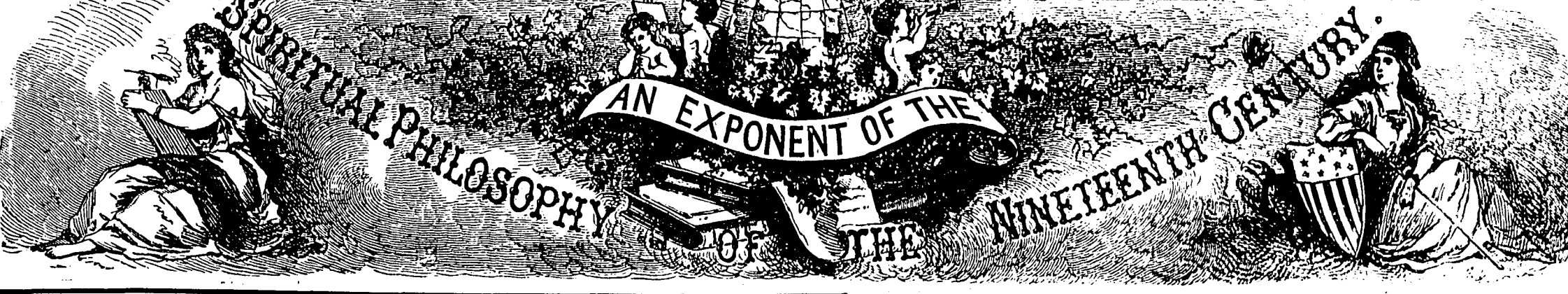


BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XLII.

COLBY & RICH,
Publishers and Proprietors.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1878.

\$3.15 Per Annum,
In Advance.

NO. 24.

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HELL!

FITZ ADAM'S STORY.

The next whose fortune 'twas a tale to tell
Was one whom men, before they thought, loved well,
And, after thinking, wondered why they did,
For half he seemed to let them, half forbid.
And wrapped him so in humors, sheath on sheath,
"I was hard to guess the mellow soul beneath;
But, once divined, you took him to your heart,
While he appeared to hear with you as part
Of life's impertinence, and once a year
Betrayed his true self by a smile or tear,
Or rather something sweetly shy and loath,
Withdrawn are fully shown, and mixed of both.
A cynic? Not precisely; one who thrust
Against a heart too prone to love and trust,
Who so despoiled false sentiment he knew
Scarcely in himself to part the false and true,
And strove to hide, by roughening o'er the skin,
Those cobweb nerves he could not dull within.
Gentle by birth, but of a stem decayed,
He shunned life's rivalries and hated trade;
On a small patrimony and larger pride,
He lived unuseful on the Other Side
(So he called Europe), only coming West
To give his old-world appetite new zest.
A radical in thought, he puffed away
With shrewd contempt the dust of usage gray,
Yet loathed democracy as one who swears
In what he longed to love, some vulgar dross,
And, shocked through all his delicate reserves,
Remained a Tory by his taste and nerves.
His fancy's thrall, he drew all ergos thence,
And thought himself the type of common-sense,
Misliking women, not from cross or whim,
But that his mother shared too much in him,
And he half felt that what in them was grace
Made the unlucky weakness of his race.
What powers he had he hardly cared to know,
But sauntered through the world as through a show,
A critic fine in his haphazard way,
A sort of mild La Bruyère on half-pay.
For comic weaknesses he had an eye
Keen as an acid for an alkali,
Yet you could not, through his sardonic tone,
He loved them all, unless they were his own.
You might have called him, with his humorous twist,
A kind of human entomologist:
As these bring home, from every walk they take,
Their hat-crowns stuck with bugs of curious make,
So he filled all the lining of his head
With characters impaled and ticketed,
And had a cabinet behind his eyes
For all they caught mortal oddities.
He might have been a poet—many worse—
But that he had, or feigned, contempt of verse,
Called it tattooing language, and held rhymes
The young world's lullaby of ruder times.
Bitter in words, too indolent for gall,
He satirized himself the first of all;
In men and their affairs could find no law,
And was the ill logic that he thought he saw.
Scratching a match to light his pipe anew,
With eyes half shut some musing whiffs he drew,
And thus began: "I give you all my word,
I think this mock-Decepcion absurd;
Boccaccio's garden! how bring that to pass
In our bleak clime save under double glass?
The moral east wind of New England life
Would snip its gay luxuriance like a knife.
These foreign plants are but half-hardy still,
Die on a south, and on a north wall chill;
Had we stayed Puritans! They had some heat,
(Though whence derived, I have my own conceit.)
But you have long ago raked up their fires;
Where they had faith, you've ten sham-Gothic
spirits.
Why more exotics? Try your native vines,
And in some thousand years you may have vines;
Your present grapes are harsh, all pulps and skins,
And want traditions of ancestral bins
That saved for evenings round the polished board
Old lava-fires, the sun-steeped hillside's hoard;
Without a Past, you lack that southern wall
Or which the lines of Poesy should crawl;
Still they're your only ones, no midnight oil
Makes up for virtue wanting in the soil;
Manure them well and prune them; 't won't be France,
Nor Spain, nor Italy, but there's your chance.
You have one story-teller worth a score
Of dead Boccaccioes, nay, add twenty more,
A Hawthorne asking spring's moist southern breath,
And him you're freezing pretty well to death.
However, since you say so, I will tease
My memory to story by degrees.
Though you will cry, 'Enough!' I'm well-nigh
sure,
Ere I have dreamed through half my overture.
Stories were good for men who had no books,
(Fortunate race!) and built their nests like rooks
In lonely towers, to which the Jongleur brought
His pedlar's box of cheap and tawdry thought,
With here and there a fancy in golden glaze;
The morning newspaper has spilt his trade,
(For better or for worse, I leave unsaid),
And stories now, to suit a public nice,
Must be half epigram, half pleasant vice.
"All tourists know Shebagos County; there
The summer idlers take a yearly stare,
Dress to see Nature in a well-bred way,
As 'twere Italian opera, or play,
Encore the sunrise (if they're out of bed),
The greater part of this poem was written many years ago, to form part of a larger one to be called "The Noon-
ing," made up of tales in verse, some of them grave, some comic."

