



Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.

LIFE IN EARNEST.

A Thrilling Domestic Tale.

BY KATH CARROLL.

CHAPTER VI. A Strange Character.

"The elements of direct discord fill her soul." Flora Pemberton's hauteur had not abated in the least. She would not recognize in her schoolmates an equal. From her self-imagined superiority she beheld in them inferiors whose presumptuous advances to the honor of her acquaintance should be treated with silent scorn.

"You sent me away to become a woman worthy of the high estate to which I was born; and I will not return to you till that object is satisfactorily accomplished," she wrote in answer.

"How shall I get through these dreary six weeks?" sighed the poor teacher, watching her superior out of sight.

"By making me the closest student that you ever dealt with," laughed Flora, tossing a handful of flowers at Miss Powell.

"What is it that employment enough?" "I do not know. I sometimes think it is not sinful to wish one's lot, when it is dreary as mine, brighter, like—like yours, for instance," and Miss Powell raised her eyes to take, not for the first time, an inventory of the charms, dress and appearance of her solitary pupil, who, with uncommon suavity and natural kindness, sought to turn her thoughts into another and pleasanter channel.

"But think how much more you know than I do!" "Pshaw! Excuse me, Miss Pemberton; but a fool, if rich, passes for a wise man." And Miss Powell plucked her flowers into atoms and threw them upon the ground.

"Why do you study?" she asked impulsively, after a short silence.

"It will have the contrary effect, depend upon it. With me, every step forward makes me sigh for the darkness receding. Look at this dress. See, it is not rich; gingham never are—"

"But neat, and becoming to you, always." "Thank you. Neat enough, I'll allow; and becoming to me, too. Would you wear so cheap a dress?"

"Perhaps—"

"Were you as poor as I, you were probably about to add. When a mere child, I knew none of the foolish differences that grown people are always seeing and making. Madame, just now, had parting words for you, but none for the poor, friendless teacher. Ah, you noticed it!" and gritting her teeth in ill-suppressed rage, Miss Powell preserved a sullen silence that Flora could not break, but secretly wished herself able to. At last the former observed, with increasing discontent:

"Even Miss Brawnish, with her paltry hundreds and half-sea-sunk farm, patronizes me, the mean thing!"

Flora smiled, and answered: "That 'mean thing' shows that you too would draw lines."

back to your cheeks. Not that I think your color nor life even, of much value, but I do not want you to go to the land of endlessness yet. Somehow I want you to live a trifle longer—"

"Miss Powell!" And Flora drew herself proudly up, while inimitable scorn and outraged feeling flashed from her deep blue eyes.

"Ha! You wish me to remember the impassable difference between us! I will. But," with darkened face and menacing finger, "you shall rue it!"

"Miss Powell, come back!" catching the rapidly disappearing gingham dress. "You misunderstand me!"

"I do not. You are like them all. Coldness and contempt—coldness and contempt from every one!"

"Your singular disposition provokes it!"

"What a fascinating creature that singularity would render me were I only rich!" taunted Miss Powell, as she flew into the garden, waving her hand upon a seat, she watched with delighted, glowing eyes the effect of her strange words on Flora, who, weeping from mingled fear, loneliness and apprehension, wondered why such beings were sent to trouble people.

"At dinner Miss Powell appeared in a profusion of jewelry. Noticing her pupil's surprise, she observed: 'You probably thought none but the wealthy could wear pure gems, and such, mine really are. They contrast finely with my rich gingham, I think. You evidently wish to know how I came by them. That is my secret. I wear them to-day in honor of my charge. But she must not mention that I have so much as a plain ring, even. Would you like to be informed where I hide them when they are not on parade? Well, I pad them in my quilted skirt, which I wear summer and winter. Madame and her bantlings little know the wealth poor, scorned, homeless Powell bears about her, do they? Nor must they. I would not hesitate to do anything to the one who could have sufficient temerity to inform against me.'"

"Inform against you?" "Yes; for who would think such costly chains, bracelets, pins and rings were obtained honestly by poor, humble Powell?"

"Ah, look, gaze, seek; but you cannot read my secret. Dare but breathe that I possess these gems, and it will go hard with you! You are the only one that has seen them. Do you notice none of the servants are waiting on us? I told them, before I bedecked myself thus, that I would wait on you."

"She paused, as if to mark the effect of her words, then quickly resumed: 'I don't think I want you to fear, but rather to trust me; I have trusted you. Come, shall we be friends?'"

"An hour ago I would have answered yes," said Flora, frankly. "Now I cannot. Still, I will not be your enemy. Indeed, we will be seeming friends. Such a position may benefit you—it cannot help doing so," she paused, uncertain, wishing to say more.

"Well, what else?" encouraged Miss Powell, her repulsive face and attitude expressing defiance and contempt.

"I feel compelled to say, that, lowly as you consider your station, you can make it lower."

"I might cry, Oh, for the waves of the Red Sea to cover mine enemies from my sight! But I will not; trusting to my fertile brain for original means of punishment when I need them. However, I am harmless when not handled roughly. Till that time you are safe as an infant in the arms of its mother. Believe me. Study hard as you please; freeze me by your inevitable pride back to my obscurity; call upon my time, patience and wisdom often as you wish, I shall be merely the faithful, devoted, humble, contented drudge you need. Is that enough?"

"Oh, Miss Powell!" cried Flora, through genuine pity.

"You feel for me! I see you do! Don't throw away a single heart-throb on your most obedient servant; she has enough of her own! Her individual sympathy is a drug in her own market! I think you have finished your dinner. Please allow me to withdraw." And having received Flora's astonished permission, Miss Powell departed.

"What manner of being is this?" soliloquized Flora, completely overpowered. "She cannot be as dangerous to me as her words indicate, I am sure; else I should feel secret alarm, for, like my dear father, I believe in intuitions. Where did she obtain those jewels? She could not have come by them dishonestly, as my fears first assured me, because there are so many of them. She must have been discovered long ere now if she is a thief. Oh, she cannot be that awful thing! No, there is evidently a mystery in her case; I will respect it. None shall know that the singular creature has given me such unexpected and unwelcome confidences. Her inherent, suspicious pride is, and will be, her greatest enemy."

But it required a great deal of courage for so young a girl as Flora to meet daily, nay, hourly, so defiant and apparently dangerous a being as her teacher. Miss Powell could not be blind to the nervous trembling that sometimes seized her ambitious and persevering pupil when a glance from her glittering eye fell upon her. And she took pleasure in the thought that she could thus subdue one whose life had been passed in the lap of luxury, and who had never been a subject before.

"We get on very well," observed Miss Powell one evening at supper, once more arrayed in jewelry fit for a princess.

"Yes," was the laconic reply of Miss Pemberton.

"I see you do not like the dazzle that oases you into the shade. But I take an insane pleasure in it. Whom have we here?" she demanded, suddenly branching from her previous subject.

"Venus! Venus!" And Flora was in the arms of that faithful sycophant before Miss Powell had finished her question. This young lady viewed the meeting with apparent loathing.

"Pshaw! Let some servant be summoned to open the window!" she cried in disgust.

"This is my dear nurse," said Flora, blushing at such incivility, and hurt for Venus, who stood transfixed.

"Cannot she remain in the passage until you have finished your supper? Some odors I cannot endure."

"Yes, but I shall be there with her. But come, Venus, I will take you to my chamber! You shall not be further insulted."

When the two had left, Miss Powell rose and strode about in apparently uncalmed agitation, crying:

"Why does that girl have everything that is worth having, and I nothing! She at the top of the ladder, and I at the lowest round! Wealth, pomp, love, yes, love, and servants to obey her slightest wish, while Powell, poor, unknown Powell, drags her slow length along wearily, hopelessly, and onerous the fate that placed her where she is! Yet my day shall come!"

"Who is that lady, Flora?" questioned Venus, first carefully closing the chamber door, then seating herself beside her mistress.

"Miss Powell." "Rich, beyond everything, I guess," continued Venus, thinking of the imposing display of gems.

"Those are rare jewels," said Flora evasively, then adding, "How came you to steal upon me so unexpectedly?"

"Why, the servants said 'wait in the hall.' But I heard your blessed voice, and could not stop longer. That lady, though, was very angry with me. I should not care to be her nurse. But, my dear child, how do you do?" And lost in the delight of having Flora once more in her arms, she forgot everything else.

"You have not supped?" asked Flora, suddenly.

"No. It do not matter, though. That lady would forbid my eating a morsel, or stopping a moment more, if I went below for a supper."

"Nonsense. She's only one of the teachers." "But you were afraid of her," observed Venus with great wonder, half fearing folks did not know how great her child was.

"Ought not I to be of my teachers?" laughed Flora, who, ringing her bell for a supper, soon had the pleasure of seeing her dear nurse partaking of a repeat word of the entertained and entertainer.

"Now for news," cried Flora, when Venus sat away from the table, "now for news, if you have good news for me!" But her merry voice and laughing eyes showed that she did not anticipate the opposite.

"Nothing, only Master Fred has a lady," and Venus's eyes twinkled merrily.

"Not another?" cried Flora, agitated.

"Dear child, forgive me. Could he desire any hand but this that I am glad to have in mine again?" And Venus drew Flora to her bosom, and in the most reassuring tones gave her message after message from Fred, and, besides, told her of a heavy letter and present of books that her valise contained, from the same thoughtful youth. Nor were Flora's parents backward in kind words and tokens of love.

"They and Master Fred wanted to come, only you utterly forbade their doing so."

"I'll unloose her dress," she added. "How awfully tight she wears them!"

"I'll help you," said Flora, laying the tumbler of water on the floor, preparatory to assisting.

"My—!" cried Venus, suddenly covering her face with both hands, and trembling violently.

"What a singular mark! Is not it something like an initial?" exclaimed Flora, regarding intently a seamed mark below one of Miss Powell's shoulders, that did indeed look like a letter.

"Quick, child, ease her head! she is coming to," interposed Venus, hastily, yet tenderly laying the insensible figure back upon her own bosom.

"Run, child, for help; she is in a very bad faint!" she added a moment later.

As Flora's rapid steps bore her from the room, Venus murmured:

"One more look at that unexpected sight, and I shall be convinced. It is the same," she groaned—the very same! I did not dream to find her here, Oh, God, have mercy, if her lines have not been cast in pleasant places! Oh, I did what I did for the best good to one so dear to me! And her streaming eyes, and flushed face showed the depth of feeling that moved her.

"Where am I? Oh, I remember!" cried Miss Powell, starting to her feet. "What, weeping for me?"

"Could I help it, when you seemed so distressed?"

"Aha! Did I say anything in my fit?" And she grasped Venus roughly and angrily. "Tell me at once; the whole, or I will kill you!"

"You did not speak," sobbed Venus.

"What, then, did I?"

"Nothing, but I sensibly suffered."

"Weak fool; get up! Tears for suffering that such as you could not measure! And she glowered scornfully down upon the trembling creature at her feet.

"Rise; you sicken me! Pshaw! an excess of meaningless pity in an inferior is loathsome to me!"

"Will you forgive me?" implored Venus, dropping on her knees, and raising her hands in supplication.

"Forgive you? You are mad! I do not know you. Had you wronged me, which of course you have not had opportunity to do, you would be beneath my forgiveness! There!"

"Mercy, mercy!" growled Venus, clinging to the astonished girl.

"Leave me, and you may have as much of my mercy as you can carry with you!" mocked Miss Powell, shaking her off, opening a window, and signifying her determination to be alone somewhere.

"I will go; you shall not have to leave this room for me. But—but—will you tell me—are you happy here?" And Venus paused in her progress from the apartment.

"Happy! Ha, ha! When I make my superiors feel my power! Happy here? Happy nowhere till wealth rains down upon me—that's the only manna to satisfy me!"

Venus, with a lingering look behind, went sadly from the room. Encountering Flora with reluctant help, near the door, she said:

"You need not go to the lady. She sent me from her."

"Then she has quite recovered?" asked Flora.

"Perfectly."

"Then, if she no longer needs us, I will dismiss these unfeeling girls, and we will go back to my chamber. I have so much to say to you."

Vacation ended, the pupils again filled Elmwood Seminary with an animated life. Even the servants rejoiced at the change; for the unnecessary studiousness of Miss Pemberton, (as they regarded it,) and the hateful surveillance of Miss Powell had wearied and irritated them. Ever before through vacation the place had been left with them. No other heads lodged the manor, and they had liked it.

Ellen Layne had returned with a head full of rhapsody over the flattering attentions of one Mr. Anderson. From her manner, the girls quickly inferred that he was an accepted lover.

"He was of our party to the springs," enlightened Ellen.

"Come tell us the whole at once," cried a trio.

"Not now," she answered hastily, as Flora approached the gay group.

"Miss Layne has lost her heart, Miss Pemberton during vacation," laughed Miss Brawnish, disregarding certain warning looks from the one spoken of.

"Ah!"

"Yes. Don't you want to learn the name of the holder?"

"If it is not to be kept secret," returned Flora indifferently.

