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MADMOISELLE MARIANI.

Translated from the French of A. Housaye,
for the Banner of Light, by
Laura L. Hastings.

CHAPTER XIX.

Where Young Girls have much Difficulty to Pay
for their Ribbons.

Mademoiselle Mariani was in transports over the beautiful dreams of youth, and the accounts of the kitchen never troubled her; yet she could not help thinking that the money for household expenses would fall sometime. She had learned to draw in crayons, from the traditions of Rosalba; and she resolved one day to draw some pictures and sell them. She worked every day for one week. When Horace called, she would hastily wash her pretty hands and run into the saloon.

"What were you doing?" said he to her one day, as he observed some red and blue spots on her hands.

"Be assured," said she, "I was not painting my face. I have commenced a picture in crayons."

"Paint me your portrait, then," said he.

"No; I will paint yours, if you wish; or I'd rather paint neither yours or mine."

"Why not?"

"Because I should paint them so ill. There are two persons in the world who are never seen as they are."

At the end of eight days Luciani had finished, with great delicacy of touch, two fancy heads, striking in contrast—beauty and Curiosity. Although ambiguous in design, they were charming.

Hector was much pleased to see his sister paint.

"Will you give me those two heads?" said he to her one day.

"No," she replied.

"Why not?"

"Because, I wish to sell them."

"Sell them!" he exclaimed.

"Yes; for I almost despair when I see how much money it is necessary to have in order to meet the demands of the creditors, every day. I am ashamed of my dresses, woven as they are with gold and silver. You see I can paint two heads a week; which, at fifty francs a head, will make one hundred francs. Will you oblige me by taking these drawings to Suse's or Groux's, to sell them for me?"

"Never!" said Hector. "Are you mad? Never will I consent to have your beautiful hands earn money. I blush to look at your work, for it accuses me of idleness. Content yourself, for I expect some money from Venice in a few days."

Hector did not expect money from Venice, but he hoped to win some at play.

"Brother, I have had enough of this life of exhibition. I am too often seen at the Champs-Élysées and at the theatre. I am too often exhibited in society. You do not know how much more pleasant it is for me to remain at home, happy with my work, and forgetful of everything."

"Do not be alarmed," said her brother, "my father's fortune shall be your dowry."

"You and mamma are both reckless," said Mariani.

"Am I not at home, myself? Do you think that I am going to remain a soldier during peace? I have friends in the bank; and if they refuse to give me a place, I will take the bank by storm. A position there is better than crayon drawing."

"Then you will not try to sell mine?"

"No; I will buy them, if you wish."

"Let us speak of the subject no more, said Mariani with impatience."

When she was alone, she rang for her maid and ordered her to go and sell her drawings at any price she could obtain.

An hour after the servant returned with the crayons.

"Mademoiselle, I have had poor luck with these drawings. In the first house I went to they offered to sell me two thousand like yours, Mademoiselle. It appears that all the young girls are painting these things, and playing the piano. In the second house, they said to me: 'These are very pretty drawings; but to sell them for fifty francs, it will be necessary to give frames with them.'"

"Very well," said Luciani, without being discouraged. "I will now paint portraits."

CHAPTER XX.

Crayon Portraits.

Madame Mariani, radiant in her satin, her furs, her feathers, her ear-rings and her bracelets, returned from her promenade at the Champs-Élysées—an exhibition which she never missed.

Everything could crumble around her without disturbing her, if there only remained two hours for her promenade. With a triumphant look from the window of her chariot, ornamented with a coat of arms, at an expense of six hundred francs per month, she would say to herself:

"It is I who am always beautiful and always courageous!"

She was the happiest woman in the world when she overheard the loungers say:

"That is Madame Mariani passing."

Women at forty imagine they have found the secret of the Fountain of Youth, and can remain young in spite of the ravages of time.

Madame Mariani had not yet written on her mirror these words of the poet: "At forty years even, woman has in her heart only forty springs—but after forty years she has forty winters."

"Why are you melancholy?" said she to her daughter, while glancing at the mirror.

Luciani recounted to her mother the misfortune of her two crayon pictures.

"I have already told you," said she, "that I wish to earn my dresses, at least. Since people do not wish fancy sketches, I will paint portraits."

"What are you thinking of, my dear Luciani? For what will folks take us to be? Adventurers?"

"Do you think, mamma, our creditors, who make us so many visits, have a very high opinion of us?"

"What matters it to me! All I care for is the world's opinion."

"The world, mamma, is everybody."

"You may paint portraits for amusement, but I do not wish you to paint for money."

Mademoiselle Mariani related the history of Rosalba—a Venetian, whose famous crayon drawings made her the lion of Paris, adding:

"She went into the best society, and dined at the court—which privilege did not hinder her from making them pay dear for her portraits. Let me tempt fortune—my hands will not be any the less white."

"She is perhaps right," thought Madame Mariani.

At the Sacre-Cœur, Luciani became acquainted with a young girl from the Faubourg Saint-Germain, by the name of Mademoiselle Helene de Vernoncey. They were pleased with each other at first sight, and a natural attachment grew up between them; one would have thought they were sisters. They read each other like an open book. Since the Sacre-Cœur they did not let two days pass without seeing, or writing to each other.

"I will commence with a portrait of Helene," thought Mademoiselle Mariani; "that will bring me good luck."

She wrote to her friend, who came for a sitting at once.

The portrait was charming. Luciani did not hesitate to confide in Helene that she had decided to paint portraits, and dispose of them for money.

Helene induced several Duchesses to sit for their portraits. One wished to try her beauty in her robe of white satin or black velvet, hair dressed à la Sévigné, or with a crown of thorns; another liked her face best in profile; another complained because she had forgotten her dog; still another wished to play with her fan; one thought she was too pale; another too red.

Horace, perceiving Luciani's vexation, was surprised that her patience kept the mastery of her temper, for she had not told him that she painted for money; so he counselled her to send the ladies to the woods, or to the concert, or to some tedious lecture.

Luciani committed a grave mistake, for she painted these ladies as they were, and not as they wished to appear. Thus the poor girl lost much time to no profit. After two months' labor with these ladies, the Marchioness de — gave to her as payment, a coral bracelet, saying that she did not wish to offend her by giving her money, and the Princess de — sent her a bouquet—one of the twenty bouquets that she had herself received the day of her fête—with a little note in which she promised to speak of her talent at Court.

The other two ladies did not wish to take their portraits; one, under pretext that M. X. found her prettier in the original, and the other that her dress-maker thought her too illly dressed.

Luciani wept bitterly.

CHAPTER XXI.

Mademoiselle de Montduc.

Mademoiselle Mariani resolved that she would never paint another portrait.

"I do not wish even to paint my own," said she to her brother, who had asked for it.

"Why?" he inquired.

"Because I am more woman yet than artist, and fear I should make myself more beautiful than I am."

One morning when Luciani was alone in her chamber—that chamber that during three months she had transformed into a studio—Mademoiselle Elanore announced a young lady who desired her portrait painted.

"Tell the lady I have thrown my crayons into the fire."

"But the lady says nothing shall hinder her from having her portrait painted by Mademoiselle."

"Let her enter," said Mariani.

Mademoiselle de Montduc entered noisily. Mariani recognized in her one of those ladies whom history styles the prodigal child.

"Madame," said Mademoiselle Montduc, "I have been told that no one but Vidal, Giraud, and yourself can draw my portrait in crayons. And without any more ceremony the lady seated herself on a fauteuil, leaving on the arm three-quarters of her dress."

"Madame," said Luciani, with dignity, "I do not wish to paint another portrait."

"Oh, you will paint mine! I love only crayon drawings. They are gay, sweet, melting as a peach. If I had your talent, I would paint my portrait every day. I beg of you to oblige me. I shall not question your price; money is of no account with me. I do not hoard up, God be praised. Do you wish a thousand francs? Do you wish a louis each time the clock strikes, like M. Diog de la Pena?"

"Madame," said Luciani, blushing, "I have given you no cause to address me thus."

"What? A Duchess—one of your friends—counselled me to come to you if I wished a good portrait. I tell you I will pay you as liberally as the best artists; there is nothing in that to be ashamed of."

"She is right," thought Mademoiselle Mariani; "I will smother my pride."

She resolutely took up her box of crayons and arranged her easel.

With her steady arms Mademoiselle de Montduc concealed her curiosity. If Luciani had been

less excited she would very quick have perceived that the lady came only to get a closer look at her. It was not the painter who studied her model, but the model who studied the painter.

Before Mariani had scarcely commenced her task, her maid announced in a low voice that M. Horace wished to enter.

"No," said Luciani, "say to him I will see him in the saloon."

Mademoiselle de Montduc overheard it.

"I pray you," said she to the young girl, "ask M. Horace to come and see my position, for he is one of my friends. There was a time when I saw him every day."

Mademoiselle Mariani, thus abashed, knew not what to think. She passed her hand across her forehead as if to demand an explanation. In the meantime, Horace, who was waiting without, pushed open the door and demanded audience. But scarcely had he saluted Luciani e'er he recollected even to the door-way as he recognized

Olympie indolently reclining on the fauteuil of the young girl. He returned, however, and approached her resolutely.

"You here?" said he with smothered indignation.

"Yes, I am here," she replied with the coldness of an adieu. "I was waiting for you."

"Ah, well! This shall be our last meeting," said Horace.

As he uttered these words, Mademoiselle Mariani, paler than death, disappeared like a shadow. The door closed on Horace and Olympie.

"I wish you to understand," said Horace, "I am not going to waste my time in a discussion with you."

"Who spoke of discussion? Mademoiselle Mariani paints portraits; I have come to ask for mine; I shall finish by asking for yours. Is there anything more simple?"

Horace acknowledged that he was in the wrong, and left the room to seek for Luciani. He found her leaning against the mantel in the saloon, looking as beautiful and sombre as the statue of Jealousy.

"Luciani," said he, as he strove to take her hand, but which she withdrew with a convulsive movement, "Luciani, I have never mentioned your name before Olympie."

"What matters it now," said Luciani in a sarcastic tone; "you had already subjected me to all kinds of humiliation, and it only remained for you to degrade me still further by making me submit to the friendship of your mistress."

At that instant Mademoiselle Olympie appeared at the door of the saloon, and with the most unconcerned air in the world, made a polite bow.

"When shall we have another sitting?" said she with a deiding smile.

Receiving no answer, she whirled round and disappeared.

"She came here," said Horace, with a supplicating look, "because I do not visit her any more!"

"I know the reason very well," said Mariani, who could contain her anger no longer; "it is because you have lost at play and have no more money."

"You are perhaps right," said Horace. "It is true, I have no more money, but it is certain, also, that I have no more love for her. What am I saying! I have never loved her."

Horace used all his eloquence to induce Luciani to pardon him which she smilingly consented to do, saying,

"It is not your eloquence that convinces me, but the love I have for you."

More than once, Mariani had bravely imposed silence on her heart, and resolved to forget Horace, and turn to God for protection. But, as soon as she saw his face, her resolution vanquished.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Theory of Marriage at a Test.

Madame Mariani counted much on the eligible marriage of her daughter; her creditors were impatient, and laid their claims before a Justice of the Peace. They menaced her with scandal. She was finally obliged to resort to that creditor of evil days, the Mont-de-Piété. Her waiting-maid sold her diamonds for one morning, that she might give a dinner-party in the evening. Her dressmaker refused to deliver an indispensable dress without security, and she gave her a necklace of pearls, valued at five thousand francs. Each hour the crisis drew nearer.

At length, the Baron presented himself. Madame Mariani received him with her sweetest expression and most caressing smile. Strange woman! she could not comprehend that love was the life and soul of woman. She believed when her daughter had two millions, and loaned her twenty thousand a year, everybody would be happy, her daughter as well as herself, and the Baron as a matter of course.

"Ah, well! Monsieur d'Humerolles," said she to the Baron, "have you come to explain your mysterious conduct?"

"There is no mystery, Madame; I love Mademoiselle Luciani."

"And have you come to ask her hand of me?"

"Yes—and no—Madame!" he replied.

"Yes and no!" she echoed.

Madame Mariani felt her heart grow faint; she seemed to see her two millions fall into an abyss.

"I will explain myself, Madame. I am not an absolute master of my actions; I have a family which has some claim to my fortune; I have a brother who has five little children and who counts on me for assistance, for he has only a short time to live, and is nearly ruined at the Bourse. Now, I am a little nearer happiness out of matrimony; and besides, this living on the goods of others is a akin to poaching. Perhaps I deceive myself. Since I have loved Mademoiselle Luciani, my whole heart has been hers. I am a cautious man. If I open my house to Mademoiselle, your daughter, I may raise, perhaps, a storm over my head. She is beautiful as the day, but sometimes she is

sombre as night. I shall not give myself to this love only through weakness. Who knows if I shall be loved in return?"

"My daughter, Monsieur, will love her husband, and him only."

"To speak to you frankly, I believe she will also love M. Horace de —."

"What an ideal! Horace is a friend of my son's, who comes here only to rail against love."

"Yes; but people outside say he comes here too often. I cannot blame Mademoiselle, your daughter, for he is but twenty-five, whilst I am fifty. I do not wish to make a leap in the dark."

"What! is this, then, the end of all the beautiful dreams with which you have amused me for a year?" anxiously asked the Madame.

"I have stultified, listened and waited. To-day, I still love and shall always, but the world marriage frightens me," responded the Baron.

"What is that you say, sir?"

"Do not be offended, Madame; I have considered a plan which will answer all purposes. Let us set out for London, without saying anything to any one: I will espouse Mademoiselle Luciani in holy wedlock."

Madame Mariani, in her indignation, interrupted the lover, but he prayed her to hear him to the end.

"After a year and a day, I swear, Madame, to return to Paris and wed Mademoiselle Luciani, if she has been true to me in London, without having regretted M. Horace."

"Monsieur!" said Madame Mariani, "this is a bargain and not a marriage."

"Mon Dieu! Madame; good bargains make good marriages. Before giving up my name and my fortune, I certainly have the right to make my proviso."

"Monsieur! if you truly loved Luciani, you would not be so precise. You gave me your word six months ago, but you can now recall it, for I shall retain it no longer."

