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Literary Department.

LIFE IN BARNST.

A Thrilling Domestic Tale.

BY KATE GARRELL.

CHAPTER VIII.

Written for the Banner of Literature.

It was a bright star-light evening, and the moon was shining brightly in the sky.

"Mr. Anderson—Fred! Why do you leave me?"

He turned, looked irresolutely at her, then at the house where duty lay, then, after another glance at his temple, he could not resist, but asked himself as he side and regarded her head, which she did not withdraw. Very skillfully she turned his thoughts from personal to intellectual subjects, until he was just as ready to fall on his knees and worship her for every salutary attribute of humanity.

This meeting was but one of many constantly occurring, each commencing and ending in exactly the same way. In process of time, it was observable that Miss Powell's unworldliness seemed less soft, and her large, defiant eyes grew gentler and so, and of a deeper blue; and her other features improved, also, under the careful command she held over them.

CHAPTER IX.

A Preference Shown.

The evening for the party arrived. Fred, waiting in the drawing-room at Briar Grove, had hastily pronounced Flora's blue silk and general outfit very handsome and becoming, and then, as if relieved of a bore, dismissed the subject, and sat impatiently watching for the appearance of Miss Powell. She came at last. White crape and rich lace fell in soft, wavy folds around her figure, that never looked so magnificent, yet womanly, as now. A single pearl, the only ornament she wore, looped her tresses on the front of her corsage, and told, besides, how well gems would become the wearer of this.

"Why, Flora, you are fairly outshone!" cried Mr. Pemberton. "I see," he added, to Miss Powell, who looked unutterable gratitude, "that you know how to dress, as well as talk incomparably!"

"Your hair is very becomingly arranged," put in his wife; "those braids around the head look like a crown, and give you the air of a queen."

"Perhaps Nature gave her more of that air than her skillful hands have to-night. At any rate, she always impressed me that way," answered Mr. Pemberton, in a manner that flushed to purple the cheek of the spoken of, and that gave a disagreeable thrill to Fred, which he could not easily rid himself of. Happily Mrs. Pemberton did not see this glance, as with a mother's pride and fondness, she was putting many a last touch into her daughter's dress.

Flora was beautiful. She was very safe there. Fred could find no fault in her lovely face. But his eye did not linger on her. Miss Powell had all his glances; this that young lady knew, and, also, although he had not spoken it, how well she was suited.

"And what word have you for your daughter?" asked Mrs. Pemberton, turning Flora to Mr. Pemberton.

"Oh, every good one in the vocabulary! My child, you do indeed look radiantly beautiful," and he affectionately kissed her low, broad forehead. This part of her face he particularly admired, because of its exceeding womanliness. And Fred, too, had often complimented it. Now both these gentlemen turned toward the intellectual expanse of forehead—Miss Powell's greatest facial beauty—and regarded it long and favorably, until the other thereof felt it time to blush and avert her face.

"That tinge makes you divine," whispered Mr. Pemberton, clasping a plain gold bracelet on each white, well-rounded wrist, a present for the occasion, and such as he had previously given Flora.

A single instant her eyes looked into his. It was enough. An internal smile rippled over the surface of her secret thoughts.

As if dismay, Mr. Pemberton caught at the plebeian. His wife, attracted by the movement, noticed the pallid face that he was trying to turn toward the window, away from her alarmed and anxious scrutiny.

"It is nothing, my love, only a slight faintness," he observed, by way of explanation, feeling that he must say something.

"Let me bathe your temple with some of this camellia oil," said Miss Powell, moving nearer, and doing as she had proposed.

An impulsive movement, as if he had rather some other would attend him, and then he yielded, while Fred hovered near in a deep solitude, as Flora, in the innocence of her heart imagined it.

"Here they come," whispered Dinah, and Miss Powell, as usual, bound down to that vantage!

"I see it. Our dear child don't, though," answered Venus, who started on finding that strange, magnetic glance of Miss Powell resting on her mother's face. Her own cheek took an aching heat at the sight, while her secret heart experienced a thrill of agony too intense to bear and to be unseen. She looked pityingly upon her elegant mistress, and in that moment of sympathy—sympathy born but of deep wrong, her bosom ached with one thought of forgiveness for injustice long and silently endured.

"Did you see?" moaned Venus, when the party had driven off.

"Did I? I tell you that girl is worse than the plague in a house! What makes her want such a wide swing?"

"The love of power, and hatred of those who are more favored by fortune than herself," said Venus thoughtfully, and the two re-entered the mansion to indulge in a private conversation.

Soon they set forth on the highway of deep darkness, and the moonlight shone brightly on the path.

"Why will you go? Stay! But what can you do?"

Is this I am uttering?" And striking his forehead, the infuriated fellow left her where he found her reading in the arbor near the lake.

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Three hours' hard walking, brought them to their destination. Here, in the tangled forest, they met an individual, who, in a impatient tone, declared he had waited an eternity for Venus, who, so far from resenting his manner, coaxed him into good humor, and promised never to vex him again.

"You'd better not! Hal! I know where I can find pay for your air!" he cried, in reply.

"I don't want to show off airs. Indeed, I do not, Joseph. But you know all this. What do you mean by finding pay?" And Venus tried to be calm and free from the slightest approach to apprehension as she spoke.

"Nothing; only—only—"

"Speak, man! Out with it! Say you have seen her?" And Venus in her excitement and indignation, seized the aggravating old creature, and shook him with so much violence that he soon plead for mercy.

"Forgive me, Joseph! I forgot you were an old man!" she gasped, exhausted, and suddenly recollecting herself—"But your manner wounded me beyond endurance—it did, indeed."

"And your manner! Humph!" said he, tantalizingly, as he restored his dress to its proper place; for he had been nearly shaken out of it.

"You will not overlook it?" She stood pleadingly before him, with streaming eyes and supplicating words.

"I am an old man, and you—you are a tigress! Forgive me? Hal! when I'm dead, perhaps!"

"You may be in that state soon, Joe," interposed Dinah. "You're all wrong as easy as some of these men, remember that! There's no long years of love, devotion, interest and duty on your side; don't forget that! Ugh! how a rope would look round that neck of yer's!"

The old man cowered, and covered his throat with his long, purple hands.

"Or," she continued, "maybe they'd make a fire of faggots here; right here, where yer stand, perhaps, and burn yer in the midst of it!"

The old man moved tremblingly away from the spot her flashing eyes indicated.

"Such things have been, yer know," she proceeded, sitting composedly at his feet. "What 'ud they care for such a bundle of dry bones—nothing! Hal! they'd laugh ter hear 'em crackle and curl in the hot flames!"

"Hush! no more, no more! I'll be silent as the grave!" cried her listener, falling on his knees before her.

"Promise that again, coward! Then rise, and take the provision we've come all this way to bring yer!" returned Dinah, in ineffable contempt and derision.

"You want let out on me?" he supplicated, still groveling at her feet.

"Not till yer drive me to it," she replied.

"I'll never do that! take my oath now upon it!"

"Go; write that on the sand!" jeered Dinah, to the wretched old being, cowering and trembling before her.

"We'll come again in a week. If, in the meantime that ap troubles yer, give her a fright—once that she'll never get over, perhaps."

"Good Dinah, I could not live, were it not for you!" said Venus, when they had turned homeward.

"I could n't, if it war n't for my children," came oracularly and reproachfully.

"I know I am weaker than you can ever be," said Venus, feeling reproved.

"Forgive me for wounding yer already wounded spirit," returned Dinah, humbly, and dropping behind.

Venus would not take a step until she had come up again.

"Why will you persist in my being your superior, when I see how deeply I am the reverse?"

"With with the folks I'm yer equal; but when alone with yer, I can't forget things," said Dinah, in explanation.

This explanation had often been made, but never to the satisfaction of Venus, who, asked, after a somewhat prolonged silence:

"You do not think he will do her any harm?"

"No. If I'd thought he could, I'd not spoken so!"

We will leave them to return home, and follow those of our characters who went to the fête at Col. Allyn's. Here Miss Powell became the centre of attraction. Among those who, entranced by the all-varying sweetness of her voice, the wonderful fascination of her manners, and her indescribable wealth of thought, formed a circle around her, were Mr. Pemberton and Fred Anderson.

To both of them she distributed her smiles and words equally. Yet each secretly fancied himself more favored by her.

Miss Powell was present. Her eyes and cheeks of this day were radiant. Her heart was full of the purest joy.

unattended and unseen. When the bright star-light seemed an embarrassment, and Venus wished it would rain, or was darker.

"One thing, we shall get back before our folks do," congratulated Dinah, at last leaving smooth traveling, and darting along with the speed of an arrow, through a path, impassable and tangled, that led northward.

"Good, faithful friend! how reassuring your words have ever been to me," said Venus. "I should have sunk beneath my burden, had not your kind voice sustained and comforted me in my efforts."

"Don't say nothing about it, Venus! We're placed here to aid and assist," interposed Dinah, walking faster, and always when praised. One of those rare beings, whose own conscience is all the scales needed.

