

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Literary Department.

MARRYING FOR MONEY:

OR,

LIFE AT LAURELDELL.

BY LEMUEL DOTY.

CHAPTER I.

"You are good looking, but it matters little. It only pleases ladies."—P. J. Bailey.

Just at sunset, at the close of a delightful summer day, Mr. Christopher Loveland, a well known Professor of Physiology, with his friend Morris Ayer, walked leisurely along the principal street of the flourishing town of C—. In this place, and at this time, it was customary, as it is in many New England towns, for the young people to leave their homes for an evening promenade along the Main street, which conducted to a spring of remarkably cold water, about a mile distant from the centre of the town. Of course, this was a favorite walk for young lovers, and for those who, to use a common but significant expression, were yet in the market. Therefore, to an interested student of human nature, this street afforded a most favorable opportunity both for reflection and observation.

This, however, did not seem to be the purpose of the gentlemen to whom we have alluded. Morris Ayer, with his portfolio beneath his arm, was wholly unconscious of the glances bestowed upon his handsome countenance by numberless bright eyes, and the Professor, who seemed to take the lead in conversation, with both thumbs thrust into the armholes of his vest, and his eyes glancing straight forward through his gold-bowed spectacles to the ground, appeared to be wholly engrossed in the subject of conversation.

"I tell you, Morris," he said, "both from observation and experience, I have found it an incontrovertible fact that a healthy soul cannot dwell in a sick body. The physical is the foundation of the spiritual, and herein lies the secret of power, for according to the fitness and firmness of the outer, will be the condition and character of the inner man. Therefore you may rest assured, my friend, that to your handsome countenance, and the harmony of your physical system, you owe that attractive influence which secures you so many friends."

"Thank you for the compliment to my personal appearance, Professor, but yet I doubt the soundness of your argument. You reason in a backward course, from effect to cause. The spirit alone is the centre of power, and the body its medium of manifestation. I have seen too clear an illustration of this to doubt it. In my recent travels, while at Liverpool, in England, I met with a man who seemed to be one entire combination of natural inelegance and deformity. He was dwarfed and misshapen in every way, and was, for the greater part of the time, confined to his room by sickness. And yet he exerted a most wonderful power over every one who came within his circle of influence. I have sat and listened to his conversation with delight for hours, and his words have gone down deeper into my heart, and kindled within me loftier purposes than those of any other man. True power lies in intellect, and he who has the largest share of this, does the most to sway the destinies of his fellowmen."

"Very well, Morris, you may be right in part, but then it is a fact which you it is not worth while for you to dispute, that your handsome face and figure does far more to secure you the favor of the ladies, than all the charms of your intellect."

"I have known that at times to my sorrow, Professor. I have been awarded undue honor for a natural advantage, which I share equally, perhaps with many a drum major or militia captain, while that of which I might justly be proud, the hard earned treasures of my intellect, has passed almost wholly unnoticed. Therefore, I have sometimes frowned like a thunder cloud, upon those foolish, flippant but-terflies, whose bewildered eyes were so delighted with externals, that the real worth of the men was left unrecognized. Without vanity I can say that I know my outward appearance is attractive and my address prepossessing, but I have counted such things as nothing, since the only woman that I ever truly esteemed, turned coldly from me."

"Ah, Morris! how was that? That is something entirely new to me."

"It is no secret, and I am not at all sensitive, at present, on the subject. About five years since, before I started on my foreign tour, I became acquainted, in my native town, with the oldest daughter of a large and poor family. What the secret fascination was which attracted me toward her, I cannot tell, for she was not remarkably beautiful; but there was something in the glances of her clear, dark eyes, in her calm demeanor and natural strength of character, which commanded my admiration and esteem. I rendered her all the devotion of a young and enthusiastic nature, although I knew there were many fairer and wealthier ladies, over whose affections I might obtain a more speedy victory. But it was all in vain, for she turned coldly as an iceberg from me, and answered my impassioned pleadings with the same indifferent tone which she used in the most common conversation."

"And what did you do then?"

"Do? I found myself obliged to decide between a brain fever and a voyage to Europe, and preferred the latter."

"A wise choice, Morris. Doubtless this lady of whom you speak, was of a cold, nervous and ill-temperament, and was utterly incapable of appreciat-

ing the strength of your devotion. Such people usually excel in intellectual brilliancy, but are at heart selfish, jealous, ambitious, and can only be contented in occupying some position where they can rule supreme. In all probability should you see her now, after your last five years of observation and experience, you would wonder at your early preference. Where is the lady at present?"

"I know not. Upon my return I only asked one question concerning her—if she were married, and receiving an answer in the affirmative, I inquired no further. But, allow me to say, Professor, you are wrong in your idea concerning her. You know that in connection with my literary pursuits I have made character my study in all its different phases. I have entered upon this with a heartfelt interest, until now it has become almost a mania with me. In the same way in which you use the dissecting knife, the lance and the scalpel, have I used the keen eye of my understanding, going down deep into human hearts, and causing some souls to writhe with agony, as I have brought up secrets to the light which they have supposed could be known to God and themselves alone. None, save this woman, ever successfully resisted me; and to this day the power which she exercised not only over myself, but others, still remains a mystery."

"I would like to see her, myself, Morris, for her physical construction would prove an interesting study to me. Dare I ask the favor of her name?"

"Freely. Gertrude Carysford, formerly; but what it is now, I know not."

"What!" exclaimed the Professor, as he stopped short and seized his friend by the arm. This is truly astonishing! Had I asked you the question a few moments later, you might have answered in the hearing of the lady herself. Do you see yonder fine looking mansion on our right, with those magnificent elms in front? That is Laureldehl, the residence of Gertrude Carysford, or at present, Mrs. Raynor; and there by the gate, almost hidden by the shrubbery, stands the lady herself, awaiting the return of her husband from his place of business in the city."

"Let us turn back," said Morris, quickly. "I do not wish to meet her to-night." And accordingly they took another direction.

"I do not wonder now, Morris," resumed the Professor, "at what you have said. For the last three years I have been a frequent visitor at Laureldehl, and I must confess, that between the character of the calm, dignified Mrs. Raynor, and the relations which she now sustains, there is a great contradiction, and yet, to all appearances, the most perfect harmony. Within the four walls of that house the most opposite characters have met together, but, with the closest observation, I cannot spy out the least element of discord. The husband, who is many years her senior, is one of our most ordinary business men. His only talent seems to be that of money-making, which he has exercised to great advantage. He is a good judge of wine and cigars—is always well posted up in the price current of beef, pork, flour, grain, &c.—knows all the latest arrivals and clearances, and is an excellent hand at whist and backgammon. He was a widower when he married Gertrude Carysford, and had an unmarried daughter, only some five or six years younger than the present Mrs. Raynor. She is a perfect beauty, and the wildest, most ungovernable elf ever let loose upon society. The step-mother alone seems to have her in leading strings. To her she is respectful and deferential as need be, but I do not think there is any great depth of affection between them."

As the two gentlemen continued their conversation, they turned aside into a narrow lane, shaded on either hand by overhanging locusts and a thick growth of shrubbery. This way continued some distance, and then turned off in a sharp angle to the left, leading along in the rear of the grounds belonging to Laureldehl.

"Do you say, Professor," asked Morris thoughtfully, "that Mrs. Raynor appears to be happy in her present situation? Gertrude Carysford was a girl of cultivated tastes and a fine intellect, therefore I do not see how it is possible for her to find sympathy or enjoyment in such associations."

"Ah! she does just as she pleases, and makes up for all deficiencies in home relations, by opening her house to the educated and elite far and near. In her evening parties you will be sure to find people from the very best society. She, however, is the central star of the literary. Mr. Raynor interests himself with the less refined and cultivated, while Hesper, the daughter, flirts with all the young gentlemen, and plays off a thousand wild pranks, which, in any other person, would be considered inexorable."

"Take care! take care, gentlemen!" cried out a female voice, and at the same instant a lady, mounted upon a white horse, in full gallop, turned the corner directly upon them. So sudden, so unexpected, was this appearance, that the gentlemen scarce knew which way to turn for safety. The Professor seized Morris quickly by the arm, to draw him aside, but as he did so he stumbled over a slight hillock in the way, and they both came to the ground together. The lady reined in her horse with a sudden jerk, but the movement was vain, for with one bound the high spirited animal sprang over the fallen heroes, and dashed on his way, snorting and plunging like a mad creature.

"Am I whole, or am I not?" said the Professor, with a bewildered look, as he raised himself up, and laid his hand on various parts of his body. His highly prized brown beaver had received sundry ludicrous indentations, and his most immaculate white vest bore visible tokens of its contact with the soil.

"Morris Ayer," he continued, gravely, to his friend, who was almost dead with laughter, "this is your

first introduction to Miss Hesper Raynor, and if in your future acquaintance with her you always come off as easily, you may consider yourself very fortunate."

After some search the Professor's spectacles were found swinging safely upon a stately mulberry stalk, while Morris Ayer recovered his portfolio from the midst of a giant burdock.

"How would you like to make a call upon this interesting lady, to-morrow?" asked the Professor. "I would be very happy to give you a more polite introduction, though I could not insure you a more agreeable reception."

"With all my heart," said Morris. "Mrs. Raynor herself I do not care to see, but for the sake of the daughter I will accompany you. I need a new character to study, and a new subject for my pen. Hesper Raynor shall be my next literary victim, and if flirtation is her forte, she will find in me one who can easily play the same game, and, if need be, punish her as she deserves."

CHAPTER II.

"For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich; And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds, So honor peepeth in the meanest habit."

—Shakespeare.

Good Mrs. Willoughby, the housekeeper at Laureldehl, had completed her morning arrangements. Everything was in perfect order, and now, after arraying herself in her favorite dress of white dimity, and a finely embroidered cap, with wide, flowing strings, she seated herself at her chamber window, and commenced anew her labor of sewing inch pieces of satin together, which in the end was intended, for a chair covering. So entirely absorbed did the good lady become in her employment, that she was regardless of all beside, when she was suddenly startled by the entrance of sundry light missiles at her open window, in the shape of cherries, gooseberries, &c. From whence they came it was impossible for her to imagine. At first, it would seem as though the days of witchcraft had returned, and this was their chosen method of manifestation, but upon a continuation of the favors, she perceived that they came from the midst of the large linden tree which shaded her window.

"Hesper!" she called out; "Hesper, are you there?" A light laugh, and a rattling of the boughs, was the only reply.

"For shame!" continued the good lady, in a deprecating tone. "A young lady of your age and education, ought to know better than to make such a boyden of herself. Go down quick, I say, before you break your neck, or Mrs. Raynor finds out you are there."

"Which I think is most to be dreaded of the two, Mrs. Willoughby. Please give my love to my lady step-mother, and tell her I should be happy to receive a call from her up here in my green-house parlor, as soon as she can make it convenient. She need not take the trouble to send up her card first, for I do not like ceremonious visitors!" and hereupon the reckless girl advanced still farther along the bough on which she sat, and swung up and down with the most daring temerity. Good Mrs. Willoughby upset her work-basket with all its precious contents as she sprang from her seat, and called out in the greatest alarm:

"Hesper Raynor, if you have any pity on me, go down this instant, and not let me see you dashed in pieces before my eyes."

"What will you give me, Mrs. Willoughby, if I will go down directly?" asked Hesper, as her elvish countenance, surrounded by the most disorderly ringlets, peered out from among the boughs.

"Anything you have a mind to say, only go down this instant."

"Well, then, give me a chance to see Harry Anderson as often as I please, without letting Mrs. Raynor know. Now remember."

A few moments after, to the good lady's great relief, she saw a fairy foot, encased in a French kid slipper, appear near the trunk of the tree, but the next instant it was withdrawn.

"Oh dear, Mrs. Willoughby!" called out Hesper in a suppressed tone. "There comes Professor Loveland and a stranger gentleman up the avenue. I verily believe he is the one I ran over last night. If this is n't a pretty fix! Do for pity's sake run down and entertain them in the parlor, till I can make my escape."

"Well, be quick, then," and the obliging housekeeper ran down to the hall door, which stood open.

"Good morning, Mrs. Willoughby, said the Professor, very politely. "This is my friend, Mr. Morris Ayer, lately returned from Europe. Is Miss Hesper within?"

"Well, I believe she is about the house somewhere," replied Mrs. Willoughby. "Please step into the parlor, gentlemen, and I will call her."

"Thank you," said the Professor, as he wiped the perspiration from his brow as it is so very warm, we should prefer to take a seat under the linden tree here, while you look up the wild bird."

"Indeed, gentlemen," said the worthy housekeeper, with evident confusion, "I would advise you to do so, on account of caterpillars. I never in all my life knew such a year for them! They are everywhere! everywhere! It was only yesterday that Harry Anderson, our gardener, killed a quantity of them under that same tree; so pray come into the parlor, gentlemen, you will find it nice and cool there; besides, we have some most excellent sherbet, which I have no doubt will prove very refreshing."

"As you please, good Mrs. Willoughby," said the Professor, with whom her concluding words had great effect.

The gentlemen were accordingly ushered into the parlor, and after supplying them with sherbet, Mrs. Willoughby left them to hasten Hesper in her preparations. But neither in the tree, and nowhere else, was she to be found, and greatly vexed, the good lady returned to the house and apprized Mrs. Raynor of the presence of visitors. The worthy housekeeper had no talent for conversation, but she took it upon herself as a moral duty to entertain the gentlemen until the appearance of the lady of the house, and therefore she exerted herself to do her best.

It was not long, however, before a light step was heard on the stairs, and a great rustling of silks at the door. The next moment, Mrs. Raynor, in all her queen-like dignity, stood face to face with Morris Ayer, who rose to receive her. To her it was an unexpected meeting, as Mrs. Willoughby, in the confusion of the moment, had forgotten his name, and therefore spoke of him only as a stranger gentleman; yet any one would have judged, by the calm, undisturbed expression of her countenance, and the quiet manner in which she offered her hand, that they were the friends of yesterday, and that no words of deeper significance had ever passed between them than those of the most common acquaintance.

The pride of Morris Ayer was aroused by her indifference, and he determined to make her feel his power. All his intellectual resources, all the brilliancy of his wit, and his superior conversational powers, were brought into requisition, and ere long he perceived, with secret gratification, that he had not only won her attention, but her interest. Even the Professor and Mrs. Willoughby left their gossiping, and drawing their chairs still nearer, listened with wonder and admiration to the young author, who not only spoke in words, but also in the eloquent glances of his eyes, and the changing expressions of feeling which passed like light and shadow over his countenance. The time sped by unheeded, and Hesper—Where was she?

No sooner had Mrs. Willoughby ushered the gentlemen into the parlor, than Hesper had slipped as lightly and stealthily as a cat from the tree, and seizing her broad-brimmed hat from a currant bush, where she had previously deposited it, she started for the orchard, at some distance in the rear of the house. Here, beneath the overhanging trees, a tall, finely formed young man was engaged in spreading hay. At the sound of her footsteps he turned and greeted her with a pleasant smile.

"Good-morning, Hesper," he said, "what mischief is ahead now? or, I should rather ask, what have you already been about, for you look very much like a fugitive from justice."

"Not from justice exactly, Harry, but from that stupid old Professor Loveland and the young man I ran over last night. I tell you what, it was impossible for me to stay and meet them, after what I had done. I would have helped the accident if I could, but spy was too smart for me, and now, if I should attempt an apology, I should laugh right out in their faces."

"Oh, Hesper Raynor!" said the young man, in a warning tone, as he leaned on his pitchfork and looked her pleasantly in the face, "you are a sad, naughty girl, and I don't know what will become of you in the end."

"Nor I either," replied Hesper, with a look of the most arch drollery, "unless some kind-hearted, sensible young man, who understands me, will take me under his special guidance and protection."

"Ah, Hesper," said Harry, shaking his head. "There are few men who would dare undertake such an arduous task."

In a moment the smiles faded from Hesper's countenance. She held her hat silently in her hand, while the wind played recklessly with her ringlets, tossing them over her face, and wailing the eyes which had begun to moisten with tears.

"Harry," she said at last, in a tremulous tone, "I am the most unfortunate girl in the world, for nobody understands me. I am called a mischievous elf, a heartless flirt, a finished coquette, and other names equally as flattering and complimentary, but no one seems to think that I have a single good feeling or serious thought. I know I am not what I should be, but it is because I am not rightly situated. I never was born to be a lady, or live a life that is all outside show and pretension, and when a troop of silly fellows come flatteringly and fawning around me, talking of my beauty and thinking of my money, I treat them just as I think they deserve. But, Harry, if I should ever meet with a man whom I could truly love and esteem, it should be the work of my life to make myself worthy of him. Be he high or low, rich or poor, in every possible way would I prove my devotion. I would wash and spin, bake and brew, and if need be, split wood for him; only let him be a true man, who is not ashamed to use his hands as well as his head, and not one of those coiffed fops or rhyming scribblers, which my lady step-mother takes such delight in calling around her. I did believe that you, at least, Harry, understood me, but I see that I am mistaken"—and as she ceased speaking, the tears which had trembled in her eyes, rolled silently down her cheeks.

The young man bit his lips as though he would suppress some strong emotion. "Hesper," he said, as he extended her hand, "I do understand you, and were you and I in different situations, I would speak to you freely from my heart; but as it is, the less we talk together the better it will be for both."

Hesper's large dark eyes were raised meekly to his. No one would have believed that this quiet, serious maiden, and the reckless, ungovernable Hesper Raynor were the same; but it was the instinctive deference which a true-hearted woman ever pays to genuine

ine manliness and worth. He gazed earnestly in her face, and one moment later Harry Anderson's heart was no longer his own. Love belongs not to circumstance—it is one of the decrees of fate.

The sound of voices, however, suddenly attracted their attention, and glancing through the trees, Hesper saw the Professor and his friend coming directly toward the orchard. Quick as thought she threw her hat upon the ground and covered it with the loose hay, and the next instant she had concealed herself in a rick that was left standing. Harry immediately proceeded to another part of the orchard and continued his labor.

The two gentlemen sauntered leisurely along, making many remarks upon the general appearance of the trees, till they came to the place of Hesper's concealment.

"Ah! what is this?" said Morris, as he stooped to pick up a blue ribbon, and greatly to his surprise found it attached to a lady's hat.

"That is Hesper's!" exclaimed the Professor, "and I tell you what, Morris, there is mischief in the wind. We tread upon enchanted ground, and it would not be strange, if before we left this place, we should become her victims."

"I am not at all afraid," said Morris. From all you say of her, I am disposed to think her nothing more than a spoiled beauty; and if, upon acquaintance, I find her the careless flirt you have described, I will make love to her with all my might, and then punish her in the name of all her disconsolate admirers."

With these words he threw the hat carelessly upon the ground, and the two gentlemen continued their walk through the orchard. They had however gone but a short distance, when a fair head appeared from the midst of the hay-rick, and a white hand was raised with a threatening gesture.

"Make love to me, will you?" said Hesper in a suppressed tone, "and then punish me in the name of all my disconsolate admirers, you ungracious biped! Well, begin as soon as you please, and let us see which will gain the victory; but if I am not mistaken, my disconsolate admirers will not be greatly benefited by your services."

CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.

OUR LIFE-PATH.

BY ANNA R. DEAN.

Our earth is a vast sphere, and covered over it in all directions, are earth's children. Each are pursuing different paths, but all are walking onward, and each path leads us toward happiness—nearer to heaven. And when one turns back on the wide plain to be traversed over, he only adds another gem to the many he is continually gathering, another precious pearl of wisdom to guide him heavenward. We never really stop on our onward journey; we only seem to, sometimes, when footsore and weary we halt on the ever onward march; but we only gather fresher flowers, and greater truths, to speed us quickly on.

We should not go on pursuing the path of wisdom if we did not stop sometimes by the roadside of life, to gather pearls and flowers. And sometimes, as we travel on, we pass through forests of beautiful trees and flowers of all varieties. And anon we pass through forests filled with thorns, and the beautiful flowers are wanting. Then our guiding angels lead us into darker paths, down by the river of affliction, and we drink of its dark waters, and shadows fall around us, and the dazzling rays of the glorious sun are all withdrawn from our vision, and darker grows the mysterious web of life, till we are shrouded in its gloom. And there we learn another lesson of patience; and as we lie almost prostrate, we gather perchance some gem that has been dropped by angel guides for us. Then, after a time, we emerge from the shadows of gloom and sorrow that have surrounded us. And by every shade of sorrow, by every trial, and every sunbeam, we learn an added lesson of wisdom and truth. Yet how we shrink at the approach of every shadow that steals across our pathway! How we long to flee from them all!

We have not all yet learned that the shades we meet in our earthly sojourn are only "angels in disguise," to lead us over the briars and teach us their uses. Each have their guardian angels, called Trial, Sorrow and Suffering.

We are all led in different paths, and sometimes one finds a ruby or a pearl, and they hold it up to the gaze of their earthly brothers; but ah, that which looked so beautiful to the finder is not appreciated by the world. Then we walk on in silence, when we fail to find the sympathy we thought would be ours, and we press to our hearts the pearl we found still more closely, and it brings us joy, and spirit guardians whisper in our ears in tones of love to cheer us on the road of life.

And we ever shall pass on thus, gathering jewels and flowers from every shadow and every sunbeam. *Flora, Illinois.*

"GOD MAY LET HIM HEAR US."—The night after their grandfather died, G. and F., of some three and four years, were dismissed, as usual, with their good night kiss in the hall at the foot of the stairs, to go to their trundle bed. We listened, as a strange fear should overtake them. As they passed the chamber where the remains lay, one of them said, "Let us go in and bid dear grandpa good night. God may let him hear us." So they opened the door, and by the distant light of the hall lamp went up to the bed, uttered their sweet good night, and went happily to their rest.

Written for the Banner of Light.
MY GABRIELLE.

BY SUSIE RIVERS.

And hast thou gone, my precious child,
My only one?
My sweet white rose, all undefiled,
My earthly sun?
Say, hast thou closed thine azure eyes,
To open them with sweet surprise
As heavenly glories on thee rise,
My Gabrielle?