"No, Madame," said the Baron rising, "I will not take back my word. If Mademoiselle Luciani does not love M. Horace, she will readily understand me; if she does love him, she will then understand me still better. Adieu. I shall be at your service the day you wish to set out for London."

"Adieu, sir; I shall not tell my daughter the outrageous conditions you wish to impose upon her. Neither shall I tell my son, for he would demand of you satisfaction for this insult."

Madame Mariani proceeded to her daughter's chamber. Concealing her anger, she said to her in an indifferent manner:

"Luciani, the Baron has just been here and asked your hand of me, but I refused him."

"Oh! thank you, mamma."

Luciani could not conceal her joy.

"My child, do you love Horace?"

"No, mamma, I love no one; but the Baron less than anyone."

"My dear daughter, do not let your sympathy favor Horace; for to-day we are on the verge of ruin, to-morrow we shall be lost."

"Lost! never!" said Luciani, carrying her hand to her heart. "My father will watch over us!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Heart and the Soul.

In the saloon of Madame Mariani, every one had noticed a finely executed portrait, painted by the last of the Schiavoni's, in 1847. It was the portrait of the father of Luciani; the features indicated severity, energy and cheerfulness of character. At first sight, one would recognize in it one of those revolutionary heroes who conquer or die.

One day as Horace stood intently gazing at this portrait, Luciani said to him,

"Look well at that face—it is my conscience! It makes me blush, as though I stood before my father, when a bad thought crosses my mind. Since I have known you, I have many times knelt before it in repentance, supplicating him with my tears."

"He was a brave man!" said Horace, "I should have liked to have known him."

"Yes; but if he had lived, you would not have met me at Baden. He was a man of learning, always ardent in study, and if I mistake not, took no pleasure in feasts. When he had a leisure hour, he would take me in a gondola, and row toward the Lido. But his mind was always engrossed with one great thought: 'Venice! Venice! Venice!'"

"Do you see," he would say to me when we were returning, "all these churches and palaces which are washed by the waves? It is Venice, the beautiful! It is the fairest spot in the world! But it is the land of shades, for in Venice to-day there are no Venetians!" And growing excited, he would strike his forehead, and then dashing away his tears, he would repeat a verse—forgotten here, but still shouted at Venice. I did not comprehend why he wept. But since he was killed for his dear Venice, I understand it all."

Mademoiselle Mariani worshipped her father. Although she loved her mother, she could not approve of the adventurous life she had led for the last ten years. Had Madame Mariani been a little less romantic, she would have been able, with what her husband left her, to live in Venice, or even at Paris, in a quiet way, with the love of her children, in an atmosphere tempered by domestic virtues.

Luciani did not understand happiness from its four cardinal points. She was born for the joys of the heart; she thanked God for having made her beautiful, but she did not believe that God intended she should run all over the world to exhibit a specimen of the perfect work of Nature. She was even bashful with her beauty—a rare and admirable trait in one's character.

"You do not understand the human heart," said Luciani to Horace; "you live too much for the world. By-and-by, when some fair one would share your heart, you will not be able to find it."

And she placed her hand softly on Horace's heart,

adding, "Is it not like a city, to be ravaged by the enemy, and then devoured by the flames?"

"Herculeanum and Pompeii!" said Horace, smiling. "Be assured, love for you fills my head and heart."

"Ah! we are more serious in Italy," replied Luciani, sadly; "we watch over our hearts as the ancient vestal over the sacred fire, for our souls are in them. At Paris, you pass over these matters lightly; you are too much invaded by folly and ambition; but we Italians believe only in our hearts, and when they are blighted, we die."

Luciani uttered these last words with an expression of sadness.

"How much you resembled your father then," said Horace.

"Yes," replied she, "our souls are akin. My brother resembles my mother. His aspirations are too unsubstantial; he loves noise, fêtes, adventure. He is a Parisian like you; he never finds time to pass an hour by himself; thus he does not know himself."

"Do you imagine that you know yourself, my dear Luciani?"

"Yes, I do, my dear Horace; and if you wish it, I will here, before the image of my father who watches us, draw my horoscope, while looking into your eyes. In one year, perhaps in six months, from to-morrow, you will forget me, and I shall die of my love for you, as my father died of his love for Venice."

"And you say you are not romantic?" replied Horace, who did not wish their passion to partake of so serious a character. "Be assured I will love you to-morrow, six months, a year, and forever!"

"Forever!" murmured Luciani, with a melancholy smile. "Tell me, Horace, how much time 'forever' embraces in Paris."

"My dear Luciani, it will be necessary for me to consult the dictionary of the Academy before answering you."

"Oh, you are evasive. Is this all the answer you have for me? The dictionary of the Academy! You are not contented unless you turn so serious a subject into jest. You would think yourself lost if you did not abuse a good sentiment by a bad display of wit."

"You are right, Luciani; I will close the dictionary, and open my arms to you." And Horace pressed Luciani to his heart.

"I know very well why you embrace me, Horace; it is because you wish to go. And I will not detain you, for I remember the proverb, 'In love, despotism breaks more chains than liberty.'"

"I should not wish to go," said Horace, "did I not recollect I have a gaming debt to pay this morning; besides, I believe I hear Madame Mariani coming."

"Yes, I had forgotten; we were going out this morning to the lecture. Adieu. I will run and dress. Tell my mother you came to see her."

And Mademoiselle Mariani left him with mingled feelings of happiness and unhappiness. But happiness without fear is seldom ever realized on earth.

Remaining alone an instant in the saloon, Horace, without intending to do so, bent his gaze earnestly on the portrait of Luciani's father, whose scrutinizing eyes interrogated his soul. He remembered that Luciani had said her father was her conscience, and felt himself turn pale. "What have I done to his daughter?" said he, with emotion.

CHAPTER XXIV.

How Hector fills the Role of Destiny.

Although Madame Mariani was forty, she had not yet abdicated. She reaped with a feverish hand the after-grass of love, whose penetrating perfumes mounted to her head. If she went into society, or rode to the woods, or gave a fête, it was ostensibly for her daughter, but in reality it was for herself. Thus she did not perceive what was visible to every one else, the love of Mademoiselle Mariani for Horace. Like all those who have traversed the paradise of love, she believed in culling the bitter fruits of experience; but she did not see the paleness of her daughter.

One day when Madame Mariani had gone out without her daughter, Horace found Luciani weeping at the piano. He took her hands and kissed her forehead.

"My dear Luciani, why do you weep?"

"I weep for reasons I can never explain."

Luciani had just read, with feelings of poignancy, a letter of her mother's, which betrayed her last adventure.

"Oh, my God!" cried she, falling on her knees, "are we then both cursed?"

Thus far she had only remarked her mother's imprudence in certain familiarities in her conversation with the gentleman whom she met, but she never suspected the faults of her mother which that fatal letter had revealed.

"Horace! Horace!" she exclaimed, "your love cast me into an abyss; but within an hour I have been made more wretched than ever!"

"Luciani, explain yourself!" exclaimed Horace.

"I cannot," said Luciani, "it is a secret which does not belong to me."

Mariani raised her beautiful eyes still wet with tears, and took his hands, saying:

"If you love me do not leave me here."

"What has happened?"

"Nothing; but, I pray you, let us go away!"

"Go away? and where do you wish to go?"

"What matters it to me, provided I am forgotten, or can forget?"

"You are romantic, Luciani."

"You should not reproach me, Horace. If I act strange, it is owing to the strength of my love. Do not

"You love me, but you will not devote to me a single hour of your life! If you truly loved me I should be your wife."

"You are right; but what can I do? You know I have quarreled with my father; and with my name and your beauty, what would be said by those who saw us go to the altar, knowing that neither of us possessed a soul?"

"Love does not stop for such considerations! Horace, you do not love me!"

"I will prove to you that I love you, in the course of time."

"Time!" exclaimed Luciani. "Dewar, Horace! When you are ready to give me your name I shall be dead!"

"Dead!" echoed Horace, as he regarded Luciani with the air of a man who believes not in the fatal predictions of despairing women.

"Ah, Horace, you laugh! I know what you are saying to yourself. You may think you know women, but you do not know me."

"That may be, for I am not altogether of the opinion of the moralist who says, 'All women are the same.'"

"Will you take me away?" said Luciani.

"Is that your ultimatum?"

"It is my refuge. I can no longer endure my present position! I wish to live for you and with you. If it is necessary, I will willingly work like a servant to redeem our fortunes, if shared only with you!"

"No, my dear Luciani, these beautiful, white hands were never made to work. Do the lilies work? Does not the good God give dew to the roses? I am not yet so abandoned by heaven that I cannot make you happy, whatever be the sacrifices!"

Thus saying, Horace walked hastily across the saloon, transported by a sudden idea, although it was one of his gloomy days, he having lost at play.

"After all," said he to himself, "why should I not set out with her? I have three or four bills of a thousand francs left; it is enough to live two months at Naples. In two months I will write to my father that I am going to wed an Italian of high rank. I will reform my course of life, and play no more. I will envelop myself in Luciani's love. What greater happiness is there than the possession of the love of an honest woman?"

He came back to Luciani, saying:

"Ah, well! I will take you away; but it must be at once. Put on your bonnet and shawl!"

"Oh, I thank you, Horace!" said Luciani, throwing herself into the young man's arms. "Grant me five minutes to write to my mother and fill a traveling bag."

She then ran to her chamber. A moment after she left, Hector, whom they had not expected, entered the saloon.

"Hullo! is it you?" said he to Horace, as he entered.

"Nothing. I was passing on the street, and just stopped in. I was told your mother was out, and that your sister was painting in her chamber."

"This is singular," thought Hector. "He begins to come here a little too often."

Looking fixedly at Horace, he said:

"Had you something to say to my sister?"

"No; but now that you have come, we will go out together."

Horace took his hat with one hand, and his friend's arm with the other.

"I have a thousand and one curious things to tell you."

"Why not tell them to me here?"

"You know I like to talk best when we are walking."

At that instant Luciani entered by the further door. Hector perceived her in the glass, and turned round.

"What a dress!" said he, "and a traveling bag! What mystery is this?"

Hector sang these last words.

"It is nothing to sing about," said Luciani, blushing. "I will tell you to-morrow."

"No; I wish you to tell me to-day."

"Why do you insist upon it?" said Horace, wishing to draw Hector away. "I learned by her maid, that Mademoiselle Mariani was going with her to carry some assistance to a house on Mt. Saint Genevieve."

"Oh, if it is charity that conceals itself, I have not a word more," said Hector to Horace. "But let me embrace my sister."

He embraced Luciani, and then went out with his friend. Luciani returned to her room and began to weep.

"Oh, my God!" said she, "I was so happy in the thought of breathing the fresh air again, far from this Parisian atmosphere, which almost kills me!"

She thought of her mother, but did not dare accuse her, though she had not a word in her defence.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

REASON AND INSTINCT.

BY S. B. S.

The spider makes a web, and the honey-bee a comb, which man cannot do. Give a man, with his reason, a body like a spider or a bee, but without their instinct, and can he make a web, or a honey-comb, just as readily as he could create a Universe?

Reason is a gift of God, and instinct is a gift of God. The powers man possesses are not self-created, no more than the powers possessed by the brutes are created by them.

Place a spider on a point or on a buoy in the middle of a pond, and, provided there be a tree growing near the margin of that pond, many hours will not elapse before that spider will have formed a bridge on which to transport himself from the point on which he stands, to that tree, and thus make his escape from his perilous location. The bridge, too, he will build from materials in his own body, which is not larger than a small pea. He makes the bridge without stirring from the spot on which he stands, and fixes it to the tree, even at a distance of a hundred yards. The bridge is a web he spins from his own body; and, when finished, it is so attenuated as to be invisible to the eye. The buoyancy of the air alone stretches the web from the spider's body to the tree. Notwithstanding its extreme diminutiveness, it bears the weight of the spider's body just as safely as a stone bridge built by an architect bears the body of a man, or a loaded wagon. Can man build a bridge like this, and with materials found in his own body? Then is a spider a more consummate architect than man!

So with the bee. He builds his house and forms its cells of the pollen and honey which he extracts from flowers, and divides it into apartments for containing the honey, and his future progeny, and the quantity of honey necessary for the sustenance of the parent family during the ensuing winter. The bee makes all the chambers of the right size, and of a uniformity of shape, not as man is obliged to make the apartments he occupies—with a rule, square and plummet. The bee makes them with no other instrument than his own body, and no rule but his instinct. In all this instinct as far surpasses reason as the effulgence of the sun the twinkling of the glow-worm.

Written for the Banner of Light.

A TRIBUTE.

To the memory of Gen. James S. Wadsworth, of Genesee, who was killed at the battle of Spottsylvania.

BY DELLE BUSIE.

From a beautiful home by the Genesee,
From an Eden of love outspread,
A hero went

To the warrior's tent,
With a kingly and martial tread.

From the cherished ones of a household band,
With a whispered, fond adieu,
He went with a heart

That would own no art,
Save to be strong and true.

Strong in the hour of his country's need,
And true to the cause of right,
This lofty aim,

Like an oriflamme,
Burned with a steady light.

And over the soul of the hero bold
It shone with a spell-like power,
That eased the smart

Of the painful dart
That comes with the parting hour.

And though he felt he might ne'er return
To the home of his hope and love,
Yet not a fear

Of the contest near
Could the strength of his purpose move.

Not wealth could stay him, nor love, nor ease,
But he turned from each siren's song,
For he heard the cry

Of sweet Liberty,
And his spirit was brave and strong.

So he marshaled a host, and sped away
To the blood-red field of war,
Where his only light

Through the terrible night,
Was the flame of sweet Freedom's star.

Thus far from his home, by the river's side,
From its visions of joy outspread,
The hero went

To the warrior's tent,
With a kingly and martial tread.

And forth to the combat for Freedom's sake
He sprang at the first command,
And firmly he stood,

Mid scenes of blood,
The chief of a valiant band.

And many a deed of valor marked
His path in the battle storm,
Where, like an oak,

Mid the din and smoke,
Stood firmly his noble form.

And long he bore in the strife a part,
Nor faltered till rest was won;
And the cry went forth

From South to North—
"The work of a chief is done!"

Then back to his home by the Genesee,
The warrior returned one day;
But not as he came,

With heart a-flame,
To join in the fearful fray.