And pat the Mighty Mother on the head:
These have I seen—all things are good to see—
And wondered much at their complacency;
This world's great show, that took in getting up
Millions of years, they finish ere they sup;
Sights that God gleams through with soul-tin-
gling force
They glance approvingly as things of course,
Say, "That's a grand rock." "This a pretty fall,"
Not thinking, "Are we worthy?" What if all
The scornful landscape should turn round and
say,
"This is a fool, and that a popinjay?"
I often wonder what the Mountain thinks
Of French boots creaking o'er his breathless
brinks,
Or how the Sun would scare the chattering crowd,
If some fine day he chanced to think aloud.
"I, who love nature much as sinners can,
Love her where she most grandeur shows—in
man;
Here find I mountain, forest, cloud and sun,
River and sea, and glows when day is done;
Nay, where she makes grotesques, and molds in
just
The clown's cheap clay, I find unfading zest.
The natural instincts year by year retire,
As deer shrink northward from the settler's fire,
And he who loves the wild game-flavor more
Than city-feasts, where every man's a bore
To every other man, must seek it where
The steamer's throb and railway's iron glare
Have not yet startled with their punctual stir
The shy, wool-wandering brood of Character.
There is a village, once the county town,
Through which the weekly mail rolled dustily
down,
Where the courts sat, it may be, twice a year,
And the one tavern reeked with rustic cheer;
Cheesegogglesmoot erst, now Jethro high,
Red-man and pale-face bore it equal spite.
The railway ruined it, the natives say,
"Think passed wisely fifteen miles away,
And made a drain to which, with steady oze,
Filtered away law, stage-coach, trade and news.
The railway saved it, so at least think those
Who love old ways, old houses, old repose.
Of course the Tavern stayed; its genial host
Thought not of fitting more than did the post
On which, high-hung, the fading signboard
creaked,
Inscribed, 'The Eagle Inn, by Ezra Weeks.'
"If in life's journey you should ever find
An inn medicinal for body and mind,
'Tis sure to be some drowsy-looking house
Where easy landlord has a bustling spouse;
He, like you, will not long forego
Some bottle deep in cobweb dust laid low,
That, since the War we used to call the 'Last,'
Has dozed and held its long yawn memories fast;
From him exhales that Indian-summer air
Of hazy, lazy welcome everywhere,
While with her toll the napery is white,
The china dustless, the keen knife-blades bright,
Salt dry as sand, and bread that seems as though
"I were rather sea-fan baked than vulgar dough.
"In our swift country, houses trim and white
Are pitched like tents, the lodging of a night;
Each on its bank of baked turf mounted high
Perches impatient o'er the roadside dry,
While the wronged landscape coldly stands aloof,
Refusing friendship with the upstart roof.
Not so the Eagle; on a grassy green swell
That toward the south with sweet concessions
fell,
It dwelt retired, and half had grown to be
As aboriginal as rock or tree.
It nestled close to earth, and seemed to brood
O'er homely thoughts in a half-conscious mood,
As by the peat, that rather fades than burns,
The smouldering grandmothers and knits by
turns.
Happy, though her newest news were old
Ere the first hostile drum at Concord rolled;
If paint it ere had known, it knew no more
Than yellow lichens splattered thickly o'er
That soft lead-gray, less dark beneath the eaves,
Which the slow brush of wind and weather leaves.
The ample roof sloped backward to the ground,
And vassal lean-tos gathered thickly round,
Patched on, as sire or son had felt the need,
Like chance growths sprouting from the old
roof's seed.
Just as about a yellow pine-tree spring
Its rough-barked darlings in a filial ring,
But the great chimney was the central thought
Whose gravitation through the cluster wrought,
For 'tis not styles far-fetched from Greece or
Rome,
But just the fireside, that can make a home;
None of your spinning things of modern style,
Like pine stuck through to stay the card-built
pile.
It rose broad-shouldered, kindly, debonaire,
Its warm breath whitening in the October air,
While on its front a heart in outline showed
The place it filled in that serene abode.
"When first I chanced the Eagle to explore,
Ezra sat listless by the open door;
One chair careened him at an angle meet,
Another nursed his hugely-slipped feet;
Upon a third reposed a shirt-sleeved arm,
And the whole man diffused tobacco's charm.
Are you the landlord? "Wah! I guess I be,"
Watching the smoke, he answered leisurely.
He was a stoutish man, as through the breast
Of his loose shirt there showed a brambly chest;
Streaked redly as a wind-foreboding morn,
His tanned cheek curved to temples closely shorn;
Clean-shaved he was, save where a hedge of gray
Upon his brawny throat leaned every way
About an Adam's apple that beneath
Bulged like a bowlder from a furzy heath.
"Can I have lodging here?" once more I said.
He blew a whiff, and leaning back his head,
"You come a piece through Bailey's woods, I
s'pose.
Across a bridge where a big swamp oak grows?
It do'n't grow neither; 't's ben dead ten year,
Nor th' ain't a living creeper, fur nor near,
Can tell wut killed it; but I s'pose misdoit
'T was borers, there's sech heaps on 'em about;
You did'n' chance to run ag'inst my son,
A long, slab-sided youngster with a gun?
He'd ought to ben back more'n an hour ago
An' brought some birds to dress for supper—Sho!
There he comes now. Say, Obed, wut ye got?
(He'll have some upland plover like as not.)
Wal, them's real nice uns an' 'I eat A 1,
Ef I can stop their bein' overdone.
Nothin' riles me, (I pledge my fastin' word),
Like cockin' out the natur' of a bird;
(Obed, you pick 'em, out o' sight o' sound,
Your ma'am do'n't love no feathers clutrin'
round.)
Jes' scare 'em with the coals, that's my idee.
Then, turning suddenly about on me,
"Wal, Square, I guess so. Callitate to stay?
I'll ask Miss Weeks; 'bout that 't's her'n to say."