"Anderson!" replied Miss Brawnish, ignorant of the associations connected with that name in Flora's young mind.

"Fred Anderson!" added Miss Layne, provoked by such disregard of her wishes in the one, and indifference to learn the name of her insinuated admirer in the other.

"Ah!" replied Flora, with a momentary start.

"Of, or near Briar-grove," continued Miss Layne, with increasing recklessness and triumph.

"My father's ward, probably," said Flora, with calmness, not believing Miss Layne's story, yet wondering why Fred and she were so familiar as was intimated.

"So the young gentleman informed me. By the way, Miss Pemberton, what fine eyes he has, and such a glance he can shoot out of them!"

Miss Pemberton's deepening flush showed that she knew all about that glance, and did not care to have it so publicly spoken of.

"I was not aware that he knew you, until he accidentally, toward our parting, happened to speak of his guardian. Strange, if he does know you, that he never said so."

"I fancy he is a trifle like myself," replied Flora, calmly as she could.

"How?"

"In not making confidants of every one we meet."

"Quite a confession, that comparison. But, did not some country maiden once count her chickens before they were hatched?"

As Miss Pemberton deigned no reply to this taunt, Miss Layne found herself alone on the field, until Miss Brawnish informed her she hoped no one else present would find themselves in the position of the country maiden, as such a mistake must be awful.

True to her promise, Flora was attentive to Miss Powell to a degree that astonished the scholars, and the recipient besides.

"She likes to do odd things," the former agreed with a single voice, while the latter imputed it to the fear she had wished to inspire. Being happy in her own thoughts about the matter, Flora pursued the chosen tenor of her way. But how sweet the labor to break up and sow the barren fields of mind! How miserly every moment hoarded its golden income! Truly her labor had its best reward, when, at the closing exhibition of the school, Mr. Pemberton clasped her to his breast, and told her in a fond, deep whisper, she did not know how happy she had made him.

"And now for home, little truant!"

"Has it changed in the three years?" asked Flora, with a kindling smile.

"Not much; we thought we'd let it run along in the old way till you came back. You can transmute it as you please."

CHAPTER VII. A False Report. But time went pleasantly, profitably, though somewhat mysteriously on, to Flora, who resolved to be as blind and deaf as possible.

"There!—go your way!" And with this, Miss Powell walked off alone, as abruptly as she had appeared.

"Papa, I want to ask a great favor of you and mamma, will you grant it?" asked Flora, after dinner.

"Whatever it is," said both parents.

"Ah, then it is all settled. Miss Powell can go home with us. Such a vacation as we can give her will do her an immensely of good. I should not wonder if it entirely cures her of her bitter feelings against the world."

"Miss Powell? Which of the young ladies is she?"

"The one, mamma, that examined us in Latin."

"Oh, a teacher, then," with a quiet, ladylike curl of the lip.

"Hum! Wont some other girl do as well for you to take home?"

"No, papa. Remember your promise!"

"Well, well. Show the young woman up."

"Not till I have made you both understand that she is extremely proud and sensitive, and will not receive a kindness rendered patronizingly."

"When?" answered Mr. Pemberton; "and how silly in her to be anything out of her sphere?" looked his wife.

But the introduction being made, and the invitation given and accepted, both parties did their best to be mutually agreeable. During the short interval preceding their departure for Briar-grove, Miss Powell not only impressed the Pembertons favorably, but actually caused Fred to leave off watching Flora's exquisite face, and graceful motions, and pronounce her, mentally, charming.

And Flora saw all this, and delighted in having been the means, through Venus, of bringing friends and happiness to one so destitute of both.

But that most exemplary servant did not express the joy at sight of the visitor that Flora had anticipated.

"How, incomprehensible you are growing, Venus!" cried the disappointed girl, in real vexation.

"But she is so awful to look at," was the equivocal extension.

"You forgot that, when you begged me to be kind to her. What if she has red hair, unusually large eyes, freckled face, and ugly features; her figure is fine, and her manners and conversation are charming! Why, I am almost nothing compared with her!"

"A correct inventory," thought Miss Powell, in ambush. "I perceive Miss has a true eye! We'll see who has a true love! Changes will come to all!"

"Venus, see that the young lady's room is in perfect order. She must not feel slighted, mark me! I will arrange bouquets for the vases there. She is fond of flowers, so she shall have a plenty of them. But I find I shall have to repeat your own words, and to you, 'be kind to her!' I am afraid she has had a stormy childhood."

Flora paused to muse on the difference of fortune as seen around her.

"I will do as you wish," said Venus, hurriedly.

"That you will, you malicious crew!" mentally added Miss Powell, who, slipping from the recess in the hall outside Flora's room, stole softly to the garden, where her mind, roving eyes had seen another person go a few minutes before. Here she loitered in evident enjoyment; botanically examining plants, and showing off her fine figure in a thousand graceful attitudes, well practiced in the seclusion of her attic, for some future hour of triumph. Truly, she had conned her favorite lesson well, and chosen a favorable hour for reciting it. How gloriously beamed the summer sun upon that expansive, green, blooming and fragrant garden, whose bounds appeared illimitable as the forest that, in the distance, stretched itself far North, and rested its waving canopy against that of blue, which seemed floating nearer and nearer to the pure eyes giving it earnest and questioning glances—eyes not looking into its mystic depths from any of the olden outdoor haunts of childhood, but from the little closet, Venus' own, where prayer and trust, and divine love had been first explained to her. Here indeed, with strange willfulness, mused Flora, of the thousand mysteries that the clear azure of a summer-sky brings ever to a reflective mind. She could see, if she cared, her visitor, peering the garden walks, but could not hear the words of discontent constantly issued in private from the same unquiet source.

No lovelier spot could have been chosen by Miss Powell, whereby to show how apt and thorough a pupil she had been. Here were groves of ornamental, and rows of fruit trees of rich tints, luscious burdens, and intoxicating perfumes; millions of roses climbing and clustering everywhere; vines wreathing column and colonnade, and showing their delicate blossoms, till fingers touched, but would not ruthlessly pluck such sweet and trusting little gems; while glimmering carelessly amid the trees and verdure, lay a sheet of water, clear and blue as the heavens above. Here fluttered the snowy sails of the 'Arrow,' on one of the red velvet seats of which sat Fred Anderson. On the sand were two colored oarsmen, awaiting his pleasure, in suits of blue and white, and broad-rimmed straw hats, with black ribbons streaming in the wind.

But cultivation had not rested from its labors when the gardens, park and plantations of Briar-grove were arranged, but had gone rapidly and steadily northward, and reached a daring, if kindly hand, to join in a friendly clasp with the hale landmarks of a forest, whose wavy arches rose high in the air, and whose feet rested safely in the bosom of a low-ridge, dignified by the name of *Old Mount*, where was a cave, whose legendary lore, in the estimation of near dwellers, was unequalled by any that other State or clime could boast. This cave reposed in the appellation of the *Bottomless Pit*; owing probably to its dark and gloomy interior, and the strange, rushing noises always heard by those who had courage to penetrate more than three feet beyond its entrance. There were frequent reports of its being inhabited; of a singular figure, bent and double with age, lingering about its mouth, giving to mumbling, strange words, and making odd and fearful noises, and threatening motions, that instigated more, possibly, than they ever came to in actual deed.

But Mr. Pemberton always laughed at these stories, and never but once tried to trap the cause of so much whispering and mystery; and then, being unsuccessful, mirthfully gave the cave to any poor wretch that needed a hulk enough to take that.

And less vague grew the unrest in the bosom of Miss Powell, as she gazed, and gazing, learned fresh cause why she should feel disgust, envy, and hatred against all.

"So much for one to have," she sighed, curiously

keeping her discontent from the one she wished to attract. "Why, the sculptors here cost what I might call a fortune!"

Going, as if unconsciously, nearer the lake, she murmured in touching accents—accents like the mournful numbers of an aching heart:

"A glorious spot—nothing to strike the eye with an humiliating sense of newness; at each turn and view, we see history written plainly, proudly, grandly! The old homestead! How sweet a thought that one's own kindred has revealed in the beauties that unparading fortune lavishes, as far as the vision can reach. To know that kindly eyes have seen and loved the home that we adore because it is ours; ours for ages past, and ours as far as the yearning imagination carries it into futurity!"

Her eye kindled, and she paused to take from a slight eminence, a view of the spot so truly time-honored and grand. But suddenly, her manner changed, her eyes filled, her bosom heaved with suppressed emotion, her breath came quickly, her arms dropped listlessly, and in broken tones between heart-rending sighs, she added:

"Ah, but the sight of such a home to one whose weary feet from infancy have wandered over thorny tracks, parentless, friendless, poor and unloved, is a blessing, eye! and a torture!"

"Has your lot been indeed so dreary?"

With a graceful start, and deepening flush, Miss Powell raised her eyes at the speaker. His expressed sincere feeling. He had left the boat, and gradually, as if under a spell, drawn nearer the source of the sad and inexpressibly sweet tones that yet made his bosom throb with a strange sense of anguish.

"I am sorry to have disturbed you," and with a timid and respectful bow, Miss Powell moved aside for him to pass on.

"You will not let me be your friend?" said he, in a voice of mingled surprise and regret.

"Ah, sir, you little guess how strangely the word falls on my ear. *Friend!* I never had one!"

"You forget Flora," said he, with a beaming smile that lighted up with a tender glory, his fine features.

"Oh—she is a dear child." As if something were wanting that the name he had suggested did not supply.

"But—but, can my Flora have kept from your knowledge the treasures of such a nature as hers? She used to be very ingenuous. I hope this absence has not been an injury to her. Did she?—she surely could not have made you feel a void when she was nigh?"

Oh, the gall and wormwood contained in his words! the unconscious hostility proceeding from that matchless smile and face! Yet she smothered all feeling evoked by these contending enemies, militating against her wishes, and replied, more sadly, sweetly and lonesomely:

"She is very kind—kinder than I deserve, I dare say," and then the speaker turned drearily, absently to the inspection of a flower that she had idly plucked while speaking to Fred, and so earnestly seemed to know she held.

Her manner was deeply touching.

"Let me be your friend," cried her impulsive companion.

"In darkness as well as light, if the latter should ever gleam upon me?" was asked eagerly, yet modestly and respectfully.

"May sorrow visit me if I desert one so deserted?" And their hands met in a fervent clasp.

At this moment a white duster fluttered in the distance; it came nearer, and its wearer, in a light girlish voice, asked, why the only beau at Briar-grove was forgetful that a sail on the lake might be agreeable to the ladies.

"Sure enough," laughed Fred, looking with pride and happiness upon the brilliant face under the dark straw hat.

This addition and interruption were unwelcome to Miss Powell, who bit her lips with vexation at an opportunity thus lost.

"Come, ladies, I am at your disposal at once. I was about to ask Miss Powell—bowing to that mournful young person—'to call with me before you came, Flora. However, I am glad I could not act immediately upon that impulse, as, by the delay consequent upon our conversation (tenderly glancing at the former) we have the pleasure of your society. Will she not be an addition, indeed, Miss Powell?"

"Nothing could be better," said Miss Powell, with affectionate warmth.

"I suppose I ought to courtesy to each of you for that compliment; and would, were it not for the love of being obstinate. Pray excuse me on that ground; and Fred, help Miss Powell on board. I can get there myself," and with a bound, Flora had reached a seat, seized an oar, dismissed the colored boatmen, and taken the basket of refreshments that Venus handed her unexpectedly.

"Why, Venus, how came you to know we should need this?" peeping under the cover.

"Oh—I—Well, I saw you coming here, and thought may be, you'd like a sail, especially as you had not taken one here so long."

"So long! Yes, three whole years. But what is that loss compared with the gain? Ah, Venus!"

"May be nothing. Still I think of the three years gone you were n't here."

"Why, what a selfish Venus!" said Flora, lightly, yet looking affectionately at the being so true and constant, and whose presence always irritated Miss Powell in a manner unaccountable to herself. Seeing this to be the case now, Flora hastily dismissed Venus with the assurance that she should return before supper-time.

Venus watched the retreating Arrow. Her heart yearned after the dear one, sitting smiling and tranquil on one of the velvet cushions, while her white hands twined a wreath of the flowers the bottom of the boat was covered with. The oar she had chosen had been recaptured by Fred, who assured her he did not desire her services just then.

In an arm-chair, under a canopy in the stern, Miss Powell had been politely seated, and having the opportunity, commenced "chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancies." But it was long ere she could regain the mournful calm she wished to have visible to her companions. Evil upon the innocent being who had come between her and the chance so opportunely hers to move with feeling one whom she wished to influence, she constantly wished in overflowing measure. How could she keep these vile thoughts down, was her living fear. But at length subduing them, she thought darkly:

"I can bide my time."

"How like the sky this lake looks," said Flora, dipping her slender fingers into the water, and playfully sprinkling Fred in the old way of her younger days.

"Only that—the sky I mean—does not mirror so angelo a face."

"Now, Fred, take that," professedly showering him from her dripping hands—"such gross flattery should not go unappreciated, should it, Miss Powell?"

