

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Written for the Banner of Light.
"O, I SAW HER DIE."

BY J. WARREN NEWHALL.

[An affectionate husband has just seen the light of his home go out in the darkness of death—the jewel of his heart consigned to that casket which contains many a bright hope of earth, the grave. Turning to one of the sympathizing friends, gathered there, he said—"O, I saw her die!" Few were the words, but could columns have told more?]

A manly form bent o'er the blighted vine,
Whose clinging tendrils from his heart were riven;
Worshipping still beside the shattered shrine,
Where he the soul-wealth of his love had given;
His spirit with a mighty grief was stirred,
Like a frail reed when tempest-winds sweep by,
Sealed were his lips to speech, save this, each word
Replete with anguish: "O, I saw her die!"

O, what a tide of agonizing thought
And crushing grief were by those words conveyed!
They came with utter desolation fraught,
Painting affection's bow in ruin laid.
He saw her die—she, the loved, cherished one,
The chosen empress of his spirit throne;
His life was now like day without a sun,
For he must walk its darkened path alone.

Her last fond words had died upon his ear,
As melt sweet strains of melody away;
He must resign the gem to him most dear,
Powerless the pallid herald's touch to stay.
The history of a household, dark and lone,
With love's pure angel never hovering nigh,
A sunless home, a lyre with no sweet tone,
Was in that sentence: "O, I saw her die!"

You saw her die; was there no solace near?
Came there no balm to heal thy stricken soul?
Did not to thee heaven's messengers appear,
Unfolding there a glory-gilded scroll?
And saw you not the words inscribed thereon,
Bright as the starry language of the skies?
"She is but sleeping, to awake with dawn,
And join the morning-songs of Paradise."

PERDITA.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY:

OR,

PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF A DANSEUSE.

BY EMMA HARDINGE.

CHAPTER I.

"Mr. Sharp! What on earth is the use of keeping that poor miserable scrag of a woman who's figuring away there in that group of water nymphs? Why, she can't dance a bit; and as to her appearance, mother of Moses! she's enough to scare away the owls, instead of attracting the parquette. I tell you, sir, I won't have that Pharaoh's lean kine in my ballet, so just turn her out, and the sooner the better."

"Fact is, Mr. Heavysides," replied the functionary addressed as Sharp, (being none other than the prompter in a certain famous metropolitan theatre,) "that little faded creature has been with us ever since Mr. Doubleface has had the theatre. She was very pretty when she first came, and drew her regular set of young fellows every night; she has been a most indefatigable little body, too, never missing a single rehearsal, and always ready to go on at a moment's notice to make up a scene, or deliver a message, or even get through a principal part, or—why, sir," stammered the pleader, still desirous of putting in a good word for the luckless subject of the conversation; "she has been—"

"D—n your has been!" savagely retorted the well fed, porpoise-like stage manager; "the people do not come here to see *has been's*, they want flesh and blood, not skin and bones; I tell you to get rid of her."

"Very well, sir, very well. I'll dismiss her next Saturday, of course, sir, of course; but I beg pardon, sir, might I ask—"

"No, sir, you may not," hissed forth the tyrant of the little kingdom, to the humble subordinate, who, as a natural law, had to bear all the petty assumptions of tyrannous power, that the manager vented on his subordinate, the aforesaid stage manager, who, in turn, handed down the above with interest to the hapless prompter, who, in turn, would have handed it down concentrated to the call boy, had not the very small pittance on which said prompter subsisted, so qualified his naturally tender heart, that it absolutely boiled over in pity to all who were as ill-used as himself, "so sweet are the uses of adversity."

"Plagues on his impudent, pompous overbearing, wooden-hearted, stone-fisted, barrel-shaped body," murmured the prompter, this extraordinary list of epithets forming a safety valve for his irritated feelings. "I was going to ask him if I was to dismiss the child along with the mother, but now—"

and here the prompter was interrupted by one, who had been a silent, but not uninterested auditor of the whole scene, including in special the final soliloquy—the nature of which was an appeal direct to the terrified subject of his remarks, that could no longer be resisted. Running forward to the tall, gaunt old man, and seizing one of his bony hands in my own, I, the ten year old child of the skin and bone ballet dancer, who was to be dismissed—I, who was evidently trembling in the balance of dismissal myself, cried, under the pressure of an impulse I could not resist:

"Oh, sir! don't send me away, please don't; mother is very thin, sir, and can't dance much now, I know very well; she's got such a pain in her chest, sir; but I'm not very thin, am I, sir?" (stretching out a pair of rather broad without butter looking arms). "Besides, sir, if you'll only keep me, I'll do all I can to get fat, and I'll dance, sir, I'll dance like everything, and I'll be just as

good as mother was, and be myself too, sir, if you'll only keep me."

"Fond of the stage, oh, little one?" demanded the prompter, regarding me with head on one side and the air of an amateur, "like the boards, do ye? and the excitement, I suppose?"

"No, sir, that is not it," I replied, without the smallest idea what excitement meant, "only, if you send mother and me both away, sir, we shan't earn anything and we shall starve, and—"

"I felt I was losing ground, for the ridiculous intrusive tears began to pour down my face so fast that I could not make the speech I intended, and had to sob out as best I could, 'I do n't care for myself, but if mother should die of hunger. Oh, mother! mother!'"

"Hold your tongue and don't cry, and above all don't say a word to anybody, and I'll take care neither you nor your mother shall die with hunger whilst I'm prompter here."

So spoke the old man, whom for four years I had always regarded as the special being sent on earth to be the terror of little supernumerary children at six York shillings a week—but now the intense feeling of security which the rough but sincere speech of the old prompter inspired me with, clothed his gray, shaggy head in a perfect halo of angelic light, and to my poor fluttering heart (albeit unused to any kindness, but such as hung on the lips of my gentle mother,) fell like a balm that sent me on my way rejoicing.

N.B.—If the world in general desires to prove the true secret of psychology, together with the best method of wiping up the tear-stained cheek of humanity with the cheapest possible pocket handkerchief, let it apply in the first instance, a kind smile, and in the next, a kind word, and thereto a single grain of kind action and the mixture will be found infallible; make the above dose the rule of life, and you have the perfect recipe for initiating the kingdom of heaven upon earth.

The Saturday which followed upon the above conversation, Marie Morand, the mother of little Perdita, the authoress of the following pages, was dismissed from the theatre, where for five years she had been one of the most attentive, efficient, and admired of its "corymbes." Said Marie was rapidly nearing the eternal doom whose tide ever flows onward, but never set backward, and that in her fast-closing pilgrimage, the shadows of early decay became so visibly stamped on the once fair and beautiful, still young and graceful Marie, that she was no longer deemed a sufficient lure to attract young men to the playhouse benches; hence was Marie's occupation gone. I know when my mother went to the treasury to receive the weekly pittance, what the result would be, but I had not dared to repeat to her, the purport of the conversation of which I had been a partaker—only I knew the fatal truth.

When my mother returned, I looked anxiously into her face to mark the result. The fair dame who weeps her bright eyes dim because her cruel husband cuts her off with a two hundred dollar set of collar and sleeves, instead of a five hundred dollar ditto, may smile, even sneer, when she learns that all this perturbation in my young mind was caused by the loss to self and mother of an income of five dollars per week, but then with the exception of my noble earnings of six shillings weekly for appearing as little imps, water nymphs, happy peasants, and occasional angels, this was all we had to live on, pay rent, and buy bread, (without butter) for two hungry mouths. Deep as was my anxiety, however, it was soothed by my mother's perfect composure, and the placid manner in which she said:

"Perdita, I shall not be wanted at the theatre any more just now, so for a time, my darling, we shall have to make shift with what you earn—what says my little one; will she work and support her mother for a while?"

Some children would have cried, some vehemently protested, most have had a scene—I do not think I ever was a child, and so I simply replied:

"I'll take care of you, mother; I think I know enough for that."

That evening my mother stole out during the dusk with a bundle; I saw a certain pink frock sticking out of the handkerchief which I had long coveted, and made sure my mother would eventually transfer to me, but I said nothing, and when she returned without the bundle to take me to the theatre, I knew the dear pink frock would be converted into next week's bread, and if the Spiritualists' doctrine be true, that our thoughts are "tangible, material substances," and that, good or bad, our very wishes effect each other by universal sympathy, then will Stage Manager Heavysides find my poor mother's dismissal for no fault but the very excusable one of dying before her time, sit heavy upon his fate and fortunes.

Two weeks passed away—the first of which saw my mother go forth every twilight with a bundle, large or small, and return without it; the same exchange of goods for dollars also saw our scanty wardrobe, furniture, and general possessions, narrowing down to a remarkably small point. The second week terminated this evening commerce, saw little me pattering off to the theatre alone, and by about 12, or sometimes 1 o'clock in the morning, marked me sliding through the bitter, snowy streets alone, till I reached the tenement house where dwelt the lonely watching mother.

"What a shame it is of that idle mother to let that little scrap of a delicate child come toiling on the stage every night by herself, and not even come to fetch her home! And she at ten years old pacing the streets alone every night—what a shame it is!"

Such were the words which greeted my ear one night as I was gathering up my rags in the warmest folds I knew how, to return home. Turning fiercely upon the speaker, a great fat woman who lived so close to my mother that I had night after night crept behind her as a sort of shelter, without

going near enough, however, to make her drive me away, which her pride would certainly have instigated her to do. I replied,

"Mother is not able to quit her bed, madam," I was about to say her story, for we had eaten our bed up, in our morning's meal, but pride checked me, so I bitterly added, "no one offers to see me home, though many live near me, so I go alone, and none will harm me, for I am too poor to rob."

I was going on to say other things which my premature world life would doubtless have rendered very poignant, when my hand was snatched up in a monstrous clutch, and I felt myself whirled along in the strong but tender charge of the old prompter. "Poor Marie," he soliloquized half to himself and half to me, "so her time is drawing near, and I'd forgotten all about it, and left this forlorn thing to wander the streets alone. Perdita! ay, Perdita! well may they call her Perdita! God grant 't is not a prophecy!"

CHAPTER II.

How cold the dawning is! The stars are all pale out and the moon is gone, and the chill grey mantle of the coming morning seems like the icy hand of death—the death of stars, and moon, and solemn night—and creeps upon us, even the fearsome valley, which all must pass, before they reach the sunlit morning land! I don't know that I had ever seen a dawning break before that one—that dreadful one, when I, on one side of a heap of straw, and the old prompter on the other, sat by the dim, grey hideous light of that most hideous day, looking upon the clay-cold features of the dead. My mother!

The only being I had ever known that cared for me, or loved me. My mother! From whose dear lips no word had ever fallen but what came like a drop of dew on burning, feverish tongues! But why, why should I recite what she has been to me? Mother!—that word is enough—tells the whole story through. If there is a word on any human tongue that piles up all the attributes which we conceive worthiest of worship in a God, that single word is "Mother!"—and she was dead, gone—lost forever! I had not been told stoned to think or speak, I should have run forth into the empty streets, and demanded of the wise, to tell me where my mother was, and why I stayed behind, and of the good to take me to her—even through the death-pang's torture.

Happily, however, I was stunned, and the poor old prompter's words (no doubt all full of comfort), fell on an ear which the Allwise had mercifully dulled to prevent the terrible rent which *thought* would otherwise have made in the weak child's human heart. There was but one thing they could make me comprehend, and this involved an act of obedience to her, the dead, but to me the yet living mother. Two days before my mother—she whom in my life I had never disobeyed—to do whose behests had been my only joy—she had sent me to a strange street, and bidding me deliver at a splendid house a sealed letter, had charged me solemnly not to quit my garret until I received an answer to that letter.

"Let nothing tempt you, darling, to leave this lodging, whether thy mother is with thee or not, till some one comes from that house to take thee away."

And now the old prompter began to speak to me of future plans, which I neither comprehended, nor should have tried to comprehend, had he not said something about my going somewhere—away from that room. This was enough. At last I had something to live for—something to struggle for. I would obey her.

"I will not go," I said; and suddenly repeating what her command had been, I pillowed my head on the cold bosom of the dead, and felt thankful that she had left me something yet to do that would have pleased her. The prompter was a very strange man, and had, among other latterday notions, entertained a most irreverent appreciation of priests and priestly offices. Something of this I dimly understood in the whispered ear of words that from time to time went on between himself and the city officers, who were called upon to give my poor mother's remains the benefit of "Christian sepulture." Sometimes the words "Infidel, Atheist, Free-thinker," reached my dull ears, in somewhat indignant emphasis, and then the fierce old graybeard's response broke in that "persons were all humbugs; that he knew quite well where the dead woman was; that she was just as much alive as he was; that for his part he could see her hovering round her orphan child, and knew quite well, too, that she did not care a cent what became of the 'empty house,' from which the spirit had fled, nor whether an ignorant parson came to talk nonsense over her body or no."

The parish officers had the best of it, however; for on a certain day I was taken by the hand of the precious old prompter, and solemnly placed near a very tall, very gaunt, and very awful-looking gentleman, draped all in black, whose awful visage suggested that he was both very unhappy and very angry, an idea that was soon confirmed by his words, as standing over the silent clay, which lay cold and insensible in its coarse wooden last bed, he deliberately pronounced a solemn anathema against play actors in general, and dancers in particular, apprising his shivering listeners that the dead woman was not only lost, but lost to all eternity. First he painted a vivid picture of that most burning region, where fire, however acceptable in such a roofless winter-worn garret as we then stood in, was deprived of its charm even to poor little shivering me, by the intense horrors which he piled up in the shape of gnawing worms and suffocating brimstone; then he savagely located my hapless, gentle mother there, in company with all the dancers in the world (except King David); finally, he turned to me, and after describing Heaven as a jeweller's shop on a large scale, congratulated me upon my being a branch

snatched from the aforesaid burning; and after pointing to the ineffable bliss I should enjoy by seeing that precious mother's torments, and finding by contrast the salvation I might enjoy in that said mineral heaven, he concluded with an affecting prayer that the Lord would graciously be pleased to vouchsafe us all many such edifying lessons, by cutting off young dancing sinners with all convenient speed.

I have a vague remembrance that the old prompter whom by intuition I felt was waxing hotter and yet more hot, until his battered visage might have been taken as a symbol of the reverend man's glowing place of torment. I say I had an indistinct impression that he was going to speak, and also what that speech would be. Somehow I felt as if that hour was mine; up to that moment my entire thought had been fixed upon one point. Mother was dead—gone from me. I felt a great mistake had been made somewhere, and that to rectify it, I too must die. By no other way did I see a possibility of regaining my mother, and in no way did I see a possibility of living without her.

Up to that hour then, I had been constantly engaged in the speculation of how and when I could most secretly, but surely, make away with myself so as to join my mother. But now a bright idea possessed me; the clergyman's discourse unmitigatedly cruel and inhuman, as every one else felt it, appeared to me to open up a splendid vista of new hope.

Finally approaching him, I asked if he was quite sure my mother went to "hell" because she was a dancer; evidently impressed with the persuasion that his fervid eloquence had touched the right spot in my heart, he reiterated his assurances, and added thereto his knowledge of where she was at that particular moment, and the horrible torments she was then in, and would forever undergo.

"Thank you, sir," I meekly replied, "I had determined to kill myself, for I thought I could not live without mother; but as I'm afraid they might take me up to heaven, I'll stay on earth and become a dancer too, until I'm fit to go to where my mother is."

The clergyman turned up his eyes and faintly murmured, "Lost!"

The prompter clasped his hands and cried:

"Our Father in Heaven, I thank thee this hour is indeed Thine, not ours."

CHAPTER III.

I am now fast descending the hill of time, a pilgrim to the shadowy valley where my earthly footprints will cease forever; but as I near the last turnpike on the road to eternity, it is strange to find how tenaciously the brain has retained the smallest impression of life's passing images. Not a form is wanting, scarcely a word or thought; it seems as if beneath the wand of the great enchanter's memory, the sands of time disintegrated themselves from the general mass, and each stands out in bold relief, impressed with an individuality as marked as the grains which make up by seconds the ages of eternity. It is equally pleasant, painful and startling to contemplate this fact. Does it not proclaim in solemn warning tones that we may forget, but cannot run, away from ourselves and all that makes us self? Is this the tribunal? and if so, what must be the judgment passed upon us? We say, "God knows." Can we not tell ourselves?

It seems but yesterday that I stood beside my only earthly friend, the kind old prompter, listening to the dreary tones of the gospel minister, pronouncing eternal torment on that gentle, tender, unselfish mother, whose cold, dead, patient face might have pleaded with a heart of iron for some milder doom, the penalty of dancing to buy bread for herself and helpless child.

Even now I can recall the thrill of joy I felt at the assurance that by pursuing the same career—one by the by, which all the preacher's denunciations could not convince me was wrong—I should be sure to go to my mother. Where it was, or under what circumstances we were to meet, mattered not. God through natural instinct, had taught me that Heaven is where peace and love dwell, and where the most peaceful loving being that ever I had known was sure to be, I knew would be heaven to me, and so I saw my mother's ashes laid in the earth, and gladly hastened back to dance myself into "perdition" where she was.

The old prompter would have had me go and lodge somewhere in safer keeping than my own old home, but she had bid me stay there until a certain letter came, and though many weeks, rolled on, and the landlady threatened to turn me out of the garret corner which I shared with a heap of other little children, because she found she could rent the said corner to more advantage.

I still clung to her last request. The letter had not come, but I knew it would; mother said so, and she was always right; and come it did at last, or at least the effects came, which was all the same. Just as I was preparing to go to the theatre one bitter winter's night, a knock at our garret door surprised me. Unaccustomed to the courtesy of such an appeal, I flew to the door, and saw a tall, dignified gentleman completely enveloped in furs and warm wraps, above which I could just see a pale, cold solemn face, which looking upon me steadily, inquired, "can you inform me if Perdita Morand lives here?"

"Yes sir, I am her."

"And your mother—where does she live?"

"In hell, sir, the parson says," I replied, with all the sullen bitterness that ever possesses me, when I remember that man's words.

"Humph!" replied the stranger, "she is dead, then."

A few inquiries followed, a few explanations, by which I learned that this was Mr. Masters, the gentleman to whom my mother had written just before

her death. Of the purport of this letter I was not informed. The result, however, was, that to this, my new friend, my mother had committed me, and that though he had been prevented, by some weeks absence from home, attending to her request before, he had now come to take me to his home, in the character of an adopted child.

