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## Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.

### LIFE IN BARNST.

#### A Thrilling Domestic Tale.

BY KATE CARROLL.

##### CHAPTER IV.

###### Dreams.

Toward morning, a singular dream (that Arthur and she were one no more) visited Aurora. When she awoke it weighed upon her spirits. Perhaps this weight was never to be wholly removed, for, until she again beheld Arthur, a quiet, thoughtful dignity had taken place of her timid, playful, or querulous moods. Madge looked at her in this new phase of character in great surprise. Madge almost feared that her mistress had in one night leaped from her fifteen to sixteen years of age, and was really troubled in consequence. And in this dream, Aurora, befitting, as in a glass, her future. It made her long for her grandmother's presence, for she felt the need of comfort, and reiterated assurances that dreams are only idle fancies. A day passed, and then another. Aurora and Madge counted the hours, anxious and impatient.

"The court business could not be dispatched in a single day," wrote Arthur, in seeming haste. Few as were his words, Aurora lingered and dreamed over them.

"Come Orna, attend the ball to-night. It will be the best affair of the kind the county ever got up," said Belmont, as, for the purpose of speech, he a moment removed his cigar.

"Impossible. I must go home."

"Home? Excuse me, I forgot. Madame is strict then?" laughed Belmont.

"How, sir?" demanded Arthur, angrily starting from his seat with a return of his love and jealousy in all that pertained to Aurora.

"No offence intended, my dear fellow," said Belmont, soothingly.

"I'll answer for him he did not mean to raffle you in the least," added Selwyn, gently forcing Arthur back to his seat.

These young men had made a bet that they could keep Arthur away from Aurora a month. They had no object in doing this. Sport, "or idle moment," made them think of the thing. And truly "idle moment" was never more likely to prove the "devil's workshop" than now, and with them.

It is true, Selwyn had once seen and wooed Aurora, whose rejection of his suit did not move him to revenge in this plan of keeping Arthur from her.

To show that he had entirely forgiven Belmont, Arthur consented to attend the ball. Many beautiful forms were present, but none could match the absent wife awaiting his return to her and home.

Bess Selwyn was at the ball.

"How dazlingly beautiful she has become since I last saw her. Heigho! How these women alter," thought Orna. After gazing unseen (as he imagined) upon so much lustre as long as he dared, he hurried to her, and begged her hand for the next set. With very becoming hauteur she regretted that she could not favor him. So Orna, with no little disappointment, watched her as she danced with his fortunate rival.

Aurora sat at home thinking of the absent one. How often came up each tone and look of his, and with so sweet a face as to send a deeper blush to her cheek, and a brighter gleam to her eye.

A month had flown, when Arthur at last sought Aurora, who sprang to meet him, with only kind and gentle words upon her lips. For a moment he felt reproached.

"Aurora," he said, when he had partaken of the refreshments speedily placed before him: "Aurora, how should you like to live once more with your grandmother? The nice old lady is lonesome, I suspect."

"Cannot she come here? This home is pleasant, but then she," said Aurora, raising her astonished eyes to his, then dropping them suddenly upon her now tightly folded hands.

"Not very well. You know my father has certain aristocratic notions."

"You never mentioned them before, my love," came calmly, but with intense pain.

"No, I wished to spare you. He has somehow discovered my marriage, and therefore I thought if you would consent to go back to your old home awhile, until he'd got over his resentment, I could manage to reconcile him to it at last. He has so many notions about 'caste'—foolish perhaps, but excusable when one has always been accustomed to them, my dear."

The change was made. The gates of Paradise were closed on Aurora. She tried to feel that her husband's statement of the case was fair and just. Thus does every true wife seek to throw the most favorable light upon the doubtful doings of her husband. Aurora felt as she drew near the humble home of her unwedded youth, the value of the one she had left—forever left, some secret intuition kept assuring her. How small and poor seemed the little cottage, where, in childhood's sunny time, her childish laugh resounded; her childish sports were enjoyed; her thoughtless heart drank in uncounted pleasures; her embryo fancies revolved and ripened, and her

of woe, and innocent of guile; where, for fourteen bright years, her life had been one sweet, unbroken dream.

She opened the little gate, for though her eyes were dim, and her fingers trembling, she indicated by a piteously pleading look that she did not wish her husband to follow too closely upon her meeting with her aged parent. The gate carefully closed behind her, with Madge outside wistfully watching her, she slowly ascended the little tangled path leading to the door, around which waved in wild disorder, luxuriant vines, whose rare and gorgeous beauty clothed richly the whole front of the dimly-lit domicile. She turned the knob, half-opened the door, then drew it softly to, fairly unable to enter; then she drove to ask strength where she had scarcely thought of seeking it before. A moment more, and she stood in the old room, whose four sides looked nearer than ever to her, and whose bare, unappetized floor, and almost furnitureless spaces, struck a chill to her very heart. Beyond her, through an open door that led into a sleeping-room of the smallest size, her grandmother sat in the same arm chair that had held her many and many a well-remembered year. The bed, though surprisingly near, did not look as if it could give rest to aged, aching limbs. She moved nearer, to gaze more fully at the meanness everywhere seen.

She lingered a moment on the threshold of this contracted inner room, to contemplate the poor old relative who had ever been kind and faithful to her, and her heart smote her for having neglected her so long. Everything about her and her humble home bore the unmistakable marks of lonely and poverty-stricken old age. In overpowering thought, Aurora murmured:

"He told me often that grandmother was happy and well cared for. Oh, Arthur! how this proof of an unkind falsehood wrings my soul! What had this dear old friend done, that she should receive at your hands such cruel neglect! Me you might wrong, and I would forgive you as often as you injured me; but thus to treat grandmother—how can I overlook it in you?"

"Madge!" she called, and stepping lightly to the window of the inner room, she looked out into the night.

And the answer came in a moment stood at the doorway.

"Help me off with my things! I don't want her to see me until I am more composed."

"The Lord hev mercy on yer," thought Madge in despair.

In a short time, Aurora's impatience overleaped the bounds she vainly set upon it.

"I shall die if I do not speak to the dear old soul!" And almost flying, she stood more like a criminal than innocent before the arm-chair.

"I am come back to live with you," she gasped, rather than spoke.

"Back to live with me!" cried the quivering tones of grandma, whose mingled wonder and happiness formed a ludicrous expression upon her wrinkled face.

"Yes, grandmother," answers Aurora, kissing frantically the thin, dark cheek, and then with one hand wiping away a tear that doubt would drive from her own young eyes, and with the other drawing evenly grandmother's mob-cap upon her head.

"Le, child, it's well you've come home," said grandmother, after a little more enlightenment—though I can't quite make it out why you have, especially as you say Arthur is not going to stay here all the time with you, for my things get on equy, often, I expect. How you've altered; don't weigh half so much, do you?"

And thus grandmother rambles, unconscious of the pain she causes the gentle being bending affectionately over her, and whose eyes are heavy and damp with unspoken grief. Arthur pretends to be unobservant and innocent of all intention to wound. Yet his handsome face flushes with alternate pain, remorse and shame. And he feels, if he never did before, that his character is not the same of perfection that his fond mother and dotting sisters often assure him it is. Ah, fond mother and dotting sisters, how often your love blinds you to faults dark as Erebus!

How those words grew into favor! At first anger and indignation met them; then half-reluctant favor; now increased and increasing pleasure.

Ten months passed, dragging away in their tollsome length the hopes of a blighted youth.

Aurora was bending over a wicker cradle in which slept her babe. Bitter were the tears that fell on its unconscious face. Never had its infantile charms called forth exclamations of delight, or hearty joy from its father. Never had its downy cheek blushed beneath the kiss of this erring and neglectful parent. Its young eyes opened and closed upon the tears and grief of its child-mother, who yet had a part to act—to seem happy while slowly and steadily her hopes were dying out.

Her grandmother sat near in her arm-chair, she seemed a world too wide and deep for her now. She had grown thinner and far more imbecile, and spent her waking moments in wondering and moaning because Arthur did not come.

"He used to say he liked me," she murmured through imbecile tears.

"He will come soon," comforted Aurora.

"So you say, yet he does not," and the aged head moved restlessly from side to side, and the dim eyes filled, while her pinched and purple lips repeated feebly, "So you say, yet he does not come."

At last a new thought came.

"Didn't Arthur know I was poor, when he married you?" queried the old woman, sitting more straightly in her chair.

"Poor?" absently repeated Aurora.

"Yes, child, poor."

"I do not know," she said, in the same absent way.

"Speak up, child. You don't deceive him?"

Aurora, now fully aware of her grandmother's sharp tones and suspicious manner, looked slowly around the humble room.

"There was no chance for me, poor old soul—no chance for that."

"Then what makes him so queer?"

"Dear, dear grandmother! Don't speak of this to me again. I—I cannot say that keeps my husband away, and tears his last words very indistinctly; yet her lightning-like sharpened hearing caught them up, and with a shrewd look she asked:

"Your husband? Are you sure he is your husband?"

"This was the drop that broke the measure."

"Oh, Father, pity me!"

And this the wounded creature flew to her bed-room, to indulge in alternate prayer and suspicion, so horrible to be endured.

"What'll support you, child, if he never comes back; this place is n't of much account now," said grandmother, cruelly persistent.

"Go back to your room," said Aurora, as she buried her face deeper in the bed-clothes.

"I'm old, and poor," moaned the former, resting against the door—"old and poor." Yet it seems as if I could do something to help us all along.

"We shall be taken care of," groaned the persecuted.

"Dat we shall," interposed Madge, forcibly leading the old woman away, who yet would pause to ask:

"Egw?"

"Don't yer know we've a heap of money, jewels, and things—just as good as gold? My! I reckon we shall live rich!"

"Oh, why didn't I think of that?"

"Dress you, no! As if such a worse than a real baby could work!"

And Madge settled the satisfied imbecile back among the cushions of her old chair, and soon had the satisfaction of hearing gentle snoring from the same source.

"Now, missis, s'posing yer write to him? I'll fly right down to the post with it."

"Oh, Madge, good, faithful Madge!"

"Don't stop to tell me dat! On'y write; dat'll do him up, I reckon!"

But this proposition, although carried out to the extent of Madge's wishes, and against the wavering hope and trust of Aurora, brought not a single response from the erring and absent.

Want came more pressingly near, but the feeble old creature, so helpless and loved, must not know it; her few remaining days should be free from the cares that pressed the other sufferers to the very verge of despair. So Aurora, amid tears, wrought with the needle, while Madge, house-servant, gardener, and confidential adviser, turned her faculties to the best account, and seldom, excepting for her mistress, lamented aloud the brighter days flown far out of sight.

And the baby!

Poor thing! little it knew why and whence the tears that watered its young pillow! Sometimes its little fingers busied themselves in wiping softly away such burning drops as only a heart wrung to its inmost core can yield. As its infantile graces developed, Aurora daily recognized more fully the richness of the blessing, that, in the midst of her despair, had come smiling down to her.

willingness to depreciate the worth of a friend so firm, true and invaluable.

"Madge, do you want it to be Lily?" And Aurora's hands clasped both of Madge's as she spoke, and her sweet eyes looked tenderly and tearfully into the no less beautiful orbs of the one she addressed.

"I do, missis," said Madge, with her usual humility and fervor.

"Then it shall be so. And Madge, dear girl, matchless friend, will you ever care for it as now? Will you watch over it as if it were your own?"

"I will! But 'sartin, missis—"

"Hush, Madge; keep still!" whisperingly. "I must seek him!"

"Oh, now, do n't!"

"I shall die if I do not learn my fate. I have sometimes thought he may be dead, and then, although my indignation might have been very deep before, I could not help blaming myself, and mourning him as gone. Oh, Madge, don't urge me to stay; nor say again that he deceived me till I know he has!"

"Yer'll learn dat yere soon enough," muttered Madge, pressing the sleepy baby to her breast, and, although saying no more at present, resolving to be heard at no far distant time on that subject.

"I'm going, Madge," whispered Aurora the next morning, as she stooped to kiss her sleeping Lily.

"No yer ain't!" And Madge laid a detaining hand on Aurora, then pointed to the helpless and almost defenceless charges, both asleep, and ignorant of the projected journey of one so necessary to them.

"Oh, blessed missis, stay wid us!" implored Madge, with uplifted hands and streaming eyes.

"It cannot be," said Aurora, sadly yet firmly.

"It cannot be. I must know my fate, and then—and then—" she paused, unable to finish.

"And den you'll settle down onm agin, and we'll be happy as de world 'il let us," added Madge, hopefully.

"The world is dark," murmured Aurora, looking into vacancy—"so dark."

"And you, nothing but a baby yourself. Oh, do stop. I'm afraid you'll never come back."

She may be right, Aurora thought, as she explored blessings upon its innocent head. Her parting with her aged relative was scarcely less bitter, yet neither of these dear charges were awakened by her gentle caresses.

"Now, Madge."

And those pure lips met the forehead of that true friend, whose strength and affection had been unwavering from the first, and had given her hope and trust; when either had seemed like cruel mockeries.

### CHAPTER V.

#### Darkness in all Things.

Should not Aurora be forgiven for pressing forward to that never-forgotten home in the woods, where life had taught her its sweetest, and alas, its most bitter lesson? The road was long and toilsome. She scarcely knew how and where to move, and often went far out of the way when thinking her journey nearly ended. But every rebuff of this kind only gave her increased desire to reach the loved spot.

At length, weary, dusty, with aching head, a sore heart and bleeding feet, she parted the clustering vines from the lattice, and gave a timid glance into the little room treasured in her heart of hearts. It looked lonely and forsaken. Withered flowers drooped from dusty vases, or lay in scentless bouquets upon the floor. Cobwebs hung in fantastic festoons from every nook and corner where rich lace-work usually appeared.

"He is not here!" was murmured like the direct lamentation. And with a sense of cruel despair, increasing weakness and utter loss of hope, Aurora dropped upon the sward and wept in uncontrollable grief. Yet she had hardly hoped to find him here. But her feelings defied description, and the idea that he was somewhere else she utterly rejected as impossible. In short, he must be dead; that was why she had been forgotten. Her husband could not be living and neglect her.

"I will find his grave and water it with my tears. Dear, dear Arthur, forgive the dreadful thought that would rise in my weak mind against you. I could not well help it. It was wrong, but I was so feeble!" came brokenly, amid heavy sobs and gushing tears.

The sound of wheels was heard. Merry voices rang joyously on the clear air.

"Orna, is n't your 'Birdnest' somewhere near?" and Selwyn winked regularly.

"What does the tease mean, Arthur?"

"Nothing, Bess. His jokes are always coming up."

"At the wrong place, you might have added," laughed Selwyn, mightily amused at his sister's oddity, which he had aroused for the sake of sport.

"Now I know it is a secret between you. But I'll discover it."

Bess Selwyn shook her queenly head in sportive determination. But a glance at Orna made her shiver. His handsome face was positively black with ill-suppressed rage, if under no keener influence. His eyebrows met, while he gnawed his under lip till the blood came and trickled in an unnoticed stream down his cheek.

"Meroy!" gasped Bess, fainting, and falling upon her breast.

"Pshaw, silly girl!" exclaimed Orna.

"You will please be more respectful, sir," cried

Selwyn, in great indignation. "You may remember the young lady is my sister."

"Why did you bring up the past?" demanded the other, dropping Bess's head upon the cushion, and springing to his feet.

"Simply for sport. Only two of the party seemed lively, and I could not stand being the forgotten one in a trio. Rather dull, you may believe."

