,	35c	38c
Oats,	35	38
Bye,	60	1.04, 1.05
Potatoes,	25c	30c
Beans,	1.30, 1.50	2.00, 2.20
Hides,	6 1/2, 7 1/2	11c
Butter,	12c	13c
Cheese,	12c	13c
Lard,	8	10
Eggs—Fresh,	10	12 1/2
Chickens,	10	14

Read the fine story on our first page: the excellent poem—"God's Temple,"—on the second page: "Ancient and Modern Spiritualism," ditto; on the third page, a reply to Mr. E. P. Woodard by Mr. E. C. Dunn. Poetry, characteristic letters from Hon. Warren Chase and our "Cousin Benja." etc. On the sixth page the reader will find nearly five columns of Spirit Messages—some of them very interesting. On the fourth, fifth and eighth pages, our usual variety of choice reading.

Lectures by Leo Miller, Esq.

Mr. Miller closed his series of lectures before the Lyceum Society of Spiritualists, in this city, on Sunday, Feb. 22d. His labors here were well received and highly appreciated by large and intelligent audiences. We observed a very marked improvement in Mr. Miller's voice and style of elocution; he can now be classed among the most eloquent of pulpit orators. The subject of his discourse in the afternoon was, "A Moral Crime, or the approaching Manhood of the Race." He traced the progress of the race from its infancy and its childhood along up through the various stages to manhood, in a clear and comprehensive manner. We have not room this week for a full report of this able address. We may print it hereafter.

In the evening, Mr. Miller delivered a very patriotic and eloquent lecture on "The Philosophy of the American Rebellion." He said we were in the midst of a fearful national crisis, a war of unparalleled magnitude, made doubly painful by the fact that it is a civil strife between one section of our country and another.

The eyes of the world were gazing upon us to behold the issue of the great contest. Tyrants and despots are exulting at our calamity, and crying with demoniac pleasure, "Behold the bubble of the American Republic!" The down-trodden and oppressed of the old world, who have ever turned their wistful eyes to this country as an Eden of sheltering love, tremble now with a spirit of sorrowful suspense.

He proceeded to give the origin, the nature, and the remedy of the evil which has befallen our land. He said the masses have yet got to be thoroughly aroused to meet the great issues and responsibilities of this great war; and this they can only do successfully, by becoming familiarly acquainted with the nature and the evil which threatens to overthrow the only free, Democratic form of government on the face of the earth. He proceeded at length to argue the cause and cure of the civil strife which now pervades the land. The causes, he said, were as apparent as the noonday sun, and none but the morally blind could fail to see them—Slavery and Freedom! Could Freedom be to blame? Impossible!

The American flag, which, like a mantle of charity had kindly hid from the derision of mankind the blasted monster, Slavery, and covered her multitude of sins from human gaze and human disgust, was insulted, trodden under foot, and trailed in the dust; and in the place of the starry symbol of Freedom, they raised another, bearing Slavery's appropriate device—a poisonous rattlesnake.

Slavery and Freedom cannot live together—one or the other must die. Then let American Slavery become utterly extinct. The history of the world—the rise and fall of kingdoms, nations, and empires, admonish us in a voice of thunder to beware—to see to it that this mighty element of discord and national death in our midst be removed far from us. Justice and Right cry out, Freedom for all. The long discourse was listened to with great attention, and left a sensible impression upon the minds of the auditors.

First Catholic Congregational Church of Boston.

This Church is designed to be a school of Biblical and Moral Science, and to adopt systematic and thorough courses of instruction in the same, extending through periods of not less than four years. It will be an institution of universal freedom, and prescribe no rules of faith to bewilder, and impose no tests but righteous deeds in the pursuit of the greatest good.

It will meet statally at 10 1/2 o'clock, A.M., on the Sabbath, and be instructed by the reading of the Scriptures and their interpretation from the original Greek and Hebrew, and by sermons or lectures, accompanied with prayers and sacred music.