Say, is thy voice forever hushed,
So sweet and low,
And pale thy cheek which crimson blushed,
Like morning's glow?
I mourn for thee with bitter tears,
Still, still my heart thine image bears,
And oft in dreams thy sweet voice hears,
My Gabrielle?

Thine was a form of beauty bright
And fairest grace,
Thy gentle eyes were full of light,
And thy sweet face,
With look of angel loveliness,
Appeared in its fair earthly dress,
A picture formed all hearts to bless,
My Gabrielle.

But ah, my heart must not thus dwell
On thy sweet charms,
I know thou'rt safe and sheltered well
From all alarms;
And I in my lone agony,
Must stifle every rising sigh,
And hush the wish that thou wert nigh,
My Gabrielle!

But when at morn I think of thee,
My precious one,
And when the shadows veil the sea
At set of sun,
I miss thee so that earth seems dark,
And faded Hope's fair, brilliant spark,
While life below looms grim and dark,
My Gabrielle.

But I to brighter thoughts will turn,
And murmurings shun,
Although I cannot cease to yearn
For thee, dear one,
But thou a blessed link shall be,
To bring thine Heaven still nearer me,
Till I again thy face shall see,
My Gabrielle!

There with unceasing rapturous joy
With thee, sweet dove,
I shall eternal years employ
In praise and love;
And while the ages onward fly,
My soul shall find her sweet supply
Of bliss, with thee still ever nigh,
My Gabrielle!

Original Essays.

MILITARY INSTINCT OF INSECTS.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

World reformers, a few years ago, preached the doctrine of peace, until they induced themselves to believe we should never have the pleasurable excitement and costly luxury of war again. The World Exhibitions of Industry, and Peace Congresses, looked very much like the dawning rays of the Millennium; but wiser heads, better acquainted with human nature, knew very well that the peace among the nations arose not from fraternal love, and neighborly good will, but, because for the time, it was not wise policy to enter the lists. The military instinct lies at the base of our nature, and there will probably never be any inseparable difficulty in enlisting an army, and finding leaders, so long as the profession of war receives more honor and a higher place in history than any other. Every man in America well knows that our army is our bulwark of defence, without which we would be enslaved, and so long as this depravity exists, warriors will be a necessity, and will receive the honor they deserve.

It is remarkable how low in the scale of being this instinct is discoverable. Not to speak of its lower manifestations in the cunning and strategy of all animals, there are certain insects which almost copy the real military movements of armies of men. Of these the ant is the most wonderful example. Rarely here, in the colder zone, are their evolutions witnessed; but in the torrid they are of frequent occurrence. The anecdotes of travelers seem almost as fabulous as those of the ancients, and only their known reliability induces our belief in the marvels they relate.

It appears that the ant is in the same "stage of development" that man was in the ancient times; their war is generally to capture prisoners which they make slaves. Perhaps the cause may be the possession of a favorable site for erecting their city; or if we believe those who have enthusiastically devoted their lives to the study of antology, the carcasses of a worm or possession of a grain of wheat, may set neighboring cities in opposition. This would be quite human nature; for the worm, or a few square feet of earth, hold quite as great relative proportion to them as provinces do to men. Oftener, however, a nobler aim animates them to resistance. The red ant makes a slave of the small black one. The red ant finds the full grown black incorrigible, and prefers to sack his city and carry off the half grown eggs, which produce slaves more obedient. The red ant is the stronger, and is always victorious, yet the black ants always make a desperate resistance, and yield only when they have disputed to the last. It is hopeless to present a description of one of these encounters more expressively than Haber has done already, and I take the liberty to quote his observations:

"If we wish to behold regular armies wage war in all its forms, we must visit the forests in which the fallow ants establish their dominion over every insect within their territory; we shall then see populous and rival cities and regular roads diverging from the ant-hill, like so many radii from a centre, and frequented by an immense number of combatants; wars between hordes of the same species, for they are natural enemies, and jealous of any encroachment upon the territory which surrounds their capital. It is in these forests I have witnessed the inhabitants of two large ant-hills engage in combat; two empires could not have brought into the field a more numerous or determined body of combatants.

Both armies met half way from their respective capitals, and the battle commenced. Thousands of ants took their stations on the highest ground, and fought in pairs, keeping firm hold on their antagonists with their mandibles; while a considerable number were engaged in the attack, others were leading away prisoners; the latter made several ineffectual endeavors to escape, as if aware that upon reaching the camp or nest death awaited them. The field of battle occupied a space of about three feet square;

a penetrating odor exhaled on all sides, and numbers of dead ants were scattered all over the ground. The ants composing groups and chains, laid hold of each others' legs and pincers, and dragged their antagonists on the ground; these groups formed successively. The fight usually commenced between two ants, who, seizing each other by the mandibles, raised themselves on their hind legs to allow of their bringing their abdomen forward and spurring their venom on their adversary. They were frequently so wedged together that they fell on their sides, and fought in that situation a long time in the dust; shortly after, they raised themselves, when each began dragging its adversary; but when their force happened to be equal, the wrestlers remained immovable and fixed each other to the ground until a third came to decide the contest. It more commonly happened that both ants received assistance at the same time, when the whole four, keeping firm hold of a foot or antennae, made ineffectual attempts to win the battle. In this way they often formed groups of six, eight or ten all locked together; the group was only broken when several warriors from the same republic advanced at the same time and compelled the enmeshed insects to let go their hold, and then the single combats were renewed. On the approach of night each party retired gradually to their own city.

On the following day, before dawn, the ants returned to the field of battle—the groups again formed—the carnage recommenced with greater fury than on the preceding evening, and the scene of combat occupied a space six feet by two. The event remained for a long time doubtful. About midday the contending armies had removed to the distance of a dozen feet from one of their cities, whence, I conclude, that some ground had been gained; the ants fought so desperately that they did not even perceive my presence, and though I remained close to the armies, not a single combatant climbed my leg.

The ordinary operations of the two cities were not suspended, and in all the immediate vicinity of the ant hills order and peace prevailed; on that side on which the battle raged alone were seen crowds of insects running two and fro, some to join the combatants, and some to escort prisoners. This war terminated without any disastrous results to either of the two republics; long-continued rains shortened its duration, and each band of warriors ceased to frequent the road which led to the enemy's camp."

I have already mentioned that the red ant makes war for purposes of slave catching. This remarkable fact was discovered by Huber, and has been confirmed. He has called the master, the legionary; the slave, the negro. The former is armed and courageous, but will not labor; the latter is unarmed, peaceable and industrious. The relation between them is not that of task-master and slave, but a strong attachment appears to be felt, obliterating the negro's hatred to another species.

When the legionaries want slaves, they sally forth and surprise a hill of the negroes, and bear away the larva, to rear as they desire. Huber witnessed these engagements several times, and other naturalists have fully confirmed his observations. One afternoon, while walking, he observed an army of the legionaries, formed into a solid column, four by ten inches square. These he followed till they arrived at a colony of negroes. As soon as the latter observed the approaching army they manifested great confusion, and rushed to bar the entrance, but the legionaries charged en masse, drove the negroes back, entered with them, and in a few minutes returned, each bearing a larva, which they bore homeward, observing no order in their march. Wishing to observe the assaulted colony, he returned to it, and saw a few of the negroes mounted on stalks of grass, holding each a larva they had saved from pillage. The legionaries sometimes enslave a larger species called *formica sanguinea*, but after the attack they always return in solid columns, as they advance—a necessary precaution, as the *sanguinea* continue the battle on the retreating forces to the very gates of their city.

Such is only a specimen of the many interesting facts which might be related of the curious engagements of these minute creatures, which almost actualize the relations of Gulliver. It seems that something more than instinct controls them. We always supposed instinct compels insects to perform certain things always in the same manner, and can see very well how that can be, but these were accidental. Probably not one colony in a hundred ever wages war; yet we see all the evolutions of armies of men. They march and counter-march; advance and retreat; make grand assaults and desperate sallies; take prisoners and sack cities—in short, all that armies of men are accustomed to do. We are told by the sagacious and truthful Huber, that he has observed one kind of ant lay a treacherous ambush for its enemies, and another, when hard pushed and about to lose a battle, send a courier to their city, and immediately a large detachment is posted off and surrounds the enemy. He also observed the inhabitants of one ant-hill engaged in a mock battle; and a colony of negroes, after being three times attacked and pillaged of their larva, erected regular breast-works of defence.

Willingly would I prolong this interesting subject, but space forbids; and those curious to learn more can avail themselves of the many works on Natural History. Enough has been said to show how perfect the military instinct is, even in ants, and that man is not alone in his love of the "pom and panoply" of war.

Walnut Grove.

BASIS OF RELIGIOUS ORGANIZATION.

TO EDWARD B. FREELAND:

I agree with you in the opinion that the points of difference between us are "important and radical." My opinion of the best manner of advancing actual reform, is neither by "antagonism," which will lead us to cavil and dispute about points we should frankly admit, nor by "cooperation" in such a sense as would lead us to admit the actual truth of an assertion, because from the standpoint, of an observer, it was an apparent truth. Take your own supposition as an illustration:

"Suppose fifty persons to live at some distance from each other, around the base of a hill, each one ignorant of his neighbor's position, and of the aspect which the hill presented to him, and each one supposing that what he saw of the hill was all there was of it. Now each of these persons will give an entirely different account of the nature of that hill. Each one will know certainly the truth of the aspect which he has invariably seen."

Now, the error lies in the supposition of the possibility of any of these persons giving the actual truth of the nature of the hill, they having seen it from only one standpoint.

Science illustrates the perfections of the Deity; its cultivation will assist in giving new and clearer views of the perfections and plans of Jehovah, and awaken toward him a deeper reverence and a warmer love. The aggregate of all the sciences may properly be termed *Universalogy*, or the science of the Universe as a whole. But permit me humbly to suggest to you, that a knowledge of that science be-

longs to God alone. Here, "we know in part;" when that which is perfect is come, we will be better prepared for the science of Universalogy.

The sciences of Geology and Astronomy afford a rational and delightful exercise of man's reasoning faculties. In multiplying evidence of the existence and attributes of God. But you speak of "Demonstrable Conviction." It is doubted by the best of men and the most profound reasoners, whether it is possible to prove the existence of God demonstratively.

What else says: "No matter of fact can be mathematically demonstrated, though it may be proved in such a manner as to leave no doubt on the mind." And Bishop Butler says: "I have made it my business ever since I thought myself capable of such sort of reasoning, to prove to myself the being and attributes of God. And being sensible that it is a matter of the last consequence, I have endeavored, after a demonstrative proof, not only more fully to satisfy my own mind, but also in order to defend the great truths of natural religion, and those of the Christian revelation which follow from them, against all opposers; but must own, with concern, that hitherto I have been unsuccessful; and though I have got very probable arguments, yet I can go very little way with demonstration in proof of these things."

If the existence and attributes of God cannot be demonstratively proved by science, even the "Science of Universal Analogy," how are they to be proved? I answer only in what you call "that vague way in which such an idea has been dogmatized, out of the intuition, by Oken, Fourier, Swedenborg, for example." You truly say, "Every man recognizes his ideal, his God, in what appeals most forcibly to his nature. It is then merely a question of individual development. If one is in the plane of physicality, only the most splendid physique becomes the ideal; if in the plane of intellectuality, the most remarkable mind; if in the religious, the most divine or inspirational." You have here given the true solution of the question, it is the development of Consciousness up to the plane of spirituality or religion, which is the highest organ, both in location and importance, in the human brain.

Perhaps we might differ in "the question of the position of the planes of development, their relative importance, and consequently that of the individuals who stand representative of them," but that is not the question now under consideration.

The plane of consciousness confined to the perceptive and reflective faculties, is the condition of the natural, or external man, and because it dwells in the light of this world only, is dissolved at death.

But the plane of consciousness arising to the organ of spirituality or religion, at the summit of the brain, is the condition of the spiritual, or internal man, because it dwells in the light of heaven. When the plane of consciousness is in the higher organs, the spirit-world can be seen, and the objects of both worlds are frequently blended. Balaam saw the angel by having his spiritual sight opened. The Transfiguration is another example of the blending of both sights; if the two sights correspond, then the vision is perfect.

You say "every thing which is true, is capable of being shown to be true, or in other words, of being demonstrated." I have more confidence in the words of St. Paul: "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God; for they are foolishness unto him, neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned. But he that is spiritual, judgeth all things." He judges natural things as other natural men, by the proper exercise of his perceptive and reflective faculties, and he judges spiritual things intuitively, his consciousness being elevated to the plane of spirituality.

Brother Freeland, from the many good things you say, I perceive that the *Rational Principle* is active; this Swedenborg informs us, "is a kind of medium between the internal and external, for the internal by means of the rational principle, operates upon the corporeal external. By it, the thought of the natural man, from knowledge and sciences—for man who is imbued with sciences, is able to see things in a series from first and mediate principles to the ultimate, which is called the conclusion, and from thence, he can analytically dispose, weigh, separate, conjoin, and at length conclude things, even to a further, and at length to the ultimate end, which is the use which he loves. Every spiritual man is also rational, but the rational man is not always spiritual also."

It will be inferred from the above, that persons merely on the natural, or external plane, would not be competent judges of what would be a proper basis, or platform, for a religious organization, which is, or should be on the spiritual or internal plane. I am far from depreciating the faculty of reason, which is "the candle of the Lord within us," and "the true light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world," and which, if honestly and sincerely followed, will guide us through rational to spiritual, and finally, celestial things.

I admit that Philosophy and Religion are not at variance, but on the contrary, mutually support each other; and I again say, I heartily approve of the platform set forth in your first letter to me as a philosophical platform, and I would not presume to offer a platform as the Basis of a Religious Organization, different from that already laid in the Christian religion. "Other foundation: can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ."—St. Paul. The evidences of religion, or Christianity, are involved in difficulties; but all who honestly direct themselves of every secret wish, that it may not prove true, and earnestly seek for truth by the exercise of the rational principle, such persons will receive influx from the angels of whatever heaven corresponds to their degree of progression, to aid them in further progression.

I know a person who is put in rapport with the angels, or spirits, with which he affinizes, at any time, by the use of the Lord's Prayer.

Truth is communicated to those who seek for it, by a Divine influence exerted upon the human mind, either perceived, or unperceived, by the individual, and either directly by the Author of mind, or indirectly by physical, spiritual, or angelic agency.

May the happy time soon come, of which you so beautifully speak, "when Science and Religion, Bridegroom and Bride, shall meet in loving embrace, and greet each other with a holy kiss—then shall the earth be indeed filled with the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea; and all shall taste and see that the Lord is good." A. BRATY.

Ennsville, Ind.

Ridicule is at best but a gross pleasure—too rough an entertainment for those who are highly polished and refined.

Correspondence.

Letter from Newburyport.

My attention has recently been called to the letter of R. P. Ambler, our quondam brother, in the Christian Ambassador, wherein he formally renounces and denounces Spiritualism. Our friends of the Universalist persuasion have been quite elated thereby.

In the letter referred to, Bro. Ambler relates a circumstance which induced him to publicly advocate our cause. As he states, he caught a glimpse of a great blessing. In his honest simplicity (like most new converts,) he believed he had reached the apex; that here all must shortly land; but after awhile he discovered, by degrees, that it was "a growing evil," which he deprecates with great seeming honesty.

But a reminiscence of him gives me a better explanation of his recantation, which is, that he could not make money enough. He undoubtedly anticipated at first that his eloquence, added to so glorious a belief, would attract crowds to hear, and a corresponding crowding of his pockets; but he has found it easier to preach for a stated salary than to depend upon the uncertain pay which Spiritual societies are enabled to give.

But to the reminiscence. A few years ago I received a letter from Mr. Ambler, dated Marblehead, in which he requested me to make arrangements for a lecture on a Tuesday evening. I answered him by saying I should not advise him to come; that we could not obtain an audience, even on Sunday, large enough, and on week day evenings it was impossible to attract one. He answered me by persisting in coming, urging me to assist him, which I did, by providing a hall, advertising, a place to tarry free, &c. He came, and, as I had predicted, had a small audience—not receipts enough to pay expenses. I was obliged to take money from my own pocket to meet the deficit; and although paying him his expenses, he went away displeased. This experience convinced me that he was a money-maker, and I could have written his recantation in fewer words, which would have been true: I leave because I cannot make money enough.

And while stating the truth in regard to one party who has left us, I think equal honesty demands that spiritual advocates should speak plainly of another party still in our ranks. This is alike due to ourselves as well as to the public who have rights, which we should be bound to respect. I have been deeply pained to hear reports affecting the character of a public medium for answering sealed letters, in Boston. Many in this city have applied to him and been sadly disappointed, to say nothing more severe; but when investigators are charged nine dollars for a sitting of less than three hours, it is time for us, in self-defence, to protest. This was done to a candid investigator from this city, who thought it "rather steep." Dr. L. L. Farnsworth, a medium for answering sealed letters in Boston, the writer would here observe, in order to prevent misapprehension, is not the party alluded to above.

I was recently talking with an Orthodox (?) clergyman, who admitted all I desired. He believed that his and all other departed friends were around, knowing of all our acts, sympathizing with us, &c.; but he continued: "I do not believe anything in Spiritualism." This is the position of nearly every one. They believe in all the facts, all the evidences. The only thing they do not believe in, is the name. That horrid name conjures up a nightmare, which naught can dispel. But, as time rolls on, even the name will become more and more familiar, and less and less objectionable. Even now it is no more detestable than was the advocacy of spirit-life during the first few years of the new dispensation. We ever move onward.

A. HOSKIN.

Newburyport, June 20, 1862.

Oberlin, Ohio.

No town which I have visited in the Free States, has as large a proportion of colored people to its whole population, as Oberlin—at least, judging from the streets, and school-houses where the students are shut in. The social distinction of color is nearly rooted out; by religious and other influences, and the black seems nearly as much respected as the white, but it is evident that by some process, whether religious, or not, I cannot say, the black are fading out, for the children are coming up whiter than the parents, mostly.

The college here, which not only makes the place, but gives tone and character to its society, claims great liberality and high standing, although it is not considered much credit in other parts; to have graduated here. In the school regulations and exercises, they make no distinction between black and white, male or female, except that they recommend a different course and classes for females, which, of course, most of them choose. They usually have a large school ranging from five hundred to one thousand and two hundred, at each term, black and white, male and female. Theologically, the institution is as rigid and sectarian as any of the old Catholic schools, and is not as liberal to females as to males, or as to colored persons.

Females are not allowed to attend any meeting or lecture not approved by the Faculty, nor to visit or board, without permission, in any family, nor to visit the woods or groves, nor to study Nature as God spreads it out. The Faculty assuming to know all that is worth knowing of religion, do not allow them to examine Spiritualism, lest they should find it true, as thousands have, and abandon the old beaten path of the Trinitarian churches.

Many of the students are compelled to listen to from five to twelve prayers per day, many of them as dry and mechanical as the machine prayers of some Pagan nations. One would think it would sicken any elastic mind, so it would be thoroughly disgusted with the whole system; and in fact it does with some.

The miserable and cramped system of theology is in ridiculous contrast with the liberality that opens the schools to women and negroes, even though they are a little more liberal to the latter, yet they furnish a noble contrast to most colleges which exclude both, and treat both as nearly alike, mostly putting woman a little below, as we do in our political system, and civil rights.

If Oberlin would turn its old worn-out theology out of the schools, into the streets, to take care of itself, and stop praying and preying, and go on with its liberal education of all students, in knowledge and the sciences, it would soon take the lead of reform schools, and do a great and good work for the race, but, cramping, as it does, the narrow minds that come under its influence, its good and ill are so strangely mixed, it is hard to decide which has the preponderance, and no wonder the students and graduates are discredited in community generally.

There are many schools for more liberal in theology than this one, that have succeeded like it in surrounding the distinction of color and sex; and as we are often told to give the Devil his due, so we must give Oberlin its due.

By controlling the schools, the halls, and most of the discourses, the Faculty have thus far succeeded in preventing spiritual lectures and medium exhibitions here, and consequently, the people are falling behind the times, and the surrounding country, and if kept so a few years more, will need missionaries to bring them forward and enlighten them on the progress of the age and country. It is strange that a college must be a dark lantern.

Oberlin, June 10, 1862. WARREN CHASE.

Conventionality.

READERS OF THE BANNER.—That portion of you, I mean, who, with an impatient paw, glance over its pages without endeavoring to seek out and appropriate one single iota of the wealth of truth there embodied—a word in your ear. Did you ever reflect that the chief, if not the only cause of your rejecting and sneering at Spiritualism so much, is merely because it lays hold of that bugbear, Conventionality, by the shoulders and endeavors to hurl him from his lofty throne in society? Did you ever reflect that you not only tolerate but greet and receive some of the same doctrines when they come clothed in the sanctimonious and highly venerated garb of public favoritism?

For instance, in the late issues of that extremely popular and widely patronized sheet, the New York Ledger, there is being published a tale from the pen of Miss Eliza A. Dupuy, entitled "Vendetta, or The Outlaw's Bride." One of the characters in this thrilling tale—"Marie Montoni"—clearly possesses, in some degree, the gift of clairvoyance, which Spiritualists are so assiduous in their endeavors to induce the world to receive as a truth. Now, why does not the world, in righteous indignation, hurl down its anathemas upon the devoted head of Miss Dupuy for disseminating such a thought as this throughout the minds of the rising generation? Why, I repeat, is she not visited with those curses, which, of course, are scattered always at the right time and in the right place? I answer, simply because Miss Dupuy is one of our most popular and cherished writers, and her "thoughts that breathe and words that burn" come to us through the medium of one of the most celebrated literary journals of the day.

Again, Emerson Bennett—another popular and worthy writer—in a number of the same paper, issued on the 7th of June, 1862, asks, "Is there any power by which any human being can foretell any special event?" And despite his elaborate reasoning to assert there is not, strangely illuminates facts which affirm that there is, thereby demonstrating to the world that he is inclined to favor the affirmative more than the negative response to his question. Mr. Bennett draws a true logical deduction from his premises, and although I should arrive at a far different conclusion by a much more concise and equally as logical mode of reasoning, yet I will not tarry for the purpose.