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pose of quizzing one whose attractions were strong enough to charm the best men present. With uplifted hands, and face speaking intense astonishment, she ejaculated—"Ann Powell!" Yet, could scarcely believe that the poor, ugly, ill-dressed teacher she had so often snubbed, irritated, and disobeyed, was really the centre of such evident admiration. She fluttered her fan, laughed aloud, and rustled about, but in vain. These gentlemen would not leave her inferior (as she very naturally considered Miss Powell) to come to her.

"I shall actually be nobody, if I don't speak to her," soliloquized Miss Layne. "Yet to be obliged to notice Powell—Powell of whom I've made such nice sport! Powell that I thought, yes, and still think, lower than my servants! No matter for that—now it's different with her, and me, too, forsooth! The step must be taken. My! to think I'm nobody when she's round!" And she fluttered nearer—parted the crowd, and with extended hand, and lips formed to a kiss, cried:

"Miss Powell! Is it possible! You cannot think how happy I am to see you here!"

Miss Powell was not so vehement. She said, in a careless way, she was pleased to meet her old friend, &c. But, she did not take the hand or Miss Layne's acceptance.

This unexpected nonchalance was overwhelming to Miss Layne. She the inferior of Miss Powell! and of course Miss Powell's clique, that gathered about her like bees about a hive.

"But, I'll deal her a blow by way of revenge! I see the game she's playing. I'll spoil it."

"Is your former pupil here?" she asked, pointedly.

"Do you mean Flora?" asked Miss Powell, quite undisturbed.

"Yes," and Miss Layne bit her lips with vexation.

"She is. You can find her in the music-room." Thither Miss Layne hastened, and instantly finding Flora, commenced:

"Flora Pemberton, is that low being your guest?"

"I do not know to whom you refer," replied Flora, with the old hauteur and dislike that she always felt for Miss Layne, and which formed a strange contrast to her natural sweetness and trustfulness. A disposition that, with her pride, made her blind to intrigues.

"Of course, I can mean no one but Powell. She is the only plebeian here. You might as well let yourself down out of your proud eminence, (I am not very far beneath you, I fancy) and meet me as a friend, who wishes to detain you only long enough to say—beware of Powell; she is dangerously ambitious. Your old lover is captivated, and—well, no matter who else! and she went chuckling to her carriage, unable to remain longer after such a rebuff.

"Poor girl! how envious she is! As if Fred could be drawn from me!" thought Flora, "and as if Miss Powell would presume so far! How happy she seems to-night. I rejoice that I surmounted my repugnance to her so far as to invite her home. Still, I do not like her much. How excited Fred grew when I told him so, yesterday. But, dear fellow, he's so full of sympathy for her I think she's so lonely!"

For the sake of the example he sets me, I will try to like her more. I wish she had not worn that pearl, though. It keeps reminding me of the time that she came to dinner a perfect jewelry establishment. How incomprehensible she was then."

Before the close of the entertainment, Miss Powell had received and accepted an invitation to make a visit at Allyn Hall. Thither, in a few days, she went.

"How friendly you and the Colonel are getting to be," observed Mrs. Pemberton, one morning at breakfast, when her husband had announced that the Colonel and himself were to be off that day on an excursion up the lake.

"He's a prime fellow," said Mr. Pemberton.

"How'd it do for Flora and I to pass the day at Allyn Hall? Will you drive us there?"

"Yes; but, come to think of it, the ladies are engaged to-day—somewhere among Mrs. Allyn's family, I believe."

"Wouldn't it be funny if it's where Ellen Layne is visiting. How angry Ellen would be to meet Miss Powell again."

"Very likely, Flora. It is there. Mrs. Allyn's family is not quite equal to the one she married into," replied Mrs. Pemberton, as she leisurely broke a fresh egg.

"Don't you think, mamma," continued Flora, mirthfully, "that Miss Layne actually presumed to warn me of certain proclivities she fancied she had discovered in Miss Powell?"

"Such as what?" as mirthfully asked Mrs. Pemberton.

"A desire to lure Fred. As though such a thing were possible! even if Miss Powell wished to, which of course, she does not. She knows her place too well!"

"Certainly," replied Mrs. Pemberton, hastily dismissing the subject, as if it were a disagreeable one. Her pride would not, for a moment, permit her to place an inferior on a level with the children of her love. Her kindness and hospitality had made the inferior very happy, as nearly as she could judge. She did not dream, however, what volcanic fires this and the hereditary wealth, position, and splendor of her surroundings, had awakened, until they glowed with a heat ruinous to every incident feeling of a nobler life.

In the afternoon, Ellen Layne called at Briar Grove.

"I know," she commented, after the exchange of salutations common to the occasion, "that I am

guilty of a crime against etiquette in coming here uninvited, and worse, unwelcome. But I only dropped in on my way by, to ask why, my dear creature, you are not at the picnic? I saw your friend and Mr. Pemberton, (bowing to Mrs. Pemberton,) on their way thither. Mrs. Allyn and Ann Powell were in the same carriage. Why I didn't you know they were going? How strange some gentlemen are!"

Mrs. Pemberton, recovering from her slight astonishment, replied, she knew her husband was going on an excursion, but had made no inquiries in relation to it.

But Flora remembered that Fred was not quite so constantly at her side as formerly, and wondered why.

Seeing how intrusive she was regarded, and satisfied with the effect of her annihilation on Flora, Miss Layne departed.

"Our family and myself were not invited," continued Miss Layne, "I mean the family I happen to be visiting. We do not care, however, as parties of just that description are not the proper places for respectable females to be seen at."

"You forget, Miss Layne, that you have informed me of my husband being one of this party," said Mrs. Pemberton, with dignity.

"Parson me. I had, indeed. But in Georgia—that part, you will infer, where I reside—married men are models of constancy and devotion to their wives and homes," and she paused, in order to consult her watch, then added, "It is quite time for me to hasten away." As neither of the ladies pressed her to remain longer, she acted upon her proposition.

"How disagreeable and insolent!" cried Mrs. Pemberton, as Ellen drove away. "She was not my equal, so I would not resent her coarse insinuations. But, child, are you weeping? Why?"

"It is for nothing, I dare say. Yet, does it strike you, mamma, that Fred is just as he used to be?"

"I have noticed no difference. Nonsense, Flora! You have actually allowed that ill-bred girl to make you wretched."

Mrs. Pemberton fondly drew her daughter's head upon her bosom, and bade her trust to Fred's long cherished affection for making these slight clouds pass away, and leave nothing but the blue of perfect confidence behind. Oh, the encouraging words of a fond mother. They are beyond all price!

"Richer purer than Golconda can furnish is your reassuring suggestion, dear mamma," cried Flora, when she had brightened up and dried her tears.

"I'm glad that girl has spoken out what has been our secret trouble," said Venus to Dinah; after Flora had told the former every word Miss Layne had spoken on her short and forced call.

"What did yer tell Flora?" asked Dinah, anxiously.

"Just what you would have told her; that Miss Powell was artful and dangerous, and to be avoided, if possible. But my opinion made the poor child more angry with me than ever she was before. I fear Dinah, the end of this visit—Miss Powell's, I mean—is not to be reached pleasantly, for all parties. I have a strange dread at times. What if we do fall, after all our efforts?" And Venus covered her face with her hands, and wept.

"We shan't, unless you falter," said Dinah, in a whisper. "Keep up your courage. Fall? Cowards only do that! I will not fail!"

"Nor will I!" cried Venus, catching a spark of hope and courage from the enthusiasm of her companion. But both deserted her the next moment, upon seeing Miss Powell riding up to the house with Fred at her side.

"Look there, Dinah!"

"I am. But yer'd better look at the place where your trussure is, if yer want to keep up courage for the battle. For battle there'll be!"

"I know it," moaned Venus, cowering and shrinking.

"Venus, rouse up. Watch, and give me a hint if yer see immediate danger. Go in, now!"

Miss Powell did not stay long—had only driven up to see how the family were—and to ask them to Allyn Hall, to pass the next day. Something in Flora's eyes had drawn Fred from the side of Miss Powell.

"You have not been here for three days!" Thus ingeniously Flora opened her troubles to him.

"So long as that?" he answered, astonished.

"He has not missed me," Flora was ready to think. But could she, when he appeared so glad to see her! And Fred seemed driven to make amends now for all past neglectfulness.

Even Miss Powell grew secretly uneasy, and was about to leave, when Mrs. Pemberton, who had, as ever, been cordial and kind, asked:

"Where did you leave Mr. Pemberton?"

"On the excursion grounds," replied Miss Powell, slightly flushing, but instantly recovering herself.

"He did not mention this morning that ladies were to be of the party?"

"Perhaps he had not been advised of it."

"Very likely. He would have mentioned it, if he had."

And thus Mrs. Pemberton sat, ready in response for her husband, who in an intensely sulky humor, was riding home alone. He had failed in obtaining Miss Powell as companion on return, and, seeing her drive off with Fred privately, apostrophized that youth in no gentle nor respectful terms.