The Church will consist of all who attend its meetings, give their assent to its principles and methods, and contribute statally to its support; and their names will be duly enrolled as members on application for the purpose. Members will be allowed to withdraw at pleasure, and be subject to dismission for disorderly conduct.

The public generally, of all ages, conditions and characters, young and old, rich and poor, refined and unrefined, good and bad, are respectfully invited to attend. The invitation is universal; all who please, come. It is proposed to open new avenues to the blessed fountains of knowledge, piety, virtue and happiness, and to give new impulses to the Christian cause.

Rev. Leicester A. Sawyer, having secured the pleasant and commodious hall, No. 4, Mercantile Building, 10 Summer street, will preach statally at that place, 10 1/2 o'clock each Sabbath, on the Sacred Scriptures, carefully examining their age, authorship and interpretation, and their religious and ethical teachings, commencing with the Book of Genesis.

Announcements.

The subject for the Boston Spiritual Conference at 14 Bromfield street, Tuesday night, March 3d, to be "Marriage and Divorce."

Mrs. Amanda M. Spence speaks in the City Hall, Charlestown, on Sunday, March 8th, afternoon and evening.

D. H. Hamilton will speak in Bangor, Me. in Pioneer Chapel, upon the Science of Matrimony, on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, March 23, 24 and 25th.

Uriah Clark will lecture in Kingston on Thursday evening, March 6th, Duxbury, Friday evening, the 6th, and Waltham on Saturday afternoon and evening, the 6th. His address is still in care of Bela Marsh, Boston.

Leo Miller, Esq., lectures in Portsmouth, N. H., on Sunday, March 8th.

AN ERROR.—The component parts of an Editor are defined thus: The constitution of a horse; obstinacy of a mule; independence of a wood-sawyer; pertinacity of a dun; endurance of a staying anconade; impudence of a beggar; and an entire resignation to the most confounded of all earthly treadmill; and he must be a moving target for everybody to shoot at; and is expected to know everything, and to assist "busy bodies" to pry into the business of their neighbors. If he does not come up to this description, he cannot be thought a "good editor," and is obliged from want of support, to close with the following valedictory: "The undersigned retires from the editorial chair with a complete conviction that all is vanity. From the hour he started this paper, to the present time, he has been solicited to lie upon every subject, and can't remember ever having told a wholesome truth without diminishing his subscription list, or making an enemy. Under these circumstances of trial, and having acquired a thorough contempt for himself, he retires in order to recruit his mental constitution."

New Publications.

THE NATIONAL ALMANAC AND ANNUAL RECORD FOR 1863. Philadelphia: George W. Childs. For sale in Boston by Crosby & Nichols.

A want long felt has finally been supplied. Here is a stout, conveniently arranged Record of every occurrence of note during the past year, so handy for reference for the business man, the professional man, and the general reader. It is a perfect "account of stock," well taken, too, of our national resources. It contains carefully prepared statistics of the Government, both of the States and Nation—an Abstract of Laws, a table of the Excise Tax and the Tariff, the Census of 1860, several diagrams, illustrating in a striking way the ups and downs of the States, and the other minutia of which any citizen of common intelligence should desire to possess himself. The record of the events of the war, from the very beginning of it, is invaluable. There is also an interesting "necrology," giving biographical sketches of the dead of the past year. We cannot, in a brief notice, begin to state the variety or estimate the practical, working value of such an annual publication as this; it is only to be wondered at that it was not thought of and undertaken before. The grand feature about all this valuable matter, thus admirably arranged for reference, is, that it is recent and fresh, and brought up to a period very late.

HARPER'S MONTHLY for March contains a variety of capital articles; among others, one on "Continental Money," illustrated in a most interesting manner, a continuation of the brisk and piquant New England Story of "Doctor Hawley," "Meteors of Field and Meadow," "European Souvenirs," and Stories and Poems to correspond. It is, by all odds, the finest number of Harper even, which we have seen for many a moon. Harper's Editor's Table cannot be very well passed by, if one likes to be serious with himself, on great subjects; and as for the "Drawer" it is like a pack of Chinese crackers, let off on a Fourth of July morning. For sale by A. Williams & Co., 100 Washington street, Boston.