"Never do that again, upon your peril!"

"So sorry, then!" sneered Selwyn.

"Ah—"

Orna could say no more. Precipitating himself from the carriage, he left Bess's chance of recovery to the care of her brother, and plunging into the thicket, parted the verdure to make a path for his feet. His tearful eyes could not see one. Blindly he reached 'Birdnest,' scented the fragrance of the clustering vines; longed, but hardly dared to peep into Aurora's boudoir, when his stumbling feet touched something on the crumpled grass beneath. With a cry of mingled joy and agony, he threw himself beside it.

"Oh my wife, my little wife, say you are not dead! Speak to me those precious words!"

And his arms clasped the slight little creature to his breast, and his hot tears fell like rain upon her sunken cheek.

"Poor, poor child! how you must have suffered! What mean garments! My wife, so really loved, to endure poverty? My wife driven to greater need than my slaves ever knew! God forgive me, for I cannot forgive myself!" And he set about to restore her to consciousness.

"Aurora!"

But no answer came. He took her to a bubbling spring close at hand, and bathed her face, caressing her and calling her pet names all the while, but she could not answer. Fresh efforts, however, had the desired effect.

"Arthur!" said the wondering voice of Aurora, now fully aroused. "Arthur!"

He did not answer, but smiled upon her and caressed her as in the golden days remembered now by both.

As if the happiness of being with him, of resting upon his breast, of being allowed in his arms, of feeling his hot tears upon her cheek, of having the passionate kisses his lips continually pressed to hers, was too much, she sank into a deeper swoon than the other, looking so like death, that Arthur gave loose to the most frantic despair.

"Where is Arthur?" asked Bess, opening her eyes, astonished that only her brother was near.

"Gone," was the laconic reply, as Selwyn, with much impatience against the truant, turned his face from his sister's gaze.

"Gone? Where?"

"Don't know. I saw him dive into the thicket, a moment ago."

"Probably to get me help."

"Humph!"

"Have I been faint long?" asked Bess, not minding her brother's expressive ejaculation.

"Yes, endlessly. I thought I never should bring you to. The horses grow restive. Scip, you see, has hard work to keep them still. Come, are you quite well, now? You look as if you were."

"Did Arthur leave as soon as I fainted?"

"About."

"Ugh! What a stream of blood was pouring from his lip! Goodness! What made him go into such a passion?"

"Nothing."

"Be sensible, Tom. Tell me before he returns, what this 'Birdnest' story means."

And Bess rearranged her dress and sat up to listen.

"Nonsense!"

"Now, Tom, how ugly in you. I must know. I won't tell him that you told me. I won't, sure."

"Could any man do such as she, my sister, harm?" mentally questioned Selwyn, placing his arm affectionately around her waist.

Yet purer and better than she, had that same Selwyn not hesitated to crush beneath the vile will of an evil nature.

"Well, Tom."

"Nonsense, Bess. The truth is, women should never try to find out those mysteries!"

"Ah, then it is a mystery! Now I won't rest till you've told me all. But why don't Arthur come?"

"How fickle your fancies are," laughed Selwyn.

"Well then, one thing at a time. Birdnest, first."

"If I tell you, Bess, it is only that you may not mention the affair to Orna. He won't bear it. You see he took a notion to a pretty girl, further up the country. She was beautiful. He thought he'd married her. When he found he had n't, he did n't mourn much. You see, I saw the girl first, but she would not notice me. So I was resolved to pay her off for her scorn. And I did. (Between closed teeth.) He got me to hunt up a minister to officiate upon the occasion. How do you think I'd look in sombre suit of black?"

"You did n't, Tom, did you?" in tones more of surprise, than indignation.

"Not exactly; but I got some such fellow to."

"Where is the girl, now? If you did not see the parson."

"Don't know, I'm sure, where she is."

"Don't Arthur care a bit for her, now?"

"Woman's curiosity."

"If I thought he did!"

"And Bess mused.

"Not give him up? The girl is mad! Bess, every fellow has fancies of this description. Not."

ing but the solemn truth. But it do not hinder their making capital husbands!"

"Let us hunt up Arthur," said Bess, jumping to the ground, and taking by mere chance the very path broken just before by the one she sought.

"Bess, come back. Just as though you could find him that way. Silly girl, come back!"

"This way is as well as another," laughed the willful girl, looking back a moment, then bounding on.

"Then I must follow her," groaned Selwyn, fearing some trouble, scarcely knowing why, and in his fear not hurrying, but rather halting and hesitating.

Like a snowflake the inanimate Aurora lay upon the breast of Arthur, whose exclamations of despair were fearful to hear.

A crackling among the bushes, a smothered groan, a cry of surprise and anger, a ferocious gleam from eyes baleful and forboding, a step or two nearer, and a vision that filled Arthur Orne with quaking stood before him.

"What now, wretch—miscreant—heartless deceiver!"

Thus shrieking, rather than speaking, Bess stamped violently, foamed at the mouth, and looked the fury she was when temper held uncontrolled sway.

The same moment poor Aurora was dropped upon the sward, while Arthur, under an influence he could not resist, rushed to Bess, seized her quickly withdrawn hand, and humbly begged her forgiveness. She turned loathingly away. Her fine figure, in its robe of rich purple, towered above the abject wretch cowering before her. Her full lips breathed only anathemas; her large eyes gleamed forth fire and scorn.

He made another effort to take her hand, but she struck his violently off, crying:

"Dare but touch me, and I'll have you castigated as I would a rebellious slave!"

"Bess! my Bess!" she scornfully repeated, "My Bess! Oh, the mockery there is in man's heart!" and she strode with nervous steps back and forth in an agony of feeling far from describable.

"Nay, sweet Bess, do but hear me!" interposed Arthur, moving toward her, and again essaying to take her hand, and place about her queenly form a caressing arm.

"Away, monster! That vile arm! Oh, the assurance of these wretches, that we fond, trusting women will love!" And she burst into tears, continuing her walk, and lamenting her folly in believing the charmed words of one who had so wronged her.

Inexpressibly moved, Arthur again approached and placed the offending arm around her; loving her more—if such as he could love—for the passionate attachment she evinced toward him. But with a force that pained him, his arm was once more beaten off, as Bess, with inimitable scorn hissed between tightly closed teeth:

"Dare you come so near me? That black arm about me that was but a moment since supporting this creature!" and she spurned with her foot the motionless form of Aurora.

"Back, rash girl!" cried Arthur, "Touch not that pure young thing, whose only fault was loving me too well, and that—in justice to her do I declare it—she could not from the beautiful purity of her nature have done, had she suspected whom she trusted!"

"Hal! hal! Now we are coming at the truth!" sneered Bess, facing him, and pushing back her disordered hair.

"We are! Do you wish to hear me say that I loved and still do love this waxen little thing (kneeling beside Aurora) better than any other that my fickle eyes have ever seen? Ah, madam, it is even so. Had I been as pure as she, and as worthy of happiness as I might have been, I should never have left her side for any allurements that wealth and fashion could have offered. Now, madam?" and he arose and stood with folded arms before Bess, whose brilliant face, during his confession, had shown every possible variety of feeling.

"Would it not be well to restore your mistress to consciousness? Strange that I could distract your mind from your best love. Come, rouse the creature; I want to see her."

"My mistress! Rather say, my —" But suddenly recollecting himself he added, "By heavens, Bess, you go too far!"

"I do? Ha, ha! What manner of man is this, that expects forbearance at such moments?"

"Have mercy, Bess!" And once more in her power, he fell on his knees before her.

"Mercy? Was that what you had for me when I came upon you unexpectedly, and heard you sob forth to one pillowed fondly in your traitor arms: 'Sweet love, awake! Speak to me, Aurora! If you are dead, then has life lost all charms for me! Then shall I wish mine to cease?' Strange words—remarkable words to use to another than your wife. Have I not repeated them correctly? Ah! my memory 's too good for you! Ah, cower and shrink; you shall feel the weight of this crime! It shall be constant poison in your life-cup!"

"Bess!"

"Begone!" and she pushed him away, then wiped, as if fearful of contamination, the small whitehand that touched him.

"Not gone?" she demanded, in fierce tones, turning around the next moment, "not gone? Will you add insult to injury?" And she moved with strange feelings toward Aurora, and proceeded to take means to restore her to consciousness.

"What do you intend to do?" demanded Arthur, following her quickly, misunderstanding her efforts in his alarm.

"To be more kind to your best love than you have been," was coldly said, with a momentary glance at him, and curl of her proud lip that he had never seen before.

"Let me help you," he pleadingly replied.

"Go! or I will not be answerable for the safety of this half-waking being, nor myself, if you remain here! Hush! Not a word! The past hour has shown me the worthlessness of prolonged life! Go!" And she imperatively motioned him away.

"Be quick, or I may not long have speech to bid you depart!" she added, seeing him hesitate.

"Go. But, Bess, you will send for me?"

"Never!"

"Where are you going, Orne? Bless us, what tragedy queen have we here? Hal! a quarrel, by the powers! and in the honeymoon, of all things!" laughed Selwyn, appearing at this juncture, and severely cursing his tardy approach.

Orne's face lighted at this sally. He cast an imploring glance at Selwyn, who, with a wink, assured him he would make all things straight.

"Who is this?" Selwyn asked, going to Aurora.

"Arthur—Mr. Orne's best loved!"

"Jealous, Bess? How silly!"

"Not that, brother. Foolish in loving whom I should have scorned!"

"Tragedy airs again! Be a woman! Let Orne see what a wife is."

"Once I could have done so," moaned Bess.

"Who are all these?" asked Aurora, opening her eyes, and lifting her head in great surprise from the lap of the beautiful being whose earnest gaze was fixed in unaccountable scrutiny upon her.

"Friends," replied a proud yet sweet voice.

"Yes. But where is Arthur—husband?"

"Husband? Repeat that word if it be true!" cried Bess, seizing the hand of Aurora.

"It is true. I sometimes doubted it when he stayed so long away; but I don't now, for he was kind to me, so kind, when he found me here alone and ill to-day. Arthur!" and her sweet notes rose on the quiet air like purest music. "Ah, I see him. How strangely forbidding he looks. But I will go to him; his little wife will doubt him no longer."

As if spell-bound and fastened to the huge tree against which he leaned, Arthur, half-frenzied, surveyed the group in front, nor looked at the expectant Aurora as she flew in glad haste toward him, not anticipating this rebuff.

"Dear, dear husband, what ails you? Have those people been injuring you? Could they, when they had such strangely kind eyes for me?"

"Go home!"

"Home? I have none, unless it is with you," and her hands were raised imploringly before him.

"Now, Aurora," speaking low and rapidly, "go to the home you recently left. Go. It is my wish, little pet."

"And you?"

"I will speedily join you there. No coaxing, I cannot go now. I have business—"

"That called and undoubtedly kept you away from me. Do not let it detain you so long again. I cannot rest without you. Besides, you have never seen our baby—our Lily!"

"Our baby!" and Arthur's face lighted at once with the love of a father.

"Yes, ours. Won't you go now to her?"

Arthur caught a gleam from attentive, vindictive eyes in the distance that settled his wavering will.

"No!"

This single word gave the knell to rekindling hope. With a cry Aurora covered her face and wept.

"See, Tom, the distress of you poor young thing."

"That comes of plebeian eyes wandering out of their sphere," replied Selwyn.

"Not that, Tom. I know, but blush for your sex, why she and others of her class thus suffer."

"Too knowing, that, Bess."

"Ah, Tom—"

"No matter, let it be either way. But I will say you are a great fool to let that little chit deprive you of such a husband as Arthur Orne!"

"He has wronged me," murmured Bess more softly, and looking furtively at Arthur, whose eyes were seeking hers.

"Say, rather, your temper and jealousy has wronged him. That's it. Make up with him. Be quick about it, or he will desert you and take that pleading little wretch before him! Shouldn't I blame him if he did. She looks like an angel, and not a fury—lovely and hateful—as I am sorry to say my sister does."

"I don't look so awfully! She look like an angel! Humph, I should think she did!"

"She does. Now, look at her."

And in truth Aurora never more truly deserved the epithet angelic than now. But her tender beauty, gentle pleading and soft caresses could not move again the heart she so recently thought, after long and heart-aching doubts, her own—her own.

"I will go, Arthur. You say you do not love me, and that—that I am not your wife. God pity you for that deep wrong, and forgive you as even I can now in the midst of the deepest sorrow I have known. Still, still, though you may deem it presumptuous since I know what I am, I must say, come to me if ever you find yourself deserted and alone," and with a longing, lingering look at the author of her misery, she disappeared so noiselessly that you could scarcely hear a single rustling of her dress, nor the faintest footfall as she went.

And did Arthur Orne view her departure as indifferently as one might be excused for thinking he would?

No. In his secret heart he cursed his fickle disposition, and wished himself at an impenetrable distance under ground. Such wishes are usually the offspring of inefficient and criminal men. But these moments of remorse were evanescent. Time came when he rejoiced that he was not the husband of the gentle being whose appeals he had so heartlessly disregarded. His fancies grew daily more enchanted. Bess's anger had passed off under the compliments, coaxing, praise, deprecation and rallery of her brother, and the preference Arthur had so decidedly shown her. She was dazzlingly beautiful, and her social position equal to his own. His proud family had joyfully welcomed her to its bosom. Basking in her favor, not a feather of caste was ruffled, and he at length regarded his union with Aurora as a dream rapidly fading from remembrance. Even the offering of that happy time he wholly ignored, imagining the story to have been a ruse to win him back.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ABOUT FACTION MATCHES.—The value of the friction or ladder match will never be realized by the coming generation, for they will know nothing of the difficulties of obtaining and preserving fire, previous to their invention. So rapidly do we move on, that persons that remember the tinder box are getting old. Then matches made by hand were valuable and carefully preserved; now they are as abundant as cheap drops of an autumn morning, and almost as cheap. An English writer says that one firm, Messrs. Dixon, in London, constantly employ four hundred workmen in making matches, and make twenty-two hundred millions in a year. The average consumption in England is two hundred and fifty millions a day, or eight to each individual in the kingdom. It is as large or larger in the United States. There are two manufacturing centers in Austria and Bohemia that turn out forty-five thousand millions in a year. The friction match is therefore one of the institutions of modern times, and one that, having once known and employed, we could no more do without. Move on at the rapid rate we are doing, than we could live without air or water.

O, many a spirit walks the world unheeded,  
That, when its veil of sadness is laid down,  
Shall soar aloft with pinions unimpeded,  
And wear its glory like a starry crown!

Written for the Banner of Light.  
LADY ALICE.  
A L'Opéra (Pierre de Medici.)  
BY J. ROLLIN M. SQUIRE.

Though I saw her but once, though the vision was fleeting,  
And though I may never behold her again,  
Yet the memory which pictures with pleasure our meeting  
Refuses to drop this one link from its chain.

It was strange that my soul in that scene of commotion,  
Surrounded by melody, tinsel and glare,  
Should have turned from the altar where all paid devotion,  
Delighted to centre on one object there.

Though around me the murmur of music was stealing,  
Unmindful I stood, of its soft witching power,  
Isolated from all while the currents of feeling  
Flowed forth unto her the bright Queen of the hour.

She was beautiful and fair as the first light of morning  
Which glows ere the sun pours his full radiance o'er,  
And the grace of her beauty, so rich and adorning,  
Was that which once seen is forgotten no more.

But I bend not to splendor the knee of submission—  
It dies in the calm as it raged in storm;  
But that beauty of soul which can know no transition,  
Commands my devotion unchanging and warm.