"As one fancied," came sweetly from the depths of a green veil which Miss Powell had drawn from her pocket, and thrown over her head and face, to hide emotions not yet quite controlled.

"Non-committal, very. I see I must stand alone. So Fred, seriously, I hate such speeches."

"Why?" murmured Miss Powell, in the softest and most subdued tones of refined astonishment.

"I do," perigated Flora, glancing a moment at the green veil, then fondly looking into Fred's face, where obagrin and anger were plainly typed.

"Our little friend is growing quite an empress," smilingly observed Miss Powell, turning toward the youth, who quickly replied with an injured air:

"I think so!"

"Then you think right," laughed Flora, breaking forth in a rich gush of melody that waked echoes from the listening groves along the water's edge.

"Let us go up as far as the Bottomless Pit," she said, when her song was ended.

"There's a change! I thought a moment since I was in paradise—now!"

"Now, Fred, you find yourself nearly opposite. I am glad of it, for I want Miss Powell to see this great natural curiosity; it is not often I am in the mood even to speak of it. Were Venus here, she'd beg me not to think of such a thing."

"And you'd obey her, I suppose?" asked Miss Powell.

"Very likely. Her wishes are usually so sensible that I am apt to be guided by them."

"Your mother is an elegant woman." In tones of the slightest possible reproof. Both Fred and Flora looked at the green veil in some well-bred astonishment. Neither felt quite sure how this should be taken.

"The—! Why the—?" hesitated the former, too polite to swear in ladies' company: "the world knows that!"

"Certainly! She must be an ornament to the world she adorns with her matchless beauty and presence," gently answered Miss Powell, with a faint, yet clearly audible sigh, at having been spoken so sharply to.

Flora had already regained her good humor, and casting a pleading glance at Fred to keep quiet, he smothered his displeasure at once, and redoubled his attentions to the possessor of the willow chair in the stern, who sat there, wishing herself anything in higher life than she was, and resolved to be so, and that at no far distant time.

Fred, also, ashamed of his taciturn resentment against Flora, who had evidently no wish to disturb his serenity; and, who besides, he now trusted, was not destitute of sympathy for the distressed—a fault he had but a few moments before been on the point of attributing to her.

"Let us have up the sails," said Flora, perceiving that Fred looked heated and tired.

When this wish was smilingly granted, the party floated rapidly along, in sight of bright fields, gentle hills, and rolling plains that ran down to the water's edge, fringing it with waving grass and fragrant flowers.

Soon these were passed; now appeared a rough line of jagged rocks, and stunted trees; then came a beautiful, but solitary shore, that seemed never to have been visited by man before. In the background loomed up Old Mount, its grey summit rearing fiercely against the sky. No house near to be seen—not a foot mark on the cool sand, not even the fitting of a bird to disturb the monotony of the scene.

"Tgh!" was the mental exclamation of Miss Powell, as Fred intimated that the Bottomless Pit might be found located in that wild range of mountain in the distance.

"You will be tired, I fear," suggested Fred to Flora.

"Never you think that; I grew to be a famous walker at Elmwood—that was about all the exercise and change I cared for there," answered Flora, preparing to land.

"I wonder if my friend will think it possible for me to be tired?" was the jealous comment of Miss Powell, sitting in seeming helplessness and dread.

"You are afraid, I see."

"Not very," she answered, with a lighter face.

"But," continued Fred, "I regret that we can obtain no carriage here to convey you to the Mount beyond (there is quite a settlement of white folks, maintained principally by our Briar-grove friends. If you meet any of these demi-savages, do not feel alarmed, they are harmless. They are what our colored population call 'poor white folks.'"

"So, I am not overlooked," congratulated Miss Powell, mentally, of course.

Leaving the boat, the party ascended the hilly course leading to the Pit. Nothing could exceed the silence on all sides. Silence so deep, that one cared not, or dared not break it, for a mysterious awe seemed to hang on every surrounding object.

Flora attributed this unearthly stillness to the fear entertained by the neighborhood for this locality—for the Bottomless Pit had been long a bugbear as well as a pride.

Miss Powell declared her willingness to live in the cave, if by so doing, she could claim Old Mount as her property.

"You ought to be rich, you want to be so much!" cried Flora, in astonishment.

"I shall," was the oracular reply.

Meanwhile the yawning mouth of the Bottomless Pit was reached. Miss Powell peeped inquisitively in.

"My courage has wholly left me," said Flora, with a nervous laugh, standing aloof from the others. Fred went back to her, while saying—

"If you wish to enter, I am ready to attend you, Miss Powell."

"I really intend to penetrate into this mystery. But I will not take you from Miss Pemberton. I can go alone." And she prepared to face the gloom within.

"You must not go first!" cried Fred, who, turning to Flora again, said, "wait outside here, you will be safe. I shall be out very soon. But, shall you feel quite safe alone?"

"Quite, Fred; especially as I expect to see you instantly driven forth by some of the fabulous beings that are said to infest the weird hollow!"

"You may laugh. There's no telling what treasures we shall find within," said Miss Powell, glad that Flora was to remain outside.

When a few feet within the cave, Fred threw a look at the anxious face watching him in his progress thus far. She could see him no more. For here two passages appeared, one diverging to the right, and the other to the left.

"Which will you take, Miss Powell?"

"The right, because it is most gloomy."

This grew darker, and more damp and chilly as each step.

"Are you fearful?" asked Fred, perceiving his companion tremble.

"No." Yet Miss Powell clung to him.

Soon the strange rushing sound that had frightened and driven out scores, was heard. Closer clung Miss Powell to her guide.

"This sound has always deterred further entrance. Shall we go on?"

"If you please. I am not afraid, yet I tremble. This wild sound is nothing more than that made by a current of air; I feel it on my face. See how it moves my dress. Let us go on, by all means."

They did.

A few feet more, in increasing darkness, and then an opening into a small apartment was unexpectedly reached. Into this the light streamed dimly yet pleasantly from a chasm in the side. On the floor was strewn a carpet of moss, and a bed in the corner was of the same material. A rough table, a chair or two, a trunk, a few cooking utensils and tin dishes, and the inventory of the treasures of the Bottomless Pit it complete.

"I did not dream this was or had been inhabited," said Fred, under breath. "Let us depart. The tenant, if about here, may suddenly return, and not like our presence."

"By no means must I leave now. I want to see more—the occupant, in short," replied Miss Powell, handling and regarding each evidence of living, natural proprietorship with deep interest and attention.

"You don't know what spirit you may be raising," said Fred, looking uneasily at her as she walked about, intent on curious investigation.

"Nothing bad, I have internal assurance."

Entering the cave at this moment, by means of the chasm that emitted light and air as well, was an old, white haired man, whose angry surprise gave to his purple face a singular expression. His grotesque attire, vehement gesticulation, as by dumb signs he bade them depart, and incoherent mutterings formed so ludicrous a scene, that Miss Powell burst into a harsh laugh, that provoked beyond endurance the cause of it.

"Go, rash girl, go!" he shouted, springing to the ground.

"I thought I could make you speak," was her inexplicable answer—inexplicable even to herself.

"I will take her out immediately," replied Fred, with deference. "Come, Miss Powell, this good man resents, and naturally enough, I think, our uninvited presence."

As they drew near the outer entrance, Miss Powell whispered, (for the jealous old man was not far behind):

"Let us keep this from Flora. It would frighten her to hear so strange a story."

"Well—for the present, perhaps. Yet the others should know it," said Fred, reflectively.

"There seems to me no reason why they should."

"Excuse me," with a doff of his hat, "for differing in opinion. Mr. Pemberton is the proprietor of this ridge. He has heard, but never trusted these stories of its being inhabited."

As if guessing the tenor of their conversation, the old man, with menacing manner, cried:

"Keep what you have learned here a secret. Remember, secret. If not, peril on the one that reveals!"

"How pale you both look!" cried Flora, meeting them as they emerged into open air. "I do believe you've seen the spirit of the Pit!"

"Hush!" whispered Fred, casting a hasty glance behind, fearing for her, not for himself.

"That is too much!" And Flora laughed in derision.

"She little guesses how nearly her light conjecture hit the truth," whispered Miss Powell, as Flora led the way to the boat. "We will not tell her." And there was a fresh charm in the face and manner of Miss Powell, as she pleaded for the peace of mind of one so dear to him.

Fred pressed the hand lying on his arm in token of assent, and returned tenderly the earnest, puzzling gaze given, while he thought:

"She is strange—quite beyond my experience with the sex. Still she's very charming."

After a pleasant sail, the party reached Briar-grove in time for a late supper. The family, with a number of unexpected guests, stood waiting on the verandah to receive them. To the latter, Miss Powell was carefully presented, and she did not fail in her determination to please all who came within her reach. These new friends declared her the most entertaining and delightful girl they had ever met, and did not leave without earnestly inviting her to visit them.

"She has wonderful conversational powers," said Flora, while Venus stood behind her chair unbending her heavy tresses.

"She has," was the short reply.

"What makes you so chary of your words when speaking of my visitor?" demanded Flora, facing Venus.

"I don't wish to be. Maybe I'm jealous of her on your account," said Venus, hiding her true feelings by light words and gay manner.

"Then don't be jealous again. Let Miss Powell make all the friends she can; of course she cannot take one from me." And thus secure in her own pride and position, Flora went trustfully on from day to day.

"I don't know," thought Venus, "I don't know—but it strikes me Miss Powell is aiming at something." These thoughts she repeated to Dinah, who resolved to watch and see that nothing happened to the dear child that both regarded so tenderly. After they had made this resolution, Miss Powell became conscious of a constant surveillance that alarmed and irritated her. This commenced the third day of her visit. As soon as she realized it, she rushed into her chamber to express the anger she could not hide.

"I will be careful not to seem to wish to hurt their dove in their presence. This is the only way that I see to disarm them. Oh, that the power to lay a hundred lashes on each back were given me! The insolent wretches, to presume to watch me!" And she gritted her teeth with the rage she could not repress, yet trembled to have seen. "But why not watch me?" she resumed, after her rage had partially subsided, and reflection came up. "What am I, that these creatures may not take the liberty to dodge, watch, and wait? Nothing, in short, but one upon whose forehead, ay, and in whose heart poverty has dared to lay her cold, steel! But I'll wrest it from its vital bed! I'll dare her to place her icy hand on my equal; I'll—why, I'll sell my body, yes, and my soul to be rich; to dwell in high

places; to be in the head where now the foot is thought beyond my boasts! Sell my soul? Indeed I will, and think myself a gainer by the transaction!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Written for the Banner of Light.

UNDER THE SHADE.

BY COUSIN BENNA.

Under the shade of my grandfather's woods,
In a brown little cottage half hid in its arms,
Where Nature speaks out in her mystical words,
And a meadow-brook kindly is lending its charms:
Where the little ducks float on its silvery breast,
And the birds sing above in the musical pine;
Aside from the naughty old world, quoth at rest,
Dwells the heart-loving, soul-loving mother of mine.

Under the shade of my grandfather's woods,
Late in the evening and early in morn,
Father is seen in his garden of herbs,
And I lucky was he when he sought for a wife,
For a better one never on earth could he find,
To help wheel along the great wagon of life.
Than the heart-loving, soul-loving mother of mine.

Ever ready is she with her cruise and her basket,
And can give for a proof that I'm telling no lie,
A host of true, souls, in and out of the casket,
And a note on demand at the bank in the sky.
And so thin is the veil that is hanging between,
That I have not a doubt but the angels divine
Often come down through the shadows unseen
To the heart-loving, soul-loving mother of mine.

Talk of your mansion of free-stone and granite,
Of its towers, and verandas, French windows and
hoods—
But keep back the vice that privately haunts it,
When you laugh at the cottage near grandfather's
woods;
For I know of some ladies that ride in their carriage,
And have a rich husband that comes home to dine,
Who would give all their wealth for a share in the cot-
tage.

With the heart-loving, soul-loving mother of mine,
Contented we live 'neath the shade and the roses,
My father and mother, my sister and I;
For God wrote our creed in the days of old Moses,
And handed it down through a hole in the sky.
Then come out and see us, ye savans of knowledge—
Some crumbs from our table may be for your good;
You will find us at home in a brown little cottage,
Under the shade of my grandfather's wood!
Thatchwood Cottage, 1862.

Original Essays.

WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT: WHAT-
EVER IS, IS WRONG.

BY EDWARD D. FREELAND.

A very old doctrine, and one which has played a considerable part in the past history of Religion and Philosophy, has been recently revived in this country, and more especially among the Spiritualists. It is asserted, by the holders of this doctrine, that there is no such thing as Evil in the world; that that which seems to be not good, and which we, therefore, call Evil, is, in reality, merely negative good; in other words, that it is a lesser good, relatively to that which we recognize as the higher good; but that, in any or every considered, it is not Evil, but good, though in a smaller degree. Everything throughout the universe proceeds—according to the arguments of this teaching—by virtue of definite, fixed, invariable Natural Laws, existing in the constitution of things, or implanted there by a Creator. Everything being thus regulated by Law, nothing that occurs in the universe can be at variance with the operations of Law, but must come to pass in virtue of the workings of regulative rules, in obedience to which the workings of nature conduce. From this it follows that everything which takes place in the world, occurs by reason of its being a part, a necessary part, of the operation of divine, regulative Law, or, in other words, a part of the plan of the Creator. Hence, whatever takes place is right, and hence the much mooted formula, *Whatever is, is Right*.