"I heard you had gone with a party," said Mrs. Pemberton, meeting him pleasantly at the door.

"You did?" said he, with some embarrassment, as he descended from the carriage.

"Yes, I did. I saw you with Fred and Ann Powell, and I saw you with the Colonel and his wife, and I saw you with the whole of the party."

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MISS JENNIE LORD'S SEANCES.

Magie, Marvel, and Spiritual Phenomena not yet Dead.

I often hear our spiritual friends complaining when their speakers tell them anything new, that it is "beyond their comprehension—they do not understand it." On the other hand, they are yet more apt to murmur because they "do not hear anything new," and the expression, "Oh, I've heard it all before," is one of the most common reasons alleged for abstaining from spiritual meetings.

Now, I am quite aware that nine-tenths of those for whom I am penning these lines, will greet them with the usual comment, "Oh, I've seen all that before," or, "I know all about it," or else, "Why, Emma Hardinge is only repeating what she told us about, last winter. Why do not she give us something new?" Now, as there is another class of Spiritualists, and a remarkably large class of outsiders who do not know anything, but assume to-day that the physical phenomena are passing away; for their benefit, I desire to offer a relation of the facts as unfolded, whilst for the modern "Athenians," who are forever searching for "something new," I would mildly inquire how much use they have made of the old? How much they live on the theory? or realize the practice of spiritualistic doctrine? and how industriously they have used the opportunities of having "seen everything," and find out how it is all done?

Not having seen everything myself, or understood more than one per cent. of that I have seen, I was gratified to find, on my arrival to fulfill a three weeks' engagement in Chicopee, Mass., this present month of July, that Miss Jenny Lord, the best physical medium I have ever yet seen, was an inmate of the house I was to stop at. Miss Lord had been holding circles for some weeks in Chicopee, and the amount of marvel which greeted us on every side, ere I had been in the place an hour, determined me to suspend all expression of opinion until I could be my own witness of the facts.

I found that our hospitable entertainer had fitted up a room in his handsome mansion for the benefit and use of the spirits—the paraphernalia of which consists of closely darkened windows, two large tables, strong enough to bear more than mortal poundings, with every nameable musical instrument (bass and side), along up to the ceiling; an excellent bass viol, violin, cello, tambourine, guitar, together with horns, pipes, and a perfect octave of bells, large and small. A gentleman who is an admirable executant on the violin, kindly volunteered his services as the visible leader of the invisible choir, and the circles usually consist of from four to six outsiders, admitted on professional terms, for the medium's benefit, and a few of the family or invited friends to complete the circle.

To attempt any description of the phenomena beyond the recital of bare facts, would be absurd; they must be heard and felt to be fully appreciated. All I can do is to repeat some of the more details of the programme. This usually commences with the forcible playing of the bass viol, in accompaniment to the voices of the circle, in singing the opening songs. Then follows a familiar conversation with the player, spoken on the part of the circle, and kindly but always most significantly responded to by the double-bass player, with taps of the bow on the tables, chairs, and persons of the circle. Sometimes he accompanies the violin-player in a merry jig; frequently gives him the note to tune his instrument with; taps for order, for commencement of the concert, and applause, and signifies his indignation at want of harmony, by such hideous scratchings and indignant saws on the strings, as evince a hand and arm of something more than human power. As a general thing, this is succeeded by guitar playing; and here I find myself far more at a loss than in the attempt to describe any other portion of the performance. For, who would believe that a guitar, not played on the frets, but simply the open strings, (tuned in fifths and thirds), carried into all parts of the room, on the floor, ceiling, played on the heads and shoulders of the circle, and in perpetual motion, could and does make some of the sweetest and most forcible music (for a guitar), I ever listened to; and that in every description of time, beat, and power. One player, in earth, life, must have been a master of his instrument, and certainly has not degenerated in the spheres.

This performance generally lasts the longest of the evening, and being by far the sweetest and most scientific part of the concert, is enjoyed as a solo, although the maestro accompanies the voice or violin admirably. The bells in duette, trios, and sometimes solos, follow. Occasionally, a spring-bell is played alone, with the speed and neatness of a practiced hand and the rhythm of a good musician; the admirable time and variety in the beats of all the instruments is one of the greatest features of the performance.

The tambourine is very often accompanied by the sound of dancing feet, now light, now heavy, now a solo, then a party. Confectionery, if placed on the tables, or at times in the pockets of some of the circle, is handed round in the tambourine, and the tenderly caressing action of those who hold it, lightly touching our heads, faces and hands, is evidence that we are surrounded by love, as well as skill.

It is generally toward the close of the evening that the thunder of the drums high above our heads, takes part with other instruments, and constitutes one of the most remarkable parts of the concert; for not only do the spirits accompany tunes with skill and precision, but at the call of the company they will play different "points of war"—a double drag, and a certain wild, fierce, and very difficult points which I have only heard executed by marines.

Sometimes they treat us to a mimic bombardment, crashing on drums, walls, ceiling and tables, with a force that is heard far away in the village, beating with a strength that would crush our heads or hands to jelly within half an inch of us, but though in pitch darkness, never by any chance ever coming in contact with us. To the uninitiated, this part of the performance is fairly terrific; and never fails to call for the exclamation, "why, they must see everything, or else they would have killed us."

The night preceding one of the late great battles before Richmond, the spirits represented the raging conflict with frightful force, imitating the explosions of musketry and cannon, the beating of drums, and even the working of the telegraph, and then informed the circle they would (as they actually did) receive the end of the battle the next day.

I can only add in addition to the above, that the violin, cello and accordion are both played at times, the latter (excepting the guitar) with more skill than any of the other instruments. An immense dinner-bell (rung over our heads) and taxing severely the confidence of those who do not feel as I do, that the spirit is either kind, or wrong, or, closes the concert, except when they end by lifting up the medium, chair and all, turning her round; and the strength of a Hercules on the table, in our midst, and then dashing the chair, medium and all, up and down on the table several times, as the final triumph of the strength of an "imponderable airy body," or "nothing," as we have hitherto deemed of our airy souls.

I must here add, with apologies to my friendly host, (dragging his domestic arrangements into print, although I do so in duty to the verity of my story) that these proceedings take place in the house of a gentleman whose wife is a very remarkable standing, and long years of tolerance and benevolent consideration in the community, place the possibility of any deception, rather on the outside of the north pole; and as the

medium's hands are constantly in the charge of the four members of the circle on either side of her, who do all this? If it be not, intelligent spirits, (since human folly or impudence could hardly father it on our host, or his family,) I would propose that the "imponderable, magnetic, sympathetic, electric, cerebral, reflexive, &c., &c., power," that effects it all, should be respectfully solicited to take charge of our armies, conduct our orchestras, manage our telegraphs, and become elevator-general of heavy bodies to all the warehouses in the United States; it would save so much human strength and money!

Of course the spirits would not do it, if they could, for independent of the fact that they need a medium, and Jenny Lord cannot be all over the States at once, they claim to deprive us of the privilege of living, laboring, thinking and executing, were others to come and do the work for us; they would live, and we should vegetate; but "imponderable, unintelligent force" has no such human and logical scruples.

Surely, Messrs. Professors, it would pay well to take out a patent for such a new motive power! pity but what you would try it! and it must be a reality, for have not one third of the "savants" of the day declared it to be the origin of all these manifestations?

As to you, my spiritual friends, before you complain that the spirits give you nothing new, that the phenomena is dying out, and you really know all about it, be pleased to afford us poor students, still on the anxious seat of spiritual knowledge, some little light as to how all this is accomplished. New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Providence, Cincinnati, Cleveland, St. Louis, &c., &c., are "progressed beyond all this," and poor little Chicopee thinks itself exceedingly fortunate in picking up this rich crumb from their tables. Should any of these great depots of "bygone Spiritualism" wish to return to first principles again, I presume they may do so by addressing Miss Jennie Lord, at Chicopee, Mass. There they will find a gentle, delicate, unobtrusive young lady, who, for the consideration of kind treatment, and a moderate reward to sustain her useful life, will soon convince every creature that has sense or candor enough to be convinced that Spiritualism, in its most powerful and interesting phenomenal phase, is not yet quite "played out."

As to the doctrinal part, (if the witness of so notorious a "revival" as your subscriber be legal evidence,) I beg to call attention to the fact that, despite the oppressively warm and thundery weather that has prevailed during the entire month of July, in Chicopee, despite the absence of material bodies engaged in the dreadful distant war, and spiritual energies diverted into the same direction, still our Sunday meetings have been nobly sustained.

The hourly discourse of a very large and entirely harmonious circle in this village is "our religion," and the practice of the aforesaid circle, during my past month's residence amongst them, has been a constant experiment of how best to shower kindness and hospitality on my grateful host. Spiritualism, with this people, in its most living, practical, vital sense, is their very meat and drink; rarely have my eyes been blessed with such a continual succession of evidences of the presence of the immortals.