Not with the martial or kingly tread—
Not with a flashing eye,
Whose kindling spell,

Hath a power to tell
How nobly a man may die!

Not thus, not thus did the chief return
To the visions of home outspread;
But he came, alas!

O'er the joys that pass
With the stillness of the dead.

And then there was heard by the river's side,
With the songs that the wild waves say,
A voice of grief

For the noble chief
Who had passed from his home away.

And the smothered sigh, and the dropping tear,
That speak of the loved one gone,
Came with the knell

Of the tolling bell,
As the funeral train moved on.

By the loving hands he was wont to clasp,
Ere the light of his eye had fled,
He was borne to rest,

And a nation's breast
Mourned for the noble dead.

To his beautiful home by the Genesee,
To its visions of joy outspread—
He will come no more

As he came of yore,
With a kingly and martial tread.

To a fairer home in a land of love,
Just over the River of Death,
The hero has gone,

And the heaven is won
We sing of, with faltering breath.

There he will meet, and with rapture greet
The friends of his early youth;
Where the soul's high aim

Like an oriflamme,
Leads on to immortal truth.

Then shall we weep for the noble dead,
Whose guerdon of fame is won?
Nay, let us say

With a cheerful lay,
"The work of a chief is done!"

Adelphian Institute, Norristown, Pa., 1864.

BOILING WATER.—Anything will cook as soon in water boiling as slowly as possible as it will in water boiling with the greatest fury. Water under the pressure of the atmosphere and at the level of the sea, boils at two hundred and twelve degrees Fahrenheit, and as long as it is open to the air, no fire, however fierce, will heat it a single degree above this temperature. If the vessel be closed with an air-tight cover so that the pressure on the surface of the liquid, it may be heated to any degree whatever. As the pressure increases with the temperature, the strength of the boiler must be increased in proportion. If the vessel be raised above the surface of the earth, the water will boil at a lower temperature than two hundred and twelve degrees Fahrenheit, as the pressure of the atmosphere is decreased by raising the vessel.

WHAT IS HEAT LIGHTNING?—The flashes of lightning often observed on a summer evening, unaccompanied by thunder, and popularly known as "heat lightning," are merely the light from discharges of electricity from an ordinary thunder cloud, beneath the horizon of the observer reflected from clouds, or perhaps from the air itself, as in the case of twilight. Mr. Brooks, one of the directors of the telegraph line between Pittsburgh and Philadelphia, informs us that, on the occasion of a visit to this point, he asked for information from a distant operator during the appearance of flashes of this kind in the distant horizon, and learned that they proceeded from a thunder storm then raging fifty miles eastward of his place of observation.—Prof. Henry.

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

"We think not that we daily see
About our hearth, angels that are to be,
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."
(LITTON HUNT.)

SUSAN SMITH; OR, WHO MADE US TO DIFFER?

"Mother, I don't love everybody, and I shan't try," said Amy Mead, as she came in from school. "Our teacher preached a great long sermon about loving each other, and I was tired to death and wanted to come home; and he kept looking toward me as if he expected I would do just as he said; and I shan't—I shan't even try!"

"Softly, softly, now," said Mrs. Mead; "let me hear what has caused this great excitement, and made you call your teacher's pleasant conversation a sermon, and caused you to feel so very anxious to beat home."

"Well, I suppose it all happened from this: There's a little girl goes to school that we don't like to play with. You would not like her, mamma. She is not neat at all. She has a poor, miserable dress and such slouchy shoes! and you know you say every little girl can have their shoes neatly tied, but her's ain't tied at all; and then her hair is all frizzled up, and you would laugh to see her sun-bonnet. It's made out of horrid old check and has no strings, and every breath of wind blows it off. But she's got real pretty eyes—only they look sad; but you know, we don't like to have her play with us, she looks so. And to-day, as I started to go home at noon, she ran along beside me, and I didn't like it. You know, mamma, you do not like to have me associate with everybody. I don't think you'd like her appearance at all; she's horrid!"

Here Amy's voice lowered a little. She felt she was not quite truthful, and that her mother would know she was not, so she paused.

"Who do I not like to have you associate with?"

"Oh, I know what you mean! You have always told me to choose good companions, and, mamma, I don't see how Susan Smith can be good, she looks so. If you only could see her!"

"Well, perhaps I shall; but how came you to have a lecture?" asked her mother.

"Well, that's the worst of it. You see, the teacher saw Susan run, and I didn't know he was so near, and I gave her a nudge, and—and—"

"And what?" said Mrs. Mead.

"And told her to go along, I wished to walk alone."

"Did you tell her the truth?"

"Why, no, not exactly, for I ran and caught up with Emma; but then, you know, I must make some excuse."

"Excuse for the nudge, I suppose?"

"Oh, mamma! I know that was not ladylike, and I felt ashamed of it. And then to think Mr. Emery should see me, when he had just given me the premium for politeness!"

"What did he say about it in his lecture or sermon, as you call it?"

"He was too good," replied Amy, "to say just what he thought; but he talked about our all being children of one Father. He said the Father in Heaven loved all his children—the poor as well as the rich—and if we wished to show our love to God, we must love one another. But, mother, I don't think he loves everybody, and I wanted to ask him whether he loved old drunken Jo."

"He would probably have told you that he hoped he should never treat him rudely, and thus prove himself no better than Jo. But is Susan a very ill-behaved girl?"

"Oh, no! only she's so stupid! Why, if you'll believe me, she can't read only in short sentences."

"And she's studied a great deal?"

"Oh, no! she never went to school in her life until now. Just think of that!"

"I suppose she has had good opportunities to go any time she chose?"

"I'm sure I don't know; but every girl has. You know, mamma, you said yourself that everybody could have a good education where there were free schools."

"Perhaps she wishes to have one. But you have really made me wish to see this horrid girl."

"Oh, don't, mamma, repeat what I said to her, for she is not ugly, only she dresses so, and she has such a way of twisting round, and—and—she's so stupid."

"I am going out for a short walk, and if you know where Susan lives, suppose we go and see her."

"Oh, you would not want to call on her! She lives in the little old house up the hill. It's half tumbling down."

"What! up by Cherry Lane, in that pretty place?"

"Pretty place! What do you mean?"

"Did you never notice the grand view from there, and admire the little brown house nestled among the trees and peeping out of the lilacs that have so kindly tried to cover its deformity by showing their own beautiful mantles? I used to wonder that no one lived there, even though it was a miserable dwelling. I thought the last time I was there, that it was the best place to grow good in that I ever saw, because it seemed to show the value of all the good and beautiful things that God has given the earth; and make fine houses and ornamental grounds seem only half as good as the beautiful valley and the grand mountains and the fine old forest. But I forgot that I was talking to a tired school-girl. Come, let us have our hats, and we will try the hill."

It was a lovely autumn day, and the trees had just begun to put on their beautiful garments of many colors, as if the brightness of the whole summer fields had been cast upon them, to show how beautiful is the change from the life of nature to its death. They passed by the schoolhouse, and by the pine grove, and began to climb the long hill beyond. Amy was very silent, for she knew she had not shown that day the loving heart that her mother wished her to possess. They walked slowly, and Mrs. Mead gathered the purple asters and the yellow golden-rod, and the bright red leaves of the maple, and made a beautiful bouquet; but Amy, who dearly loved flowers and loved to gather them, did not pick one. It was because her heart was not like the flowers, for only those love flowers who have in their hearts the same love of blessing and making beautiful everything that is about them. One may admire flowers, and love to see them, because of their gay colors, or their beautiful forms; but to love them one must be like them, and seek to reveal God's beauty continually.

After a time they arrived at the little old brown house, nestled among the lilacs like a bird's nest. Mrs. Mead knocked gently on the door. "Come in," said a feeble voice, and they entered a room that served as kitchen, parlor and sleeping room.

On a bed in one corner was a pale, sad looking woman, that proved to be Mrs. Smith, Susan's mother. There was nothing comfortable in the room. A few poor chairs, a table with a broken leg, some ragged rugs on the floor, and a few dishes on a shelf, constituted the principal furniture of the apartment.

"I am sorry Susan is not in," said Mrs. Smith. "She has gone to try and gather a few cranberries in the meadow, to sell to buy her a reading-book, for, poor child, she has none, and she wants to learn to read, and it is not easy for her, while she depends on a book borrowed at school. She's a dear, good child, and does all she can for me; but it is hard for her to keep the house tidy, and wait on me, and get her own food, and go to school. We are very poor, ma'am, but we do the best we can, and better days are coming, I hope, by-and-by."

"How long have you lived here?" asked Mrs. Mead.

"Oh, not long; only since August. We lived in a place where there was no school, and all the companions Susan had were very rude people, and I wanted her to come where she could be with good people. I am sorry I can't fix her up better, but I am not well enough to work, and such little girls forget sometimes to comb their hair, and make themselves look neat and tidy, and I've been too ill to think much of it; besides, I am almost blind. I hurt my eyes sewing. But I am afraid I tire you with my complaints."

"Oh, no," said Mrs. Mead. "Here is a little girl that has thought, people could always do as they pleased. I am sure she is interested in hearing of you."

"I can see that she has a sunny face," said Mrs. Smith, "and I am sure she will be a good friend to my Susan."

Amy looked first at the ceiling, and then at the ragged rug, and then at the faded counterpane on the bed; but she was thinking all the time of the rude push she had given Susan that day.

"Susan, poor child," continued Mrs. Smith, "has had no one to teach her, and she has some disagreeable ways. I dare say, for she has been with disagreeable people; but she is the dearest child that ever a mother knew. She is so afraid that I shan't be comfortable that she seldom thinks of herself. I sent her to the village the other day to buy her something for a better bonnet, and I thought I could make it when the sun shone the brightest; but she got instead some tea and sugar. Who would have thought of such a child's thinking of it? I asked her how she happened to, and she said she saw some one else buying some, and she thought how nice it would be for me. Oh, she is a dear, good child."

Much more Mrs. Smith said, and after expressing much sympathy and a wish to help her, Mrs. Mead left with Amy.

They walked quietly some distance, and neither of them spoke. After a time Amy said:

"Mother, there's my other hat, that I don't need. Could n't Susan have it?"

"Certainly," replied her mother.

"And then there's my reading-book, that I don't need any more. I should like to have her have that; and if you please, mamma, I will give her mother that gold dollar I was going to buy something with for myself."

"Oh, yes, Amy; those are the sweetest words I have heard to-day, because they show you have still some love in your heart."

"But then, mamma, I did n't know that Susan's mother was so poor; and I did n't think she had so hard a time."

"But you thought," said Mrs. Mead, "that she wished to be careless, and did not care to make herself look nicely. Let us not judge others until we know something of them."

Amy saw the beautiful flowers by the roadside again, and ran to gather them. Already the love in her heart began to express itself, and she felt the gladness of it. The beautiful asters looked up to her face, like so many eyes of beauty, and the golden-rod raised its clusters of flowers as if to shed its golden wealth upon her.

"Mamma, I'm thinking what makes one flower purple, and another flower blue, and another yellow. I should think they would be all alike, growing so close together; but I love one just as well as another. I suppose God thought we'd like to have them different. Some of the girls say that they hate yellow flowers; but I should think they'd love them, if God made them so."

"I was thinking, too," said Mrs. Mead. "Shall I tell my thoughts? I was thinking why we had a nice pleasant home and a plenty of food and clothes, while poor Mrs. Smith had to wonder where the next day's bread would come from; and I was thinking if a dear Father in Heaven cared for all his children, what was the reason that their lots were so different."

"I wish I knew," said Amy, "for I felt real vexed when I was there that she had so hard a time."

"I concluded," said Mrs. Mead, "that it was necessary for the beauty of God's universe that there should be no two precisely alike, and that the differences in people, and in their conditions, helped make us all wiser and better. This morning I had a very selfish girl in my home, who was not willing to please any one but herself; and Mr. Emery had a very selfish pupil, who had very little love in her heart for a sad girl; but to-night I think I see a beautiful flower of love blooming in that same little girl's heart, and it sprang up and blossomed because the dear Father in Heaven, wishing us all to become better, made some as teachers for us. Mrs. Smith has taught me patience, and Susan has taught you love. But there comes Mr. Emery, and see what a beautiful bunch of fringed gentian he has."

"I thought I should meet you," said he. "I gathered these for Amy; they are lovely flowers, they bloom so late; and I wanted to tell her a little story I once heard about this sweet September blossom."

"Oh, do," said Amy; "your stories are always so good."

"There was once a good fairy mother, who had two lovely children. She cared for them tenderly, and loved them as good mothers do. To each she gave beautiful gifts, and prepared the loveliest garments for them to wear. As they became older, and had grown as tall as the stamens of the clematis, they showed themselves very unlike in disposition. The eldest, called Bramblina, showed herself selfish and proud; while the younger, whose name was Gentiana, was loving and gentle. It was a great grief to the good mother fairy to find one of her children showing so unamiable and unlovely a temper, but she trusted that time would change her."

One day the two sisters were walking out together, when Gentiana said, "Let us go and open the rosebuds for the children to smell of."

"Oh, how silly," said Bramblina; "you are always doing something for somebody. As for myself, I wish to go and wash myself in the dew drop to make me fair."

"But, sister," said Gentiana, "how sorry the dear pets will be when they go to gather roses and find none in bloom. But if you wish not to do that, by-and-by I will go; but come with me now and

put the bloom on the apricot, that the dear little ones may remember what a beautiful day this is."

"Oh, ho, Gentiana, you are full of whims. I wish to rock myself to sleep in a blue bell."

"But, Bramblina, it is not time to sleep yet; let us go and give some beauty to the earth."

"I prefer to keep the beauty, myself," replied the selfish sister.

And thus to every wish she gave a petulant and selfish reply. But Gentiana went on her missions of love, and opened the blossoms and kissed the fruits and perfumed the buds; and she was ever saying, "how pleased the little ones will be."

Bramblina, however, sought her own selfish pleasure and sleep, and awakened and tried to find something to add to her own beauty or her comfort.

It chanced that the visit of the great fairy king came on this very day, and he was accustomed to listen one night in the summer to the latest wish of his subjects, and fulfill them. As this happened only once in a year, every fairy would gladly have known of his coming, so that they might make some beautiful wish; but he preferred that his visit should be secret.