The point is, Mr. B., although in so indirect a manner, lends his testimony to establish the truth of clairvoyance. Why is he not benignly blessed (for I esteem it a blessing) with an abundant shower of the aforesaid curses? On account of the same calamity which precludes Miss Dupuy from receiving them—viz: he is popular.

I might point out to you a thousand instances similar, but I forbear, and leave it to yourselves to discover them, feeling assured you will find them in almost all the writings of the day. Scarcely any popular writer of the class mentioned but infuses into his or her work some of the doctrines or beliefs of Spiritualism. Truly it must be a beautiful philosophy that poets and authors so delight in.

But I wish to suggest the utter absurdity of rejecting, on account of its falsity, that which from another source you receive with delight. Is it not evident to a reflective mind that the wolf is just as wolfish in his nature under guise of sheep's clothing as in his own coat? Now, if this thing is wolfish coming from Spiritualists, why can you not see that it is equally as wolfish coming from Dupuy, Bennett & Co.?

O man, rise! stand forth in the majesty of that reason which God has given you. Shake off the shackles of Conventionality, and not from the dictates of your own reason, which if trammelled by the opinions and conclusions of others, is of no more service to you than instinct to the brute creation, which leads them "thus far and no farther."

Philadelphia, Pa., June 18, 1862. ADDIE.

Physical Manifestations in Maine.

As each week brings to us the BANNER laden with spiritual truths, and with the doings of those engaged in the glorious work of spreading broadcast those truths which are given by bright ones above, I thought a few words in regard to the cause in Yarmouth might not be unwelcome, therefore I take my pen for the purpose of sending a few thoughts to your readers.

Some six or seven years ago, spirit-manifestations were first produced here, through the organization of J. L. Lovell, first by tipping and rapping, then trance, clairvoyance, and healing; of which gifts he has been deprived of none; but his course is upward and upward. For two years and a half his house was open for all to come who wished to see the phenomena, or hear from those loved ones who had passed the boundaries of earth life. Day and evening he was ready to sit for those whose curiosity prompted them to come, and not a few availed themselves of the privilege granted; for every evening saw his rooms filled, and though often wearied in body, his spirit never grew weary of imparting those gifts to others. His physical manifestations have always been very interesting, the table rising at times two or three feet from the floor, remaining there, and by waving back and forth, kept time with the singing, produced by the circle, until the song was finished. At other times it would come up in the same manner, remain suspended perfectly still for a time, and then move gently to the floor.

To this gift was added trance speaking, when he lectured here regularly for about a year and a half, then he became a clairvoyant and healing medium, and extended his influence to a wider sphere, going steadily forward, treading neither to the right nor to the left, heeding not the shafts of scorn and malice which have been hurled at him, and, spite of all opposition, has gained for himself a reputation which is high above those who have been busy with their many tongued slanders.

Though there are some mediums here who are partially undeveloped, there has been no other one who has come out and battled for the truth with that

self-sacrificing devotion that he has ever manifested, neither do they aspire to a high plane of development, therefore remain partially developed. Why will not mediums ever strive to attain a high plane of spirituality, and draw around them those influences which shall bring them up above the grossness of earth—which shall elevate and spiritualize them, so that they may receive spirit communion in all its depth and purity? S. R. Tarnum, Me.

The Hair Snake Question.

In the BANNER of June 7th, I find that James Lewis, of Mohawk, N. Y., has a criticism on my article on hair snakes, and seems very suspicious of my character for investigation and honesty.

I am glad that he loves Agassiz and admires him, for I admire and love him quite as much as he does, but I love truth better than I love Agassiz. I love Lewis, and thank him for his statement that a sagacious and reliable individual of his boyhood acquaintance declared that he had put hairs into water that became snakes; but he himself failed in a stream that ran through a mud-hole.

A thousand failures only prove that they were failures. How often have I failed, and afterward succeeded, when I could see the slightest difference in the circumstances, in the materials, or anything, though a difference must have existed; that I am the more astonished that a man should parade the history of a single experiment in a running stream which proved a failure. I have only seen hair snakes in stagnant water, that, of course, gets very warm.

The case which I stated, of the whole horse's tail becoming animated and in motion, the carcass lay in stagnant swamp water, no stream running near. I saw it about the year 1826, when I was about thirty years of age, and a hard student. It was in Green county, N. Y., town of Coxsackie, in a field of low land, abounding in clumps of swamp whortleberries. He wholly begs the question when he affirms that digestion alone can affect a change like this. When he talks of my imperfect observation and hasty conclusion being put forward to disparage the "labors of one of the most devoted men the world has ever known, &c.," I reply that it is not done to disparage his labors, but to maintain the truth.

He thinks Agassiz would not lie, so do I think as much as he; but, I think he is not infallible, and may be deceived. And in this case I know he is. Why did he not save the eight millions of eggs, and watch them? The incubation would have resulted in horses! But "the hair snakes have split ends," so have most horse hairs.

The attempts to be witty, which James Lewis exhibits, I must pass over, though a little tempted to criticize them. But I am over sixty, and like calm discussion worthy your paper. If error is propagated in the way I have gathered and communicated these facts, as he indicates, pray in what way is truth propagated? Why would Lewis collect some just hatched gordius—sucking ones, from the little globular corrugations in a thread of mucus! It has been thought that the writer of this was not over easy to believe, nor given to hasty conclusions. I am inclined to suggest to your suspicious correspondent, whom I presume is a very good man, to start his factory anew, and see that his materials are all right. Try in various ponds and water-troughs, and after seven years, report. One successful experiment proves a theory; ten thousand failures prove nothing, but that you tried and failed. A jeweler in New York city once informed me that he succeeded, after many failures, in an effort to anneal platinum, each time weighing his ingredients from the same papers, with the same delicate scales; nor did either of the experiments change the condition one atom—the tenth experiment was a perfect success.

In relation to my character for integrity, talent and ability to investigate philanthropy and benevolence, I refer you and all others to Horace Greeley, of the New York Tribune, and O. S. Fowler of the Phrenological Journal—both know me well.

SAMUEL UNDERHILL, M. D.

Jottings.

I am happy to see that the subject of organization is undergoing some agitation through the columns of the welcome BANNER. It is most devoutly to be hoped that it may continue to solicit well written and merited arguments from the friends of Truth and Progress everywhere, till such an appropriate and efficient organization is effected on a moral basis, as may be calculated to give additional force, character and success to the spiritual movement. At no distant date I hope to be able to submit thoughts to greater length on this important subject.

We have just had a very interesting time through the able and efficient labors of our worthy and eloquent speaker, Lyman O. Howe, of Cattaraugus Co., N. Y., who needs only to be heard to be admired.

Am still favored with able and interesting communications through my Spiritoscope from my medical counsel, Dr. John Morgan, whose long experience and superior skill in medical matters, preeminently fit him for the business in which he is engaged. Written communications which I have preserved, from him, on medical and scientific subjects during the two years I have been made the honored recipient of his counsel and advice, would fill volumes. Yet, in no instance have I been able to detect a single mistake, or make an improvement by a suggestion of my own. Of my limited knowledge and ability, the result of thirty years practice and experience in the healing art, I have nothing to say, but feel called upon to state (as hundreds throughout the country can bear testimony) that the superior skill and wisdom of this spiritist commend him to the sick and afflicted everywhere, and while I am made the channel through which his favors are dispensed, no pains shall be spared, on my part, to have ample justice done to all who may favor us with their confidence and patronage. Very respectfully,

A. HARLOW, M. D.

Chagrin Falls, Ohio, June 14, 1892.

Dr. Urann's Remarkable Cures.

Seeing in the BANNER, a short time since, a large number of cures performed by Dr. Newton, I take the liberty to inform you of cures made here in this city, by Dr. F. W. Urann, formerly of Boston. Dr. Urann has been among us only a few weeks, and has made many wonderful cures, somewhat astonishing the sober citizens of Hartford. We consider his presence a great blessing, and hope he will be induced to remain with us at least for the present. I could fill pages of his great cures, but I will limit myself to a few. One man, who has been years unable to attend to business from low of memory, had consulted the best physicians of Europe with no effect, has been entirely restored by one operation.

Another case of a lady having been confined to her bed over a year, was restored in twenty minutes. Another, a boy, who had not walked or used his limbs, could not feed himself, is now apparently well. Dr. Urann employs him as clerk in his office.

A friend of mine had a little girl that was entirely paralyzed—could not move her head, hands, or feet; in fact, was entirely helpless. I urged the mother to call on the Doctor; with one operation, and before the child left the office, she could move her head without help, and now she can use her hands freely, and is rapidly improving. I think it the worst case of the kind I ever saw. These cures I am knowing to, and have heard of many more. Dr. Urann hails from Boston, and was, for a time, with Dr. Newton; perhaps he is known to you. If so, you will be pleased to hear of his success, and for the benefit of those afflicted, it should be known where to find him. Dr. Urann proposes to remain with us a few months, and then locate in Philadelphia.

Respectfully yours,

Hartford, Ct.

E. M. GRISWOLD.

From the Mediterranean.

We are kindly permitted to copy a few extracts from a letter recently received by a gentleman of this city from H. H. Pangborn, Esq., U. S. Paymaster on board the sloop Constellation. Mr. Pangborn will be remembered by thousands of our people as one of the editors of the Boston Daily Bee in its palmiest days, and afterwards the Washington Correspondent of the New York Times—and those friends will all be glad to hear from young Harry. Mr. Pangborn holds a very responsible position, as paymaster for life in the navy, and a post rarely held by one so young in years; but his indomitable perseverance, or, better, *pluck*, obtained for him the appointment and confirmation. He is, our readers will perceive, a good representative of Young America.

This letter was written for a private eye, and not intended for publication; and this fact will excuse some familiarities of speech which the newspaper correspondent would perhaps have avoided. We omit those parts which will not be of interest to the general reader:

What is to become of our country and our government? It makes me heart-sick when I think of our retrograde condition, compared to what we were when you and I first met in Washington, and the thousands of brave fellows who have poured out their life's blood on the altar of freedom and Union. It seems to me, as I sit alone in my little room, thinking over the present state of affairs, that I can hear the groans of dying thousands—that I can see their blood, and weep with those who mourn their untimely end. It may be a noble and brave act, the crowning glory of a man's life, if it surely is, to die for one's country; but in such a cause, in such a bloody and unnatural war, a contest really amounting to this, and nothing more—a war for the aggrandizement of a few scheming, speculating, unscrupulous men—it loses one half the glory that it would assume if laid down in the open field against a manly foreign foe. I have learned more of the heartlessness of these wretches in the past few weeks, in the exploits of the pirate Semmes, of the "Sumter," than I ever dreamed before. He is a most arrant knave, a cut-throat thief. The game of that craft is up, however. She lies within gunshot of us. Semmes has gone to England, with all his officers and crew who did not desert, probably to get another ship. I have no doubt he will succeed. The gunboat Tuscarora is here, also, and the captains of the two ships have all they can do to keep our boys from thrashing and "nabbing" the two officers and ten men left in charge of the "Sumter." They meet our boys on the street, but they never speak to each other, and they deem it advisable to give the "Yankees" "a wide berth."

The "Sumter" itself is completely played out and worthless. It will never, I think, be of any further use to any one. Several of her men deserted, and went to the United States gunboats asking protection, and stating that they were impressed by "Semmes" to join his ship. He will be a splendid subject to experiment upon the hemp question some day, I trust.

There is a big thing brewing on this continent, and by the time, or before, we get through our difficulties, you will hear martial music in Europe that will make all sing along. The Italians are getting ready for a great outbreak, which may come any day. But enough of politics.

Well, you want to know what I've been doing, and what I have seen since we left Uncle Sam's dominions. We left Portsmouth, N. H., on the 11th of March, having been there four months and a half doing nothing. We reached Fayal, fifteen hundred miles, in eleven days, all well and jolly, though we had a rough passage. From here we made for Lisbon, Portugal, and in sixteen days from Portsmouth we made European land, a distance of thirty-three hundred miles. That's what I call sailing. It blowed "great guns," and then just at this time came on a calm, so that it was twenty days in all before we were at anchor in the River Tagus.

We had a salute, as we came into port, from the fort, from an English and Spanish sloop-of-war, and from the Portuguese frigate, laying there. We fired one hundred and thirty-two guns in return, and I tell you, never did the old stars and stripes float more proudly, or look so pretty to me as then. Ours was the largest and prettiest ship in the lot.

Well, when all this was over, we went on shore, and for the first time I put my foot on European soil. Now I'll describe to you what I saw there.

The view along the banks of the Tagus is one of the most beautiful you can conceive. The banks of the river are very rugged, but very beautiful; all along you see on the mountain side and in the valleys the most beautiful plantations, groves and gardens.

The town itself, like all those old places on this side, is very old fashioned and strange, both in its style of architecture and the arrangement of the city. It is kept remarkably neat, but you see much of poverty and want, which, of course, you do not see at home. I suppose we Americans notice this more because we have so little of it in our country.

Oh, it seems so strange and unaccountable when you look upon the sad condition of these crown and priest-ridden people, that ours, who were enjoying all the privileges that the wealthiest can secure here, and even more, should be striving to overthrow our government, and all destroy all the liberty and happiness we possess. So much for the people.

We anchored just off the town, where the earthquake took place a few years since, just over the very spot where so many buildings and people went down and were buried by the sea. There are but few traces of the earthquake left now, but such as there are are very interesting; of course we visited them all.

We saw all the paintings that were to be seen in the place, visited the galleries of statuary and mosaic art, and saw some very fine specimens. But these people have themselves, as a general thing, a very poor idea of art, and take very little care of what they have. In England, or our country, this collection alone would be worth millions, and here they allow them to be knocked about or abused, as if the work of a Michael Angelo or Guido could be turned up at every corner every day in the year.

These people have a very great respect for Americans, and extended to us every possible courtesy, as you shall see by what we saw and did. They hate the English, because they are so arrogant and overbearing to them, and at Cadix and this place, both of which you know are Spanish, they sym-

pathize with the North. In our fight at home, and say very freely that they hope we will come out all right, and whip the English by-and-by. They begin to believe now that we can do it, and so do I.

The first day we spent with Harvey, the Minister. You will recollect that he was the correspondent of the Tribune when I was on the Times. We dined with him twice, and had a very pleasant time. He had several of the nobility present; gentlemen and ladies, so we got a pretty good idea of the place and people.

The next day we visited "Cortura," the country residence of the King. It is a most lovely place, a full of many lovely things. Among them I met Miss Elise Hensler, of Boston, the opera singer. She now plays another "role."

The following day we were presented to the king, all his household, Cabinet and Congress, including both houses, like ours, in full dress. We were a very nobby looking set. Would'n't you like to see me in full "tog," at a Court? You would laugh some, I think, as I did. But in Rome we do as Romans do, and so we called in. All the foreign ministers were present, and the show, altogether, was rather a gay one. The king is a young man, about my own size and age. He is a cousin of the Prince of Wales, and looks quite as stupid. I don't think he knows any too much for his own good. Well, we dined and supped, and all that, and had a good time, and then left for Cadix, Spain, having been just two weeks at Lisbon.

At Cadix we went through the same routine again, saw all there was to be seen, had another good time of a week, and left for this place. We have been at anchor but a little time here. We go to Genoa from here in a few days, thence to Naples, thence Rome, &c., &c. We shall cruise the whole of the Mediterranean, and probably have a two or three years' job of it. So, until I write or see you again, remember me ever as truly your friend, &c.

Written for the Banner of Light.

REMINISCENCES.

BY MISS LUDIA A. RANDALL.

Boies have bloomed to wither
Under the Summer sky;
Sere Autumn, cometh hither—
Summer has gone by;
Early birds are flown,
Love's brightest dreams are gone,
Leaving me all alone.

Alone! the flowers of gladness,
The buds of hope and love,
Have all died out in sadness—
Living up above.
For me earth is drear,
Voices I loved to hear
Have died upon my ear.

Return! oh memory bright,
Unto the happy hours,
Soon to take their wayward flight!
Soon—too soon—not ours.
Bring, in thought again,
The vines I loved to train—
Nightside and Jessamine.

Bring ye the friends of childhood,
The merry, gossamer ones,
Who roamed with me the wildwood,
Sat on moss-grown stones,
Roamed the meadows o'er
For the violet-bed's store;
Oh! will they never more?

Ring-dove's mournful melody,
Unearthly soft and sweet,
Seems, at twilight hour, to be
Song for sad hearts meet.
Echo mocks the lay,
Like wind-harp far away,
Low lullaby to-day.

Binghamton, N. Y., 1892.

THE IDENTITY OF SPIRITS.

A Lecture by Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch, at Dodworth's Hall, New York, Sunday Evening, June 15, 1892.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

INVOCATION.

Our Father God, the past, present and future of all being, thou who art eternity, we praise thee with our hearts and minds and strength, for thou art Jehovah, beside whom there is no God, and than whom there is none higher. Father, thy children love to call upon thy name, and turn to thee in praise and for consolation, for thou, even in thine infinite majesty, art nearer to our hearts than any term of love is able to express.

Oh God, we praise thee for the glory of the heavens, for the life of the Universe, for the majesty and perfection of thy Creation; for earth, redolent with verdure and bloom, for the changes of the seasons, which bring to the husbandman the reward of his labors, for all material blessings; for the comforts of home and freedom; for intellect, with its lofty delights; for science, with its regal splendor; for religion, with its perfect faith and guidance; for all things on earth and in heaven, do we praise thee, Almighty God, for the human frame with its endowments of immortality, and its consciousness of thee and of thy being; for the revelations vouchsafed to thy children through all time, and the spoken utterances of thy prophets and ministers, and all the sagacious of the past, who have revealed the wondrous workings of thy spirit; for those greater and sublimer messengers who have walked in angel garb over all the earth, shedding gladness and hope on the humble and pure in heart, for the unspeakable privileges of spirit presence and communion.

And oh, Heavenly Father, we thank thee that thy children can come and lay before thee their sorrows and their joys, and thy spirit will drink in their every supplication; and in this, the silent hour of devotion, even here, in the stillness of thy presence, may thy love overshadow them, and be thou, oh Father, their shield and support. They came to thee, some in affliction and anguish, bowed beneath thy chastening rod, as war and devastation are upon their borders. Comfort thou their afflicted hearts; may they find in thee a refuge from the storm. And some there be who toil and grope along their mortal paths, and seek in vain for thee; oh, let the light of thy divinely break upon their clouded souls in all its resistless strength. And some there be who stand aloof in rebellion, and in sullen obduracy, deny thine awful being; oh God, may their hearts be turned, at last, to thee, and know thee as thou art. And some come with songs of gratitude—the overflowings of joyous and contented hearts, that praise thee even for thy chastenings. May they unite their voices to the angelic choir, in thanksgiving and adoration, forever and ever. Amen.

Our theme on this occasion is one of special interest to Spiritualists, owing to the difficulties they often experience in determining the identities of those who have passed away from among them, and purport to return and communicate. But the nature of the subject must render its absorbing importance apparent to every human being who believes a thought upon the mysterious future. The desire for continued existence is inherent in every mind—it cannot be traced to the influence of early instruction, merely. Nor is it the result of a necessary instinctive aversion to annihilation, for we cannot suppose that a merciful Deity, if he had not designed us to be immortal, would have allowed the contemplation of our inevitable fate to affect us otherwise than with feelings of unconcern, or positive pleasure.

The case, however, is directly opposite. All hu-

man beings shrink from the idea of passing into oblivion, and prefer to exist even under conditions of the utmost misery, rather than not exist at all. Individuality is the characteristic from which this desire springs. It is because human beings possess the separate identities that they wish to live forever, and also because the germ which is the source of each, is itself a unit. Were not this the case, none would be disposed to complain, even if aware that his soul was destined to merge its individual consciousness in the divine, universal Being; or even to perish entirely with the physical frame. But, so far from this, the soul is perfectly conscious of its own individuality. If there be any here who doubt this statement, we can confirm it by a reference to material laws. All bodies are composed of what are called ultimate particles of matter, which remain the same, whatever changes may take place in specific form or bulk. These ultimate particles can by no process be destroyed. Though their outward shape and cohesion in any instance may be broken up and utterly lost; though they may pass through the digestive organs of animals and return to the soil, to be taken up in new combinations, still they are incapable of subdivision, or the slightest change.

Now, if this be true of the physical universe, (and that it is so no scientific mind can entertain a doubt,) how certain is it that a similar law must obtain in connection with the finer element of soul. That soul of itself is an uncompounded, indestructible unity—and the combined logical powers of all the greatest minds of earth would be unable to prove the contrary, or to advance a single valid argument in favor of its annihilation. This, then, may with perfect confidence be assumed, that while any known physical substance may be a compound, and the material mind itself is but a combination of material properties, which may be analyzed and separated, the soul, being a simple unit, perfect in itself, is capable of no subdivision, and consequently, is indestructible.

From this argument, it is evident, that the soul of man, in whatever state it may have previously existed, is eternal as its God. It may have been a portion of the great, universal Soul—though not identified with it—but it has always existed as an individual particle. We have thus, to begin with, the Soul, as an inherent individuality, incapable of death or loss through any accident, or by any changing conditions of space or time. It is this imperishable distinctness of identity which causes the difference among human beings. The human form adapts itself to a variety of material elements, and proceeds to develop the external mind, and the properties of this mind are what you are accustomed to suppose immortal and distinctive of identity.

Best assured, however, that these are no more properties of the soul, than the steam-engine is part of the engineer who drives it. They are simply the means, the instruments, through which the soul accomplishes its ends. Just as the engineer is intent upon some distant point, which as soon as he has reached he leaves the locomotive to itself, so the soul adopts the human mechanism and mind, merely in order to transport itself from one stage to another, in its eternal journey, and knows it will at last lay down the worn-out engine with perfect unconcern. So, too, many of those qualities of mind which you think so lofty, are merely the means the soul employs to change its position, or accelerate its flight—they are merely the outward garments by which it varies its aspect in the kaleidoscope of external nature.