CHAPTER IV.

Six years flew by, unmarked by any event of weight enough to be recorded here, but laden with events whose infinite minuteness made up the sum of what the world would have called "my character," and as these pages are destined to assume somewhat the form of a confession, I am bound to add, the result of my six years growth, my retrospective vision now assures me, must have been to produce what the same world would call a character anything but agreeable in the present, or promising in the future.

To sum it up, I was bitterly discontented, restless, wild and unmanageable, ungrateful to my patron, and unhappy in myself, quick to learn, and of singular aptitude in fashioning my manners to external circumstances, in person, moreover as ancient pictures and youthful traditions, now inform me, "very beautiful." I was known to be a "dangerous girl," whilst society received me as a highly attractive one, I could sing, play, dance, and speak several languages well. In all the "oligies" in which a most accomplished private governess could instruct me, I was fluently skilled, and yet the angular mind manifested all the ungracious qualities of which I have spoken above. Can it be possible, that young ladies require mental and moral, as well as intellectual governesses then? Let us inquire.

The family of my protector consisted of four motherless children—two boys and two girls. The youngest was a girl exactly my own age, sixteen; the eldest was a fine young man of four-and-twenty, of whom we saw little, he being away on the "grand tour." The second son was destined for a physician, and studying accordingly at college, while the eldest girl was now a young lady, complete in her studies, and fully ripe at nineteen years of age, for the matrimonial market.

And now, reader, if you are not too much disgusted with the candid picture I have given you of your heroine, to follow her fortunes further, enter with me behind the scenes awhile, and let us spell out if possible, the source of the muddy current, whose mental flow appeared doomed to disfigure an otherwise fair and attractive landscape.

At ten years of age, miserable as was the life I led, it was one of usefulness, one of purpose. We were poor, often hungry and threadbare, but with the necessity came the stimulus to labor; and proud recompense of doing that labor successfully. There was a joy in wearing the poor finery I toiled for; and contrived a glory in feeding my starving, dying mother by my almost superhuman exertions, which gave me the dignified consciousness of use, and made me satisfied that some portion, at least, of the world, could not go quite so well without me.

I had my place in the small ballets and juvenile groups. I guided little children more helpless than myself, and boldly emulated the older and more advanced; and so, I repeat, I had a mission, a place, a purpose of life; and despicable as such a sphere may appear, in comparison with those more elevated, it was large enough for me to fill, and so much better than none at all; that the grand secret of my present repinings and rebellion against the glorious lot which fortune showered upon me as the idle young lady, was simply because I was a young lady, or, in other words, had nothing to do.

Observing the beneficial results that everywhere in life grow out of labor, purpose, effort, seeing special faculties and special uses stamped upon every stone, tree, flower, animal, bird, and human being, except young ladies, finding a lack of everything, a place for every thing, and every thing destined to fill some useful place. I look in vain to discover the place and use of young ladies; and when I find it simply consists in ornament, the ornament of the parent's dwelling, while its only purpose is limited to the hope that its ornamental properties may procure it the benefit of being transplanted to be the ornament of some rich husband's dwelling, then in my soul's very depth I cannot help exclaiming, what did God give us hands for, if only to twist curls and ribbons? Were our feet only lent to tramp city side-walks? Our love of the beautiful to expand itself upon weaving meshes to catch envious men's eyes, and all the taste, energies, faculties, genius, and perception, that make generals, legislators, discoverers, the mighty kings of art, and princes of science, eternal world-wide benefactors of men, all this in woman must be crushed, down to the aim of becoming the nurse-maid, cook, laundress, and drudge general of a poor man, or the household appendage in the shape of the largest and best dress-doll to the rich man. I know these things, now—I merely thought them at sixteen, but alas! having once tasted of the tree of life and use in any form, the love of life, which is the love of good and use, became engraven on my plastic mind, and crushed back into ornamental young ladyhood, ate into that nature like a poison, which it might have stimulated to noble action under proper cultivation.

I am narrating the history of no "strong-minded woman," daring by schooling herself to transcend her true womanly sphere, but I am giving the transcript of unread millions of young girls' hearts. As competent by intellect, energy and genius, to fill a special place as are their brothers, young girls are educated with them until they are each old enough to thirst for the place in life that nature fits them to fill, the world needs to fill, their own yearnings prompt them to fill. Then comes the separation. The brother goes out to open the world's shell with the sword of special education. In the effort to cut out his own way, becomes an individual strong and

mighty in himself, blessed and blessing to the world. The girl stays at home to do nothing; and as she must be supported by somebody, and fathers and brothers grumble to do it, although they won't let the daughter or sister help herself, why a husband must be found to do it. And as a husband must first be caught, so all that human nature can do, has done, or may do, in the young lady, must be concentrated into the glorious, mental, moral and intellectual effort of rendering her person sufficiently attractive to catch a husband. And so the art, which, in a man, might have made a Michael Angelo, must be expended on building up the young lady's figure with unreal cotton statuary. The inspiration which built up the immortal studios of Italian painting, must be devoted to the whole art of matching silks and sorting ribbons. The burning fires which lighted up the rostrums of Ancient Greece and Rome must be trained into hissing repartees upon toys and weather, and the wisdom, patriotism, and statesmanship, that in men may expand to rule kingdoms, and, Creator-like, make and unmake dynasties, must vent itself upon the rule of an Irish kitchen-maid, and the ordering of a dozen crying babies.

Woman may gaze longingly, lovingly, at the solemn glory of the eternal stars, but let her seek to fathom their mystery, or trace them to their everlasting course, she is bounded out of the schools of science with the cry of "we want no strong-minded women here." She may watch and wait till her own wasted life follows the victim of unsympathizing ignorance to the grave, where many a physician's art has sent them; but let her bring her quick intuitions into the college of science, the same insulting cry drives her back.

Dress for the maiden, and stocking-mending for the wife—this is sphere enough for woman; and so if she have energies, passions, hopes, aspirations, a sense of life, and its grand possibilities, a vision of the Holy of Holies within the temple of mind forever shut against her. "Cast the Pariah out," or crush down her mind—brand her "strong minded," or "mad dog." It is one and the same thing, or (say there is an alternative, and my life has proved it) something of what it is, these pages will reveal.

CHAPTER V.

My patron, Mr. Masters, had two children by a first wife, and two by a second. The eldest, Percy and Augusta, were rich, ay, rich, by inheritance from their mother; the two youngest, Charley and Flora, were either to be enriched from their father, or to earn wealth for themselves, the first by laboring, for it, the second, by the commerce of her beauty in the matrimonial market—and as it happened that Flora was very richly endowed in this marketable article, it was popularly supposed she might look to be bought by a very high bidder. Oh, Flora! beautiful, hapless child, where were thy guardian angels when nature colored thy lovely cheeks with the fatal stamp of beauty—that which should be the index of the lovely mind the lovely face, seems only used to lure the mind, ay, hearts of men, a trap to catch a husband, instead of a wholesome casket, fair and orderly enough to shrine the immortal soul! But Flora was fair, ay, very fair; fair in that sense that is deemed the most attractive in the dail wivers of the nineteenth century, her outward nature, and so, whilst the queen-like Agatha with her half million of dollars was free to choose the love of her heart, a proud poor gentleman's son, accomplished as highly in mind and manners as she was in purse, lovely Flora was seen, chosen, bid for, and traded off in strictly parental management, to a man repulsive in person, manners, temper and character; an ardent admirer of beauty, and a despiser of women; coarse and uncouth in every point but the splendid gilding of an immense fortune. Two young girls had already shared his name, house, and poisonous atmosphere, and in the name of "wife," been bought and sold to early graves. "Mr. Varley has been unfortunate with his wives," they said, and though he was forty and she sixteen, Flora Masters was deemed fortunate when she was selected to be the third wife of this "unfortunate" man.

Flora and I had interchanged our most interior thoughts, from childhood. In deep sympathy with each other, the same restless natures, eager for life's busy conflicts, had forced us each to explain to each other when we saw the boys go forth to school, college, and a place in life. "Would we two were them." How often I have seen this bright, ingenious creature carve out little blocks of wood into the most delicate shapes, and adorn them with fairy foliage, sighing the while to be a sculptor. Sometimes we would climb together to jagged rocks, high over the lashing waves of the broad ocean, and our thoughts, wishes, fervent longings, would mount the curling waves, and sail off in fancy barks to picture out the wonders of unknown land, and act imaginary dreams of discovery, explorations, intercourse with distant nations, and all the glowing scenes of life, shut out, shut out, from eager woman. The mystery of the stars, the wonderful rocks, all written over with the hieroglyphics of wonderful old by-gone days. These we would long to spell.

When Charley came home from college with his prizes—his tales of emulation, and glibly poured into our eager ears the wonderful revelations that chemistry, anatomy and various physiological sciences would yield, we both implore to be permitted to learn them too; to such requests as these Mr. Masters invariably replied with a scornful "Pshaw! what need have women to cram their heads with such stuff? 'Tis only fit for men who make a business of it."

"But papa," Flora one day ventured to say, "the other day, Jennie, our cook was in a fit, and little Anna, you know, our landlady's girl, had her ankle dislocated; now if I had leaped these things, I might have cured poor Jennie, who had to almost die before the doctor could be sent for, and Anna's ankle might have been set, and saved her from being a cripple."

"Flora, you have nothing of the lady in you," rejoined her parent, sternly; I cannot imagine where you have imbibed such low ideas, except," he added, glancing askance at me, "these democratic longings have come through association," ahem! "Let me hear no more of them; I do not want to see my daughter a strong-minded woman, to be the sneer of every aristocratic salon."

Often we watched the pale, cold faces of shivering beggars, hungry children and desperate men, as they flitted by our sidewalk on a winter's day; and we would talk and wonder why such misery was, and what could be done to relieve or mitigate it, and though we scarcely knew what cold or hunger was, and our worst idea of suffering was conjured up only by the eternal repetition of my own early history, which Flora was never weary of listening to, or I of repeating still we thought and wept and longed to know more, do more, and be like some good fairy—a

streak of sunshine in the house of every child of sorrow. And after all, what was there to live for, but ribbons, silks and polkas? We knew there was a world outside these things, but not for us, and sometimes the question would arise, whether we might not find it beyond that dark closed portal through which our loved and well remembered mothers both had passed.

Flora was even more impulsive than I was, less schooled by early suffering to control herself, the burning fires of genius, and the uncultured, yet unquenched powers of mind that her woman's sphere allowed no vent for in other directions, all blazed forth in everything she was allowed to do. Since no other aim was allowed her soaring intellect—since it must be crushed down to the ignoble conquest over men's admiring eyes, this was an aim, and that was something; and so steadily did she pursue it that a more determined coquette never lived.

"I've nothing else to do," she'd often cry to me, "and I'll 'en do mischief; no lands to conquer, so I'll conquer men; no name to make, prizes to win, knowledge to gain, or life to comprehend; so then man must be all to me, and I will plow and harrow, win and wear him."

Flora was a girl of uncommon mind, and so she could express what thousands of other girls only indistinctly feel; she recognized that woman's sphere was no more than conquest over man's passions, and the subsequent lot of his toy or drudge; and while thousands of girls act this unrecognized fact out in the petty acts of despicable coquetry, does the world ever stop to question whether it has assigned to woman any higher aim?

Whatever Flora did, she did with all her heart, and soon began to delight, ay, and feel the necessity of that which she had first engaged in from mere idleness and excess of life. Practising until she became perfect, her glory now was conquest, her study how to make it, her aim to make it (as she would have made any aim) the most triumphant over every one she came near.

With a dim perception that something in the beautiful Flora was dangerous, and becoming unmanageable—the automatic governess and the equally automatic father, determined that the fate to which I said Flora must ultimately be consigned; namely, the care of a rich husband, had better be consummated at once.

Now I would not be supposed to infer that Mr. Masters simply sought to escape the charge of his willful, lovely child, and was contented to shift that charge to another, to spare himself the burden. I believe he loved her then, as dearly as his nature admitted of; but as society was constituted, he felt her destiny inevitable; he knew of no other for a well educated young lady, than to be married richly which the world calls "well," and for a heart full of passion, uncourbed will, than to be imprisoned the loathsome fetters of unsympathizing arms, and so the holiest bonds that can ever unite two human souls and mark its irrevocable character of discord and loathing or harmony and respect, upon an unborn generation, was to be made a matter of traffic and expediency, simply—because the world said it was right and the world's voice was omnipotent.

When Flora first heard her destiny announced, she was simply provoked; because she believed her "fate had come too soon," and her only game, excitement, be ended. But as the suitor came, by virtue of his position, in daily contact with her, and something of the new relations she was about to assume dawned upon her, indifference was changed to loathing, deepening daily into positive horror.

We had a seamstress in our family, whom for some time we all regarded as a pattern of propriety and virtue. Charming in her appearance, neat handy, modest, retiring and humble in her ways, and so industrious that she never seemed as if she could do enough for us, the girl became our very idol, until subjected the eyes of Flora's new betrothed. One fatal day, he informed the family, with many a ribald jest, that our favorite had been a notorious girl of the town.

Flora was astounded at first, but generously replied, "What if she has been—do you know aught against her now?"

Mr. Varley shrugged his shoulders, and Augusta nearly fainted; but when Mr. Masters heard the betrothed daily remark, he should not choose to keep such women about his wife, Mr. Masters left the room, and our gentle, tidy favorite the house within half an hour.

I heard one of the girls say afterwards, "the creature did not deny it, and yet had the boldness to ask to stay, threatening the mother to go back to the streets again, if some decent family would not keep her. Ay, she even had the audacity to go down on her knees and plead to stay."

"No wonder," added the virtuous girl, "when she found how much nicer it was to live in a decent house than on the town, but if such as she can be taken in, we won't stay, and that the creature may depend."

That night Flora dragged me with her to her father's library, and there ensued a conversation of which I give these fragments.

"Father, why did you dismiss Agnes?"

"I am astonished at you, Flora, that you compel me to repeat the disgusting facts of which I should think you would be ashamed to speak!"

"Oh, father!" cried this yet more child, "that Agnes said herself she sinned for bread, to save an old blind father from dying from starvation. Father, you are not old or blind, or starving! why should you ask me to sin for bread?"

"Good God, Flora! what horrible fancies have you been imbibing? Can you see no difference between the disgraced prostitution of the streets and the most holy state of marriage?"

"No sir," responded the girl, "I cannot unless love sanctions an union, otherwise merely animal, degrading, loathsome. I do not love Walter Varley! I hate him, and I do not see the difference between selling myself to him for a house and lands, and selling myself to him for a piece of bread!"

"Do you see no difference between the kennels of infamy and the Church of the Lord?" gasped the furious father, literally gushing his teeth in the pale face that so calmly confronted him. "Do you dare call that the same marriage that consummates ruin to woman in the places it is a shame to speak of, and the solemn ceremony which God's anointed pronounces over you in His sacred house?"

"God may sanction and Priests may sell me," replied the hardened girl "the pollution is the same in the end."

"Now, may heaven grant me patience with this most unfortunate child!" cried Mr. Masters—then turning a savage look on me, as if he had detected the source of what he deemed his daughter's perversion, he scowled upon me with a look of hate I shall never forget, and thundered,

"Begone, serpent!"

The next minute I passed the threshold of the library, and soon the arms of Flora were wound

around my neck, while in tender accents, she murmured,

"Forgive me darling—this is all my fault, Perdita, I will amend it!"

The next week saw Flora Masters the wife of Walter Varley.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Original Essays.

Written for the Banner of Light.
TO A LOOK OF HAIR.

Dear cherished relic of an absent friend,
Whose crolling folds, though voiceless, speak to me
Of bygone hours—on which my hopes depend
For future light—to guide me o'er life's sea.
Thou hast a moral in thy very form:
For, rolling round and yet around, I see
Thread join with thread—an emblem thus upborne
Of ceaseless cycles of eternity.

Within thy clasp of mingled brown and gray,
Twining and glistening like an autumn spray,
I see a silver heart, whose motto there,
Inscribed in golden words this fervent prayer:
Oh, God! may E—, the keeper of this curl,
With love's own fires be filled—truth's flag unfurl
To mortals here—and point the way to heaven,
From whence all power, all strength, all hopes given.

May wisdom's leaves with flowers of truth entwine
To form a basket rare, whose golden fruit,
Plucked from the tree of life by hands divine,
Is passed to earth the starving soul to meet.
Then let us each this truthful motto bear
Within the inmost folds of every heart
That thou, O Father, bless us with thy care,
That we from thy pure precepts ne'er depart.
Edin. Cottage, Rochester, N. Y. E. M. W.

WAR IS AGAINST THE PRECEPTS OF CHRIST AND COMMON SENSE.

BY A. B. CHILD, M. D.

Some writer says:
"To act is ours; quite sure, what'er we do,
Whether it be for our own good or ill,
Or others good or ill.
But the price one pays for pride is mountains high."

Have we, who go for war, experienced its hardships and restraints, its stern commands, and its worse than prison bondage? Have we seen and shed the bitter tears that war produces? Have we felt the anguish, the agonies, the pains and sufferings, that are the lawful products of a successful war?

"Have we heard the voice of fame retire
And die away?"

Have we not learnt that victory is a curse? Have we not learnt that to give and forgive, is a blessing; is the boon of love? How stand the precepts of Jesus Christ in this age of light, of liberty, of love? Where is Christ to-day? Is he nailed yet to the cross and crucified in the light of what is denominated civilization, love, and liberty?

Have we yet to learn that it is the final work of honor, fame, and pride, to tear our earthly houses down, to desolate our peaceful homes, to fill our hearts with sorrow by the horrors of human war?

There is perhaps nothing on earth that afflicts humanity with greater suffering than war; and there is no human action in which there is so little reason and common sense exercised as there is in the powers that produce and sustain war. The curse of prostitution is a meagre curse, when compared with the awful curse of war, that makes seas of blood and seas of tears. The whole calendar of crime has produced but a tithe of the suffering that wars between nations, between man and man, have inflicted upon humanity. What is a theft, compared with murder at wholesale? What is an act of licentiousness, compared with the cold blooded murder of father and son, brother and friend on the battle field? Yet theft and licentiousness are condemned and punished with ignominious degradation, while the man that wears the plumes of war, and murders the largest number of his fellowmen on the battle field is honored, glorified, and crowned with the laurels of victory. On each one that the valiant man has killed, he has inflicted the agonies of the dying man, and on the poor wife of every man thus slain he has caused untold sorrow, many tears to flow, and countless sighs of regrets; for each murder that he has committed, he has made a breach in a family circle that time can never heal; he has made homeless, houseless, orphans for the cruel world to cast but little, if any, sympathy and favor upon.