When Gentiana came home at evening she was weary but very happy, for she had spent the day in loving deeds. Bramblina was also weary, but it was from seeking her own selfish pleasure. They went soon to bed in a manyfold, for it was a warm night and they needed no covering. The king sat, also, between the petals close by, so that he could hear the last wish of these children.

"Oh, how tired I am," said Bramblina; "I think it has been a dreadful day."

"Yes," replied her sister, "you are tired, for I see you have no color in your cheeks; but it has been a charming day, and oh, if you could have seen those little ones gather the roses, and fill their baskets with apricots."

with inspiration deep and true, a love-lens, which all aspiring minds sooner or later attain.

And to all our many friends in the West, please allow me to say that I find myself safely moored in the Queen City of my own native State, to spend some time with my only brother, Walter, who has completed his panorama illustrating the progressive development of man, from the lowest forms of matter to an angel in the spheres. The painting far surpasses my former expectations; but the scene illustrating the departure of a beloved mother from her mortal form, and the weeping son and daughters is so real in its effect, that the beholder is at once taken back to his own paternal home, where a fond mother took her farewell leave of all terrestrial scenes. The angels, bending lovingly over her, are waiting to escort her home. A trance medium witnesses her departure with calm and holy resignation. There are other scenes as impressive and beautiful, but this comes home with sensations of grief, love and beauty. The painting, I know, will command respect and attention, when brought before the public. At present it is being exhibited only to a class of students, who come each evening week, hundreds of miles, to learn the art of healing the sick without medicine and without price.

He may not remain here longer than the first of October or November next, staying merely to give his classes instructions; so that those wishing to learn his art would do well to avail themselves of the opportunity without delay.

The shades of darkness are receding before the light of truth; and who would not wish to bask in its rays at morn's first rosy dawn? The car of progress is also moving, and in all probability will take him and the panorama over broad prairies, beyond the confines of city life, into smaller cities, towns and villages, where people are so philanthropic that they are ready to drink in truths deep and mighty. But wherever we turn, hallowed associations must be left behind, only to be treasured in the sacred heart of diviner memories.

Our new-found, valued acquaintances, W. P. Anderson, the spirit-artist, and his genial, amiable lady, will long occupy that sacred shrine of remembrance. Their time is all occupied in taking pictures. They are very exclusive because of the unceasing demand upon their time and strength for spirit portraits. The time expired last month in which they were willing to receive orders. They have a number of very valuable likenesses to finish, which will take a year or two to accomplish. But they are devoted to their sacred art, which was given them by spirit power, and they are expecting to continue in it as long as life and strength exist sufficient for the task. They are as loving and harmonious a couple as I ever saw, thus attracting a high order of invisibles to their own peaceful home. One thing more respecting them: While yet children, they saw each other grown up to manhood and womanhood, and were impressed with the belief that they were to be united. So, in after years, when they first met, they recognized each other, and mentally exclaimed—"there is my husband," and "there is my wife." They needed no long months or years of courtship, for they felt they were as well acquainted then as they are to-day. This is, indeed, true marriage—true life-companionship—and, to use an old phrase, "a match made in heaven." But let me pass on.

I would like to give your readers a description of Greenwood Cemetery, but will only say here, that it is the most beautiful place I ever saw. Its plots of green, its envied walks, its marble monuments, sepulchres, overgreens, flowers, &c., render it not only a place of resort for the residents of the city, but is suggestive of the beautiful home of the spirit, away from the turmoil and cares of earth. When first I beheld its splendor, I thought it a pity that so many thousands should have been expended over the perishable of earth. This, however, was but a passing thought. Was it not well to give employment to the laboring class, or to give the artist and sculptor occasion to cultivate and display the admirable productions of art and genius? Even so. And we know that the cultivation of this faculty of our mind is refining to the spirit, and, consequently, not to be neglected. We visited the Potter's Field, where the graves are side by side, in perfect range, extending over acres of ground, reminding us of fields of corn and potatoes on our western prairies; but planned to bloom in spheres superior, where gold makes not the difference in honors conferred. There the poor are appreciated according to their moral worth, and I opine that many will have pearls of true greatness, when compared with those who proudly ride over them in this money-loving world.

But I must close, with the hope that angels of earth and of the spheres will assist the BANNER in its unflinching to the uttermost parts of the world.

And now, to all, adieu for the present. With a deep, spiritual love for all that is lovely on earth or in the spheres, I remain, fraternally,
F. A. LOGAN.

244 Fulton street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Notes from Saratoga, by a Spiritualist.

Feeling assured, Mr. Editor, that you will feel yourself entirely at liberty to reject my communications if they appear too frequently, and understanding, also, that when in your judgment no good can be accomplished by giving space in your paper to articles sent to you, it is your duty to reject them, I venture to write, with the consciousness that no harm can come from it, except the loss of my own time, which may, perhaps, be of but small account.

It is not easy for one who has given much attention to the subject of Spiritualism, to avoid being something of an observer of human character. If, also, he is earnest and active in the exercise of the prerogatives which are essential to a free and exalted manhood, by giving full expressions to his convictions he may find himself rather compelled to be an observer than a participant in the social circle that surrounds him. I have seen those who claim more than ordinary piety—those who make religion their almost constant theme, and in mournful strains deplore the sin and wickedness of those around them—be so indignant at the introduction of the subject that they would leave the room. I have heard them, also, in the most positive manner declare that it was of the devil, and as such they should treat it.

I cannot fully account for the manner in which Spiritualism is received. If it is of the devil all things must be, for all things can be made injurious to mankind. There can be no higher power than God, and all things must exist by His will. Where can we draw the line when we attempt to specify what is and what is not of God? Every thing is useful in its place; every thing is hurtful when out of place. When we understand rightly to apply all things, all things will contribute to our good. God never made anything perfect, else all things would not be progressive. If Spiritualism is imperfect, it is no evidence that it is not of God. Surely the Church is not perfect, and yet it is claimed to be of God by those who reject Spiritualism on account of its imperfections. Spiritualism is the philosophy of the soul, and the being

spiritually minded the life of the soul. To cultivate the affections, to be true and faithful to each other, to look with charity upon the faults and imperfections of others, and remove, as far as possible, the stumbling blocks in their way, is the true province of Spiritualism. There was never before a time when true men were more strongly called upon than the present. The age, and our nation are in the throes of political and moral revolution. The events of a single day accomplish more for humanity than a century in some other times of the world's history. To fear to speak the truth now is criminal cowardice. The spirit of universal freedom, and yet of individual responsibility and action, should now be seen and felt. To bend our efforts only to the accumulation of money, is far below what is now required of every true man. If prejudice, instead of reason, is the prominent feature of Christian people, Spiritualists should exhibit a nobler and a higher purpose. It is not easy to discuss the great questions of the day without coming in contact somewhat with partisan feeling. This I fear will be the rock on which we shall split. Yet calmness, candor and earnestness are now requisite, and all except the passionate and thoughtless will feel that a weighty duty is incumbent upon them.

It may not be wise to have even the trammels of sectarian bondage thrown off too suddenly and too entirely. Millions of men are governed by no higher law than that of fear, but the higher law should now be more fully understood. To accord to others all we ask for ourselves, and to recognize merit, only, as the test of worth, is good doctrine if not good law. Every desire and action to remove the hindrances in the way of man's progression, can hardly be laid to the devil, or other evil influence. To make men more happy by improving their external condition, and by inducing them to study and examine into spiritual things, ought not to make them obnoxious to orthodoxy.

Such, however, is human imperfection and human weakness. Who of us can claim perfection, or even any different action under the same circumstances? Who of us cannot repeat a story of our wrongs? How many, since this cruel war has raged, can tell of injuries by the hand of his fellow man? The form of one of my own gifted sons now slumbers in an early grave; the other is languishing in a Southern prison. From the crossing of the Rapidan with Grant, until the 17th of June, before Petersburg, it was almost one constant battle, and constant hardship and exposure; and since then, in the stockade prison at Andersonville, and now in a condition of extreme suffering in Charleston, S. C., he, with other brave and true men, are paying the penalty of endeavoring to sustain the blessings of a government that they believe best suited to promote the happiness of mankind. How many hearts have bled, and how many weary, painful hours have been spent, as well by those at home as those in the field—and how long, oh how long, before this wicked rebellion will come to an end? When are we to have peace, and how are we to obtain it? God speed the right. Yours, fraternally,
Saratoga Springs, N. Y. P. THOMPSON.

The Davenport and the Cause at the West.

We have just had a visit from the Davenports in Elbridge. Or rather a visit from Ira Davenport and his daughter Elizabeth and her husband, Mr. Colie, accompanied by a Mrs. Mitchell, a clairvoyant Healing Medium. They were on their way from New York to Buffalo. They gave us four sittings. Saturday, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday nights. Left Wednesday last for Penn Yan. They left good evidence of man's existence beyond the tomb, i. e., to all investigating minds. There is a class, however, that will cry humbug and denounce without investigating, though they do it against the best evidences of their senses, sight excepted. As these physical manifestations must be produced in the dark, or negative state of the atmosphere, it is next to impossible to convince the skeptical portion of community of their genuineness without the cabinet, and even then some will doubt or attribute it to some house-pious trick, as they all know that Blitz, the juggler, is very adroit in his profession. The Davenports should never exhibit except in private circles without their cabinet, when the most determined skeptics are allowed the privilege of tying the mediums to their seats—arms, hands, feet and legs, securely, so that they know they cannot stir or move about in the least; and then, after searching the cabinet to see that there is nothing visible within that can make a noise, except the instruments, and not even the mediums' mouths, as they are allowed to be muffled or banded; and then to leave the cabinet, closing the doors after them; and this cabinet in the same lighted room as the audience. If then these instruments are immediately played upon and hands are seen passing by the aperture or opening between the doors, this is evidence, or ought to be, to eyes and ears both, that the mediums do not make the sounds, or present the hands. The person who will not admit this, though he does not admit the idea of spirits, cannot be convinced by any amount of evidence. He may as well be given over to the buffetings of Satan for the destruction of the flesh, as Paul has it, first as last, that he may learn not to blaspheme. For this is to blaspheme against the Holy Ghost, which is in every man. How many belonging to the different sects are guilty of this very sin. And these same individuals whom only Jesus pronounced hypocrites in his day, will denounce every investigation of these wonderful phenomena. They deplore the idea that the youth of our day are allowed to attend such deceptive jugglers, as they see fit to term them.

The writer of this is denounced as one who is corrupting the morals of the rising generation by giving countenance to these exhibitions, and every epithet heaped upon him as a wicked disorganizer. And all for what? Why, simply because he wishes to investigate and ascertain what man is: what he is physically, mentally, morally, normally and abnormally; what his powers, capacities and susceptibilities are; how matter and mind are related; what laws govern and control them. Is not this important to know? Why, this is enough to employ the mind of man to good advantage forever. And this science of man is denounced as a piece of jugglery, by the same persons who have never devoted a week's time to the subject.

Our worthy friend, the Professor of the Munro College Institute in this place, who is of an enquiring mind, ready to investigate and look into those laws relating to matter and mind, and who, by the way, is a member of the Presbyterian Church, and his wife a member of the Baptist, are censured for giving countenance to the spiritual phenomena! "Oh, it will injure the Academy," say the alarmists. Why will the study of the science of man, we would ask, injure the Academy? Is it an institution devoted to bigotry and intolerance? We happen to know that the founder, Nathan Munro, who donated it over twenty thousand dollars, was no bigot, but a liberal minded man. And who are those who would shut out scientific investigation, but intolerant? Are they not the same spirits that have ever enkindled the

fires of persecution in all past ages? Such are they who would quench the spirit of investigation. Let such hide their heads. If they will not advance with the age in which they live, let them not stand in the way, but crawl into their shells, and become mere oysters; but let scientific investigation be free and untrammelled.

Yes, the world moves. The earth revolves, though the Pope may ignore the fact. We have Popes all about us. Even here, in this little, quiet village of Elbridge, they manifest their intolerance. They seem not to know that the science of man is yet to be introduced into our institutions of learning. But the time is even at the door; media are being prepared; they are numerous.

The Davenport Family is an instrument in the hands of Nature's God, that will rock this Continent theologically, from centre to circumference. It will do so on the sea, and across the big waters. The crowned heads of Europe will not fail to greet them as harbingers from the invisible spheres. We bid them God-speed on their mission. We have many others left of a similar organization and mission; and while we are blessed with media of this sort, let us thank God that some can be spared to bless and redeem the Old World.

Yours truly, ASILEY CLARK.

Aug. 24th.

Wanderings and Thinkings.

NOTES OF PROGRESS.

Since my return from the East, dear BANNER, I have been partially over my old field of labor for the last three years in "that obscure part of the State of Michigan," and by comparing many points now with what they were then, I feel that the labor bestowed on them has not been in vain. First let me notice

WATSON.

People live there, though it is an "obscure place," and good ones, too. Two-and-a-half years since, I commenced labor there, though but two real Spiritualists were to be found in the community. Once a month since, I have spoken there to full audiences; and last Sunday closed their second Annual Grove Meeting, interesting and well attended. The number of those who are regular attendants at our meetings, and esteemed as Spiritualists, is over fifty heads of families, besides many young people, with several mediums of excellent promise. They have a good choir, and sustain all the meetings they can have, and would sustain more if speakers could be had.

KALAMAZOO.

I commenced in this beautiful little Garden City, nearly a year ago, with the watchword, "Perseverance" ringing in my soul—a strong echo from the bright land immortal—and was heartily responded to by the few firm and true friends in the place. Congregations have been small, but very attentive. A debate last spring with Mr. Stephenson, Adventist, resulted favorably. Mrs. Frank Read and Mr. A. B. Whiting, whose inspirational powers are of a superior order, have done much to advance the cause.

Harry Slade, the well known healing medium, has and is still rendering permanent and valuable aid in the way of tests and funds, so that interested audiences are now by this means—and the ladies social circle—freely fed, from one-half to three-fourths of the time, on glowing truths, fresh from the golden fount of inspiration.

GUN PLAINS.

Still active, with permanent speaking one-half the way, by that good and efficient laborer, Bro. E. Whipple, always loved, and always appreciated.

GANGES.

The land of peaches, blackberries, grapes, cool, wholesome, lake breezes, and good health.