As her words from her lips fell with modest infection,  
Like fruits of the South falling ripe from their stems,  
They were seized by the hand of the ghost Recollection,  
And laid in the casket of Memory's gems.

Ah! the mystery of feeling defies our expression,  
It lives like a sense from our being apart,  
And though reason may choke back its purposed confession,  
The sentiment is not the less in the heart.

Shall I meet her again? Ah! our life's surging ocean  
Unites and divides as our destinies will,  
But the thrill she called forth from its depths of emotion  
Shall thro' in my heart till its pulses are still.

Be it thus, be it thus, if so will Lady Alice!  
This joy shall be mine wheresoever I rove,  
To have drank from her presence as from a rich chalice  
A draught richer far than the nectar of Jove.

Paris, 1861.

INSPIRATION THE CHIEF TEACHER  
AND VIVIFIER OF MEN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "HONEST MAN'S BOOK OF FINANCE AND POLITICS."

There has long been a tendency to deny the reality or the worth of all inspiration that brought no grief to the dealers in that commodity, or that could not be made a profitable adjunct to priestcraft. But we might as well narrow down the universal principle of Justice into an exclusive attribute of county courts and pettifoggers. Inspiration is as universal as love or life. Some have much more of it than others; but, as all who live have some degree of life, so all who possess ideas and thoughts are more or less inspired. Confused minds can persistently study the works of *Carlyle* the society of great minds, without receiving something of their inspiration and life.

The professional dogmatist may brand this as dogmatism; but I speak from experience, and believe that the experience of all devoted and truly catholic scholars confirms my own. So close is the relationship between Inspiration and Genius, that some say the poet or man of spiritual insight and the prophet were, in ancient times, denoted by one and the same title or word.

Self-taught I sing; by heaven, and heaven alone,  
The genuine seeds of poetry are sown.

[Homer, *Od. 18, xxii.*

Inspiration is a universally recognized necessity among all cultivators of the liberal arts. Even the mechanic is sometimes inspired; indeed, the mechanic who makes excellence his first object while at work, and who is absorbed in efforts to embody his ideal of perfection, raises himself above the sphere of mercenary drudgery, becomes, as it were, an inventor or creator, and fills the work of his hands with fitness, grace and character, if not with life. Every trade has its inspired men; every well-ordered workshop its bards of handiwork, its effusions of genius or of soul.

Inspiration is the inbreathing of spiritual life and wisdom and goodness from one's spiritual superiors. Sometimes it is a direct interior influx; sometimes it accompanies the sensuous impressions that are made upon the external man by noble qualities or excellent works. The spirit of God, or something of it, is in every creation of God; the spirit of the finite author is also more or less in every finite author's productions; the absorption of such spirit or spiritual qualities is inspiration. When contemplating the qualities or the works of God with godly aspirations, I become, according to the strength and purity of my perceptions and aspirations, divinely inspired; and the same law governs in regard to the reception of inspirations from poets and thinkers and heroes, who are finite.

Aspiration, however, though it may suffice to kindle the fire, cannot sustain it alone. Works—good works—works of use, are indispensable to this end. Neither divinity nor genius can long pour its spirit into a stagnant soul; neither can the soul that is too lazy or too niggardly to give, long master the kind of energy that is requisite for it to receive. Accordingly, all experience shows that the current of Inspiration flows steadiest and most strongly toward the man who is most industrious and persists in the work of embodying and diffusing his inspirations, and that a man's capacity for comprehending and doing great works, increases according to the number and excellence of the works he has achieved. All experience shows, that Inspiration was never designed to supplant industry; that the souls which have been buoyed highest by its power, have been most noted for the exactness of their observations and the intensity, or else the constancy of their application; and that all great or inspired works have cost their authors an amount of spiritual devotedness corresponding to the amount of spiritual aid or influence they have received. For proof of this, see the works and life-history of Michael Angelo, Tasso, Milton, Burns, and every other inspired worker whose life-history is known.

It will be said by some, who fancy themselves matter-of-fact men—men whose aspirations, like squab-vines, run along the ground; and cause them to forget or deny the existence of heaven and heavenly things—that Inspiration, as I define it, is all

mere passion, or something worse; and that its chief possessors and vicars are a set of ignominious, whom men of sense do well to avoid. Inspiration, I admit, is a curse and a snare to those who take it for more than it is; just as religion is a curse and a snare to those who worship a false God. But in the case of those who adopt any man's inspirations as infallible, or who use the word-embalmed visions of priestly mummies as a substitute for living eyes. It is the office of Inspiration to flash out and bid great ideas, which Reason and Experience must analyze and demonstrate. Even the greatest prophets give but glimpses of the truth, and are differently understood by different minds, until fulfillment makes all clear. The unfulfilled portion of Daniel's prophecy of the Course of Empire is still a mystery to our statement; we merely know that a system of absolute Justice is soon to prevail on earth, but we know not how. His prophecy is merely an anchor to sustain our hopes, not a guide to direct our action. Inspiration can only speak to the yearning soul; can only reach those who meet it half way; can lift no heart that will not lift its eyes.

It is irrational to assume, that because the insight which Inspiration induces is imperfect, the things felt and seen are therefore unreal. Inspiration always brings us nearer to the truth of things, though it may always come short of its aim. The man who, in passing through a grove or in looking at a waterfall, sees only a certain amount of fire-wood in the one and of mechanical power in the other, is wider from the actual condition of things than is the poet who embodies a spirit of life in every tree, and who hears utterances of the wisdom and glory of God in the roar of the torrent. Inspiration is a success, and, in one sense, a verily or truth of God, whenever it raises the soul, even for a moment, above the mire of selfishness, or imparts to it, though but in fancy, a single pulsation of spiritual life. Human fancies and sympathies are entities no less real than are the multiplication table and the axioms of Euclid; the poet who presents the one is no less a minister of Truth than the mathematician who presents the other; and the poet may often do the most good of the two; for a man may be a devoted arithmetician without ceasing to be unjust and cruel, while no one can truly read or imbibe the spirit of *The Cotter's Saturday Night*, without having an increased regard for the right, and a livelier sympathy for mankind at large, all the days of his life.

Not only is Inspiration a faculty whose germ, at least, is implanted in all men, but it is a blessing which all must accept and acknowledge, a light which all must open their eyes to, under penalties whose justice none can gainsay or elude. Every man must either open his soul to the influences of the true and noble, or surrender it to the tyranny of the false and base. To reject the inspirations of the former, is to invite the obsession of the latter, and become the slave of Impudence or of Fashion. He who refuses to elevate his aspirations to the moral plane, and to enter into its freedom, must inevitably be borne onward and downward by the eddies of custom or the slave-compelling winds of Popular Opinion. To resist the inspirations of one's genuine superiors, is to resist the order of Nature, and so sacrifice one's natural freedom. Thus genuine Inspiration is synonymous with heavenly spontaneity, the loss of which makes man a slave, as the loss of reason makes him a madman.

We should be careful not to confound Inspiration with the vehemence that is induced by one-sided contemplation, by bribed advocacy, or by the excitation of the passions. In proportion as Inspiration is pure, it partakes of the impartiality of sunshine and the calmness of God. The poorer it is, the freer from all tendency to awaken pride, or Pharisaism, or hatred, in any human being. (See the Sermon on the Mount. See, also, Shakespeare's *Mercutio*, Tam O'Shanter, and all the choicer productions of the choicer bards.) True Inspiration is always the offering of innocence to sympathy—is always born of loveliness and fitted to exalt and strengthen human love. As vision comes from the unforced opening of healthy eyes, so Inspiration comes from the mutual and spontaneous opening of truthful souls. It is co-extensive with the prevalence of true fellowship, vivifying infancy with its angel-visits, and carrying heaven on its wings, so far as it can gain admission, even to the bosom of repentant guilt.

Doubtless the simplest and most general form of Inspiration is that which each man derives from his special guardian spirit; a relationship of which Socrates was externally conscious, which the Catholic Church fully recognizes, which is confirmed by modern clairvoyants, (see Dr. Werner's "Guardian Spirits,") and which every one can either strengthen or weaken by leading a good or an evil life. This seemingly constant relationship does not, in my opinion, prevent any of a man's spirit-relatives and well-wishers from imparting occasional breathings of life and love, according to circumstances, opportunities and needs. And when a man becomes strongly devoted to any noble purpose, or work of use to a whole nation or to mankind, (as was the case with Joan of Arc, with Washington, with Bonaparte, &c.) then I suppose he may receive aids, impressions and inspirations from a national or patriotic circle of spirits, or from a multitude of spiritual co-workers. This view is strongly forced upon my mind by a singular personal experience, extending more than thirty years backward, which I deem my interest and my duty to make public.

In 1829, having resigned the management of a country newspaper for the less engrossing tasks of journey-work, I was led to devote my thoughts for a long period to the cause and cure of Artificial Poverty. After many months' study, (which I never allowed to interfere with my bodily labor) I attempted to reduce my thoughts to writing. While thus engaged, late at night and alone, just as I had penned a great general truth, my mind suddenly received an influx of most pleasurable forces or emotions, which seemed to instantaneously double its ordinary vigor and volume, but without confusing it in the least; for I was cool enough to notice and remember that the thrill extended to the nerves under my toenails. The exalted state of life and thought which thus commenced, continued without much abatement for weeks, but never interfered with my strong habits of industry. I leisurely finished my essay, and sent it to a newspaper. The editor printed it, not only in the usual way, but in a pamphlet form; and it was widely circulated. The doctrines which it broached were as revolutionary as Truth itself; yet I heard of no attempt to refute them by argument. Meanwhile, I quietly minded my own business, worked hard, saved my wages, and wrangled no man.

I have since had some other of these "Spiritual Torrents," as they are called by Madame Guyon;

though mingled, perhaps, to the peculiar stoniness of my nature, excited curiosity and joy, rather than religious enthusiasm. I was thus led to add the study of Psycho-Dynamics to that of Political Economy; both which sciences I studied, and tried to reduce to first principles, not by reading books, but by cautious personal observation and laborious thought.

The last three years have been to me a season of enforced idleness, of depressing influences from the political and financial world, and of exalting influences from the higher powers. I have employed it in reviewing my previous reasonings and studies, and in preparing a summary thereof for the press, under the title of "The Honest Man's Book of Finance and Politics," which, with very limited facilities for publishing, I have just published. Its excellences, in my opinion, are mainly the result of the spiritual influences above adverted to, or of normal (not theological) inspiration. I think that many spirits who take an interest in the same truths that I do, and who desire their diffusion among men, have helped me to see such truths by "spiritual impression," while I have helped them to put the same on paper. Such is the testimony of my own consciousness, and it has been repeatedly confirmed by the more doubtful testimony of unseemly minds speaking through rapping and writing mediums. Once, while conversing with a spirit through the medium Redman, I chanced to remember a singular vivification of my musical powers, and an irrepressible fondness for certain songs of Burns, which accompanied one of my "Spiritual Torrents," and wrote in pencil, "Was I ever visited by R. B.?" Answer.—"Yes, he calls you his 'sma' sel.'" Through another medium, I once asked, in writing, "If I had received a certain idea by impression from the *Corporal*?" And my response was signed with the name of "Napoleon." I give these little incidents from a double motive; they serve to corroborate my theory, and I hope they may impress the reader with a proper idea of my consequence.

I abstain from any further statement of my spiritual experiences, partly on account of the difficulty of describing them in words; partly because they ought to be made to my intimates, rather than to strangers, who know not how much weight should be given to my testimony; and, also, because they would be incredible or unintelligible to persons who have not known similar experiences, and superfluous to persons who have. Suffice it to say, the result has been to make me feel that Inspiration is as orderly a part of the system of Nature as is Respiration, and to make spirit as real and familiar a thing as air. As we get our first ideas of Gravitation from exceptional manifestations of that power—from the occasional falling of petty objects to the earth, while the constant gravitation of all things ponderable escapes unnoticed—so our first ideas of Inspiration are mainly derived from abnormal, instead of normal manifestations. But, to exclude the idea of Inspiration from the soul's free movements, and confine it to cases of trance, abnormal possession or mediumship, is like restricting our idea of a horseman's traveling, to those rare occasions when his beast becomes unmanageable and runs away with its rider. The soul of man inspires spirit, or meaning, continually, and from objects of every kind; its power of inspiration increasing, with the amount of wisdom that it has acquired. The fly can crawl over the pages of Homer without catching any of the inspiration of Homer; the child of prejudice can dwell in the universe of God without inspiring much of its author's wisdom; while the wise one of heaven can, no doubt, breathe in more soul and thought from Homer's *Odyssey*, than Homer had himself.

Our inspiration may always be more or less quickened, or opened, by simply opening the spirit's lungs in prayer, provided that it be done in love and modesty, with a desire that superior spirits should truly guide, or help us, and not a desire to sway, or govern God.

The most effectual kind of prayer is *work*; work being an application of the doer's own powers, and of the relevant powers of Nature to the accomplishment of the good desired, and thus a *practical*, though too often inconsiderate invocation of the Author of those powers.

It seems natural for the heart to invoke the Great Spirit—the Infinite—the Power of Powers—through such prayers, no doubt, are only answered through the agency of spirits who are subordinate to, and in harmony with, the Great Spirit.

In proportion as a man prays persistently with heart and hand, he seems to influence the world around him with his magnetism, and to stamp something of his own nature, or character, upon everything he possesses, including not only his family, but his domestic animals, and even upon his household goods and his fields.

Every Inspiration is followed by some form of Expiration, or Expiration, or the efflux of spiritual power, is very apt to produce, in weak and selfish mortals, an inflation of their self-conceit. This latter tendency grows less, however, in proportion as the soul's goodness and power increase.

We should beware of assuming that any man's Inspirations, however high their source may be, are infallible. Reason, equally with Inspiration, is from God; yet we do not therefore assume infallibility for our reasonings. Perhaps the least fallible inspirations on earth are those few simple ones which animals receive for their direction; brutes seldom allowing their instincts to inflame their spiritual pride, or self-conceit, or to intoxicate them in any way.

Although the term Inspiration may be applied in a general sense to all kinds of spiritual interchange, or commerce, including even the transmission of ideas by arbitrary signs, or language, it belongs more strictly to the highest kind of spiritual communion and transmission, which results, it seems to me, from a direct interblending of harmonious spirits, or at least from a common pervasion of two or more spirits by the same noble love, and a common devotion of their life and strength to the accomplishment of the same noble use, or good work. This I take to be the secret or rationale of that *spiritus divinus* which always prevails among co-workers, causing clearness among the base, and heavenly union among the noble. I suppose that Inspiration is but a manifestation of the principle of interpenetration or conception on the spiritual plane; as a single male fish can fecundate thousands of eggs at once, and, as the pollen of a single tree may be borne abroad on the wings of the wind and impregnate millions of germs, so may the powers of a great staminate soul inspire positive multitudes; while a vital intercourse still deeper and more sacred takes place between a mutually adapted human pair,

when they form themselves into a single life-circle, and enter into a common indivisible life.

While the force-rays and light rays which emanate from physical forms grow more diffused at every move, their intensity diminishing according to the square of the distance which they have traveled, the forces of the soul can bound over the obstacles of time and space, and know no loss, except from causes purely spiritual or mortal.

These general views of inspiration are offered partly on account of their intrinsic value, and partly to explain and establish the actual character of the little book above referred to. They will be useful as hints even to those who may deem them worthless as demonstrations.