The successful warrior has sown seeds of anguish in the bosom of many that will take long and weary years to eradicate. Who would be a warrior? He who loves humanity? Who would deal out anguish to human souls, add pain to pain, and tears to tears, to support what is called justice and honor, that in a deeper view are but trash? Would Christ do this? Will he who loves all others as he loves himself do this? Will he who loves himself justly do this?

Who sanctions and who supports war? The "Christian" Church and moral reforms do this more willingly, more systematically and more efficaciously than "sinners" do. What is called the Church of Christ, and in fact all the religions of sects, constitute the basis of war, of human slaughter, on the battle field.

A religious man will make a dreadful fuss if his store is robbed, by which deed nobody is very much hurt—while he, from blindness, is led to see that it is God-service to blow out the bowels of a thousand fathers and husbands on the field of battle, if his country calls and demands it. An act of fornication, that has not made one hearth desolate, is counted a heinous offense, against which a well-ordered society raises a clamorous voice—while it is claimed that a bloody war, which desolates ten thousand homes, is a virtue that must be supported, to save the honor of a country. That man is deep in a hell of coming suffering, who says to day, "My voice is still for war." Yes, he has ordeals of agonies to pass, into which he furiously rushes with his eyes blindfolded. All men who go to war wear blinders that unseen wisdom puts on them; puts on them because they need them. These men know not who Christ is yet. But by passing through the ordeals of war they learn.

Was Christ for war? If it had been so, his name, as an example for humanity, would have faded and vanished from memory forever. Was Christ for war? "I tell you nay." Christ through love and by love is to be the mighty conqueror of all human conflicts.

The element that makes war on the battle-field, is the same element intensified that makes dogs and children fight; that makes lewd women quarrel, pull each other's hair and scratch each other's eyes and faces; that makes neighbors quarrel, and be at enmity with one another; that makes domestic broils and family contentions; that supports court houses and State houses. These petty quarrels, it is claimed, are low and groveling; but war on the battle-

field of nations slake men a great deal deeper down in suffering than these.

But it is said that war is necessary. I cannot doubt that wherever it is, it is so; and it is right to its condition. But fighting men know not the end for which the awful scourge of war is used. They think it is for the protection of the silly, gaudy plumes of honor, which they believe are glorious, while in the end war may destroy not only their love of honor and glory, but all that belongs to time.

Oh, ye unseen powers that rule the world of causes, deliver us from war; but if war must be, Thy will, oh God, not ours, be done. If our natures are warlike yet; if we must longer go for human slaughter and human war; if we need the agonies of war; if we need to drink the bitter cup, we bow submissively—for behind the veil where sensuous vision never goes to look, there is an unseen power, and wisdom too, in all the dreadful works of human war and bloodshed, that are necessary to the condition that produces them.

War has been for the past more than it shall be for the future, we all hope. War may have been necessary to an early condition of the human race, but it cannot be so always. Is my love for other men so small that I could run a bayonet through their hearts? Is my love for self so great that I could take another's life for some small good that might accrue to me thereby? Will we fight with men, even if they war with us, when such dreadful curses follow; and when we have a better way shown to us by one who never fought but always forgave; who never murdered, but was murdered on the cross, without resistance—without a single manifestation of a warlike element! Before I raise a gun to shoot my fellow man in war, let my nerves be paralyzed; before my heart beats with the triumph of victory gained by bloodshed in war, let it cease to beat on earth.

But when we look upon the awful curse of human war; upon the carnage and bloodshed; upon the destruction of life and health; upon the annihilation of prosperity and comfort; upon the tears and agonies of friends, and see all nature gay, joyous and lovely around us, the birds and beasts all happy, we melancholy chant with Bishop Heber the plaintive words:

"Can God, thought I, the good and great,
These meager creatures bless,
And yet deny to man's estate,
The boon of happiness?"

We will turn the picture. All these tears and agonies, all these scenes of deepest conflict, all these woes of desperation and death that belong to spirit-infancy, are for our good; in spirit, are for our future heaven. For out of this earthly hell of suffering the soul has birth into the peace and harmonies of heaven. The future—the spirit-world, is for the soul to find its happiness in; the present—this earthly life, is for the soul to find its birth—its painful birth, from matter into heaven's freedom. It is well—but it is hard; it is hard to bear, but it is for our highest good I cannot doubt. It is right; but as our peaceful Christ has said, "if it be possible, let this bitter cup pass from our lips." Thy will, oh God, must be done.

There will be a time when we shall pass the necessity of war—then we shall learn that to injure our brother is to injure ourselves; to wound our brother is to wound ourselves; to shoot our brother is virtually to shoot ourselves. Humanity, by the unseen law of sympathy, is a unit—so the injury of one is the injury of all; the pain of one is the pain of all; the agony of one soul, by the power of sympathy, runs and vibrates throughout the mighty unit. The man who stains the ground with the blood of his brother, is not yet awakened to the consciousness of this yet unseen truth, but acts in blindness from the powers that control his being.

A man that loves war, if not already a convert in what is called the Christian Church, will be liable in a revival to be called on the anxious seats. He is virtually in the ranks of what is called Christianity. So long as a man is willing to go to war or gives aid to its support, he has the elements of murder in him; he is indirectly, if not directly, a murderer. So all men are, in the category, but thanks be rendered to God, there are exceptions among women. He who follows the teachings of Christ, virtually cannot be a warrior, for Christ says forgive seventy times seventy. When every man shall forgive the offences of every other, once, twice, three times, then war will be known no more; the rumors of war will cease, and peace reign throughout the world. Aggression is not repeated when there is forgiveness in kindness. Forgiveness, also, always insures restitution, not repeated aggression. Every blow in war struck in defence, is an aggressive blow for war continued.

If Christ, as is claimed, be the Saviour of all humanity, he is on the side of each of the armies that are at enmity, and in conflict with each other. Those who claim to be Christians, are murdering each other. Members of the same churches, Methodist, Baptist, Congregationalist, Episcopal and Catholic, may draw swords upon one another, and if the tenets of these churches be of true Christianity, Christ is fighting Christ with guns and bayonets; with cannons and swords; with saltpetre and brimstone; with grape shot and bombshells. Now are the teachings of Christ an incentive to set on fire these elements of suffering? No, they are not, but they are the reverse. It is that love made manifest in the bosom of Christ that shall break the strong arm of human warfare and paralyze the nerves of all human contention, by forgiveness without limits; by concession without boundaries.

For what is war? It is for the want of forgiveness, for the want of concession; it is for the maintenance of justice, that is justice in the eyes of one, and injustice in the eyes of another; it is for honor that falls like autumn leaves; it is for the claims of a little property that belongs to the universe, not to man; it is for what is thought to be right by one man, and wrong by another. It is for the support of selfishness, for the maintenance of self-possessions; for the maintenance of human rights that were and never can be defined as a standard for all to look upon. For patriotism in one is treachery in another.

War belongs to that condition of human life where the love of bloodshed predominates; where the love of self and hatred for others govern; where reason and common sense are dethroned, and Christ in spirit has never entered save to be crucified. Men are not grown to true Christianity while they support war; for Christ tells us to love our enemies; to love them is not to fight and kill them in battle. We do not love a man if we shoot him intentionally. It is not understood that we confer a blessing on an enemy if we kill him. Christ tells us to bless those that curse us, and do good to those that despitefully use us. Do we do good to a man when we do him all the injury that we can—even take life? Christ no where tells us to fight, injure, abuse, or murder our enemies, but he tells his church to be at peace with all men. Christianity is not found on the bat-

tle-field. Where, on earth, is it? It has not blossomed in human hearts yet.

"What shall we do," exclaim all the people, "when our country calls us to war?" Ho who follows Christ will do just what the church has never done and never taught, viz., "resist not," "forgive," "concede." "And," says one, "let your foes trample upon you and crush you?" Yes, I would let my foe trample upon me before I would murder him. But it is a want of forgiveness that makes my foe; it is resistance that continues his enmity; it is concession, if need be, of all that we possess, that shall make my cruel foe my most generous and enduring friend. This mode of treating the element of war, as taught by Christ, the church and state have not yet tried—so of its results the world is yet in ignorance. Why is not the instance yet known of a man who, when caught stealing a coat, was, in a friendly manner, called back and in kindness offered the coat of the same man from whom he stole the cloak? Such forgiveness as this has not yet been exercised by church or state. When it is, the result shall be known to be vastly favorable to the man from whom the coat was stolen, for he has made an eternal friend of the thief, who will bring back both coat and cloak, and forever desire to favor "the man of forgiveness." And by this simple act of forgiveness I will venture to affirm the thief will steal no more. Thus, in war, as it is in this case, non-resistance, forgiveness and concession will not cause our foes to trample upon us and crush us, but by such Christian acts they will become our friends and our benefactors, and all the benefits that we seek for in hostilities, and ten times more, shall come to us by forgiveness. Victories may sometimes come of non-forgiveness, of the hardness of self-will, of the obstinacy of tyranny, of the ardent desire to conquer and govern other men, but ten thousand times greater victories shall come to us by forgiveness and kindness to one another.

PHYSICAL CONSTITUTION OF COMETS.

BY DAVID TROWBRIDGE.

Having in the preceding article given a brief account of several of the most remarkable comets on record, I will now invite the attention of the reader to some considerations on the motions and physical constitution of the same class of bodies. The reader need not be surprised that so little is known by the astronomer respecting the physical nature of comets, for they have been carefully observed within the last half century; and these observations have mostly been made on different comets; the periods of revolution being so long, that ages pass away before the astronomer has an opportunity of observing the same comet a third, or even a second time, in all cases known, except that of Halley's Comet.

The word comet signifies a hairy star. According to the conceptions of this modern astronomer, a comet may be defined to be a body that revolves around the sun in a very elliptical, or elongated orbit, approaching quite near the sun when at its shortest distance, called its perihelion distance; and receding from him to a great distance, when compared with the former, when furthest from him, called the aphelion distance.

When near the sun, the velocity of a comet is correspondingly rapid, and when far from the great central luminary, its velocity is correspondingly slow. Since a comet under Newton's law of gravity can move in an ellipse, parabola, or hyperbola, (perturbations excepted) it seems possible that some comets may move in one of the last two curves. The parabola and hyperbola are not re-entering curves; that is, they do not return into themselves, and thus form a closed orbit, but they run out in two arms to an infinite distance.

A comet, then, moving in such a curve, could visit our sun but once. If such comets exist, and with a few exceptions all comets appear to move in parabolas, and a few have been found to move in hyperbolas, it must travel from sun to sun, sweeping through the universe on some errand of good, showing great variety of arrangements that exist in the universe of Nature. In all probability the greater number of comets move in ellipses of greater or less eccentricity.

When a comet makes its appearance, the astronomer supposes it to move in a parabola, for the calculations in relation to it are more easily made than in the case of an ellipse. If observation shows that it deviates from such a curve considerably, the astronomer then makes his calculations on the supposition that the curve is an ellipse. All these comets that appear to move in parabolas, do, in all probability, move in very elongated ellipses, their periods of revolution being very great. The period of revolution of several of the great comets that have been seen, as calculated by astronomers, but which are not certain, will be found in the following table:

Comet of 1661.	129 years.
" 1680.	675 "
" 1811.	3383 "
" 1843.	532 "
" 1858.	2338 "
" 1860.	1099 "

According to Prof. Encke's calculations, the great comet of 1680 has a period of 8800 years. According to Prof. Hubbard's calculations the great comet of 1843 has a period of 532 years. In the next table, the periods of those comets whose times of revolution are known, will be given.

Halley's Comet.	27,867 days.
Encke's "	4,207 "
Bida's 1st. "	3,421 "
Bida's 2d. "	2,406 "
Faye's "	2,727 "
Brorsen's "	2,093 "
Winnecke's "	1,830 "
Tuttle's "	5,005 "

When examined with a telescope, comets are, in general, found to consist of three parts. 1st. The nucleus, or interior star-like portion, which is more dense than the rest of the comet. Some comets seem to be nearly or quite destitute of a nucleus, proper; and when examined by means of powerful telescopes, do not appear to consist of a substance any more solid than the lightest morning cloud, and like such a cloud, they are penetrated throughout their whole extent by the solar rays. Sir John Herschel speaks of seeing a cluster of small stars of sixteenth or seventeenth magnitude, (the smallest visible to the naked eye are of the sixth and seventh magnitude), through 60,000 miles in thickness, of the material of Bida's comet. These stars would have been effaced from view by the most trifling fog, and yet they were distinctly visible. These facts indicate, since such comets can be distinguished by means of telescopes without difficulty, that they shine, in part, by inherent or direct light. On the other hand, extreme cases seem to indicate that some comets have a nucleus, or at least they exhibit a high degree of condensation.

The great comet of 1858 is one of this class. This class of comets shine with a star-like splendor. Other comets are seen which illustrate every condition of the nucleus, from the extreme tenuity on the

one hand, and be visible to the apparently solid body on the other. I say apparently, for it has not been proved that any comet has a solid nucleus. Many of the brighter ones (like the present one) seem to have a nucleus of a comparatively dense fluid.

2nd. The envelope. Immediately surrounding the nucleus, particularly in the brighter comets, is seen an atmosphere of greater or less purity (at no time very pure) which extends to a great distance from the nucleus—in the case of the comet of 1811 to a distance of 300,000 miles in the direction of the sun. The envelopes in the larger comets are seen to arise from the nucleus and pass away, perhaps, in the direction of the tail, as the comet feels very powerfully the heat of the sun. There were seven seen in the comet of 1858. In the present comet an envelope arose every twenty-four hours.

3d. The tail seems to be a continuation of the envelope in the form of a hollow cone in a direction that is almost always nearly opposite to the sun. It seems to be composed of very light material. My space is nearly filled, and I will add a few words respecting the present comet, and in another article I will treat of the probability of the collision of a comet with the earth, and the consequences thereof.

The present comet passed its perihelion on the 11th of June, at a distance from the sun of 79,000,000 miles. The inclination of the orbit is eighty-five degrees. It was nearest to the earth about the 23th of June, when its distance from the earth was but 12,000,000 miles; and distance from the sun 122,000,000. Its orbit does not correspond with any known. The greatest length of the tail was 105 or 106 degrees, on July 2nd. The tail changed its curvature between the 7th and 9th of July. The diameter of the head was 250,000 miles; that of the nucleus 170.

Perry City, N. Y., July 15th, 1861.

Written for the Banner of Light.
THE SONG OF WAR.

BY A. P. MC COMBS.

Peace may talk and preach and prattle,
Boasting many a bloodless battle,
Gained without the cannon's rattle,
But 'tis only silly twattle.
He has preached ages o'er,
Religion struts with pompous pride,
And science flings her banner wide,
And vaunts her conquests o'er the tide.
And prates of her advancing stride,
Pshaw! both are working side by side,
Have often with each other vied,
Making deep my score.

What hath enlightened science done?
What victories hath religion won?
Without my aid I answer none!
They with my spilling army run,
Scattering ruin wide.

In Pagan and Barbarian lands,
The Christian's gleaming altar stands,
And down must bow the heathen clans—
Or rides sharp in holy hands,
Soon tell how civilization plans
And proves all hail from gospel lands,
By Minnie verified.

I drove to land on Plymouth rock,
That rigid Puritanic stock,
Whose helms were never to feel my shock—
But I all plous plans at 'em took,
"And hurl my thundering car.
The Pilgrim fathers formed a plan—
A millennial era they began—
Their sons should ever lead the van,
A model be for every clan;
Peace should guide the American,
To never smite his brother man,
In deadly strife and war.

But they mistook their strength indeed,
When they presumed that they were freed
From persecuting bigot's creed,
Without my aid in time of need,
To break my galling chains.
'Tis me who strikes for public weal,
And oft corrutions dark reveal
Who lift the glittering point of steel,
And makes the haughty tyrant reel
Upon his throne, and trembling kneel,
And grant fair Liberty her seal,
To bank on freedom's plains.

Sure man's progressing hope has taught,
And by ingenious terms has sought
My conquering arm to bring to naught,
And all my fame so dearly bought,
On many a bloody field.
But look where Christian nations dwell,
Behold my armored arsenal,
My rifled gun and murderous shell,
Whose scented tongue is prompt to tell
Of many kingdoms that have fell—
Is sounding still the funeral knell
Of empires that must yield.

And history's pen has ever wrote,
That since the world has been affoot,
Great Godlike man I've ever smote,
And gulped down my open throat
The purple streams of life.
Then drunken with this human gore,
Inebriate-like fired to the core,
I down the maddening beverage pour,
Following man from shore to shore,
Still madly crying give me more—
And prophets say will evermore
In written rumors life.

False Teachings.

"In the event of thy race shall thou eat bread,"
This, with the preceding curse upon the earth, has
been deemed to imply that to labor was a curse. In
our courts of justice, the guilty party is sentenced
"to hard labor" to be performed in a given place—
as if the labor was the punishment.

I do not believe that God ever instructed Moses, or
that Moses instructed others to propagate this por-
tious fallacy—converting the greatest blessing into
a curse.

The influence of this heresy has been the curse
—making the poor man believe that he was doomed
to labor on account of his liberty, and that to escape
from it would add to his punishment. PAUL PAX.

A MODEL WOMAN.—A woman was arrested at
Syracuse, recently, for minding her own business.
She walked Genesee street daily, back and forth,
saying nothing to anybody, taking no interest in the
display of goods; and this continued until the citi-
zens got so anxious and excited, that the mysterious
promenader was taken to the police office and inter-
rogated. It there transpired that she is a resident
of Syracuse, whose husband had volunteered for the
war. She is somewhat out of health, and takes a
promenade whenever the weather permits, with a
view to its recovery. Her only offence is ignorance
of the fact that in this country she has no business to
attend closely to her own business. Every one here
must be busy in regard to the affairs of others, in
order to maintain a respectable standing.

Of all earthly music, that which reaches the farth-
est into heaven is the beating of a loving heart.

Correspondence.

A Fourth of July Celebration.