My coming to this place, four years ago, was under spirit-direction. Though thought to be out of the way, and a new country, still the results have been most happy and satisfactory. My friends thought at the move I was going to play a lone hand and fail. But, thanks to my good, faithful circle, hearts turned up trumps, and I have had a full hand of them ever since. Never has a speaker and his family been better cared for than we, by the friends here and elsewhere on the field of my labors. Though our numbers here are not large, there is still much interest felt in the cause, and speakers are in great request, and well sustained and appreciated. From my past experience, of one thing I am satisfied, and that is: though local in my labors, and consequently not popular as a speaker, I have done more good in this than in any other way I could have devoted my time and energies. The local speaker has an opportunity to enforce by his personal influence, his precepts and teachings on the stand, and thus make the impression more permanent than he could by itinerating.

Should this article, already too lengthy, prove of sufficient value to give to your readers, you may expect more of my "Wanderings and Thinkings," in the future.
J. G. FISKE.

The National Convention of Spiritualists.

The following letter from Henry T. Child, M. D., of Philadelphia, was intended to be read before the late Convention of Spiritualists at Chicago, with several other similar letters, but in the crowd of other matter which pressed upon the time of the Convention, no opportunity occurred for presenting it.

PHILADELPHIA, July 15, 1864.

DR. GARDNER: Dear Sir—Your circular inviting me to be present at the National Convention which is to meet at Chicago on the 9th of next month, was duly received, and I assure you it would have given me pleasure to accept it, and to meet with my friends and the Spiritualists who assemble on that occasion. For "as iron sharpeneth iron, so doth the countenance of a man his friend." But arduous and responsible cares among the home defenders of the country—the sick and wounded soldiers—as well as professional engagements at home, will prevent that gratification. Permit me, therefore, to occupy a few moments in presenting some thoughts to the friends assembled in the Convention.

As Spiritualists and progressive men and women, we stand to-day in a very responsible position before the world. Let us not shrink from our posts, and seek to hide our light under the bush of popular ease and applause, or the bushel of self-interest, but be ever ready to proclaim the glad tidings which have been so freely given to us.

An ancient inspired writer declared that "no man can see God and live"—in other words, that mankind cannot discover and carry out the divine and eternal principles, which are the highest and truest expressions of God, without suffering or even forfeiting their lives—becoming martyrs. Our fathers perceived certain divine principles, on which they sought to establish our government, and which they enunciated in the immortal Declaration of Independence, and these principles stood forth symbolized by "a mighty rock"; and they and their children have rested under its "shadow" in the "weary land" of this life, and a glorious and free nation seemed to be springing up before the admiring gaze of the world.

But the rock, though an emblem, was not that of the purest and most divine and progressive principle that man has discovered. There were elements in it which tended to cleave it asunder, and to-day it has fallen and is crushing its victims by thousands. The Deltah of American Slavery had fondled the Samson of aristocratic and arbitrary law and power in our midst, until its locks had grown so long that they seemed to cover the

whole land. And though his eyes have long been put out, he has been groping about, and now in his death struggles is shaking the very pillars of the temple of our Government, and the people are falling beneath its ruins. Still all is not lost. On the contrary, there never was a time when there was a broader field for labor, or a richer soil for culture, than is presented to-day. Now are we called upon to plant the great and eternal principles of Truth and Justice, as revealed to us, no longer as a rock which may be cleft in twain, but as a tree having the power of life and growth in itself, and which shall take deep root in the progressive soil of humanity, and send forth its tripartite branches of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity, under the cooling shade of whose wide-spreading arms not only this but all nations shall find rest, peace and prosperity.

Liberty, the boon for which aspiring humanity has ever sought and prayed, but which has been too little understood, too often crippled in its flight by the shears of conservatism and error—of ignorance and a false theology on the one hand, and carried forward into licentiousness on the other—will never be understood aright until harmonious men and women come to realize it physically, mentally, and morally. Then will the declaration that he is a freeman whom "true development makes free," be understood and appreciated.

Equality, not of physical, mental or moral power—for such is in contradistinction to Nature's divine law of individuality—but of accountability to ourselves and to the God within us which binds us to all mankind, regulated entirely, as are all our rights, by our capacities.

Fraternity, which, while it sees a brother in every human being, and would respect the rights of all, finds its loftiest expression in building bulwarks around the erring and fallen, in giving strength to the weak, hope to the disconsolate, and bringing each nearer to themselves and consequently nearer to God.

Planting ourselves upon these eternal principles, let us be prepared to water them with our tears—if need be with our blood—and may you, my brothers and sisters now assembled in council, be able to send forth such seeds of truth as shall free the millions of hungry souls, and enable them to see more clearly the high and noble position toward which humanity as individuals, and as a whole, is rapidly progressing.

"If we have what we seek let whither we longer. But speak as the tempest does, sterner and longer."

Very respectfully,
HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.,
634 Race street.

Written for the Banner of Light.

INSPIRATIONAL POEM.

BY J. M. ALLEN.
(Controlling Spirit, Achaia W. Sprague.)

'Mong the thorns and roses,
Coming thick and fast
O'er your pathway earthly—
Roses only last!
'Mong the loving friendships,
Floating on life's wave,
Cherish every loved one,
For thy soul 'twill save
From the blighting sorrows
Of a loveless life,
Bitterness and anger,
Pain, and woe, and strife.
Love the God above you!
Love the angels bright!
Love the little children!
It will fill with light
Every heart in sadness,
Every soul in gloom;
Every woe 'twill banish,
Every sin consume.
Lovingly and sweetly
Glide along forever;
Bringing gladness always,
Causing sorrow never.

VERMONT CONVENTION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

Your readers will doubtless expect to hear something through your columns of our Annual Convention.

No one can hope to please all, and in making a report it is almost, and perhaps entirely, impossible to do justice to the public speakers. The rich tones of voice, the graceful gesture and the living, breathing thought, cannot be committed to paper. These the audience alone possess; and a skeleton only of the ideas can be given to your readers, with the hope that their fertile and charitable minds will add and vivify the thoughts, and timely overlook many omissions that time and space compel.

On Friday morning, Sept. 2d, in accordance with the call, a goodly number, from various parts of the State, assembled at the Village Hall in Montpelier, beneath the dome of the Capitol, which forms the pedestal of the Goddess of Liberty, and organized the Convention by calling Mrs. Marenco, M. D., of New York, and appointing Thomas Middleton and Dr. George Dutton, respectively, Vice President and Secretary. Mrs. Tuttle, D. Tarbell and G. W. Ripley, were appointed a Business Committee, and Mrs. M. S. Townsend, Mr. Scott and Newman Weeks, a Committee on Resolutions.

The morning was spent in conference, during which some interesting experiences were related. Bro. H. L. Emery, Randall and Shepherd, all testified to the remedial power of spirit influence upon the physical body.

Mrs. Townsend spoke of the law of attraction in society, viz: "Like attracts like"—which, if free to act, would regulate all social systems. Warfare exists, and let us take hold of these principles calmly and in earnest.

Bro. Middleton related an incident, quite appropriate in the life of King Charles of Sweden, who abdicated his throne and sought happiness in seclusion. Then he spent some time in endeavoring to make twelve clocks keep perfect time, but after all his skill was exhausted the clocks would not agree. "Fool that I am," he exclaimed, "who cannot make twelve clocks run alike, yet think to make all men agree." He returned to his throne, and continued in the exercise of his reason.

Mrs. Sluom thought we should not rashly separate, referring chiefly to the marriage relation, but endeavor to make ourselves better by seeking the good of our companions. The law of harmony might thus be often established.

Mr. Bent and Mrs. Tanner were the principal speakers of the afternoon session. Mrs. Tanner spoke of the law of charity in connection with Spiritualism. Spiritualism is universal—taking in the high, low, rich and poor; the practice of charity will tend to advance it, and the human family are destined to embrace it.

The theme of Mr. Bent was, "The Religious Demands of the Present Age, and their Supply." The demands of the past are not now satisfactory, though they were true to the highest idea of antiquity. The demands of the present are for that vital religion which comes by scientific research and the realms of higher existence. Science has always been denounced as infidel, yet it has marched on in triumph. Man needs education, a knowledge of his physical condition, and a better development of his spiritual nature, that he may walk in obedience to the inner light of his own soul, speaking its highest truths, which is the highest revelation.

Ignorance is the cause of inharmonious and evils. There is no escape from the penalty of transgression. Vicarious atonement is immoral, granting indulgences and paying with the blood of an innocent reformer. The great fault of popular religious teachers is that they are following the dead Christ.

We behold in the advent of the new dispensation a supply to the wants of the age. Obedience and happiness are inseparable. But man cannot obey without a knowledge of those laws; hence a true physiological, scientific and spiritual education is necessary. The genial influences of the higher life will continue to unfold and aid.

In the evening, Mrs. A. F. Brown spoke from the following text, viz: "Ye worship ye know not what; we know what we worship." After the discourse some time was spent in conference.]

Saturday morning, after an hour spent in conference, Mrs. Townsend offered an invocation, and Mr. Greenleaf presented the subject and discourse of "The Children's Progressive Lyceum." Its object is to deduce and bring out the divine energies of the child—to teach him that goodness is his inheritance, and not total depravity—to throw away the dead carcass of Christianity and revive the spirit, which can never be outgrown. To teach the law of retribution—less law and more logic—more faith in God and humanity and less in institutions. When we educate our children we shall have harmony. Cull the flowers of beauty scattered rudely by the wayside. If you are satisfied to be tied up to the crib of antiquity, eat there all your life, but give me the living inspiration.

Mrs. Townsend's most potent speech that I could make now is to keep silent, for my heart is full. When I compare the teachings of Christianity with the practices of professors, I am led to ask where the Christians are. The signs, viz, healing the sick, touching deadly things with impunity, &c., do not follow those that profess to believe. The soul and body must be kept together with food—but the poor are passed by unaided. We are naturally attracted toward some one, repelled from others, and we might do anything better than attempt to control this law. Our social institutions will crumble; there is an unrest everywhere. Perhaps your heart may be laid upon the anvil. People do not like to believe that suffering makes one better, but all birth to higher conditions is attended with pain. Every law true to an individual, is true to the nation, and true to the world. When we embrace each other, each think for himself, war will cease.

Saturday afternoon—Invocation by Mrs. Brown, followed by a discourse from H. Randall, "Man, Reason; Woman, Intuition." A poem was then given by Mrs. Townsend, closing as follows:

"Be firm, be strong, be brave, be true,
Nor let your courage fail;
Trust your power shall triumph over wrong,
Nor let its power prevail."

Saturday Evening—Mrs. A. A. Currier addressed the audience upon the theme of "The Revival of Faith, or the Mission of Spiritualism." After describing the life and character of Jesus in such language and terms as would put to shame the efforts of many ministers, she adds, "he was, indeed, wonderfully fit to be the herald of a new religion." His system of ethics, no axioms altogether new, but the "religion of Jesus, full of majestic splendor, will ever stand indestructible and eternal."

The divine doctrines taught by Jesus, and consecrated by his life's blood, were set in powerful contrast with the doctrines of the present, as exemplified by the lives of professing Christians. The glory of Jerusalem has departed; the gate called beautiful is closed to the people of Rome; his sceptre over the seven hills and apex the dignity of St. Peter. Men put their saviours to death and canonize their ashes to-morrow. The Church has proved recreant to her first love, and is, therefore, infidel. Spiritualism comes to restore primitive Christianity; "universal order is its essence. It tramples not upon the Bible, but studies it in the impartial light of reason for the truth that it contains. It embraces all truth, and throws nothing true and beautiful in our institutions away."

Sunday Morning—Mrs. E. M. Wolcott improvised some poetry, closing as follows:

"Then let all power descend to earth,
Oh! Father, great and good,
And banish Error in its path,
For thus we understand."

She then spoke in favor of organization, and uttered a prophecy similar to one given at Rockingham one year ago, viz, that the Church will turn against us, and carnage and bloodshed reign in the religious and social elements of society, as now in the political. And unless we work, and proclaim the truth from the house-tops, gird on the armor, and be ready for the warfare, we shall be crushed out as a people.

Mrs. M. S. Townsend followed. The grandest eloquence that ever stirred the human soul, was the truth simply and earnestly spoken. We want something done that shall make us better men and women. Orators and sages fail to move the heart, and this it is that needs training to-day. The cause of our troubles lies deeper and darker than slavery; 'tis ignorance of laws divine. If we attempt to organize upon any basis save attraction and passive obedience to the higher law and demands of our being, we shall fail. Gold, as now related to us, is a curse. We need to learn how to use it. 'Tis better to feed the hungry than draw up articles of faith. The true nature of love we need to know, and then we shall be all free lovers—God is free; God is love. If God loves he preserves. When we truly love we shall preserve and not destroy.

Afternoon—Mrs. Currier—"I shall discourse of things spiritual—of the soul, and the action of its sublime faculties in the higher realms of existence."

The spiritual is a world of sight, sound and real forms. There are two modes by which the soul in spirit realms take cognizance of external objects. One is the external, and the other more interior; the latter is nearly akin to earthly clairvoyance. Ordinarily, spirits cannot discern terrestrial objects. The *primum mobile* of all motion and volition is the will.

All were in their natural spheres there would be no such thing as drudgery. Many now labor for the means of sustenance, but the true incentive to labor is the two-fold desire of happiness and progress. In the Spirit-World every child of God shall find both occupation and recompense.

The following resolutions passed the Convention Sunday evening, eliciting some spirited remarks from Mrs. Townsend, Mr. and Mrs. V. P. Sluom, D. Tarbell, Dr. Dutton and others:

Resolved, That we, as Spiritualists of Vermont, feeling it important that a paper giving an expression of our views as men and women working for the reformation and progression of humanity in every condition, should be sustained, do give the BANNER OF LIGHT our earnest support, by our united efforts to extend its circulation.

Resolved, That man has but one true, infallible guide, and that guide he can find nowhere except in his own soul.

Resolved, That Spiritualists, to make any advancement in Progress, must throw aside all irrational dogmas and creeds and the Bible as being the only book of inspiration to us.

Resolved, That we will discountenance slavery in every form.

Resolved, That as Spiritualists, we will, by our lives and conversation, countenance and approve every phase of the Temperance reform.