That sometimes makes New England fit for liv-
ing.
I watered the landscape, erst so granite glum,
Bloom like the south side of a rippling plum,
And each rock-mapple on the hill-side make
His ten days' sunset doubled in the lake;
The very stone walls dragging up the hills
Seemed touched, and waved in their roundhead
wills.
Ah! there's a deal of sugar in the sun!
Tap me in Indian summer, I should run
A jule to make rock-candy of—but then
We get such weather scarce one year in ten.
"There was a parlor in the house, a room
To make you shudder with its prudish gloom.
The furniture stood round with such an air,
There seemed an old maid's ghost in every chair;
Each looked as if it had settled to its place
And pulled extempore a Sunday face,
Too snugly proper for a world of sin,
Like boys on whom the minister comes in.
The table, fronting you with icy stare,
Strove to look witless that its legs were bare,
While the black sofa with its horse-hair pall
Gloomed like the bier for Comfort's funeral.
Two portraits graced the wall in grimmest truth,
Mister and Mistress W. in their youth.
New England youth, that seems a sort of pill,
Half wish-I-dared, half Edwards on the Will,
Bitter to swallow, and which leaves a trace
Of Calvinistic colle on the face.
Between them, o'er the mantel, hung in state
Solomon's temple, done in copperplate;
Invention pure, but meant, we may presume,
To give some Scripture sanction to the room.
Facing this last, two samplers you might see,
Each, with its urn and stiffly weeping tree,
Devoted to some memory long ago
More faded than their lines of worsted won;
Cut paper decked the frames against the flies,
Though none e'er dared an entrance who were
wise,
And bedded asparagus in fading green
Added its shiver to the franklin cren.
"When first arrived I chilled a half-hour there,
Nor dared deflower with use a single chair;
I caught no cold, yet flying pains could find
For weeks in me—a rheumatism of mind.
One that you will never get rid of—
To hold me in the place that one had-hood—
A scutcheon this, a helm-surmounted shield,
Three griffins argent on a sable field;
A relic of the shipwrecked past was here,
And Ezra held some old-world lumber dear;
Nay, do not smile, I love this kind of thing,
These cooped traditions with a broken wing,
This real estate in Fancy's pipe blown ball.
This less than nothing that is more than all
Have I not seen sweet nature kept alive
Amid the humdrum of your business life,
Undowered spinsters shielded from all harms
By force imagined of a coat of arms?"

He paused a moment, and his features took
The flitting sweetness of that inward look
I hinted at before; but, scarcely seen,
It shrank for shelter 'neath his harder mien,
And, rapping his black pipe of ashes clear,
He went on with a self-delusive sneer:
"No doubt we make a part of God's design,
And break the forest path for feet divine;
To furnish foothold for this grand provision
Is good—and yet to be the mere transition—
That you will never get rid of—
Scarcely like to feed the eye. By and by
My skull has somehow never closed the suture
That seems to bind yours firmly with the future,
So you'll excuse me if I'm sometimes fain
To tie the past's warm nightcap o'er my brain;
I'm quite aware 't's not in fashion here,
But then your northeast winds are so severe!