Among the interesting celebrations of the anni-
versary of our National Independence—an anniver-
sary which has become profoundly endeared to our
citizens since the great principles of civil liberty, for
which our ancestors successfully fought, have been
attacked by ambitious demagogues and their rabble,
at the South—permit me to insert in your columns a
brief account of a Spiritualist Plotic and Celebra-
tion, which was held on the glorious Fourth, among
the green hills of Woodstock—one of the loveliest of
our Green Mountain towns.

The Plotic was held in the beautiful grove on the
farm of Austin E. Simmons, four miles north of
Woodstock village. We were favored with a clear
sky and a balmy breeze, and as the morning hours
passed by, the progressive, and many of the conserva-
tive people of this section flocked in, till several
hundred aspiring souls were assembled beneath the
swaying branches of the majestic maples, and the
beautiful grove resounded with cordial greetings and
earnest conversation, showing that formalities have
little sway over our truly social and intelligent citi-
zens.

A stand had been erected for the speakers, over
which proudly floated our national emblem, the
Stars and Stripes; and rustic seats were provided
for the audience.

At 10 A. M., Mr. Thomas Middleton of Woodstock,
officiating as Chairman, the regular exercises com-
menced. Mr. M. is one of the earliest and ablest
advocates of the Spiritual Philosophy, and one who,
by precept and example, has done very much to en-
lighten the people of Vermont upon the genuine
teachings and mission of Spiritualism. Upon this
occasion, after the reading of the Declaration of In-
dependence, he favored us with an instructive dis-
sertation upon the nature of our relations to this
noble anniversary and to our present national perils,
and concluded by exhorting us to persevere in our
heroic efforts to sustain our government, and con-
quer at once our foes, and the tyranny of which they
are the exponents.

Mrs. M. S. Townsend, of Taunton, Mass., (former-
ly of Bridgewater, Vt.)—a brilliant inspirational
speaker—next gave us a patriotic address upon the
all-absorbing theme, "Our National Crisis." I re-
gret that I can give but a few sentences of this in-
teresting discourse, which I herein insert:

Life is a mere existence until it is thoroughly im-
bued with the spirit of Freedom. To-day we truly
live, for our hearts beat responsive to Freedom's call,
and we celebrate not only a day, but the inaugura-
tion of a principle which triumphed over oppression
in the past, but which is now about to receive a se-
verer test.

In the grand contest between the North—the ex-
ponent of liberty—and the South, the representative
of tyranny, we of the North have not only superior
intellectual and physical resources, but a vast source
of inspiration from the spirit-world, which will di-
rect us onward to a victory whose value to humani-
ty will far surpass our brightest anticipations.

Not only will humanity be politically disenfranchised
by the glorious issue of this grand struggle, but
upon every plane of action, old, bigoted ideas, which
obtained the mind like a prisoner in his cell, will be
extinguished one by one, and a noble independence
will gradually ensue.

The booming of cannon in the vales of Virginia
may seem to some like the surging of wild discords,
but it is a note of progress which sings gloriously
out toward the future. Our brave soldiers are fight-
ing, not for spoils, but for our Union, which is based
upon a recognition of the will of the people, and
their souls are interlinked with the grand idea of
individual rights.

As the earth has after each great geological epoch
of upheaval, become fitted for the growth and per-
fection of higher forms of life, so society, after this
great political upheaval, will become adapted to
more perfect forms of political institutions, and to
better modes of individual progress and social cul-
ture.

Mrs. Townsend concluded her address by improv-
ising a beautiful poem.

Noon having arrived, a welcome picnic dinner was
jointly provided by the citizens, and by the family of
our friend Simmons, and we were forcibly reminded
that our spiritual being depends very much upon the
material elements which we appropriate. A recess
was then held, which was spent by the audience in
pleasant interchanges of sentiment, and in rambles
in the grove.

At 2 P. M. the meeting was called to order, and
Miss A. W. Sprague, of Plymouth, Vt., an inspira-
tional speaker, delivered an eloquent and soul-stir-
ring address, from which I note a few sentences:

We celebrate this day as the anniversary of our
National Independence—an independence achieved
by virtue of the innate nobleness, the genius, the
moral force of our ancestors. Yet our 4th of July
comes every year three hundred and sixty-four times
too seldom; for we need to celebrate every day as
a day consecrated to Freedom in all its phases.

Every time a soul has struck a blow for Liberty,
some bell of God's universe has rung out a Declara-
tion of Independence! We should thank God for
every known or unknown hero who has trodden the
altar of sacrifice for human Freedom, and remember
that the truest way to build them monuments is to
follow their example.

This PEOPLE—that is the spell-word which has
made America a star in the firmament of nations—
that is the sign and signet of her glorious selfhood
and majestic power! In the sunny South our ban-
ner has been stained with oppression, yet the poor
victim alone has read its meaning; for while he
has received the stripes from the lash of the over-
seer, he has raised his soul to the stars in aspira-
tion for deliverance!

The armies of the Free North constitute but one
division of the world's army of progress, which
sometimes moves without banners and with muffled
steps, but which never ceases its glorious march, and
which presses onward to ultimate victory.

The war which now desolates a portion of our
country is only a manifestation of the war between
Freedom and Tyranny which has existed since hu-
man life began. The slave power has long ruled our
country, and having lost its rule, it now seeks to
ruin. Had not the North, Esau-like, sold her birth-
right for a mess of Compromise pottage, this war
would never have occurred; but, it having come, we
must meet it bravely.

We of the North shall gain the victory in this
struggle—a victory due to our superior moral as
well as physical resources; due to the hearts loyal
not only to their country, but to manhood and uni-
versal liberty. In our mighty prowess of intellec-
tual and spiritual power—a power sustained and aid-
ed by the invisible hosts of the angel-world—we
shall gain a victory that shall teach haughty Europe

that liberty shall never die upon our shores, and
that we can sustain institutions wherein the people
govern themselves; a victory which shall encourage
struggling millions in efforts to overthrow tyranny
in every form, and which shall radiate to future
ages the starlight of Hope!

Miss Sprague gave a glowing poem at the conclu-
sion of her remarks.

Our friend, Austin E. Simmons, was next warmly
greeted. Bro. S. is now enjoying a partial rest
from his labors of a few years past as an inspira-
tional speaker, and is now devoting his time mainly
to the culture of the soil. I have space for but a
brief abstract of his interesting discourse:

American freedom has been at once the glory and
the riddle of the world! The wet blanket of Seces-
sion has been thrown over us, but it can never ex-
tinguish the flame of Liberty which burns brightly
in the hearts of our patriotic citizens of the North.
A foul rebellion has transpired among us, but it
shall become extinct after its work shall have been
performed.

This war has been needed as an outlet through
which to throw off the corruption which has infest-
ed our government for many years; and, like a
thunder-storm, it will purify our political atmo-
sphere, and restore the pristine purity of its ele-
ments.

Like headstrong children, the Southern secession-
ists demand to be let alone in their mad career, yet
it is but to control them by force when the
teachings of love and wisdom fail.

The welfare of the race demands an earnest and
united effort to accomplish the speedy and perma-
nent victory of those noble Republican principles,
whose symbol is the stars and stripes, and whose
ultimatum shall be harmony and peace.

Our freemen of the North are educated by the
love of justice—and the patriotic pulsations of their
souls spring from the innate consciousness of their
rights, which they will forever maintain at any sacri-
fice.

Let us commemorate this day as the anniversary
of a noble independence of thought, speech and ac-
tion, which shall emancipate our people from oppres-
sion forevermore!

At the conclusion of Mr. Simmons's discourse,
brief addresses were made by Miss Betsey Folton,
of South Woodstock, and Miss Sarah Nutt, of Clare-
mont, N. H.—the former seventeen and the latter
fourteen years of age; and who, as trance speakers
of recent development, gave very creditable remarks.
It is to be hoped they will persevere in their initi-
atory experience, since they bid fair at no distant
period to become speakers of no common order.

Several of the audience favored us with remarks
expressive of their satisfaction with the proceedings,
and the meeting adjourned with a hearty vote of
thanks to Bro. Simmons, under whose auspices the
picnic was so successfully planned.

I deeply realize that the brief extracts from the
addresses of Mrs. Townsend, Miss Sprague and Mr.
Simmons, come short of doing them justice. The
enthusiastic appreciation by the audience of their
discourses, is but a single instance among hundreds;
for, throughout the East and a large portion of the
West, their efficient labors for several years have
given them a national reputation, and have endeared
them to the hearts of all true reformers.

So orderly and harmonious an assembly has rare-
ly been convened, and the moral tone which pervad-
ed it has never been excelled.

The spontaneous outbursts of applause which
greeted the noble sentiments of our speakers, and
the earnest expression of self-sacrificing heroism
which illumined the features of every one, spoke
volumes for the patriotism of our citizens, and in-
vested this occasion with an interest that by its par-
ticipants can never be forgotten.

Yours fraternally, JULIUS H. MORRIS.
Woodstock, Vt., July 18, 1861.

Associated Interest in Farming.

[The following letter bears an earlier date, and is
of a similar character to the communication we re-
cently published on Farming Corporations, from the
pen of Dr. Child. We observe that both writers in-
tend that in the practical carrying out of this plan
there will be found a remedy for the criminal deeds
that now afflict humanity. The plan that Dr. Child
has presented is new and interesting, and we doubt
not will command experiments as to its practicabil-
ity.]

DEAR BANNER—Permit me to say a few words in
your paper to the friends of progress, having had
much experience in this world. Having seen as many
ups and downs as generally fall to the lot of mor-
tals, and being naturally inclined to inquire into
causes and effects, I have come to the conclusion that
I can bring forth, or rather improve on what others
have done, in relation to a system that in time shall
make the world happy. Somehow mind is always
harping on Communism; and although it has been
tried and has failed in several instances, yet I can-
not but think it is the only system which will event-
ually redeem the world. It is folly to preach Chris-
tianity to a people on Sunday, whose business avoca-
tions during the week are diametrically opposed to
its general tenor. We cannot be real Christians
un'less for the present system of religious instruction.
The man who can put on the most airs, and accumu-
late the most wealth, has the most influence in the
religious world, and the poor man is made to kiss
the rod that smites him.

Now what I propose is a community of a certain
number, say one thousand to commence, who shall
make arrangements to commence operations in about
two years, with a fund, say, of one thousand dollars
each. There shall be a treasurer; but let each mem-
ber pledge himself to produce, and, when called upon,
to pay his quota for a tract of land which might be
selected during the time, in some healthy location.
In this way we could easily produce our own edifi-
ces, and in a little time, by proper management,
we might soon be able to manufacture our own cloth-
ing, furniture, cooking utensils, and in fact be self-
supporting, all for each and each for all. We should
need neither fine houses nor fine clothes. Let utility
be the motto; and banish the idea of excellence in
outside show, which is now such a millstone about
the neck of progress.

Four hours labor per day would support us with
an abundance of everything really needed. Our
dwelling houses might be separate, while our eating
might be all in one, the labor of cooking being di-
vided—a good system of education, with lecturing
two or three times per week, and preaching on Sun-
day, with free discussion at all times, having some
reasonable standard, and leaving out hell-fire for a
belief. Man is naturally inclined to worship, and it
purifies the soul, but no good comes of threats. Ad-
mit no man as member who is not thoroughly con-
vinced of the absurdity of the old creeds and dogmas;
and yet all should reverence real good, whether in
the Bible or any other book; and believing that he
who sins wrongs his own soul and seeks death.

I could write much on this subject, but as you

like short articles best, I will say but little more at
this time. Let us hear from others about it, and
see if something cannot be done. We know something
is now lacking, for we toil much and enjoy but little.
The present systems are rotten at the core, and no
tem will cure them without some practical remedy.
If you can suggest anything better than this let us
hear it. My object is to find out what good is, and
to do it without fear.

Your paper is still a welcome visitor at my house
though I do not pay much attention to what is said
from spirits, except it has some good meaning.
WM. BRINKWORTH.

Madison, Ind., June 23, 1861.

Mrs. S. M. Thompson, in Flushing, Mich.

The citizens of Flushing and vicinity having for
some weeks past been entertained by the inspira-
tional powers of Mrs. S. M. Thompson, from Toledo,
Ohio, take pleasure in saying the different subjects
that have been given her from time to time, were
beautifully illustrated and highly instructive to
every thinking mind. The soul-stirring language
and poetic powers of mind that are so powerfully
displayed in her discourses, seem to inspire an au-
dience to that degree that the sectarian for a time
forgets his creed, and as he follows her through the
extensive fields of Nature, as she calmly, quietly, but
surely brings to him from the grossest plant to the
finest flower, from the coarsest mineral to the purest
gold, challenging him at every point for investiga-
tion that awakens within his mind that activity of
thought that can no longer be subdued.

We have not time at present to do justice to this
truly amiable and highly gifted lady; but we cannot
close without tendering her our sincere thanks for
her eloquent and patriotic address to the citizens of
Flushing on the 4th day of July, knowing, as we did,
that she had made no preparation for the occasion,
the people having been disappointed in the speaker
they had engaged.

Mrs. Thompson, by general request, was called
upon the stand. The oration was to the point, and
with force that drew out the applause of the people.
The poem—though given impromptu—was beautiful,
touching on the different periods of our national
affairs, displaying that love for the Stars and Stripes
that would thrill the heart of every true American.
She then addressed the older of the gentlemen on
the stand, who had never before listened to a me-
dium, in such an impressive manner, that tears fell
from their eyes through sympathy for the glorious
truths that were presented; and our only regret is,
that there were not thousands more present to listen
to the same.
W. J. C.

Flushing, Mich., July 12, 1861.

Glad from Bro. Irish.

How I wish I could be usefully, beautiful, and
beautifully useful; how I long and agonize to be a
blessing to humanity. If I could lighten one life-
burden, how I would rejoice. I expect we are as
wayward children, and our murmur-tones, albeit we
are so fervent in prayer for all spiritual gifts, are
poor responses to their patient vigils, who, waiting,
watch till life is o'er. Then why are not the impul-
ses of the soul to be obeyed? If divinely rendered,
are they not in the sphere of spiritual growth? If
not, where are the answers to unceasing petitions?
But I will do moralizing, speculating, till some
other time.

During the winter and spring, I have been engaged
in lecturing in Vermont and New Hampshire. I
find Spiritualism is gaining ground, though many
fearing public opinion, and not being sufficiently in-
dividualized to rely on their own internal strength,
still keep their light hid, as also the knowledge they
have gained of spiritual matters. I have recently
had an attack of bleeding at the lungs, which may
unfit me for public speaking for some time to come.
Will you please give notice through the Banner that
I will answer calls to lecture in Massachusetts, R.
Island and Connecticut. Address, Taunton, Mass.,
care of Staples & Phillips.
Yours, &c.
Taunton, July 22, 1861. CHARLES T. IRISH.

Celebration of the 4th at St. Charles, Ill.

The 85th anniversary of our political liberty was
celebrated, in glorious style, by the five Spiritualists
of St. Charles and vicinity. Under the excellent
management of Bro. S. S. Jones, Esq., everything
went off most delightfully. The day was never finer
nor hearts more joyous. It is supposed there were
near five thousand anxious, earth-living souls present.
I counted seventy-five country wagons that came in
well freighted with humanity's better specimens.
An excellent Brass Band gave us superb music; and
the ladies supplied the vast assembly with a plenti-
ful picnic dinner entertainment.

The exercises were given in a most beautiful
grove, near the village, well fitted up with stand and
seats, but not half enough of the latter, to allow the
glory-shaking bodies a place of rest. The Declara-
tion of Independence was read by a young lawyer of
much promise, of St. Charles—Mr. Botsford.

Bro. Jones, in management, often made appropri-
ate remarks, and in the afternoon gave an excellent
address, which was well responded to by the listen-
ing throng. Mrs. Conley gave several patriotic
poems, well adapted to the occasion. I was permit-
ted to let some good angel drop passing words of
cheer for the cause of human and angel progression.

St. Charles, Ill., July 5, 1861. L. K. COONLEY.

Uncle Joseph's Seventh Annual Letter to the Little Folks.

Dear Children—Before the apple trees were in
blossom or a nest of young robins had piped their
way out of the tiny blue eggs, some boys and girls
began to stir about our Children's Convention, which
we have held annually since 1855. So some of them
wrote a letter and addressed it to an "uncle" of
their's proposing to hold it in hot haste, and not
wait for the usual time in the autumn. Way did
not open, however. Would you believe it, one of the
signers is a Secessionist! Time was when he was a
brave boy, but he seceded into the State of Matrimony.
Even thy good name will not shield thee, William!
There are strong indications that others may go,
but we must not be discouraged—we can af-
ford to be magnanimous and yet "sustain our Gov-
ernment," which we are determined to do at all haz-
ards. The time has now arrived for the children to
consider this anniversary their own. However, I
took the responsibility to see our friend, G. W.
Peiro, about the grand old Park, to go into after
the meeting shall be over. As usual the birds pour-
ed out a torrent of warbling as though they had
something to say on the question, and I just thought
that if every melodious sound could come down like
a snow flake, festooning the Norways and making a
white carpet under their wide spreading boughs, and
you were all there for about five minutes in your
little bare feet, would n't it be real fun to see 1000
or 1500 little tracks? By the way, that must be
multiplied by two, as each fellow would make two
impressions. You would be as joyous as the little
girl that had tight shoes and took them off, stockings
and all, saying, "there, little feet, now be happy,
wont you?" I like snow and water. I have thought
sometimes there would be a baby born, if it is not al-
ready, that would make light and fuel out of water.
We shall see.

Girls and boys, what do you remember the furthest
back? How we should all be amused to hear each
tell the story. Well, when I was a "wee little fel-
low" I had a fashion of running down and playing

by the side of a stream like the Brandywine. Father
had cautioned me, without the desired effect. One day
he had me take off my clothing, and suddenly as a
bird would swallow a worm, some neck and heels under the water. I sprang for the
shore. How I came to succeed in getting there I
never could tell. I was so frightened that I did not
hear my father calling me to stop. I leaped like a
young antelope, ran into the village street and bound-
ed in at the front door. I learned a lesson of obedi-
ence that day, and that is the furthest that I can
remember away back amidst the star beams of near
half a century. I wish the traitors could all be
taught an *effective lesson*. I think they will be.
They are like the bores who destroy our beautiful
trees. Children, we must all work and pray that
the angel of liberty may cast out the demon of slav-
ery which is boring out the heart, and causing the
leaves on the tree of the nation to look yellow. The
tree must not be suffered to die. When I think of
overthrowing oppression, putting down intemper-
ance, tobacco using, profanity and all other evil, I
can't help feeling that little children may aid in
the work. I believe in my heart the holy Jesus
thought so too, for we read, "And they brought
young children to him, that he should touch them,
and his disciples rebuked those that brought them,
but when Jesus saw it, he was much displeased, and
said unto them, Suffer the little children to come
unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the
Kingdom of God."