Resolved, That true Spiritualism embraces within its mission every phase of Reform and all earnest and true seekers of truth and right should never shrink from the investigation of all subjects tending to the amelioration of the condition of the Human Race.

Resolved, That as consistent Spiritualists we should strive to make our daily walk a living and powerful testimony in refutation of the many scandals that are heaped upon us by our opponents.

Resolved, That we, as Spiritualists, in Convention assembled, do most solemnly protest against the evil influences of free lust that prevails to such an alarming extent among the people at large.

Resolved, That while we repudiate the absurd doctrine of vicarious atonement as taught by modern Theology, we accept the pure life and beautiful precepts of Jesus of Nazareth, and record in the New Testament, as a perfect standard of morality; and regard those only as true Christians who by their lives and conversation strive to attain the high standard of excellence that characterized him.

Resolved, That we publicly express our sorrow and disappointment in losing from our midst the visible presence of our beloved sister and co-laborer, Callista P. Works, and that we extend to her bereaved husband our earnest sympathy, hoping that he may never feel that she has left him, or will cease her noble work of love among mortals; that he may thus continue to meet and work with us for the elevation and progression of humanity.

W. W. Russell, Thos. Middleton, and D. P. Wilder, were appointed a Committee with power to locate and make full arrangements for our next annual Convention, on the last Friday, Saturday and Sunday, of August, next. Geo. Dutton, M. D., was chosen corresponding Secretary.

The friends were kindly received by the people of Montpelier and many expressed a private wish that the next Convention might be held at the same place.

Love and fraternal regard, I remain, yours for the Truth,
GEO. DUTTON, M. D. Sec'y.
Rutland, Vt., Sept. 13th 1864.

What Is, and What Is To Be.

Our enemies have fallen, have fallen the seed,
The little seed they sowed in the dark
Has risen and clothed the soil, and grown a bulk
Of millions of plants, that lay on every side
A thousand arms and rushes to the sun.
Our enemies have fallen, but this shall grow
A night of summer from the heat, a breath
Of autumn, dropping fruits of power, and rolled
With music in the glowing breeze of time.
The top shall strike from star to star, the fangs
Shall move the stony bases of the world. TENNYSON.

Whoever has watched, with interior eye, the course of events, the ebb and flow in the great tide of our National Life, must needs concede that more than mere mortal agencies are engaged in this contest of ours; that far more is involved than the physical success or failure of the North or the South. It is time we realized the fact that nations, as well as individuals, are directed and controlled by powers above and beyond human ordering; and that not until these higher purposes are served and the desired objects attained, will the struggle cease. We do not mean by this, be it understood, that the victory of one party or one side over the other, by force of arms, is the be-all and the end-all. This is but the prologue; and the end of this, even, we have not reached. Nay, the politico-military fight is not yet over. Before it is, we expect it will become more bitter and bloody, more savage and deadly than ever.

Respecting our difficulties, men generally feel as though we had fallen upon evil times; they bemoan and lament the seemingly ill luck which has overtaken us. As in the beginning, so today, our rulers and leaders little comprehend the real magnitude of this conflict, the necessity of its continuance, or the significance of its fulfillment.

The nation is undergoing the pains and blessings of maternity. The unseen physicians of our country—Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Paine and others, spirits fitted by nature and of enlarged experience, are anxiously waiting in attendance. The inevitable tendency of our political, religious and social states is to accession or disintegration. It comes in due season, and we gather as we have sowed. Commensurate with the cause will be the effect. The present is but one result, the outcropping of that nearest to the surface. Others are to follow, which from their nature take deeper root in the soil of man's feelings and actions.

The papers of to-day are full of the probable and immediate overthrow of the Southern cause, but the miraculous elasticity of its backbone—the great anomaly of the age—convinces us it is not quite so high as we might suppose or could wish. It comes, however, at its appointed time. Comes when other rebellions, children of this, are born, not before.

To-day the American nation is receiving its needed discipline; is getting sifted, educated, chastened. It is being tried in the furnace of God's affliction, to come forth purified and redeemed, humbly kissing the rod and acknowledging the right and justice of Him whose right it is to reign. But think not America is to suffer alone. The fiat has gone forth to all. Other countries are to have their upheavals corresponding to ours. The Old World is to be convulsed. Their seas of trouble and of blood will

"Follow fast and follow faster."

Their passage through the Red Sea draws nigh. The retributive and distributive Justice of Heaven will soon rock Europe to its centre. Thrones which to-day are regarded as immovable as earth itself, will bend and break before the impending storm. The tread of the innumerable host of the skies no nation can withstand. In this day of judgment and adversity will they beseechingly look to this land, which they now so affect to despise, for succor and strength. And America, magnanimous then as the spirit of her Washington, will not withhold the necessary aid. The light of her example will serve to pilot them, "a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night."

Though we appear to be simply drifting, fear not, there is guidance above. Beyond, the skies are clear. The future is refulgent with hope and peace. America! a happy and glorious destiny awaits thee. When duly prepared we shall enter in and possess our Promised Land.
Washington, D. C., Sept. 17, 1864. PENN.

Affairs in Brooklyn, N. Y.—Jennie Lord's Seances, etc.

A few words in regard to our movements here may prove of interest to the readers of the BANNER. Quite a revival has taken place in consequence of Dr. Fitzgibbon having established a "Scientific and Progressive Lyceum," at 133 Washington street, with a view of affording opportunities for a scientific investigation of the various phases of spiritual manifestations. Free circles are held every Sunday evening, at 7 o'clock, and not only are they well attended, but many ladies and gentlemen who have hitherto held aloof and scoffed at us have become deeply interested, and attend with the greatest regularity. Some remarkable manifestations have occurred at these circles, (some through the doctor himself), which have not been surpassed anywhere. Through the week, evening pay circles are held, in order to sustain the establishment, the profits of which, and the donations of friends, are its present means of support. At the present time the excitement is very great, as you will perceive by referring to several of the New York and Brooklyn papers, in consequence of Miss Jennie Lord and Mrs. Ferris giving seances in the lecture room of the Lyceum. On Friday evening I had the pleasure of being present, when both ladies gave seances. Miss Lord gave hers first, at one end of the lecture room. The most singular music was given us, accompanying the singing of the doctor's daughter, and other friends; this was followed by selections from various operas, some church music and miscellaneous pieces. The bell-ringing of the chimes, (a new set of which has been presented to Miss Lord here), cannot be surpassed, or, indeed, equaled by any human power. After this music, the celebrated Indian chief, Black Hawk, danced a war dance, shaking the whole house during his performance, which he accompanied with a tambourine, beaten upon the head of Dr. F.'s eldest daughter. Our invisible friends next passed a glass of water, some candles, and other articles, round the audience, holding the water to the lips, placing the candles in the mouths and on the laps of the ladies, and closed the seance by lifting Miss Lord (seated in her chair) in the air, and placing her on the table.

Mrs. Ferris's seance was also very remarkable and convincing. It was partly musical, and she was controlled by various spirits, who held conversations with the audience. One remarkable fact was that her hands were held by some gentleman whilst the music was played and the instruments carried round, and spirit hands were continually touching persons in different parts of the room. Spirit lights were produced, visible at one time to a portion of the audience, and at another to the other portion—the lights never being visible to all present at the same time. The spirit now called up a gentleman, who proved to be Mr. A. Maverick, of the New York Evening Post, to hold the medium's hands, and whilst so held a solid iron ring was placed on the table, and in a

few moments was actually put on his arm. The applause was unbounded, and the truthfulness of the test was admitted by all present.

The Eddy family, from Vermont, will visit us in a few days, under an engagement with Dr. Fitzgibbon. They are said to give manifestations of a more wonderful character than the Davenport Boys, and will no doubt create a great excitement here.

I understand the doctor will visit Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, etc., with the Eddys and Mrs. Ferris, and deliver a course of public lectures, accompanied with their manifestations, some time during the winter.

Our friends from a distance visiting New York will do well to pay us a visit, where they will find that the cause of Progress is advancing among us as rapidly as anywhere, and be received with that affectionate regard that prevails throughout our harmonious system. L. A. W.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Sept. 26, 1864.

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1864.

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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

SPIRITUALISM is based on the cardinal fact of spirit communion and influx; it is the effort to discover all truth relating to man's spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare and destiny, and its application to a regenerate life. It recognizes a continuous Divine inspiration in Man; it aims, through a careful, reverent study of facts, at knowledge of laws and principles which govern the occult forces of the universe; of the relations of spirit to matter, and of man to God and the spiritual world. It is thus a science and progressive, leading to true religion as at one with the highest philosophy.—*London Spiritual Magazine.*

Communicating One's Self.

Some of our modern critics, of the sub-aud rather than the cheerful school, take unbounded pains to impress it upon others that men too readily run into the habit of communicating themselves, whether by tongue or pen, and that the habit is one unqualifiedly mischievous, if not positively vicious. We conceive they state the case too strongly, and therefore wrongly. They have in their minds, without doubt, an idea—not very clearly conceived, either—that people are in general inclined to communicate before they have received and accumulated—that they talk more than they know—that they give out more than they feel; and from this view, not solidly based to begin with, they argue that it is better that men should communicate of themselves but little or nothing, but spend their lives chiefly in acquiring and storing, and hoarding.

But here is just where the mistake lies at the outset. There can be no genuine spiritual growth and enrichment, unless what is received is given off, also. With this habit is intimately connected the power of absorbing and assimilating what is our own throughout the realms of the whole universe. The instant we shut off the stream, and from its being a divine current running always through our nature, attempt to turn it to account by making it work some private wheel of our own, the spiritual force of that current is gone, and we have nothing left but a muddy canal for it, populated with the slimy tenants of conceit and selfishness, and shadowed all along its banks by such weeds as love to grow in dank and unhealthy places.

There is a noble, because nobly suggestive article on this very topic of communication, in the October number of the Atlantic Monthly; and we truly can say to our thousands of readers, it is well worth their perusal. It is from the pen of Rev. Mr. Wasson, of whom Theodore Parker said, or wrote, rather, that he expected more from him than from any other man in Massachusetts. We shall make room for but a single extract:

"Every human soul has the absolute soul, has the whole truth, significance, and virtue of the universe, as its lawful and native resource. Therefore says Jesus, 'The kingdom of heaven is within you'; therefore Aristotle, 'Look inward, within is the fountain of truth'; therefore Eckhart, 'Ye have all truth potentially within you.' All ideas of truth dwell in every soul, but in every soul they are at first wrapped in deep sleep in an infinite depth of sleep; while the base increase of brutish life is like chloroform, or the fumes of some benumbing drug, to sleep them over more and more in oblivion. But to awaken truth, the sleeping in the soul is the highest use of discipline, the noblest aim of culture, and the most eminent service which man can render to man. The scheme of our life is providentially arranged to that end; and the thousand shocks, agitations, and moving influences of our experience, the supreme invitations of love, the venom of calumny, and all toll, trial, sudden bereavement, doubt, danger, vicissitude, joy, are hands that shake, and voices that speak, to lead us to the deepest slumber. Now it is in the power of truth divinely awakened in one soul to assist its awakening in another. For as nothing so quickly arouses us from slumber as hearing ourselves called upon by name, so is it with this celestial inhabitant; whoever by virtue of elder brotherhood can rightly name him, shall cause his spirit to be stirred and his slumber to be broken."

The nearer we approach in our conceptions to what is really divine, the more unselfish we become ourselves, and the more freely we impart all that it is ours to give. And this very same act, or habit, of imparting is a great help in harmonizing faculties of our own which lack just this practice to bring them in harmony, so that they shall operate with still a larger success for the enrichment and development of the nature. What we crave, that we must do. If we feel that we have that which it would be a relief to communicate, then we must obey the impression. Perhaps some soul is even now waiting to hear itself called from the depths of its lethargy by name; and if it responds to our call, we are made happy as well as greater, by exerting the mysterious power which acts upon ourselves as well as upon the slumberer.

None of us need be alarmed, even in this day when there is so general a habit of communication, or at least of talk, that too much will be said, or that time enough will not be afforded for individual growth. That may be the last cause for danger. Far less comes to the surface than is experienced and known. We think there is a great deal more inward pain experienced from inability to utter what is worthy of being uttered, and what a great multitude of other souls is waiting in patience to hear uttered, than the world at large can have any conception of. We are too apt to give out enough about our common and inconsequential life; the interior and higher life is kept down and often smothered. How many actions are inexplicable otherwise than by referring them to this forcible suppression of the ability to communicate in any other way. How many characters take shapes which defy either analysis or description, merely because they have no regular, natural, and healthy means of giving forth to others what so powerfully possesses them. Let us remember

with humility that but a little of the all that we are can be communicated by any of the modes or powers over which we hold control.

As men are continually seeking and waiting for some one man fuller of the divine energy than themselves, to communicate himself to them, or to impress himself upon them as a die is impressed upon coin, so it lies with certain few and chosen individuals to perpetuate their power on the earth by availing themselves of this ready condition of receptivity. Such men we call our great men. And yet it is not because of their strong wills or larger force of character, but rather because they are more simple and receptive themselves, permitting nothing to come between them and the great source of spiritual power. When they merely stand up and proclaim what they saw and what had been given them to know, straightway all who hear them declare that they had long seen and known as much themselves. And doubtless they had. But they never put faith in their intuitions, but rather borrowed of somebody else. They believed in everything but what they were inwardly urged to believe in, and hence were paupers until the simple and truthful souls came to give them back what had always been their own.

The Great Victory.

The actual results of Sheridan's brilliant and complete victory in the Shenandoah Valley are not so apparent even now as they will soon be when regarded in connection with Gen. Grant's further operations below Richmond. But the connection between the two movements is very close. By Early's defeat and the demoralization of his army, Lynchburg is uncovered, and Richmond placed in immediate danger; for from Lynchburg, should Sheridan seize upon it, a movement could be made directly against the James River Canal and the Danville Road leading Southwest from Richmond, and with Grant's cooperation from the Weldon Road, and the establishment of a force moving down from Fredericksburg on the North to the Virginia Central Road at Hanover Junction, the rebel capital will be besieged on all sides and it will be a necessity with Lee to evacuate as soon as he can find his way out.