"But to my story; though 't's truly naught
But a few hints in Memory's sketchbook caught,
And which may claim a value on the score
Of calling back some scenery now no more.
Shall I confess? The tavern's only Lar
Seemed (be not shocked) its homely-featured
bar.
Here snuggled a fire of beechen logs, that bred
Strange fancies in its embers, golden red,
And nursed the loggerhead whose blissing pip,
Timed by nice instinct, creamed the mug of flip
Which made from mouth to mouth its genial
round.
Nor left one nature wholly winter-bound;
Hence dropt the tinkling call all mellow-ripe
For Uncle Reuben's talk-extinguished pip.
This less than nothing that is more than all
Have I not seen sweet nature kept alive
Scarcely like to feed the eye. By and by
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round.)
Jes' scare 'em with the coals, that's my idee.
Then, turning suddenly about on me,
"Wal, Square, I guess so. Callitate to stay?
I'll ask Miss Weeks; 'bout that 't's her'n to say."

"Well, there I lingered all October through,
In that sweet atmosphere of hazy blue,
So leisurely, so soothing, so forgiving,
That sometimes makes New England fit for liv-
ing.

A torpid shoal of jest and anecdote,
Like those queer fish that doze the droughts
away.
And wait for moisture, wrapt in sun-baked clay.
"T was there I caught from Uncle Reuben's
lips,
In dribbling monologue 'twixt whiffs and sips,
The story I so long have wanted to tell.
The humor coarse, the persons common—well,
From Nature only do I love to paint,
Whether she send a satyr or a saint;
To me Sincerity 's the one thing good,
Soiled though she be and lost to maidenhood.
Quompegan is a town some ten miles south
From Jethro, at Nagusmoot river-mouth—
A seaport town, and makes its little good,
With lumber and dried fish and eastern wool.
Here Deacon Bitters dwelt and kept the store,
The richest man for many a miles of shore;
In little less than everything dealt he,
From meeting houses to a chest of tea,
So delectable therewithal a flint to skin,
He could make profit on a single pin;
In business strict, to bring the balance true,
He had been known to get a fig in two.
And change a board and for a shingle nail.
All that he had he ready held for sale—
His house, his tomb, white o'er the law allows,
And he had gladly parted with his spouse.
His one ambition still to get and get,
He would arrest your very ghost for debt.
His store looked righteous should the Parson
come,
But in a dark back-room he peddled rum,
And eased a hard conscience, if she e'er would
scold.
By christening it with water ere he sold.
A small, dry man he was, who wore a queue,
And one white neckcloth all the week-days
through,
On Monday white, by Saturday as dun
As that worn homeward by the prodigal son;
His earlocks gray, striped with a foxy brown,
Were braided up to hide a desert crown;
His coat was brownish, black perhaps of yore;
In summer time a banyan loose he wore;
His trousers short, through many a season true,
Made no pretence to hide his stockings blue;
A waistcoat buff his chief adornment was,
Its porcelain buttons rimmed with dusky brass.
A deacon he, you saw it in each flash,
And well he knew to deacon-off a hymn,
Or lead the choir through all its wandering woes,
With voice that gathered unison in his nose,
Wherein a constant snuffle you might hear,
As if with him 't were winter all the year.
At his head he sat with decorous pains,
In sermon-time could foot his weekly gains,
Or, with closed eyes and heaven abstracted air,
Could plan a new investment in long prayer;
A pious man and thrifty, too, he made
The psalms and prophets partners in his trade,
And in his orthodox straitened more
As it enlarged the business at his store;
He honored Moses, but, when gain he planned,
Had his own notion of the Promised Land.

"Soon as the winter made the sledding good,
From far around the farmers hauled him wood,
For all the trade had gathered 'neath his thumb;
He paid in groceries and New England rum,
Making two profits with a conscience clear,
Cheap all he bought, and all he paid with dear,
With his own meat-and-measure every load.
Each, somehow, had diminished on the road;
A good cord in Jethro still would fall
By a good foot upon the Deacon's seat.
And, more to abate the price, his glinted eye
Would pierce to catsticks that none else could
spy;
Yet none dared grumble, for no farmer yet
But New Year found him in the Deacon's debt.
"While the first snow was mealy under feet
A team drawn creaking down Quompegan
street;
Two cords of oak weighed down the grinding
sled,
And cornstalk fodder rustled overhead;
The oxen's muzzles, as they shouldered through,
Were silver-fringed; the driver's own was blue
As the coarse frock that swung below his knee.
Behind his load for shelter he leaned he,
His mittened hands now on his chest he beat,
Now stamped the stiffened cowhides of his feet
Flushed as a ghost's; his arm-pit scarce could hold
The walnut whiststock, slippery bright with cold.
What wonder if, the tavern as he passed,
He looked and longed and stayed his beasts at
last,
Who patient stood and veiled themselves in steam
While he explored the bar-room's ruddy gleam?"