Therefore, you must not say that the human mind is not the result of the soul, for it is; but neither must you say that the soul is affected by the external mind, for it is not; the soul understands its own object and purpose, and adopts such means, avails itself of such properties of the mind, as may be requisite to accomplish them. Neither you nor we in any instance, should rashly question the wisdom of its choice. All are striving for the same goal, which all finally are destined to attain, and whatever different means are adopted, we are not justified in criticizing them.

Some stagger over the course in drunkenness—some mark their way by deeds of blood and violence, while others, as they disappear, leave a shining track of virtuous deeds, and fill the air with fragrant memories. Duly knows by what laws each soul must be governed, and though one pass through an ordeal of misfortune and suffering, while the voyage of another is over calm and sunny seas, the result in each instance is for the best.

There is also connected with human identity, this property. Each soul, while containing like germs of goodness and perfection, is made unlike any other soul; else there would be no separate individuality. As no two particles nor manifestations of nature are precisely alike, so no two souls are similar in formation, though alike in essential properties. As water is the same everywhere, though every atom composing it remains everywhere distinct, so it is with souls. This identity every human being preserves through eternity; therefore every individual is unlike every other; and each of his actions, thoughts, feelings, words and expressions, is as purely and entirely his own as though there was no other being in creation.

Now, understand us. We do not mean to say that souls are not related, or sympathetic, but that, if there were but one soul in the universe, that soul would produce thought, conceive of eternity, understand immortality, and exist with itself and God, as perfect in identity as under present conditions, and that now, though exposed to contact with myriads of others, and to the action and reaction of material laws, every soul maintains intact its own individuality. Every family and class has its peculiarities of mental organization, which are transmitted through indefinite series of generations; but aside from these, there are distinctive individual traits and characteristics, which, however disguised, or warped by external culture, are decisive of identity. You may copy your neighbor's singularities with the greatest care, but even your imitations will be stamped, so to speak, with the peculiar and unmistakable mark of your own character.

In some, this identity towers in imposing grandeur above the crowd of their contemporaries, and bears aloft the shining light of genius or virtue; and such are called great men, not because the original qualities of their souls are better, but because circumstances of organization have rendered them more marked and prominent; and let any one of those who are mere ordinary men, throw aside the restraining influences of culture, and lay off the social swaddling-bands which dwarf the average mass into mediocrity, and something will be developed, however uncouth, which will call forth admiration and respect. In your associations with your fellow-men in general, your souls do not speak out plainly and distinctly—there is a veil of distrust and conventionality drawn between them, behind which their inner-workings are suppressed and hidden. Hence arises that universal sense of deception to which we referred in our former discourse on the Duality of the Mind. In the more intimate relations of life, this veil is sometimes raised, as, for instance, between mother and child; for the mother will recognize her offspring among thousands, and after years of separation. So between brother and sister, and all others who have been closely associated from early life. In these cases the soul speaks out more clearly and definitely—characters and dispositions are more distinctly seen, and make a stronger and more enduring impression when displayed in the unreserved intercourse of the family. By what do you distinguish most readily between different members of your household, whose external appearance and demeanor may be almost precisely similar? Is it by slight shades of difference in the color of hair or eyes, by intonations of voice which escape a stranger's ear, or is it by subtler qualities of souls which have learned to speak to yours in affectional communion?

There are several modes of determining identity among human beings. First, by the material senses, through the aid of what is called comparative judgment, by the sight, or any of the bodily senses, an object, and then comparing it with another. If there were but one object in existence, the mind

would have no knowledge of its properties, because it would have nothing with which to compare it. If you look at a single object, excluding all others, you will have positively no conception of it. It is a *numerical difference* which is first of all requisite to your forming any conception of any person, or object, whatever. This is proved by the well known fact, that the image of an object upon the retina of the eye does not convey any intelligence to a person asleep, or in state of trance, or catatony; the lids may be unsealed, but the mind does not convey the impression to the interior soul. Secondly, and still deeper, the impression upon the spirit life of the system by what the soul perceives through mental and physical vision. Lastly, the soul is conscious of the existence of soul, wherever it is. A soul would still perceive, and be conscious of all other souls, though the senses were entirely destroyed. This is partially exemplified in the transient flashes of revived mental activity which are occasionally observed in extreme old age, when the bodily functions have fallen into hopeless decrepitude.

Now, to bring our remarks nearer home to your feelings and sympathies. You who have all lost some near relative or friend, can readily recall those signs and traits of character, unaltered by others, by which you recognized their identity most fully when on earth. You know that when you receive a letter from one of them you recognize its genuineness not so much by its peculiar orthography or mode of expression, as by the individual soul that breathes through these outward signs, and whose manifestations can never be effectually counterfeited. There are a thousand little characteristics of those you love which speak a language that perhaps you alone can interpret; and mother, father, sister and friend are seen in the minutest traces of their presence, and the slightest evidences of their active affection. Thus it is in all the connections and associations of life; some tender, touching traits of character, or noble and majestic features, cause human beings to stand out in your sight from the general mass, and give them an identity; and even the dwellers on the level plain of mediocrity assume distinctive outlines when you approach them in familiar and daily intercourse.

Now, what interests Spiritualists, and indeed all humanity most in considering this subject, is the question, whether the same identity, the same individual traits of character which distinguish men on earth and make some of them, as you express it, better or worse than others, continue to mark them beyond the grave. Our answer is, that most emphatically they do.

All distinguishing qualities of mind have their origin in the soul, and therefore are eternal, while affected qualities, which are, in truth, either imitations, or habitual grimaces, of course disappear, and leave no trace. Those whose spirits were once linked with yours, have passed beyond the veil, and their visible external presence exerts its influence no longer. But they still live—father, mother, sister, friend—and you hope to rejoice when ere many years.

What, in your eyes, constitutes your mother's individuality? What alone will enable you to recognize and claim kindred with her spirit? It is simply her love for you—that supreme, undying fondness of which your consciousness causes you to think her the best woman that ever lived. When you shall behold her in the pristine purity of angelic loveliness, think you that you will see anything more beautiful beaming from those celestial eyes than the same tender affection which hung over your infant slumbers? That which makes her your mother makes her an angel. Were you to find that, as an angel, she had parted with her love for you, you would not wish, even in the highest heavens, to look upon her face again—her identity would be lost. And can any mother believe that the blossom which was taken from her to unfold in heaven, will not, when they shall again meet, at once turn to her in joyful recognition? Can any law of matter, or of mind, forbid it, after any lapse of years? No! those qualities of mind and heart—those attainments in knowledge—those inspirations of genius, which constitute your identity on earth, these will be your glory throughout eternity. Offer us not a heaven where human beings are turned to stone—where angels are mere ghostly simulacra of their earthly selves—we know of none such, save in the speculations of bewildered brains.

In conversation and communion with the loved and lost, many difficulties are experienced by the firm believer, as well as the skeptical inquirer. In the first place, there are several obstacles in the way of determining identity. These arise, sometimes, from the individual organizations of the mediums. It must not be forgotten that the latter, as well as other persons, are possessed of separate identities, and it is only so far as these are displaced, that a complete personation, or a faithful transmission of sentiments, can take place. Messages must always partake, more or less, of the qualities and words of the mind through which they pass; just as water assumes the shape of the vessel which contains it. Spirits exert themselves to a degree which you cannot appreciate, to overcome these difficulties, and furnish you with convincing evidences of their identity, by reproducing peculiar gestures, or intonations or phraseology. In the majority of cases, their efforts are successful—in many they are not. Everything depends, as we have intimated, on the medium. When you receive a communication, purporting to be, for instance, to be from your mother, perhaps you remark that it is not in your parent's handwriting. But she has to control a different, perhaps an uncongenial individuality, and may find it impossible to transfer her impressions with sufficient force. Sometimes, the communications will perplex you by their vagueness and generality, but you should not reject them on this account, since there may be an obstruction of the channels by the number of spirits desirous of employing them, and hence the message may be hurried and imperfect. You should not require a new test of identity on every occasion of conversing with the same spirit, through the same medium, but be satisfied when the latter has been once established as reliable. Be careful about changing from one medium to another, on slight grounds, for the spirit may find it difficult to make use of the new instrument. Above all, take every precaution against deceiving influences, for, though what are called evil spirits are not as numerous, or as active, as is supposed, they are sometimes able to cause confusion by crowding in and occupying the channels, and in this way may prevent entirely the desired communion.

But even these officious intruders may be made the means of conveying, more or less faithfully, that which you require, so that, whenever the name of your friend is attached to a message, however suspicious in itself, you need not utterly discredit it. It may have been sent indirectly through the guardian spirit of the medium. If the medium be trustworthy, and the communication have the air of genuineness, so many not being present as to present obstacles to their transmission, you may always feel safe in depending on the identity. Many find a difficulty in believing that great and highly cultivated spirits, such as those of Washington and Jefferson, of Plato and Aristotle, would express themselves in ungrammatical or ill-spoken communications. But it must be borne in mind that if Washington were to communicate through a child, he could not make the mind of the latter as comprehensive or accomplished as his own, and he might be so anxious to converse as to be willing to avail himself of so imperfect a medium, even at the risk of having his ideas somewhat warped in the transmission. Precisely so when rappings, or tipplings, are the means employed.

The electric telegraph itself often strangely distorts, or alters, an essential word, or phrase—how much more liable to error must be operations conducted through the agency of the human mechanism, amid disturbing influences which no science can adequately measure, or provide against. Therefore, you should not criticize too minutely, but should base your judgments on ideas, rather than manner, remembering that the loftiest teachings may come from sources apparently the humblest, and be delivered through the stammering lips of infancy or ignorance.

By the tenor of the advice, or sentiments, con-

veyed, you may always decide whether they proceed from a true or false spirit, a friend or an enemy. If a spirit, purporting to be your father, brother, or friend, breathes the words of wise counsel and affectionate sympathy, you can have no better reason to doubt concerning the alleged source, than if they were contained in a letter received by mail from a distant country. But if the utterance be of immoral or degrading tendency, do not accept the instruction, even though you be obliged to acknowledge the identity; for sometimes such ideas are put forth merely as a means of promoting recognition, by bringing certain peculiarities more prominently into view. Finally, in cases of false or eccentric communications, not to be accounted for in this way, we may admit that they proceed from spirits who form exceptions to the general rule, in the other life, as many persons do to the general rule of humanity, in this. Examine all phenomena alike, weigh all sayings in the balance of impartial reason—the final arbiter and trusty guide in every matter that involves the substantial interests of man.

Banner of Light.

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Room No. 3, UP STAIRS.

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

FOR TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION SEE EIGHTH PAGE.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

No Faith at All.

There is many a man, who, after listening to the views and discussions of others, just long enough to become confused, declares that he never will bother his head about such senseless matters while he lives, settles down finally into the trough of a wide sea of ignorance and thoughtlessness, and tries to believe that his life is many times happier than that of his neighbor, whose spirit is ever on the alert for new views and fresh perceptions. Oh, it is such an easy matter, to appearances, not to think, not to care! How softly turn the days and years on their oilied hinges, letting life flow without any crowding, or jostling, or inconvenience. What languor broods even upon work; how devoid of all care is labor of every kind; what an Andalusian indolence breathes through all the daily tasks, so that the highest of them are performed with mechanical listlessness, and with no sort of wear and tear upon the spiritual organization.

As for troubling themselves about thinking—what is the good of it? Let those who have nothing else to do, do that. The world goes along just about so, at any rate, and this tedious business of pondering social, religious, and political problems in the closet, are all idle, even if they do not tend to mischief by unsettling what is already established. If there are, here and there, men who will persist in growing lean and making themselves unhappy over what they cannot help or hinder—why, just let them do it; but as for those persons whom we are speaking of, they have too much sense, they believe too much in the *non*, they are not such silly dreamers; of course, all spirit revolves around matter, and there is no essence save in what they can see, touch, taste, and smell; it is a very nice world—there never was a better world made—there can be no need of a better world; things are as well as they can be now; what is the use of going about and stirring people up, when they would otherwise be quiet and have a good time without any qualification?

It looks, at first sight, as if it were exceedingly convenient to go along in this style without any faith in anything in particular; but is it really so? Appearances are the will-o'-wispes, that lead us into often through brake and briar into sloughs, from which, extrication, without assistance, is simply impossible. A man lives as a vegetable lives; he simply grows and passes on; he does not reflect—that is not worth the trouble; if work of that sort is to be done, he is quite willing some one else shall do it for him. But can he do so *always*? Will he be allowed to pass reflection over in this way without end? When he comes to the termination of his natural life on earth, who will do his thinking then? Can he say that some one else may take the job off his hands and save him the trouble? Will he have no need of faith in that hour? Can he say then, that he believes in nothing in particular, and that whatever takes him afterward is as good for him as anything else could be?

Oh, the utter dreariness of a life like this! It is impossible for a human being to have no faith, however much he may pride himself on the negative acquisition. He believes, at least, in sleeping, and eating, and drinking, if in nothing more; when he advances, he will believe in something a little higher, in spite of himself. God gives us light only as much as a time as the eye of the soul is able to bear. We see only what we have the capacity to see—not all that is to be seen, for we come to that but gradually, and a little at a time. The difference between the living soul and the dead one is merely the difference between the faith of one man and the want of faith in another. This is, after all, the only lesson that works. To be without some sort of faith is to be adrift forever. Mortal man cannot exist, and declare that he believes in nothing at all; if he even dreads death, it is a confession.

Who, or what, sets the social world in motion? Who rouses up the spirit, and wakes life and motion over the waters of stagnation? Who would know what happiness meant, or would so much as delight in a random chase after it, if there was no desire, no motive, no ambition, no faith? What should we do with out trade and commerce?—with no interchange of ideas, simply because none of us ventured to encourage the growth of ideas?—without schools, families, discussions, and even the receding movements of the social wave that not irregularly follow the advancing ones? Suppose there were none to propose new plans, announcing and defending them as better ones? Suppose all rested stock still in what now is, and did not put any particular confidence even in that? Would it not be a delightful state for a living human soul to take up its temporary abode in—and would not the good Giver be a very wise Being for showering such meaningless gifts so profusely?

Ah, no—no! None of this stupidity is a part of the great scheme of life at all. We are born with a purpose and for a plan. We are in the mesh of a divine Fate, and could not escape if we would; we should expire with the very escape we so superficially covet. He who makes his money, and says that he cares not the filth of his thumb for anything else—who goes to church just because it is called respectable, and thinks he can aid his own plans along by so doing—who never lifts the leaden cover from the eyes of his soul to see any one of the countless sights of true life that rapidly come and go all the time about him, but thinks it perfect happiness to dwell apart in the dark and damp well-hole in which, like a toad, he has squatted—is not the man who can speak of existence; knows nothing of his own being; has never seen the sun, moon and stars that shine or sparkle in the spiritual canopy which covers every human soul alike; and, though he boasts of bothering himself in the way with what people call faith, or belief, actually throws away, buried up in a grave the earth-life allotted him, and enters on the second stage a shirking, an idling, a helpless idler.

A man of staid words is seldom honest.

Brotherhood.

Objections have often been urged against what are termed Secret Societies, by those whose knowledge of their workings is generally limited, and who were actuated, justice compels us to say, more by an insatiable spirit of curiosity, than humane judgment. To such cavilers this article will commend itself. The present disastrous civil war has many noble incidents connected with it, which show to the outside world the beauty and nobleness of those Societies which are organized to promote "peace upon earth, and good will among men;" proving, too, that the mystic fire of brotherhood lives and burns in the souls of those who have crossed the threshold of the Sacred Retreat, even while the storms of battle lower.

A Western paper says, that at the late battle of Pittsburg Landing, on Sunday, April 6, Captain G. A. Strong, of one of the Michigan Regiments was fatally wounded. Captain Strong was a Mason—a Knights Templar—and was the recorder of Monroe Commandery, number six, Monroe, Michigan, when he joined the army. When he received the fatal wound and fell on the battle-field, he had on his person a fine gold watch, and wore a masonic breastpin, set with brilliants. A Captain of a Company of Texas Rangers approached him after he fell, and discovered the masonic emblem on his person. Knowing the wounded officer would be robbed, perhaps murdered, if left where he fell, the Texan had him carried to a tent, bound up his wound as well as he could, furnished him with water, and took means to protect him from insult and robbery. The battle was still raging and was renewed on the next day, Monday, when the national troops succeeded in repulsing the rebel army, and recovering the ground, tents, etc., they had lost on Sunday. On Tuesday, Captain Strong was found in the tent where the Texan officer had left him, still alive, and fully sensible, and with his valuables safe upon his person. He was able to detail the whole transaction to his friends, and attributed the protecting kindness of the Texan officer to the magic influence of the masonic jewel worn upon his person. A Mason, though a rebel and in arms against his government, could not do otherwise than protect and aid his wounded and dying opponent, with such a talisman of peace interposing between them.

Appropos of this, it will be remembered by many here, that when the glorious Massachusetts Sixth passed through Baltimore on the nineteenth of April, last year, among the wounded by the secession mob was Capt. Dyke, of Stoneham. Capt. D. was an Odd Fellow, and as soon as the fact became known, he was taken immediately to the home of one of the wealthy Odd Fellows of Baltimore, an entire stranger to Capt. D., and there cared for with all the tenderness of a brother, until he recovered sufficiently to return to his post. This Odd Fellow, we are told, was a thorough going secessionist, but one whose humanity was larger than his fanaticism.

Again, a lately returned prisoner of war from Richmond, belonging in Charlestown, states that he owes the saving of his life, at one time, to the signal of distress of the "Temple of Honor," which called to his rescue a brother of that order.

And, in this same connection, we would state that we have seen a letter from Mr. E. Natus, a member of Oriental Lodge, of Odd Fellows, Boston, now in the Thirtieth Massachusetts Regiment, to a gentleman in this city, stating how the writer, and Wm. H. Cundy, of Silem Lodge, succeeded in saving a Lodge Room from desecration by the soldiers, when the Federal army occupied Williamsburg, Va. During the panic attending the occupation of the city by the rebel soldiers, the Lodge Room had been left insecure by the members, and the room had been freely used by the rebels; and when they saw that discretion was the better part of their valor and took to their heels, these patriotic Union Odd Fellows were the first to restore to the Lodge Room its wonted quiet and security.

Fourth of July Orator.

On the 4th of July, 1838, Frederick H. Hedge, now Dr. Hedge, of Brookline, Mass., pronounced an Oration before the citizens of Bangor, Me., it being the 62d anniversary of American Independence. There are passages in that discourse of Dr. Hedge, of striking spirituality, and prophetic declarations in connection with the future of this country, that almost startle one on another reading at the present time. Among other expressions in the Oration occurs the following:—"What is to be the condition (in the far-off future) of this mighty empire? We have no scientific data from which to calculate the probable duration of our Federal Government. Our present views and feelings crave its continuance; and every good citizen, I think, will feel it his duty, at present, so far as in him lies, to promote that end. But we should do great injustice to our national character, we should belie the progress we have already made in the science of self-government, and the right apprehension of our own interests, if we supposed that the dissolution of the Federal Government must necessarily be attended with the dissolution of our liberties, and the downfall of our prosperity; that it is impossible in the nature of things that these now confederate Republics should dwell together, unconfederate in form, but leagued in spirit and in fact; that the written articles cannot be annulled, without annulling also, the elder covenant of brotherly love. As if two or more enlightened and Christian families could not live side by side without a formal constitution, or as if the time would never come, when whole States shall be composed of enlightened and Christian families. I have not so learned the progress of society, nor do I believe that war is the only possible condition of harder States, or that mankind, after so many thousand years' teaching, are never to understand the policy of peace. I believe that all the elements which are essential to our prosperity, will remain to us, whatever changes may take place in our political relations."

Prince and President.

The Prince of Wales—whom, of course, all our readers well remember—has sent to ex-President Buchanan a full-length portrait of his royal person, as a token of his appreciation of the attentions he received while a guest at the White House during his recent tour through the United States. The Prince sends word to Mr. Buchanan that the cordial welcome he received at the hands of the American people, and by the President as their public representative, excites feelings within him which time will never efface. Should it so happen that the young man comes to the throne before long—though it is just as likely that England now has the last royal head ever will see—we hope he will allow himself to be somewhat influenced by these pleasing recollections of our people, as well as by the impressions he then formed for himself of our promised greatness. His full-length portrait would then be in demand for every house in the land.

The Masons.

This numerous and highly respectable body of men celebrated the anniversary day of their patron saint—St. John—on the 24th of June, with a public procession, and a dinner and oration beneath a huge canvas, in the city of Portland. The ceremonies were all highly impressive, the regalia displayed were superb, and the pageant was remarkably imposing. Some three thousand members of that body took part in the Portland celebration, and the Eastern City was alive with merriment, ladies, fine uniforms, and happy countenances. The Encampment of St. John's, of Providence, is the oldest in the country. Some of the best men of the land are Masons, and dignity the profession with the weight and lustre of their character.

A Spiritual Conception.

At the picture store of Williams & Everett, in this city, may be seen the faithfully wrought out conception of a genuine artist, whose spiritual development must needs have attained to a lofty standard. It represents the sole survivor of a company of three friends, who years before had promised one another to meet regularly every year and pledge each the health of the other in a glass of wine. Two have gone into the silent land; the third comes to the rendezvous with the old regularity, fills his glass alone, and, holding it up, is about to pledge his comrades in the other sphere. An old idea, but not capable of being adequately embodied on canvas, in its genuine, inner significance, by every one who uses brushes and palette. The artist, Mr. Brigham, (we wish we could furnish at this moment his Christian name) has made the two glasses of the departed friends to rise out of shadowy space, at this critical moment when the surviving one is about to pledge their memory in his own, and the effect is mysterious beyond description. The dagger in Macbeth could be nothing to this; for there was fever, frenzy, and the temporary displacement of reason by an ill-concealed fear, in that; this symbolizes nothing but the calmness, the sweetness, the complete spiritual accord and interblending of the lasting friendship of three persons, where no fear, or fever, or frenzy can creep or stalk in, and appeals to the more truly spiritual qualities of every appreciative beholder.