In such a case, he must either run or fight, or perhaps fight, anyway. Grant would ask nothing better than to have Lee come out into the open field and try the issue with him by arms. From what the Richmond papers say, we should not be surprised to find, in the end, that it is just what the rebel general is making up his mind to do. We hear already of a proposed "movement" on Lee's part; but whether up in the direction of the Shenandoah, or Southward upon Grant, we are not yet able to state. Early's command was all used up in the recent fight in the Valley. He is already known to have lost ten thousand five hundred men. This is by far the most decisive victory in Virginia, if not in the war. It is but one of the battles that are to be fought for the possession of Richmond.

American Gloves.

We need go abroad for gloves no longer, since there are manufacturers in our own country where they are turned out in large numbers. In fact, very few of the gloves which bear a reputed Parisian maker's stamp ever saw Paris, or the Atlantic ocean that lies on this side of it. Besides manufacturers of gloves in Connecticut, Philadelphia and Massachusetts, there is a town in Fulton County, N. Y., named very fitly Gloversville, whose inhabitants are absorbed in making gloves. All kinds are made there, from the heavier to the softest of kids. For the latter, sheepskins are imported from the Cape of Good Hope and from England, whose skins are of a fibre as elastic and fine as any that we call real kid, and which very few good gloves can tell from kid. These skins come over merely salted; they are then cleaned of their wool and all animal matter, soaked and washed, oiled, and softened with alkalies, and then stretched, cut and stitched. This occupation engrosses the labor of the people of the entire village. Men earn twelve dollars a week, and women five or six. The gloves could not be told from the finest importations from Paris.

Peace Rumors.

We have been having the benefit—if it is that—of any number of peace rumors from the South, for a week or two past, but nothing tangible seems to come of them. The most interesting of them all, however, is that which would make it out that leading citizens of Georgia—such as Gov. Brown, Vice-President Stephens and Hon. Herschell V. Johnson—are ready to confer at Atlanta, if not directly with Washington, on the subject of peace. But these stories are of not much more value than as they go to show that the people of Georgia are weary of the war, and would not like to see their State made desolate by its ravages as Virginia has been. We do not doubt that Sherman's victory at Atlanta has seriously impressed it upon the public mind of that State at least, that resistance to the authority of the United States is futile and wicked, and should be abandoned at the earliest moment. Whenever Georgia asks for the protection of the Government against Davis's tyranny, she will have it in full.

The Fall in Gold.

We have had a famous tumble-down in gold, of late, for which we are heartily glad. The speculators have got hurt, far and near. Those men who held large stocks of coffee and tea, sugar, molasses, flour, coal, cotton cloths, dress goods, and other commodities of life, found themselves unable to withstand the pressure of such a sudden fall in prices, and had to succumb. They were buried in the ruins of the very structures they have been so long erecting. Nobody cares for their losses. It is not a regular business they follow, but gambling; and they gamble with the necessities, and comforts, and even the lives of the people, caring for no other result than that they may grow rich themselves. The destruction of the fortunes which this class of men may rear for themselves, made as they are from the needs of the many, is but too welcome an event to call forth any one's sympathy.

J. V. Mansfield in New York.

Owing to the earnest solicitations of friends in New York, who have been urging Mr. Mansfield to visit that city before he makes his contemplated tour to Europe, he informs us that he has consented to do so, and accordingly will spend the winter months in that city. For a few weeks, however, previous to his going there, he will receive calls or answer sealed letters at his residence, No. 153 Chestnut street, Chelsea. He wishes us to say that his terms for answering sealed letters are \$5, and no letters should be sent unless accompanied with that sum.

Charles H. Foster.

Since our announcement of the return of Mr. Foster to this city, his rooms have been thronged by all classes anxious to communicate with their loved ones across the river of Death. Many excellent tests have been given.

Steamer Katahdin.

This noble vessel, which plys on the "outside route" from Boston to Bangor, touching at Rockland, Camden, Belfast, Bearport and Bucksport on the way, is a very staunch and well-built boat, and glides through the water with the steadiness and ease of some of the larger ocean steamers. She was built expressly for "Sanford's Independent line," and since she has been on the route a very largely increased business has been done in conveying passengers and freight to and from the East. A voyage of sixteen or eighteen hours gives one an opportunity to test the ability of the steward to supply the cravings of an appetite which is sure to have a keener relish than ever; and he is just as sure of finding the tables loaded with all the substantial for a good breakfast, dinner or supper. The steamer leaves so as to make the passage up and down the Penobscot River during daylight, thus affording an opportunity of witnessing the fine scenery of that noble river. Those who would like a comfortable trip upon the water should try this route, and our word for it, they will feel refreshed and benefitted thereby.

Lower Prices.

We rejoice every day to find that the prices of commodities are falling, and that the people at large are in a fair way to obtain the wherewith to live on during the coming winter, which they were not quite in the way of before. As gold advanced, prices very naturally went up also; but it was soon found that they got ahead of gold altogether, the ratio between them being anything but reasonable. There was no sense or justice in such exorbitant charges for common articles, which were readily produced and entered at once into general consumption; but the speculators bought up whatever they could lay their hands on—flour, potatoes, butter, corn, coal, and many other articles in common demand, and combined to keep them at high prices as long as they could. Some of these men now find they have held on a little too long; and it furnishes everybody with satisfaction to know that they have suddenly hung themselves by the same rope by which they expected to suspend others.

October.

Here we are at the threshold of delicious October again! It hardly seems a year since we last enjoyed the reviving atmosphere of this most truly spiritual of all the months of the year, but time passes swiftly in these days of unusual excitement. We can do no less than urge all our readers who are able, to be out doors as much as possible during the brief term of this beautiful month, and regale themselves and recreate their spirits among the influences that abound on the hillsides, over the rail fences and stone walls, and in the gorgeous woods. November is biting and chilly; this present month is the very fullness and ripeness of the year, and should be enjoyed in the open air, among such scenes of dreaminess and splendor as no other month of the year affords.

Health of Louis Napoleon.

There is much anxiety, not to say alarm, in European circles about the health of the Emperor Louis Napoleon. He is attacked lately with sciatica, a complaint which provokes the most wearisome lassitude of his whole system, physical and mental, and incapacitates him for the transaction of even the slightest amount of business. The inquiry is often put, what shape would European politics be likely to take, in case of the sudden decease of the Emperor? He has shown himself to be the first politician of them all, and his leading and directing influence would be greatly missed among the herd of lesser minds that scintillate here and there. England stands to-day, by Palmerston's admission, a second-rate power. The question naturally arises, what power in Europe shall therefore aspire to be the first?

"The Devil's Work."

The Crisis still adheres to its belief that Spiritualism is the work of the devil. Well, let us briefly state what Spiritualism does: It heals the sick when drugs will not. It feeds the hungry when the rich close their doors against the poor applicants. It makes the passage of the spirit from its tenement of clay, calm and even joyful. It teaches of a beautiful country beyond this "vale of tears." It teaches, too, of immortality; that those of our friends who have passed on, can and do return to bless us with their presence, and assure us that God is love. When ignorance, fostered by credulity, ceases to influence mankind, then our beautiful Philosophy will shine with diamond brightness—and that time is rapidly approaching.

Mexican Matters in France.

On receiving the statements of recent proceedings in Mexico, the more intelligent and influential portion of French merchants are dissatisfied with the shape matters are taking, and do not hesitate to express that dissatisfaction in their own way. A Paris writer for a Liverpool paper says that "no description can give an idea of the disappointment experienced by French commerce at the sorry result obtained after the immense expenditures made by the Government in the expedition to Mexico." They regard the news from Mexico as every day "more humiliating and distressing to those men of business who have ventured their capital upon the strength of promises so largely distributed by Maximilian and his supporters."

Lyceum Hall Meetings.

Mrs. S. E. Warner, who is very popular as a lecturer in the West, speaks again at Lyceum Hall in this city next Sunday. At the National Convention of Spiritualists recently held at Chicago, she was chosen to deliver one of the regular addresses, and some of our returned delegates pronounce her speech one of the very best made during that Convention. She speaks in Williamstown, Conn., the two remaining Sundays in this month; so our friends here will not have another opportunity to hear her.

Mrs. Hatch in Pennsylvania.

A correspondent informs us that Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch recently "delivered three lectures in Meadville, Pa., to large and intelligent audiences. It was the first time a trance speaker ever visited this place for the purpose of lecturing, and the great interest awakened shows that the people are longing for spiritual food. She also spoke at Thermanville, Pa., Sept. 18th." She is now speaking in Seymour, N. Y., and is to lecture in this city during next month.

Meetings in Washington D. C.

The Spiritualists in Washington have commenced their regular meetings again in Smeed's Hall, 481 9th street. Thomas Gales Forster, one of the ablest lecturers in the field, speaks for them during October, to be followed by Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, and other able advocates of the Spiritual philosophy.

Written for the Banner of Light.

TO MOTHER.

BY MRS. M. E. CLARK.

I know the Spring's sweet coming, mother,
Will but renew your grief;
Almost in agony you'll mark
Each tender, bursting leaf.
There is a voice you'll long to hear,
Whose tones in music fell,
And a graceful form, which now "is not,"
Will oft beside you seem to walk
The streets of fair Grinnell.

When the soft twilight comes, mother,
Oft through the wavering gloom,
I start with eager joy to feel
His presence in my room.
And when with aching heart I sing
The songs he loved so well,
His voice with mine goes floating up,
And I mourn not near the grave which decks
The slopes of fair Grinnell.

Oh, it was hard to lay him, mother,
In his bright youth to rest;
To mark the blue-eyed violets ope
O'er his unanswering breast.
We deemed him gone, apart from us,
In other worlds to dwell;
Oh, mother he is ever near!
Our loved one brings us hopes to cheer—
He comes where shines through evening clear,
The white spires of Grinnell.

Greene, Iowa, April 26, 1864.

New Publications.

THE HAUNTED TOWER. By Mrs. Henry Wood. This is the latest production from the pen of this popular authoress. All her previous works have been sought for and read with avidity. This is an exciting novel, which carries the reader's attention to the end with a fascination that will not let one drop it until its contents have been completely devoured. Mrs. Wood is so well and favorably known that a word hardly need be said to induce people to read her works. A. Williams & Co., 100 Washington street, have it for sale.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for November contains its usual excellent variety of literary food. The terms of this magazine have been raised on account of the high price of paper and the constant advance of material and labor in all departments of printing, to \$4.00 per year; and it is richly worth it. In the next number, Col. Higginson will begin a series of papers describing the traits and adventures of his pioneer colored regiment—the First South Carolina. They will bear the title of "Leaves from an Officer's Journal." Published by Ticknor & Fields, 135 Washington street, Boston.

THE CONTINENTAL MONTHLY for November presents a fine table of contents, from the pens of some of its ablest contributors. "Some Uses of a Civil War," and "American Women," are worth the reader's closest attention; "Our Great America" is an ably written article; besides these there are many other interesting papers, which make this an excellent number. John F. Trow, 50 Greene street, New York, publisher.

THE NATIONAL QUARTERLY REVIEW, edited by Edward J. Sears, LL. D. June and September, 1864: Vol. IX. Contents: Chemistry—its history, progress and utility; Vico's philosophy of history; Elizabeth and her Courtiers; Do the lower animals reason? William Pitt and His Times; Spinoza and his philosophy; Commencements of Colleges, Universities, etc.; Emigration as influenced by the war; Notices and Criticisms. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

TRUMPET OF FREEDOM. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co., 277 Washington street, Boston. This is a collection of about fifty of the most popular and patriotic songs of the day, new and old; just the thing to send to our brave soldiers, or for the family.

Miss L. T. Whittier.

In a note from Miss Whittier, the lecturer on Health and Dress Reform, she informs us that she has retired from the lecturing field for the present, on account of the severe injury which she received by being thrown from a carriage some time ago, and from the effects of which she has not yet recovered. She is at present stopping at "Our Home," Danville, N. Y. She closes her letter as follows:

"As my physicians do not wish me to read or write, I take this short method of answering the invitations of my friends. When I shall be able to again add my feeble efforts to help on the much needed health reform, it is impossible to tell; but be assured when that time comes, and my nerves have regained their wonted strength, and my spirit been made doubly strong by this discipline, I shall joyfully do and suffer whatever is presented to my inner consciousness as right and necessary, believing that there is no trial or disappointment in life but what may be turned to some good account, if rightly viewed from a philosophical standpoint."

Appointments.

Mrs. E. A. Bliss speaks in Chelsea during this month; Mrs. Townsend speaks in Charlestown next Sunday; L. Judd Pardee in Malden; Miss Beckwith in Quincy; N. Frank White in Marshfield; Mrs. Currier in Haverhill; Emma Houston in Worcester; Miss Nellie J. Temple in Lowell.

S. J. Finney will lecture in Sturgis, Mich., in the Free Church, on each Sunday during the month of October.

Mrs. A. P. Brown, inspirational speaker, will lecture at St. John's Church, Derby Line, Vt., on Sunday, Oct. 9th, at 10 A. M. and 1 P. M.

Mrs. N. J. Willis speaks in Malden, Oct. 16; in Lynn, Nov. 6 and 13.

The Union Sociables.

The fourth season of the Union Sociables will commence in Lyceum Hall, fifty-seven Tremont street, on Tuesday evening, Oct. 18th, and continue every Tuesday evening through the dancing season. Tickets admitting a gentleman and ladies, seventy-five cents. Dancing to commence at eight o'clock precisely, closing at twelve o'clock.

THANKLESS TOIL.—When the brain and heart grow weary of laboring for what so few seem to appreciate, there is a strong inclination to rest from thankless toil. If the beautiful flowers of love were allowed to grow in the hearts of mankind, instead of bitter hate, this suicidal world would soon become a paradise indeed.—*Progressive Age.*

We fully coincide with our contemporary that the heart will grow weary of laboring for those who do not seem to appreciate one's services. But we should toil on, notwithstanding, for we have the consolation of knowing that the beautiful flowers of love spoken of by the writer, will blossom for us in the spirit-world, if, while working for humanity, we partake of but a small share of their fragrance here.

The greatest abuse of the faculties God has given us is their disuse. True.

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER was written by the Spirit who was named in the title, through the instrumentality of

Mrs. J. H. Conant, while in an abnormal condition called the trance. The Messages with no names attached, were given, as per dates, by the Spirit-guides of the circle—also reported verbatim.