While such is the argument, the validity of which is not to be denied, by which the upholders of the doctrine that *Whatever is, is Right*, maintain their position, another party, equally earnest, and with arguments equally undeniable, affirm the opposite as the truth; and maintain the inherent and actual difference between vice and virtue, beauty and deformity, ignorance and knowledge, happiness and misery, etc.; declaring that there is rightness and wrongness in our actions, and that one is not to be confounded with the other. They add, as proof of this, that the advocates of the rightfulness of all things, do not, in practice, so recognize them. That they do not believe, practically, that neglect of business is as right as attention to it; that hunger is as right as satisfied appetite; that poverty is as right as plenty, etc.

Here, then, we have two parties maintaining opposite views in relation to a subject, each supporting its position by sound premises; undeniable logic, and patent facts. What is the solution of this problem? It is very simple, and needs but a statement to ensure its acceptance.

Every subject is capable of, and necessarily possesses, two views, the one the Absolute, the other the Relative. The first is that view which considers a subject as it would be if everything were perfect, as it is in case, or in its logical conclusion, as disconnected from actual contingencies. The latter is the actual view of a subject as it exists in practical life, modified by the various contingencies which affect it. These two views, looking at the subject in directly opposed aspects, leads us to directly opposite conclusions. This law is universal, and has no exception. The Absolute view of any subject whatsoever, is directly opposite to the Relative view of the same subject. The Absolute view carries everything back to where it is mingled in the grand universal whole and becomes indistinguishable from anything else. It is the point in which, in the language of Philosophy, "all things are contained in the least thing." The Relative is, on the contrary, that sphere in which discrimination commences, and where things absolutely the same, become practically unlike.

Every truth, therefore, has two opposite aspects; which seem to contradict each other. Hence one party looking at a truth in its absolute sense, pronounces that "Whatever is, is Right." Another party, looking at the same truth in its relative aspect, pronounces the contrary. Each side, deeming truth to be simple instead of complex, one instead of many; or rather deeming truth to have one side only, does not believe that the opposite view must be false.

The actual truth, relative to the subject is that both views are true, and that the only whole truth is

that which is made up of, and takes in, the two sides, absolute and relative, of truth. The truth of either side is merely a half-truth, good as far as it extends, but false when reckoned or used as the truth, or the whole truth. Whatever is, is right, held as a recognition of the unity of plan in the universe, of the inherent perfection of the Divine System of Order and Beauty, and of the fact that everything which occurs, takes place as a part of the scheme of the Creator, is a true and healthful recognition of one-half of the truth. But this half, held as the whole, or as applicable to the practical affairs of life, becomes a false guide, leading to endless error. It affirms that the loathsome appearance, the fetid smell and the brutal look of drunkenness are equally beautiful with the hue of health, the freshness of purity and the spiritualty of holiness. It denies the superiority of maidenly and womanly virtue, to degraded and filthy debauchery, and regards with an eye of equal worth, honesty and rascality, love and hate, truth and falsehood, unselfish devotion to truth, and reckless disregard of the welfare of humanity.

On the other hand, the opposite view of things, that opposed to the idea that whatever is, is right, the opposite half of the composite truth, taken alone as the whole, to the exclusion of the absolute side, is equally productive of error. It denies the universe a plan, in accordance with which all things proceed, denies the Laws of Creation to be the offspring of a Divine Power, and refuses to recognize the guiding hand of Providence. It leads to doubt, infidelity, a denial of the wisdom and power of the Creator, and plunges the one-sided holder of a half-truth into numberless errors, on that side. Whatever is, is right, unaccompanied by its correlative opposite, leads practically to undefined license; the opposite view, taken alone, leads to uncourted skepticism, or to a worse bigotry.

While, then, either the Absolute or the Relative view of any truth affirmed as the whole, or taken as a guide of action out of its own bounds, is practically a falsehood, the harmonization of these two opposite and apparently antagonistic half-truths in a complex whole, is the complete, vital, essential, working truth, the only truth in the full senses of the word. It is this recognition of the composite nature of truth, this discovery that all practical truth is the integration of two opposite sides in themselves antagonistic, which is the basis of the Philosophy of Integralism, or Wholeness, now, in our own time, first announced. Heretofore the perception of the truth of one side was supposed necessarily to exclude the other. Thus all men, in all ages of the world, have been seeing, affirming and fighting for a half-truth, while denying the existence of the complementary half. From this denial have come the errors of the past in Religion, in Philosophy, and in Practical Life. Says the Religionist, "If the doctrine of Fixed Fate be true, then must the doctrine of Free Will be false, and vice versa." Integralism shows that Fixed Fate and Free Will are the Absolute and Relative views of the same truth in theology, just as the two views of right we have been considering are so in morals; that so far from one view excluding the other, that either view taken alone is virtually false, and that the real truth is in the recognition of the two sides, each as true in its own sphere. So of the doctrines of the Divine Trinity and Divine Unity. Neither excludes the other. Either alone is virtually false, is merely a half-truth; and the whole or higher truth is in the inherent validity of both views. These are examples merely. The Philosophy of Integralism is universal, and discovers the essential two-sidedness of truth everywhere.

Here, then, we have the solution of the question which has puzzled the world since the dawn of theology and Philosophy. Here is a true Mediator and Reconciler between the jarring factions of contending sects. Here is a common ground on which both parties of combatants may stack arms and smoke the pipe of peace. Both of you are right, and both of you are wrong. Right in the affirmation of your half-truth; wrong in the supposition that it excludes its opposite, and in your consequent denial thereof. For this is the higher truth. Whatever is, is right, as a recognition of the fact that everything takes place in accordance with the harmonious working of Nature's laws, or in obedience to the Divine Plan; whatever is, is right, as a calm, serene, holy recognition of the wisdom that guides the world, and of trust and faith in His goodness. Whatever is, is wrong, as a recognition of the imperfection of man, individually and socially, as compared with the standard of divine manhood, as an incentive to earnest labor to lift mankind from its unhappy and degraded conditions to a loftier and nobler life, and as a recognition of the endless development of the human-divine, ever soaring to higher planes of thought and action, and ever straining to higher ideals before it.

USES OF COAL OIL.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

Almost every day extends the uses to which coal oil in its various forms is applied. The use of one of its products in place of turpentine, of which the rebellion denied us, in itself was of great practical benefit.

Our refiners have as yet contented themselves with the production of burning fluid, a lubricating oil, and paraffine; but European manufacturers have extended the process, and the number of valuable compounds they extract are almost exhaustless. The principal of these are "Benzole, worth ten to twenty cents per pound, used extensively as a solvent for India rubber, and for extracting oil from wool before dyeing it; grease from clothing, etc. Nitro-Benzole, which has the taste and smell of oil of bitter almonds, and is used for the same purposes, worth one dollar per pound. Aniline, a dye used for producing the fashionable color, mauve—worth eight dollars per pound. Pure violet aniline powder, worth three hundred and twenty-five dollars per barrel."

A wide field is thus opened to the chemist, and undoubtedly products will be discovered and applied to uses not yet dreamed of.

The burning fluid it yields is inferior to none; in fact, affords the cheapest, best, and most elegant light of any other material. No other light, except that of gas, compares with it for brilliancy and beauty, and even that is not superior. It is especially the light for the millon, being afforded at less than one-fourth that of tallow candles.

The oils, which are thick and oily like those of Metals, in their natural state, are the best of lubricators; never gumming, or congealing in the coldest weather. In the process of refining, they are always

more or less of this heavy oil produced, varying in consistency in proportion to the amount of burning fluid extracted. Thus among the crude and manufactured oils, there are all grades of consistency, from that laid to the finest oil, adapted to all varieties of machinery, from a watch to an engine—oils which will not gum, nor corrode metals, which keep the journals cool, and wear well. It is destined to supersede all other lubricators, and its consumption must be immense. Some railroad companies pay twenty-five thousand dollars a year for lubricators alone, and single manufacturers produce four hundred thousand per year. It can be afforded cheaper, and is much better than any other oil in use.

In the old world, the rock-oils have been successfully applied to painting, but here they have not been sufficiently tested by time. The experiments made are very satisfactory, and there can be no doubt but that it will be universally employed in the place of the costly linseed oil. When the crude oil is boiled with "drying," mixed with lead or other color, it forms a smooth, firm body, covers the wood well, dries rapidly and perfectly, and is odorless.

Fifty millions gallons of oils of various kinds are annually consumed in the United States, and it is highly probable that mineral oil will take their place in almost every instance. Lard, tallow, whale oil, etc., must then be of nominal value; in fact, the poor persecuted leviathan will not be worth the catching.

GLEANINGS FROM FESTUS.

NUMBER ELEVEN.

COMPILED FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT BY D. S. FRACKER.

Ye know What 'tis to triumph o'er temptation, what To fall before it; how the young spirit faints— The virgin tremor, the heart's ebb and flow. When first some vast temptation calmly comes And staves itself before it, like the sun Low looming in the west, above the wave Of wimpling streamlets, ere its waters grow To size aerial. Then the fiend himself There is no greater evil. Least the shame Of yielding, more the glory of conquering. In him, to whom he goes, this soul elect.

Oh God! for thy glory only can I act, And for thy creature's good. When men stray Further from thee, then warmest toward them burns Thy love, even as yon sun beams hottest on The earth when distant most.

Knowest thou not God's son to be the brother and friend Of spirit everywhere? Or hath thy soul Been bound forever to thy foolish world? Star unto stars speaks light, and world to world Repeats the password of the universe To God: the name of Christ—the one great word Worth all languages in earth or heaven.

There are points from which we can command our life; When the soul sweeps the future like a glass; And coming things, full freighted with our fate, Jet out, on the ebbing of the mind.

What matter how we call That which all feel to be their noblest part? Even the spirits have a better and a worse: For every thing created must have form. Passions they have, somewhat like thine, but less Of grossness and that downwardness of soul Which men have. It is true they have no earth; For what they live on is above themselves.

There is less real difference among things Than men imagine. They overlook the mass, But fasten each on some particular crumb. Because they feel that they can equal that, Of doctrine, or belief, or party cause.

It matters not what men assume to be; Or good, or bad, they are but what they are.

All men's wills, and all their ends and powers Must come within the boundless scope of God's.

The spirits of those whom God loves circle us. The nearest point wherein we come toward God Is loving—making love—and being happy.

REFORM CONVENTION

AT EAGLE, WAUKESHA CO., WISCONSIN.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

This interesting meeting was opened Saturday, July 19th. Though under rather unfavorable circumstances, owing to a heavy fall of rain the night previous, yet there were a goodly number assembled on the ground in time for organization in the forenoon.

Officers chosen, were Walter Hyde, President; Arthur Howe and L. T. Whittier, Secretary; Alexander Bunker, Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Severance, Committee of Arrangements.

Afternoon session opened by the Chairman stating the object of the meeting to be the free expression of any thoughts or ideas which the various speakers might choose, each being alone responsible for what he might say.

Next followed music by Severance and Williams' Band, which was in attendance during the meeting.

Mrs. C. M. Stowe, gave the opening address on the "Philosophy of Spiritualism," referring to what Spiritualism had done toward throwing off the shackles of bigotry and superstition, and what it was destined to do by teaching love and charity for all mankind.

Mrs. Dodge of Palmyra, a trance speaker of late development, next followed. Subject—"Ever does Truth come uppermost, and ever is Justice done."

The Chairman called for volunteer speakers.

Mrs. Stowe recited a poem—"Golden Door," written by Lucy Mouthrop, of Rockford, Ill.

Miss Knox spoke upon Health Reform, declaring herself an ordained minister of the Gospel of Truth. Self-ordained, because, like others, she was a sinner, and that whoever considers himself such, is authorized to go forth and preach the Gospel of Truth.

Mrs. Dr. Stillman spoke upon the same subject. She said you may drink your tea and coffee, and eat your meats, but mind you; you take the consequences.

Mr. Stowe spoke, saying he had heard it remarked in the audience, that if diet and dress reform were discussed here, it would hurt the cause; but if the cause was so easily hurt, let it die.

Several others spoke, after which the meeting adjourned till Sunday morning, when a largely increased audience assembled.

The first hour or two was spent in conference, in which Mr. Dutton, of Illinois, uttered some rather radical thoughts relative to males and females dressing alike and following the same pursuits, from the text—"Whom will ye serve, Mr. Grundy, or your own souls?" This called out some spirited remarks, and made the conference decidedly lively and interesting.

The Chairman then announced, as speaker, Mr. A. J. Higgins, of Chicago, whose subject was—"Man."