These general views of inspiration are offered partly on account of their intrinsic value, and partly to explain and establish the actual character of the little book above referred to. They will be useful as hints even to those who may deem them worthless as demonstrations.

Were the powers of government confined exclusively upon the wise and honest instead of the narrow-minded and knavish; were wealth attainable by the practice of virtuous industry, and the weak and young relieved from the intoxicating, sensualizing influences of unearned riches; were "capital" or the means of industry placed within ready reach of every man, so that all healthy persons could prudently marry on reaching the marriageable age, and so enter upon the elevating responsibilities of manhood, as they attained to its holiest powers; were it by the adoption of these simple reforms, rendered "the fashion" for all to lead a just and natural, instead of a dishonest and disorderly life, then would men's moral nature speedily begin to rise heavenward; the unitary life of the human family, like a fire, would warm and vivify each of its members; and we should feel the virtues and joys of the heavenly hosts in our souls, as plainly as our bodies feel the rays of the more distant and less glorious sun.

New York, June, 1862.

THE MOSQUITO.

Divines tell us a great deal about design in Creation; but lately, I have discovered a theme on which several of them might write themselves into immortality. It is on the mosquito question. Now that mosquitos have come, now that all over country and city they are the pest of existence, in many places intolerable, we cannot but thank the beneficence of Deity that he did not make them bigger, nor more numerous, nor all the year round.

Many a weary mother, tired out by the incessant complainings of baby, bit by these piping rascals, utters this prayer, and the red-blotched youngling would do so, could it command the necessary words.

To walk in the woods is impossible now. They are beautiful, grandly arched, those old cathedral trees; but would you think it, they team with myriads of creatures more blood-thirsty, fearless and courageous, than the lion, or tiger. No poetizing there. As suds take starch out of linen, so a mosquito-bite takes the poetry out of a poet.

The world has had many martyrs, who smiled at all the pain their infernal tormentors could inflict, simply because no one ever thought of applying mosquitos. Had they done so, the smiling Gaius-martius would be few.

But a truce to this profane. Should I attempt to tell of the manna, the unrelenting vindictiveness, the cold-blooded heartlessness of this life-annihilating insect, I might exhaust all languages of their epithets, and then fall short.

What cares he if one is tired or sleepy? Not a bit, but settles down—you can scarce feel his delicate touch. He has floated round your room, singing like a seraph; he is silent, now; he is at his feast of blood.

If you will go down into the swamp, and carefully examine the surface of the water, you will discover occasionally a boat-shaped mass floating on the water. Look at this closely, and you will find it composed of parallel arranged little columns. These are mosquito eggs. There are enough to hatch two or three hundred insects. They burst the shell in a day or two, and appear as "wigglers." Quite curious creatures these, with heads always "perpendicular upwards," and a bristle for a tail. They cast their skin several times as they increase in size, and after three or four moultings, assume the form and manners of shrimps. At last they burst their last shell, and arise—the miserable little fiends—whose sole aim of life is to torment larger and more important beings. All these processes are very beautiful, and seem to exhaust mechanical skill and contrivance.

The instrument by which it inflicts its tortures is the most delicate and finely finished imaginable. Small as this instrument is, as much less than a cambric needle than the latter is less than a sword. It is composed of five separate lancets, enclosed in a case, which guides and steadys them as they are alternately thrust into the flesh. Their bite would be nothing, were it not for the poison it introduces. It seems our blood is too thick to ascend its delicate proboscis, and has to be thinned with a poison.

The fecundity of the mosquito is astonishing. From five to seven generations during a summer, and every generation can be safely estimated at three hundred. The third generation would count over twenty-seven millions.

THE DEVELOPMENT THEORY.

BY M. A. MOLEBROEK.

According to the development theory, man is compounded of all the principles in Nature. The mineral, the vegetable and animal kingdoms have yielded up their elements in their most sublimated and refined forms upon the consecrated altar of humanity.

The earth, the air and the ocean, the mountains, the forests and the deserts, organized life from the animalcule to the monarch of the wood, all have wafted up their stores, and are contributors to the grand temple and its interior essences and adornments, which render the whole a miniature universe.

Man is a combination of principles and laws; hence his complete individualization is effected only through a harmony of these laws. He must analyze, comprehend, and understand these principles, and not only so, but act in harmony therewith, before he can stand out in the universe as a distinguished portion thereof, or an individualized and harmonious being. All the kingdoms of Nature from which he derives his entity are but the combinations of laws and principles, which act upon each other in perfect harmony, resulting in a complete individualization.

In every department of the universe there is complete order and undeviating rule, and everything, from the highest to the lowest, is in harmony with the laws that govern within, and that appertain to the universe without. There is no following after arbitrary standards to make up for defects, no attempting to improve upon Nature's rule for the production of higher ends than she herself contemplates.

The laws of attraction and repulsion, whether mechanical or chemical, are absolute and unyielding. Some ingredients will affiliate with each other when they come in contact; others will repel. No arbitrary law, all things being equal, can prevent the mingling of two drops of water, nor compel the mingling of water and oil. The acid and alkali will neutralize each other; and the base and the antidote exist side by side throughout all Nature, in perfect equipoise.

The question now arises, Are these any less absolute in their ultimates, when combined in the kingdom of humanity? Are the elements of which man is compounded governed any the less by immutable laws, than when in their more crude forms they existed in the kingdoms below him? If we are made up of the refined elements of Nature, do not the laws of our being correspond to the laws of Nature? Are not the principles of attraction and repulsion, of combination and decomposition, as essential to our well being, as the laws that governed these elements previous to their culmination in man?

And is not that the highest wisdom which seeks to understand these laws, whether or not they be in accordance with human enactments, or established conventionalities? If man was but a perversion of all Nature, and totally depraved, as the creed presents him, then the enactments of the children of grace should be his only guide. But if he is an ultimate of all in Nature, which God pronounced good, then the laws of Nature alone must have their supreme demands.

A wide field is here opened, in which the philosopher might present numerous specifications of correspondence between the different laws in Nature, and their counterpart in man. As regards his physical system, the laws of matter govern the same as in other departments. Organization and decomposition are the same—the circulating system is the same as that of the vegetable; and each faculty of his being has its correspondence in the animal, the vegetable, and the mineral kingdoms.

Say what we will of loyalty to law and the necessity of preserving the good opinion of the Grand family, the yielding to the true demands of nature is the only means of growth. Light and heat are essential to the development of the plant, and no arbitrary substitution can supply their place. Light and heat correspond to the wisdom and love in the human. In order, then, to a development and growth in true life, the garden of the soul must be laid bare to the full blaze of the unobscured sun. Both the affectional and intellectual nature must receive their true sustenance.

Every effort to cheat and crush out their demands, or to divert them from their proper course into unnatural channels, can but stultify, blind and contract the soul. The house plant has a sickly look in proportion as the necessary light and heat are excluded. Immure it in a dark, cold cellar, add it little water, and dies after sending out a few feeble; but let a ray of light penetrate through a crevice in the wall, and it instinctively turns its drooping head in that direction; attracted by the heavenly light, it feels its way along the cold, damp passage, and will die in the attempt to gain its native sunlight. Man's intellect seeks for light from the immeasurable fountain of Wisdom; his affections, the warmth and heat of his being, feel at times no bounds but the infinite love; and yet how many true and noble souls are enveloped in a dungeon of night, and struggling beneath the pall of darkness, hemmed in by walls that arbitrary hands have reared, to shut out the sunlight, only to dream of the outside world of love and light, to pine and perish in vain struggles after one ray of light through the walls which the hands of their fellow-creatures have reared about them.

If this were the end of life, well might humanity despair, for, in fact, the remedy of the evil would not be worth the trouble, but when we reflect that we are immortal, and that we can only find satisfaction and happiness through an adjustment of ourselves to the unbending laws of the soul's wants and needs, how can we dare, as true men and women, to resist the demands of a true life by crushing back the uprising of the soul's purest and highest affection, and enter another state of being dwarfed and stunted to a degree that will render painful even the collecting of our individuality?

These are days of progress, and we are placed here to develop physically and spiritually by a harmonization with God, and thereby be prepared for the next degree of life that awaits us. "Happy is the man who is capable of choosing wisely this day whom he will serve."

Watertown, Jefferson County, N. Y.

DOES SCIENCE FAVOR THE IDEA OF A LOCAL SPIRIT-WORLD?

BY WILLIAM F. SHATTUCK, M. D.

The excellent article in the BANNER of July 12th, by Hudson Tuttle, respecting the magnitude of the Universe, afforded me much pleasure in its perusal. They are scientific truths with which I am familiar, exceedingly well expressed. The article which followed, upon Light and Substance, by David Trowbridge, was a report of scientific facts and hypotheses which must be appreciated by every thinking mind. These sprinklings of scientific gems must help give your readers a better conception of the greatness and goodness, the power and the wisdom of the controlling influence which governs the universe, and aid very much in inaugurating a better system of theology.

The article by Mr. Tuttle called to my mind some curious astronomical conclusions, as presented by Prof. Nicol, in a lecture which he delivered in Manchester, England, a few years ago. He spoke with great confidence in support of the theory that this earth has rings, similar to those of Saturn. His views on this and kindred subjects were very interesting. He said, "what had hitherto been called the zodiacal light was only visible here in the form of a cone, but an American astronomer, who had gone to Japan and other favorable points to investigate the subject, found the cone opened out and extended across the heavens from horizon to horizon, and that he had, by observation during the night, seen about three-fourths of the circle. This American found that he had been only looking at the ring as we might do at a hoop held edgewise, thus making it assume a conical form. The theory previously held, that the zodiacal light proceeded from a nebulous ring around the sun, was thought to be premature, and that the appearance came from a great nebulous ring surrounding the earth. He explained, by means of a diagram, that we should see the rays from this ring reflected more strongly from our horizon than at its points higher up in the heavens. No ring around the sun could explain this appearance, but one around the earth would entirely. They were forced to the conclusion, also, that it was not one ring only, but several, perhaps. Its distance was about one hundred thousand miles; its breadth fifty-two thousand miles; its depth was not yet known; the mass of matter in it must be enormous, and, no doubt, it was fulfilling some important function in regard to the earth and solar system."

Prof. Nicol also stated that there was "a faint, silvery colored ring seen within the others, and this appeared to be gradually approaching the planet. It had approached at the rate of fifty miles a year; laterally at about eighty miles a year; and if it increased to one hundred miles a year, it would reach the planet itself in about one hundred and eighty years."

These conclusions of Prof. Nicol present to the mind a number of queries. If man has an immortal, primordial substance, which exists as an entity after the decomposition of the physical body, must that entity exist as something, and consequently occupy space, have a locality, and, as a necessity, have surroundings? Now, then, where is the location, and what the surroundings of the spirit—entity—home?

It is a well established scientific truth, that there goes forth from all substances an emanation which always partakes of the nature and character of the modification of matter from which it passes, and which constitutes about the matter an atmosphere which is individualized as well as the substance. May it not follow that there is continually emanating from this planet a subtle essence—spirit principle—which partakes of the characteristics of the various modifications of matter which make up the planet? Are these concentric rings, which Prof. Nicol treats upon as accompanying our planet as it rolls through space, the atmospheric emanations? And again, are these "several rings" the different spheres in man's supernal home? And, finally, if the "silvery colored ring" does reach to the planet in one hundred and eighty years, will spirit presence and communications be as common and real to the physical senses as eating dinner? If so, then "roll swift around the wheels of time, and bring the welcome day" when both spheres of existence shall blend.

I present these queries for the consideration of Spiritualists, being well aware there are thousands of facts in science which substantiate their philosophically religious views.

Watertown, N. Y., Water Cure.

ANSWER THEM.—Bide patiently the endless questions of your children. Do not roughly crush the rising spirit of free inquiry with an impatient word or frown; nor attempt, on the contrary, a long in-discriminate reply to every casual question. Seek rather to deepen their curiosity. Oversee, if possible, the careless question into a profound and earnest inquiry. Let your reply send the little questioner forth, not so much proud of what he has learned, as anxious to know more. Happy, then, if in giving your child the molecule of truth, he asks for you, can you not reply, with a glimpse of the mountain of truth lying beyond; so will thou send forth a philosopher; and not a silly pedant into the world.

Correspondence.

Mr. Fay, the Medium. I am about to give you, Mr. Editor, a communication, which I very much regret the necessity of doing, but I feel that it is my duty to the public, and to the cause of truth and justice to do it. I have been an anxious investigator and inquirer into spiritual things for several years, but by some fatality or other, I never could get any evidence sufficient to satisfy any real investigating mind. Many of my friends, who are professed Spiritualists, say it is impossible to convince me. But this is not so. I am anxious to be convinced, and the only fear I have is, that I shall be convinced of the utter falsity and delusion of all physical manifestations by spirits, and even this would not give me the pain and regret which I now feel, if I were convinced that the mediums were only deluded, and were not impostors. I visited Mr. Mansfield several times when he was here, and Mr. Foster once; but my eye was the same—not a word, not an action that any vulgar fortune-teller could do or tell, could I get from either of them. And as to Mr. Foster, I have a very unfavorable opinion of him morally. But to what I have to say now.

For the last three or four weeks there has been a certain Mr. Fay in our city, giving manifestations which were pronounced wonderful. Of course, I naturally wished to see them, and being invited by two different parties to attend his circles at their private residences, I of course accepted them. Of the first one I have not much to say. It was at a very large house on Arch street, and there was a very large audience present—some fifty or sixty persons—the most of them strangers to me, and under the circumstances I could make no personal investigation; but from the mode of operation and the manifestations produced, there was anything but a favorable impression left on my mind. I observed, also, that whenever a suggestion was made that would really have tested whether there was any truth in them or not, the friends of the medium would laugh it down and suppress it at once. There was nothing done which could not very readily have been done without the aid of spirits. How the medium tied himself, and how he untied himself, I do not know; but I know that he could easily have had an assistant without the audience being able to detect it. However, I am willing to admit that I do not know how it was done; but when it came to the performance which he called holding him, and one of the parties holding him being struck upon the head with a gular, I do know how that was done, and it is of that which I wish to speak particularly about. I did not discover this trick—for trick it is—at this circle, but I very strongly suspected it. But last Friday evening, (February 20th.) I was at the house of a friend who had engaged Mr. Fay to come there to give his wonderful manifestations. The circle consisted of twelve persons besides the proprietor of the house. He and another were chosen the committee to conduct the operations of the evening—chosen by the medium himself. The same programme precisely as the previous evening was observed by the spirits; every spark of light was extinguished, not even the light from the entry through the key-hole was allowed. The first thing—that of the spirits tying the medium—was done in the darkness; lights struck; committee examined—all right. Lights extinguished, immediately musical instruments were thumbed, table upset, and instruments scattered over the floor; lights struck again, medium in his place, still tied—all right. Committee then untied him; knots in rope all legitimate knots, except one at the wrists, which was only a twist; one wrist had a knot in it, the other had not.

The committee then tied the medium, put out the light. After a very long time the spirits called for the light, audibly—sounded very like the cracked voice of "Meg Merrilies." Medium had one hand loose, the other still tied. Medium said they did not always untie both; however, the committee said they would tie him again, and did so very thoroughly. Lights extinguished; spirits worked a long time. Called for light; medium still tied. Medium said spirits would not do it—it was more than they engaged to do—committee ought never to tie the medium but once. Committee untied medium. Then medium said four persons might hold him, and see what would be done, but they must only hold him two at a time, a lady and gentleman, same as at the previous circle. The mode was as follows: the lady at one end, the medium at the other, and the gentleman between them; the gentleman must then put one hand on the medium's head and the other on the lady's head; the medium and the lady would then clasp both their hands round the arm of the gentleman, which was on their head, and put their feet on each other; this completed the circle. Then the lights were put out, and in a short time the gentleman in the middle was struck upon the head with the gular. This was seemingly a very fair operation, and the gentleman got up, under the belief that it was by spirit-power that he was struck.