I am happy enough to be a seeress at times, in most places; but in Chicopee, those times are all time; whether the admirable clearness and force of Miss Lord's circles, and the glorious opening of my own spiritual vision, may not be promoted by the affectionate harmony that prevails in our surroundings, as well as a scene round, and place, held sacred to the spirits, and a magnetism always preserved pure and unbroken, I will not pretend to say; but I would advise the ill-natured caviller and inharmonious investigator to try similar conditions before he indulges too loudly in the complaint that he can never obtain any manifestations of a satisfactory character.

EMMA HARDINGE.

Chicopee, Mass., July 30, 1882.

We, the undersigned, have read the above statement of Miss Emma Hardinge. We have sat repeatedly at Miss Lord's circles ourselves, witnessed all that is here described, and so much more in addition, that we feel it would be hardly safe to draw on the credulity of the public to the extent of our own experience. In justice to the medium herself, and for the benefit of that portion of the community less highly favored than ourselves who have participated in these manifestations, we herewith append our names in full and hearty endorsement of Miss Hardinge's statement:

Mrs. Erastus Stebbins, Thomas A. Denison, A. Bullens, P. L. B. Stickney, M. D., Lyman Van Horn, Erastus Stebbins, Wm. H. Gilmore, Wm. P. Beals, David Bronson, Lewis C. Bullens, George H. Knapp, Esq., B. B. Hill, and two hundred other citizens of Chicopee and Springfield.

Notes of Travel.

My first Grove meeting this season was at Northampton, Summit Co., Ohio, June 7th and 8th. It was a general good time. Summit Co. is one of the oldest Spiritual vineyards in all "that region round about." And from the very first I believe Northern Ohio has been foremost in the investigation of Spiritualism. I think the first Spiritual paper established in the West, was at Cleveland. Our meeting at Northampton gave evidence of no decreasing interest in the minds of the thinkers there. I believe there never was a time when intellectual (not marvelous) Spiritualism was so deeply seated in the hearts of its advocates in Ohio, as at the present time.

On Sunday, June 15th, I gave a funeral discourse in Hantsburg, Geauga Co., Ohio, of a young man named Lorenzo Moore, who died in the army. The Town Hall was filled with intelligent listeners. This town is the place of my nativity. Though years have passed since I left there, still familiar faces greeted me, and familiar hands grasped mine. Did one ever visit the place of his childhood, and not feel emotions swell in the soul too big for utterance? My heart was full all day; and when I saw the fields, the woods and groves where I used to play, I almost wished myself a child again.

Sunday, June 22d, I lectured in Jackson, Michigan, to a good audience. The friends there seem to be united and in earnest. Henry Slade, a well known clairvoyant physician, resides there, and is reported as doing a good business.

June 27th and 28th found us in Wayland, Mich., where we had a fine Grove meeting. This town is about midway between Kalamazoo and Grand Rapids, on the stage line. The country is quite new, but the people are intelligent and enterprising. Mrs. M. J. Kuts made a couple of fine speeches at the meeting. She is a lady of rare attainments, and as a speaker has few superiors. She has never crowded herself into public notice, but where she is known she is popular. Mrs. Leland gave a lecture, on the history of revolutions, full of thought and interest. In short, our meeting was a perfect success, and all felt glad that they were there.

At Gratiot, Kent Co., July 5th and 6th, we had a large audience and a good time. Mrs. Kuts, Mrs. Wellman and Peter Johnson, all spoke on subjects of interest, and satisfied the askings of many minds. A larger or more orderly gathering is seldom met with than that at Gratiot.

July 15th, I lectured at Maple Rapids, a good audience, although there was some misunderstanding as to the appointment. I did not speak at Lyons,

as announced, on account of a severe attack of fever, from which I am now just recovering.

Fraternally yours,
S. PHILLIPS LALAND.

Grand Rapids, Aug. 4, 1882.

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1882.

OFFICE, 158 WASHINGTON STREET.
Room No. 2, UP STAIRS.

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

FOR TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION SEE EIGHTH PAGE.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

The Dawn.

It is breaking. If others are inclined to be downcast, it is our lot to be filled and buoyed up with a more perfect faith. What is generally the topic of regret, of lamentation even, comes to us now as matter for open congratulation. All these trials, reverses, griefs, and woes—all this disappointment, chagrin, humiliation, and confessed sin—what is it but the long-sought pledge of the happy day when all men will learn to do justly by one another, and love to do righteously for the sake of righteousness alone? We call not for confusion, chaos, anarchy, or anything of the kind. We have no desire to witness, nor yet to become participants in, any suffering which the world of to-day can get along without. The last wish of our heart would be, that our neighbors and friends are forced to see what they will not, or cannot otherwise see, through the instrumentality of suffering, deprivation, and outright grief. Still, as lovers of truth, and knowing well that we none of us become inheritors of it to any extent, save by the discipline of these very processes, we shall continue to rejoice that truth is rapidly making its way, and will in good time be glorified in the heart and life of every man. All men, on looking back over the reaches of history, realize that certain advances have been made, and that certain obstacles have been successfully removed; and yet, if they pause and send out their active sympathies among the numberless individuals whose conditions have been sadly changed for the time by the progress of events, they would certainly lose sight of the great results which were finally attained, and be entirely swallowed up in sympathy for the incidents as they went along.

This very strife, these struggles—multiplied and multiplying—these frequent passages of souls from earth-forms to spirit-forms—this present confusion and blindness of thought—this feeling about unawares for a source of truth, never really found as yet, no matter how persistently professed, a trust that alone can carry us every one through the trials of the earth-sphere, and purify us as we pass—this universal shaking to their very centre of all the many tricks, unreal schemes, corrupt plots, and wicked subterfuges that have so long passed with our modern state for realities—what are all these but signs and symptoms not to be set aside, of the dawn of a brighter and better day, when what is true and sincere alone, shall be sought after, and all that is worthless and empty shall be thrown away?

We are no alarmist. We would adopt any other calling almost. But we are bound to speak what is true, and to reason upon such premises as that furnishes, as correctly as we can. And when we reflect on the course we have been drifting as a people, for so long, and seriously consider the tendency of our national life under influences so undeniably pernicious as those which have of late years inflated our sails—when we reflect, too, upon the numbers of aspiring souls that have all this while been kept down by the tyrannical mechanism and formalities of things which men considered to be established, and think that the present confusion and the coming chaos are sent but to trample down those existing tyrannies with their own naked power, and so to prepare the way for the incoming of a better rule, of more spiritual ideas, of a larger and more permanent toleration—how is it possible for us to be filled with anything but a great joy? Out of all this present and superficial evil will come positive good. Suffering begets sympathy; and sympathy is a mysterious something which has too long resided upon our tongues, and kept itself too much out of our hearts.

Who is inclined to lament the approach, and the immediate ushering in, of the day when men can speak and believe what they think? When the corrupting and paralyzing power of money—that is, capital—is to be broken?—when labor and capital will be harnessed together in harmonious cooperation, in stead of, as now, fighting each a guerrilla battle for itself, and winning mutual victories at immense cost? Who will mourn to know that the blessed gospel of truth will be permitted to descend into every man's heart, without the pernicious hindrance of a paid priesthood, that stand forth advocates for their own system and for themselves?

Shall we sorrow, because we shall be able to attain to these most desirable things only at a precious expense and cost? Would it be experience, without cost? or discipline? or riches? Is anything of any worth, unless it has root in our own being? And if it have root there, can we expect it to occur without labor, and watching, and waiting, and deprivation? Are we such children yet, as to suppose, or even to hope, that we can at any time get, and not give in return? Should we be developed, should we be enriched, if we could have what we desired, by merely wishing, and not by work?

All our State is yet to discuss these matters of civil polity over again. We are to dig, and dig, until we reach rock bottom. Trials will teach us patience; suffering will develop sympathy. Disappointments will impart to us a higher skill. We will bring in our blessings, and sweet peace will become the child of violence and blood. Then will the world take another, and a longer stride forward. We shall advance, but for ourselves, and not through the orders and officious authority of others. History will have it to record, that out of this present black cloud, leaped the bright lightnings that electrified and purified the world.

Knowing too Much.

A ready and pliant talker is like a bottle with but little in it; he runs easy, and is soon empty. Your man of conceit is the man to furnish you with information; it is no matter with him whether you know all about a topic or not—he would have you think that he knows it all, and he is forever ready to ask you questions such as you would never think of putting yourself, and cannot get hold of to answer, they are so simple. "Oh, if you only knew as much about these spirits as I do," says one. Well, but what is the particular value to a person, of such contact with spirits, except that he may the better understand the great spiritual laws thereby—those of his own being included? Tests are for such as need them, and always useful; but the more curiosity-hunter in these matters, the wonder-seeker, the mystery-monger, that sort of person who does not display when he heartily proclaims that another person, more or less inspired than himself, is totally ignorant of spiritual laws and their operations, because he has not had to go to the same school with himself!