"Verily, I say unto you, whosoever shall not re-
ceive the Kingdom of God as a little child, he shall
not enter therein."

There is a chord reaching from where we are to
where the lover of little children dwells. Let every
little hand take hold of it, and, as some one said, it
will ring the bell, and though we may not hear, the
angels will hear, and God will hear, and answer us
according to our works.

Come then, come one, come all. When you think
the wagon is full, sit a little closer and crowd one
more little fellow in. Our meeting will occur in
August, the anniversary month of British Emancipa-
tion, when hundreds of thousands of little children
with their parents were changed from the condition
of chattelism into freedom. God hasten the period
when the foot-print of a slave shall not pollute our
fair land.

A noble little Chester county boy raised six dollars
in five cent pieces last winter, and sent them to the
committee to relieve the starving people in Kansas.
I have never seen him. I hope he will come to the
Convention. I would rather shake hands with him
than with a chieftain or a conqueror. Let the gal-
lant little State of Delaware, our own counties of
Lancaster, Montgomery, and Delaware, all be rep-
resented as usual, for we are to have a good time.
The order will be first to hold the meeting, then load
a couple of wagons with well filled baskets, when we
will all walk over to the Park, with the distinct
understanding that no carriages are to enter the gate.
Affectionately your uncle and friend,
JOSEPH A. DOUGLASS.

P. S. The West Chester county boy raised six dollars
on the Baltimore Central will arrive at 10 A. M., at the
Greenwood Station, twenty minutes' walk from Long-
wood.

EXTRAORDINARY MANIFESTATION OF THE HEALING POWER.

We publish below, what is considered one of the
most remarkable cases of healing that has recently
come into notice. It is that of a little child six
years of age, the daughter of Mr. William Melville,
of Dorchester. The cure was performed by Dr.
Charles Main, of No. 7 Davis street, Boston, and is
so well authenticated as to leave no possible room for
doubt in the matter. The father of the child is will-
ing to testify to the facts in the case, to any one who
may desire to question him, and has sent the follow-
ing letter to Dr. Main, setting forth the circumstan-
ces under which the cure was performed.

DORCHESTER, July 20, 1861.
DR. CHARLES MAIN: Dear Sir—Gratitude for the
restoration to perfect health of my little daughter
Carrie, under your method of treatment, and that, too,
after we had concluded she must remain a cripple for
life, has prompted me to give you the following
statement of her case, which you are at liberty to
publish if you so desire.

Nearly a year since, my daughter had a fall from
stumbling over a carpet that had been left in the
middle of the floor of an unused room, preparatory
to being tacked down. She complained somewhat of
being hurt, but as there was neither bruise nor contu-
sion, we did not notice it. Two days after the acci-
dent she lost the use of her neck, the head falling for-
ward on her breast. At the same time her right side
hollowed in, this symptom being accompanied with a
slightly increased projection of the abdomen.

The family physician was called in, and after a
careful examination, pronounced the disease to be a
serious spinal affection, induced by the fall. Several
months of the most skillful treatment he could ad-
minister was of no avail, the child gradually grow-
ing worse. Her arms became powerless, then her
limbs, until finally she was unable to walk about or
help herself in any particular. Other physicians of
eminence were consulted, but were forced to the con-
clusion that the case was one that baffled their com-
bined skill. At night, when the little sufferer tried
to sleep, her limbs would involuntarily draw up,
causing her the most intense pain, and we would be
obliged to replace them in order for her to get any
relief.

At this time my attention was called to your mode
of treatment, by little Carrie's aunt, who desired me
to send for you. I was utterly opposed to the pecu-
liar method by which you operated. I always had
been; but a consideration for my child overcame all
things else, and I consented to have you see her.
The accurate description you gave of the case, (never
having seen the child before) assured me that I
might hope; and by your immediate decision that she
could be radically cured, was still more encourag-
ing. Still I was skeptical. I finally said you could
take the case. If the child was cured, I would pay
you any price you might ask. If she was not cured,
I should give you nothing.

The little one was carried to your home, at No. 7
Davis street, once a week. You cannot imagine my
feelings at

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1861.

OFFICE, 138 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON.
Room No. 3, 2d STAIRS.

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ALL BUSINESS LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS MUST BE ADDRESSED

"BANNER OF LIGHT, BOSTON, MASS."

ISAAC B. RICH,

Publisher, for the Proprietors.

JUST AHEAD.

If we may judge merely by what we see around us now, not to extend the links of logic very far along into the future, we should say emphatically that we are all of us to be visited with pretty hard times, during the approaching winter. It is for no mean purpose of "croaking" that we make so unwelcome an allusion, but to hint to those who have, and are able to bestow, what the commonest ideas of duty alone ought to suggest, and especially to dwell on that aspect of the case which recognizes in our social system nothing more nor less than a close dependence of every one upon every other person.

The spirits predict, with positiveness, reiterating their prophecies continually, that we are to have awfully hard times next winter. Why should not it be so? Nay, how could it possibly be otherwise? Here are factories in scores, either cutting down their work to a great extent or coming to a stand altogether, on the active operation of which depends, we may say for a time at least, the actual existence of thousands of laborers. What is to be done for them? What can be done with them? Who stands ready to help them to work, which is all they want and will ask for? If capital finds such difficulty in obtaining investment while this war continues, and business operations except for warlike purposes are completely at an end, the only activity visible being in supplying food and clothing to such as are able to pay for it, what is to ensue? Plainly enough, it cannot be that accumulated capital will permit the thousands around who wrought industriously for its accumulation to starve and die. For God has arranged it very differently, and made men, in a state of so-called civilization, so mutually inter-dependent that none can declare himself the master and owner of the other's work, without lowering and wronging himself correspondingly.

If, then, our laboring classes, or rather our industrial classes—as they are sometimes called—are scarcely able to secure bread and butter for their own mouths at the present time, how can it reasonably be calculated for them that they will lay up anything against the wants of the coming winter? If there is little to do now, and the blank prospect before them of actual nothing to do then, how in the name of common sense are they to live? They are human beings, possessed of both bodies and souls, and have as good a right and title to existence as any of us. But how is the problem to be solved? How are they to live? Clearly, there seems to be but one method: they must be aided by the surplus which their own steady industry in former years has created. This, however, in no sense entitles them to the use and enjoyment of that surplus, by means fair or foul, and must not be construed in that way; the interpretation is not for the sufferers at all, but for the capitalists alone; it is intended to give them broad and impressive hints of their own duties in the premises, to show them that their own individual fortunes are so intermixed with the general fortune that they could not disentangle them if they would; and to impress upon their hearts the truth of an universal brotherhood, implying all the golden offices of kindness, neighborliness, and charity.

We fully agree and insist, that what the superior skill and enterprise and industry of one man have succeeded in securing to himself, he is entitled to the enjoyment of, by every law of God and man; but, on the other hand, he cannot remain forgetful of the claims of the community upon him as a citizen among the rest, with whose approval and aid he has hitherto enjoyed his worldly prosperity without interruption. There is a mutual obligation in this matter, which deserves to be fairly recognized and cheerfully accepted on both sides. Without social order and social security, property would be worth hardly the eager quest of it; and he who is allowed to enjoy his own security and peace, even though it be his own and the fruit of his own labor alone, cannot safely forget the obligations he rests under to the same social system in which he has achieved his prosperity.

As for our laboring people, it is notorious even now that they do not earn much more than is barely sufficient for their hand-to-mouth existence. We understand, for example, that the wages of operatives in many of our factories have been cut down as much as forty-two per cent. in many instances, while in many others wages have been cut off altogether. In the shoe business—which is perhaps the leading interest of Massachusetts—where the workmen were in the habit of receiving thirty cents for custom work, they now get but thirteen cents, and so along to the end of the chapter. Now we ask in all seriousness, if nothing is to be done now by workmen at their respective trades and callings, and the prospect for next winter is utterly blank and dreary, what is it expected they will do? We know that very many New England mechanics and artisans have already emigrated to the great North-west this season, believing that they would better their fortunes there; but it must be remembered that the season for such emigration has now pretty nearly passed, and a tough and scarce winter must be endured before another opportunity occurs for their moving out beyond the lines of want. It is the winter just ahead that demands attention; and we shall all find, very soon, that it will force itself upon us to care for its countless privations, unless we are provident enough to take time by the forelock and guard against its trials as much as we can.

If, now, the great money power of the North—which, of course, sustains the war for the time it is waged—determines to continue the same, and thereby destroys the whole of that gigantic industrial interest by which it has been raised to a power at all,

how is it quite plain that it stands absolved from all obligations to the individuals composing that interest, when they are thus reduced to their last straits in spite of all their precautions? We confess we cannot see that it is. Humanity stands far before money. It has rights and claims that cannot be disregarded, let those of money live or perish, as they may. This our men of money at the North are bound to heed and consider of, in due season. Unless a people find their accustomed support, through hardships as well as through terms of prosperity, all life is lost, and money becomes as valueless as everything else. It is not to be forgotten that all values are merely relative, and that money itself is of no worth unless the standard of values—which is laborious industry—is kept up.

Perhaps it is necessary to cut down wages at this time, considered purely as a measure of profit to the proprietor and employer; but perhaps, again, it would be better to keep mills and factories running still, even though only in part. The operatives are thus enabled to earn something, and that something has to go for bread and the actual necessities of life; so that some departments of business receive a new impetus from that source. But where shall the manufactured goods find their market? It is asked. Suppose they should find no market at all, while these troubles continue? Suppose they are allowed to accumulate in the warehouses, waiting the time to come again when revived trade will surely create an awakened demand for them? In that case, the full interest on the stock used in manufacturing has been lost, with, as an offset, the chances of a great rise in the value of goods of which the market has so long been deprived. But is not that risk, or that loss, far better for society, and so for every individual composing that society, than to permit the dreadful ravages of suffering to proceed, without so much as a single earnest effort to prevent them? Besides, such a war as this must be a short one, from the very nature of the case. Unless some providential circumstance interposes, both sides will have become thoroughly exhausted, both in treasure and life, should the war continue until another Spring. Even now the New York Tribune cries out in a sort of half despair, "Men and brethren! it will not do to make this war a long one!" and goes on to assert that neither unemployed labor nor unemployed capital will consent to its continuance beyond the expiration of a year from the date of its beginning.

Then it stands to the eye of reason that it is for the coming winter only that provision should be made on behalf of unemployed labor. In Massachusetts, the ranks of men and women composing that labor count many indeed. If help is to be extended to them, it ought to be done in a brotherly and neighborly, not in a patronizing and charitable way, for are they not bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh—fellow citizens and neighbors all? Then such aid, in order to be effective and timely, ought to be set on foot in some organized and regular manner, and not dispensed impulsively, without some fixed rule, and altogether without responsibility. Where work can be created, or continued, that is better, and would be more acceptable to the recipient of it; for in that way neither the dignity nor the industry of the individual suffers any shock or from any temptation. We commend the timely and earnest consideration of this important topic to the action of the men of capital who do not now find it easy to employ their accumulations to advantage. If they would retain for themselves the actual value of their fortunes, let them not forget the cause of those by whose virtue and valor they are themselves sustained.

THE GREAT BATTLE.

The battle of Sunday, the 21st of July, which was but in continuation of that of the 18th, at Bull Run, or Bull Creek, in Virginia, receives various interpretations from our northern people, so far as its value and future importance is to be estimated, although as a stimulus to further effort in the same direction, it no doubt is accounted generally invaluable. Some rank it with Sumter in this respect, insisting that the popular mind of the north will be certain to be aroused, and fixed firmer in its war-like purpose, by this untoward event as much as by the other. So far as the public press of our section may be fairly regarded as an exponent of the state of public feeling, we confess we are bound so to receive the meaning and force of this bloody affray.

The war—say all—must go on. So says Jeff. Davis likewise. That means that we must fight until we have virtually subdued the stubborn will of our rebellious fellow citizens, or until they have subdued ours. We feel aggrieved in our most sensitive point—that is our patriotism; and they profess to be wounded exactly in theirs, their love of individual independence and individual sovereignty. Some of our people declare for the establishment permanently of a great Nation; while many of theirs as emphatically insist on the spread and growth of a great People. We do not, however, deem the object of the struggle just as it at present stands, to be particularly well defined; it is viewed from various angles of vision; different persons see different shapes for it, and it can hardly be said, just now, that we are all agreed as to the final purpose and aim of the war, though there is no shadow of disagreement as to the motive with which it was originally entered upon.

As for the great Bull Run battle, we may say of it that we lost it, after once having gained it, simply because the enemy were able to bring up fresh reinforcements in superior numbers, while we, being already worn down with exertion, want of food, and thirst, were obliged to rely upon the forces that had already just come out of the fight. Add to this, that a senseless panic seized upon a large body of men, not only rendering them worse than useless, but spreading a powerful contagion through the ranks of the entire body. Then again, our military supervisors, whether in obedience to the suggestions of the civil authority or not, we have no just means of knowing, were unduly anxious for the fate of Washington, fearing that, if twenty thousand troops stationed there should be forwarded to McDowell at Bull Run, either Lee would come down from the north, aided largely by insurrectionary forces from Maryland, or Maryland rebels would of their own instance make a movement of the same nature, and thus the national capital would fall an easy prey to the other side. It strikes us, at this distance and with such means of information as are more or less open to all, that this fear for the capture of Washington was, a fatal bugbear, and that it is much more likely to nullify any advance movement of our troops in the future than it has done already. Certainly, we cannot expect to get very far into the Southern country, if we are all the while in such mortal dread of their somehow circumventing us, and closing in upon us in the rear. If, therefore, we were asked to give our opinion relative to the prime cause of our defeat, or retreat rather, in this battle, we should say emphatically, that they were as follows: 1st, want of intimate knowledge of the country and the enemy's re-

sources; 2d, inefficiency of more than one general officer; 3d, a causeless panic among the troops, begun with the teamsters, who had followed too close in the rear of the advancing columns; 4th, the two great anxieties for the safety of Washington; and, lastly, growing directly out of the previous reasons, lack of fresh reinforcements with which to supply the place, or the field, of troops that ought, after nearly a whole day's fighting, to have been called away from the action.

There was where we were particularly weak, and the enemy particularly strong. We know comparatively nothing, either, of their forces or of the strategic disposition of them. And while it would have been best for us to become informed of the number of the enemy we were going out to meet, it would have been equally prudent for our generals, to have been provided against every possible exigency, or the occurrence of any imaginable disaster. After the worst was known to Gen. Scott, it was reported that he exclaimed—"This is no defeat—no defeat! This government has not been defeated!" We are decidedly of the old hero's opinion. "And still it is a disaster, and one of that peculiar character which amounts very nearly to an overthrow. For if such a catastrophe has the effect to demoralize the army, no cause, however politic or righteous, can expect to be defended and established. Everything depends upon the spirit with which a contending force is animated."

The government say they will try it again. Although the cry—"On to Richmond!"—does not seem to sound so loud as it did before this repulse of our forces, it is manifest that the determination to go to Richmond is backed up with more thorough and effective preparations than before, and that our progress is to be marked by stronger measures all the way. But it is not to be lost sight of, on the other hand—nor do we think the people are overlooking it—that this rebellion is fast taking the form of a revolution; and thus the relations of the two sections are incessantly changing, one toward the other, which will surely lead to still other changes of policy, both with us and abroad. Where we shall land, the God that sits in the heavens above us best knows. Should this speedily take the shape, simply of a sectional war, there are very few who will desire to see it continued; but while, as now, it is waged for the supremacy of constitutional authority alone, and our Government has valid reason to believe that seceded States are not serious or unanimous in their professed desire to sever their connection with us, all will say—let it go on. Thus far we have a cause; but without that, we can hope to accomplish nothing.

"Essays on Various Subjects."

The above is the name of a book of two hundred pages, intended as stated on its title page, "to elucidate the causes of the changes coming upon the earth at this present time, and the nature of the calamities that are so rapidly approaching." The articles, or essays, have been received by the mediumship of the same lady from whom came "Further Communications," published not long since, and highly spoken of by Judge Edmonds, and others. They purport to have been written by spiritual intelligences claiming to be those who, while residents of this life, held important positions and exercised considerable influence, the names of whom are given. These claims may be just, and the essays may have come from those whose well-known names they bear, and they may not. We think the publication of the names rather detrimental than otherwise to the object of the work, and are sorry they have been given, for there are those who will quibble over such points, and while questioning and discussing their reliability, will fail to discover the real merits of the articles contained in the book. Names in such matters should in all cases be omitted, and the communication invariably be allowed to rest on its own intrinsic worth.

The work professes to furnish intelligence respecting the nature and advent of a great tribulation which is near at hand. This tribulation, it is said, will comprise a sad series of events to be the precursors of the final happiness, peace and holiness to be attained by the inhabitants of earth at no very distant period. In a word, we are on the verge of the last great conflict between Gog and Magog—between Good and Evil—and it will be a struggle the like of which this world has never beheld. Yet we are encouraged not to be disheartened at the immediate prospect before us, by the raising of the veil of the Future disclosing results to Earth the most grand and glorious.

The past and present condition of the human race is very fully delineated; the advent of Spiritualism and the results that are to follow, are spoken of by a mind that appears fully to understand the subject, and is treated in that able and masterly manner in which such a one might be expected to handle it. It states that famine and sickness will tread in the path of the war at present existing in our midst; that the effect of the war and famine will be to generate a bad magnetism upon the earth which shall impregnate the air with poison. The air shall then become the messenger of woe, poisoning man and woman—the nearer to the scenes of contention and strife, the more intense will this condition of things exist; but it will be healthy nowhere. The writer commiserates us upon the prospect, before us, and were it not that some consolation, some prospect of deliverance could be brought, would not have raised the veil of the future as he has. Men generate in themselves their own conditions, and the magnetism they throw off is poisonous, or healthy, or healing, just in proportion as they cultivate good or bad propensities or feelings.