Believing that religion and politics were inseparable, he dwelt somewhat at length upon the political condition of our country, occasionally referring to practical life, by protesting against the use of tea, coffee, and pork.

Mrs. Stowe, next followed, with a poem and short lecture.

Afternoon session opened with a conference.

Miss A. B. Knox, of Rockford, Illinois, spoke next. Subject—"Woman." In a clear and logical manner she traced the false education of girls from childhood to womanhood, thus accounting for woman's present condition of slavery to fashion, and the existing soul-and-body destroying marriage institution.

Mrs. Dr. Stillman, of Iowa, gave the concluding

address upon "Health Reform," laying the ax at the root of the tree of inharmonious, by showing that it is impossible for a healthy mind to inhabit, and properly manifest itself through a diseased physical organism; and that it was staining as much against the Creator to violate physiological laws as any other.

The Davenport boys were present, and gave a circle at the hall Sunday evening, with their usual success. Thus closed the first meeting of the kind ever held in this vicinity.

No more abstracts like the above can do justice to the beautiful and practical sentiments and ideas so enthusiastically given utterance to by the speakers present, but will suffice to show that truth and progress are making their way here as elsewhere.

May such truths continue to be spoken, until health, harmony and happiness shall be the rule, and not, as now, the exception. Is the wish of a friend to reform.

LOUISA T. WHITTIER. Whitewater, Wis.

Correspondence.

Itinerant Etchings of U. Clark.

Glory gleams—The Soul's Ordeal—Land and Water—Clerical Menials—Clerical Come-Outers—The Cause in the West—A Cowhided Clergyman—"Dawisism"—Spiritualism and the Harmonical Philosophy.

Westward, ho! was the march-word closing my last BANNER Etchings. As I came over the hills of Chautauque County, and over the house-tops of Dunkirk, and caught a glimpse of the broad waters of Lake Erie, reflecting the golden gleams of the setting sun, who can define the emotions lifting the tired soul from the dusty highway of itinerant life up to that land where "everlasting spring abides," and whose horizon is bounded by no clouds charged with storms sweeping away the hopes and aspirations unkindled in the earlier years of earthly existence? A young friend sat by my side, sighing sadly, and lamenting a state of mind incapable of appreciating the glorious sunset scene. Ah, it is only in our saddest moments, our darkest hours, that scenes most radiant make their deepest impressions; as the glories of starry worlds shine brightest only during the darkest nights. Heaven, with its beatified souls, is never seen so near, so dear, so deeply imaged in the human spirit, as when some great calamity prostrates us, leaving us lone, helpless and despairing of earthly counsel and consolation, or when we stand over the dead, blinded with tears, and driven in agony to seek the solace of angel companions.

At the close of the last day in June I took the steamer at Dunkirk for Toledo. The evening was calm, the sky was clear, the lake was gently rippled beneath a soft breeze, which came as refreshing as the breath of God, fanning and cooling the feverish brow. I was glad to escape the highways and fields, and launch out on those broad blue waves which reflected nothing but the image of the starry heavens. No wonder the mariner leaps with joy as he once more stands on deck and welcomes the vast sea out on which he sails. Life on land, with all its rounds and routines, its din and dust, its artificial scenes and agitations, its winding paths and wearying wind-bernes, however grand its landscapes and genial the associations of its busy multitudes, after all, becomes only a feverish and fainting sort of existence, whose daily heat and burden are too often borne with sighs and longings for some clime over which the simoon never sweep, and the winds never come, laden with the echoes of sorrow and sobbing. I had just left a genial party of Spiritual friends at Cadesaga Lake, and bore the image of dear smiling faces, and felt the vibrations of warm hearts, yet I had gone through ordeals whose fires were almost delirious, and the braid throbed as though pierced with a crown of burning thorns. I walked the deck of the Canesto, and welcomed the evening breeze bounding blue billows, and the vast dome of the firmament, as though life had just been born anew, and I had just launched out on a voyage bounded only by a horizon beyond which no finite eye could sweep. The murmur of distant streams, the rustling of woodlands, the song of night-birds, the roar of cataracts, the rattle of engines flying over iron tracks, the sound of hurrying footsteps, and the hum of populous cities, all these were hushed into silence; and, pillowed and rocked as it were on the bosom of God, and overshadowed by celestial pilots, the weary wanderer fell into the arms of a slumber as sweet and calm as that of a boy once-mother dreaming of early home, and an angel-mother smiling from the bowers of Paradise.

Landing at Toledo, I took the hand of friend Breed, and was happy to learn that Spiritualism had lost nothing in that prosperous, commercial city, though during the present season, no regular meetings are sustained. The friends have the use of a convenient hall, for which they are indebted to one of their most liberal souls, and efficient lecturers who are willing to run their own risk in regard to the amount of means they may be able to draw in the form of a small door-fee, are cordially welcomed and encouraged.

Toledo is the residence of our good sister, Mrs. E. M. Thompson, a superior medium for tests, personifications, select circles, and sometimes takes her place as inspirational speaker on the public platform.

In taking the Southern Michigan and Northern Indiana road for the West, I passed within sight of the home of our excellent ex-reverend brother, Elijah Case, J., of Osseo. He was formerly a Universalist clergyman, coming out under my ministry, while I preached in Lookport, N. Y. Though an exquisite poet, a thorough student, a deep thinker, a ready writer, and a good sermonizer, as a pastor and preacher his success was never equal to his abilities, and he was constantly pestered with persecutions of the meanest character. And why? Simply because he could never tie his tongue, nor chain his soul, nor trim his clerical sails to suit sectarian sinners and saints, who wanted soft solder, instead of the sound thrashings they deserved. Bro. Case was unable to transform himself from a free man, into a fashionable, mincing, tea-table-talking, wishy-washy, good-lord-and-good-devil, mealy-mouthed minister. He had a natural way of his own, and out of the pulp, as well as in it, he had an unsophisticated habit of speaking and acting truthfully. If he found soribes, pharisees, hypocrites, and money-changers in any temple of God where he preached, he took up the scourge, and made it whistle over the matted-hide of those who deserved it, until they fairly danced with rage, and gnashed their teeth, and ordered his salary stopped, or his head to be cut off. Unfortunate Bro. Case! You ought to have known better, and a great many other young ministers ought to have known better, and among them, to wit, J. M. Peables, S. B. Brittan, M. Taylor, E. A. Holbrook, U. Clark, and about a hundred other departed lights of the "improbable stamp."

Bro. Case at last stripped the shackles and took the spiritual life. He now has an "eligible position as a minister in the army of the South-west, and on his return, will be the better prepared for valiant battle in the army of spiritual progress.

As my labors thus far, during the present trip, have been confined to Sturgis, Michigan, Middlebury, Elkhart and South Bend, Indiana, I am not fully prepared, from observation, to speak of the prospects and conditions of the cause paramount to all others. In Coldwater, Michigan, the friends continue hopeful and prosperous in their fine, large, new brick chapel, and maintain their wonted interest in sustaining Bro. Willis, though the times have sorely tested their financial resources. The Free Church in Sturgis, sustains regular lecturers every other Sunday, J. M. Peables, of Battle Creek, supplying once in four weeks. "Sturgis, blessed Sturgis!" was the quantity uttered benediction of A. J. Davis, on entering the place a number of years ago, and it was just as he was entering the home of the present editor and proprietor of the Sturgis Journal. No marvel the exclamation involuntarily escaped his lips, if he experienced the genial influences I have felt in the same home, partaken of the same cordial hospitality, and caught inspirations similar to those with which I was baptized while seeking to fulfill my mission on the platform of the Sturgis Free Church.

In Elkhart, the friends are strong and earnest, and regular meetings will be resumed in early autumn. It was cheerful to greet some old friends here from Herkimer County, N. Y. Our legal brother, M. F. Shuey, something more than a "limb of the law," still holds his place in the ranks of progress, and occasionally does good service in filling vacancies as a volunteer speaker on the spiritual platform. Though a "woo" was once pronounced on lawyers, it is doubtful whether such lawyers as Bro. Shuey were meant, for he is rather wont to temper all his executions with the mercy of the new dispensation, instead of demanding the Shylock pound of flesh.

The Spiritualists in Middlebury have just organized for regular lectures as often as once a month, and the results thus far are highly encouraging. The meetings are large and intelligent, and the influence strong in the right direction. This place was the scene of an exciting incident not many months ago. A well cultivated, intelligent, virtuous, and highly influential young woman, after a short sickness, left the form. She was a Spiritualist, and belonged to one of the first Spiritualist families in the place. An evangelical minister in town, taking up the slander of a mischievous old Mrs. Grundy, assailed the reputation of the deceased young woman. An exasperated brother of the lady, arming himself with a cowhide, waited on the reverend tillifer, and demanded an open and honorable retraction; and falling to receive this, he proceeded to take satisfaction with his cowhide; and seizing the clerical gentleman by the collar of his black cloth, he thrashed him into a state of intensified consciousness of the guilt of slandering the dead, then gave himself up to the officers of legal justice, and freely paid a fine of twenty-five dollars, considering the price rather cheap for the privilege he enjoyed to administer summary retribution on the Mosala plane.

At South Bend, one of the finest towns in Northern Indiana, I found Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Bement, and a few other friends, still faithfully devoted. Mrs. Bement, a lady of superior worth, has rendered good service as a medium, without asking any material recompense, having labored for hundreds, and affording incontestable evidences of spiritual intercourse.

I have met H. P. Fairchild, the clairvoyant physician and inspirational speaker, who for sometime has been engaged in the West. His numerous friends in the East will be glad to learn that he has passed triumphantly through all the ordeals to which he was once exposed, and is now meeting with the most flattering success as a physician and a lecturer. His genial, fraternal soul attracts friends wherever he is known, and his inspirations stir the depths of thought and emotion. With his congenial companion as co-worker, his mission is broad and promising.

I lectured two evenings in the fine new Universalist Church in Dowagiac, Mich., and met with a hearty response from some old friends and new inquirers. The pastor of the church, our Rev. Bro. Stroup, was in attendance, and manifested a liberality of sentiment and spirit well worthy of the limitation of some of the clerical brethren of his denomination, who now stand off as though their sacerdotal robes were in danger of becoming soiled in contact with Spiritualism. Universalism, in its sectarian form, is in rather a low condition in Michigan.

A writer in a late number of the Chicago New Covenant, the Universalist organ of the West, complains that many preachers and laymen of the sect, some time ago were drawn off by "Dawisism." Who this writer is, I am unable to say, but I am safe in designating him as guilty of a most sneaking and dastardly effort to hurl contempt on Spiritualism, in calling it "Dawisism," just as though the body of Spiritualists had selected Davis as their god, had crowned him as their leader, had inaugurated a sort of despotism or sectarianism with him as their centre or sir oracle. Now, it is notorious that Spiritualism ignores all leaderships. It leads off with no great names as authority. Its public advocates and its largest conventions are continually protesting against setting up any one man or any class of men as a priesthood. Neither Bro. A. J. Davis nor any of his liberal-minded friends are willing to admit any such leadership. Mr. Davis calls himself a Harmonical Philosopher, and does not use the term Spiritualism, as expressive of as much as the phrase, Harmonical Philosophy. He does not define what is technically called Spiritualism as embracing as much as what he calls the Harmonical Philosophy. He is entitled to his own definitions, and those who call themselves spiritual lecturers and believers claim an equal right to their definition of what they understand to be Spiritualism, and they maintain that Spiritualism, instead of being one-sided, embraces all science, all philosophy, all religion, all genuine revelations and inspirations, and all legitimate reforms. Mr. Davis distinctly repudiates all leadership, especially among Spiritualists, and has publicly declared that his sympathies were so little confined to the Spiritualists as a body, and so little in harmony with out-and-out public spiritual lecturers, he had no desire to attend Spiritualist Conventions, and I believe he has not attended one during the last five years. He is the best judge as to the wisdom of his course and position, but it is high time that the public, Spiritualists as well as others, should understand where he is; and when this is understood, all classes will know the better how to govern themselves. I write this much, in justice to all parties, and not in derogation of Mr. Davis. I rank him as so nearly all Spiritualists, as among

the noblest and most remarkable philosophers, reformers and philanthropists of the age, and no man living has done as much to break down the barriers of superstition and materialism; but when either his personal devices or the opposing public persist in setting him up as our leader, our high priest or authority, Spiritualists are loud and ungracious in their protestations, while at the same time they bid him God-speed in the broad field over which he waves the banner of his Harmonical Philosophy.

Lecturing one night at Decatur, Mich., I became familiar with the labors of Mrs. C. M. Stowe, whose home is in Vandalia, though she is now lecturing in Iowa. Mrs. Stowe has a wide and an enviable reputation as an inspirational lecturer and a heroine reformer. The war excitement runs high in Michigan, yet spiritual things elicit a profound interest. The people were never so well prepared to hear as at the present time, and lecturers and lay believers are in earnest in organizing a new campaign for the coming autumn and winter. More anon.