Modern Spiritualism.

Our eyes and ears are wide open to any good results which can be reported by the believers in this new cult—numbering, we are told, from two to three millions. We have therefore published in the present number of the magazine a second article, from a very intelligent source, on this subject. We certainly agree with the writer as to the issue with which the subject should be treated, and the rule applied equally well to all subjects of a religious nature. The base of all religious investigation, is intellectual honesty—not the strong, clear exercise of the reason, but reason used without the grace of humility. We have read some thousands of pages of Modern Spiritualism. One thing has seemed to us as patent enough. No such phenomena could have triumphed if the teachings of the Church had been clear, full, and rational, touching the great themes of immortality. Two millions of people would not have resorted to Spiritualism, unless their minds and hearts had been so far as possible baffled, and unless their deepest yearnings had been in vain. And they have found two grand Christian truths, which the churches had either darkened or ignored: that there is a spiritual world, real, and not spectral; and that it lies close to this, and brings all our departed kindred near to us. These are old truths, which had been nearly lost, and which Spiritualism has done something to restore. So far as we have been able to observe, the general tendency of this sort of cultus has been to the rejection of all that is distinctive in Christianity, and to the boldest naturalism and pantheism. The exceptions to this which we have become acquainted with are the Christian Spiritualists, represented by Rev. T. L. Harris, and these have gone off into extravagances which have repelled people, and have hardly been helpful and sane. The intelligent believers in Spiritualism ought to show that these evils are incidental and exceptional, and that the prevailing cults are humility, larger faith in Christ, the reason, the abolition of spirit guidance, but made more clearly to reflect the truths of divine revelation; God more vitally apprehended, not sunk and lost in nature. Not only the fact of immortality should be shown, and that "spirits communicate," but the laws of retribution should be more fully revealed, and the spirits should communicate something which adds to our knowledge, or which fills our hearts with a sweeter, tenderer, and profounder love. These should be the tests, and these should be fairly shown as the prevailing results of the new cultus.

The above notice of an article—the second one on the same topic—just published in the Monthly Religious Magazine, on "Modern Spiritualism," we print for the sake of calling the attention of the BANNER readers to the views of the editors on that important topic, and of letting them know what they will doubtless be glad to know, that we shall publish the article itself in our next week's paper. It is a fine production, as calmly and clearly stated, and as well reasoned out, as the previous one from the same author. Our re-publication of the other, one in the columns of the BANNER, called for a great many expressions of thanks from the liberally inclined portion of the community; and we do not doubt but that the second article will be hailed with equal satisfaction.

It is undeniable, even by those who were so recently thoughtful scoffers, that Spiritualism—as a fundamental and all-pervading system, or philosophy—is rapidly becoming understood and appreciated. It holds its place in men's hearts all the more fixedly, because there is no work or labor like proselytism connected with it. Every man must open his own eyes and let the light enter, or he may still keep them shut and enjoy his own darkness. No pride, no intellectual conceit, no possible combination of scientific wise men or bigoted credulists will avail to interrupt the operation of God's own laws throughout all nature. The least an intelligent man can do, is in humility to read, reflect, investigate, and enjoy. We can do no more now than bespeak the reader's special attention to the second article on "Modern Spiritualism," from the Monthly Religious Magazine, which we repeat will appear in the columns of the BANNER next week.

A Picnic in the Woods.

It has been suggested by many, that Dr. Gardner "put the wheels in motion" for another Picnic—and that "Dungen Rock," Lynn, be the place of meeting. A similar one to that at Abington Grove would not come amiss this hot weather, and we hope the hint here dropped will induce the Doctor to immediately move in the matter.

What can be pleasanter than to go off in the form of a party, luncheon-baskets in hand, and pass the day strolling through the woods? Too many days have we spent ourselves that way, and we fondly hope a good many more are left us to enjoy. The feast on the ground, with all the indescribable scents of earth and trees rising and floating around you, is such a feast as one finds on no tables at this time of the year. There is so much refreshment for mind, body, and spirits in the careless leisure of such a day. The cares of social life insensibly drop off from the thoughts, as the tired body is divested of its clothing at night. We much prefer to see a holiday passed in this pleasing way, to seeing it smothered all over with burning gunpowder, and made hideous with the explosions of fire-arms and the yells of discordant throats. A true picnic gives you nothing but suggestions of harmony and peace.

About Farming.

No business is so sure as farming, say what we will. In New England, it is estimated that those who till the soil do not, at a general thing, invest over from one thousand to two thousand dollars in their business; could the same money, invested in trade, secure a man a tolerably a living—and a good one, too? But a farmer must needs be intelligent, the more so, the more profitable becomes his investment and labor. He must know his lands, how to improve them, and then be courageous enough to do it. In the difference between farmers on this point, lies the difference between their conditions. As an observing writer on agricultural says—some men never encroached in anything. From the want of common understanding they fall in every thing, while others, with much less labor and bustle, succeed in whatever they wish to pursue. It is a fact that no small investments pay equal to those made in farming operations; so many families could not be supported on the same amounts invested in any other way.

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 revenue 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 do not intend 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 of our subscription list.

Lecturing Tour.

We have received a long letter from Bro. A. H. Davis, giving an account of his public labors in Southern Vermont, which we have been obliged to defer. It will appear in our next issue.

Our Officers.

No public circles will be held at this time, until the first of September next, when we will hold a public circle.

Disagreeable People.

"Country Parson" who contributes to the Atlantic Monthly, had some excellent "reflections" in the August number, concerning the very sort of people whose characteristic quality we have written above. He tells us how many sorts of truly disagreeable people there are, and in how many ways they are disagreeable. Especially of one class does he speak, who have had their portraits sketched before. "It must be admitted," says the Parson, "with great regret, that people who make a considerable profession of religion, have succeeded in making themselves more thoroughly disagreeable than almost any other human beings have ever made themselves. You will find people who claim not merely to be pious and Christian people, but to be very much more pious and Christian than others, who are extremely uncharitable, unsamiable, repulsive, stupid, and narrow-minded; and intensely opinionated and self-satisfied. We know, from a very high authority, that a Christian ought to be an agent in commendation of the blessed faith he holds. But it is beyond question that many people who profess to be Christians, are like grim Gorgons' heads, warning people off from having anything to do with Christianity. Why should a middle-aged clergyman walk about the streets with a sullen and malignant scowl always on his face, which at the best would be a very ugly one?" And so on, with his questions. He shows up "Phariseism" to the letter.

A Fine Description.

Starr King thus paints the changes of the year, as seen upon one of the grand mountains on the Pacific Coast, which he has been studying of late: "The fields are quite green in January, but the roads then in the picturesque districts are impassable. Until April or May, it is almost impossible to visit any 'out-of-the-way' region." After May, the glory fades from the landscape, and, unless a traveler possesses a gray and brown by the thousand square miles, he will not court any of the heights of Central and Western California. So I have watched the changes on the Contra Costa hills, and the dome of Diablo beyond, for three seasons, before finding the opportunity to start for the climb that would show the riches of the State spread at my feet. About Christmas time, the green begins to creep upward from the shores of the Bay. In January, it reaches the edges of the canons among the hills. In February, it marches steadily upward along the track of their water-courses. In March, we see the breastwork for fifty miles, brilliant with verdure. In April, and early May, the flowers interfuse their color, an arrested and chronic sunset, over the vast wall, and Diablo beyond shows in his upper dells. In June, nature grows suddenly sober in her mood and tastes, and after the first of July, except when sunset drowns out the grey with its fleeting prompt of purple, no one in this part of California can account the thirst or the taste for natural beauty as a blessing."

Robert Hall as a Talker.

A recent number of the London Electric Review has an interesting paper on Table Talkers, maintaining, among other things, that we know much more about these famous persons by hearsay than by actual and literal report. "Robert Hall, the eloquent preacher, is set down as one of the finest of all table-talkers. In conversation, he was all that he was as a preacher; possessing rapidly, imagination, wit, force, in a large degree. He was unhappy in his courtship of Miss Steel. When he was, perhaps, smarting under the disappointment, he went out to tea. The lady of the house said, with no very bad taste, 'You are dull, Mr. Hall; we have no polished host here to entertain you.' "Oh, madam," he retorted, "that is not the slightest consequence; you have plenty of polished brass!" On another occasion, when some rumor of marriage had gone about, he broke out at once decidedly, "Sir, sir; marry Miss—sir; I would as soon marry the devil's daughter, and go home and live with the old folks!"

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.

Mrs. M. S. Townsend will lecture in Charlestown next Sunday, N. Frank White in Quincy; Frank L. Wadsworth in Marlboro'; H. B. Storer in Plymouth; Mrs. A. P. Thompson in Portland, Me.; Charles A. Hayden in Foxcroft, Me.; W. K. Ripley in Levant, Me.; Mrs. Augusta A. Currier in Bucksport, Me.; M. Taylor in Union Common, Me.; Mrs. M. M. Wood in Putnam, Conn.; Miss Emma Hardinge in Oswego, N. Y.