The sickness that is to come will be the result of long continued excesses. It will not be the development of one life or of many, but the effect of continuous treasons committed by men and women against their own higher natures. It will be so new, so strange, so startling in its developments, that no doctor's hand can reach it, no human wisdom detect its cause or remedy. Only in one way, and from one source may a cure be found. It is in purification of the spirit—in a cultivation of the higher principles of our nature. By doing this we shall by slow degrees generate a magnetism around us that will have no affinity for the deadly particles of the miasma, and will not imbibe them. But these purifications must not be merely superficial. There will be no safety but in real feeling, real aspiration, deep, inward action of mind.

"Ah! then, my friends, will the power of the Lord be made manifest—then will come the time when true spiritual teachings shall reach the hearts of the people; when the true and false prophets and mediums shall easily be distinguished from one another by the conditions of their followers and of themselves. In that time shall the righteous flourish, and abundance of peace shall rest upon them." The miserable, sick and suffering shall alike seek their aid—their counsel—and great power shall be vested in them. They shall not only be endowed

with a gift of healing mighty to save, but their words, their most effectual weapons, shall be empowered to carry conviction and repentance to the hearts of the sufferers. Light shall follow in their footsteps, and the fruits of the Spirit shall be manifested through and in them; insensible to fear or danger, they shall be guarded and supported by the bright spirits around them; and no fatigue, suffering, or trouble, shall make them afraid. As ministering angels will they be looked upon by their poor friends of earth, to whom they can bring a balm and consolation that ministers and doctors will fail to impart."

These events, which are to commence in this country, will spread throughout the world, and the end will be an altogether different and better condition than has ever existed upon earth.

An impression has existed in the minds of Spiritualists for a long time that occurrences similar to those alluded to in this book were soon to appear in our midst. A considerable number of individuals possessing mediumistic power, have, by some invisible, yet perfectly controlling influence, been subjected to very severe discipline, varying in detail with each, and yet in general features holding a marked similarity, as if each person was in some way related to all the others. These mediums have been prevented from entering into the business affairs of life—all they desired has been and is to know their duty and to do it—and when any sign of impatience manifested itself, as it naturally would from the seeming inactivity and unprofitableness of their life, have been discouraged to hold out to the end by some undisputable test of the presence and guidance of true spirit friends—those whose every act has been for their benefit, and who would not, on any pretence, deceive them.

It may be that the predictions given in these pages will prove to be a foreshadowing of the work to be done by these waiting servants of the Truth, and that the field of their labors is rapidly getting white and ready for the harvest. Certain intimations in this book lead us to conclude that such is the case.

We have selected this subject as being of the greatest interest to our readers. Numerous other matters of equally general interest are treated upon. We commend the book to the thoughtful consideration of all into whose hands it may fall.

A "Haunted" House.

There is a house in Watertown, this State, supposed to be "haunted." Several families have occupied the premises at different times, but have been frightened away on account of the strange noises heard there, moving of furniture, &c. The last tenant was a Spiritualist and a medium. When he took possession, it was not long ere the mystery was solved, so far as to ascertain that all the trouble proceeded from "invisibles," who seemed to act as if they had a perfect right to do as they pleased in the locality aforesaid. Physical manifestations were going on night and day. One occasion the servant girl had lain her wood for the morning's fire near the stove, previous to retiring for the night, when, shortly afterwards, she having occasion to return, to her utter astonishment she found the wood in the stove, and on fire. From the time she left until her return, no one excepting herself had entered the kitchen. She of course became frightened and left her situation.

At another time, while the family were sitting by the stove, several portions of the cooking apparatus were removed from their appropriate places without visible means.

At a subsequent period the back door of the house was opened, and a plank which was lying in the yard was brought into the kitchen and dropped upon the floor—to the astonishment and terror of the domestics, as the whole operation was performed in their presence without visible contact of hands. They, also, said the house was "haunted," and accordingly left.

Finally, the gentleman who occupied the house was compelled to move out, as he and his family could get no rest nights on account of the continual noises heard, notwithstanding they perfectly understood the cause. No one has since occupied the premises.

Our informant says he has no doubt but that some time in the past one or more persons had lost their lives there, by some means—either by accident or design—and that these spirits were chained (magnetically) to that locality; and, finding it impossible to get away, they use the medium powers of some one to vent their spite by the various physical manifestations alluded to above.

We would suggest that a number of persons who understand the philosophy of Spiritualism, accompanied by two or three good mediums, obtain admission to, and hold a circle in this house, for the purpose of learning the desire of the spirits who produce these extraordinary manifestations, which would thereby put an end to the annoyances now claimed to infest the residence.

On the Hillside.

New England is dotted with greenest slopes and hillside, here and there shaded with fine native trees of the second growth, whereon a great deal of pleasure may be had in these long summer days, gathering berries, or strolling at one's own sweet will. Just at this time the huckleberries are ripening; and a friend, who has been out foraging recently, says that he never saw the bushes in the pastures hang any more heavily with this most delicious of all wild fruits. If one but possesses the taste for it, there is no question that he cannot find the time to indulge it, in these days. Just to think of being clear and free from the dust and din of town life, with basket or birch bark in the hand, in which is nicely packed away the lunch that is to be eaten out in the fields, and wandering idly up and down the slopes and ravines, over the knolls and under the reaches of the darkly spreading trees—now squat in the bushes and almost hidden from the sight, now sitting in the shadow of some great rock and overlooking a grand panorama of trees, meadows, waters, and farm-houses—the sense of hearing, which passes soonest to the soul, saluted with the sounds of singing birds, falling waters, rustling leaves, and lowing kine—and the entire being surrounded, swallowed up, as it were, with the delights that entered through the avenues of sight, hearing, and smell. And then, to go out in the sweet summer air and get all browned up in the sun, feasting to the fill on Nature's own products, and as happy in the brilliant lights and expressive shadows as any epicure that is living out its own little day—there is no joy so perfect as this, none that lasts like this, none that so refines and elevates and simplifies the being. For three good months now, outdoor life is more than any pen-and-ink description can make it, the reality so far surpasses the imagination. We beg all our friends to fill up their hearts now, with fresh inspirations from Nature. She will not fail them in any exigency.

Personal.

Mrs. Hattie Jenness, now Mrs. Dr. George, and Miss M. J. King, assistant editor of the *Clarion*, are on a visit to this city. Jennie King recently lectured in the city of Albany, and visited Rutland, Manchester and Sunderland, Vt., and Mechanicsville, N. Y. On her trip, she revisited Fairhaven, Vt., Middle Granville, Saratoga, Schenectady and Oneida, N. Y., closing her journey with gratitude for the cordial and confidential manner in which she was received, and the interest manifested in behalf of the angel gospel to which she is devoted. She resides in Auburn, and is devoted with a daughter's affectionate solicitude to the help of a widowed mother who has been enfeebled and deeply afflicted under influences imposed by those who will one day realize the retribution of their course.

Mrs. J. S. Adams, whose mediumship has heretofore added some of the rarest gems to our spiritual literature, now resides in her rural cottage at West Roxbury. Her medium powers are not impaired, but the manifestations are now more evident to her outer consciousness. The Lily Wreath, the Bouquet of Spiritual Flowers and a series of articles published some three years since in this paper, were spoken by Mrs. Adams while in deep, unconscious trances. These beautiful communications stand now in print just as spoken through her lips, without alteration; and they are remarkable for their correctness of expression, depth of thought and beauty of style; the more they are examined the more meaning is found in them.

Capt. Geo. O. Brastow, our noble Somerville Captain of the 6th regiment, had three splendid wreaths of flowers thrown around his neck by the ladies of Somerville, before he arrived at his own residence, when returning from the war.

Dr. Mayo G. Smith, through whom some most extraordinary cases of sudden healing has been done, is now in this city.

Rev. John Pierpont read the poem at Dartmouth College, Hanover, N. H., commencement day, Thursday, July 25th. The correspondent of the Springfield Republican says of it: "Mr. Pierpont does not seem to have lost anything of his former fire, and though the sweetness and polish of his early productions were wanting, they were perhaps appropriately so; as his production was more a rhymed argument, or a metrical philippic, than a poem. It was such a poem as might have fallen from old Jeremiah himself—something to be felt as the utterance of the Divine word suited to the hour and armed with all the authority of a 'Thus saith the Lord.'"

That Saucy Privateer.

"Jeff. Davis" seems to be not only in Virginia, but all about the ocean as well. In the shape of a wizard brig, well armed and a fast sailer, he has come close in upon us here along the coast, having made captures off the capes, and showed his heels with all possible speed and gallantry. It strikes more than a few persons as passing strange that such boldness as this is tolerated, when our own ships—cruisers, cutters, war vessels, and the like—are scouring the seas. But that is the way with desperate combatants. We did pretty much so in the war of the Revolution, as witness Paul Jones's bold feats, recorded on the pages of history. The consequence of this visit of the desperate privateer is that our merchants have become excited about the safety of their vessels to an unwonted degree; they can hardly tell when they are safe, and when their property is in danger. Worse than all, Northern men have such a vast interest at stake in the ventures of trade, and the ocean is sprinkled with the white sails of commerce, that they are comparatively at the mercy, for a time at least, of the piratical cruisers of a government like that of the Confederate States. But this state of things cannot last long; and armed vessels will soon be too many for the reckless boldness of any sort of Southern commanders. We are expecting to hear, every day, of the capture of this famous "Jeff. Davis" brig, and of the punishment of her crew.

To Correspondents.

A. H. M., HARTFORD.—In our opinion there has been quite enough said in reference to H. Melville Fay. No doubt he is fulfilling his mission, whatever that may be. If he is wrong, he will suffer the consequences; if right, no calumny can harm him. Inculcate the principles of love, brother, and the evil—or what we call evil—will die out of itself in due time. Have no fears of the result. The great work in which we are engaged is controlled by a higher power than ourselves, and the inharmonies existing among individuals in our ranks, only serve to purify those who need purification, that they may be the better able to perform their duties acceptably in the future. Have charity, then, also, for those lecturers you refer to in your note.

H. A. K., BURLINGTON, R. I.—We cannot afford to act on your suggestion at present. We wish we could.

S. E. FREEMAN, MILWAUKEE, WIS.—In reply to your question, circumstances entirely beyond our control prevented us from completing the story you allude to. It would avail nothing to give particulars. We will take into consideration your suggestions in regard to "Rocky Nook."

The Right Sort.

We published some time since a letter from a noble-hearted Brother in Northern New York, who preferred to pay four dollars for his two copies of the *HERALD OF PROGRESS*, to receiving them at the club rates.—*Herald of Progress.*

We have received a few letters from just such noble-hearted souls as the *Herald* alludes to above. Did all our Spiritualist friends fully realize how hard it is at this time for the reform papers to meet their current expenses, they would use extra exertions, no doubt, to render material aid to all the papers devoted to the great and good cause of Spiritualism.

Bro. Clark, it will be seen by his valedictory in another column, has been compelled to suspend the publication of the *Clarion* for lack of patronage. We regret this. Bro. Clark has toiled unceasingly with his pen and voice, and he should have been sustained. He has our warmest sympathy. May better success attend him in future.

For the Conference!

Persons in Boston and vicinity, who design to attend the National Conference at Oswego, provided a reduction of fare to half-price, (about \$10 for the trip) can be obtained, are requested to give immediate notice to the undersigned. A. E. NEWTON, 221 Washington street, Room 8.

Wanted.

At this office, a few copies of numbers one, two, nine and ten of the present volume of the *BANNER*, in order to complete our files. We will pay double price for them.

OBSEQUIES OF A HERO.

The mortal remains of Francis Lincoln Souther, one of the hero-martyrs who yielded up their lives at the Great Bethel sacrifice, were consigned to the kindly earth, with military and civil honors, at Quincy, on Friday, July 26th.

The deceased was a member of the Hancock Light Guards, Captain Curtis, (Company H, Fourth Regiment.) To the noble and manly attributes of a gallant soldier, he added the loyal virtues of a citizen. Youthful, patriotic, and aspiring, he was among the foremost who responded to the country's call. In the hour of danger or of disaster, none ever manifested more of courage and self-forgetfulness. Such is the testimony of his brothers in arms, and of those with whom he was associated in the relations of daily life and ordinary friendship.

Mr. Souther was twenty-five years of age. A wife and two children, father and mother, and three brothers, and other relatives, mourn his untimely departure from the external life. But they sorrow not as without hope. The holy and blessed truths of spirit life and communion are to them a source of consolation in this affliction. There is the faith expressed in those memorable lines:

"Eternal form shall still divide
The eternal soul from all beside;
And I shall know him where we meet."

At the request of his company, the final interment was delayed until their return from service, in order that they might participate in the ceremonies, and give their comrade a soldier's burial. The principal officers of this regiment, and large delegations from other companies, were present.

The services were held at the Town Hall, which, though spacious, could not accommodate all who sought entrance. (For obvious and avowed reasons, the use of the principal Orthodox churches, more commodious, was refused by the proprietors. This fact bears its own comment. A communication bearing upon this point will be found in another column.)

At three o'clock, the body was escorted by the military, and a long procession, preceded by the Weymouth Band, from the residence of Mr. Souther, whither it had been conveyed, to the Hall. The American colors formed the pall, strewn with flowers; and upon it was laid the musket borne by the deceased when in life.

After a chant by the choir, an appropriate selection of Scripture was read, and prayer offered, by Rev. Alfred Heath, Pastor of the Universalist Church.

Miss Fannie Davis, entranced, then delivered the funeral oration, after reading from the 21st chapter of Revelations, 1st-4th verses. We sketch briefly her remarks.

On such an occasion as this, silence is most eloquent. The universal sympathy of soul, of relatives, friends, comrades, and fellow citizens, with the loyal spirit that to-day wears the white robes of immortality, is a power mightier than all the wealth of words.

That brother who has just gone out from our midst, has left the golden age ajar, and even now, from his invisible home, sends back the word of comfort, of consolation, of hope. His was a glorious, a sublime death. Weep not! for upon the folds of that banner in defence of which he died, again is sprinkled the blood of a young martyr. For now there are martyrs not only in the past; there are martyrs to-day—to principle, to character, to a country's honor and fame.

A mortal is never so appreciated and understood in the earth-life, as after he has passed into the spirit-world. His virtues fall like Autumn leaves, but his virtues spring up into the immortal sunrise of never-springing day, when the beauteous angel, Death, comes and carries him away into the future life. Never until the dark cloud rises in the horizon, do we appreciate the bright sunny Summer day. Till the loved voice is silent, and the hand no longer gives back the grasp of friendship, we know not what friendship is.

To us, this occasion is not a solemn one, but rather a bright opening vision of immortal beauty and immortal grace. The only rest, the only hope, the only peace, the only comfort, for the world-weary spirit, is found upon that shore that knows no night, in that city of our God—that divine place of celestial existence—that awaits even the lowliest and the loneliest child of God.

As a nation, we are working, at this hour, for the achievement of American Independence—for the achievement of Liberty and of Justice. We have never had it. You, mothers, fathers, lovers, brothers and sisters, must see dear faces, happy faces, bright spirits, go out from the home circle, to return no more in the form, to enter no more the cottage-door, and linger with their sweet ministry and words by your ear and your hearthstones. For the great hour is come—the thunderbolt from the anvil of justice goes reeking in flame and terror through the atmosphere of mind and the atmosphere of soul. Kingdoms may fall, despotisms may rise; young men, the flowers may blossom sweetly upon your graves the next Spring-time; but it matters not, loyal and noble spirits, so long as the great purposes of humanity are in the end achieved. No matter if you expend this poorer life; there is a brighter home, thank God! awaiting us all; there is a happier union of souls, a sweeter sympathy of purpose, a diviner recognition of principles, where no breath of corruption comes, where death steals not the jewels, and where liberty is established, and justice is secured.

Life has its seasons, the same as the year. Spring comes—Summer—then Autumn—and then Winter. So to every nationality, so to every heart, so to every people; and the dry twigs of the Winter are only bright, celestial prophecies of that Springtime that comes laden with its blossoms and voluptuous fruits. Will our Father disappoint us in the rising of that North star that shall lead us out into the grandest, broadest fields of liberty? Friends, mother, father, brother, wife, and others of the family circle, some of you realize the presence of this departed one, some know that he is not far off, that he lights the vestal flames of love again upon the altars of your spirit; and by the eye of faith you look out upon the rosy hovers of the future, and grasp once more his hand of kindness and of love. You are blest in that faith.

It is an oasis in the desert of life, that forms for you a rich, bright greenward in memory and in soul. And you, comrades, know the royalty of the soul that with one hand upon the flag and the other upon the white ambrosial gases of this eternal day, went out singing sweetly unto Heaven—mother and wife gaining consolation from this. It is not desolation to die—it is victory; it is the entering in, it is the leaving of the cross, the taking of the crown. Learn to live! Do not learn to die; for there is no death.

There is something in this Massachusetts soil, friends, that speaks for liberty, and speaks for God. This ashes that lies mouldering in its casket, is a son of Massachusetts. You may well be proud to stand upon his soil. She has rocked the cradle of the proudest intellect, of the noblest heart, and the brightest valor; and she has achieved in the future,

the highest and best victories. Thank God that you are Massachusetts men!

Go out singing, with the bright flowers of summer upon this corpse; not mourning, knowing that this is but the casket that contained the jewel. It is sweet to be robed in the American flag, to have the Stars and Stripes bound around our bosom. Many a loyal soldier has lain down in the grave with it. Many a seaman lies where the coral depths and the briny waves sing his only requiem, with that Star-spangled Banner around him. It floats o'er our broad seas, and speaks of enterprise, of loyalty, of dignity, of character, wherever it goes. Sustain it, and the blessings of the great Father, God, rest with you.

Give to the mother, earth, your precious burden; let her hold it in her bosom, let her consecrate it with her dews, with her grasses, with her flowers, and let the stars above you shine down and glisten the eulogy of that man who needs not the eulogy from human lips. His life, his death, his last moment, his rest, is the only eulogy he needs. Peacefully he rests; divinely, gloriously he died. May your lives be like his, and when the hour draws nigh—you, as fellow-soldiers—you, as mourning friends—you, as young men and young women—die as beautifully, as divinely consecrated, and sacrificing your life to those principles that you deem the most sacred obligations of soul—whatever they may be; and that rolling wave that bears you out from the human shores will bear you safely on to the future life, spangling you with the dews, dropping upon you the praise and the benedictions of all the great and good that have gone out before.