We are in receipt of a circular from the "Society for the Prevention of Pauperism," which briefly rehearses the doings of the Association, and calls for the aid which all well-disposed persons of ability will not be unwilling to extend. The officers state that the Society has been in operation for over twenty-seven years, and in that time has found work for more than sixty-five thousand persons. It has furnished homes and employment for thousands of the morally exposed Children of the Poor and unfortunate. It has investigated unnumbered applications for charity and relief. It has advised, encouraged, and directed the ignorant, the unwary, the unfortunate, the criminal or vicious, and endeavored to elevate and improve their condition. By its system of Reference Tickets, it has also kept street-beggary in check, and thus fulfilled the object of its origin. The importance of this Society to the community, and the success with which it has been carried on in all its branches, are well known and acknowledged; but, as the Managers have not for many years made any public appeal, it is not, of course, known that its current means are exhausted, and that some of its sources of income are dried up—death having removed many of its early and long-continued supporters.

Mrs. HATON'S LECTURES.—The reader is referred to the contents of Mrs. Cora L. V. Haton's Book of "Twenty Discourses on Religion, Morals, Philosophy, and Metaphysics," which we publish in this paper. This is a work that every Spiritualist should have, as we consider these Lectures the very best that have been given to the public. The book contains 372 pages, is neatly bound, and will be sold at the low figure of fifty cents per copy. This book will be sent by mail to any part of the country on the receipt of seventy cents—the additional charge of twenty cents covering postage.

A thin and urgent Pamphlet, printed at the office of the Cincinnati (O.) Times, on the "Organization of Labor," offers some valuable suggestions to the laboring men of the land, showing them how to acquire true independence of character. Its spirit is frank and bold, and its arguments are very well put. We do not think those to whom it is addressed, can read its packed pages and not feel stimulated to attempt what he otherwise might not.

THE CONTINENTAL MONTHLY for March is before us. Excellent Essays from Charles G. Leland; Hon. F. P. Stanton, Hon. G. P. Disney, and Hon. Robert J. Walker, on timely subjects, are in its pages, with several very fine poems. An interesting sketch on Montgomery in Secession Times will be appreciated by its readers, letting in light, as it does, upon the hidden, to us, workings of the great rebellion in its own nest bed.

THE PLAIN GUIDE TO SPIRITUALISM.—The author of this book, having been delayed by circumstances beyond his control, assures us that the work will be issued at the earliest date possible—probably during the next month.

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

T. W. F. CARBONDALE, PA.—The poetry was sent to us as original by a lady who has written much good poetry for our columns for some time past. We consequently did not stop to criticize it. We will investigate this matter thoroughly, and let you know the result. Much obliged for the information you have given. We abhor plagiarism.

Those who address the Editor expecting replies per mail, will be disappointed. He has no spare hours for private correspondence.

K. W. MOORE, JR.—The medium is in a semi-unconscious state when spirits control her to write.

J. C. FERRIS, N. Y.—The Invisibles control our circle exclusively. Write for your spirit-friends to respond to you, and when they receive magnetic power to communicate, they undoubtedly will.

Lyceum Hall Meetings.

Mrs. Laura O'Brien Gordon speaks one more Sunday (March 8th) in Lyceum Hall, in this city. This will be the last opportunity of hearing this popular lecturer for some time, as she goes West the first of April. The Rev. Adin Ballou will occupy the desk the following Sunday.

The Washington Republican states that a command has at last been definitely arranged for Gen. Butler, and adds that there is no more important field of operations on the Continent than the one which will be embraced within the new Department about to be given him.

Pearls.

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

MINISTERING SPIRITS.