The artist places our thoughts, by the spell of his canvas, in like mood with Hawthorne by the weird power of his pages. The creeping chill that might come over many natures, at standing long before this picture and studying it, is melted silently before the warm reality of the love and devotion that shines out like a sun from the central idea. They who believe in the communion of spirits can best enjoy a work like this. It is not for the earthy, but rather for those who, with chastened thoughts, and aspiring souls, and far-seeing interior perceptions, can as visibly behold the conception here expressed as they could see their clothed acquaintances in the streets and salute them.

Tyranny Still.

Who stops to think of this—perhaps a small thing in phrase and on the tongue, but of the largest consequence to the social state?—viz: that the ministers of the various denominations actually seek to control, and virtually do control society, by cutting off all such persons as refuse to ally themselves to any church or organization from those little social attentions enjoyed by such as do thus ally themselves. It is a fact worth closer notice than it generally gets, that no minister permits himself to visit with men and women who do not associate with the members of his own church or organization, and, least of all, with those who belong to no such organization. No matter how cultivated, refined, or highly moral and exemplary they may be, he has nothing to do with them. As a matter of course, too, the influential portion of his people act likewise. And so it may come to pass that the very choicest and most gifted souls go unknown by those around them, because they cannot buy access to acquaintances who would be incalculably benefited by knowing them. This is a regular part of the modern church scheme. Its ministers, though calling themselves Protestants in the truest sense of that word, seek to obtain a control over the welfare of the social state around them as arbitrary as any which they so greatly love to denounce in the history of the past. There is to be a revolution in all this. The great Protestants outside these petty balliwicks are to stand off and silently compel, not only the ministers, but society itself, to come to them. God speed the day! We have looked upon this sycophancy and tyranny till we are fairly sick and tired of it, and wish it were blotted out of existence. To accomplish it, the true souls must be content to be apparently ignored, as much so as if they did not even exist, by the little keepers of the church and social keys; but the true judgment will one day be made up concerning these things, when the mass of society opens its eyes to the realities, rather than the shows of things.

More Iron.

The Secretary of the Navy is urging Congress to authorize the construction of more iron vessels at once, and thus place us in a position to command the respect and defy the selfish meddlesomeness of the other powers of the earth. We shall have by next autumn, not counting in the fleet of rams and iron-cased gunboats on the Mississippi, a force of upwards of twenty iron vessels of war for the defence of our coasts and harbors; and if the suggestions of the Secretary are at once adopted, we shall in a year be in a position to dictate our own terms, in the matter of receiving proffered advice, to England and France, conjointly or separately. They evidently want to find a pretext, however flimsy and unreal, to meddle in our affairs; they are now stirring up their leading presses to agitate the subject; their ministers and parliamentary leaders are openly talking about it; but if we are prepared with a show of proper material force, we shall find that their ostensible morality in the matter possesses but a trifle of real good intent toward us.

England is just now getting virtuously indignant—as Lord Macaulay said, she was wont to do, regularly every seven years—over Gen. Butler's proclamation relative to the New Orleans ladies who manifested their high breeding by spitting upon our officers and soldiers, when they met them in the streets. Lord Palmerston does not hesitate to declare it, in the hearing of Parliament, to be "infamous;" and other members of Parliament think it furnishes grounds enough for foreign powers to interfere and put a stop to this unrighteous war. Oh, the pretty knaves and hypocrites! First, they were in a phantasmagoric fever over the welfare of our slaves, and stirred heaven and earth to foment troubles that should permanently disrupt this powerful Union; now they are in a fever of indignation, on account of the mistresses of those slaves, because our Generals refuse to recognize as ladies those who love to display themselves as demifemmes. John Bull on the moral police! Let us all laugh at him, even while we warn him to keep his own side of the fence!

The Hayting Season.

Has now arrived. It awakens the pleasantest memories in our heart. We wish the time would but permit us to shoulder rake (not scythe) and fork, and go forth into the scented field again, to follow the work of the mower. It is a positive luxury thus to walk about and labor in the newly cut grass. All things are so sweet and clean. The air is still, like an unruined pool surface. The several rural sighs and sounds seem to fill up the soul with the most satisfying thoughts and desires. It is grand to get entirely clear, for once, of the gross worldliness that weighs down the spirit in contact with men. The reflections and meditations and various enjoyments to be found in the hay-field, follow solely to that place and period in the year. We rarely come round to this season again but we envy the boys the good fun they are to have, through the long and quiet days in the hay-field. If a few hundreds or thousands of our crowded fellow-citizens would go through a course of haying every season, we know they would find it far better than to trudge off and trudge home so wearily from the Springs or the seaside.

To Periodical Dealers.

Singular Tower, 121 Nassau street, New York, is our General Wholesale Agent for supplying Dealers with the BANNER OF LIGHT.

New Publications.

THE MONROES. A novel. By Elizabeth Stoddard. New York: Carleton, Publisher. Boston: Crosby & Nichols.

The publishers style this the "novel of the season." Its author is the wife of the poet, R. H. Stoddard, and its characters, scenes and incidents are purely and characteristically New England. Such productions are exactly the ones needed in this stage of our popular literature, for they are true to nature and carry the scent of the soil. The present novel, the first from the author's pen—has been elaborated with care, and she has given much time to its study and the development of its characters. It is, as a critic in a contemporary remarks, "such an one as only a woman of keen observation and expressive art could have written." The scene is laid on the New England coast, and the body of the story is skillfully inlaid with gems of descriptions of fishermen, old country grave-yards, and rocks and sea.

ORIENTAL HAREMS AND SCENERY. By the Princess Belgiojoso. New York: Carleton, Publisher. For sale in Boston, by Crosby & Nichols.

The author of this handsome reprint is an Italian lady, who has been much in the East, and has been giving the reading public piquant accounts of what she observed and experienced in that dreamy country. Her style is to be compared with that of Lady Mary Wortley Montague. She is overflowing with humor, grace, sparkle, incident, mystery, and describes the seraglio practices, the persons of the beauties in the East, and the matchless costumes of the ladies of that country with a charming piquancy rarely equalled. Those who take pleasure in this field of literature will not fail to read her fascinating pages. For romantic effect on the imagination, it is compared with that of the ideal creation of the Arabian Nights.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE for July, is a choice number of this deservedly popular periodical. "A Flying Trip through Norway," is the first of a series of papers by J. Ross Browne. These papers will include descriptions of journeys through Norway, Poland and Russia. Mr. Loring's Article on the "Hartford Convention" is in continuation of the series which will describe, in detail, the attempted surrections against the United States, beginning with the "Whiskey Insurrection" and closing with the "South Carolina Nullification," which was so promptly put down by Andrew Jackson. Dr. Wynne's Biographical Papers will contain sketches of the men now living, who are the leading representatives of American Literature and Science. Mr. Thackeray's "Phillip" approaches its close. The Publishers are happy to announce that it will be followed, commencing probably in the next number, by a New Novel, by the author of "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," and "Silas Marner." Asan Illustrated Magazine this monthly has no rival. Whenever it is possible for the artist to aid the writer, his services have been called into requisition. The expense for illustration alone exceeds the entire cost of the literary and artistic matter of any other similar periodical.

For sale by A. Williams & Co., 100 Washington street, Boston.

A PRIMARY COOK BOOK by Mrs. Putnam. Boston: Published by A. K. Loring.

The various receipts in this nice little book are peculiarly adapted to the times. The book was made chiefly for youthful beginners in housekeeping, and, as is interesting to read as any novel we ever opened. A married pair have little idea how far a trifle may be made to go, if they will but follow the hints herein contained. The motto on the cover from Cicero, is an excellent one for such a work. "The world has not yet learned the riches of frugality." There are one hundred receipts in this book, covering the topics of meats, soups, fish, puddings, cakes, and things of that sort generally.

THE KNICKERBOCKER, for July, has been received by A. Williams & Co. It contains ten articles, besides its Editor's Table. Mr. Leland, the editor, continues his interesting and thoughtful essays on "Sunshine in Thought," "The Corso in Carnival Time" is a capital story; and the articles on "The Retributions of Life," "At Yorktown," and "The Colonial Policy in Spain," are well worth reading.

Contraband Bells.

One might look to find such articles as *belle* contraband of war, especially if they were brought from New Orleans; but to find that church bells, and dinner and door bells were after that order and description, passes common comprehension. Yet it will be remembered that Beauregard made proclamation to all the patriot rebels of the Southwest, some time ago, to take down their bells, and give them to the service of the Confederate cause, to be cast into cannon. The result was a large collection of all sorts and sizes, kinds and conditions of bells, hung and to be hung—church, dinner, and door—at the port of New Orleans—the same place where the other bells largely congregated—from which port, since its capture by the Federal forces, the lot has been transported to Boston, where they are now safely arrived, and may, perhaps, be seen by the curiously inclined. There are fifty thousand dollars worth of them. They were fished out of the New Orleans Custom House by the officers under Gen. Butler. We hope they may be used for no worse purpose than to ring out tidings of peace and good will for the people of every section of the country.

What Success Is.

Victor Hugo, in the first part of his novel—"Les Miserables"—characterizes this bugbear, this monster, this cold-blooded tyrant, Success, in just the language it deserves. Says he, "we may say, by the way, that Success is a hideous thing. Its counterfeit of merit deceives men. To the mass, Success has almost the same appearance as Supremacy. Success, that pretender to talent, has a dupe—History. Juvenal and Tacitus only reject it. Success; that is the theory. Prosperity supposes capacity. Win in the lottery, and you are an able man. The victor is venerated. To be born with a caul is everything. Have but luck, and you will have the rest; be fortunate, and you will be thought great. Beyond the five or six great exceptions, which are the wonder of their age, cotemporary admiration is nothing but short-sightedness. Gift is gold. To be a chance comer is no drawback, provided you have improved your chances." And so on in the same strain. Our readers will bear us out that he has hit the nail exactly on the head.

Notice to Lecturers.

Many complaints have come to us of the incorrectness of our lecturers' list. It is impossible for us to keep this list correct without the aid of each lecturer. All who do not give us prompt and correct information as to their whereabouts and engagements, will be stricken from the list.

Bigotry.

The language and conduct of bigotry are well expressed in these words:

"I love you because you belong to my church, and I hate you because you are not my minister, and sit at my common table. If you go away from them, you go away from my heart, from God's tenderness, from every hope of heaven."

F. B. Randolph in England.

The London Spiritual Magazine for June has a criticism at length, on the recent work of Dr. Randolph, which we have long had for sale at the office of this paper—"Dealings with the Dead." The criticism, which is contained in an article contributed to the body of the magazine, and is not a mere book notice in the editor's table, is on the whole an appreciative and fair one, and the writer expresses the hope yet to see further manifestations of the power of so wonderful a nature. The history of Cynthia's birth through the gate of death, and her unfolding in the immortal state, is thought by the writer of the paper in question to be "the best that has met with of all those purporting to come from spiritual sources."

The writer in the Spiritual Magazine speaks of this remarkable book as revealing to us "an intensity of life, which, for reality and objectiveness, stands out in bold relief against all the theories of the soul and its after-life, which are current among us. The book is full of thought, not less beautiful than bold, not less deep than true. The writer travels into the Soul-land with a tenfold keenness of sense and perception, and paints for us in glowing colors the beauty and the radiant scenes of its unfolding life. The birth of the astonished soul from the dead body into its own higher life, and into the gradual perception of its new state, and the unfolding and development of its faculties for its new enjoyments, are here all told with a reality which we have never seen equalled. We do not believe it possible that such a picture could have been drawn by any one who had not really visited the scenes which he portrays, although the mode in which such a scene is arrived at, whether through the physical eye or through the psychical state producing subjective visions, is more difficult to tell. In either case, the scene is equally real to the beholder, and, for aught we know, may be equally real in its nature." Thus do foreign spiritual critics judge and endorse this wonderful book, which is read with profit and delight by all.

All have their Use.

Yes, even the slanderer, odious to all, may plead use on the same ground that the pole-cat does. Who supposes that the latter gentleman ever makes himself serviceable to the farmer? Yet he does. We were reading, only the other day, in the American Agriculturist, that Mr. Skunk, though he is dangerous to the prospects of the hen roost, nevertheless more than pays his way to the farmer whose fields he has the freedom of. All summer long, he roams the pastures at night, picking up beetles and grubs, poking with his nose potato hills, where many worms are at work. He is after the grubs, not the tubers. He takes possession of the apartments of the woodchuck, who has quartered himself and family upon the clover field, or garden, and makes short work with all the domestic arrangements of that unmilitated nuisance. With this white-backed sentinel around, you can grow clover in peace, and the young turnips will flourish. Your beans will not be prematurely snapped, and your garden sauce will be safe from other vermin. He lives almost exclusively upon insects. While you sleep, he is helping to destroy your enemies. In any fair account kept with him, the balance must be struck in his favor.

Finest in the World.

Boston has some things that other cities do not have, and is always meaning to have others that the rest never can have. That is a fair description of Boston, from one side. The Music Hall of this city is now about to be enriched with a new organ, built in Germany for the association owning the Hall, and to arrive some time during the summer or autumn. The case, which is constructed after a magnificent design by Billings, now lies finished in New York. The organ itself is pronounced a masterpiece in workmanship, and is one of the very largest instruments in the world. The Directors of the Crystal Palace, near London, were anxious to have the loan of it during the great Exhibition season and the approaching Handel Festival, but it seems they were unsuccessful in their application. When it is set up in Music Hall, we shall have at our command a regal instrument for producing divine melodies, of which the country and the world may envy us.

Still for Intervention.

The talk in interested quarters in Europe is still for intervention in American affairs, since they pretend not to believe there can be such a thing as conquering the excessive pride and haughtiness of the leaders of the South, and that the larger interests of humanity are to suffer from a prolongation of this war. The *Constitutionnel*, an influential journal of Paris, has an article on this subject at length, and urges on the governments of the leading powers of Europe the propriety of stepping in and ending this quarrel without further disaster. They ought, assuredly, to know, over there, that it never would have been entered on with the spirit it has by the South, had foreign governments been as prompt to inform them that they could expect no sympathy at their hands, as they were in acknowledging them as belligerents and equals with the government they attempted to overthrow. The London Times, however, shows signs of being disgusted with this Southern brag and rhodomontade, and may possibly be yet as instrumental in setting public opinion right as it has heretofore been in setting it wrong.

Just the Talk.

We do not often fall in with Laconisms, in common talk—much less in speeches delivered on the floor of Congress; but we find a terse remark of Senator Simmons, of Rhode Island, in a recent speech made in the Senate Chamber, that cannot fail to please our readers as much as it has pleased ourselves. While commending his scheme for raising abundant revenue without casting heavy burdens upon any, he said:—"I have little love for wealth. I never knew a man to have so much of it as to excite my envy, or so little of it as to forfeit my respect." Could the true view of the matter be stated more concisely and neatly? It commends itself as a handsome phrase to the reader's memory, where, if it can once be made to stick, it will be certain to do a good deal of service on his behalf.

Fourth of July.

Ere another BANNER, issues from the press; the "Glorious Fourth" will have come and gone. Let it be celebrated with that patriotic spirit which becomes a nation of freemen, notwithstanding foul rebellion stalks in our midst. There is enough heaven yet left to heaven the whole lot. Let the bells ring, and the cannons boom, and patriotic speeches be made. This will stir up anew the old feeling, and induce our young men to come forward to fight for our continued independence—for freedom in its largest and broadest sense.

Dr. L. K. Conoley.

Bro. Conoley is doing a mighty work in the West. He is one of the most industrious lecturers on Spiritualism in the field. The "Rising Tide" says: "Dr. L. K. Conoley, from Illinois, trance speaks, will address the citizens of Independence, at the Court House, on the second Sunday, 15th of July, 1862, at 2 and at 8 o'clock, P.M., on the Facts, Philosophy, and Proof of a Higher Life. The public in general, and 'Ministers of the Gospel' in particular, are cordially invited to attend, and hear the glorious truths of 'Immortality' discussed and demonstrated."

We hope all the "ministers of the Gospel" in that vicinity will be there, as requested; but we fear they are a little too bigoted, as yet. By-and-by they will "come in" and hear you, Bro. Conoley, and learn something "reliable."

A Remarkable Occurrence.

Under this heading the Old Colony Memorial of June 17th contains the following Spiritual Manifestation. Such foreknowledge is often imparted to our mediums in a similar manner. What seems strange and unaccountable to the skeptical world at this time, will be fully understood when the teachings of Spiritualism are better known. That time is rapidly approaching.

"A remarkable case of sympathy, spiritual connection, or whatever it can be called, took place in this town last month, and the truth of which has just been proved. The parties are our own town people, well known, highly respected, intelligent, and entitled to implicit belief in every way. The circumstances are as follows:

Mr. Joseph Morton, living in Wellingsley District, has two sons. One who has lived in California some seven or eight years, and who was quite an influential man there, having been to the Legislature, and took an active part in securing the election of the lamented Baker to the U. S. Senate. He was in the Mint at San Francisco at the time when that event took place. The other son, is in the army, being with the 7th Massachusetts.

Upon the night of the 14th of May last, Mr. Morton was waked by his wife from his sleep, she exclaiming, "Our son is shot—our son is shot; I heard the pistol and saw him fall, and saw him in the agonies of death!" He rose, and, feeling that he was well, he told her it was nothing but a dream, and the effects of her imagination, but to no avail.

It took so strong a hold upon her, that a note was made of it, and the date written down. Both Mr. Morton and his wife supposed that if there was anything in it, it referred to the son in the army, and the idea of danger to the one in San Francisco never entered their minds. Some time after, upon hearing from the one in the 7th, and learning that he was well, their minds were eased, and they only remembered the event to smile at their fright. But on Thursday last Mr. Morton received a paper from California, containing an account of the funeral of his son, whose death took place upon the very night they had set down, under the following circumstances. Being in a store upon that evening, he entered upon a discussion of our troubles with a Southerner. The discussion became warm, and at its conclusion Mr. Morton turned to go out, when the Southerner followed him, and with a pistol shot him dead."

WHISKY AND NEWSPAPERS.—A glass of whiskey is manufactured from perhaps a dozen grains of corn, the value of which is too small to be estimated. A pint of this mixture sells for one shilling, and if of a good brand is considered by consumers well worth the money. It is drunk in a minute or two—it dries the brain—rouses the passions—sharpens the appetite—draggings and weakens the physical system; it is gone and a swollen eye, paroled lips, and aching head are its followers.

On the same sideboard upon which this is served lies a newspaper. It is covered with half a million types; it brings intelligence from the four quarters of the globe—the newspaper costs less than the glass of grog—the juice of a few grains of corn. It is no less strange than true, that there are many in community who think corn juice cheap and the newspaper dear—justified.

The above reminds us of a short dialogue that took place between two Spiritualists, the other day, whom we shall designate as Mr. A. and Mr. B.

A.—Good morning, Mr. B.

B.—Good morning, Mr. A.

A.—Well, Spiritualism is on the increase, I learn from various sources.

B.—Yes; it is a great truth—why should it increase?

A.—Sure enough. By the way, how do you like the BANNER? I think it one of the best papers printed.

B.—Yes; I do not see much of it now.

A.—What! but you don't take the BANNER?

B.—No; the times are so hard I can't afford to take any paper.

The gentleman at the same time staved away a very large quid of tobacco, which Mr. A. observing, said:

"But how is it, then, that you can afford your tobacco?"

B.—Oh, I can't do without that, now!"

The tobacco probably cost him four times as much as the newspaper. And, as the investigator says of the corn juice, so we say of the tobacco—there are many in community who think tobacco cheap and the newspaper dear.

Old Age in the Negro.

We shouldn't much wonder if some of the "missionaries" and other good folk down among the "contrabands" got more or less befuddled, occasionally, in talking with aged colored individuals on the plantations. There is scarcely any point on which a negro at the South prizes himself more than on his extreme age—that is, if he can pull a lock of hoary wool on top of his head. Some of our correspondents out there are writing home wonderful accounts of the old negroes and negroesses whom they fall in with; almost every other one of them knew and remembers Gen. Washington, and plenty of them are anywhere from one to two hundred years old. We believe we laugh at these persons' credulity quite as much as the blacks do themselves.

Call for a Medium.

The status of the public mind in Lancaster, Ohio, is such that a decidedly favorable impression could be made if a first-class test medium, for either physical or mental manifestations would visit the place and remain a few days. There are a great many inquirers and a few believers here; but we require tests. We never form our little circles without having indisputable evidence of super-mundane presence; but we have no developed mediums.

We cannot promise other pecuniary recompense than to keep such a medium free from expense while with us—that is, for a few days. There is but little doubt, however, that one through whom satisfactory tests could be obtained would be well sustained.

H. SCOTT, M. D.

Lectures.

The regular lectures at Lyceum Hall, this city, will be suspended during the warm season. They will be resumed September 7th. There will, however, be a conference meeting next Sunday afternoon, at which the new plan of organization, as reported by the committee, will be considered.

Rev. J. S. Loveland is to speak in Charlestown next Sunday.

Miss Lizzie Doten is announced to address the Spiritualists of Randolph next Sunday.

Frank L. Wadsworth will speak in New Bedford during the month of July.

N. Frank White will speak in Lowell the two next Sundays.

Mrs. M. B. Kenney speaks in Chicopee next Sabbath, July 6th.

Miss Nellie J. Temple will speak in Ashfield, Mass., July 6th.

Mrs. Augusta A. Carrier will speak in East Princeton, next Sunday.

Isaac P. Greenleaf will speak in Bucksport, Me., Sunday, July 6th.

Mrs. A. P. Thompson speaks in Windsor, Vt., next Sunday.

Mrs. Fannie Burbank Felton will address the Spiritualists of Portland, Me., next Sunday.

Mrs. Clifton Hutchinson will lecture in Lempster, N. H., July 6th and 13th.