Whoever would earn for himself a name, and honor—whenever would write his name upon the hearts of millions, must be a martyr. Here lies a martyr! Hundreds have fallen; hundreds more will; but they enrich the soil of mind and soul, they draw forth all that is great, good, and wise, within you; make you wiser, better, nobler, truer. Now and forever peace rest with you, and the green memory of the departed be like a sacred scroll in your spirit's history, forevermore.

Mrs. J. H. Conant followed with a brief and fervent invocation to the Deity. The services were concluded with a chant.

The remains were then escorted, as before, to the Mount Wollaston Cemetery, and with the usual impressive military ritual, deposited in their last resting-place.

"Arenna of Nature," in German.

We are happy to announce the appearance in Germany of a translation of Hudson Tuttle's "Arenna of Nature," published at Erlangen. The translator, whom we understand to be a man of scientific eminence in that country, assumes the *nom de plume* of Dr. H. M. Aehner. Instead of the usual "Vorwort," (preface) with which it might be expected the book would be introduced to the German public, it is followed by a "Nachwort," (appendix) in which the translator goes into an examination of the characteristics and "mission" of Spiritualism. This is written with abundant sarcasm and some wit, his judgment being, on the whole, favorable to the spiritual movement, though not the least credit is given to the hypothesis of an extra-mundane origin for it, nor is more than a passing allusion made to the singular phenomena which gave occasion to it. This is studying the play of "Hamlet," with the hero of the drama omitted. But why should a scientific man admit the facts of Spiritualism?

The translator also speaks approvingly of the book with a medium of success at the supposition of its spiritual origin—as was necessary, perhaps, to secure its attention. "If the boldness of its plan amazes us," says he, "on the other hand, we must be captivated with the penetrating subtlety of its thought; and should the author keep his promise (to discuss the origin, mode of existence, and laws of the Spirit World,) or succeed in solving the problem, we shall not fail to render the second story of the original edifice accessible to the German reading public."

The "Arenna" appears in the translation under the title, "Geschichte und Gesetz der Schöpfungswandlungen"—History and Laws of the Process of Creation. For sale by Westerman & Co., 410 Broadway.

Merald of Progress.

THE SECOND VOLUME of the ARONA, which treats of the "SPIRIT-WORLD," has been stereotyped, but its publication is delayed on account of the disastrous times. Proof sheets of it, however, have been sent to the German translator, and this remarkable work will probably be given to the German public before its appearance in this country.

The first volume of the ARONA is awakening great interest in Germany, and its views are boldly embodied in one of the leading Reviews. It is destined to inaugurate the spiritual movement among the philosophers of "faderland." The Spirit education of the medium is inexplicable to them, and even their most sparkling sarcasms admit the fact of his almost miraculous erudition.

The Best Time to Advertise.

Business men greatly mistake their true interests when they suppose it is economy or good business shrewdness to curtail in advertising at this time. For the benefit of those who have thought it good judgment to leave off advertising entirely, or advertise to a limited extent, we extract the following, which we find in an exchange paper:

A leading patron of a publishing house in one of the Eastern cities, who has been advertising extensively during the past winter, being interrogated in regard to the policy of such a course during hard times, replied: "The very time of all others to crowd, sir; give us the field when few advertisers occupy it, and we care not how hard the times are. It pays us at all times, because we know how far to go, but especially it pays us in times like the present, when most of the business men in our line have taken their looks out of the water, thinking no bibles are to be had. We are satisfied nothing has kept us a constant run of trade for the last ninety days, but pushing our notices through the dull season."

Mediums Wanted in California.

J. H. Hixcox writes us from Forest City, California, "that there never was a country that a test medium was as much needed in as this, and I do not think there ever was one that a person could do so well in for themselves, as this."

The public mind is very liberal and independent here, but they must see and know for themselves. We have been expecting Mr. Mansfield here. Must we still be disappointed?

Invalids in Auburn, N. Y., and vicinity, will be happy to learn that Dr. C. L. George, Electric and Electropathic, and Mrs. Hattie George, the eminent Clairvoyant physician, are still in Canal street, in that city. Their practice has been gradually increasing, and their reputation has become well established. Dr. George is a gentleman, a scholar, and a physician whose merits are far superior to his modest pretensions, and Mrs. George is a woman whose noble mind and Samaritan heart earn for her the warmest sympathy and deepest gratitude of all who confide in her.

The Waterloo annual meeting of the Friends of Progress was largely attended. The hospitable homes of the people were thrown open, and visitors rendered grateful for their reception.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

Two of our printers—John W. Day and Oliver C. Cooper—who enlisted for the war in the Chelsea company, distinguished themselves in the Manassas battle, according to a letter received from their Captain. "They fought like tigers," he says, and when the battle was over, they acted in the capacity of nurses for the relief of the wounded. They will be promoted for their gallant conduct. They are strict temperance men, and to this cause, more than any other, the Captain attributes their coolness and efficiency under fire.

The 6th, 6th and 8th regiments M. V., just returned from the seat of war, met with grand receptions from our citizens. But fine talk do not feed a hungry man. There is a "screw loose" among our officials somewhere, we are sorry to say. Why were not the troops paid off immediately after being mustered out of service? Several members of the 6th were begging in the streets, last week, for money wherewith to purchase food. This is abominable. Those who rush to arms at a moment's notice to defend the flag of their country, should not be left to beg, or starve, pending the "slow coach" movements of those having control of military affairs.

Some of our exchanges are calling the N. Y. Tribune a "rebel masked battery," in consequence of its advice, "On to Richmond!"

An English farmer recently remarked that "he fed his land before it was hungry, rested it before it was weary, and weeded it before it was foul." We have seldom, if ever, seen so much agricultural wisdom condensed into a single sentence.

The great Spurgeon is rusticating amidst the lakes of Windermere.

James Russell Lowell has retired from the supervision of the editorial department of the Atlantic Monthly.

LOVE.

God gives us love. Something to love
He lends us; but when love is grown
To ripeness, that on which it thrives
Falls off, and love is left alone. —Tennyson.

BLOCKADING FLEET.—The blockading fleet consists of thirty-seven vessels, with a capacity of 69,229 tons, carrying 720 guns, and manned by 10,113 persons. The transport fleet consists of sixty-five vessels of all capacities, a large portion of which will soon be in active service.

If you wish to dispense with butter, take a sweet, plump damsel to wife, and, if you love her, you can relish your crust and coffee at meals without any but her.

Acting Brigadier General J. B. Richardson, of Michigan, who commanded the Fourth Brigade in the recent battle, has made an official report, in which he states that Colonel Miles, in command of the reserve, was suspended by Gen. McDowell on account of drunkenness.

A second regiment of Fire Zouaves is forming in New York. It already numbers six hundred men, and recruits are daily joining.

TO THE POOR.

Praise God for all your trials here,
For He doth treasure every tear,
And when you pass to realms beyond,
Freed shall you be from human bond.

Mediums prophesy that Beauregard will be killed by a cannon ball.

A young and patriotic lady said she was sorry she could not fight in defence of her country's liberty, but she was willing to allow the young men to go, and to die an old maid, which she thought was as great a sacrifice as anybody could be called upon to make!

"Speaking of shaving," said a pretty girl to an obdurate old bachelor, "I should think that a pair of handsome eyes would be the best mirror to shave by." "Yes, many a poor fellow has been shaved by them," the wretch replied.

Pope Pius IX. is not dead, but very sick.

Wendell Phillips says—"I feel satisfied that the end of the slave system has come." Henry Ward Beecher says—"I should become suddenly lame were I to run after a slave for the purpose of restoring him to his master."

Daniel Webster "still lives," for his Union speeches ring all over the world to-day.

"Life! we have been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather,
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear,
Perhaps 't will cost a sigh, a tear;
Yet still we give the little warning,
Choose this own time;
Say not good night; but in that happier clime,
Bid me good morning!"

Men are called fools in one age for not knowing what men were called fools for asserting in the age before.

ANNUAL GATHERING OF THE LITTLE ONES.—Good old uncle Joseph Dugdale publishes, in another column, a call for a Children's Convention, to be held at Longwood, Chester county, Pa., on the 17th of August, 1861, at 10 1/2 o'clock A. M.

Parson Brownlow, of the Knoxville (Tenn.) Whig, is full of grief. A Southern mail recently brought him a small package, done up precisely like a newspaper. Upon opening it, he found it to contain about half a yard of brown domestic, with blood and scales on it, resembling a cloth taken from some one afflicted with small pox. He accordingly had it burned in the front yard of his printing office, after handling it with tongs! Whereupon he comments in this wise:

"This attempt at our death, by the planting of a masked battery, manned by the ubiquitous spirit of Secession, entitles the cowardly villain who did it, to the honor of being picketed in the deepest gorge leading to hell! Not only so, but he should be required to make nightly advances upon the ambuscades of the devil; and every morning of his life, by way of healthful exercise, he should make a reconnaissance of the damned, having the entire control of the guerrilla rebels of the infernal regions!"

Thomas H. Battle, a lawyer of St. Louis, has married Miss Cora C. Eager, of the same place. Her "soul was in arms, and Eager for the Battle."

It would be well for those who correspond with volunteers now in camp or on duty away from home, to enclose postage stamps. It is difficult in many instances for soldiers to procure them, and this may be the occasion of letters remaining unanswered.

A LIVELY INTEREST FOR THE MEN.—A Cincinnati paper, in speaking of the overthrow of the rebels at Phillippi, says that just before the Federal troops entered town, a certain Indiana company, almost worn out with the march, were struggling along with very little regard to order. Hurrying up to his men, the Captain shouted, "Close up, close up! If the enemy were to fire while you were struggling along in that way, they could not hit a cussed one of you! Close up!" And the boys closed up immediately.

Digby is anxious to know if anything that is an "eye-sore" to any one, is the cause of sore eyes?

The Investigator says: "All the communications

in this number of our paper are readable." They always are, friend Mendum.

Lawyers, doctors, preachers, and old maids belong to the non-producing classes in the States. The Deseret News (Mormon) says this.

A slightly obfuscated individual was staggering through the streets of Albany, the other night, and coming upon the "Bank of the Capitol," encountered two watchmen. "It's all very well, gentlemen," said he, "to watch the Bank of the Capitol, but why the d—l don't somebody watch the capital of the Bank?"

William Winter, Esq., one of the ablest literateurs of the day, contemplates publishing a weekly newspaper and art journal in New York city.

The brave wife of an Ohio volunteer in Western Virginia, donned a blue blouse, gray pants, and a blue cap, and, passing for a good looking young man, visited her husband in camp, and came back without being discovered. It is evident that she was used to wearing 'em.

REDUCTION OF RENTS.—In Lowell, Lawrence and some other places, there are extensive movements of those who hire stores and shops to secure a reduction of rents. In Lowell, nearly all the storekeepers in town have signed a paper asking that the rents may be reduced in accordance with the times. A similar movement ought to be inaugurated in this city.

The editor of the Chicago Democrat gives a stupid report of Mr. Toobey's lecture in that city, May 31st. It is evident that the said editor, or reporter, deals in "spirits of home manufacture," judging from his "crooked" remarks.

In children first, and the better sort of women next, we find the purest kind of human character.

DOMESTIC REMEDY.—A lady recommends the following way to dress rice: "Soak the rice in cold water for seven hours; have ready a stewpan with boiling water, throw in the rice and let it boil briskly for ten minutes, and then serve. The grains will be found double the usual size, and quite distinct from each other."

In the Italian war, it is said, officers went into conflict armed and uniformed like privates, this being deemed necessary, on account of the introduction of rifles, to prevent the commanders from being picked off. Why should not this practice be initiated with us?

When the Legislative Hall at Concord, N. H., was cleared of rubbish after adjournment, we learn that there was found in the desk of one of the members, a letter, which closed with this injunction: "Jane see get her a twenty-four hoop skelling!"

The Milwaukee Democrat says, when a Wisconsin girl is kissed, she looks surprised, and says, "How could you?" To which the swain replies, "It will give me great pleasure to show you," and proceeds to give her a duplicate.

Prince Napoleon and wife are in Washington.

If falsehood paralyzed the tongue, what a death-like silence would pervade society.

MUNIFICENT DONATION.—It was announced at the late meeting of the Alumni of Yale College, that the Scientific Department of that Institution had received during the collegiate year a second donation of \$50,000 from Joseph E. Sheffield, Esq., of New Haven. The course of education in this department is essentially that of the Polytechnic Schools of Europe, and is designed to fit young men for commercial and other practical pursuits, as well as for the direct applications of science.

U. Clark to his Patrons.

PATRONS OF THE SPIRITUAL CLARION: Owing to the great crisis of our country, in which numerous papers have suspended or gone down, while scarcely any can be sustained by subscriptions alone; owing to the delinquency of several hundred patrons whom I have trusted in all good faith, and under the pressure of social ordeals which time will explain in full vindication of my purposes as a man and my principles as an advocate of human progress, at present I am forced to postpone the regular issues of the SPIRITUAL CLARION. I shall resume as early as possible, or make some arrangement to satisfy my patrons. Patrons residing where I have lectured and given my public tests, will not complain, since I received little for my services and expenses save in the form of subscriptions for the paper, and others will make adequate allowance for unavoidable embarrassments, overwhelming most of our pioneer laborers. I shall continue my public labors, and communicate through the spiritual press. The causes already named, induce me to resume my old address at Auburn, N. Y. Grateful for past favors, and hopeful for the cause of progress in the future, I am joined by my faithful associate, M. J. K., in rendering heartfelt acknowledgments to the spiritual press, to our co-laboring lecturers and mediums, and to all our patrons.

FRATERNALLY,
URIAH CLARK.

A Note to my Correspondents.

As I continue to receive a great many letters of inquiry concerning my mediumship and field of action, I hardly have time to answer them. I would, with your permission, take this method to reply to such and all others who may design to interrogate me in this matter.

My labors, first—by the aid of the higher life—are to remove sickness, suffering and disease from man's physical nature, by any and every means that may be known to this world, or suggested by the spirit-world.

Second, by the aid of Psychometry, to read man mentally—his condition, character, use and true position in life.

Trusting that this will be sufficient and satisfactory to those who have not been answered personally I remain yours, truly,
H. L. BOWKER.

Natick, Mass., July 6, 1861.

A correspondent from the West asks: "Can't E. V. Wilson be kept in the Eastern States? He is breaking up the Orthodox churches with his spiritual sledge hammer most frightfully in Wisconsin, and they don't want him here."

HEBARD'S PATENT OIL!

No More Accidents by Burning Fluid. A Safe Substitute to burn in Fluid Lamps.

THIS OIL is prepared to burn in all kinds of Lamps with-out Chimneys, such as Fluid, Spirit or Lamp Oil Lamps, and will burn at half the cost of Fluid in all Lamps fitted with Green's Jet Burners, and is the Greatest Artificial Light yet discovered. It gives a steady, clean and soft light, and does not choke the lungs with foreign matter, such as results generally from using kerosene and Lamp Oil, and will burn in Kerosene Lamps free from smoke and smell by taking off the cap and chimney.

It is also a COMPLETE SUBSTITUTE for Sperm and Lamp Oil, and is just as safe and harmless to burn, and may take the place of the common fluid and other dangerous compounds that have been thrown into the market of late.

The above Oil is perfectly clean and free from grease and smoke or unpleasant odor, and is now considered the SAFEST and NEAREST EVER offered to the public. It is a most desirable article, and what is more than all, it is UNEXPENSIVE. Any person can have samples sent by express, if desired. State, County and Town Rights for sale, with full directions to make, by addressing the Patentee.

Green's Oil applied for and granted Feb. 24th, 1860. Letters patent issued Feb. 19th, 1861.

The above Oil retails at \$1 per gallon.

Wholesale 80 cents per gallon.

Orders solicited and filled with dispatch.

By B. F. HEBARD, Natick, Mass.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

TERMS.—A limited number of advertisements will be taken in this paper at fifteen cents per line for each insertion. Liberal discount made on standing advertisements.

MEDICAL TREATMENT—NUTRITIVE PRINCIPLE. DR. ALFRED O. KALL, M. D., PROFESSOR OF PHYSIOLOGY, author of the N. Y. Theory of Medical Practice on the Nutritive Principle, may be consulted on the treatment of every form of humor, weakness and disease, in person or by letter, from any part of the country. It is restorative in its effects, reliable in the most prostrate cases, and justly worthy of the confidence of the afflicted. All the Medicines used are purely vegetable. No 250 Washington Street, Boston, Mass. April 6.

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE.

WORDS OF HOPE AND CHEER.

ENCOURAGEMENT TO THE AFFLICTED.

DR. CHARLES MAIN,

Hygienic and Healing Institute,

No. 7 DAVIS STREET, Boston, Mass.

THIS establishment is now in the tenth year of its existence, and continues more than ever to be THE RESORT OF THE SUFFERING, who go forth healed in body and renewed in mind. The following are a few of the cures:

MANY HUNDRED TESTIMONIALS received by the Doctor attesting a long and constantly increasing practice. They are the

EVIDENCES OF PERMANENT CURES produced by this

NEW PHILOSOPHY OF HEALING,

and are commended to the perusal of those who are suffering, and who desire to be relieved.

DR. CHAS. MAIN, Dec. 31, in August, 1855, I came to you to be relieved of a PAINFUL TUMOR, located on the upper part of my jawbone. After you had made passes over my face for one hour, I felt the flesh to loosen. I came again the next morning, and, strange to say, after the second operation, in forty-eight hours after the first, I was relieved of my tumor and have never been troubled since. The tumor was a hard, long substance, half the size of a hen's egg. The whole time of my being at your house was ONLY FOUR HOURS. I am deeply grateful to you, and remain as ever, Most respectfully yours,

E. M. MONSIEUR, West Amesbury, Mass.

After reading the above, who shall say the cures are not permanent. This tumor was removed six years ago, and there has been no sign of its appearance since. The following case is hardly less remarkable:

DR. MAIN, Esteemed Sir:—At the age of nine years one of my lower limbs was drawn up close to my body from the effects of a sprain. It remained thus for nearly ten years. I came to you, Jan. 1, 1856, and was soon enabled by your mode of treatment to stand erect and walk like any other person. The case is a wonderful illustration of the efficacy of your method, and all believe it will be permanent and lasting. With the utmost esteem, I remain your true friend,

LEWIS O. GLEASON, Salem, N. H.