Mrs. E. A. Kingsbury lectures in Auburn, N. Y., Aug. 17th, and in Coper, Aug. 21st.

Dr. E. L. Lyon will answer calls to lecture in any part of New England. He may be addressed at his office for the present.

To Our Agents.

Mrs. E. A. Kingsbury writes from Victor, N. Y., as follows:

"I am told that several speakers receive only one dollar and a half for subscriptions to the BANNER for one year, and that they obtain the paper for subscribers at that rate, even though these subscribers are living in a place."

Such subscribers receive the paper for nine months instead of one year. We cannot afford to send the BANNER to single subscribers for a less price than two dollars per annum. We have so stated repeatedly. We wish we could do so; but we cannot, except at a loss. For full particulars in regard to our terms, see prospectus on our eighth page.

Letter to Secretary Seward.

We ask the attention of our readers to the article furnished in another part of the BANNER, by Horace Dresser, Esq., of New York, on the "Moral Education" for this continent. It is an elaborately written essay, and will command wide and profound attention. It discourses of topics that come home to the heart of every true American. The author traces the origin of the "Atlantic Monthly," but the editor, in his large wisdom, refused to print it. At the Atlantic copies it from us, will it be kind enough to give the BANNER due credit?

"Little Nellie" has sent us her picture, just as she promised. It is the face of a different and lovelier little girl, and such a one as we should have been disappointed not to find in answer to her name. She accompanies the gift of her photograph with an original letter in her own hand, which is a good sign, for she is a very good girl, and we should forget to perform our duty, if we did not tell her that we wish her all good things with her little letter, and the pleasure of knowing that her "blind father" has been helped by her efforts. "Little Nellie's" Paper, published at Portland, Me., might well be subscribed for and advertised in by every one who wished to do a good thing. Good bye, Nellie; we shall never forget you, and your photograph shall have a conspicuous place in our Album.

We regret to learn that Mrs. Fannie B. Bates has been lying dangerously ill at Portland, Me., for the last two weeks. She is now slowly recovering, and the time has not yet passed when she will be able to write to her friends, and we will soon be able to answer to Worcester, where she will soon be able to answer to Worcester, where she will soon be able to answer to Worcester.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

PARATROIC ACTION OF BOSTON MERCHANTS.—The merchants of Milk, Franklin, Kilby and other leading streets, including nearly all the heavy business houses, have signed an agreement to close their stores and counting-rooms every afternoon during the whole of the present week, to assist in filling up the quota of Boston under the call for 300,000 three years' volunteers. The Old South Church proprietors have agreed to throw open the gates of the grounds around their ancient edifice, and display a stately flag that has a revolutionary history. Tents and pavilions will be erected for headquarters and other purposes, music will be plentifully supplied, and one of "Beauregard's bells" will rejoice over every recruit added to the Union armies beneath the shadow of those sacred walls.

INFLUENCE OF SYMPATHY.—A very strange example of the influence of sympathy is reported to have occurred during the battle at Pea Ridge. Col. Phelps, while charging upon a ravine, fell as if dead, and his companions ran to him, and asked him if he was hurt. He did not answer, and it was soon discovered that he had swooned. On reviving he said he must have been struck by a ball, for he felt a pain in his left side, and distinctly experienced the stinging and numbing sensation that results from a gun-shot wound. His person was examined, and no mark or indication of injury was perceptible. He could not comprehend the mystery, but soon after resumed the fight, and forgot the sensation until he had returned to his camp, when he learned, to his surprise and sorrow, that his twin brother George was among the dead. George had been in another part of the field, and had been shot in the body, and at the same time that Hiram had deemed himself mortally wounded. The sympathy between the two brothers had ever been complete, and the illness of one was usually accompanied by the sickness of the other.

DR. E. L. LYON has just returned from his very successful lecturing tour in the West. He has had crowded houses wherever he has spoken, and continued his lectures in a single town for many days. He is one of the first lecturers in the field, and as a consequence, has met with much opposition from our opponents. We hope he will be engaged to speak here.

A POEM, by Belle Bush, addressed to the New York Regiments of Volunteers, will appear in our next paper.

LOST.—At the picnic at Abington, on the 23rd ult., a black silk mantilla. The finder will be rewarded by leaving it at this office.

THE BEST MEDICINE.—Take the open air—the more you take the better; follow Nature's laws to the very letter. Let the doctors go to the Bay of Biscay; let alone the gin, the brandy and the whiskey. Freely exercise—keep the spirits cheerful; let no dread of sickness make you ever fearful. Eat the simplest food, drink the pure cold water; then you will be well, or at least you oughter.

"At my decease and burial," said Francis Jackson, the widely-known Boston philanthropist, "I desire that forms and ceremonies may be avoided, and all emblems of mourning and procession to the grave. Such irrational and wasteful customs rest on fashion or superstition—certainly not on reason or common sense. The dead body is of no more consequence than the old clothes that covered it. Nothing should be wasted on the dead, when there is so much ignorance and suffering among the living."

The cynics insist upon it that all the world is selfish, and every son of Adam occupied only with himself. How absurd is this theory! Just observe with what solicitude and concern we all watch the sins and faults of other people! How anxious we are to secure their reform! What pains we undertake to bring them to repentance! We never hear a sermon that we do not generously turn it over to an erring brother; we never meet a wise axiom that we do not mentally apply it to a sinful sister. We go about lamenting the habits and sinful weaknesses of our neighbors, and are in such despair because of the sins and vices of society, that nothing consoles us but the balm of our own virtues.

ENCOURAGING.—The Indians will soon be civilized. There is no doubt of it. In proof of the fact, it has just been ascertained that the Cherokees have commenced digging shillabasters. They appear in the shape of fifty cent notes.

Shoulder straps and gilt buttons upon the coats of healthy men loitering idly in our cities are a badge of shame, if not of cowardice.—*Freemason.*

The vulgar contractions "your'n," "her'n," "his'n," are not confined to Yankee use, but are common in Berkshire (England) dialect. They even say "ah'n's," as appears from a popular Berkshire ditty: "But 'other young maiden looked sly at me, And from her seat she 'ris'd— Let's you and I go on our way, And we'll let she go ah'n's."

The wheat harvest in Michigan promises a full average. Farmers are in excellent spirits. Exchanges on all parts of Wisconsin speak encouragingly of the crop.

Near the village of Austerville, in Columbia Co., New York, lives a young woman whose husband has gone to the war, who takes his place in the field, clears, hoes crops, repairs fences, and does all the farm work as well as any man could.

A minister of the Kalocho stamp, putting his hand on a young urchin's shoulder, exclaimed: "My son, believe the devil has got hold of you." "I believe he has, too," was the sharp reply.

Though the clouds and smoke of battle Mantle o'er the heavens of bane, Yet behold the radiant gleaming Of the starlight streaming through.

The steamship Golden Gate, which left San Francisco July 21st for Panama, with 280 passengers and \$1,114,000 in treasure for New York, and \$370,000 for England, was burnt at sea July 27th, and 180 lives were lost. It is thought that the treasure will be saved, as the ship was beached.

"I should be drafted into the service, what would I do?" said a gentleman to his wife, lately. "Get a certificate for you, I suppose," whereupon the worst kind of subject of conversation.

IRONIC.—The chap who palmed himself off on our citizens as "Rev. Charles H. Clarke, of New York," and recently made a war speech on the Com.

There are many self-righteous people in every community, who are continually discovering notes in their brothers' and sisters' eyes. Digby recommends that this class had better examine themselves a little closer, and ascertain if their own hearts are without blemish.

RELAXATION.—That rest of the body which succeeds to hard and industrious toils is not to be compared with the repose which the mind enjoys under similar circumstances. The mind cannot be always attentive—the heart cannot support continual agitation; and both the one and the other require a time for relaxation.

A Mons. de Bona has a honorary near, which yields him \$300,000 per annum. He has no other income, and is worth \$1,000,000 a year.

He that too much refines his delicacy will endanger his quiet. Whatsoever be the motive of homicide, it is better to overlook it, for folly scarcely can deserve punishment, and malice is punished by neglect.

"If a civil word or two will render a man happy," said a Frenchman, "he must be a wretch indeed who will not give it. It is like lighting another man's candle with your own, which loses none of its brilliancy by what the other gains."

A rather singular case of remarkable escape from living burial is related as having occurred subsequent to the battle of Fair Oaks. The body of a Colonel was found on the field and brought in. Arrangements were made for embalming it. The process includes the use of galvanism. The shock was given, when, to the astonishment of all, the Colonel rose and walked forth.

In the heart of every man eminently great the lion and the lamb dwell together.

We only attain the true idea of marriage when we consider it as a spiritual union—a union of immortal affections, of undying faculties, of an unperishable destiny.—*Chapin.*

A deep thinker says that a man may stir up the fire with an umbrella, but he cannot keep the rain off his person with a poker.

"Ma, get down on your hands and knees a minute, please!" "What on earth shall I do that for, my little pet?" "Coz I wants to draw an elephant."