Leo Miller, Esq., is engaged to speak every other Sunday, in Putneyville, N. Y., during the summer.

The forces under Major Generals Fremont, Banks and McDowell have been consolidated into one army, called the Army of Virginia, and Major General Pope has been especially assigned by the President to be its chief command.

Augusta Oldfield.

The following message was given at our circle on Thursday, June 20, 1862, with the request that it be printed immediately, as a test to the parties interested:

I have only been away from my own body between nine and ten hours. My name was Augusta Oldfield. I have dear friends in Chesapeake City, N. Y. I died between nine and ten hours ago in Paris, France, whilst I had gone with the hope of finding health, but more to please my friends than from any expectations of my own, for I was told by the angels, that I could not be restored to health; but my friends had no faith in the spirits' return to earth, and I stood alone in my belief; and I've made this great effort to-day, that I may assure them that the spirit can return to earth under favorable circumstances; can manifest and make known its presence to those who were once dear to it while living in the mortal form. I shall tell them.

My friends know not of my death. I shall tell them of my death, and they will find that it will correspond precisely with the letter which they will receive some two weeks later. About twelve hours ago I was suddenly attacked by hemorrhage of the lungs. I had had three attacks some months previous, but they were slight ones, and were not, I believe, considered dangerous by my physician. The hemorrhage continued more and more violent, until the spirit-world gradually opened before my vision, and I sank quietly into the arms of my mother. My mother's dear attendant spirit of my infancy; dear one, who watched over me in my hours of sickness, and sowed in my soul those divine truths, which, in later years, proved to be the unfoldings of my spiritual knowledge. She received me.

The first hour of my last attack I was informed would not be serious—that I should rally; but a half hour later I was pronounced lost to this world, and when asked if I regretted dying so suddenly among strangers, I replied: "I expected to." "I do not go unexpectedly," for the angels told me that I should pass away in a foreign land, and should never more, on earth, behold the faces of many friends who are dear to me." I was attended by my uncle and aunt in my last hours upon earth.

Oh, dear friends! ask only this reward for the great effort I have made in coming here so early—that you believe—that you will give God the credit of my return—that you will be willing to accord to God that power of which religion has robbed Him; namely: the power to use all elements at His own divine pleasure. I can stay no longer; if I could, I would speak further.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

"GOD IS GREAT."—We have placed upon our eighth page this beautiful poem, written by Henri H. Fenton, who is well known in this city as a talented author.

A great variety of interesting matter will be found in our columns to-day. We call the reader's attention to Mrs. Hatch's lecture, "The Identity of Spirits," on the third page.

Correspondents are desired to write short and pointed articles.—*Progressive Age*.

The above extract contains a big point in more senses than one. Many writers for the press think it of little or no consequence to punctuate their compositions, hence egregious blunders often occur in their "matter" when published, and as a matter of course the "poor printer" has to answer for all the shortcomings of the pointless author. Please, gentlemen—mean those who do not punctuate—"write short and pointed articles," for which you will receive the blessings of the compositor—especially if he "work by the piece."

THE NEW REPUBLIC is the title of a reform paper published at Cleveland, Ohio. The tenth number is before us, which is filled with highly interesting essays on vital subjects—subjects which concern the welfare of the entire nation at this particular time. This journal should be in the hands of every one who has the good of humanity at heart. In order that the reader may become fully cognizant of the distinctive objects of the editor, we refer to the prospectus, which will be found in this day's BANNER.

THE PROGRESSIVE AGE, a neat little quarto sheet, printed monthly at Hopedale, Mass., at the low price of fifty cents a year, is again welcome to our sanctum. It is edited with marked ability by Harriet N. Greene and Bryan J. Batts.

DIGBY'S HINT TO DYSPESIA.—Those who are troubled in this way should, just at this time, make their dinners exclusively of strawberries, mixed with sugar—no cream. Continue this "delicious" diet as long as strawberries can be had, and, Digby's word for it, no other medicine will be needed to restore the patient to complete health.

A large mason's chisel fell from the top of the new brick entrance way of No. 3 Factory, on Wednesday last, a distance of five stories, striking one of the brick carriers, Patrick Toumay in the back, inflicting a severe wound.—*Amesbury Villager*.

Will the Villager have the kindness to state the exact weight of the "large mason" referred to?

It may seem right to a lady to wear a dress so long that it shall trail upon the street, but the end thereof will be very likely to get badly soiled, and to get stepped upon and torn, which may end in hard words by her—all occasioned by her own folly. Digby calls such dressed ladies "street-sweeping machines." Very wrong of Digby to be so rude, we think.

BARNUM'S AQUARIUM GARDENS are doing a great business. The Dog Show has been an immense success. New attractions are on the tapis. The original Gen. Tom Thumb has been engaged for two weeks. The Baby Show will begin on the 14th inst.

The Atlantic Monthly for June says: "Man is like an onion. He exists in concentric layers. He is born in a bulb, and grows by external accretions. The number and character of his involutions certify to his culture and courtesy. Those of the poor are few and coarse. Those of the gentleman are numerous and fine. But strip off the scales from all, and you come to the same germ. The core of humanity is barbarian. Every man is a latent savage."

An instance of women's tender care is recorded in an account of one of the hospitals at Pittsburgh Landing. The writer says:—"One boy, after coming into one of our hospitals, and having his bed cared for, and made comfortable, looked about him in the morning, and remarked, with tears in his eyes, 'It looks as if mother had been here.'"

Sir Boyle Roche rose one day, in the Irish House of Commons, and said, with a graver air than usual:—"Mr. Speaker, the profligacy of the times is such that little children who can neither walk nor talk, may be seen running about the streets cursing their Maker."

"What fish is like a learned pig?" asked the fishyologist of the Boston Gazette the other morning. "Don't know," was the reply. "Why," said he, "is a trout?" "Is n't it?"

The most extreme case of modesty extant is related of the lady who discarded her lover, a sea captain, because, in speaking of one of his voyages, he said that he "hugged the shore."

NEW ENGLAND CLAIRVOYANT INSTITUTE.—Mr. John S. Adams having resigned his connection with the "New England Clairvoyant Institute," on the first of June, all communications with it should in future be addressed to Mr. George L. Stafford. The rooms of the Institute are as formerly at 24 1/2 Winter street.

The Viceroy of Egypt has been hoaxed sadly. While at Toulon, a fellow asked permission to present to him a national air for Egypt, which, he said, he had composed for the occasion; observing that all other nations had their patriotic hymn, and that Egypt ought to have hers. The music was tried, found to be fine, and the self-satisfied composer was liberally rewarded. During the visit which Victor Emmanuel

paid to the squadrons at Naples, when the French played the air of "Reine Hortense," and the Egyptian "God save the Queen," the band of the Egyptian frigate struck up its new national hymn, which turned out to be nothing more nor less than the prohibited air of Francis II., which had been palmed off on the Viceroy as a new composition. The Italians were both astonished and scandalized at hearing it, until an explanation was given.

I seem to hear the cry of the Southern bondman, and of the Northern prisoner, and I wonder why justice sleeps so long. I think how in olden times angels were commissioned to unlock the prison-doors and I ask, Where now are those liberating angels?—*Progressive Age*.

Call not in question the mysteries of Deity. All in good time the liberating angels will accomplish their great work. Justice will be done.

Slanders issuing from beautiful lips are like spiders crawling from the blushing heart of a rose.

It has been said of poets, that they "learn in suffering what they teach in song." When a Memphis editor teaches the philosophy of the Stoles, we may know that he has learned it through humiliation.

DODGE'S VOCALISTS.—Oscar E. Dodge, with his associates, Messrs. Covett and Hayward, will visit Boston about the middle of the present month. The fame of Dodge and Coverly vocalists is widely known, and we are assured that Mr. Hayward is one of the most pathetic of ballad singers.

We learn that there are fields of wheat in Jersey county and other portions of southern Illinois, that will be ready to cut in less than two weeks. We were shown samples of a field in Jersey county, that will be harvested next week. This year's crop in that county will be the best that has been raised in five years.—*Chicago Journal*.

I have seen a bright star in heaven's blue arch—

From the height of its glory 't was thrown;

It wandered, methought, on a wearisome march,

As it journeyed the wide space alone.

'Tis thus often times, man, forsaken and drear,

With his fond hopes all faded and fled,

Goes lonely through life with a sigh and a tear.

And wishes at last he had wed!

A theological student, when asked for the first time to say grace, began in a very benevolent strain:

"O Lord, we thank thee that while we are enjoying health and prosperity, so many are tossed upon beds of pain, deprived of the comforts of life!"

A case somewhat similar to this was of a Methodist clergyman, who, not being sufficiently acquainted with the significance of prepositions, prayed that the gospel might be dispensed with throughout the world!"

HABITS OF BEES.—A most singular incident occurred at Bridgewater a few days since, illustrating the peculiar habits of bees. Mr. A. P. Benson, noticing an unusual stirring among his hives, proceeded to examine the cause, whereupon an entire swarm withdrew from their old hive, and settled upon his head and shoulders. Mr. Benson, without any serious inconvenience, succeeded in transferring the entire swarm safely to a new hive.

NO VICES—NO VIRTUES.—President Lincoln tells this story—"I recollect once being outside a stage in Illinois, and a man sitting by me offered me a cigar. I told him I had no vices. He said nothing, smoked for some time, and then granted out, 'It's my experience that folks who have no vices have plaguesy few virtues.'"

No woman likes to be called a coquette; and yet how few can abstain from coquetry when an opportunity offers.

Mr. Bowles, editor of the Springfield Republican, who is on a visit to England, finds it very difficult to discriminate between the British clergy of the established church and the hotel waiters, they dress so much alike. "As far as he has gone," Mr. Bowles is more favorably impressed with the waiters than the parsons.

EPITAPH.

Here resteth Susan Leach,
Summoned suddenly away, level she fell.
Death the great leveler leveled her well—
She fell asleep Anno Dom. 1861.

MISS ELLEN E. GIBSON.—Will some friend be kind enough to give us the present address of this lady, who is supposed to be in some portion of the West.

Grapple ever with opportunity; and as you do not know when opportunity may happen again, keep your grappling irons always ready.—*Republican Watchman*.

ACCIDENT TO THE EIGHTH MASS. BATTERY.—An extra train with the Eighth Mass. Battery, Capt. Cook, numbering 160 men and 120 horses, ran off the track three miles from the Trenton, N. J. depot, on its way to Washington, June 25th, precipitating five or six cars into the canal. The Battery lost two men, killed by the accident—Hosea Packard, of Eastham, Mass., and George E. Smith, of North Russell street, Boston. Capt. Cook reports that all the wounded are doing well. Mr. Wm. M. Robinson, and Mr. James S. Dearborn, recently connected with this office, inform us by letter that they escaped injury. Several horses were killed.

AID TO STARVING REBELS.—About six thousand dollars have been raised in St. Louis, in money and provisions, for the starving Southerners about Corinth.—*Exchange*.

This is a practical exemplification of the Bible in fiction not often witnessed, and is quite remarkable in view of the many inhuman and desperate acts perpetrated by the rebels: "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink." Gen. Butler has also made a successful application of this rule to the poor of New Orleans, and won them over to his cause.

SPIRITUAL SUNDAY SCHOOL BOOK.—This is a neat little volume, published by William White & Co., No. 158 Washington street. The design of this book is, as we are informed in the introductory pages, "to hold pleasant conversations between teachers and scholars, hoping thereby to cultivate and strengthen the beautiful virtues, Charity, and all the lesser virtues of life; to make us more industrious and useful in our every day life; to direct our affections, by degrees, from things that decay and perish, to things that are real and enduring; to think about life—what it is, how it is; whence it is, and above all, immortality—how beautiful it is." It is not given to pupil or teacher as a creed book; it is intended to give suggestions and form to Sunday School and family exercises. As such, from a handy glance at its pages, we should judge it to be a valuable little book.—*See Populi, Lowell*.

Jo Coe cautions a studious friend against "growing double;" but the girls think it is the best thing a young man can do.

Wisdom consists in arming ourselves with fortitude sufficient for enabling us to support hardships, when they unavoidably happen.

A contemporary truthfully remarks that those who like to be blessed the best always make the most fuss about it.

There is a man living in Norwich, Chenango county, who is known as "twenty-five children's father;" from the fact of his having that number of living heirs all by one honest wife.

"We judge ourselves," says Long-fellow, "by what we feel capable of doing, while others judge us by what we have already done."

"Men of genius are often dull and inert in society; as the blazing meteor, when it descends to earth, is only a stone."

"With many readers' brilliancy of style passes for the assurance of thought; they mistake butterfingers in the grass for immeasurable gold mines under ground."

The power of discovering a comic point, of appreciating a humorous bit, and enjoying the fun of a droll position, is a gift not to be despised. It is not a vain, ally, or unbecoming thing, as some moping owls and grave duffers suppose. Many of the best men we have ever known—the best in the highest sense of the term—with the best heads and the best hearts, have been men who thoroughly appreciated, and heartily enjoy true humor.

THE ARCADE OF NATURE.

This volume, by Hudson Tuttle, Esq., is one of the best scientific books of the present age. Did the reading public understand this fact fully, they would have the work without delay. This work has found its way to Germany, been translated into the German language by a gentleman well known to the scientific world, and has been extensively sold in that country. We will send the book by mail to any part of the United States, on the receipt of \$1.00.

HOGAN'S AUSTRALIAN, EUROPEAN, AND AMERICAN GENERAL AGENCY OFFICE AND UNIVERSAL NEWS-ROOM.

MR. ISAAC RICH, one of the Publishers of the "Banner of Light," is hereby appointed my authorized agent, inquires for missing friends and other information sought through the advertising columns of this Journal, will have immediate attention. Newspapers and Periodicals received from all towns and cities, and regularly filed at my News-Rooms in Australia, Europe, America, &c.

JOHN HOGAN, Sole Proprietor, Address—Tasmanian Hotel, Portland, Colony of Victoria, Australia. March 15.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

As this paper circulates largely in all parts of the country, it is a capital medium through which advertisers can reach customers. Our terms are 10 cents per line for the first, and 8 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

Prospectus of the New Republic.

At a time so momentous as the present, there is an imperative demand for the exercise of all the wisdom, benevolence, and moral courage of the people. It is a time of differences, and the sinking of all worldly ambition, in one sublime, prayerful, determined, brotherly effort to save our beloved country from the terrible ruin that is before us. How to conquer the rebels is not all of the great problem that must be settled before there is any certainty that we, as a Nation, have any future to look for.

The New Republic has two leading and distinctive objects: first, by humble and modest, but earnest and thorough efforts to promote to the fullest extent of its ability, the fraternity of feeling among all parties and classes of society, on which our salvation so vitally depends. Second, to discuss, in a free, untrammelled manner, but in no partisan, dogmatic, or dictatorial spirit, all of the fundamental and practical questions and principles of Government and human rights which the adjustment of our National politics will involve.

The aim of the New Republic will be to combine an earnest and energetic radicalism with a wise conservatism. It will advocate all rational reforms, and seek to promote a greater unity of feeling, and concert of action, and comprehensive view of life, among all classes of reformers. It will not promote to the fullest extent of its ability, the fraternity of feeling among all parties and classes of society, on which our salvation so vitally depends. Second, to discuss, in a free, untrammelled manner, but in no partisan, dogmatic, or dictatorial spirit, all of the fundamental and practical questions and principles of Government and human rights which the adjustment of our National politics will involve.

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Message Department.

Each message in this department of the *Banner* we claim was spoken by the spirit who gave it, and we have no doubt that it is published on account of literary merit, but as to its spiritual communion to those friends who may recognize them.

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

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

Our Circles.—The circles at which these communications are given, are held at the *Banner* or *Light* Office, No. 125 Washington Street, Room No. 8, (up stairs), every Monday, Tuesday and Thursday afternoon, and are free to the public. The doors are closed precisely at three o'clock, and none are admitted after that time.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

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

Tuesday, June 17.—Invocation: Miscellaneous Questions; Henry William Herbert, Newark, N. J.; Margaret Maloney to her mother in Lawrence; Charles S. Gordon, New Orleans; Thursday, June 19.—Invocation: Questions and answers; Solomon Haves of New York City to Hiram Alden; Watson L. Micks, Warren, Vt.; Honora M'Ginnis to her brother Patrick, in Boston; Harrison L. Brooks, Montgomery, Ala.; Charlotte Gurney, Detroit, Mich.; to her mother; Elizabeth Fish.

Friday, June 23.—Questions and answers; Written Messages; Edith Sault to her son; Benjamin Barney, Manchester, Eng.; James B. Robinson, of Martin's Battery; Charlotte Davis, New York; Henry Oakes, Detroit, Michigan; to Joseph Oakes; Philip Jenkins, Boston, to his wife Jane; Hiram French to his brother Charles.

Saturday, June 24.—Invocation: Questions and answers; Benjamin Franklin Wood, of New York, to his parents; Ellen Janney, of New York, to her brother William; Nathaniel Jackson, of Indiana, to his brother John, in the army; Stephen Olliver, of Cleveland, Ohio, to his father.

Invocation.

Our Father, from out this Eden, thy blooming earth, we would send once more our petitions unto thee. We know, oh our Father, that thou needest not the praise of thy children dwelling upon earth; we know that thou wouldst not have us bow down before thee in homage; but oh, most Holy One, inasmuch as thou hast implanted a spirit of prayer within the hearts of thy children, so, oh Lord, meet the petitions and desires of humanity ascend unto thee in the form of spontaneous soul-offerings. Our Father, we feel would take the wings of the eagle of Truth and soar unto the highest mountain peaks of wisdom; but oh, thou Mighty One, thou hast bounded our capacities for knowledge, unfolding only so much of that divine wisdom of which thou art the type as seemeth good for the well being and happiness of thine earthly children. Our Father, we thank thee, at this time, for all the darkness, for all the light of the great and shadowy past. We thank thee, also, for the mighty present, with its alternate hopes and fears, filling our hearts at one moment with joy and happiness, and anon, darkening them with clouds of human sorrow. Oh our Father, for the eternal future, with its glimmering light of the world beyond—the grave—we thank thee. For those dark scenes that seem to come before our vision in the shape of pictures of death and desolation, we thank thee. And oh, Father, may thy children in the flesh so live in accordance with the laws of their own being, as to be worthy of thy great love and confidence in the eternal future. Our Father, receive our thanks, now and through eternity. Amen.

June 16.

Spirits' Opinion of Parson Brownlow.

The question presented for this afternoon's consideration, is one altogether too personal in its nature for us to deal with it at any length; but as it has been presented us, we will, nevertheless, glance at it. The question is this:

"Will the spirits give us their opinion of Parson Brownlow?"

Each and every act of the human spirit is prompted and forced into feeling by the motive power of self-love. If this feeling did not exist in the heart of man, he would have no desire to elevate himself or advance the interests of humanity. Now this self-happiness, or self-love, is the grand power that moves all creation. If man did not desire to become, in the future, something greater than his animal instincts would lead him to be, he would have no disposition to cultivate and exercise the faculty of self-love, with which God has endowed all his children in a greater or less degree.

Now, then, we cannot charge our friend Brownlow with having any more of this element than our questioner is endowed with. Each person desires to perfect himself. Some choose to go to heaven by way of hell—some take a more direct course. Now our good friend, the Parson, desires, as all do, to perfect himself, so far as possible in this world, and to build for himself a mansion in heaven; and he desires to surround himself, while living, by those conditions which are most congenial to him.

Now, then, from this standpoint of vision, we declare that Parson Brownlow hath done right; but were we to assume another position for the purpose of observation, we should doubtless judge him very differently from what we now do. Should we stand upon the Southern platform and gaze at him through Southern lenses, we should find him to be as the mass of the people at the South at present do—everything that is hideous and repulsive. We should describe him at once of those noble attributes which the North have ascribed to him, and for the exercise and display of which they would fain fold him to their hearts in love and honesty.

We have said that the feeling of self-love prompts and forces into action each and every act of the human spirit, and however incredible this may seem to you as you gaze upon the surface, it is nevertheless less right, because given of God. That our good friend the Parson desires to benefit humanity, there is no doubt; and that he desires to elevate himself in the scale of human progression there can be as little doubt; but inasmuch as he walks in accordance with his highest ideas of right, or in accordance with the dictates of the God within him, we say that he is right. To the Parson himself we would say, "Go on and lift up not merely your own self, but humanity generally by your own strength, for God has given you power to do this, and you may go on your way rejoicing, through time and eternity."

June 16.

Zubiel Prince.

I feel like a stranger—more like one who has long been a wanderer from the home of his childhood; but the home has still many attractions, some of which are so strong that we find their power is continually with us. I have been called upon to return and identify myself according to the wishes of my kindred. How far I shall be able to meet their anticipations I know not, but if they seek for the truth, I can give that in all its simplicity.

My name, or the name my body bore on earth, was Zubiel Prince. I died as you term it, in Boston, in Pond street, in the year 1821. I was fifty-three years of age, and a tanner by trade. One of my kindred, who resides at present in the western part of New York State, has in his possession a Bible which was once mine. On the front leaf of that Bible are written some thoughts like these:

"Oh that it were possible for me to fully understand all the mysteries contained in this book. Oh that it were possible for me to believe all that is here written!—Oh that it were possible for me to live as near God as I desire to!"

The next line in whose possession that book now is, desires, if Spiritualism be true, that the writer of those words may return, and tell why he felt as he did, when he wrote those lines, and what prompted him to write down those thoughts upon the fly-leaf of his Bible. It is impossible for me, to tell why I wrote them, though I presume they were thoughts born of honest parents, and belonging to my soul as a spirit. I desired to know more of God than I did when he was such a mysterious being; why he was so clothed in shadows? The same feeling existed with me to-day, as when I wrote those words.

I cannot hope to unseal any new fountain of truth; I cannot hope to draw down even one angel of light to minister to the necessities of my kindred, but oh, I may sow seed that shall spring up and bear fruit in the future. But oh, it avails but little, what knowledge, what happiness is ours upon earth, unless there is something beyond, over which death and the grave can exercise no power.