My friend, the proprietor of the house, then said he should like to have that test, and sat down to the table with a lady and the medium. The lights were put out, and in a minute or so we heard the gular tapping him on the head, but immediately we heard a jerk and an unusual sound, and the gentleman calling for a light, which, upon being produced, disclosed the fact that the medium had rated the gular himself, and that the gentleman had caught him by the wrist and was holding him, and the gular was lying across their arms.

Of course this broke up the circle. The medium said it was not fair, and got ready and started off very soon. My friend then explained how the thing was done: You are required to bear very hard upon the medium's head with your hand; he clasps your arm with both his hands, and bears down with such weight that in a minute or so it paralyzes your arm, so that he can remove one of his hands without your perceiving it. We all tried it after he was gone, and found it so.

Now, Mr. Editor, here was a whole circle of people entirely discouraged in their investigations by an impostor who is going about the country humbugging people wherever he can, at five dollars a night. These people were all honest, candid, earnest seekers after truth, and this man had been engaged in order to satisfy them of the truth of spirit-presence and spirit-power. There was not a person there who would not have gladly embraced the truths of Spiritualism, if there had been any there. One such fellow as that can do more harm to a cause than any honest people can do good. For myself, I am most despondent of Spiritualism.

Respectfully yours, J. HOSKINS. Philadelphia, February 27, 1862.

"The Church and Spiritualism."

In the article bearing this caption, Emma Hardinge has said many good things for the cause of Spiritualism. In fact, I know of no one doing as much for the cause (except A. J. Davis,) or deserving as many thanks, and a more bountiful remuneration for her labors than she.

To write the good things which she has said, is to write her own praise on the broad scroll of heaven. Such a woman deserves to have a wreath of immortal benefits bound around her brow, as an ever living testimony of noble womanhood.

Notwithstanding the sneers of bigots, and the prejudice of misdirected minds, she is the essential missionary preaching Spiritualism in America, untiring, full of hope and compassion, with high aspirations, and bearing the olive branch of peace and good will to men. She goes from city to city, and from state to state—through cold and heat, a lonely woman—the missionary of the age, and the ambassador of spirits. Emma, verily you will have your reward.

I approve most heartily of all she has said, both in its local and general application. There should go up a plea for the mediums that are continually heralding the new gospel from one end of the country to the other. Look for one moment at the spectacle presented you. See young, innocent, unassuming and intelligent girls, married women, and men, lecturing all over the country for the common cause of the race, apparently without homes, friends or money, yet continually pleading, through disappointment, through hope, through sickness, through poverty, through life and to death, for the application of those golden truths handed down by angel hands to guide the erring children of earth.

As he, is it not too hard that humanity has such a poor programme—that the laborer do not eat the fruit of their own hands—or why do not the mediums receive ample compensation for their toil? A plea in their behalf cannot be too strong. She has incidentally said the best thing of Davis's philosophy that I have ever seen in print, and it is all true. I believe it can be truthfully said, that there lives a man at this time—and it is lawful to call him a man—whose name is Andrew Jackson Davis, who is promulgating the most wonderful system of philosophy that the world ever saw; a system that shines far in advance of all preceding philosophies—like the magnificent crystal palace of the nineteenth century, embodying a more wonderful development of mechanical skill than all the temples and pyramids of antiquity.

I have examined with some care the little Sunday School Book, No. 1, and find it well arranged and neatly got up. It certainly is in advance of the old schools, and will no doubt meet with success.

Spiritualists have everything to encourage them to go on hopefully in the good work, yet there is no excellence without great labor; the hope of the race is only found in truthful living, and while all would aspire to be great, none should forget that to be true heroes and benefactors, is to act well their part, in whatever sphere they are. L. U. REAVIS. Dearbourn, Ill.

To E. F. Ambler:

DEAR BROTHER—I was much surprised on reading a paragraph in the BANNER, some time since, stating that you had turned again to your once discarded doctrine of Universalism; that you had suddenly turned your back upon the now great army of reformers, in whose ranks you have for the last ten years done such noble service, and with such apparent sincerity; and not only that, but you pronounce upon the principles that you so lately and ardently advocated, as a gigantic evil. Now I write you this, brother, because I think it your duty to enlighten the public a little on this point. The position you have occupied for the last ten years has had a powerful influence upon the minds of thousands; you have had the confidence of all, and none doubted your sincerity.

Now, brother, is it not our right to ask when it was, and how, you discovered that you were teaching this gigantic evil? I have by me many of your writings and lectures. I also have a little volume called "The Spiritual Teacher," purporting to have been dictated by "spirits of the sixth circle," using you as their medium of communication. Moreover, these same spirits claimed to have exercised their guardianship over you from your infancy up to the time of writing the above named book.

Now, brother, how is this? Are all those writings and lectures evil? Are the principles taught in the volume evil? This volume is attested to by a number of witnesses, of which your own wife was one. Were the witnesses deceived? Were you deceived? Do you now denounce the teachings of this book? Do you believe that our departed friends come back to us at any time, or under any circumstances? Do you mean that it is a "gigantic evil" to all who believe in Spiritualism, or only to yourself? Dear brother, the truth will do us good at all times.

You once professed to be a clairvoyant. I read with pleasure your descriptions of much of the phenomena of Nature while in that state. Was it true, or was it false? Are you still a clairvoyant, or do you think there is no such faculty in humanity? Or is it evil? It is not with the spirit of cavil or condemnation I ask these questions, but a sincere desire to know the truth, satisfied that, as you have unwittingly labored so long in the cause of evil, you will do something to give us a little light on your experience, and tell us why Universalism is now right and Spiritualism wrong. Most fraternally yours, ISAAC ALLEN. Lockport, 1862.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—Let then the aged woman be no longer the object of contempt. She is helpful as a child, but as a child she may be leaving the last lesson from her Heavenly Father. Her feeble feet are trembling on the brink of the grave; but her hopes may be firmly planted on the better shore, which lies beyond. Her eyes are dim with suffering and tears; but her spiritual vision may be contemplating the gradual unfolding of the gates of eternal rest. Beauty has faded from her form; but angels in the world of light may be weaving a wreath of glory for her brow. Her lip is silent, but may be only waiting to pour forth celestial strains of gratitude and praise. Lonely and fallen and sad, she sits among the living; but exalted, purified, and happy, she may arise from the dead. Then run if thou wilt from the aged woman in her loneliness, but remember she is not forsaken of her God!

THE YEARS.—They do not go from us, but we go from them, stepping from the old into the new, and always leaving behind us some baggage no longer serviceable to the march. Some keep our childhood, some our youth, and all have something of ours which they will give up for neither the nor prayer—the opinions cast away, the hopes that have not been of us further, the cares that have had successors, and the follies outgrown to be reviewed by memory, and called up for evidence some day.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1862. OFFICE, 158 WASHINGTON STREET. ROOM NO. 3, UP STAIRS. WILLIAM WHITE, ISAAC B. RICH, LUTHER COLBY, CHARLES H. CROWELL, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

Take Particular Notice.

Whenever the numbers on your wrapper correspond with the numbers at the head of the paper itself, then know that the term of your subscription has expired, and be ready at once to renew.

The Work for Spiritualists.

It is no more play that now presents itself to the attention of all Spiritual-minded men. The times are changing very fast—are so changed already as to challenge the guesses of the coolest and shrewdest to say where they really are.

An Article to be Read.

We beg all our readers to turn to the calm, candid, and comprehensive statement made in an article we have extracted into the present number from the Monthly Religious Magazine, an Unitarian publication of this city.

The Popular Feeling.

It is astonishing by what frail threads popular opinion hangs. People are not overmuch inclined to make up minds for themselves, but either trust their feelings blindly or follow somebody who has more than the common share of emphasis or independence.

Silver Change.

The most intense local excitement appears to exist on the subject of making silver change. Where it is gone, and what it is gone for, and who is going to have the use and benefit of it after it gets there—are all inquiries a good deal easier to put than answer.

Particular Notice.

Some of our subscribers still persist in renewing their subscriptions at club rates, the papers to be sent in single seals to different post-offices. If they will read our advertised rates, they will see that we state explicitly that we shall charge two dollars per year for single seals.

Massachusetts Commanders.

We have just received from the publisher, B. B. Russell, 515 Washington street, an elegant lithograph of the Massachusetts Commanders, grouped together in a skillful manner—twenty-eight in number—all mounted. The likenesses of each are remarkably correct.

A Sunday School at Lyceum Church.

The subject of a Sunday School, for the benefit of the children of Spiritualists, will be considered at Lyceum Hall, next Sunday, in the afternoon.

President Lincoln, before the final adjournment of Congress, had an interview with the Border States representatives on the subject of compensated emancipation in their several States, with the special view of getting the expression of their sentiments on a topic in which he has himself betrayed so deep an interest.

Men and brethren! whatever your hands may find to do in the new order of time, do it with all your might; but never with vanity in the heart, or for ambition. Selfish ends only interfere with divine ordinances, so far as the individual cherishing them is concerned.

A True View.

Rev. Mr. Bartol, of the West Church, of Boston, has recently delivered a discourse, in which occur many striking and enlarged thoughts on the subject of this melancholy war. He views it philosophically, and from a spiritual standpoint.

Out in the Ocean.

A trip to the Isles of Shoals, in pleasant weather, is one of the most delightful excursions a pleasure-seeker could make at this season of the year.

Announcements.

The Spiritualists, during the vacation of their regular services, continue to hold Conference meetings every Sunday afternoon at the usual hour, in Lyceum Hall.

A Still Harbor.

Boston harbor is not exactly deserted of sailing craft, but in a passage around its numerous green islands one misses the brisk little steamers, such as the Nantasket, the Nelly Baker, and others, which used to ply so many times a day, for the comfort and delight of our citizens, between Boston and its coastwise outskirt.

A Worthy Plan.

The recent demise of Mr. H. W. Fenno, the popular treasurer of the Boston Theatre, and long known to all old theatre-goers in Boston as a genial man, has very properly suggested to the minds of the various members of theatrical corps at present in the city the plan of proposing to the public a benefit for his family.

Horse-Running.

We had four days of real horse races, near Boston, last week; and everybody went, and his wife and daughter. These races were between Kentucky blood horses chiefly, which were brought here by parties interested in making good sport for the lookers-on.

The War Meetings.

On the Common recently have served to stir up anew military ardor among our citizens, and enlistments are going on steadily. This is as it should be. Let there be no desponding voice at this time.

Spirit Portraits.

EDITOR BANNER OF LIGHT: My Dear Brother—In answer to inquiries of many of your readers who anxiously await the moving of the spirit, hoping thereby to obtain some glimmering outline of a near and dear loved angel, one who has long roamed the Summer Land of Souls, please bid them wait a little season, until my surroundings will harmonize with those fine conditions requisite for taking portraits by letter, when they will be served with the whole heart and soul of yours most sincerely, W. P. ANIMASON, Providence, R. I.

During my illness the past winter in Oswego, N. Y., the home of the friends where I was entertained was upon the banks of Lake Ontario, only the street intervening between their residence and the waters, and I used to lie and listen to the rushing of the waves, until their wild unrest seemed almost a part of my own.

One night, when much worse than usual, although I was watched with the kindest care and affection, and although I was perfectly conscious of the presence of my friends, and of being in my room surrounded by every comfort, yet this fancy kept wandering through my tortured brain, and at last became almost a reality.

As I Lay Dying.

O, that hour of darkest midnight, When the fever burned my brain, And its fiery, maddening lava, Leaped and throbbled through every vein.

As I Lay Dying.

As they beat, beat, beat upon the shore, Sobbing, sighing, wailing, "Nevermore." O, that hour of midnight blackness, When all hope seemed ever fled.

As I Lay Dying.

Still I thought I lay in darkness, On the cold and silent sod, With the wild winds howling round me, All alone—not even God.

As I Lay Dying.

Was I mad? 'T was but a vision Of the dark and rayless night; But I thought, I'm often thinking When I sit in morning light.

As I Lay Dying.

So I say, roll on thou surges, I can bear thy eerie tone, For I feel no more deserted, Nevermore alone, alone; For I know that God has claimed me, Claimed me ever as His own.

At the private house of a gentleman of this city, on Thursday evening, July 24th, the unaccountable and peculiar manifestations of this medium were produced in the presence of about a dozen persons.

The room was made dark, and in about five minutes the hands of the medium were tightly held upon his knees, the rope—about the size of a clothes line—being also drawn tightly around his wrists, and confined there with three or four hard knots; then fastened lightly around his knees, separately, and together; confined again with hard knots, then around the rounds of the chair, being there made fast by several windings and hard knots, going around his wrists, knees, and chair rounds many times, making, in all, over a dozen hard knots.

As I Lay Dying.

The lights were again put out, and the medium again tied as before, only with more knots, and, if possible, more securely. The gas was re-lighted, and the tieing examined. A silk vest was called for. A gentleman present took off his vest and laid it on the table.

As I Lay Dying.

While the medium was being held by parties present, and the circle joining hands, the violin was taken by some invisible power and rapped a number of times upon the heads of different persons, and spirit-hands were distinctly felt by many.

As I Lay Dying.

The manifestations throughout the evening, only a few of which are here recorded, were unaccountable, and with all the effort made by the company to detect deception, there was no appearance of anything that could favor such a conclusion.

As I Lay Dying.

The medium is young, vigorous and intelligent, and gives, in our opinion, overwhelming evidence of being perfectly under the control of spirits. When asked why it was necessary to have darkness for these manifestations, he said: "Darkness renders material influence negative, while light has the opposite effect. The time will come when these things, and greater, shall be done in the light. These manifestations are produced through natural laws—laws that our present development do not yet understand. The occult laws of the spiritual heavens are hardly yet beginning to be unfolded to man's consciousness."

As I Lay Dying.

From Augusta, Me., July 17th, Mrs. EMMA A. KNIGHT, wife of W. Arnold Knight, aged 52. The departure of Mrs. Knight demands something more than a passing notice at our hands, since, while with us, she was the means of convincing hundreds of the truth of our glorious and inspiring faith, of raising the curtain that concealed from their minds a state of existence beyond the tomb, toward which they and theirs had gone and were going.

The beautiful service of the Episcopal Church was read over her grave, and the voice of singing was the final tribute of her friends to her memory.

The Cloud in Europe.

Garibaldi has been making an immense sensation. At Palermo he declared that "Napoleon, the autocrat, the powerful tyrant of France," was not the friend of a united Italy.

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To Bee Keepers.

Much time and money have been expended for many years to ascertain, by experiment, the best method of keeping bees...

The Bee Sprinkler is a device he has lately invented, which should be in use by every bee-keeper who allows natural swarming...



This process for living a swarm of bees from a tree, the operator standing upon the ground, without either cutting a limb or climbing the tree...

The FUMIGATION PIPE for bee-keepers, is an instrument Mr. Kidder has lately invented...



A swarm of bees can thus be thoroughly fumigated in less than ten seconds in any box or hive...

Grove Meeting of Spiritualists. There will be a Grand Mass Grove Meeting of Spiritualists, at Island Grove, Abington, on Tuesday, July 29th, 1862...