"Before the fire, in want of thought profound,
There sat a brother townsman weather-bound;
A sturdy chaff, crisp-headed, bristly-eared,
Red as a pepper; 'twixt coarse brows and beard,
His eyes lay ambushed on the watch for fools,
Clear, gray, and glittering like two bay-edged
swords.
A shifty creature, with a turn for fun,
Could swap a poor horse for a better one—
He'd a high-stepper always in his stall;
Liked far and near, and doted there-withal.
To him the in-comer, "Perez, how'd ye do?"
"Jest as I'm mind to, Obed; how'd you?"
Thy, his eyes twinkling and swift gleams as run
Along the levelled barrel of a gun
Brought to his shoulder by a man you know
Will bring his game down, he continued, "So,
I s'pose your hauling wood? But you're too
late;
The Deacon's off; Old Splitfoot could n't wait;
He made a bee-line last night in the storm
To where he won't need wood to keep him warm.
"For this he's a treasurer of a fund to train
Young imps as missionaries; hopes to gain
That way a contract that he has in view
For droopful pitchforks of a pattern new.
It must have tickled him, all drawbacks weighed,
To think he stuck the Old One in a trade;
His suit, to start with, was n't worth a carrot,
And all he'd left would hardly serve to swear at."

"By this time Obed had his wits thawed out,
And, looking at the other half in doubt,
Took off his fox skin cap to scratch his head,
Donned it again, and drawled forth, 'Mean he's
dead?'
"Jes' so; he's dead and t' other d that follers
With folks that never leave a thing but dollars;
He pulled up stakes last evening, fair and square,
And ever since there's been a row down there.
The minute the old chap arrived, you see,
Comes the Boss-devil to him, and says he,
'What are you good at? Little enough, I fear;
We calculate to make folks useful here.'
"Well," says old Bitters, "I expect I can
Scale a fair load of wood with o'er a man."
"Wood we don't deal in; but perhaps you'll
sell."
"Because we buy our brimstone by the foot;
Here, take this measuring-rod as snooty as sin,
And keep a reckoning of what loads come in;
You'll not want business, for we need a lot
To keep the Yankees that you send us hot;

At firing up they're barely half as spry
As Spaniards or Italians, though they're dry;
At first we have to let the draught on stronger,
But, heat 'em through, they seem to hold
longer."
"Bitters he took the rod, and pretty soon
A teamster comes, whistling an ex-palmy tune.
A likelier chap you would n't ask to see,
No different, but his limp, from you or me."
"No different, Perez? Don't your memory fail?
Why, where in thunder were his horns and tail?"
"They're only worn by some old fashioned pokes
They mostly aim at looking just like folks.
Such things are scarce as quakes and top-hats
here."
"I would spoil their usefulness to look too queer
If you could always know 'em when they come,
They'd get no purchase on you; now be mum.
On came the teamster, smart as Davy Crockett,
Jingling the red hot coppers in his pocket,
And close behind, 't was gold dust you'd ha
sworn.)
A load of sulphur yellower than seed corn—
To see it wasted as it is Down There,
Would make a Friction Match Co. tear its hair!
"Hold on!" says Bitters, "stop right where you
be."
You can't go in without a pass from me."
"All right," says O'other, "only stop round
smart,
I must be home by noon-time with the cart."
Bitters goes round it sharp-eyed as a rat,
Then with a scrap of paper on his hat
Pretends to elpher. "By the public staff
That shod and are rises twelve foot and a half."
"There's fourteen foot and over," says the driver,
"Worth twenty dollars if it's worth a silver—
Good fourth proof brimstone that'll make 'em
squirm,
I leave it to the Headman of the Firm;
After we measure it, we always lay
Some on to allow for settling on the way;
Lump and full-grown I've carted sulphur here,
And given fair satisfaction to the farmer;
With that they fell to quarreling so loud
That in five minutes they had drawn a crowd,
And before long the Boss, who heard the row,
Comes elbowing in with "What's to pay here
now?"
Both parties heard, the measuring rod he takes,
And of the load a careful survey makes.
"Since I have bossed the business here," says
him,
"No fairer load was ever seen by me."
Then, turning to the Deacon, "You mean eus,
None of your old Quompegan tricks with us?
They won't do here; we're plain, old-fashioned
folks,
And don't quite understand that kind of jokes.
I know this teamster, and his pa before him,
And the hard working Mrs. D. that he's him;
He would not sell his conscience with a lie,
Though he might get the centum house thereby.
Here, constable, take Bitters by the queue
And clap him into furnace ninety-two,
And try this brimstone on him; if he's bright,
He'll find the measure honest before night;
He isn't worth his fuel, and I'll bet
The parish poor-house has to take him yet!"

"This is my tale, heard twenty years ago
From Uncle Reuben, as the logs burned low,
Touching the walls and ceiling with that bloom
That makes a rose's calyx of a room.
I could not give his language, where-through ran
The gony flavor of the blockhead man,
Who shoves a word before the fancy cools,
As lonely Cruise had to force his tools.
I liked the tale, 't was like so many told
By Rutebeuf and his brother Trouvères bold;
Nor were the hearers much unlike to theirs,
Men unsophisticated, rude-nerved as bears.
Ezra is gone and his large-hearted kind,
The landlords of the hospitable mind,
Good Warner of Springfield was the last.
An inn is now a vision of the past.
One yet surviving host my mind recalls—
You'll find him if you go to Trenton Falls."
—Atlantic Monthly.