Do angels guard our footsteps?—do they keep
Their silent vigils while we calmly sleep?
When morning's twilight brightens into day,
When sunset's radiant colors fade away,
In all our hours of joyfulness and glee,
In all our moments of despondency,
Do they watch o'er us with unflinching care,
Soothe the heart's yearnings, keep it from despair?
Do they with gentle, strong, invisible hands,
Fold the meek penitent's weary, trembling hands?
Lift up the murmuring sobs, the imperfect lays,
Take up to Heaven the songs of prayer and praise;
How blessed is the thought, that by our side
Pure Angel forms will ever softly glide.
O God! my God—my Father and my King,
Accept my prayers, my praise, my offering;
Still let thy Ministering Spirits be
Around my path, drawing me near to thee,
Guiding me onward to a bright Eternity.

—Tamar Anne Kermode.

All of us who are worth anything, spend our manhood in learning the follies or explaining the mistakes of our youth.

INSPIRATION.

Humility 'mid gloom and rage and tears
Dumbly feel the breathings of its Father Soul;
While from the love-tossed lyres of distant spheres,
Sweet streams of music through its bosom roll,
Waking the slumbering harmonies of earth,
To blend with voices of immortal birth.

Keep your body sound. As wise savors of the cake it is kept in, the soul receives a tincture from the frame through which it works.

TODAY AND TO-MORROW.

To-day, at least, its joys are all our own,
To-morrow cometh, but its joys unknown.
For joy or woe to our free choice are given;
We make our hell, and cast aside our heaven.

There is no moral worth in being swept away by crowd, even toward the best objects.

TREASURES.

Pleasures are like poppies spread;
You seize the flower—the bloom is fled;
Or like the snow flakes in the river,
A moment white—then lost forever.—[Burns.]

The sorrow men have for others hangs upon one hair.

THE ROSICRUCIANS.

Mr. Editor—Some time since I had a conversation with a learned German upon the "Brothers of the Rosy Cross," commonly called "Rosicrucians," and feeling a great interest in the "teachings and practices" of that mysterious Brotherhood, I took up a pencil one evening before retiring, and the following was written by my hand in answer to the question—"Who and what were the Rosicrucians?"

If you think it would interest your readers, you can give a place in your columns.

Yours, truly, A. W. FENNO.
New Cove, Swampscott, Mass.

"Who and what were the Rosicrucians?" You ask "Who and what were the Rosicrucians?" I answer, the SPIRITUALISTS OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY. What did they teach? Love to God, charity to man, and the secrets of Nature, as revealed in the earth, sea, and heavens; they penetrated the earth to gather wisdom from its bosom; they fathomed the reason to learn the secrets of its mysterious life; they read the Heavens to learn what power the heavenly bodies exercise over man; but above all, they consulted the spirits of men, who on earth had been lovers of wisdom, and from whose enlarged vision they had a right to look for higher intelligence, knowledge and light.

As a body, they were men of purity and prayer. Why their wisdom was not committed to books, was simply this; to publish to the world, was to be misunderstood and to invite persecution; besides, the world was not ready for their revelation. Why did not the Apostle of Love give to the world all the vastness of his interior life? Because he did not wish to waste the Divine element. He gave all that could be understood, even imperfectly. The Rosicrucians were a secret society, and as such, were open to suspicion; for, as the world's poet says:

"Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind."

So with priests and kings in the most benighted societies. The "FRAKEMONS;" the "ILLUMINATI;" the "BROTHERS OF THE ROSY CROSS;" they saw but conspiracies against their divine rights. Oh! shameful abuse of language. Their divine rights. "Divinity of hell!" but let them pass; on earth they were, and are, the real foes of progress. And in their spirit-homes objects of pity and contempt, excepting those to whom the office of priest and king, has been what God intended it, the protector and guardian of their fellow-men.