A special train of cars will leave the Old Colony Railroad Depot, Boston, for the Grove, at 8.45 and 11.30 A.M.

On the Fall River Road, from all the Stations between Fall River and Middleboro', the friends will be conveyed to and from the Grove at one half the usual fare...

The whole to be under the special direction of Dr. H. F. GARDNER. The right man in the right place—a husband and home in the evening.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

In another column will be found the advertisement of Mr. Fay, the medium for physical manifestations...

A London (Eng.) paper, opposed to Spiritualism, says: "In the days, statesmen, authors, journalists—men who claim to be the chief instructors of the people—and even clergymen, are among the disciples of the leading mediums."

Gunboats should be stationed in Boston harbor forthwith, of the most powerful armament, to operate speedily in case any emergency should arise...

The people of Jamaica are in a wretched state from the want of food, the failure of trade having led to this privation.

Gebelomo Garibaldi, a nephew of the liberator of Italy, arrived in this country a few days since...

The SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASS BOOK.—This little book is just what Spiritualists have needed. And every one should have it in his family...

The English Parliamentary Report on Drunkenness says:—There are upward of 600,000 drunkards in Great Britain, 60,000 of whom die every year.

"Captain Silk! What a name for a soldier!" "The finest name in the world for a captain," said a lady, "for silk will never be worried."

DANIEL WEBSTER ON THE INFLUENCE OF NEWSPAPERS.—Daniel Webster once remarked: "Small is the sum that is required to patronize a newspaper, and amply rewarded is its patron."

The President's Order, appointing Gen. Halleck as General-in-Chief of the whole land forces of the United States, is dated July 11th—the next day after his return from his visit to the army of the Potomac.

The rebels, when they evacuated Nashville, says Prentice, left a large quantity of grape-shot behind them. The Federal troops are anxiously waiting for a chance to return it to them.

The Anniversary of British West India Emancipation will be celebrated in the usual manner at Island Grove, Abington, on Friday, August 1st, in Mass Meeting, under the direction of the Managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society.

Man has no authority over posterity in matters of personal right. All hereditary government is, in its nature, tyranny.—Thomas Paine.

Maine seems to be alive for the good cause. A large number of towns have raised their quotas of volunteers.

Whatever in all God's Universe is needed to promote any individual or aggregate well-being, is ever developed at the moment it is demanded.—Hinc.

Ex-President Martin Van Buren died at Lindelwood, his residence, in Kinderhook, N. Y., July 24th, in the 79th year of his age.

The Internal Tax is to go into practical operation on the first of September next. Assessors and collectors will be appointed before that date.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company have contributed \$50,000 to provide a bounty for volunteers in that State.

As the law stands touching the new levy of troops, the army may in the aggregate amount to within a fraction of a million of men.

The strategems of war to men of peace Are all a mystery. Not so the strategems by which rogues decoy The Public Treasury and their wealth increase. But take thank God—an everlasting lease Of Shame in History.

The Atlantic Monthly truly says—"Slavery is a continual conspiracy. Its life depends upon intrigue, aggression, adroit combinations with other forms of human selfishness."

An old sailor passing through a grave yard, saw one of the tombstones, "I still live." It was too much for Jack, and, shifting his quid, he ejaculated—"Well, I've heard say that there are cases in which a man may lie; but if I was dead I'd own it."

If it is important for you to know whether a man will cheat you if he can, sound him as to his willingness to help you to cheat somebody else.

The young lady who took the gentleman's fancy has returned it with thanks.

"Jeems, my lad, keep away from the gals. Ven you see one coming, dodge. Just such a critter as that young'un, cleaning the door-step on 'tother side of the street; fooler yer' dad; Jimmy, 'if he had n't been for her, you and yer' dad might have been in California, hunting dimes, my son."

Region of life and light! Land of the good, whose earthly hills are 'O'er! Nor frost nor heat may blight The vernal beauty, fertile show, Yielding thy blessed fruits for evermore.

"Pat," said a builder to an Irishman engaged in carrying plate to the top of a four-story building, "have you any houses in Ireland as tall as this one?" "Yes, Mother's cabin." "How many rooms has it?" "There was the sleeping-room, the clapping-room, the kitchen-room, and the pig-pen—four rooms."

"That's a story," said the builder. "Yes, four stories," said Pat.

A SMALL TOWN.—A place where there are many tongues to talk and but few heads to think. This is Victor Hugo's latest, and we think, the best definition of a small town.

The editor of the Looker-in Journal ought to be punished. Hear him! "Hear ye, ye rebel women, that the three five in your bosoms lie in a place the seven in the same charming region."

Here is a crinoline story reported by an African traveler: "A wealthy Arab, residing near the frontiers of Morocco, lately paid his first visit to Algiers, and was present at a ball. On his return home, he said to his wives: 'What strange creatures these French women are! Would you believe it? they absolutely carry an open umbrella under their petticoats!' Such was the idea formed of crinolines by this son of Mahomet."

Letters received from Rome, at that the bishops who have reached that city have handed over to the Pope a sum of five hundred thousand Roman crowns, collected as Peter's pence.

A precocious youth being asked in his geography class what they raised in South Carolina, replied: "They used to raise niggers and cotton, but now they are raising the devil."

Mr. Singer, the manufacturer of sewing machines, has left this country, with the intention of spending the remainder of his days in the Holy Land.

THE LAW CONCERNING POSTAGE STAMPS.—There appears to be a very general misapprehension with regard to the act authorizing payment in stamps and to prohibit the circulation of notes of less denomination than one dollar, which was approved July 17th last.

It is expected that the Secretary will furnish postage stamps to be used as a circulating medium under the law in such form that they cannot be attached to letters or other mailable matter.

The Spiritual Sunday School Class-Book. This little brochure is selling rapidly. We have made arrangements to supply large orders on very reasonable terms.

Died, in Salisbury, Mass., July 21st, of consumption, Mr. WELSH FLEMING, aged 55 years 5 months.

ADVERTISEMENTS. As this paper circulates largely in all parts of the country, it is a capital medium through which advertisers can reach customers.

SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA. MR. H. MELVILLE FAY, THE CELEBRATED PHYSICAL TEST MEDIUM, will open Rooms 23 1/2 Washington street, rear Marlboro' House, under Lowell Institute, on Monday, July 22nd, for the benefit of those desirous of witnessing the remarkable phenomena that occur in his presence.

NEW ENGLAND CLAIRVOYANT INSTITUTE, 24 1/2 Winter Street, Boston, Mass. ESTABLISHED for affording individuals the means of securing the benefits of clairvoyance, presents the following specialties:

MEDICAL LETTER, comprising a synopsis of the disease, prescription of remedies and treatment, \$1.00.

SEALED LETTERS to spirit-friends answered and returned with the return envelope, \$1.00.

PROPHETIC LETTER, comprising a summary of the leading events and characteristics of the life of the applicant, \$2.00.

PERSONAL DESCRIPTION OF SPIRIT FRIENDS, \$1.00.

ALGEBRAIC VISION OF INDIVIDUAL CONDITIONS, \$1.00.

PSYCHOMETRICAL DEFINITION OF CHARACTER, \$1.00.

TEMPERAMENTAL CHART, presenting an outline of the temperament of the applicant, and defining that of the person best adapted as a partner in conjugal or business relations, \$3.00.

Requests for the above must be made in the handwriting of the applicant.

CLAIRVOYANTS IN ATTENDANCE for those wishing to obtain personal communications from spirit-friends, or advice respecting health or other matters. Interviews of one hour, \$1.50.

No guarantee of accurate responses can be made, further than the assurance that the best means will be employed to that end. Should no response be given by the clairvoyant, the fee will be returned after a reasonable length of time.

APPLICATIONS, ACCOMPANIED WITH THE PRICE AND THREE STAMPS, WILL RECEIVE ATTENTION, IF ADDRESSED AS ABOVE, OR TO GEORGE L. STAFFORD, August 2.

COME AND BE HEALED. MRS. A. C. LATHAM, CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN AND MEDIUM for Redford street, Boston. Open day and evening. Magnetic Remedies furnished. August 2.

MRS. D. S. CURTIS, CLAIRVOYANT AND MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN. Absent persons examined by the aid of a Lock of Hair. Especial attention to FEMALES and CHILDREN. No. 114 Ninth street, between L and M, Sacramento, California. August 2.

EMPLOYMENT.—Agents wanted in every county, to sell the best (two-threaded) Sewing Machine ever offered. Circular sent, by addressing, with stamp, ISAAC HALE, JR. & CO., NEWBURYPORT, MASS. August 2.

A Pleasant Summer Home. THE undersigned has rented for the season, the place known as Elmwood at Irvington, N. J., fourteen miles from New York. Communication with the city frequent and at little expense. The situation is retired, extremely healthy, and every way attractive.

A SPLENDID STEEL ENGRAVING OF THE BANNER OF LIGHT, BY S. B. BRITTON, JR., A. U. S. Patent Office. For sale at the office of the Banner of Light, Boston, at 25 cents per copy.

It will be sent by mail on the receipt of the price and one cent postage stamp.

THE proceeds of the sale of this engraving are to go to aid in erecting a monument over the remains of the hero's remains in Woodside Cemetery. July 19.

New Books.

NOW READY, THE SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASS-BOOK, NO. ONE. THIS interesting little work is designated especially for the young of both sexes. Every Spiritualist should introduce it into his family, to aid in the proper enlightenment of the juvenile minds around him.

THE PRINCIPLES OF NATURE, OR DIVINE REVELATIONS, AND A VOICE TO MANKIND. BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

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Message Department.

Each message in this department of the BANNER we claim to be spoken by the spirit whose name it bears, through Mrs. J. H. COVART, while in a condition called the Trance. They are not published on account of literary merit, but as tests of spirit communication 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 expression so much of truth as he perceives—no more.

Our Circles.—The circles at which these communications are given, are held at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, No. 128 WASHINGTON STREET, ROOM NO. 3, (up stairs), every Monday, Tuesday and Thursday afternoon, and are free to the public. The doors are closed precisely at three o'clock, and none are admitted after that time.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

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

- Monday, July 7.—Questions and Answers: George Bailey of Boston; H. W. Grant, of New York; Patrick Duffy, of Co. D, 5th N. Y. Regiment, to his wife.
Tuesday, July 8.—Invocations: Questions and Answers: Nancy T. Brown, mother of Gov. Brown of Georgia; Louisa Ekstut to Carl Somers of New Orleans; Walter B. Jameson, Richmond, Va., to his father Robert Jameson; Roxanna Bruce.
Thursday, July 10.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Patrick Shays, late of Georgia; James W. Harris, of Lexington, Kentucky; Annette Phillips, nurse to her mother in Montreal, Canada; John Williams of the ship Albatross, to his wife Charlotte in Liverpool, England; Samuel Maiber, of Hamburg, Conn., shot in Florida.
Monday, July 14.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Robert Garrett, to his sons in Mobile, Ala.; Cecil Buck, to her father, Wm. Buck, of Bay City, Ala.
Tuesday, July 15.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Col. Jones, of Montgomery, Ala.; James Rheenan, of Company C, 5th N. Y. Reg., to his wife in New York; Emma Augusta Brown, of South Boston, to her parents in Newton, Mass.
Thursday, July 17.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Thomas Hunt, of Dublin, Indiana; Charles W. Harris, of Lexington, Kentucky; Annette Phillips, nurse to her mother in Montreal, Canada; John Williams of the ship Albatross, to his wife Charlotte in Liverpool, England; Samuel Maiber, of Hamburg, Conn., shot in Florida.
Monday, July 21.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Charles Gordon, of the 23d Mass. Regiment, Company A; Daniel Williams, of the 25th Mass. Regiment, Company G; Sophia Dhalton, of Baltimore, Md., to her uncle, William Holuman, of Baltimore.

Invocation.

Oh, thou who hath taught us to pray, and who hath commanded that every wave of human life should bear upon its crest a prayer to thee, in obedience to that time-old command, we would this day send forth our petitions and prayers unto thee, O Lord our God. And, O Father, as thou hast taught us how to pray, we know that whatever offering thy children upon earth may see fit to place upon thine altar, in the shape of prayer and praise will be truly acceptable unto thee. Oh, our God, we have but to look at Nature and her creations to see that all things pray. The flowers, O God, do not send unto thee, their Creator, a perpetual prayer? Oh Lord, as the minor things of life do pray and receive an answer to their prayers, how much more certain ought man—the noblest of all created works—be of receiving an answer to his prayers. Most Holy Sovereign of the Universe, we ask for no blessing at this time which thou in thy Divine Wisdom may not deem essential to our present well-being and future happiness. We ask thee to remove no clouds from our pathway, for well we know that the cloud is oftentimes but a sunbeam in disguise. Almighty God, we would plead to thee this hour, in behalf of the mourning ones of earth; thy whose souls are shrouded in darkness and sorrow. Oh, let them feel that thou art ever with them, in the night of their affliction, as well as in the broad daylight of their happiness. Our Father, receive this hour the prayers of the American Nation. Oh Lord, even this hour seems to be fraught with darkness and death. And, O God, what shall the next hour bring us? Darkness—midnight darkness? But we know that thy mighty arm will fold the stricken and afflicted ones of earth to thy parental bosom in love, until time shall have mitigated the sharpness of their grief. Almight God, receive our thanks, and the thanks of all thy children, which ascend unto thee, the great I AM, at this hour. Amen. July 1.

Ancient and Modern Inspiration.

If the friends present have any questions to propose we are now ready to listen to them. [No response upon the part of the audience.] If there are none, we will speak briefly upon one already with us, which is this: "Is there not an essential difference between the inspiration of Ancient and Modern times?" Ans.—To us there is no difference in essence. The essence of inspiration of all forms are alike; all conditions of time are alike. The difference exists only in the outward manifestation, or in the capacity or degree of outward unfolding. So, then, the difference is only in the outward manifestation, and not in the essence. And the forms and organizations of Ancient and Modern times are different; but the inspiration of to-day is the inspiration of centuries ago. The voice of God is the voice of God forever and ever, and no condition of time can change it. It is true that certain conditions of time may appear to affect a change in the nature of inspiration, but, believe us, it will be only the semblance of change, and not the reality itself. We perceive that our questioner, in common with the multitude, is possessed of erroneous ideas or impressions with regard to inspiration. Instead of believing that God inspires all his children, in a greater or less degree, he believes that the Good Father inspires people just at his own pleasure, and that during certain seasons of the year he showers down upon individuals his Divine inspiration. Oh, what a mistake! What a libel upon Deity! What is inspiration? Why, to us it is simply a rousing, or awakening up as it were of the latent faculties of the human soul. It is not a thing belonging to one more than to another, for God is an impartial God, and bestows his gifts upon all his children according to their individual necessities and requirements. You are oftentimes told that your mediums are possessed of spiritual gifts that are far beyond their own capacities for receiving knowledge. That cannot be so, for God never lies, and no persons are endowed with spiritual gifts, that are not also endowed with corresponding intellectual faculties. It is true that these faculties are in many cases undiscernible to human observation, but they are, nevertheless, in existence, though they remain latent for years, else the spirit could never act upon them. The spirit itself might never be able to use them if left entirely to its own resources for development, but when once roused into action by some foreign power, the intellectual faculties will soon rise to the spirit's standard of wisdom and knowledge. Oh, our questioner, we would point you to Creation—as she has founded all the orders of life—for proof of the correctness of our theory. Look at the mineral, vegetable, animal, physical, and intellectual kingdoms, and see if you do not find inspiration stamped upon all of God's works however humble. It comes not alone at this hour, as it did with Jesus of Nazareth, but shall be with us to-morrow, as to-day, a rich inheritance, to which all of God's children may justly lay claim to a something which shall be found in the future wherever life is found. The forms and capacities for outward manifestation may differ, but the inspiration, or the Word of God, is forever and forever the same. July 1.