Advice to Writers.
It is said that the senior editor of the New
York Observer laid the foundation of his fame
as a writer by a single article, which he was per-
suaded to re-write and condense two or three
times after he had offered it for publication, and
which, thus prepared, was copied all over the
country. The Observer gives the following good
advice to writers:
"Omit the beginning of your essay. Most
writers, not accustomed to the press, imagine
that a newspaper article, like an oration, should
have an exordium, an argument, and conclusion.
Not at all. The argument is all that is wanted.
That is, state your case, say your say, and stop.
Do not take time and space to get into the sub-
ject, and more to get out of it; but come to it im-
mediately, and stop when you are done.
Be short. The time is short, the world is very
fast now, and readers of newspapers do not want
long articles. Pack your thoughts into
short words, sentences and short essays. If you
never do a great thing, never do a long thing.
Come to the point. If you have no point, lay
down the pen, and do something else, rather than
write for edification, and you may not be one
who can.
Write the article two or three times over care-
fully, making it shorter each time. Write on one
side only of the paper. Write legibly. Keep a
copy of what you send to the press. Editors do not
return manuscripts. We cannot undertake to,
and we do state every week, but are every week asked
to. It is impossible to make the reasons plain to
writers; but it is out of the question.
Be sure you make in your estimate of your own
productions, and do not for it others esteem
them even less than you do."

The grave holds the mortal, but the im-
mortal roams on the plane of the green fields of
Eden. Why mourn the dead when there are no dead?
All nature cries aloud, there are no dead.
Man only dies to give tribute back to mother
earth. The spirit goes whence it came to seek
the infinite mind of the universe; to learn the
law, and its relationship, under the law, to that
beautiful world in which it is a dweller. Why
mourn the weak and weary? Why lament over
that which you know has life, a new life, a life
in beauty and grandeur?—Spirit Sanctified Obed.

The man who has written anything for the editor and
don't "scratch off in a hurry" will please call it this
office and hear of something to his advantage. *Old Fitz*
Bitters. He is busy looking after the inn in which he had a per-
sonal paragon, and did not have "his attention called"
to it.—*Evening News, Gold Hill, N.Y.*

If a word spoken in its time is worth one piece of money,
silence in its time is worth two.—*Ta'med.*

"The greater part of this poem was written many years
ago, to form part of a larger one to be called "The Noon-
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marked as it is among men. Those whose peculiar characteristics were well known to me, do not appear to have lost them by a brief experience in the other world. Those who held strong prejudices or decided opinions here, do not lay them aside immediately there. They may outgrow their prejudices or change their opinions as men do on earth, but the mere fact of transition does not produce the change.

Sarah M. Willis.

My name is Sarah M. Willis. I've come a long way in order to make myself known. I have not been gone long, only just a little while. I can't tell you how long it was. The trouble was in my head; it was tired and dizzy, and I was tired all over, and I don't know but I did wish I was dead. I suppose it was wrong to do it, but when I wish they had let me stay, that was my prayer. I came from California — from Sacramento. I want to send this message to my Aunt Dollie and to my Cousin Minnie. They read the Banner, and they will get it, I know they will. I said I'd tell 'em I didn't like that way they disposed of my friends. I wish they had let me stay, that was my prayer. That's the rea-on I have rapped so loud. I shall rap louder and scare 'em more if they don't let things alone. I don't know what we spirits are to do; that's the only way we can do. Folks think you are dead, and they can do what they please. I want to tell you not to get scared. The only way we can do, if we've got worried enough, is to scare 'em.

Nov. 22.

Julia McIntyre.

I wish you would say that Julia McIntyre, of Scotch descent, came here from New York City. I came into the spirit-world with pneumonia. I have been gone three years or more—it will be four years next January, the last part of the month. I think it was on a Thursday. I write this, perhaps, in a dream.

His, hoping that it would be of some use to see it. He has been looking over the Banner of Light and other spiritual works, saying that if he could get one sign from anybody he knew, he should be very glad; he would then try and believe. Now I would like to say to him: James, when you are in New York City, if you will just go to some medium where I can communicate, and where I can bring Uncle John, I will surely do it; and see if we don't make you understand that spirits still live. I was twenty-five years old.

Nov. 22.

George D. Brown.

Please say that George D. Brown, of Jersey City, or, rather, who passed out in Jersey City, but who is a native of Boston, records his name on your list, and says he will be happy to meet any of his friends, especially his business friends, and communicate with them; and as soon as possible I trust I shall have a response, especially from Mr. C. D., also from George B. D.

Nov. 22.

Luther Brown.

I didn't do it. I never meant to. I didn't take no life on 'em, they need n't say I did. My name is Luther Brown, and I was down and dazed in the pond. I'm 'n' going to tell how it was, any- thing at all, unless they will go where I can tell all about it. I do n't want to blame anybody or to cast suspicions on anybody. If somebody will meet me, I'll tell 'em the truth about it. I be- longed to Sobce, Maine. I got out, and I'm glad of it now. I felt pretty bad about it. I didn't know what they said when they found me. I don't think it was fair to say at all. I never gave anybody a right to say anything bad about me. I did the best I could, anyway. I think they might have been a little more careful of my old body; they didn't treat it any too well. I was there and knew all about it.

Dec. 18.

Mary A. B.