It is well known by those who, from curiosity, desire the writer of those lines inscribed upon the fly-leaf of the Bible, to return, that it was said I passed away from earth through my own means, or, in other words, my death was thought to be almost a suicidal one. But the writer returns to declare his spirit free from such a stain; to declare that there was no attempt to commit suicide upon his part. That I died from natural causes, it would be no use for me to declare, unless, in so doing, I could bring external proofs of the fact to bear upon the external senses of my friends.

I only hope to sow a seed to-day that may spring up in the hereafter, bearing delicious fruit. And while my kindred seeks to satisfy his curiosity, I would have him also satisfy the demands of his own spirit, which is continually asking for light—more light. The name of my kindred is Lucius Parker. June 16.

Ellen Cordelia Kendall.

I died on the fourth of February, in the year 1847. I was thirteen years old at the time of my death. My name is Ellen Cordelia Kendall. My father's name is Abel, my mother's, Ann.

I am a stranger here, and know very little of the laws that govern the spirit's return; but I've long desired to return and tell those I loved that there is no death like that I was taught of here. I earnestly desire to commune with my friends, and give them some strong positive proof that I can return, speak with and bless them. I have been told that you would send our messages to our friends on earth. [You have been correctly informed upon that point.] I find it hard to speak, without the magnetic force of some one who knows and understands me, and who will believe what I say.

Can I ask of the friends who are still my friends I know—for they are bound to me by ties of love and blood—that they meet me at some place where I can speak with them, as I do with you? [Certainly.] June 16.

Stephen Tilden.

Well, sir, what am I to give you in order to gain a successful passport. Something that will take me straight along, is what I want. [Only certain facts that will prove your identity to your friends upon earth; something as a test to them.] Well, sir, though we judge others by ourselves, they tell us the judgment is a righteous one; but it seems to me that said judgment is, after all, best suited to ourselves.

To begin with, you want my name, I suppose? [Yes.] Stephen Tilden. My age? [If you please.] Forty-three years. Occupation? [Yes.] Which will you have, that I took up in childhood; or I should say, in youth—or that which was mine in manhood? [You may give both.] When a boy, I learned the shoe-maker's trade; when a man, I learned to sport a little. Do you understand that sir? [Yes.] I'm in hard luck, and don't know which way to move, but I'm not one of those folks that cry over things that have happened and can't be helped.

I've been here in what you call the spirit-world, a little less than three years. I suppose I left by force, induced by the wrong way of living while on earth. I am brought here by some kind of a law I don't understand. I've a wife and child I'd like to talk with. They are, I expect, somewhere in the vicinity of Boston. I died in New Orleans.

I want to know what you can do to help me along to my wife and child. I don't care a—d—n for anybody else. I beg pardon. [Please remember that there are ladies present, to whose ears such language is offensive.] Excuse me, sir.

[Do you ever feel any thirst? a gentleman present here asked.] Yes; what kind of thirst do you refer to? [I mean that thirst for liquor which was yours while upon earth.] I want you to understand that I never considered myself a drunkard, by any means. [I don't say that you were; but you'll come when you are called, and be cured, nevertheless.] Either I don't understand you, or you don't understand me, sir. [I'll come when I'm called?] That depends upon circumstances. And I'll get cured? So I suppose I must wait. Well, this is new business to me. I don't exactly understand it.

Now, stranger, a word with you. I don't know where to find my wife and child. Shall I give their names through your paper? [You must exercise your own judgment in that respect.] My wife had no knowledge of my way of living, certainly not while I was here, and I don't care to have her know, now that I am gone. I'll wait, and not give her name. If I find I have trouble in reaching her, I'll come and give it. How long will I have to wait? [I can't tell.] Well, I suppose I can wait three years, as I have already, but I don't care to wait any longer than is absolutely necessary. [I do not think you will have to.] Well, good-day to you. [Have you said all you desired to?] All I care to here. June 16.

Caroline Graves.

Death oftentimes gives us that which life denies us. I was in my twenty-first year, so I was told, when death came for me. From the time I was old enough to reason, until my death, I was continually desiring to know where I should find my mother, who, I was told, had forsaken me in infancy. But that denied me on earth has been given me since I came here, and I return to-day to send that mother my blessing, and to ask her to come and commune with her child. I am told that soon she will lay aside the body, and come to me. If she had no affection for me while I lived, I have love for her, and I come here among strangers to-day, to ask her to come and speak with me, ere she meets me face to face in the spirit-land. And oh, I will tell her of those scenes in spirit-life that will cheer her drooping spirit, and lighten the cares which press so heavily upon her now.

I was born in the city of New York. My foster-parents bore the name of Graves. I took their name. My name should have been Hagood. He whom I was taught to call father has lately come to me from the field of battle. She whom I was taught to call mother still lives in New York. I am not drawn to her. I do not come to her, but to my mother. She is in sorrow, and I come to comfort and relieve her, for it hath pleased the Father to make me her guardian-spirit.

Oh, I would tell her that the child she abandoned hath been appointed her guardian-angel! She is in New York, and I am told that she knows of the spirit's return, and wonders if I can return, and will come to her. You understand me, sir, to ask for a private communion with my mother? [Yes.] June 16.

Andrew J. Brooks.

I want you to tell my grandmother that I've got a chance to come here, and now I want an abode to speak with her. I was most nine years old when I died, and I've been away most a year, and I've tried a great many times to come, and could not see any one to help me. I've got my father to help me now. My grandmother lives in Boston. [In what street—do you know?] No, I did not live here; I lived in Hartford. My name was Andrew J. Brooks. My grandmother's name is Case, and she don't know anything how I can come, and I want you to tell her, so I can talk with her. [Is your mother in the spirit-land?] Yes; she is with me, though. My father is; he helps me. He don't like my grandmother, he says, 'cause she didn't like him, and dialike begets dialike, he says.

I've got a brother and sister older than me, living here on earth. Their names are Thomas and Susan. Thomas was my father's name, too. [Do they live in Hartford?] No, they went further West from there, after I left.

My father says he's a particular wish for me to

come to my grandmother, because he thinks I can soften her heart, if any one can, because she said she liked me. My father thinks she's too hard, but I don't say anything about her; but I wish to talk to her, mister. Can I go? [Yes.] Can I come again? [If you wish to.] June 16.

A SPIRIT MESSAGE.

We publish, by request of the wife and of numerous friends of the deceased, the following communications from the late Dr. Samuel Curtis, of Columbus, Ohio, who, enjoyed, during his earthly pilgrimage, an extended acquaintance in all parts of the country. The hidden language will be found full of meaning to many in earth life, and the form of composition will be remembered as characteristic of the good man from whom the message came:

My Ever-Dearest Companion—I am glad of the present opportunity—which I most cheerfully embrace—of giving you a brief sketch of my progress and mission in spirit-life:

When I left the form, I was conducted by two guides, who introduced themselves to me as Benjamin Franklin and John Wesley. They conducted me into the first sphere, where the atmosphere was very oppressive, and where there was nothing but jangling and discord, and everything was dark, dark, and nothing but darkness appeared. I became alarmed, and asked my guides if this was my final destiny? The answer was:

"No, this is the destiny of all janglers, all swindlers, all drunkards, all idol worshippers, and all thieves on earth."

I then asked him:

"Do they remain here through all eternity?"

"No, my friend, no longer than they pay the penalty of the law."

We then passed on up to the second sphere, where there was more light, and not so much discord. I recognized many faces there that I was very familiar with on earth.

We did not tarry there long, for my desires for progress became greater, and we passed on up to the third sphere, where everything is most beautiful and angelic in form. This is the school of Nature. I looked around for some time, with emotions of grateful astonishment at the wonderful beauty and grandeur which met my gaze in every direction, though I uttered not a word. Finally I exclaimed to my guides:

"What does this mean?"

"My friend, this is Nature's school, where all souls are taught the true science of Nature and attributes of Deity."

We walked around for some time, viewing the different departments and grades, until we came to a circle of noble, intelligent and beautiful looking men and women, and my guides said to me:

"Here you will remain for awhile, until you are taught the true science of Nature, and the attributes of God, of Deity, and all of the rules necessary to qualify you for your work in spirit-life," and then introduced me as a new-born soul in spirit-life.

I asked:

"Have I to remain here, in school?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"I have been through all forms of schooling, and acquired all the education necessary to qualify me for any position in life," said I.

"O no, my friend, your education was earthly education, and belongs to earth. It was not the education calculated to expand and unfold the mind with eternal wisdom, but rather to contract it. You must now be taught aright in true Spiritualities. Here, take this square and book; take them in charge, and, together with this compass, to aid you in your work. Remember, also, that wherever thou goest, these implements shall be a sign of thy manly and thy work, and shall recommend thee among thy fellow servants. As thou hast received them at our hands, so use them as not to abuse them, or the purposes for which they were intended."

"Have I no one to commend me but these tokens of my profession?"

"These tokens will reveal thy work, which thou hast received, and thy work will not dispute the use of the implements. Thy name will be known wherever thou goest, because thy works will follow thee."

"When I go hence, unto whom shall I go?"

"Thou wilt go as thou seest need of thee; thou wilt see need of thee wherever thy works will adorn the ungodly things with the beauty and usefulness of this sphere of wisdom. Thou wilt reveal with thy skill the hidden beauty of deformity, and develop the intrinsic value of mind concealed beneath the rubbish of error and wrong. Let thy dexterity and moderation be known by thy works, so that the whole building of God may resound with shouts of joy."

I then asked:

"Can I return to earth?"

"Yes, when thou hast received thy full mission. Come, let us go to the presiding angel of this circle, and there thou wilt receive thy lesson. Curtis, thou wilt turn thy face to the right and receive thy lesson from the high teacher of this sphere."

I turned, and walked about three or four paces, when Franklin said:

"This is the High Teacher; he has a message for thee, and will now aid thee in thy duty to those with whom thou wilt labor; listen to what he may say attentively, and let thy mind be open to the words which he may speak to thy benefit."

As he arose, a voice, apparently from above, said to me:

"Kneel."

I knelt, and he proceeded:

"Samuel, our beloved spirit brother, thou art now a spirit, and thy mind is like a beautiful rose yet in the bud, and, when unfolded, beautiful and full of fragrance. The book which thou holdest in thy right hand is an emblem of thy work which thou art entering into. Samuel, open thy book and read."

I opened the book, and read:

"What man, having ten children, if he had lost one, would he not say to the nine, 'let us go after that which is lost?' Yes! 'Arise! go quickly, and search diligently without ceasing until the lost one is found.' And, when thou has found it, thou wilt embrace it, and rejoice." And, when thou hast brought it home, thou wilt rejoice, and all of thy neighboring friends will rejoice with thee."

"How am I to understand this book?"

"Thou wilt understand thy duty is to join in the search of that which is lost."

"What is it that is lost?"

"Mortals have lost the principle of true spirituality, and thou wilt aid, as a member of the great body, to redeem benighted mortals to the holy truth of true spiritualism and universal love, freedom, universal salvation and eternal progression."

"Am I to take this book as a rule laid down for me to go by?"

"Yes, until thou art progressed far enough to advance to a higher sphere and receive a higher lesson."

"Will I have an interpreter?"

"Hast thou not read, and dost thou need an explanation of what thou hast read?"

"I need no explanation of that passage."

"Truly, and when thou wilt read other passages as thou hast read that, then thou wilt say of such also, 'I need no explanation,' because thou wilt be guided by such impressions as will unfold to thee the beauty of spirituality and eternal progression—"

"Onward and upward, forever and forever, worlds without end!"

"Onward" is my motto, "Onward" is my cry.

"Onward" is progress. Onward, progress will unfold the beauties of thy mind and spirit life, and qualify thee for usefulness. Onward thou wilt be led. Now to a higher sphere to receive thy passport."

"From whom may I receive what is lacking?"

"From the mind who receives thy works, and when thou leavest this sphere thy guide will give thee the password."

Franklin said:

"Follow me."

I went. He conducted me to the fourth sphere, and, as we entered, he gave me the password for the fourth sphere:

"Curtis, say Onward and Upward."

I said it with an uplifted and anxious countenance, and the whole inhabitants shouted with anthems of joy. And as we passed along, I saw the most beautiful flowers and angelic forms, and heard the most melodious music I ever conceived. And as we passed along and were about entering the fifth sphere, my guide gave me the password to the same, saying:

"Curtis, as we enter, say 'Eternal Progression is my motto, and to grow into the true knowledge of spirituality and usefulness to my fellows, and aid in the relief of suffering humanity.'"

I repeated this as we entered, to a group of angels, whose countenances glowed with continual brightness, and whose voices were sweeter than the Aeolian harp. As we advanced, I saw a temple whose grand and graceful arches reached the clouds; and in its majestic center I saw a Mind standing upon a white stone, clothed in white, and his countenance like unto the brightness of the sun, exclaiming:

"Enter thou into the joys of thy inheritance, and partake with us of the eternal banquet of good things."

I then saw a light streaming forth from the upper heaven, and a cloud of wisdom broke upon me in ineffable glory. So great was that light, and so dense was that glory, that I was uplifted like a bark on a wave. As I arose, I continued until my soul was willing to view the height and depth of a mercy that never shuns misfortune, nor conceals bread from the hungry. "Here rest, O my soul," I said to myself.

"Why dost thou rest? Art thou weary with thy progress?"

"I am not weary, friend, but my mind is lost in this ineffable grandeur."

"Thou hast well said. Remember, now, that thy elevation to this temple was of the teachings thou received in the school of Nature, and the power of attraction of that cloud of mercy which attracted thee here. And thou wilt also remember that thy servants, from whom thou hast received instruction, have aided in uplifting thee by their strength, so that thou mayest see what thou now beholdest. And in due time thou wilt be permitted to see other things."

My guide conducted me to the Mind standing in the center of the temple clothed in white, and he stooped down and handed me a 'white stone' with a 'new name' therein, saying:

"This is thy passport."

I received the white stone, and saw the new name. I wondered at the meaning.

"Thou needest not wonder, Samuel, for what was thy name in thy infancy thou canst not bear with thee now into this temple of Light and Peace. Thou wilt henceforth answer to thy new name in this temple of Wisdom. Thou wilt now return to and from wherever thou seest need of thee. Read the new name upon thy white stone, Curtis."

"Healing Angel."

"Such is thy true name, because such is thy nature and thy natural faculty. Henceforth let not thy name be called Samuel Curtis, for thou wilt not answer to a name which misrepresents thy true mission, and as thou hast found favor, go hence, ever working, ever progressing, and as thou doest thy work, so will thy happiness ever continue to increase."

(once) SAMUEL CURTIS, M. D.
(but now) HEALING ANGEL.

I, the spirit of Dr. Samuel Curtis, continue my communication, and will complete it in the form of an Appendix, or a "Second Chapter," as follows:

I am anxious that all men may have unquestionable evidence of my identity, and of the mission delegated to me to perform, to my suffering fellows yet in the earth-life. To this end I will continue to relate evidence upon evidence, which I have already manifested, that places my existence as a spirit beyond all question, and proves my powers to do good to be infinitely greater now than when cumbered with mortality.

When I received my passport from the Grand Master of the Fifth Sphere, and was commissioned by him to roam to and fro, wherever my affinities should draw me, of course, to earth I was led—to earth all my inclinations led me—there to prove to my dear friends that I still lived, and that I was endowed with ten-fold more power to relieve suffering humanity than ever before while in the mortal form.

I roamed to and fro, making use of every possible means on earth to manifest myself to my friends and to the world, so far as I could control mediums. I labored in this manner for ten years—striving, through various noted and reliable mediums, to manifest myself to earth, in giving ease to those who were tortured with racking pains, and scorched with burning fevers. I thus labored long and faithfully, without making much progress in my mission of love and mercy. I have a dear brother who is an eminent physician in the eyes of the world, but not controllable by me; with him I have labored much, to no purpose. But thanks be to heaven's high King, that in the year 1854, I found a pair of precious jewels, to me, who were almost covered up and hidden from view, under the rubbish of misfortune. In them I saw virgin soil for the skillful hand of the husbandman; in these, I discovered the rude, but tractable material upon which to expend much of my future efforts, and as a 'skilful quarryman,' I lifted them from the bosom of the great quarry of Nature, and with the assistance of a few of my spirit-friends, I have taken them, as a sculptor would a marble block, and have worked upon them until we have got them to the outlines of a statue of true man and woman.

I have been able through these mediums to manifest myself to the world in healing the sick in hundreds of instances, and so successfully, as to extort the willing plaudits of skeptical savans, and excite the gratitude of all true friends of universal reform.

I have also manifested myself to my beloved brother, A. Curtis, M. D., of Cincinnati, Ohio, so palpably through this medium, as to defy contradiction. But, best of all, I have, through the same, manifested my personality, my identity, and my living and imperishable affection to and for my ever beloved companion, from whom I have long been absent to sight only, though ever dear to her memory. I influenced her to write to these mediums, and through her correspondence thus was such as to veil her identity to my mediums, I yet related conversations that had passed between us in by-gone days—yes, years, that proved to her that none else but the loved one of her soul could have brought them again to her memory. I told her to visit these mediums, and I would satisfy her of my spiritual and affectional identity. She did so, and with alacrity I met her. I clairvoyantly my medium in order that he might witness this happy reunion and cognition of two loving souls.

While she was yet incognito to my medium, he started with pleasant surprise, and told her plainly who she was. Saw me embrace her spiritually, at which time she was so over-shadowed and impressed with my real presence, that the fountains of her loving soul broke loose, and she wept tears of gratitude.

Oh ye stolid souls, encased in your casements of selfish materiality, heaped all around by great walls of blind prejudice against such scenes—such facts—can I expect you to form any conception of the happiness I then and there felt? No, indeed! No pen can paint, no tongue can express the joy of my soul at this close and long sought reunion. Yes, the chords of sympathy which reached out from my soul, were attuned to the anthems of joy which echoed from myriads of other friends in the spirit-world. Verily, "Is there not joy in heaven, over one soul when found?" Thus it was, and thus it is, the lost is found, and the dead yet lives!

I then conversed with my loving earth-companion, and told her I had "learned to communicate," but not then—her eyes were full—but at some future time she should hear from me.

I have also heard many, through these medi-

ums, of the truth of spirit-intercourse with mortals, and I have confounded the assumed medical lore of many medical savans through these unexplored, but natural physicians—Dr. S. W. Howard and lady, of Indianapolis, Ind., (Clairvoyant physician.)

They are unpretending, (as I wish them) but in their passive pliancy to spirit-control, coalesce their strength to heal, to cure, to do good to others.

Let the skeptic come to my medium, let the afflicted come, of whatever description their malady—let them all come. Those who cannot come, let them send their pictures, and that thereby my mediums are brought in rapport with them; so as to be able fully and clearly to locate, describe, and heal disease. This is my work, my mission, and no true man or woman will cavil at my ardent and imperishable desire to extend the area of my influence for good to earth's remotest borders.

(Once) DR. SAMUEL CURTIS, Columbus, Ohio.
(But now) HEALING ANGEL, of the Realms of Eternal Bliss.

Written for the Banner of Light.

"LONIE."

AN OFFERING OF AFFECTION TO THE SORROWING.

Where the soft murmurs of the South wind pass,
And stir the violets in the velvet grass
Beneath the maple shade,
Where wild birds sing, and yet the balmy air
Seems laden with the breath of silent prayer,
Another grave is made.

Another little form is gone from sight,
Shut out from earthly warmth and life and light,
And from its cradle-bed;
Another sweet young voice is tuneless now,
And dust has fallen above a lovely brow,
And o'er a shining head.

Tears will be wept for her—the silent one
Whose short life ended ere it scarce begun—
Tender, regretful tears;
But even while they fall the thought will come,
She has but gone a little earlier home,
Blest in her infant years.

She—like the others of your frail, fair band—
Was but a wanderer from her native land,
A transient dweller here.
Her pure and stainless spirit might not stay
Even to cheer your sorrow-darkened way
But one fast-fleeting day.

Beyond this atmosphere of clouds and storms,
Where dimless love the air forever warms,
A reunited band—
Completed never to be broken more—
Will greet your coming to the smiling shore
Of Heaven's own joyous land.

Omsted, Ohio, 1862.

Notes by the Way.

At length I have left my pleasant home in Philadelphia, for a lecturing tour in the North. With the coming of birds, and flowers, and fragrance, I am ready to climb the verdant hills of the Empire State, and imbibe inspiration from the varied and beautiful manifestations of Nature around me.

Ready, also, to labor diligently for the emancipation of my race from the chains of moral slavery in which it is bound, and for their speedy possession of freedom and happiness. There are many minds in this community yet confined in theological dungeons, or paralyzed by the voice of popular opinion.

In Oswego, I found a few steadfast, powerful, elevated minds, and lectured twice on a Sunday. In Speedville and Candor, also, I met with a cordial greeting, and spoke twice in each place to intelligent and attentive audiences.

W. H. Palmer and his wife, with whom I am now stopping, are among the first and most efficient Spiritualists in this part of the country. With unblemished reputations,

From the Rockland County (N. Y.) Journal.
GOD IS GREATEST.

BY HENRI B. FENTON.

The scene at the closing of the school for the "contrabands" at Newborn, North Carolina, is represented as having been of the most affecting description. An aged man told the visitor that he longed to learn, more than he longed for food when he was hungry, so "that he could read the Word of God."

At the close, the audience rose and with trembling voices sang the noble verse,
"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

Allah Akbar!

When Mustapha led the Moslem to war,
And with fierce blaze shone the Eastern star,
That o'er the ramparts of the desert shone,
Allah Akbar!

As flashed the gleam of the swift scimitar,
With a din like the world's dissolving jar,
To that shout died the gates of Death unbar,
Allah Akbar!

Onward they sped!

The nations of Christendom shook with dread,
As over their fields went an earthquake tread,
And hurrying the living down to the dead,
The victor led!

Ah! prayer to the Saints was vainly said
By Austrian tyrants with bearded head,
As fast from the battle-fields, bloody red,
Their legions fled!

For God is Great!