Rachel T. Collins.

I see it is harder to speak than I thought it would be. It seems like struggling against death. Oh, if our friends could know how hard we try to overcome all that opposes us, they would be more ready and willing and glad to see us. I've only been apart from my own body a little more than two months. This is my first trial. My story is a sad one in some respects, but if I can gain strength here, I must give it, or my coming will be of no avail. My name is Rachel T. Collins. I was born in Montpelier, Vermont, and died in Portsmouth, Virginia, where I had lived nearly fifteen years. When this cruel rebellion broke out, my husband unwisely avowed his Union sentiments, for which he was persecuted, and afterward pressed into the rebel service, and I was left with my three children—and I was unused to—together with the misery of not knowing what had become of my husband, and what would become of me and my children in the future. All these things tended to break down my constitution, until I at last fell a victim to typhoid fever, and died, leaving my children to the care of those who, God knows, are unfit to take care of them. I had heard that my husband was killed, but since my death, I know it's not so; but he is now a prisoner, being unable to fight in consequence of sickness and wounds. He's not allowed his liberty, because he's too honest to his own soul to take the oath, which might only tremble upon the lips, but never find a place in the heart. I had some knowledge of this method of returning before I died. My husband believes somewhat in these things. I have also a sister who has some faith in these modern manifestations. I would ask her to care for my children all she can, for I am not satisfied with the treatment they are now receiving. But I ask this much of my husband's oldest brother—that he will lay aside all party-feeling, and remember that it is his brother who suffers such unkindness from him, and that the same God sustains them both. I would ask him to do what he is able to relieve his brother, that he may go and attend to the wants of his children, who are now deprived of a mother's care and affection. That brother is a physician. He ought to understand the physiology of the human soul as well as that of the body. If he will but hold communion with higher ones than those of earth, he will be able to administer to the wants of the spirit as well as the body. His name is Alexander Collins, and he resides in Portsmouth, Va. Oh, that I had strength equal to my desires! Oh, that I had power to move his heart to pity for his brother's sake! My anxiety for those I love has brought me here among strangers to-day, and the kind care of dear friends in spirit—among whom I may mention his own dear mother—which has failed to give me that soul-quiet and comfort which I so much need. For the sake of her memory, I ask that he do by my children and his brother as he would have others do unto him. To my husband I have but a few words to say, and I can scarce hope that even those will reach him. "Be patient, be persevering, be hopeful, trust in God, and he will take care of you." July 1.

John T. Forsyth.

Be so kind as to say, through your columns, that John T. Forsyth, of the New Orleans Delta Office, speaks here to-day; and that he will redeem the promise made to friends in that city soon. My age was twenty-nine years. I am unable to speak further, having had only a few hours' experience in the spirit-world. July 1.

Theodore Eames.

I find myself so completely surrounded by anxious individuals, who have recently become separated from their bodies, that I hardly know whether it is right for me to occupy the few minutes granted me for conversation with friends while so many others about me are impatient to come. I have been in extreme anxiety with regard to some members of my family and connections, who have taken an active part in this present civil war, and I feel that whatever I may do in coming here to-day will be for the good of humanity generally, as well as for my own particular friends. I see in their minds somewhat of wavering; they feel that their Southern brethren have been wronged, and they have some doubts as to whether it is right for them to go to war against them. I believe it is right to preserve order at all hazards, and at all times. Order is the one thing necessary in all forms of governments, and unless it is preserved, you are nothing more than a pack of savages. I think your Southern brethren have had liberty, too much liberty. You have accorded to them that which they would not have accorded to you—namely, slavery. And now that they have seen fit to take up arms against the Government which has so long granted them innumerable privileges, I believe it is right that order should be again reestablished, even though it be at the expense of human life. Bolster up their pet institution as long as you will, and you'll find that, sooner or later, God will pull out the props. I am somewhat more zealous in this matter than I was when on earth, but you know we are all creatures of change, and it might be expected that after living some fifteen, near sixteen years in spirit-life, as I have, that there would be some change in my feelings and views. It has been asked among my kindred, why I could not return, if others could, and use my influence for the good of others? I may be able to throw but one mite into the scale, but if I throw that with a good will and faith in God, it will accomplish as much good as if I had thrown in a mountain. The scale will turn sometimes with the smallest mote, if thrown in with a good intention and a strong degree of intellectual force. I should be glad to open communication with my family and friends privately, but if I cannot do that I'll endeavor, as best I can, to open communication with them through public channels. I am Theodore Eames, of Brooklyn, N. Y. July 1.

John Nelson Merrill.

I have been away most a year, and there's no-body here that I know. My name is John Merrill, and I was nine years old when I died. My whole name was John Nelson Merrill. [Where did you die?] Here. [In Boston?] No; I lived in Hartford, Conn. I want to see and talk with my mother; if I don't, she'll cry all day Fourth of July, because I died that day. [Were you killed by an accident?] No, I was sick. [Can you tell the street and number of the house in which your mother lives?] I don't know. [Have you any brothers and sisters living?] Yes; Lewis and Sarah. [Is your father living?] Yes, and his name is like mine. My mother's name is Sarah, and my grandmother is there, too. She's mother's mother. I wanted to get here before the Fourth of July, because I don't want her to cry all day. My grandfather said he hoped I'd be able to come in season, but I ain't. [Is he with you to-day?] He's in the outside circle. He came with me here. I can ask him what kind of sickness I had. [No matter about it.] Do you send boys' letters, as well as other folks'? [Yes.] Well, I should like to have my mother not cry all Fourth of July, and I should like to go home, and I should like to have chances all the time to go when I like to. [Do you know of some medium in Hartford that would let you talk to your mother through her?] I know Mrs. Mettler; everybody knows her. My grandfather can't give the street and number of the house my mother lives in. He went away before we lived there, a long time, when my mother was small. [What does your father do?] He's a mechanic, mother said. [What kind of a mechanic?] I don't know what kind; he does something on brass. He's gone away now, and he was when I died, fighting. He is n't dead. I'm afraid to talk here. I don't like to with these clothes on. [Never mind them; we can't any of us see you.] I see me, and I'll feel different if you'll give me some other clothes. [Where are the clothes you wore before you died?] I've got them at home. I don't want them only here. I've never wanted them before since I've been away. [Would you like to have your mother take them to the medium's room, that you may see them?] I don't want to see them; I want to have them on; I don't feel right in this way. Shall I go? [When you please.] [After the circle, some spirit wrote upon paper these words: "The child's mother is at present in Pennsylvania." July 1.]

Invocation.

Our Father, we would soar above thy creations, and view thee, our Creator. Oh, thou Supreme Ruler of the Universe, show thou through prayer thine earthly children would fain draw near unto thee, and hold divine communion with thee. Oh, Divine Father and Mother, it hath pleased thee to obdurate thy child, the American people, at this time, and as it hath pleased thee to afflict her sorely for the evil which has sprang up like poisonous weeds in the very centre of her being, so, Oh Lord, wilt thou in thine own good time, remove this heavy cross from her shoulders. May she feel, Oh Father, that thou hast sent civil war upon this great truth, will she not bow down and kiss the chastening rod, thanking thee in the future for all the suffering which thou didst visit upon her? Our Father, there are sighs and groans this hour ascending unto thee; there are groans going up to thee from wounded spirits and broken hearts, that like Rachel of old refuse to be comforted. Oh, our Father, we feel that thou wilt care for them; that thou wilt pour the oil of thy divine consolation upon their bruised and bleeding hearts, and be to the orphaned ones of earth Father, Mother, Sister, and Brother. For this, Oh our Father, we thank thee, as also for that spiritual light that is making sad hearts to bow in acknowledgment to thy love. For this glorious messenger of the nineteenth century we thank thee, and for all that is in store for us in the future we thank thee, Oh Lord, our God. Amen. July 8.

Soliloquy upon the approaching Fourth of July.

My friends, you are about to celebrate the anniversary of your national independence. Did you ever pause and consider that you are by no means independent, either in thought or action; that you are inseparably bound to every human being that ever did or will exist? Very few, we fear, have paused to consider even the first point of this great subject. Independent! Independent of what? Of foreign powers; in your supreme power to rule; your capacity to care for your own interests, you will say. But are you independent in this? I think not, nor do I believe you ever will be. 'Tis in vain for you to set up any rule of independence, or boast of independence in any shape or form. It is the order of Nature to be dependent. Each atom is dependent upon every other atom for its own particular support and existence. Do you suppose that you, the crowning gem of creation, are less dependent than the minor works of God's hand? That you stand apart and are independent of each other as fellow creatures? Surely man is no exception to God's rule in this respect. Why do you sigh when you gaze upon the sick and wounded that are daily being brought into your city, and regret the condition of your country? Why? Because you are bound to them one and all, by the cord of sympathy; because you feel their agony and must ever be a sharer in their sorrows, as well as in their pleasures. In a few hours your ears will be greeted by sounds of rejoicing everywhere about you. But shall there not be sorrow mingling with this mirth and revelry? God knows there will, and while one shall drink of the cup of sorrow, all must more or less feel the effects of the heart-sickening potion; for the great chain of human sympathy binds you all together, runs through you all, and sustains you all, even in your hours of misery and grief. Independent! When you might as well declare yourself independent of God, to declare yourself religiously, physically, socially, spiritually independent of each other; but in all these senses you are inseparably bound together, and in consideration of this fact are bound to maintain together the laws which God has framed for your support and government. Christ said unto his disciples, "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another." By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have loved one another." And in the observance of this commandment lies all your hopes of future happiness and peace. Neglect this, and you neglect all. The desolate picture the present hour presents us, does not inform us that you have lived in harmony with yourselves, for believe us, had you have been even at rest with yourselves, civil war would not have been your guest to-day. Oh, when to-morrow shall be ushered in, and the future shall be with you as the present, oh pause, and reflect, that you are each and all dependent upon one another, by the unchanging law of Jehovah. Then seek to establish harmony first within your own souls, that you may be the better prepared to extend the sphere of your labors in that respect to mankind generally. Seek to do good to all; not only in act, but in thought, and strive to tear out every tare that may have sprung up in the garden of your hearts, and if you do this, you will have accomplished much toward restoring peace and harmony among you as a nation. And this glorious truth, this spiritual light, sent to you by God from above, shall be the guiding star of your common destiny as a people hereafter. Oh, remember that your God is the God of your enemy also. Fight against it as long as you can, this truth will, sooner or later, manifest itself to you. Oh, worship God in the beauty of holiness, as natural and dependent beings, and you will hardly go to war with your neighbors. May God in his infinite mercy bless you all, and may he send ministering angels from heaven to guide aright your erring footsteps. And when you shall hear the sounds of rejoicing on the morrow, oh feel that you've each and every one something to do before you shall have gained a victory over your besetting sin. July 8.

Do Infants Suffer in the Change called Death?

We now solicit the reception of questions from the friends present. Friends in mortal need need not fear to hold council with us. We shall not harm them, for we could not if we would, and would not if we could. Quizz.—Do infants suffer in the change called death? Ans.—In some cases they do not. We believe in the majority of cases they do not. Prior to the change called death, the brain of the infant becomes paralyzed, or the spirit loses control of that part of the human mechanism known as the seat of thought, some hours before death. The physical form, we would add, sometimes gives evidence of what seems to be great suffering, but you are not always to judge from these external evidences, as they are sometimes muscular contractions, while the spirit or the brain, takes no part in them whatever. July 8.

Gen. Ben McCulloch.

How goes the battle, sir, stranger? [In what way do you mean?] Does victory lean upon the Federal or Confederate side? [Rather on the Confederate side at present.] Thank God for that! You expect to be victorious in the end, I suppose? You expect to subjugate the South? You expect to keep your foot still longer upon Southern soil? [You do us injustice, I think, in talking so.] Well, you expect to be victorious, do n't you? [We hope to be so in the end.] Very well, then you expect all the rest, too. Another thing I believe you're expecting, that is the speedy termination of this present war. I think you expect what you won't realize this year, or another, either. You rob us of our bodies, and we rob you of yours, which makes us even in that respect, but for the furtherance of our plans upon earth, we are allowed the use of our bodies to return with. You Spiritualists understand that we do not change much in dying. And then you expect that we will come into your way of thinking; say so. Believe as you do—a time-old expectation of yours. By the remarks of the gentleman who preceded me, I learned that to-day is the day before Independ-

ence. A very saucy, independent set of beings you Yankees are, if you've not quite so much craft and ingenuity as your Southern brethren have in these war matters. You have n't been to war, you say. [No.] Well, you live in newspaperdom, do n't you? [Certainly.] Very well, you ought to be well posted as you Yankees say, in war news. [I have a general idea of the whole thing.] I understand it. You Yankees can suit yourselves to conditions. If I were a Federalist, you'd talk with me very graciously; but as I'm not, you choose to answer only such questions concerning the present civil war as may suit your own pleasure. [Remember that we are all finite beings.] One would think from the assertions you have made, that you were infinite. One would suppose that your chosen Chief Magistrate was endowed with superior wisdom in all earthly affairs; but one thing is certain, which is, that he has n't measured time and men correctly during this war. That's my opinion. But my object in coming here, to-day, was not to discuss the merits or demerits of war. I came simply to redeem a promise made to friends before death, which was, that I would return, if it were possible for me to do so after death, and that I would do all in my power to aid the cause I espoused during life. By the way, I was no Spiritualist while on earth, and in that respect I'm changed, for I am now a believer in Spiritualism; but in all others I'm just the same. You'll please give that information to my friends. The guides, friends or superintendents sent by God to conduct us to this place, have given me permission to speak my mind upon any subject, provided I give what I believe to be truth. Now, I do n't believe there is any justice in this war in which we of the South have been compelled to bear our part. You of the North have forced us to go to war with you. You have pressed us until no alternative was left us but to fight. You have monopolized the whole commercial world, have enriched yourself at our expense in every possible way, and have taken every resource from your Southern enemies, but one. Everything which could lessen our gain and increase your interest has been done by you of the North without fear or hesitation. Oh, a grasping set, you Yankees are! I know it while I was here on earth, and I still believe it. I am in no condition to meet privately and commune with friends at present, and in conclusion I have only to say that I am in no way changed since I left earth, except in two things; one is, I've lost my body—which I exceedingly regret—and the other is, I am now a firm believer in Spiritualism. Well, who are you, stranger? [My name is White.] And I am McCulloch. Do you know me? [Only by reputation. Remember that the same Father is over us both, and that I welcome you here, to-day, as a friend, and not as an enemy.] You do, provided I stand upon your political platform. [No, you mistake my character.] I do not need your sympathy, nevertheless I thank you for it. I do not need any aid from you since I am no longer an inhabitant of the earth. [Judge Ladd here asked: "Are you aware that you are indebted to the lady, whose organism you now use, for this communication?"] I am, but am, nevertheless, your enemy, as on earth. [Life should close all such accounts, as I take it.] I am aware that I am under many obligations, while here, for the use of the body I now occupy, but when I am apart from mortality, I'm not a recipient of your sympathy and aid. [I think you are, sir.] Well, so far as physical aid is concerned, I've not much to be grateful for. [Nevertheless, I think each one here present has it in their power to help you overcome the ill feeling which you as a spirit still cherish toward us Northerners.] Very well, then, friend, if you can aid me in any way, as you say you can, I shall of course thank you for doing so. You will understand that I cannot feel in sympathy with any class of persons who have done their best to injure us Southerners as a people. [Do you not believe in exceptions?] Oh yes, I recognize exceptions, but it would seem, from all accounts, that you Yankee gentlemen do not. Well, friend or enemy, whatever you may be, I would suggest, in consideration of your belief, that you cease to think of me as an enemy, although as an individual I make no attempt to conceal my feelings toward you. I came out in open hostility to you while here upon earth; I do so now, and I accord the same to you. Allow me to thank you for what you are doing for me, (referring to the chairman), and you also, sir, (addressing himself to the Judge), for your suggestions. I shall think of them, at least. Good day, sir. July 8.