A lad who had lately gone to service, having had salad served up every day for a week, ran away, because, said he, "they made me eat grass in the summer, and I was afraid they'd make me eat hay in the winter, so I thought I'd be off."

The firmest friendships are formed in adversity, just as iron is welded in the fiercest flames.

"Rob a man of his life, and you'll be hung; rob him of his living, and you may be applauded."

"My boy," exclaimed a deacon, "you do very wrong to fish on Sunday." "It ain't no harm, deacon, I ain't catch any," replied the boy.

NATIONAL THEATRE.—A great addition of attractive talent has been made to the bills of this theatre. The beautiful Zanfretta, and the talented Selgrist, Brothers, in their varied entertainments on the tight rope and acrobatic feats, solicit the cordial approbation of the public.

A man proves himself fit to go higher, who shows that he is faithful where he is. A man that will not do well in his present place because he longs to be higher, is fit neither to be where he is, nor yet above it.

When Louis Philippe was in Philadelphia he owed his support to the generous friendship of Governor Morris. His lodging was a single room over a barber's shop. He offered his hand to one of the beautiful and accomplished Misses Bingham, but his proposals were rejected by the young lady's father.

DELAY. Of all our losses, those delay do cause Are most the heaviest. By it we oft lose The richest treasures—knowledge, wealth, power, And oft, alas! the never dying soul—Like Felix, we intend to hear the call Of God and duty at some future time; At some convenient season, which to us May never come! And thus we sadly waste Probation, forfeit heaven, and heedless sink To endless death.—*Edwards.*

ANOTHER FLUID LAMP VICTIM.—William H. Johnson, the colored man who was severely burnt by the explosion of a fluid lamp at his apple and paper stand in Causeway street, a week since, died at the hospital on Wednesday afternoon. Fatal results from fluid lamp explosions have amounted to one per day in different parts of the country for the last twelve months, yet these dangerous contrivances are called "safety lamps!"

A dilapidated soldier from Richmond reports that the rations the rebel forces now receive per diem are one-half pound of meat, eighteen ounces of flour and a little salt. The men are getting very tired of this kind of fare, and by October next they will be completely starved out. Flesh and blood, he says, cannot stand it much longer, no matter how patriotic.

Important War Order.—WASHINGTON, D. C., August 4, 1862. Ordered, First, that a draft of 300,000 militia be immediately called under the service of the United States to serve nine months, unless sooner discharged.

The Secretary of War will assign the quota to the States, and establish regulations for the draft. Second, That if any State shall not by the 15th of August furnish its quota of the additional 300,000 volunteers authorized by law, the deficiency of volunteers for that State will also be made up by a special draft from the militia. The Secretary of War will establish the regulations for this purpose.

Third, The regulations will be prepared by the War Department and presented to the President with the object of securing the promotion of officers of the army and volunteers for the defence and distinguished services, and of preventing the nomination and appointment in the military service of incompetent or unworthy officers.

The regulations will also provide for ridding the service of such incompetent persons as now hold commissions. By order of the President.

EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

According to present appearances, it is thought by those in authority that drafting in this State will be unnecessary, as the second quota due from us will volunteer.

"Uncle Sam" is determined to be ready for all contingencies in the future. Politicians will please take back seats.

Refuge for the Oppressed.—We copy with much satisfaction the following from the Boston Transcript. We are continually annoyed by just such "penitential prayers and irritable tempers" as the Transcript alludes to.

In view of the too common practice of making the poor the mouthpieces of all manner of petty grievances, and small annoyances, it has been wisely suggested that they have a column with the above title for the special accommodation of sensitive nerves and irritable tempers. If the communications of those who desire to vent their spleen, their private complaints, and their petty grievances, they would yield quite a respectable revenue.

New Music.—HOBSON WARREN, 481 Broadway, New York, has sent us the following pieces of popular music, recently published: President Lincoln's Grand March; The Seven Sons' Gallop; Hallelujah; The Love Waltz; Little Lies To-night; Shall we Know Each Other There? Sleep, Beloved, Sleep! Lily of the Valley; Freedom; Truth and Right; Marching Along; Glory Hallelujah; Aisy Castles, and I hear Sweet Voices Singing, "Gloria in excelsis deo."

Oliver Ditson has the above pieces of music on his counters, as he has all the new publications in music, likewise.

Correction.—From the verbal reports of our correspondents, we have learned that Mr. Richard D. Webb, who published her obituary notice in the Banner of Light, was legally divorced from Mrs. J. B. Webb of New York city, and is now married to Miss Anna Webb of New York city.

We have received several notices that will be published in our next issue, and we are sorry that we cannot publish them all, as we have not space for them.

Advertisements.—At this paper circulates largely in all parts of the country, it is a capital medium for those who wish to reach customers for their goods or services. Our rates for the first and second insertions are 10 cents per line for the first and 8 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

The Book of the Day!—THE TEXT BOOK FOR EVERY INTELLIGENT AMERICAN! THE NEW LITTLE WORK—A sort of Pocket Companion—Just published, with the title of the "HONEST MAN'S BOOK OF FINANCE AND POLITICS."

It is certain to make a greater commotion in men's thoughts than Tom Paine's "Rights of Man," or "Common Sense" did in their day.

Here is a work, handy for every reflective man to take up and study, and which will show him the modern world as it is, and the diseases and defects of society, proving that they grow out of the radical errors of our financial system, and of the entirely erroneous notions prevalent on the subject of property.

It has corrupt men have hitherto kept back in relation to pure political science, this book brings to the light. It exposes the bribery, corruption, tyranny, and coarse ignorance which govern the modern world, and shows how we may all at length emerge from it, a purer, freer, and better people.

The style is in no sense rhetorical; but the writer goes to his subject with a business directness that no prejudice can resist. He carries out his reasoning plain, if it seems to the people asking to know for themselves really informed. In fact, this little book—which is the noble fruit of a noble mind—is destined to make a way for itself, and especially for the earnest student, that is permitted to but few publications of any age.

For sale, price 50 cents, at the "Banner of Light" Office, 128 Washington street, Boston. Aug. 16.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.—PROFESSOR DENTON, the celebrated Ectetic Physician and Spiritual Astrologer, who has advertised in the Banner two years ago, and whose Life Charts and Ectetic Reports gave such universal satisfaction to the eleven hundred readers of the Banner who patronized him, has returned to his native land, and here he continues to write out Charts of Future Destiny in regard to Wealth, Health, Love, and Marriage; Abundant Friends, Love, Success, etc. Charts, \$2, \$3, \$5, and \$10, which in all cases must be enclosed in current money, or postage stamps. Send the day and month, and year of birth; whether single or married, and sex. Address: DR. DENTON, Aug. 16, No. 9 South Green street, Baltimore, Md.

\$150 NEW 7-OCTAVE PIANOS in rose wood cases, from frame and over-strung bass for \$150; top, with moldings, \$150; do, with carved legs and top, \$200; do, with carved legs and top, \$250; do, with carved legs and top, \$300; do, with carved legs and top, \$350; do, with carved legs and top, \$400; do, with carved legs and top, \$450; do, with carved legs and top, \$500; do, with carved legs and top, \$550; do, with carved legs and top, \$600; do, with carved legs and top, \$650; do, with carved legs and top, \$700; do, with carved legs and top, \$750; do, with carved legs and top, \$800; do, with carved legs and top, \$850; do, with carved legs and top, \$900; do, with carved legs and top, \$950; do, with carved legs and top, \$1,000; do, with carved legs and top, \$1,050; do, with carved legs and top, \$1,100; do, with carved legs and top, \$1,150; do, with carved legs and top, \$1,200; do, with carved legs and top, \$1,250; do, with carved legs and top, \$1,300; do, with carved legs and top, \$1,350; 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The answer we can give you now as well as at any other time is: Yes, when they shall find conditions favorable to such a return.

James King.
A series of interrogations have reached me from persons with whom I was acquainted while here on earth. I do not return to answer these questions simply because I desire to satisfy the curiosity of my friends, but more because I would like to show them the position I occupy as a spirit, and because I hope to turn their desires in the future to a pleasant ultimatum.

"I am now, something like five months ago that, my friends sent to me the following interrogations, requesting me to return, if possible, and answer them:—
 "What do you think of the present civil war? And if you were here on earth, would you take any part in it? and if so, what part?"

I think, in accordance with the whole angel-world, that your present civil war has been occasioned by too great a love of money, and also by the individual desire of office-seekers among you to aggrandize themselves at the expense of others; and by the delinquency of certain members of society, namely, of that part that have failed to do their duty in politics; failed to see as far as they might see into the character of these individuals they have helped to raise to certain high positions of public trust and confidence.

confidence. "Would I take any part in it if I were here?" I think I should. I cannot say what part I should take in it, because I should probably feel differently about this war were I upon earth, than from what I now do. I might enter the field—I might not; I cannot tell what part I should take in it—your present civil war."