Yes, I feel the power as I approach the earth, and lay my hands upon the greatness of the head. I understand now the meditations of the spiritual. Please give my name as Mary A. B. I left this earthly form in Paris, France. I wish to send word to my daughter, Ione; I wish to tell her that I have very many things to say to her that I do not wish to speak of in public. If she will meet me somewhere in private, where we can talk confidentially, I shall be most happy to tell her very many things that will be of advantage to her. My husband's name is Charles—he was a comedian. I do not wish to say any more than is necessary in public; I simply wish to express my feelings to my daughter, that she may give me an opportunity to open my mind freely to her.

Jan. 29.

Zenas Bangs.

Mr. Chairman, I think we have met before. At a gathering last night of my friends, there was a desire, not expressed in words, that I today should come to the Banner of Light office. According to agreement I am here, I thank you, Bro. Holmes, for the kind manner in which you allowed me to control your organism. I thank you all, dear friends, whose names are too numerous to mention, for your kind sympathy to me, and for your kind willingness to have me control this organism last night, but conditions were not right, therefore I could not do it. I return to day here that I may speak what I feel. I shall never forget the Union, never cease to be Secretary of it. Our brother may be secretary for a term, but so long as I exist I shall be the spiritual secretary. Thanks to my brothers who have entered the temple of Knowledge in many times; who are anchored in true Faith and Hope and Charity. Thanks for many kindly greetings. Bless you all for what you have done. Remember that I shall ever be with you. My

letter is short, but I hope to the point. I have made a great effort to come. Please say, Zenas Bangs, from East Canton street, Boston.

Jan. 31.

Carrie Spinning.

Mr. Chairman, I wish, if it is not too much trouble, you would allow me to send a message. You can say it is from Carrie Spinning. I have been gone some years, and since I have been in spirits I have had peculiar experiences. I have crossed the ocean and brought spirits back with me, have had their entrance mediums and say very many things which were quite astounding to the medium herself. I have friends that are musical and those that love music. I think much of them. I would like to do all I can for them. Some of them have come to me, and I am doing all I can for them. Yes, 3— is here, and I shall bring her with me soon. I would like to say to Mary that I have not forgotten her, and the many hours I spent with her. I am frequently by her side, and I bring other friends with me. Ask her to be patient. Tell her the time will come when all will be made right. Tell her that near at hand is a sunbeam of light. Say, where the flowers will bloom the thorns will not prick her hand when she gathers them. Tell her to ask her friends to be patient. Tell her to be true, and we will be with her, and take care of her wherever she may be.

I would like, Mr. Chairman, to have this advanced. Feb. 28.

MESSAGES FROM THE SPIRIT-WORLD
GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF
MRS. SARAH A. DANKIN.

Mrs. Dankin's Mediumistic Experiences
[Part Ninety-Six.]

BY WASH. A. DANKIN.

It is difficult for many persons to realize that the spirit departed from earth is simply the same individual that left the cumbersome flesh that fettered its movements while here. Under the influence of old theories they imagine that as soon as we enter upon the life beyond the grave, universal knowledge is ours; not acquired by aspiration or personal effort; but, like conversion in the Middle Ages, the result of some heavenly intervention "by the grace of God." In an almost daily intercourse with spirits for more than twenty years

past, I have found individuality as strongly

An interesting illustration of this occurred one evening at my tea-table, some fifteen years ago. A gentleman and his wife, strangers in Baltimore, were invited to the table, and were talking something of this wonderful intercourse with the spirit world. They had recently heard of it, and knew nothing whatever of its modes or processes. While at the tea-table, Mrs. Danksin was controlled, and one spirit after another of their kindred and friends came, identifying themselves so clearly as to leave no doubt on the minds of the company. They were so impressed and could scarcely find language to express their delight. A new realm of life and thought seemed to have opened before them. Presently, however, another spirit came. Archbishop Kenrick, of Baltimore, who had lately passed from earth, controlled Mrs. Danksin, and with a vehemence and eloquence not often equalled, he depicted the preparatory hurry and desire for admission by drawing man more under control and restraints of the Church, and leaving them to wander unguided in search of those mysteries which could only be revealed by or through that organization which Christ had established and appointed his representative on earth.

Our friends were appalled. The idea of a spirit denouncing Spiritism, and of the inexplicable manner in which some time before I could make them comprehend that a man whose whole life had been passed under the mighty magnetic influences of the Roman Catholic Church, could not throw them off immediately, because he had laid aside his physical form.

Daniel Clough.

Being at the age of seventy I died where I lived, in Washington City. The winding steps that led life and the grave I have found. It did not weigh heavily with my mind to give up the earth-life, for when the messenger came I said: 'Thou knowest thy work; do it, and I, thy servant, will be pleased. You may full well understand, men of earth, that at the age of seventy I had passed through many trials, many varied experiences—some pleasant, some otherwise.

This land is a land of realities; here birds do sing, waters do flow and impart freshness and life to all things; the sun doth shine and warm the chilled hells of some; the water here, some who feel as strangers, until they grow familiar with the laws and conditions of the home into which they have been ushered.

To those who seek Daniel Clough, and mourn him, I would say, Let all sorrows pass away. Let the heart be thankful, for he who had passed through many trials and suffered many privations is now enjoying rich blessings showered from the hand of the omnipotent Creator.