Olive Spencer.

If you please, I would like to speak with or send a few thoughts to my mother. There were but two of us children—my brother and myself. I was fourteen years old, and my brother was eighteen—in his nineteenth year. I have been away from my mother since May, 1859. My mother is in great distress of mind now, because she's left alone. My brother has been away over a year. He has been home twice, but now she no longer hears from him, and knows not where he is; and last night she prayed God, if there was a God, that he might reveal himself unto her, for she felt as if she were bereft of all, and deserted of God. God heard her prayer, I believe, and I've been permitted to come here to-day. I cannot be happy while my mother is in so much distress of mind. She thinks of me as happy sometimes, and thanks God that I am away from earth and its cares, but I want to tell her that I never can be happy while she is in so much sorrow. I'm sometimes so near her I can touch her, and do, but she does n't realize it. I was born in Elmira, New York. I died in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. My brother's name is Lucius B. Spencer. My name is Olive. [Do you know where your mother now is?] Yes, she's in Princeton, New Jersey. I would give her good news, but she would receive it from another source before she could possibly hope to learn such intelligence from my letter. She will see my brother again. I have met my father twice only. He came here by suicide. Once he told me he should find the key to heaven only by loud suffering. I suppose he desired to come very much, but feels he's unworthy to. He poisoned himself. I was then too young to realize it, although I remember the circumstance, but I have learned all the particulars since I came here. My mother believes that my father is forever shut out from heaven because he committed suicide. My father is just as sure of heaven sometimes as any of us. I've been told here that it's only a question of time with us all. They can't be in heaven and unhappy, too. He is very unhappy, but he hopes to find heaven sooner or later. But they say he will, and I know he will, I've no doubt of it; and she will see my father, as well as me, when she comes to the spirit world, and she won't have to go to hell to find him, either. Please tell her so for me. As soon as I can, I shall try to find some other way to speak to her. [I think she'll give you an opportunity to do so after receiving your letter.] I would like to, but I know there are many reasons why she cannot do as she would like to. Tell her God has heard her prayer, and answered it, and when I stand by her side again, I hope I'll hear her thanking God. July 8.

William Madigan.

Say to my friends that I died without fear, and am content. I hope soon to be able to make a lengthy report from my new home. I cannot, to-day, My name was William Madigan. July 8.

Benediction.

Our Father, unto thy keeping we commend thy children. Oh Lord, when next we meet them, we ask that the bright fire of righteous passion may be burning in their souls. Oh, Lord, may the glorious torchlight of mutual benevolence light them on to the celestial kingdom. Amen. July 8.

Written for the Banner of Light.

WINNING HER PLEDGE.

BY EMMA TUTTLE.

I, half unthinking, kissed away a tear, Which, like a jewel, glittered on her cheek, And bent my lips to breathe a word of cheer, And kissed her again, but she did not speak; I grew more bold, and on her coral lips I placed one, warm and longer than the rest; That time I felt her rosy finger lips A little closer on my own hand pressed, And then the feelings of her heart I guessed, And drew her willing head upon my breast.

Gaze! if you will love me, by your stars Which burn forever on the brow of night, I pledge a love, which, while their silver cars Wheel on, will never turn from you its light.

"Love you? I will! Then life will be a draught Richer than Cleopatra's at her feast For Antony, with holier motives quaffed, Not striving to be greatest, but the least." Then warm and trustingly she laid her hand Full in my own, and freer fold her head Upon my bosom. "Love and truth shall stand The guardians of my soul wherever I tread."

My Church.

As the organization of churches is the order of the day, I desire to place mine with my creed and articles of faith before the readers of the BANNER. My Church shall be known as the Church of Humanity. Anybody may join it at pleasure, and leave it at pleasure. The door shall be always open, and everybody invited to join without regard to belief or past character; belief being involuntary, it would be absurd to make it a qualification of membership in a church that is not partial or exclusive, but one into which all are cordially invited. It being extremely difficult to sort truth from error, and there being no standard of truth, error will be tolerated in my Church, and truth left free to combat it and expel it. As the object of my Church will be to make its members better, and as the worst need most improvement, therefore no person will be rejected or expelled for bad conduct, and all bad persons invited especially to join it. Our faith rests in God, (such God as each may believe in,) and human nature and the everlasting changes of nature's laws to work out a better condition for each of us, and we pledge ourselves to aid, assist, encourage and strengthen each other in the pursuit of happiness. As my Church is intended to reach from the lowest hell to the highest heaven, and to draw all its members out of hell and misery into heaven and harmony, therefore I acknowledge every one a member who is willing to be accounted such. For the support of my Church, every one is expected to contribute voluntarily what he or she can to support all or any efforts to educate, enlighten, purify, and elevate each and all, that happiness may be thereby increased. All members of our church will be considered respectable, and it will be the business of the officers to check gossip, slander and backbiting in the church; but those who consider themselves too good or pure to join our church will be considered by us disrespectful, and allowed to gossip and slander and backbite as much as they please, unnoticed by us. As reputation is made or destroyed for a person, not by him or her, therefore no value will be placed on reputation, either good or bad, in the church; but the outsiders may have it to bandy about as pleasure. As character is made by a person, and not for him or her, therefore we will defend and assist every effort of each member to improve his or her character, and encourage every effort at progress and reform, but discard no weak brother or sister who is not strong enough to overcome at once inherited, organic, or educational tendencies to a bad character, but will treat such as diseased persons, and seek and apply the proper remedies as fast as we can, to each erring brother or sister. Those of bad reputation and good character, (and there are many such), are especially invited to join my Church, and become teachers and leaders. My Church will be located in every place where there are any members, and where there is a free hall, or church, or grove for us to meet in, will be supported entirely by voluntary contributions. Meetings will be held as often as we can get speakers, and people to pay and hear them. It will be expected of each member that he or she will always seek happiness for each other member and his or her own, and that each will try to grow better and wiser as life wears away, and prepare in this life for a life to come, but no member will be required to believe in a life to come, but expected to seek evidence of it. WARREN CHASE.

MAN'S DUTY TO WOMEN.

Let him learn to be grateful to woman for this undoubted achievement of her sex, that it is she, she far more than he, and she, too, in spite of him, who has kept Christendom from lapsing into barbarism—kept mercy and truth from being utterly overborne by those two greedy monsters, money and war. Let him be grateful for this, that almost every great soul that has led forward or lifted up the race, has been furnished for each noble deed and inspired with each patriotic and holy aspiration, by the retiring fortitude of some Spartan, or more than Spartan—some Christian woman. Moses, the deliverer of his people drawn out of the Nile by the king's daughter, some one has hinted, is only a symbol of the way that woman's better instinct always outwits the tyrannical diplomacy of man. Let him cheerfully remember that though the stately sex achieves enterprises on public stages, it is the nerve and sensibility of the other that arm the mind and inflame the soul in secret. "A man discovered America; but a woman equipped the voyage." So everywhere; man executes the performance, but woman gains the man. Every effectual person, leaving his mark on the world, is but another Columbus, for whose furnishing some Isabella, in the form of his mother, is laying down her jewelry, her vanities, her lot, man practices on woman perpetually, the shameless falsehood of pretending admiration and the shameless contempt. Let them not exhaust their kindred's suffering for persons, and ask in return the humiliation of her soul. Let them not assent to her every high opinion as if she were not strong enough to maintain it against opposition, nor let manufacture opinion of her, and force it on her lips by detestation. Let them not crucify her motives, nor ridicule her frailty, nor crush her independence, nor insult her independence, nor pay her honor in servile companionship, nor bandy unclean doubts of her, as a wretched publicity for wit; nor whisper "with their own" lips like the insinuating whiff of a serpent. Let them multiply her social advantages; enhance her dignity; minister to her intelligence; and by manly gentleness, be the champions of her genius, the friends of her fortunes, and the guarantors of her heart. Rev. F. D. Huntington.



Pearls.

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

Sumner Beauties.

This is the time of shadow and of flowers.
When roads gleam white for many a winding mile.
When green breezes fan the lazy hours.

Portrait of a Slavonian Beauty.

Mould thee of brightest dreams an airy creature.
The loveliest soul in loveliest body dress;
Bid beauty overflow from every feature.

Entanced.

Gazing, they ceased love's sweet follies.
While, like smoke of cannon volleys,
White flame-tinted vapors rolled.

Simple Things.

The mighty things of earth are simple things,
For they all put on God's likeness;
He Himself is simple, because he is all-wise.

From the Monthly Religious Magazine.

Modern Spiritualism.

"The hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshiper
shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth."
It matters not whether we adopt the theory that this
globe has, from its infancy to its present state,

of those who think to condemn the most educated
classes of the community, with old Harvard at their
head, arrayed in opposition; the Church leaving its
anathemas against it with a bitterness that had it
been sustained by public opinion, would have brought
the early votaries of Spiritualism to a fiery stake; little
understood, often entirely misunderstood, used and
abused in every conceivable way, until the glaring
fact remains that no cause, moral or intellectual, civil
or religious, physical or spiritual, ever made such
progress in securing the attention and the more or less
enlightened faith of men, than this same cause of Spiritu-

ling, scripture; the inspiration of the mechanic arts in
all the phases of invention; the inspiration of the philo-
sopher; the inspiration of what is often called plain
common-sense. They all flow from the same source—
God's great fountain of knowledge. As Solomon
said, there is nothing new under the sun. All knowl-
edge exists in spirit; it is the human mind, and the
degrees of so-called genius are marked by the varying
capacity to receive and express it. This idea is im-
pulsively in the word impression, so often used by men
in their every-day business affairs. They have "im-
pressions"; so and so; sometimes against the convictions
of their reason. Where do these impressions
come from? What are they? They are the result of
influences from spirit—mediums, of which we read in
Scripture; and they will be of a higher or lower char-
acter, exactly according to the spiritual condition of
each individual. God works through agents more or
less directly. The spirits in the spirit-world are the
messengers which bear tidings of good, and of so-called
evil, to every one according to his desire and
capacity to receive. As this desire and capacity to re-
ceive depends, under God's blessing, upon each individ-
ual's will, so each one of us has to work out his own
salvation in very truth. But not without aid: the
power of prayer is mighty; the Father of spirits will
send us such influences as we truly ask for. Ask, and
you shall receive—even the desired presence of the
blessed spirit of Jesus.

we fear the Founder of their religion would hardly
recognize his disciples among them. But this is no
place for a homily upon the sins of this nation. We
should shrink from such a task under any conditions;
to catalogue them only would be a fearful undertaking
for their own sakes.
The feeling that true Spiritualism should have some-
thing, if not everything, to do with the understanding
of the heart; and the fact that it has thus far, to the
view of external observers, seemed to have so little to
do with it, has been one great cause of the severest
opposition it has experienced. For reasons which it
would take too much space here to state, it appears to
us that the world is now in the present condition of
the world's development, that the next approach and
communion of the spirit-world should be brought to
the knowledge of mankind in the way it has been.
Believing, as the Christian world professes to believe,
in the second coming of Jesus, how many are there
who would be able to recognize him now in our streets
in the humble garb of the Nazarene? The difficulties
are immense in the introduction of any really new
phase in the world's development, arising out of the
conditions of head and heart, into which such new
developments must gradually work its way. We are al-
ready to see the wisdom that directed events, when the
infant Jesus was laid in a manger, he—"the Prince of
Peace,"—"the Saviour of the world." As time goes
on, the wisdom will be recognized which has directed
the course of Spiritualism to its present unfolding, it-
self but the germ of what is yet to be.

thrown off the cloak of religious observances under
which they had concealed the rottenness of their
hearts from the world's knowledge. If not from their
own, availing of the assumed authority of false
teachers, and who have by their actions consigned
their little faith. It is a fearful proof of the want of
vitality and of true Christian grace, that so many pro-
fessors of the religion taught by Jesus, have been so
easily led astray. Let them not make recantations,
and lay the blame on Spiritualism, for it is but their
own sins which have found them out; and they may
rather thank God that anything has come to show
them their Spiritual condition.
—Angels are about us; the spirit-world has, in this
nineteenth century, been brought near to the earth-
life to mingle its influences for good or for evil. Not
as it would seem, by an entirely new law; for these
things have been before; but to an extent and in a
manner which indicate, and are proclaimed as show-
ing a new dispensation in the Providence of God.
Exactly what this new dispensation will unfold is not
for man to know yet, but that it is ushering in one of
those great epochs in the progressive history of the
earth and its creatures, to which we have the be-
ginning referred to, we do believe. Far be it from us to
presume to reach too far into the plans of the Al-
mighty; but it is our solemn conviction that these
things do announce that second coming of which the
Scriptures teach. The condition of the earth and its
people, the signs of the times, indicate this more than
ever before; whilst the near presence of the spirit-
world brings with it, holy influences which must el-
evate and spiritualize all of earth's creatures who will
receive them, and, as good is ever stronger than evil,
will sooner or later drive off into outer darkness all
who willfully reject and oppose them out of the igno-
rance or the wickedness of their hearts. If God's holy
angels come, and do so, why may not the blessed spirit
of Jesus come, too? Has he not come already? Is he
not in the midst of us even now, and we know him not?

Two Days' Grave Meeting in Shelburne, Ben-
ton Co., Iowa.

A meeting of Spiritualists and other Reformers, will
be held Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 2d and 3d, in
Parker's Grove, Shelburne, Benton Co., Iowa. Dr.
L. K., and Mrs. S. A., Conoley, and other speakers,
are engaged. Speakers and friends from a distance
will be provided with homes. Come and help enjoy
the good times to be. Brothers Babson and Mar-
shall, and Mrs. Daniel, of the "Rising Tide," will be
on hand to help answer the demands of the time.

Public Meeting.

Mr. Editor—We are to have a Sinner's Progressive
Grove or Hall Meeting here the first Friday, Saturday
and Sunday in September. Every body is invited to
attend, especially all those who are in political or sec-
ular bondage, &c. J. M. BARNHART.

Grove Meeting.

There will be a Grove Meeting in Leighton, Allegan
County, Michigan, on Saturday and Sunday, August
2d, and 3d.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

LYONS HALL, THAMES STREET, (opposite head of School
street).—The regular meeting will commence on
Sunday, Sept. 1st. Admission Free. Lecturers engaged—
H. B. Storor, Sept. 7 and 14; Mrs. M. S. Townsend, Sept.
21 and 28; Miss Emma Harding, Oct. 5 and 12; Miss Emma
Houston, Oct. 19 and 26; F. L. Wadsworth, Nov. 2 and 9;
Miss Lizzie Dotson, Nov. 16 and 23; J. Loveland, Dec. 7
and 14; Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, Dec. 21 and 28.

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