U. CLARK.

H. Melville Fay's Reply to Mr. Bonsall. In the BANNER of August 23, there appears an article from a Mr. Bonsall, of Philadelphia, taking some exceptions to my mediumship. For what the gentleman has said I am glad, and I thank him very kindly for the notice he has taken of me. The opinions of one man, or set of men, warped by prejudice, and swayed by flying rumors, can never come off victor in the contest-between facts and principles on the one side, and petty antagonisms and Mrs. Grundy's table-talk on the other.

It is true, Mr. Bonsall, that I gave seances in Philadelphia with the first circles in that city, "moving" in my mediumistic capacity in the sphere of refined and intelligent ladies and gentlemen; and it makes but little difference to me whether I try to defend myself or not from the somewhat pointed and particular remarks in your article. I have been assailed before. What physical medium has not? In short, what mediums have not had their private characters attacked, and their public capacity and worth impeached? I admit that physical manifestations in dark circles are more liable to suspicion than any other phase of mediumship, perhaps; but still there are ways and means enough provided for all reasonable and candid minds to investigate.

The manifestations that occur with me have been vouched for and endorsed, as you are probably well aware, by some of the most eminent minds in this country. There are at present in the spiritual field six or eight public mediums, possessing the same phase of mediumship as myself. The Davenport Boys and Wm. M. Fay are the physical mediums with whom I have traveled most extensively, and my mediumship first started by sitting with the Davenport family. My experience with them is such, that I can vouch for their mediumship as being honest and genuine. These boys have been before the public seven years; I have been three years. They have been assailed, persecuted, and even imprisoned, as well as myself; but still they stem the tide, and so do I. Nor can all the slanderous showers of vengeance from deepest hell unloose the grasp I hold upon principles.

You say, sir, that I was "detected" in Philadelphia? Does your belief create a fact, or disbelief destroy one? The public of your city are well aware, as also Dr. Henry T. Childs, to whom I will now refer, under whose patronage I gave many of my circles, that when I left Philadelphia I left behind me a reputation pure and untainted. The mass of the people, even if they could not account for the phenomena on the spiritual hypothesis, were at least satisfied that there was no collusion on my part. And I now make the assertion, broad and strong, and without fear of successful contradiction, that there is not a public test medium walks to-day between the starry skies and the bright green earth, that has ever exhibited his or her powers in public before the masses in this or the old world, but what by some have been stigmatized as impostor.

I deny that I was detected in any imposture whatever in Philadelphia. I utterly and totally repudiate it. The manifestations while holding the arm, and all others that the spirits give in my presence, are given in a way to be perfectly satisfactory, as is attested to every night of my seances.

I distinctly and positively hurl back the charge of collusion, in the face of a skeptical world, and defy the most scrutinizing committees to discover any evidence of fraud. A mere statement on paper does not in and of itself alone prove or disprove the facts of the case. Wherever I give my sittings let the manifestations speak for themselves; let each individual judge for himself. The facts in the case are the only evidence in matters of this kind. All I have to say, I invite honest skepticism to meet me on the platform of honest investigation.

I would say to the public that I am ready to receive visitors at my rooms, No. 75 Beach street, or 231 Washington street, Boston, for evening sittings. I court the most rigid scrutiny of my medium powers.

Yours for progress, H. MELVILLE FAY, 75 Beach street, Boston.

To Invalids. Mr. Editor—Will you permit me to say a word in favor of one for whom I feel a deep respect, and whose kindness, care and remarkable skill, hath placed me under lasting obligations to him, for the bodily health and comfort he has been instrumental in bringing to me? This is no newspaper puff—I have never been accustomed to such things—and I am too old to begin in such a calling at present; but I do it that true merit may receive at my hands its just reward, and the suffering may share with me in the blessings they may receive under the care of him who hath bid the torturing pain of years to be gone, from my poor aching form.

I had despaired of ever being relieved of the chronic difficulty that had become to me, as I thought, incurable. I had patiently concluded to bear it on, until the good Father should call me home. But last April an acute disease, that well nigh bore me to the portals of my higher home, made it necessary to call in a physician, and I felt impressed, from reading in your paper of Dr. Charles Main, of No. 7 Davis street, Boston, to send for him, which I did, and never was mortal more grateful at the result made than your humble servant. The relief received from his treatment was almost, if not quite, astonishing, he not only removed the acute difficulty, but the chronic also.

When I read your notice that the Doctor was to tarry still in his home of comfort for the sick until October at least, I seized my pen, with joy, hoping my testimony might induce others alike afflicted, to apply to him, and be cured. If, by so doing, I shall have been the humble instrument in this way of alleviating the pangs of my fellow-mortals, I shall consider myself amply repaid for voluntarily recommending the Doctor.

Truly yours, B. H. DAVIS, Melford, Mass., July 26, 1862.

Mount Holyoke and the Chicopee Spiritualists.

Community of thought on any special subject, but above all, the isolation inevitable upon a difference in religious belief, seems destined to bring the sword of separation amongst the members of the human family...

To the fearful and fainting, who trust only in phenomena, and fear the Great Spirit has fallen asleep, and the angel-world gone back again to the darkness of the theological tomb...

Those of my readers who have ever visited the unrivaled scene of beauty, grandeur, and panorama wonder which Mount Holyoke displays, will agree with me that it is one of the Footprints of the Creator...

The Invisible Architect has given us, as a prospect from the mountain-top, thirty-eight towns, mountains in four States, and some of the finest buildings in Massachusetts...

For the benefit of those, then, who, in visiting this part of Massachusetts, may be in search of the sublime and beautiful, I will for once turn guide-book, and state in plain statistical language what the eye can see at Mount Holyoke...

Meanwhile that the great Father has bestowed upon us in such bountiful largeness, man has faithfully illustrated with all the skill, industry and energy of mind, for not least of the wonders of the scene is a railway by which the almost impossible and dangerous ascent of the mountain is made a delightful sensation...

No temptation awaits us here, however, for few could stand as I did in such a scene without a sense of exceeding littleness, rather than command, over a world-whose sublimity was thus outstretched before us...

But the spiritualistic portion of my readers will doubtless inquire what of the Spiritualists, Spiritualism and Spirits? In reply, I have simply to say we had no convention, no discussions, no reforms...

Heaven be praised I had nothing to do with "Mrs. Grundy" that day. I do firmly believe that we realized on that day, if never before, if never again on earth, that we must live, act, die, and be judged for ourselves, and by God and the angels, not for, or by, our neighbors' opinions...

The hand that made us is divine. A return home, through the beautiful town of Northampton, and over the winding steps of giant, grim old "Mount Tom," concluded this happy day's adventure...

of Mount Holyoke and Tom conferred their titles on them, and far away over the valleys, and echoing through dark untrod gorges, reverberating over the vast prairie meadows, and lost amidst the steep peaks, might once again have been heard from either mountain the voices of Capt. Elizar Holyoke and Thomas Rowland, crying, "What cheer, brother?"

To the fearful and fainting, who trust only in phenomena, and fear the Great Spirit has fallen asleep, and the angel-world gone back again to the darkness of the theological tomb...

Next week, dear friends, in Western New York, I proceed to Oswego and Buffalo, and hope that many a face, old and new, in my remembrance, will be found willing to greet the ever devoted servant of mortals and immortals.

This Paper is issued every Monday, for the week ending at date. BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1862.

Banner of Light.

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FOR TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION SEE EIGHTH PAGE.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

Politics and Politicians.

So at last, we are come to those days which we have long advised as rapidly approaching. The did notions are proved useless for any further service, and the reign of substantial ideas is about to come in. The Church has for years been feeling, and, by its energetic defence of itself from time to time, been acknowledging, that the blows struck at its system by the repeated telling of plain truth dispassionately, are producing an effect impossible to be withstood...

Press and pulpit have, year in and year out, complained of the political corruption that has been undermining the true manliness and purity of our generation. Everybody wanted an office, and sought for office, because it was so commonly admitted to be a mark of distinction, no matter how obtained, or for what special purpose retained. Position was the great aim. Money helped carry the thing out, and so money was a co-related object of pursuit...

And now pause a moment, and see to what a pass of apparent—ay, and real, too, for the time—woe, it has brought us. We have put our trust in frauds and pretensions, till they have betrayed us and brought us all to the very brink of ruin...

Bribery has long enough been a working element in our politics, or our legislation. Now we want only what is true. We crave the doing of justice merely. We care to have no man exalted, whose life and character do not of themselves exalt him. We seek the widest benefit of the largest number—not the aggrandizement of one, or of a class, at the expense of the many...

Against corruption of all sorts, in high places and low, we are to cry out without end. That is the poison which works to the destruction of all national, as well as individual, life. And men of observation and reflection know well enough that it is mainly by corruption, all the while undermining the State, that Governments as well as Parties are sustained in these latter days. Hamilton replied to old John Adams, in the presence of Jefferson—as the latter gives it in his

"Ana"—"If you destroy its corruptions (those of the British Government) or its power of corruption, you render it impudic and impracticable." Sir Thomas More called the governments of old Europe but "a conspiracy of the richer sort," who had taken all the lands and means of industry into their own selfish hands, while pretending to serve the multitude—the many.

And it is accomplished only through bribery. We have felt the deadly operations of the same influence. It is now come to that point where it must be overthrown even by the most violent of violent means.

The storm of lightnings is to be severe, and protracted beyond timid persons' hopes; but oh! how pure and sweet will be the atmosphere afterwards. Not Slavery and its pretensions alone are to be smitten, but tyranny and bribery of all sorts in all latitudes, on this continent of ours first, and all over the old world afterwards. Our Government is surely to rest on a higher moral sense, and be administered by purer and better men, or it is to go down in anarchy and chaos, the like of which the world never beheld.

We are not to exist much longer as a people, merely to furnish convenient places for drones to secure to themselves a fat living, but to do justice between man and man, to pursue the Right alone, and, in pursuing it, to push all kinds of abuses and frauds to the wall forever. The men whom we require for this most necessary work are not such men as have been fattening so long on their own corruption, but men who seek only the highest good of all from the purest motives, and bring to their public life the credentials of a private life spent in the modest cultivation of their own characters from the desire of exaltation alone. These are to be our next politicians; we do not wonder the fellows of the old school refuse, even at this late day, to recognize or know them.

Native Wine and Brandy.

In these times, when so much is said of foreign intervention—when the Government falls back on its own resources—when the fields and factories of our country are found capable of supplying all the necessities, and most of the luxuries of the people, we cannot see why it is that the War and Navy Departments are so slow to perceive their duty in encouraging the use of native wine and brandy in our army and naval hospitals. These articles, produced somewhere, are deemed by physicians indispensable to the sick and wounded soldier and sailor, and are accordingly ordered and placed among the medical supplies for them in the case-factories incident to their defence of the country. The great number of sick and wounded soldiers in the hospitals at the present time must make the demand for these articles quite large.

For several years the reports of the American Pharmaceutical Association have shown that the wine and brandy produced by the indigenous Catawba grape, now cultivated so extensively in the West, on chemical analysis, are found to be fully equal to the Sherry wine and French brandy (spirit vini Gallici), prescribed in the National Pharmacopoeia, and adopted from the English Pharmacopoeia.

Some surgeons of the United States Army, who have been acquainted with the excellent quality of these native products, and preferring them to all others for use in their practice, have received them through the Medical Purveyor in the city of New York, and used them with great satisfaction. It may be that all of them are not aware that we are now supplied with a home product, which is a fortunate and valuable substitute for the foreign Sherry wine and French brandy, hence we would call attention to this matter, and suggest to the Secretaries of War and Navy, or whomever of the Government at Washington it may concern, that the Surgeon General, and the whole Army and Navy Medical Corps, may be reminded of our native wines and brandy, now so largely produced as to afford supplies for all exigencies of Army and Navy. The public weal, and the health and happiness of our numerous sick and disabled patriots seem to second our motion.

If the Government at Washington would take the initiative in this behalf, a thing of but very little trouble, and which quadrates with humanity and national property, it would inspire the producer with confidence, and give him courage to bestow more attention than he has hitherto bestowed upon the culture of our noble native grape. If it be objected that the necessary supply is not yet produced, we have to say that we are assured, from statistics, that all the Army and Navy hospitals together, do not, nor will consume but a small part of the native wines and brandy which are produced in the Western States, or even in one of them—the State of Ohio. So much competition is there already among the producers, that it cannot be difficult for the Government to select the best and cheapest.

We hope our countrymen may have the patronage of the Medical Purveyors. The hostile feelings and attitude of the country whence is derived the article designated in the Pharmacopoeia as spirit vini Gallici, certainly cannot largely contribute to a desire in an American Unionist to patronize its producer. A word to the wise, etc.

Spiritualists' Picnic at Abington Grove, July 20.

About two thousand persons were on the ground from Boston and other places. We can truly say that this Picnic was one of the most orderly, pleasant and interesting of any we ever attended. The management of Dr. Gardner, to whom much credit is due, was unexceptionable; he conducted everything like clock-work. Mr. Holmes, the superintendent of the Old Colony Railroad, gave the company a plenty of room and seats. He was present himself, and did his duty faithfully and handsomely. Good railroad accommodations, in a picnic excursion, is a very important item. Mr. Holmes has our thanks, and we doubt not, the thanks of every one who went. So, also, of Dr. Gardner.