The few noble souls who have worn the mitre and the crown, uncorrupted by power, now have crowns of transcendent brightness. But this was the cause of our Secret Union—Peace, for peace is necessary to the pursuit of wisdom. The brethren were bound by solemn oaths that were never broken, and that is the reason why our knowledge perished with us. There is not a memento of our forgotten lore. We sought the Philosopher's Stone, and found it in Wisdom. We sought the Elixir of Life, and found it in Temperance. We sought Immortality, and found it in God. Nature revealed to us her secrets. The healing power of the herbs was known to us; the wonderful and thrilling powers of Magnetism, Spiritual sight—now known by the French word, clairvoyance—was also ours—the courses of the planets and their influence over man. In brief, not to be tedious, we were Natural Philosophers, and philanthropic lovers of mankind.

We were the means, under God's blessing, of much good. The masses, sunk in ignorance, wore the tools and victims of their oppressors. The lords and priests were the masters of their wretched destinies. We imparted our knowledge as far as it was wisdom and safety—but our secret meetings were the "Sanctum sanctorum" of our hearts' dearest joy. There was the free exchange of thought, the gleaming eloquence of the patient thinker, the collected knowledge of the laborious student, all discoveries in chemistry and astronomy, were revealed and tested, and the solemn and sacred joys of the communion with spirits—for all the phenomena of

the present day were known to us. If a brother passed from earth-life, as soon as his condition permitted, a solemn reception was given him—his place was preserved—he entered, was seen, heard and felt; spoke and instructed us, and when departing, imprinted the kiss of love and peace upon the brows of those whose condition was in harmony with such manifestations.

We did not admit women, for the reason that absence from their homes would have been marked, and lead to discovery and persecution. The absence of women was the weak element in our organization, for in our Assemblies intellect pervaded the atmosphere, chilling the divine element of Love.

There were many noble saviors to whom we imparted as much of our wisdom as was deemed prudent, but their absence was our weakness. No organization can reach perfection, that does not possess the feminine quality, and every man who analyzes his better nature, will find that the female element enters largely into it.

But you are weary, and we will close. Our institution is no more, but the seeds have brought forth noble fruits. All your modern wonders—the steam engine, the railroad, the telegraph—were discovered by us, and had we possessed your civil and religious freedom, would have been introduced to the world. We have since given them and other inventions from the spirit-world, to those who were prepared to receive them, and our work is not yet finished. Our Society still exists in the spheres in an enlarged and more glorified wisdom, and we have much yet to give to the world. Remember, Love and Wisdom go hand in hand—the docile heart and the wise head.

To conclude, we were not sorcerers, magicians, nor wonder-workers. We were men with loving hearts, studying only the good of our fellow-beings, and the world's advancement and progression in knowledge and virtue. That we were right, our position here confirms. And as on earth our efforts toward wisdom and virtue gave us happiness, so do we find it here in the love and worship of the Almighty Father, and our sympathy with his wondrous works, and our love and attraction to our fellow-beings, both on your earth and in the heavens.

Farwell, dear brother! Love God, love Wisdom, seek truth, purity, and light, and in your soul you will be what I was, a ROSICRUCIAN.

Notes Concerning S. P. Leland, etc.

Mr. Editor—This is the anniversary of the birth of Washington, and one of the stormiest days of the season. Virginia looks up in astonishment at the great white flakes of snow come down through the chilly air, and wonders "what next?" Yesterday was a fine, warm, sunny day, reminding one forcibly of May-days at home, in the West; but to-day we are amid the storm and cold, and white garments of winter. Our bark of life crossed the line while we slept, and the dawn of morning found us hemmed in by snow-banks of respectable dimensions, and plenty more of the same sort in prospect.

From all the corps of the army, to-day, the thunder-tones of the cannon have proclaimed that the sons of revolutionary sires—who are themselves heirs of the great battle, handed down from generation to generation, for Liberty and human progress against despotism and wrong—still cherish with affectionate and enthusiastic reverence the great chieftain who led their fathers on to victory and a national existence, and whose, in all the walks of life, the invincible warrior, the sagacious statesman, and the pious and devoted citizen.