These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether in good or evil. But those who leave the earth in an undeveloped state, eventually progress into a higher condition.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by Spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

The Circle Room.

Our Free Circle are held at No. 158 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 4, (up stairs), on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS. The circle room will be open for visitors at two o'clock; services commence at precisely three o'clock, after which time no one will be admitted. Donations are solicited.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Monday, Sept. 19.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Annie Holman, to her mother and husband; Dennis Driscoll, to his friend, Tom Croan; George W. Benson, to friends in Concord, N. H.; James Kearney, to his mother, Lydia Kearney, living near Bradford Station, Va.; Wallace Thaxter, of Boston, to B. P. Shillaber.

Tuesday, Sept. 20.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Eliza Campbell, to her son, Eliza, in Huntsville, Ala.; Harvey Taylor, to friends in Somerville, Mass.; George L. Johnson, to friends in Exeter, N. H.; Hugh McLoughlin, to his brother James; Annie Horstman, to her mother, in St. Louis, Mo., and father in Texas.

Wednesday, Sept. 21.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Geo. Pearce, to friends in Springfield, Mass.; Prince, a slave, owned by Gen. Hiram; Joe Fraser, to Geo. W. Fraser, teacher in New York City; Geo. L. Allen, of South Boston, Mass.; Alice Lucas, of Jacksonville, Ky., to her mother; Heslie Anderson, to her mother, Elizabeth Mary, in New York City.

Thursday, Sept. 22.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Thomas Callahan, to friends in Montgomery, Ala.; David Moore, to friends in Coal Harbor, Va.; John Place, to friends in Portsmouth, N. H.; Laura Spencer, to her step-mother, in Chicago, Ill.; Nannie Fuller, of Chelsea, Mass.

Friday, Sept. 23.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Patrick Hiron, to his brother, Jim, in the army; Elizabeth Dutton, of Princeton, N. J., to her brother, Stephen, at the South; Tom Harris, of Booneville, Ky., to friends, in that place.

Invocation.

Spirit of Nature, in behalf of those who have need, we praise thee for the gift of this autumn day, with its crown of tears, each one of which prophesies of sunshine and plenty. Each one is whispering to the husbandman that he has not labored in vain; that the harvest will soon smile, giving plenty to the children of earth. Infinite Jehovah, Presence around which the soul revolves, upon which it ever relies, and to which it ever turns, we offer thee our praises for the gift of intercommunion with mortals. We praise thee that the inhabitants of the Universe beyond the realm of mortality can return on the wings of thought, and shew down their thoughts to the manly. We praise thee, Oh Spirit of the present hour, for these great gifts that are being given out broadcast on the earth-plane and in the spirit-land. We praise thee for all those great, glowing thoughts, telling us that we, too, are divine—telling us that we, too, are endowed with power from the Infinite Source of Power. We would ask that Infinite Source of Power to fold closely within its embrace the Chief Magistrate of this sorrowing people. Oh, thou Prince of Powers, thou knowest he has need; thou knowest that his mantle has need of strength; thou knowest that his hands are weak, and that his feet are almost palsied in the way; thou knowest, Oh Father, that thy servant feels his weakness and turns to thee for strength. We know that he will not sink in vain; but in our sympathy for him we find ourselves blending our prayer with his, asking for more light, asking that his feet may be strengthened, and his vision also. May he perceive the motives of all those men with whom he has to deal. May his ears be deaf to the calls of such as would sell the nation's soul for a farthing. May justice, as it is known in the spirit-world, rest over in his soul, and while he turns to thee asking for light, may thy servant be ready and willing to receive it from any and all sources. Bless his feet over into the path of truth; and while he seeks to know thee better, may he rely upon thy aid and feel that he has only to trust thee, and thou wilt guide him safely through this present trouble, and land him at last on Freedom's shores, and surround him with millions who shall lift their thanks to him for delivering them from bondage. Spirit of Undying Love, when the shadow of the coming month falls around him, may he be as strong as thou, and may he be as full of confidence upon thee, and feel that thy strength is his strength also. Oh, Soul of a Washington, guide him unto all truth. Teach him what truth is as it is understood by thee. Teach him what wisdom is with thee, that in the future he may look back upon the present with pleasure.

Oh, ye missionaries, who go up and down the earth ministering to the necessities of the orphan and the widow. Fold them closely to thy bosom of love, and teach them that their loved ones are with them still.

Give to these thy children who have gathered here to ask for more light from thee, our Father, all that thy necessities demand. And unto thee, Oh Spirit of the Past, the Present, the never-ending Future, we will give all honor, and glory, forever and forever.

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thing is not far distant when this thing can be easily done; and do oftentimes, with confidence, assure our friends that the time will come when this science will be generally known and made use of.

Q.—What laws govern the spirit-world as compared with what we consider divine laws?

A.—The same divine laws that govern you as an individual, govern the spirit-world. We know of no other.

Q.—Is the propagation of the race carried on in spirit-life?

A.—No, not in the sense in which you understand it. It is our belief that all the inhabitants of the spirit-world are such as exist without the physical form—who once existed in physical form. It is also our belief that Nature has an infinite number of stepping-stones for the spirit, in its passage through life; that no spirit can attain perfection until it has stepped upon each one and received the consequent experiences.

Q.—I did not know but there might be the outbirths of a higher order in the spirit-world. Suppose, for instance, I had been a great lover of children when on the earth, how would that desire be gratified upon entering spirit-life?

A.—In a certain sense there are spiritual births, but not in the sense in which it is generally understood. For instance, an individual enters the spirit-world possessed of a large love for little ones. That love has never, perhaps, been gratified here in earth-life. Circumstances have been adverse to his ability to realize his wishes here in earth-life. Now that spirit gravitates to a condition where it can realize its wishes—where some one or more little ones of the spirit-world will be given that person, and the love altogether natural and divine—for nature and divinity go hand in hand together—shall come with the gift of the child.

Q.—If the spirit still retains its form in spirit-life, are not some organs useless?

A.—All those portions of organic life that have served their time when the spirit was encased in the physical form here, are dispensed with by nature, and new ones are given, adapted to the new conditions of life into which the spirit has been ushered.

Q.—Is the course the abolitionists have been pursuing, in relation to this war, a wise one?

A.—In many respects they have acted wisely, because they have but outlived that internal feeling that was struggling to be thrown upon the surface of life. They have felt in their inmost souls that it was wrong to hold any individual in slavery; therefore they have done all they could to reform this great national evil, and to carry into outer life their ideas.

Q.—Will this war terminate in justice to the slave?

A.—It is our opinion that it will.

Q.—How soon?

A.—That question we are not disposed to answer, even if we could.

Q.—You are not sure that you can answer it, are you?

A.—No, we are not sure that we can; but you know that coming events cast their shadows before them; and if we are close observers, we can judge with a fair degree of accuracy in regard to this matter.

Q.—Do you know of the war as you would if you were in your body?

A.—Far better. We now see over a larger surface, and understand somewhat of those things that are not seen, that are not felt, not realized by human senses.

Q.—Do you approve of the present course of President Lincoln?

A.—We cannot say that every step he has taken meets our approval, but in the main we are satisfied with the course he has taken in relation to this civil war.

Q.—Shall we have him again for President the next four years?

A.—That is a question we shall decline to answer. However, at the time we shall inform you that we could answer it if we thought best.

Q.—It is understood by many that persons living in earth-life can be of service to their friends in spirit-life. If this is true, how can it be done?

A.—You can serve them in every act, every thought, but more particularly by holding special correspondence with them, by interchanging word and thought with your spirit-friends. Do not suppose because they have passed through the change of death, that they are in any degree higher than you are in earth-life, for many times they are far lower than you are, and stand in great need of light.

Q.—Then we are to conduct ourselves as if we were teaching little children?

A.—And as if you were never alone.

Q.—Is the opportunity for improvement as good after death as before?

A.—In certain directions it is better; in certain other directions it is not as good. That which demands for its aid certain experiences of earth-life, cannot be as easily obtained after the spirit has passed out of the body.

Q.—If I understand you aright, persons living on the earth can best benefit their friends in spirit-life by seeking them out and offering such aid as they may think they are in need of.

A.—You are right, you have correct ideas of it. A near relative of the lady who has just questioned us desires to say, had he improved the opportunities afforded him while on the earth, he should not now have been begging for light.

Q.—Will you tell us what one it is?

A.—We do not know.

Q.—Can you describe his looks?

A.—That we are not able to do. He is an old man, and a child in the spirit-world.

Q.—It may be a test if you will give your views. What were your religious views before you passed to the spirit-land?

A.—It is our purpose to respect the wishes of all with whom we deal. If the spirit desires us to give what you ask, we certainly will do so. If he does not, we certainly are in duty bound to withhold the information you desire. Sept. 13.

Gen. William E. Jones.

Mr. Chairman, I am unwilling to intrude. [No intrusion; you are quite welcome.] I am also unwilling to trouble you with unnecessary questions, but I would like to ask you before proceeding, if you do not object. [Proceed.]

What are your facilities for transmitting such intelligence as this across the lines? [It depends somewhat upon the direction and the locality. In some directions the difficulties are greater than in others. The difficulties are great in all such things. We are told that our papers frequently get across the lines in some way, and in your case I think the chances are favorable.] I have seen them in camp myself.

I have a family. South that I should be very glad to correspond with. It is but just about three months since I parted with my own body, and I hardly know how to act in this new life, for I find myself endowed with powers that are new to me entirely, and also entertaining ideas that are not, in respects like those entertained when I was in the body. I feel quite sure that she somewhere in the State. You see, sir, that I am not at ease—I am not satisfied with my change. Bear it I must, I know; but if I should say I was satisfied with it, I should say that which was not true.

Perhaps I should be more successful by requesting an individual who used to be a friend of mine at the North, to do me the kindness of forwarding my letter to my family. His name is Price—Robert Price. I believe he is a Colonel in one of your regiments. Well, I, William E. Jones, General, commanding in Virginia, ask of Robert Price—that is, if he has the least bit of friendship left for me, and I cannot but think that he has, even though we were arrayed against each other—that he will do me the kindness of forwarding my letter to my family. I think he can ascertain her whereabouts if he tries to. I am told that I shall throw off the gloom surrounding me, and do better when I come again. I am anxious that she should give me a chance to talk with her.

I shall also be glad to talk with my friend, Owen Johnson. He is somewhat spiritually inclined; I cannot tell how much. I believe he is favorable to the cause. And, sir, as a friend who may be deemed an open communication with me, I should be pleased to speak. I have changed. My views are not what they once were. I cannot say I should do as I did were I on the earth again; presume I should not. Good-day. Sept. 13.

Capt. George Gordon.

Tell my folks who are living in Manchester, New Hampshire, that I am safe across the river, and would be very glad to have a good, old-fashioned chat with them, if they will appoint a time, place, and furnish a substitute for what I've lost. I shall do my best to give them some insight into this new world. Now, as I have nothing more to say, I'll fall back and let some one else take the front. George Gordon, Captain in Co. 1, 2d New Hampshire. Sept. 13.

James McCauley.

James McCauley, drummer boy in the 9th Pennsylvania. I was killed in action, about the 6th or 7th of June—last June.

I'm from Tarrytown, and would like to say just a word or so to my mother. She's been told I'm wounded and laid a long time on the field. I don't know how long I lived after I was shot, but it was only a short time. [Did it hurt you suffer any?] No, sir; none at all. The first thought I had was on this ere news. I didn't have time to think I was hurt before I found out I was on the outside. I was shot through the heart.

Well, tell my mother not to mourn for me. Tell her to keep little Joe out of the ranks; not let him go, cause if he does he'll get killed. Tell her my father is down in Georgia. [A prisoner?] Yes, sir; he's going to—well, he's looking out for an exchange; it's sometime a-coming, though. Tell her that grandfather in the spirit-land says, "Keep up a good heart, and things will soon look brighter."

Be sure and keep Joe at home. He can't do much good, anyway, and he'll do something at home; better keep him with you. And if you can get any kind of a body for me to speak through, I want you to let me talk at home. I don't like to come here, perched up where nobody knows me, and talk, when I've got nothing to do but send a few words to my mother.

I was twelve years old, in my thirteenth year. [A young soldier?] Oh, yes. Well, I was drumming. I was first capt'n's boy; then I got a chance as drummer-boy, for I always takes a liking to it. Ah, I made lots of money, and I lost it all, too. [How do you like your new home?] Ah, I like it, first rate; only it's the kind of getting back again that I don't like. You have to wait for a pass and a transport, just as much as if you were on land in the army. [How many there wait?] Well, there's a big army there waiting. General Grant has got. [Have they all got to come here?] Ah, sir, I suppose they'd all like to.

I'm much obliged, sir; that's all I got. [You are welcome. Come again.] For the same change? [Yes, any time you like; or any others.] Well, sir, I take up with it. Sept. 13.

Georgiana Corliss.

I've a mother in the West, I should like to send a short letter to. [We will send it for you.] I've a brother, also, in the army.

My name was Georgiana Corliss. I was born in Oneida, New York State. My mother is there. I died in Chicago. It's only fourteen days since I propose to be bearer of despatches containing intelligence of my death, myself.

The friends in Chicago did not know where my mother lived; did not know if any friends of the State. Consequently no tidings have reached my mother, yet, of my death. I wish to tell her that I died in Chicago, of—well, my mother will do. I wish to tell her that I died in Chicago, of—well, my mother will do. I wish to tell her that I died in Chicago, of—well, my mother will do.

I don't doubt it, the angels in the Church to the contrary notwithstanding. [Do all you can to make yourself happy, and you will soon be so.]

My brother, Levi, who is in the army, I wish to tell him that I can fully understand why he went into the army as he did. Perhaps no one else understands it but himself, and I, for one, give him my sympathy. Tell him if he can find one of those men, when he is willing to vacate their bodies for a while, for others to use, I shall be very glad to come and talk with him. And if the friends I left in Chicago would like to talk with me, and are not afraid that I shall bring any evil upon them, I shall be very glad to talk with them. There are plenty who furnish the means in that city if they will only go and see them. I don't doubt it, the angels in the Church to the contrary notwithstanding. [Do all you can to make yourself happy, and you will soon be so.]

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