One of the number also threw in a question, somewhat of the thing like this, which seems to have been born more out of curiosity than anything else:

"What do you think of our President? Is it possible for you to think of him as a man?"

able for you, as a spirit, to read his heart? Do you think his people will realize their expectations in him?"

It may be well for me to state that our questioner has no belief in the spirit's return to earth, nor does he believe that there is a hereafter beyond the tomb. I am assured by those spirit-friends about me, with whom I have spoken concerning the matter of your President's election, that he was chosen to fill the position he now does fill, by the inhabitants of the spirit-world, those unseen messengers who communicate

With the people of earth; and oftentimes control their thoughts and prompt their actions. I am told it was chosen by your invisible friends to lead you out of the wilderness.

As regards reading the President's mind or heart as our questioner terms it, I suppose I am capable of doing so, but see no necessity for it. The man's acts will speak for what there is within; we need nothing further.

With regard to my personal friends who are near and dear to me by way of introduction, I would say

and dear to me by ties of relationship, I would be
glad that I do not care to speak with them publicly, but
would rejoice to converse with them privately.
I think of them often; see them often; and do all
I can to help them, and I trust in the right way, too.
Will the scribe please to add my signature in this
wise?
I shall be recognized by this. July 10.
—
Patrick Shay.

you'll not see me as I was. I got a hard work
to speak. I was Catholic, but I believed in this—
what you call it? [Spirit-communion.] That's why
I lost no time to come here. I just been away
short time; there's no day, no night where I come
from last. I am from Cass's Regiment, Company A.
My name was Patrick Shay, and me age was twenty
six years.

I've got a brother here in Boston city, I want to
get at. I want you to give me a chance to come
once more, where I can talk free. I'm strong,

do not fact that, but I can't seem to talk as I wish to. I died before Richmond. [Were you in the latest battle?] I do n't know what's latest. I do n't know how many you had since I died. I was at the Swamp. [Were you on the retreat when you were shot?] I was not. Retreat? Did you ever know an Irishman to run from a fight? [Did you know that your Colonel was wounded?] No; he was no wounded when I left. [I think his wounds are now severe.] On God! I'm glad of that. Oh, the boys of Erin's green flag will help you here, and they'll

[Who does your brother work for?] Oh, I can't tell. He was floating around when I left Boston. He generally has steady employment in the summer months. His name is James Shay. It's hard work for me to talk much till I'm like meese!—I look like meese! [You feel that you are changed, then?] Changed? I am that. I say, you put on all the strength you have to come here? Begad, I put on all I could. I come here. I'll look up everything next time. I'm

Joe big a charge in. I was shot in the chest." [The
front.] They sir—in front, not behind. I tell you
that before. Retreat! by Heavens, I never retreat
and for what? [Then you were not whipped?] Whipped? Oh no. But to run because you are
whipped? I be d—d if I'd ever run if I was
whipped. I hear you say I could come home this
again? [Yes.] That's all right. July 10.

—

Louise Bond.

I've two little sisters who are left in this cold
world. I wish, perhaps, not to talk with them, if

I was eighteen years of age at the time of my death. My two sisters are ten and twelve years old. Our mother left us when the youngest was thirteen years old. Our father soon sought and found another partner. It may be that she has faithfully performed her duty, but I cannot think so, although

would not charge her with blame. I pity her. While I was on earth most of the care of my young sister devolved upon me. I soothed their childish sorrows, and stood as mediator between them and our step-mother, whenever trouble arose in our household. Our father is away, and the nights are weary to them. All day long they send up their cries to God for love and sympathy, for they feel that their father is alone now. Oh, they are not alone. Their mother comes to them, and I am often near their beds. And if we are not able to remove their griefs,

And cheer their drooping hearts, while so earth, God
will give them the bed of joy in the spirit-world.
And oh, I'm glad now for all the suffering I pass
through while on earth, and not for all the weal
of the world would I part with one sorrow that
owned while heaven for the compensation is great
here, and all that ~~shall~~ while upon earth
surely receive their reward in the spirit world.

My name was Louisa Bond. My sisters, Mary
and Hattie. My father's name is George. My
mother's name was Sarah. My little brother, Geo.

I get that she be kind and just to my sisters, w
are now left entirely to her charge, and I must
there is a spirit-world' all around her, and I must
mother's and a sister's eyes see all her acts, and
summer or later, she must give an account to God
every act performed while in the body. And she
would have her happy in the spirit-world, and
she wishes to be so, she must be kind to those w
are left to her care; for kindness and love are
the Kingdom of God; and if she could stand while
making others to do as she does, she would be

These are the memories which the Summer calls up, and though the wood is changed, and the waters intricate, yet there are tears of gratitude upon our pillow, falling softly as the crystal drops without. Through all the labyrinthine mazes, in the darkness and the gloom, as in the sunniest brightest hour, we have felt our Father's hand still holding ours with gentle clasp, and when the evening is lowliest, and the willow's rear the fervor, we have heard his voice who stills the waves upon the hillside sea, saying in gentle sweetness as of old "Peace! to all!" and there has come a calm.

And when our feet were bruised and weary with the long journey, how sweetly has the healing balm been dropped upon their wounds, as we have heard the voice of Heaven, saying in words which were

*"Oase Years burdens upon me, and I will sustain
them; I will never leave nor forsake you." And
overcome our faith, so poor and weak could scarcely
perceive the light which the sunlight in its shining
when the wings of our spirit have become ex-
tended, and for a time refuse to bear us upward
encouraging his own promise. "Be thou
faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of
life."*

Gently the Summer rain falls down; no stirring
noise, no grand array precedes its advent, but its
influence pervades the soil, and Nature bathed as
in its pure baptism, invigorated, rises from her
slumber, and all our need supplies.

Thus should our deeds be done, our earthly mis-
sions to its full perfection brought. Calmly and
unobtrusively along the changeable way we tread below

Let us pass on, dropping with unheeding hand the
blessings which we here possess.

Let sorrowing ones who grope beneath the shadow
in the garb of sackcloth robe, feel a sweet thrill as
we draw near and speak the gentle words which
tender pity prompts.

Let erring brothers touch the sceptre which our
love extends, and turn from error's winding path
wisdom's pleasant ways, while the dear word "for-
giveness" falls upon their ears.

Thus, like the Summer rain, shall we revive earth's
drooping plants, and bid the vernal flowers of hope
and love spring up, to bless us with their sweet per-
fume.

And in the harvest-time, when to the Heavenly
Garner earth's ripe fruit is gathered in, we, with the
souls which we have won, shall hear our Father
voice, as from the upper height he stoops to bid us
enter through the pearly gates, the city which his
presence fills.

Hospital Life in the Army.

BY DR. C. D. CRISWOLD.

O, what would I give to see a copy of the dear old *Banner of Lauro*? The dearth of all things spiritual in the army sharpens the appetite most wonderfully for the food of the soul; but, then, the earnest seeker need not starve, even here, midst the ruins of war, for the angels are with us even in the fields of strife, and they who know of and appreciate the visits of angel messengers are occasionally to be found.

In a hospital, registering six hundred names such as I have charge of at the present time, would be strange indeed if I did not find many strong spiritual tendencies, with some believers, but difficult to know them where hidden.

The Seminary Hospital, as it is designated, takes its name from a large building erected for that purpose, which is but the nucleus of the establishment surrounded by hospital tents, regularly pitched in streets or wards, beneath the shade of a grove of trees... I was careful, in directing the location of the tents, to reserve an open space in front of my quarters - which are in a moderate-sized south-

adjacent to the hospital building—for the erection of seats and as a place for public gatherings. The glee club was first organized, and from this a regular address each evening became the order. The officers and assistants, numbering in all about

seventy-five, were regular in their attendance on the platform. They could be spared from their posts, which required but a small portion of time in the evening, and then come the convalescents. It is surprising to the uninitiated to see how many poor fellows, unable to do duty, can come out to any kind of amusement in the cool of evening. Sometimes the audience gathered beneath the trees, within hearing distance of the speaker, has been estimated as high as five hundred, but it was considerably increased from without the limits of the hospital.

Our platform has been a free one, but general topics connected with the war have been chosen as best suited to the taste and comprehension of the soldier. Occasionally an Orthodox friend would direct course upon the certainty of hell, and the uncertainty

of America, but the relative size of the gathering to hear the Liberal and the Orthodox speakers showed a decided sentiment in the mother's mind favor of Liberal sentiments and the "spiritual philosophy of the war." Of course, it has been impossible to judge fully of the moral influence of these meetings, but large numbers of men who have been accustomed only to very bad men, and made to feel that their happiness and comfort is altogether a matter of the flesh, have been engaged to attend. If these men are converted, they are not slow to stir up and oppress others for their enlightenment, when by chance they become recipients of the power and consolation. Rickow and disabled men are suddenly preachers, but somehow I have little trouble with such, and but one instance has come under my eye, and that was a case of a man who

[illegible]

REAR PROVISION, BRITISH INVENTION OF 1900