And you, my dear lady, who have said, "Oh, how early was it closed after I had entered into life—that life which has no fading! With beauty, truth and honesty do the inhabitants of the spirit-land commune with the dwellers of earth. Though I knew it not when with you, I have learned it now. To the white-robed angels do I give thanks, for they have given me the Comforter."

Anna Edith Thompson.

I lived on Cathedral street. Anna Edith Thompson, I died in the twenty-first year of my age, after having passed through a painful and tedious sickness. I was the eldest daughter of William and Harriet Thompson, loving brothers and sisters to mourn while I was making my flight in glory.

Mother, father, sister and brother, do not in your silent prayers ask me to wear the flesh again, for I am so happy on the other side of that river I have I fear forgotten man.

Evidence, who asks for evidence of immortality? Where would the author of our being be if he did not award to his children life, youth and perpetual understanding? The grave is cold and cheerless to those who do not understand it, but to me it is warm, beautiful and perfectly legitimate. I have seen the angels, I have heard the sound of the trumpet, but praying back to mother earth the debt it owes, in the mode appointed by nature.

What words have I to describe the beauties of the interior life? I fail in language. I cannot picture it. Know and feel, mother, that I am a disembodied angel awaiting your coming on the other side.

If she were here she would know me, for I sang like the nightingale. Though pain racked my body, my voice rang out in songs to my Creator.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED:
GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS.
JENNIE S. RUDD.

MESSENGERS RECEIVED LAST WEEK:

Winthrop Blanchard; Joseph M. Shuellling; A Father to his Daughter; Thomas Murphy; Frank.
James M. Beebe; — Dorsay; Ellis Hiltard; Mary Lyon; Joseph Smith; Mary Elizabeth Maynard.
Rufus Putnam; Fred Spalding; George P. Jones; William Gray; George Felt; George Felt; George Felt.

TO BE PRINTED IN OUR NEXT:
William Wallace Whiting; Jane C. Burns; John Devine; Dr. Grinnell; Samuel M. —; Ellen B. Butters.
Isaac Niles; James Comstock; James Madison; Frattly; Isaac Niles; Dr. — John; A. B. Child; Lewis V. Dolson; William Baxter Riggs; Sarah K. P. N.; Walter Wells.

(Owing to our limited space, the remainder of our list of announcements of "messages to be published" is necessarily omitted, but will be reprinted at a future day.)

GOVERN THROUGH THE MEMBERSHIP OF THE
SARAH A. DARBKIN.
John Thompson; Henrietta Demock; Samuel Simonton;
Sarah Newton; Anna McFarland; Alice Riggin.

Convention of Spiritualists and Liberalists.
The Twelfth Annual Meeting of the Michigan State Association of Spiritualists will be held at the Hotel Kalamazoo, commencing on Thursday evening, March 21st, and closing Sunday, the 25th. A cordial invitation is extended to all Spiritualists with us and to participate in the deliberations of this meeting.

Among the speakers expected to be present are Hudson Tuttle, of Chicago, J. J. Buchanan, (Independent and Liberalist) of Saginaw, Dr. J. L. York, of California, Giles B. Stebbins and Susie M. Johnson, of Detroit, Mrs. J. W. H. Smith, of Detroit, and Mrs. J. W. Stewart; also others well known in our spiritualistic ranks, including the officer of the Association and State Union at large, Mrs. M. D. President.

Mrs. L. A. BAILEY, Secretary.

The Northern Wisconsin Spiritual Conference
Will hold a Three-Days' Meeting in Spiritual Hall, Omro, Wis., on the 15th, 16th and 17th of March. Prof. R. G. Eccles will be the only engaged speaker. Other speakers will be the Rev. J. C. Phillips, Secretary, and Rev. J. C. Seaverance, President. The Rev. J. C. Phillips is sufficient guaranty that the meeting will be an interesting one. Let there be a full attendance. Meals served in the dining-room adjoining Hall.
The meeting will be called to order on Friday, 15th, at 10 o'clock A. M. sharp. Do not wait until Saturday, but be on hand the first day. DR. J. H. SEVERANCE, President,
DR. J. C. PHILLIPS, Secretary,
Omro, Wis., Feb. 15th, 1918.

Passed to Spirit-Life:
The funeral services of Mrs. Mary B. Steward, an earnest and true friend of labor and kindred reforms, occurred at her late residence in Somerville on Sunday, Feb. 17th; also at her former home in Hopedale, Mass., the following

Although Mrs. S.'s life-energies were largely consecrated to the cause of the working classes, and their elevation to the favored place of mental and corporeal culture, she was not without other interests. Her husband, a "wage-laborer," she was also an earnest student of the new "Spiritual Philosophy" and religion of our times. Medumistically gifted, her spiritual nature, during long years of suffering, was able to penetrate the veil of the heart disease, must have woven for her in advance such images of the artistic and true as were destined to adorn her prophetic home in the "sphere." Not the least of her accomplishments was the fact that she had been a woman, was her interest in the causes that lack assistance, and the good she strove to do for others. Doubtless she has exchanged greetings ere this with her loved father, his mother, and her dear friends, and in the presence of the Banner some three years hence.

B. J. B.

Hopedale, Feb. 23, 1878.

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