I rode over to the station last night, and obtained a supply of papers, and a trial of BANNER also came to hand by mail, so that I am enabled to bear the tedium of this stormy day with a fair degree of patience. I was interested in reading the letter of Mrs. Tuttle concerning S. P. Leland, from having had, in times past, some little knowledge of him and his doctrine. He used in times past—perhaps does yet—to figure very extensively in "Lectures on Geology," the sole object and end of which was to show that there was no God, and that indeed there was no need of one, since the "development theory," of which he was an earnest advocate and expounder, had for its particular office the germinating of "organizations" from nothing, and the development of them, through a low gradation of periods, up to man. So strong was his disbelief in anything like God, that he, in debate with myself on that subject, declared before a large and intelligent audience, at "Spear's Corners," in Erie County, Ohio, that he would not believe in a God, except he could see him, and shake hands with him. The Bible, of which I have always been, and always hope to be, a candid and honest believer and defender, (albeit, not in a strictly orthodox way,) came in for a more than usually bitter denunciation. His defense of the Free Lovers, and other associations of like character, having their rise in misunderstood truths and perverted doctrines, was particularly warm and vehement; and his denunciations of myself and the Orthodox Bible believers were as fierce and sarcastic as they were disgusting and ungentlemanly.

His supreme contempt for Hugh Miller and other writers on Geology was boasted of, with all the confidence and impudence of a "scientific quack." If such a term be applicable to one whose knowledge of science seemed, from his very flashy and trashy lectures, to have been drawn from the most superficial and unreasoning writers, and to have been learned for the very laudable purpose of upholding a flimsy "development theory" against a creating God, but he made money out of his infidelity, and that seemed to be the prime object of his labors; and I presume the despised Orthodox has hidden a larger price for his adherence and support, so he changes horses, and concludes to divulge all the dirty secrets of his past career of deceit and hypocrisy. What better could be expected of a man who would speak contemptuously of George Washington; who would cast contempt upon, and cover with the slime of misrepresentation and slander; the best men of this or any other age; who would undermine all the faith of human souls in their future existence, and deny that there is a God!

The Spiritual Philosophy, truly and rightly understood, is, I take it, the true doctrine of the Scriptures; and when the Church disavows this doctrine of spiritual influence and spiritual communion, she gives up the substance and clings to the form, and is henceforth a mere soulless body, and will perish and rot, as all things without soul must and should. But the mountainous exhibitions of impostors who have taken upon themselves the cloak of Spiritualism, are doing much to injure the cause of Truth and Reform. True, they are being thinned out, and people are beginning to open their eyes to what we believe to be the true and beautiful doctrine, and turning away from these degrading and contemptible

deceptions, and I predict that there will come a time when the Church will, see the true state of her case, and rise from the tomb of old heresies and shake off the debris of false creeds and doctrines now forever exploded and destroyed, and become, as she should, the champion of the religion of Reason, the fostering mother of religious and political liberty, the hand-maid of Reform, and the advocate and assistant of Human Progress.

Yours always, WILFRED WILLEY.
Camp, near Richmond, Va., Feb. 23, 1893.

Obituary Notices.

PASSED ON from his father's house, in Dover, N. H., Jan. 4th 1893, MARTIN E. PRATT, of the age of 19 years. When full of hope for the future, while his prospects for life before him, typhoid fever made its claim upon the physical, and the spirit relinquished its hold upon the body and went to join the angels. Feb. 15th, the angel Change came that way again, and called OTIS E., an only son, aged 5 years and 6 months, and he, too, obeyed the call, and left father and mother and sisters to shed the tears of affection around the lifeless form.

This has indeed been an afflicted family. The father, mother and five children have all had their turn in being prostrated with disease during the last twelve weeks. In their experience we find some of the beautiful fruits of our gospel of demonstrated immortality. They have been Spiritualists for some years. Mrs. Peirce is a medium, through whom the angels have been able to minister unto the suffering ones that came in her way. And now, when the cloud of affliction hangs so darkly over them in their home, they have the assurance that their sailing ones are with them still, and will wait their passing years and welcome them, when life's stormy sea shall be over, to their home in the land of the Hereafter. N. S. GREENLEAF,
Lowell, Mass., Feb. 24th, 1893.