Abington Grove, as every one who has been in it knows, is one of the finest in the world. The management, and the accommodations afforded by the proprietors of the grove, Reed & Noyes, are of the best kind: A plenty of good cold water, served free in clean dippers, a bowling alley, a large band-organ, swings, a large dancing hall, sailing and paddle boats, a good speakers' stand, a large covered tent to eat luncheon in, and a good dining hall with excellent dinners all cooked and spread out, and, in fact, everything, in the woods, that could contribute to comfort and enjoyment.

The speaking from the stand was very interesting, and was listened to with undisturbed attention by the audience. Remarks were made by Dr. Gardner, Mr. Pardee, Dr. Child, Mr. Thyner, Mr. Storer, Judge Ladd, Mrs. Young, Mr. Edson, Mrs. Risler, and Mr. and Mrs. Allen. Jacob Edson presided. Great unanimity and kindness of feeling was manifested throughout the day in all the exercises. Dr. Gardner made allusion to the BANNER OF LIGHT in the present month. We hope he will soon visit Boston, for many are anxiously inquiring when he will do so. Dr. P. B. RANDOLPH writes to Dr. Gardner a letter dated July 2d, from the ruins of the King's Chamber in a great pyramid in Egypt. He is with a multitude of dead men's ghosts, learning a thousand things that is yet to be learned. He says that he sees so much to learn, that he is convinced he is "one of the infants of this great human family of infants." He also writes that he will give, in January next, three lectures in Boston, on the interesting subjects of his travels.

Life is light and shadow—sunshine and storm.

Likeness of Thoreau.

Mr. Emerson, in the August number of the "Atlantic," gives a sketch of this striking individual, recently deceased, which all readers will at once comprehend and admire. "He was equipped," says Mr. Emerson, "with a most adapted and serviceable body. He was of short stature, firmly built, of light complexion, with strong, serious blue eyes, and a grave aspect—his face covered in the late years with a becoming beard. His senses were acute, his frame well-knit and hardy, his hands strong and skillful in the use of tools. And there was a wonderful fitness of body and mind. He could pace sixteen rods more accurately than another man could measure them with rod and chain. He could find his path in the woods at night, he said, better by his feet than eyes. He could estimate the measure of a tree very well by his eye; he could estimate the weight of a calf or a pig, like a dealer. From a box containing a bushel or more of loose pencils, he could take up with his hands fast enough just a dozen pencils at every grasp. He was a good swimmer, runner, skater, boatman, and would probably outwalk most countrymen in a day's journey. And the relation of body to mind was still finer than we have indicated. He said he wanted every stride his legs made. The length of his walk uniformly made the length of his writing. If shut up in the house, he did not write at all."

An Important Hint.

We desire the friends of the BANNER to vote themselves into a committee of the whole to render us all the material aid they can at this time. The internal tax law will soon go into practical operation, thereby greatly increasing the already large expenditures of our establishment. We have been notified by our paper-maker that he shall be obliged to advance the price of paper immediately, thereby increasing the cost to us for the paper upon which the BANNER is printed several hundred dollars per year more than formerly.

We thank Dr. Gardner for his timely remarks in our behalf at the late meeting at Abington Grove. Truly he spoke, when he said the spiritual papers should be sustained, and that there were Spiritualists enough in the country to amply sustain them. We do not desire to raise the price of the BANNER, if we can possibly avoid it; and we see no way of avoiding it, unless we procure a large increase to our subscription list.

Railways and Canals.

On scanning the reports of the dividend-paying roads of the country, as furnished on the 1st of July, we find that the main railways of the country, (North-) have done quite all their usual amount of business for the past six months—some of them more. Nearly all the Western roads are earning more than during the corresponding period last year. The Eastern are in high standing; the Panama earns its three per cent. quarterly. The canals are swollen with freights, and those which were relied on to furnish an outlet for the coal trade, have been repaired from the recent damages by flood, so that they are in a fair way to put that most important branch of traffic on its old footing again. The Pacific Railway has been at length passed by both houses of Congress, and received the President's signature; so that, if the details are put in working order, the great plan of traversing the North American Continent with an iron road will be carried forward to completion.

Chirography.

If our correspondents would write in a plain and legible hand, it would save us a great amount of time and perplexity. Many manuscripts and letters appear like sheets of paper crossed by a drove of spiders with ink legs. Many of them are so illegible, that Dicky has declared them written in some foreign and outlandish characters. To young writers, we would say, that if you would ingratiate yourselves with the editor for whom you write, write "like print." Many a good article has been discarded, because it was impossible to read it; and many poor ones have been published just because recommended by their dress. Especially write names plainly, make printed letters, if you can't write plain enough otherwise.

The Navy.

The Government now has a navy, including its iron-clad vessels, gunboats, rams, and other new devices of marine architecture, of some three hundred vessels; and it is suddenly raised to what the foreign world styles a "first-class power." No European nations could come to our shores, and meddle with our affairs, on any pretext whatever. All the iron-clad frigates of France and England combined, could do nothing with us, for our iron batteries and gunboats and rams could easily move about in shoal water, compared with what resists from beyond the sea would require, and could send them reeling to the bottom long before they could get within range of the cities along our sea-coast, for which they have so manifest a liking. Our powerful naval force has been created in little more than a year.

Cotton Goods.

The way cottons have gone up in the market surpasses the comprehension of almost everybody. We have none of us seen anything of the kind in our day. Eighteen cents already for the very coarsest goods to be had! And we are told by a leading paper of Rhode Island that one half of the cotton mills of that manufacturing State are already closed and closing, and that even more must follow suit; for as the staple cannot be bought in market except at such an extravagant figure, manufacturers prefer to close their mills to running the risk of bringing their high priced goods into a low market, as must almost inevitably be the case when the present troubles shall so far cease as to raise the cotton embargo. Hence we are looking for silent mills and no work to do, for a long time to come.

Out-door Air.

None of us get too much of it—most of us have too little. "Men who wield axes and breathe hard," wrote the late Major Winthrop, "have lungs. Blood aërated by the air that sings through the pine woods tangles in every fibre. Tingling blood makes life joyous. Joy can hardly look without a smile or speak without a laugh. And merry is the evergreen-wood in electric weather." That is what comes, in the way of health and robustness, to the lumberman of Maine; but the hardy fisherman of the Massachusetts coast is not a whit behind him in this regard. The vigorous drafts of salt sea air in which his deep lungy refores, are not to be estimated for their truly inspiring qualities.

Personal.

MA. C. H. FOSTER.—This extraordinary test medium requests us to say that he will visit Portland in the present month. We hope he will soon visit Boston, for many are anxiously inquiring when he will do so. Dr. P. B. RANDOLPH writes to Dr. Gardner a letter dated July 2d, from the ruins of the King's Chamber in a great pyramid in Egypt. He is with a multitude of dead men's ghosts, learning a thousand things that is yet to be learned. He says that he sees so much to learn, that he is convinced he is "one of the infants of this great human family of infants." He also writes that he will give, in January next, three lectures in Boston, on the interesting subjects of his travels. Miss LIZZIE DORRIS is recovering from a severe illness. She is now in this city.

A Plain Truth.

The author of the little book, entitled the "Honest Man's Book on Finance and Politics," which book deserves a much wider circulation than ever Thomas Paine's writings enjoyed "in the stormy times of the Revolution," says of the "past condition of our politics and the possibility of remodeling the State." "Our past attempts at Democracy have resulted in the establishment of an obnoxious Bureaucracy, with prodigious powers of taxation and public swindling. We began by confounding Equity with Equality. We have practically ignored God's system of order, and set up an antagonistic system of our own. The holy truth that God regards and rewards all men impartially, has been twisted into a notion that 'all men are born equal,' and therefore an against right, whenever they raise themselves above anybody, either in industry, or temperance, or modesty, or any other virtue. We have practically forbidden sincerity, and required all men to ape, or follow the current lay-figure of Equality, for the time being. We have made Equality, a sort of moral swill-tub, into which all must be plunged without regard to age or sex, color or character; and from which he who goes in nastiest, suffers least. Thus our past efforts to establish a Democracy have only resulted in an Aristocracy of Bureaucracy."

"The London American."

Mr. Knight, one of the editors of the London American, a loyal paper, which has done much good in correcting the misrepresentations of the English press and traitor emigration in Europe, is now in this city, soliciting subscriptions, &c. He comes highly recommended, and should be generously sustained. The associations have established a journal in the British capital called The Index, which is crowded with calumnies against the United States, and the American is the only medium through which these calumnies can be exposed. Subscription, including postage Four Dollars per annum.

Bishop Mollanau, of Ohio, commends it in the following letter:

LONDON, Feb. 18, 1862. As Mr. Knight is about visiting the United States with the view to promote among his countrymen the patronage and support of the London American, I beg to say that—having known that paper by being in the midst of its circulation, and at times when a decided and intelligent advocate of the cause of our country in its present struggle; as well as a full and faithful reporter of the state of our affairs was of the greatest importance in England—I believe it has done great good, and that it would be a great loss, if, for want of patronage, it should be abandoned. Americans at home should assist in its support. It is the only American voice in the newspaper press of England. It ought not to be allowed to cease. It may be that such an organ will be wanted even more than at present. I commend Mr. Knight and his object to the confidence and support of my countrymen. CHAS. P. MOLLANAU, Bishop of Ohio.

Mr. Knight's business address is No. 1 Scollay's Building, Court street, Boston, care of S. R. Miles.

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. The subject for consideration next Sunday is, "The Voice of Humanity as a Standard of Virtue." John Wetherbee, Jr., will make the opening address. Mrs. M. S. Townsend will lecture in Charlestown next Sunday; N. Frank White in Quincy; Frank L. Wadsworth in Marlboro'; H. B. Storer in Randolph; Miss Laura E. A. DeForce in Chicopee; Mrs. Augusta A. Currier in Portland, Me.; Miss Emma Weston in Bucksport, Me.; Isaac P. Greenleaf in Swanville, Me.; W. K. Ripley in Bradley, Me.; M. Taylor in Hope Corner, Me.; Mrs. M. M. Wood in Putnam, Conn.; Mrs. A. P. Thompson in Groton, N. H.; Miss Emma Hardinge in Oswego, N. Y.; Mr. Sophia L. Chappell in Cortlandville, N. Y.; Uriah Clark in Battle Creek, Michigan.

L. Judd Pardee speaks in Plymouth on Sunday, Aug. 10, and will answer calls to lecture by being addressed at 18 LaGrange Place, Boston.

Warren Chase is lecturing in Vermont. His address up to August 20th is South Hardwick, Vt.

Dr. James Cooper will deliver a funeral discourse on the departure of Mrs. Annie E. Wickersham and daughter from the earth sphere, at Antrim's Woods, near Jerusalem, Logan County, Ohio, August 17, at half-past ten in the forenoon.

Owing to the crowded state of our columns we omit this week our usual list of lecturers' engagements.

The Lyceum Church.

This society bids fair to become one of the strongest and most influential religious societies in the city of Boston. Even in their Conference last Sunday, there were over three hundred people in attendance, and before the summer vacation, on every Sunday there were from five to eight hundred. We are pleased to learn that the subject of Sunday Schools for the numerous children of this society is up for consideration. This is right. It is important that the welfare of the rising generation should be seen to and considered with a deep interest. We shall make a report of what is said on this subject.

Home Influences.

We do not need authority in our homes so much as influence. The sentiment of obedience is developed through influences, not through law and coercion. Laws are necessary for an artificial society, but the spiritual example and the affectionate influence are all that are required for the sanctification of home. The whole value of home education and training, therefore, may be destroyed by misconceiving or over-doing it. It is not well to trust too much, if indeed at all, to arbitrary rule; operate through the affection alone, and the work done is thorough and lasting. All parents ought to bear this simple fact in mind continually.

To our Contemporaries.

We are in continual receipt of papers from many parts of the country, asking an exchange with the BANNER. We should be happy to accommodate our contemporaries were their publications of any use to us; but as our paper is made up almost exclusively of original matter, we have no need of them. However, those publishers who desire our paper, can have it one year, without exchanging, by simply publishing our prospectus three times in their respective journals. The copies containing 3c, marked, will be responded to immediately on the receipt of such papers.

The Berries.

Don't forget these sweet children of the hillside pastures now, that are reddening and ripening for the eager fingers to go and pluck them. These are the days to get all browned up, off in the hackberry pastures. The air is so pure out there, and the odors so sweet. You can almost hear your own thoughts, as they come grand and free, in the pauses of the sparrows' sweet singing. Let none who love it as the habit of their childhood, neglect even for one season the indescribable pleasures of berrying. They are as adding as any that make life delightful.

Our Circles.

No public circles will be held at this office until the first of September next. GENEROUS AND PATRIOTIC.—The American Mills Co., Rockville, Conn., offer to continue the whole pay of all men in their employ who volunteer, and to give them their places when they return.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

In our opinion there will be lively times in Europe...