Lo! the Moslem sword was the sword of Fate:
The sword of the Lord who avenges straight
The wrongs of the innocent poor, who wait
At palace gate,
And vainly complain to the lords of State,
In the pomp of their gilded power elate,
And the Lucifer-pride their hearts innate,
For justice late.

And God is Just!

Though His ways are hid from the sons of dust
While the heart is covered with mammon-rust,
And the soul defiled with the lusts of sin,
In which they trust,
But He speaks in the sweeping thunder-gust,
And the cannon's roar and bayonet's thrust,
And the burst of the red volcano's crust,
Shout, God is Just!

It yet must be!

The rulers His judgment in war may see,
Like that when the pestilence agony
Fulfilleth its mystery-clad decree
On land and sea,
Ay! shout and exult at each victory,
And back to the scourge send the slaves that flee,
And close up His Word to eyes that would see,
Ye noble free!

But murmur not

As your brothers fall 'neath the traitor's shot
And your fair-browed sons in the war-pits rot,
For the Lord beheadeth the damning blot,
He sleepeth not!
Ye kneel in your churches and pray—for what?
For the freeman who sleeps in mountain grot,
Or roameth the isles which the blue seas dot,
The slave forgot!

But He who sees,

Through Creation's fathomless mysteries,
Who guideth the sparrow and the trees,
And rolleth the spheres with His wise decrees,
Stilleth the breeze,
And swift with a sign the hurricane frees,
Uplifting the waves of rebounding seas,
Remembereth you, remembereth these,
The honey-bee!

Whose shackled feet

Grow weary the pomp of wealth to complete—
Who gather the food which they may not eat,
While the lash and the curse their labors greet,
Their lives replete
With violent wrong: while the grim deceit
Of their Christian masters staves God to cheat,
Forget they, when Pharisee-prayer they repeat,
The Judgment Seat?

Day dawns apace!

Ho! clear the way for a glorious race.
Come, starry-eyed Liberty, take thy place!
Let the sweet smile of thy beautiful face
The shadows chase
Back from the souls of each suffering race:
Clasp all the lands in thy loving embrace;
Might has too long made its withering trace:
Justice replace.

Call to the slave,

Call to the master, our country to save;
Let not the jaws of the pitiless grave
Whelm us beneath its onswearing wave.
Many the brave,
Brilliant and noble, who sleep in its cave,
Down where Potomac the summer-barks lave;
There, underneath God's clear, blue architrave,
Stormy winds rave.

Come in thy power!

Come, while the Ed-White Mercy-blossoms flower,
Dimly and sweetly the wrathful clouds lower,
Waiteh impatient the Plague to devour,
Eaten the hour
Like the almond which the sand-darts scour,
Over the domes where the Christ-emblems tower,
Lo! the stern angel before whom all cower,
Clameth her dower.

Ye who uphold

Wrong and oppression, and barter for gold
Mercy and Charity, treasures untold,
Hark! to the wave that of Egypt of old
Sighs of old
Tyranny slanders its banners too bold
Over the land where its victims are sold:
Lo! the Great Shepherd o'erlooketh the fold,
Wait and behold!

The hour draws nigh!

From blossoming valleys and mountains high,
Wherever beneath the ever-changing sky
The free waters seep, the free birds fly,
The wrong shall die,
No more shall the captive shiver and sigh,
The chains of the bondman shall God untie,
And kings shall no more Jehovah defy:
The hour draws nigh!

Praise God, our King!

In one swelling, triumphant song shall ring,
Lo, the jubilee morn! Let all men bring
To His Temple a worthy offering
To God, our King,
Then the shining angels on buoyant wing
The light of their beauty o'er earth shall fling—
All voices echo the chorus they sing,
Praise God, our King!

Piermont-on-the-Hudson, June 8, 1892.

Short Sayings.

He is the best accountant who can balance his accounts with every one. Charity is the school where the best accountants are made.

The more knowledge we get, the more we find there is to get.

When we bring our own virtues to the test of truth, they are not meritorious above the virtues of others.

You may know what your friend may say of you, by what he says to you of his enemies.

Indifference to the happiness of others is a blind indifference to our own future happiness.

Kindness never "goes to law"; it breaks no law; it is like the sunshine—lawful and silent, constant, warm and useful.

A. B. C.

THE A. AND G. W. RAILROAD.—We are glad to see by our Crawford and Erie exchanges that the Allegheny and Great Western Railroad is again upon its feet, exhibiting vigorous evidences of renewed vitality.

They say the funds, which came from England, are on hand for an energetic prosecution of the road during the present season. The idle hands of the country are already being engaged; shanties are going up along the line from the Junction to Meadville; the right of way is being rapidly secured, and the papers team with advertisements for ties and laborers.

Negligence is the rust of the soul, that corrodes her best resolution.

CONFERENCE OF SPEAKERS,
Held in Boston, June 17th, 18th, and 19th, 1892.

Agreeably to notice, circulated by letter and "word of mouth," a number of lecturers assembled on Tuesday, 17th inst., at 75 Beach street, Boston, Mass., to confer together, concerning the signs and demands of the times generally, and the question of Organization particularly, and, if possible, to designate some point or points of interest, upon which we could utilize our efforts with the hope of becoming more efficient as laborers for human good.

As the object of the meeting was one of general interest, we had hope that it would be quite fully attended; but of the thirty or thirty-five who were notified, twelve were present, namely: H. C. Wright, Emma Hardinge, H. B. Storer, J. S. Loveland, A. E. Newton, Lizzie Doten, Bertha B. Chase, N. Frank White, A. M. Spence, M. G. Kimball, Andrew T. Foss, F. L. Wadsworth. Others sent their greetings, and assurances of a wish to cooperate with us in whatever steps we might take that would serve to carry on the work of reform.

The Conference was organized by appointing H. C. Wright as Chairman, and the undersigned as Secretary, and in a free, conversational manner we commenced our work. With the exception of one voice, and that was not raised in opposition, we found ourselves agreeing, *That the inauguration of some system was necessary to carry on our work.*

After considering further, we were equally as well agreed that the proper mode consisted in forming independent associations in different cities, towns, &c., with a view of future cooperation with one another if demanded. We had placed before us a "General Declaration of Principles of the Society of the Lyceum Church of Spiritualists of Boston, Mass., with a Plan of Organization," which was read and examined, and although we did not deem it proper for us to recommend this particular one in preference to others in existence, yet with others we considered this suggestive and worthy of examination by all interested.

Attention was then called to the idea of forming an Association of Lecturers, with the view of stating our principles and aims, that we might be more clearly understood by the people generally, and better understand ourselves, and thus mutually aid one another in our work, and further, to establish a fund by which we could afford assistance to such of our number as may be sick or infirm, after years of labor. The idea was deemed a practical one, and a committee, consisting of Emma Hardinge, J. S. Loveland, M. G. Kimball and F. L. Wadsworth, was appointed to draft a statement of principles and plan of association.

On Wednesday morning, 18th, the committee reported. The Conference accepted the report, after which it was read by sections, carefully examined in its nature and tendency, and adopted. Two days of two sessions each, were thus spent upon the "Statement of Principles and Aims, and Articles of Association."

Friday morning we again met, attached our names to the instrument thus formed, elected Emma Hardinge, President; H. B. Storer, Vice President; F. L. Wadsworth, Corresponding Secretary; Daniel Farrar, Esq., Recording Secretary and Treasurer; and thus formed what we deemed proper to term an "Association of Spiritualist Teachers." It was then voted to publish the "Statement of Principles and Aims," and "Articles of Association" in pamphlet form, also to furnish the BANNER and HERALD with a report of our proceedings for publication in their columns; after which, the association adjourned.

F. L. WADSWORTH, Secretary.

In placing this report before our co-laborers, we wish to say to them that we have sought to set upon the broadest principles perceived, keeping in view the good of all, not exclusively our own or that of any party. We have all experienced the need of fraternal feeling and a oneness of interest among us, and we could conceive of nothing so well calculated to unite us as an association of this kind. We do not consider it a perfect instrument, or an ultimate, only a means to desirable ends, subject to change, as the future may require. We place the whole matter before you, confidently believing that you will appreciate our motives, sympathize with our views, and join with us, as one of us.

Our meetings are to be quarterly and annual, which will afford us opportunities of acquaintance and conference, not otherwise practical. We regret that so few were present at the conference. We hope that many more will be present at our first "quarterly" in October. Before this reaches any of you the pamphlets will be published, and one will be forwarded to each lecturer, as far as we can learn of his or her address, and with it our kindest fraternal regard. If any of you do not receive a copy, it is because we do not know where you are. A letter to the Corresponding Secretary, informing him of your whereabouts, will meet with an immediate response.

And further, any information wished for, not herein or otherwise set forth, will be most cheerfully forwarded.

F. L. WADSWORTH,

Corresponding Secretary of the "Association of Spiritualist Teachers."

NOTE.—As it is by some supposed that the "Sacred Order of Unioleists," having an existence in New York and Boston, and this Association, are in some way connected, we here briefly state that they are entirely distinct, each acting upon a different basis, and in a different manner.

F. L. W., Cor. Sec'y.

Sunday School Class Book.

We have received the following letter from a student at Harvard:

Ms. Editor—I received, the other day, a copy of the Spiritual Sunday School Class Book, No. 1, written by an esteemed friend of mine. I have read it carefully, and much as I have admired the many works written by the same hand, yet this is better than all. In the others I have found some things entirely repugnant, but in this little book there is nothing offensive.

I have often inquired, "Why have not the Spiritualists Sunday Schools?" And the answer has always been: "We have no books suited to teach our beautiful faith." This want is now beginning, in this little book, to be admirably supplied; for it teaches fully concerning the presence and communion of the loved ones who have gone before. At the same time it contains the essence of Christ's precepts. In a bold manner the author carries to their last result the many beautiful sayings of Christ, and enforces them with unusual power that teaching of Christ—love one another. The author says: "Ye do not this truly until ye are willing to leave men unmolested who differ from you on religious subjects." Thus taking an entirely new ground, I have read and studied many Sunday School Books, but, on the whole, have never seen one which

pleased me so much. I hope soon to see another such book from the same author. Let him be assured that nothing which he can write will work so much good. The great fault with the book is, that it is too short. But it is eminently suggestive, and in the hands of capable teachers, will elicit much profitable conversation from the scholars.

In conclusion, let me say that I the more highly value this book, because, though Spiritual, it is at the same time Christian, it is a step in the right direction, and I hope will be followed by many others.

W. ELLERY COPLAND.

Are all Things Perfect?

EDITOR OF THE BANNER.—Dear Sir: Having seen considerable printed in the BANNER about the all right doctrine, I wish, by your permission, to ask Dr. Child a single question, viz: Does he use the term all right as synonymous with perfection? or, in other words, does he consider that whatever is, is perfect?

Queens Grove, Iowa. S. M. RICHARDSON.

DR. CHILD'S REPLY.

Yes. All perfection, as viewed by finite perfectness, is but fragmentary to infinite perfectness, which infinite perfectness we have no power to grasp "whatever is, is perfect," as a fragment or a thing of existence. Things are perfect in themselves, to themselves as they are, whatever they may chance to be. A circle is no more perfect as a circle than a triangle is as a triangle. Half a circle is perfect as half a circle. The fragment of a boulder is perfect as a fragment, and the boulder as a boulder, and yet the boulder is but a fragment of some mighty stratum, which stratum is but a fragment of this mighty earth, and the whole earth, though perfect in itself, is but as a grain of sand in the great circle of infinite perfectness.

Change marks everything that physical eyes can see. Day changes to night, and night to day; good to bad, and bad to good; pain to pleasure, and pleasure to pain. Change is progress, and every step in progress is perfect in itself, to itself, as a step in progress. A murder is perfect as a murder, of whatever kind it may chance to be. Crime is perfect, each kind and degree, in itself, to itself. Every act of life is a full and perfect measure unto itself, whether it be called partial, imperfect, good or bad, in a comparative sense.

Infinite, it may be, runs out in variety, as well as in extent, and what are called imperfections, add realities to this variety, and are perfect in themselves, all of them, when not compared with each other. Comparisons are for surface things, not for deeper realities. To see the hidden world of causes, is to have adoration without judgment—unbounded delight without comparison. In the soul-world there are no such adjectives needed as good, better, best—bad, worse, devilish—imperfect, sinful, evil, for truth and perfectness are in the soul of everything. To see imperfection and wrong in anything that exists, is to see through the yet clouded eyes of our physical, infantile being. There is no imperfection in a view below the surface things of life. Every grain of sand and every drop of water, every little thing and every great thing, every thing animate and everything inanimate, holds and fills its place in perfectness for itself and to itself. And then as atoms make a world, so all these perfectness in minutiae are but perfect parts in the vast perfectness of infinitude.

In the soul-world, with soul eyes, we see things as we now see the stars of heaven, to admire each in itself—each having, to our short vision, unmeasured depths of glory and beauty, each one perfect in itself, and seemingly independent of every other star that studs the heavenly firmament.

Perfection is as true to itself in minutiae as in magnitude.

[From the National Intelligencer.]

"An Honest Man's Noblest Work of God."

We are treading on earthquakes, and each shock shakes our nation to its centre. In this terrible drama of war the scenes shift so rapidly that our minds grow bewildered and our best wisdom often fails.

Now is the time that tests the metal of men's souls and brings out the grit of true manhood. A probe, sharper than the surgeon's steel, is feeling its way through the most hidden recesses of our nature, and separating the pure, healthy flesh from the foul, fungoid growth of our humanity. The day-god warms into life, with the same breath, roses and maggots; and the crucible of our national trial is eliminating the pure gold of the good with the base metal of the bad man. There are human virtues who feed on the vice of war; who traffic in the misfortunes and infirmities—aye, in the very blood of our brave soldiers. There are men who dwarf the god-like stature of their souls by pet ideas and party cliques; who, like the ostrich, bury their heads in the sand, and see nothing but the sand. There are men with little nasty souls encased in a rhinoceros-hide of human selfishness, who continually pray, "God bless me, brother Tom, and brother Tom's wife—just we three, and no more." There are those whose souls of cork have never sunk deep enough to reach the rock of fixed principles, and are swayed by every flimsy breath of prejudice or passion. There are men, fired by a selfish, unholly ambition, who would rather "rule in hell than serve in heaven."

And yet, amid all this rank, "fungoid-growth" of humanity, here and there arises some stern old Roman soul, with the blood of '76 still warm in his veins; and as we gaze on this noble type of our dead fathers of the Republic, we exclaim, in the volcanic Saxon of Mrs. Browning: "God set our feet low and our forehead high, and show us how a man was made to walk!" Yes, thank Heaven, there are men coming to light every day, who, amid all the darkness of the times, have kept the image of God pure in their souls; men, whose great throbbing hearts of humanity have not grown black by the smoke of gunpowder, nor become imbrued by the scent of human blood; men, whose large, patriotic souls loom up like pillars of fire to guide us over this desolate waste of war.

Among this class of true men we recognize ABRAHAM LINCOLN; and such, we may add, is the free, unbought verdict of his countrymen. Throughout his official career we read this plain language: "I entered upon this way with a great, fixed, paramount purpose; I have continued it with that purpose; and with the help of God, I will end it with that purpose!" This struggle, with all its terrible sacrifices, was not to be undertaken from mere selfish considerations; not to elevate one section above another; not to gratify personal spite or party lust; not to experiment upon untried theories of government; but to preserve inviolate, and to transmit to the millions yet unborn, the sacred legacy left us by our fathers; to perpetuate, in all its original purity—as far, at least, as the necessities of civil strife would permit—that system of government which, despite the sneers of European despotism abroad, or American fanaticism at home, has given birth to the highest civilization the world has ever known.

Whatever may be the errors or short-comings of this man, Abraham Lincoln, as viewed from each individual standpoint, (and we are all human to err, and human to judge,) yet the great mass of the American nation will ever feel proud to recognize in their Chief Magistrate that "noblest work of God, an honest man."

Notice.

The retail price will be paid at this office for the following numbers of the BANNER OF LIGHT: Vol. I.—No. 1 and 10, also No. 25; Vol. 2.—Nos. 6, and 9; Vol. 3.—No. 26.

Our Sunday School Class Book. This little book is selling rapidly. We have made arrangements to supply large orders on very reasonable terms. Every family should have this book. For price, etc., see advertisement.

Spiritual Festival.

The Third Annual Festival of the Religio-Philosophical Society will be held at St. Charles, Illinois, commencing on Friday and continuing Saturday and Sunday, July 4th, 5th, and 6th. As usual heretofore, a free platform will be maintained for the utterance of the highest conceptions of truth—the speakers alone being responsible for the views uttered—subject to the ordinary rules of decorum. It will be a picnic Festival. The friends of progress will contribute to the entertainment and make all who may be pleased to join in the festivities of the occasion as happy as possible. If the weather is favorable the Festival will be held in the Grove on the east side of the river.

A committee of arrangements will be in attendance at the Universalist Meeting-house to direct and provide for those coming from a distance. An invitation is given to the public generally, and especially to public speakers, both trance and normal residing far and near. Come up, friends, and let us have a feast of reason and flow of soul.

The first day of the Festival being the Fourth of July, the Anniversary of our Nation's Independence will be celebrated with patriotic speeches, music and dancing upon the greenward, by such as desire to join in such festivities.

By order of the Religio-Philosophical Society.

S. S. JONES, President.

A. V. SILL, Secretary.

St. Charles, Ill., June 1, 1892.

Grove Meeting.

The Spiritualists and Reformers of Ganges, Allegan Co., and vicinity, will hold a Grove Meeting on the lake shore, one-half mile south of Pier Cove, on the 11th, 12th and 13th of July. The best of speakers will be in attendance. The best of music for the occasion, ample provision for strangers, a lake excursion by steamer on Saturday, 12th, if the weather is favorable, and a good time generally is to be enjoyed.

By order of the friends in Ganges.

J. G. FISH.

Grove Meeting.

The Spiritualists of Kent county, Michigan, will hold a Grove Meeting, July 5 and 6, at Grattan Centre, in Holmes' Grove. Mrs. Wellman, Mr. Johnson, H. P. Fairfield and other speakers will be present.

Grove Meeting.

The friends of Progress will hold a Spiritual Meeting in Liberty Grove, one mile north of Gerard Village, Liberty Township, Trembly County, Ohio, on the 6th and 7th inst. Mrs. Sarah M. Thompson and others, will address the meeting. Speakers and friends are invited to attend.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

LYCEUM HALL, THOMPSON STREET, (opposite head of School street)—The course of lectures will recommence on Sunday, Sept. 1th. Admission free. Lecturers engaged:—H. B. Storer, Sept. 7 and 14; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Sept. 21 and 28; Miss Emma Hardinge, Oct. 5 and 12; Miss Emma Houston, Oct. 19 and 26; F. L. Wadsworth, Nov. 2 and 9; Miss Lizzie Doten, Nov. 16 and 23; J. S. Loveland, Dec. 7 and 14; Mrs. Annie Davis Smith, Dec. 21 and 28.

CHARLESTOWN.—Sunday meetings are held at Central Hall at 8 o'clock, afternoon and evening. Speakers engaged:—J. S. Loveland, July 6 and 13; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, during August.

BARNSTABLE.—Meetings are held in Barnstable's new Hall. Speakers engaged:—J. S. Loveland, Sept. 7 and 14.

FOXBORO.—Meetings in the Town Hall. Speakers engaged:—Miss Emma Hardinge, July 6; Miss Lizzie Doten, July 13.

TAUNTON.—Meetings are held in the Town Hall, every Sabbath afternoon and evening. The following speakers are engaged:—Mrs. Annie Davis Smith, July 6 and 13; N. Frank White, Sept. 21 and 28; F. L. Wadsworth, Oct. 5 and 12; Warren Chase, in December.

LOWELL.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings on Sundays, forenoon and afternoon, in Wells's Hall. Speakers engaged:—N. Frank White, July 6 and 13; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Sept. 7 and 14; Miss Lizzie Doten, Sept. 21 and 28; Hon. Warren Chase, during October.

QUINCY, MASS.—Musical Hall has been hired by the Spiritualists. Meetings will be held Sundays, afternoon and evening. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. M. B. Knealy, July 6; Miss Emma Hardinge, July 13, 20 and 27; Miss Laura De Force during August; F. L. Wadsworth, during October.

NEW BEDFORD.—Musical Hall has been hired by the Spiritualists. Meetings will be held Sunday mornings, and speaking by mediums, afternoon and evening. Speakers engaged:—F. L. Wadsworth, during July; Miss Emma Houston, Sept. 21 and 28.

PORTLAND, ME.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every Sunday in Sons of Temperance Hall, on Congress, between Oak and Green streets. Conference in the forenoon, 10 o'clock, and evening at 7:15 and 8:15 o'clock. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. Annie Burbank Felton, during July; Mrs. M. M. Wood during Sept.

NEW YORK.—At Lamartine Hall, corner 8th Avenue and 29th street, meetings are held every Sunday at 10:15 A. M. and 7:15 P. M. Mr. A. A. Smith is Chairman of the Association.

At Adworth's Hall, 806 Broadway, Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch will lecture every Sunday, morning and evening.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—Lectures every Sunday at Bowman's Hall, Milwaukee street, commencing at 1:30 and 7:15 P. M. Lecturers desiring engagements please address Albert Morton.

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Meetings are held in Mercantile Library Hall every Sunday at 10:15 o'clock A. M. and 7:15 P. M.

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New Books.

ARCANA OF NATURE.

BY HURON TUTTLE.

THIRD EDITION—JUST ISSUED!

CAREFULLY REVISED AND CORRECTED BY THE AUTHOR.

Contents:

PART I. CHAPTER I. A General Survey of Matter.—Chapter II. The Origin of the World.—Chapter III. History of the Earth, from the Gaseous Ocean to the Cambrian.—Part II. Chapter V. Life and Organization.—Chapter VI. Plan of Organic Beings.—Chapter VII. Influence of Conditions.—Chapter VIII. Laws of Life.—Chapter IX. The History of Life