Passed to the spirit-life, on Friday, Feb. 6th, WILTON DENNETT SANDERSON, aged 6 years 3 months and 13 days.

His sickness was of but few hours' duration, and the exchange of spheres was without a struggle, or even a sigh; and we know he is now happy in that "Better Land," where he so often expressed a desire to go, to meet his darling little brother who often communicated from that Sunny Home. Our darling little Willie has gone from sight, but we know he has not left us, but is skipping around as joyous and happy as a bird, and would not, if he could, return to his little form, which was strewn with flowers, but which we had to close from sight. We mourn our loss, but not his, for the atmosphere of spirit land we know is more congenial to his sensitive nature, than the air of this cold world; for he was a delicate little plant, and had but budded in this mundane realm, but will blossom in glorious beauty in the spheres of light and love. Address to the friends of the deceased, by Professor Jackson, of Philadelphia. MARIA J. DENNETT, M. D.
New York, Feb. 26th, 1893.

In Taunton, Feb. 15th, EVERETT A. PRATT, aged 2 years, 8 months, son of Joseph N. and Rosina Pratt.

Early the angels took this bud,
To a more genial clime,
To blossom in the spheres of love,
Where life is more sublime.

Also, in Taunton, Feb. 19th, FREDERICK A. THAYER, aged 7 years, 6 months, 26 days, son of Henry Thayer.

Too pure for earth! the angels came
And gave you child his angel name!
They in their loving arms you bore,
And placed him on the angel shore.

Also, in Wrentham, Feb. 10th, JOHNNIE JONES HEMMENWAY, aged 10 years, 3 months, adopted son of E. D. and C. F. Hemmenway.

Adopted in another home,
By loving ones and true;
Still will the child you so much loved,
Return and visit you.

Taunton, Feb. 24th, 1893. M. S. TOWNSEND.

A SOLDIER GONE TO REST.—Departed from Geneva, Ill., Feb. 7, 1893, THOMAS M. FIRM, a truly good man, and for many years a firm believer in the Harmonical Philosophy. Nearly two years ago he enlisted into the Union Army, contracted chronic diarrhoea, and after many months of great suffering and weakness; he sank at last as above stated, much beloved by all who knew him. L. B. L.

WENT HOME TO THE ANGELS, Feb. 10th 1893, OLIVE R., only daughter of PAULETUS D. and LUCY A. INGALLS, aged 4 years 11 months and 4 days.
Cuba, N. Y., Feb., 1893.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, LYONNET HALL, TOWNHALL ST., (opposite head of Bethel street).—Meetings are held every Sunday by the Society of Spiritualists, at 8-4 and 7-1 A. M. Meetings on Monday, March 8; Tuesday, March 9; Wednesday, March 10; Thursday, March 11; Friday, March 12; Saturday, March 13; Sunday, March 14; Monday, March 15; Tuesday, March 16; Wednesday, March 17; Thursday, March 18; Friday, March 19; Saturday, March 20; Sunday, March 21; Monday, March 22; Tuesday, March 23; Wednesday, March 24; Thursday, March 25; Friday, March 26; Saturday, March 27; Sunday, March 28; Monday, March 29; Tuesday, March 30; Wednesday, March 31; Thursday, April 1; Friday, April 2; Saturday, April 3; Sunday, April 4; Monday, April 5; Tuesday, April 6; Wednesday, April 7; Thursday, April 8; Friday, April 9; Saturday, April 10; Sunday, April 11; Monday, April 12; Tuesday, April 13; Wednesday, April 14; Thursday, April 15; Friday, April 16; Saturday, April 17; Sunday, April 18; Monday, April 19; Tuesday, April 20; Wednesday, April 21; Thursday, April 22; Friday, April 23; Saturday, April 24; Sunday, April 25; Monday, April 26; Tuesday, April 27; Wednesday, April 28; Thursday, April 29; 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