Gov. Tod, of Ohio, has decided that after the 15th...

A nice little cottage in this town, says the Nevada...

The Secretary of the Treasury has determined to...

The latest foreign advices do not indicate any movement...

Coal oil is said to be a sure destroyer of bedbugs...

A Paris chemist has invented an inflammable liquid...

Have you 'Blasted Hopes?' asked a lady of a...

I shall be at home next Sunday night," a young...

A crusty old bachelor says that Adam's wife was...

Whoever sincerely endeavors to do all the good he...

A Washington despatch assures us that the ten new...

Within the last fifteen years, England has spent...

A great fire has destroyed in Madrid the famous...

Our days with beauty let us trim, As Nature trims...

FAITH OF PRIESTLY RULE.—According to the recent...

Will Bro. L. K. Cooney inform us where he may be...

TWO THINGS.—An Indian philosopher on being asked...

An old farmer says he never buys butcher's meat...

A GOOD ONE.—The following is reported as having...

HUMAN NATURE.—Although men are accused for not...

Mrs. Nicholson says: "Clandestine marriages seldom...

NOR MUCH OF A LOSS.—"I don't miss my church so...

ON A ROSE.—BY AN EPICUREAN. I thank thee, fair maid...

A letter from Athens announces that researches...

He who knows his ignorance is the possessor of the...

Col. Plasket, of the 11th Maine, writes that raw...

An English Sister of Mercy states the curious fact...

Hollow metallic canes, filled with condensed gas...

The old adage is a true one, that "barking dogs...

July 30th, Heaven's artillery roared magnificently...

Snatch from the ashes of your fires The embers of...

A friend of Digby's—an expert billiard-player, by...

DR. CHANNING AND THE SKEPTIC.—A skeptic visited...

Travelers will find comfortable quarters at the...

We call attention in another column to the card of...

A fellow out West gets off the following definition...

M. J. SMITH, CARBONATOR, O.—Will the editors of...

1. Is reason in man a fragmentary expression of...

2. Is there a law that can be comprehended or understood...

3. Is it compatible with wisdom and truth to assert...

4. Is it not as reasonable to suppose, since there is...

5. Is not one man's assumption as consistent as the...

6. Is it not as reasonable to suppose, since there is...

7. Why do so many good, moral people, in time, become...

8. Is God infinite? And if he is, must not all evil...

1. Reason in man is but a fragmentary reflection of...

2. No. Nor is there a law that can be comprehended...

3. Yes. Everything is compatible with wisdom and...

4. Yes; just as reasonable to the common sense of...

5. Each man's assumption is consistent to himself...

6. If everything is good, good works out good when...

7. Because progression will carry every one to the...

8. Yes; God is infinite. All that is of the unseen...

The encouragement and patronage of the Spiritualist...

D. BIRNALL, OF SAINT PETER, MINN.—Writes: "I send...

A subscriber at Woodstock, Vt., writes: "I desire...

J. H. N., LAFAYETTE, ILL.—The communication from...

C. S. W., TROY, N. Y.—Your essay has been received...

THE CONTINENTAL MONTHLY FOR AUGUST comes to...

A Merchant's Story, by the author of "Among the...

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

Friends of Progress' Meeting at Decatur, Wisconsin.

The Friends of Progress held a meeting at Decatur...

The Chairman made a few opening remarks, after...

Opened by an address from Mr. Lemuel Taylor—subject...

Remarks on Organization by L. Taylor, C. C. Knowlton...

Remarks by the speakers, and the friends who so...

Remarks on Organization by L. Taylor, C. C. Knowlton...

Remarks by the speakers, and the friends who so...

Remarks on Organization by L. Taylor, C. C. Knowlton...

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Remarks on Organization by L. Taylor, C. C. Knowlton...

Remarks by the speakers, and the friends who so...

NOTICES OF MEETINGS. LYON HALL, THORNTON STREET, (opposite head of School...

MASSACHUSETTS.—Meetings are held in Bassett's new Hall...

NEW BRADFORD.—Musical Hall has been hired by the...

PORTLAND, ME.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular...

UNION, MASS.—Music Hall has been hired by the...

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NEW BRADFORD.—Musical Hall has been hired by the...

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DIVINE REVELATIONS, AND A VOICE TO MANKIND.

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS. The Publisher takes pleasure in announcing the appearance of an edition of NATURE'S DIVINE REVELATIONS...

Table of Contents. PART I. OF THE PRINCIPLES OF NATURE. GENERAL DIVISIONS.

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PART II. OF NATURE'S DIVINE REVELATIONS.

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Soul, the human, and its three general divisions, 622, 629. Stomach, Nature's, 300, 316. Substances in the original, 316-320.

PART III. OF NATURE'S DIVINE REVELATIONS.

GENERAL DIVISIONS. Evils of present Society, 674-733. The Remedy, 734, 745. Mode of applying the remedy, 745-778.

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MRS. E. M. T. HARLOW.

MRS. W. HERRICK.

Pearls.

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

MIDNIGHT MUSINGS.

When'er we pray along life's way, Kind Angels list to hear us; When all our thoughts are pure and true, 'T is then that they are near us.

THE SEA BEYOND.

O life! O silent shore! Where we sit patient—O great sea beyond, To which we turn with solemn hope and fond, But sorrowful no more:

LOVE.

She that would raise a noble love, must find Ways to beget a passion for the mind; She must be that which she to the world would seem;

A SULTRY NIGHT IN SUMMER.

Earth turned in her sleep with pain, Sultrily inspired for proof: In heaven and out again, Lightning!—where it broke the roof,

SPIRITUAL ORGANIZATIONS.

REMARKS OF DR. A. B. CHILD, BEFORE THE LYCEUM CHURCH, SUNDAY, JULY 27.

The platform of Spiritualism is free. Every church and every religion in reality stands upon it, and also every grade and condition of sinners stand upon it.

The platform of Spiritualism that will ere long be brought to the recognition of men, is a platform on which every human being really holds a place; each one's belief being as it is, and as it will be.

Spiritualism came without being sent for. It goes without being led. And it will fulfill its work without the aid of human effort. No pleading for it advances it. No opposition to it retards it.

If Spiritualists may be called a sect, it is the first sect that has stood out before the world without external forms and ceremonies to characterize a religious organization—such forms and ceremonies as have heretofore been necessary to give a sect recognition.

Spiritualism has spontaneously burst forth in members of every sect of religion on the earth. Here and there, one or more in every church, and in every organization of men, is found to be a Spiritualist.

As bold and as ugly as the idea may at first seem, Spiritualism has a total disrespect for morality and immorality. It holds a power above the need of these uncertain, questionable attributes of matter, that are used as instruments of deception chiefly—cloaks to cover up the felonious devil with.

morality, virtue, vice, material elevation, or material degradation, riches or poverty. These all are only the shadows of matter; the clouds of the earth, and Spiritualism, like the lightning that streaks down from the darkened heaven, disregards them all.

The nature of Spiritualism is to disintegrate and dissolve material things, rather than to organize, form and reform them. Organization belongs to the material world, not to the spiritual world. Every organization that ever was, or will be, must be made of material things.

The mission of Spiritualism is to carry humanity from the material world of organizations and disorganizations, of conflict and suffering, war and contention, to the spiritual world of peace and love, where organizations and disorganizations, and all the dissolving things of earth are superseded.

Christ, or Spiritualism, or whatever this awful spirit-power may be called, comes not with peace to support organizations of human bodies and human institutions, but it comes with the sword, to destroy, to disorganize human bodies and their attributes of earthly glory, whereby our view of the spirit-world shall be opened.

In spiritual things, we know nothing of organizations. To all of the organization of the spiritual world, is only comparing spiritual to material things; it is a futile effort to tell what a cause is by its effect.

This Lyceum Church platform is from the world of causes. It is spontaneous. It is not an organization of effects, but a spontaneous bubbling up from the fountain of causes. The fountain of truth organizes its refreshing, pure drops, when sent off to a thirsting world?

Mortals count the grains of sand, measure and compare them, and then they do not comprehend their meaning. As lightning strikes the heavens, so spirit, in lesser time, sweeps the mighty realm of its own development.

Organizations stand on the earth. Spirit sweeps the dominion of space without a compass or cardinal point. In this new and beautiful Church there may be now and then a lump of organized, creedy clay hanging yet undissolved around.

Wherever there is a written creed there must be a warfare, and the warring party must define its limits by the lines of organization. There is no written creed for the people who come here to subscribe to. But we bear the proclamation go forth, "Come one, come all, and worship God in the beauty of holiness, and believe as you do believe; whatever your belief may be, believe spontaneously, as you must, however different your belief may change to be from those who worship at your side; however different your belief may be from mine. Come here; socially, friendly, and let us reason together. Come here as men and women,

in man's glory and in woman's glory, to recognize the rights of each and all, bursting asunder the bonds of selfishness, self-righteousness, and limited sectarianism and organization."

Such is the nature, the tendency and the drift of this friendly association of men and women called the Lyceum Church, in the city of Boston. Here is the shadow of past organizations it is true, but it is only the shadow. There is substantially no meaning in this semblance, this shadow of organization, for it is a Spiritual Church.

Life, as it is filled up with weal and woe, we must accept, whether we will or no. Here is a step in the direction of the acceptance of life, religious life, without the jangle and wrangle with the church warfare incident to the conflicts of "right" and "wrong" creeds.

It is a wise providence that has mixed up the hateful with the lovely things of life, not men or churches. The creation and continuance of Churches are no less under the government of invisible laws than human war that goes hand in hand with them, nor than is the birth of men, who questions wisdom's ways that makes them.

There is no soul-progression that is not accompanied by mental or physical suffering. Pain is an inevitable consequence of the soul's onward movement. Agony opens the gates of intuition. Whom God loveth he chasteneth. There is coming upon us a new birth—a birth into a more spiritual existence; and a birth of agony it must be—born in blood, baptized in tears, we shall rise redeemed from the thralldom of organizations.

Who is there that prefers sorrow to joy? Who is there that prefers misery to happiness? Joy is virtue, and sorrow is vice. Happiness is morality, and misery is immorality. Let the world come to recognize these facts, and there shall be no need of crime and immorality any more.

Who is there that prefers sorrow to joy? Who is there that prefers misery to happiness? Joy is virtue, and sorrow is vice. Happiness is morality, and misery is immorality. Let the world come to recognize these facts, and there shall be no need of crime and immorality any more.

The Spiritual Post Office.

NUMBER TWO.

In "trying the spirits" through the agency of the Spiritual Post Office, the investigator should bear in mind that "Love letters" are most likely to meet a response, letters dictated by curiosity, selfishness or deceit, have a tendency to develop similar conditions in the medium, and to attract spirits whose ruling propensities harmonize with such conditions.

The most perfect tests of identity can be obtained only by those who have perfect acquaintance with the spirits whom they invoke. Love, or sympathy, gives such acquaintance—a great many bodies, it may be, during your sojourn on the earth, and have called them friends—but very little have you known of the spirits within those bodies.

Our acquaintance with others is superficial—our apprehension is of surfaces, not of interior qualities of spirit. You cannot identify a spirit by his body, any more than you can identify a person by his clothes—both are subject to change and to disguise.

Many persons suppose that one spirit can communicate with them as well as another; but if they have ever loved one person better than another—if they have ever awakened the love of one person more than another, let that experience demonstrate their error, and illustrate the law by which communication between spirits is possible at all.

It does not necessarily follow that the investigator can get a response from his spirit-wife, because they lived together twenty-five years, and she bore him ten children. Perhaps they were never united in spirit. Only their bodies were married. She may have been a minister to his last, not a participant of his love. She may have borne all those children with regret and terror—her life may have been fatigue of body and weariness of spirit—and all those years she may have been praying for deliverance from the body of death which was chained to her by the legal forms that mad her his wife.

It is not certain that relatives of your blood will answer your call upon them. They may all have had enough of you when they were with you on the earth. You were thrown together by the accident of birth; and bound by the ties of relationship. But there was perhaps no real spiritual unity among you.

Again, in corresponding with spirit-friends, your success will be determined somewhat by the character of what you write. Love should dictate every question, and inspire every sentence. If you loved your friend on earth, it was because that friend possessed certain lovable qualities of character.

Our memory is most tenacious of those things which appeal to our ruling love. The memory of us all, spirits as we are, is strong according to the interest which we feel in any subject of memory. Things or events which do not awaken any particular interest in us, we do not distinctly remember.

I do not believe that spirits in the form or out of it, have their heart's secrets so exposed to the idle gaze of every spiritual vagabond, as to admit of their being stolen for fraudulent purposes, by those who wish to deceive the honest and loving seeker after truth.

Love has good memory—it can refer to the past, and dwell upon scenes that long ago transpired, with the vividness of present experience. But it can manifest that memory of events, and identify itself as a participant in them, only to a sympathetic spirit.

Only great minds can bear greatness, it makes small ones giddy.

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