DR. MAIN, Dear Friend:—It is with great pleasure that I inform you respecting my health, which is greatly improved since I began to take your medicine. I have taken upon the "Tonic and Lotion" and think very highly of them. Please send me more if you can. I feel a debt of gratitude that words cannot express for what you have already done for me, and I know not how I shall ever sufficiently repay you.

I remain, very sincerely your friend,

MISS P. E. ADAMS, Ellsworth, Maine.

DR. CHAS. MAIN, Dear Sir:—In consideration of the effective service rendered to me recently in the removal of a troublesome mole from my neck, which had annoyed me from a child, be so kind as to accept the accompanying present as a token of my respect and most truly consider you a benefactor.

Very respectfully yours,

SARAH G. MANCHART, Boston, Mass.

It may be remarked of the above case that the mole alluded to seemed to be a collection of fine nerves and blood vessels upon the neck in a bunch and was a difficult operation to remove. It is a highly dangerous operation. It was performed, however, with little or no inconvenience to the patient. The original of these testimonials, with many others, may be seen at the Doctor's office.

The Doctor gives particular attention to the cure of CANCER, ULCERS, and TUMORS.

Those who desire examinations will please enclose \$1.00, a lock of hair, a return postage stamp, and their address plainly written, and state sex, age, and occupation.

Office hours from 9 A. M. to 12 M., and 2 to 5 P. M.

The Doctor would call particular attention to his invaluable

DIARRHEA CORDIAL.

A medicine much needed at this season of the year.

DR. MAIN'S INSTITUTE is located at No. 7 Davis street, Boston.

Aug. 10.

DR. H. A. DANIELS, (late Professor of Surgery in the Penn. Medical University, Philadelphia) gives his special

The Messenger.

Each message in this department of the BANNER was written by the spirit whose name it bears, through Mrs. J. H. Corwin, while in a condition called the trance. They are not published on account of literary merit, but as tokens of spirit communion to those friends who may recognize them.

We hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earthly life to that beyond, and to do away with the erroneous idea that they are more than spirits. We believe the public should know of the spirit-world as it is—should learn that there is evil as well as good in it. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his reason. Each expresses so much of truth as he perceives—no more.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

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

Monday, July 15.—Invocation; Astrology; John McCarthy, Boston; Samuel D. Thompson, Haverhill, N. H.; Frances Elizabeth Prince, Chicago.

Monday, July 23.—Invocation; Need of Spiritual enlightenment in times of war; News from the Seat of War; Ralph Farnham; Anna Yulee, St. Augustine, Florida; B. Lindsey.

Thursday, July 25.—Invocation; The Condition of those who suffer violent death; Leander T. Graham, New York; Anonymous; Maria Louisa Lockwood, St. Louis.

Saturday, July 27.—Invocation; Necessity of Warfare; William Buck, Buckhams, Ala.; Horace S. Williams, Albany, N. Y.; Mary Ely, Cross street, Boston; John Gillespie, Tallor, Quincy, C. H. Briggs.

Monday, July 29.—Lightfoot; David Roberts, Bangor.

Tuesday, July 30.—That will become of those who love not God and obey not his laws? Wm. Chamberlain, Portland; Abraham Miller; Frances Amelia Lathrop, Richmond, Va.; George Kent.

Our Circles.

Our circles are now held at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, No. 158 WASHINGTON STREET, ROOM No. 3, every MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY afternoon, at three o'clock, and are free to the public.

Invocation.

Oh Father, though darkness and death surround us everywhere, we will thank thee for that portion of life within us, that constantly rises toward thee in the form of worship. Oh, our Father and our Mother, we bless thee for the divine life thou hast extended to us, thy children; and though we walk in evil, we know thou art with us; and though shadows cover our path, we know the light of thy divine love rests over us always. While thy sons are engaged in the heat of civil war, we will believe thy hand governs the storm, and thou wilt direct all the deeds men do, to thy own purposes of goodness. And while thou rememberest all who speak thy name, we know thou wilt not forget those who walk in darkness at midnight, because they know thee not; and though our lips utter feeble praises unto thee to-day, our hearts shall bless thee forever and forever. July 11.

"What is Inspiration?"

The question that has been presented for our elucidation this afternoon is one that has been before the world ever since man began to think for himself. Each and all have opinions in regard to all the things of life, and each and all have a right to those opinions, also. Each and all can concur in our sentiments, or reject them, as they perceive their truth or otherwise.

Now we do not propose to answer the question so as to remove all doubt from the mind of even the one who questions us; but as we have been thus called upon, we shall answer in our own way, and as briefly as possible. The question is this:

"What is Inspiration, and how are we to-day to be inspired as were the prophets in former days—and how does the Inspiration of to-day differ from the Inspiration of former days?"

Inspiration is, to us, the food of the soul. That by which Inspiration lives, grows because strengthened with it. The soul would not possess immortality—and men would be no more than the beasts of the field or the birds of the air, or even the plants that grow forth in spring-time, and die, as it were, in autumn.

The soul of the human begins to be inspired, or to receive its food, as soon as it is born in a physical organism, and it receives it just according to the capacity of that organism, and it is limited by its powers. Thus some receive a larger amount than others. Our mediums, for instance, are receptive to a great amount of it, because they are organized to receive it as it comes to them, and they drink it in as the earth drinks in the dew.

So, according to our belief, Inspiration is no more or less than the food of the soul; and as all are inspired more or less, we cannot see why those of to-day may not be inspired as well as the prophets of old, when they shall put into action all the faculties of their soul, in each and every condition of existence. The soul may ever develop itself by action—by occupying that it always has. You must learn your first lesson well, and nature will give you a second.

We suppose our questioner may desire to know how he may become inspired, in a mediumistic sense—or, in other words, how he may become a medium. We cannot mark out any particular way by which one may become possessed of medium powers. That which constitutes the medium, is born within the physical form, and is united, also, with the spiritual, and man has very little, if anything, to do with its formation. And yet, as we said before, in order to receive large influxes of inspiration, or food, you must use that you already have. For nature gives only enough. She is not like many of your millionaires, who are not content with enough of this world's goods, but are ever grasping for more, and never satisfied. Nature gives nothing to man but what his soul demands.

The inspiration of the olden time, which was meant to strengthen the religious faculties of infant man, is no longer of worth, and serves the present time only by virtue of superstition, and stands in the same relation to man with heathen mythology. No matter if the church does claim the monopoly of inspiration. Minds without the pale of church called for inspiration, and it came forth; others were as mightily inspired, because they craved a large amount of spiritual food.

How does the Inspiration of the present differ from that of the Old Testament? How do the present forms differ? How does the intellect and the moral law of the present hour differ from that of the Old Testament times?—Can our questioner inform us? Perhaps he will tell us the ancients were wiser than those who live to-day. But nature never goes back, nor even stands still, but is going ever onward, unfolding new conditions, one after another. What nature gives to-day she improves on before to-morrow; and so it has been in all the long ages intervening between the present and olden time. The difference between the Inspiration of the two extremes of time, are as great as that between the physical and spiritual forms of man. You of to-day demand higher forms of Inspiration than that which fed the prophets of old. It is necessary you should be fed on more spiritual food, for you were born under the operation of a higher law. So the Inspiration of to-day must be more spiritual than that of the past.

Nature and God become united in the principles of Nature. God is composed of all the elements that make up earth and sea and air; and in everything throughout the vast universe there is a portion of God. The God-principle permeates all life, and without it would nothing live. And from this principle, in the past, present and future came Inspiration—man's soul-food.

What is it that leads the man of Science to delve into the bowels of the earth in order to gain wisdom—what, but Inspiration? The food of the soul demands still more, and strength, science, energy and power in man are bent to satisfy that demand, in every phase of its controlling conditions.

Oh, our questioner, we would add these words: To know God and his law, is simply to know thyself. Come down to the simplicity of nature, instead of rising on the wings of mystery—come down, and from natural fountains drink in the Inspiration which shall calm your soul to peace, and bid it grow in wisdom. July 11.

Mother Wing.

It's a pity a body who has the faculty of looking around and seeing just how things look, and hearing just what is said, should hear things said against them, and not speak back.

I came here a while ago, and I talked, and somebody wrote it down, and it was printed, and some of the folks read it and said they should think I ought to be in hell, because I was so bad here. I know who said it well; and these folks are just as bad as I am, only people don't know it; and they are worse than I ever thought of being. I know it.

I don't come back here to-day because I'm mad, or care, but because I want to; and I want to let them know, too, that I ain't in hell—or if I am, I would n't swap places with them for the world; so they may reckon on one thing—that I am Mother Wing is in hell, they're there, too. I am down, but not quite so far as some people would like to have me. Those who think they're so terrible nice and I'm so bad off, will be as bad off as I am when they get here. I'd rather enough eight walk in my shoes than theirs. I guess they'll be in hell soon enough, if they ain't there already. Hell ain't a great way off, anyway. They used to say it was a big pit where bad folks burn. If I'm in hell, I've got into a pretty pretty part of it, and I think the devil's a pretty good fellow. But those who think so much of themselves, I'm afraid won't be so well provided for.

They're good folks. I know pretty well about them—they belonged to the church, too. I could tell about them, but I won't. I had a pretty good chance to find out.

Well, I want to say a word to them. Tell them they're pretty good folks, now, but they'll be no better off than I am when they get here. I'll show them around, when they come. They would n't speak to me when I lived, but they'll be glad enough to make up with me when they get here. They'll have to go to hell when they die, if there is any, and they might as well have old Mother Wing for company as anybody else. July 9.

Priscilla Lawrence.

When I left here I had no chance to leave any word for my folks, and ever since I've been gone I've been trying to come back. I died in the year 1849. I was burned to death. My clothes took fire from the stove. It was in February—in Boston. My folks live in Liverpool, Nova Scotia. I had been down here about three years. I was so badly burned I lived but few hours, and could not speak, though I knew everything.

I've got a sister living in the Provinces. She's said she would like me to come, if it was possible for spirits to come back, but she don't believe they can; but I want to assure her I do come, and so I'll tell her what I said when I left her, which will be a sort of proof that I come. I said: "Mary, I'll be sure to come home next year." She said: "Priscilla, next year may be along way off." The things I'll were sent home—among them was a letter I had commenced to write, and never finished. I said in the letter: "I hope to see you all in the spring." I did see them before spring, but not as I expected to.

Now I wish I could get the privilege of speaking at home. They must try for it, and I will—and I think I can come.

My name is Priscilla Lawrence, of Liverpool, Nova Scotia. I died here in Boston—in 1849—remember. I was forty-three years of age—most forty-four. My parents were dead before I left home. I lived in Boston, on Clark street, down from Hanover. The name of the people who lived in the house with me I think was Duffy. They were Irish. I didn't live out. What year is this? So long? It seems shorter time than that. July 11.

Charlotte Keyes.

So, you d—d fool, you're here, ain't you!

[This remark was addressed to a lady present at the circle to-day. She was, of course, overwhelmed with astonishment, but the controlling influence soon proved her identity, stating facts which the lady afterwards corroborated to us. According to permission granted, Charlotte now frequently visits the lady at her residence, where there is an excellent medium. This communication was a good test to those present at the circle.]

I had a medium, and was talking to you. It was in Baltimore, over a year ago. The medium's name was Ann. You know what the other part was—it's no use for me to tell you. You told me to go to—clear out—that I was injuring the medium; but I didn't clear out. I was bound to have my own way, and I had it, in spite of you.

I've got some friends in New Orleans, and I want to talk to them when I get ready, but I saw that d—d old fool here, and I wanted to let her know who I was. Now see here, I've got a brother in New Orleans, and his name is Philip Keyes. No, he's not gone to the war—he's too big a coward. He is a gambler, by profession, and one of the smartest kind. Tell him I come here, and am just as happy as I can be. Tell him if he'd like to talk to me through a medium, I'd like to talk to him. Perhaps he would like to talk to father; but father and I don't live together. I ain't got up stairs yet.

[To the Lady:] What you got back on for, eh? For that fellow standing beside you? He don't want you to wear it. [The lady was in mourning for her son—recently deceased. The spirit controlling alluded to the young man's spirit, standing beside his mother.]

Well, sir Scribble, do you want to know what my name is? Charlotte. Tell Phil. Charlotte's around, and would like to talk to him.

Oh Lord, I like to come, pretty well, but I don't like to get away again.

[To the Lady:] I'll go to Baltimore and carry a message for you, if you'll let me come to you when want to. Well, good-by. July 9.

Edward L. Bascom.

I come to you to-day, and I shall give what I wish to as soon as possible. According to the time of earth, I have been but nine days away from my body. I died of accident at Enterprise, Florida. I have a father, sister, aunt, and step-mother there, besides other relations. I am anxious to send word to them. I wish to tell them I died of accident. I was not shot intentionally, as they suppose, and the person who is held in custody on account of my death should be released at once. He is honest, honorable, and my friend, and should be liberated at once; and if my father cares for my peace and happiness, he will do so at once, for he tells him the truth.

My name was Edward L. Bascom. I'll see that my father, Theodore Bascom, gets this message. I shall be anxious about it, because my friend is suffering. July 9.

Invocation.

Infinite Jehovah, thou Alpha and Omega of all things, again we find ourselves rising up nearer and nearer to thee in the form of worship. Oh, Infinite Father, again we thank thee for the blessings of this hour—for the blessings of the past, and for all time in the future. We also thank thee, Oh, our Father, while we feel we are thy children, that Thou art the parent of all things alike. Shall we, Oh, Father, fear thy power, and tremble lest thou shouldst consign us to eternal damnation? Oh, our Loving Father, we know thy encircling and shielding love comprehends all things, and thou hast given us to know that thou canst not forsake us, for thy love is immutable, and we are a part of thy great universe. So we feel safe though the storms rage around us, and the darkness be ever so dense—we feel safe, knowing thou wilt ever care for us. Oh, Almighty Spirit of the Universe, wilt thou accept our prayers in behalf of those who seem not to know thee—not to hold sacred communion with thee? Wilt thou accept our offering in their behalf, for, Oh, God, we know that in each and every condition of existence there is a spark of divinity and of heavenly radiance, that will in time come forth and praise thee through endless ages. July 13.

Spiritualism Defined.

A friend calls upon us to define "Spiritualism." He might as well ask us to define God—to give a perfect definition of the author of humanity—as to ask and expect us properly to define Spiritualism.

Spiritualism is, to us, the voice of God, speaking through the trumpet of the present, calling the dead from their graves—not the dead bodies from the tombs in which they are buried, but the souls of men from the dead forms of religious beliefs, where they have been buried in darkness of ignorance. The voice of the Almighty is calling upon such, and see how they respond to his call! Lo! they come forth from every corner of the earth, for there is no place, however remote, where this voice is not heard. Everywhere its mighty power is felt, and to a certain extent, recognized. It has penetrated dense darkness, which nothing save the voice of God could enter.

Spiritualism to some—perhaps to the great mass—is simply a belief in the return of disembodied spirits, and in communication with them. "I am a Spiritualist," says one, "because I believe I can hold communion with the dead, or the spirits in immaterial forms whom I knew and loved in mortal life." This belongs to modern Spiritualism, but is it a sufficient definition? It may answer for the moment; but the next demands something more; and because you cannot define it, in its extent and fullness, shall you reject and denounce it? Because it comes wrapped in the mantle of mystery, shall you call it unsound or unreal?

Spiritualism—what is it, and from whence did it come? Spiritualism as a principle, must have existed from all time in the past. Indeed, it never had a beginning, and it never will have an ending; for, as it is a part and portion of Almighty God, it is as infinite and undefinable as the great God himself. Can your gifted theologians of the past and present define God to your comprehension?—tell you what God is, who he is, and where he dwells?—tell you when he began, and when he will end? They each and all will answer you as well as they know, and can do no more. What they know, is narrowed or limited by the capacity of the individual to learn, to comprehend, and to impart; and when the subject goes beyond his power to grasp, he is lost—is like one out upon the ocean without a compass.

We might say Spiritualism is the voice of Jesus Christ, speaking in the Nineteenth century, and we should speak the truth. We might tell you it was the voice of Pythagoras, Plato, Socrates, or all the great and gifted of the past, also, and speak the truth. It is a part of all the past, present, and of all the future. We do not blame the individual who cannot be satisfied with that which is given to-day, or in the past, for the hidden spirit that propels men onward would be stopped in its action, if man had no desires to be satisfied. Spiritualism is the manifestation of a power fitted to man's present wants. God, or Nature, never overdoes a matter. God always gives just what you need, and at the right time. Nothing is out of place with him, or otherwise than in perfect harmony with his will. So the truths of the Nineteenth Century Spiritualism are adapted to your wants; and because you or yours, or thousands or ten of thousands of others are not able to comprehend its unfoldings, shall you say it is of no use? Remember that there are as many souls as there are grains of sand upon the sea-shore, and each demands according to his own condition, or law; and if one demands according to his wants, you should not denounce that which can satisfy any human soul, but seek to know why such things are.

Everything you do not comprehend, is for you to analyze. Bring all your faculties into action; throw everything into the scale, and then, and then only, can you come at anything like a correct definition of modern Spiritualism. "But," says our questioner, "it is so new, strange, mysterious, vague." Spiritualism is a new science—or, in other words, the manifestations are new. And are you not all new beings—children of the present age? Why, then, do you ask for food spiritual that was adapted to the demands of the ancients? You had better be satisfied with that nature, or God, hath given you. Spiritualism! Who can tell what it is? Not all the brilliant minds of the celestial spheres—not even a Jesus of Nazareth—not even all the minds of all the past and present combined, can unfold its whole definition. We can only give you this much, and no more, because each and all are governed by an inflexible law, strict and unyielding, that, however much it may be struggled against, will remain forever and forever the same.

We will here take occasion to say, that it has been charged upon us, or, rather, upon our medium—as it has been, in fact, upon all mediums—that they prepare and commit each and every communication to memory. Now we wish to do away with any such supposition, or any ground for it. We will, receive, in future, therefore, questions from those present, which shall be given to the medium after she has lost her consciousness, and we have control of her form. July 13.

Walter S. Holbrook.

I've been asked to come here as soon as I could. I never tried it before. I've been dead fifteen months. I was in my thirteenth year when I died. My name was Walter S. Holbrook. I lived, last time, last place, in New York City. I used to live here in Boston. I've got a mother and step-father. My step-father's name is Hastings, and he belongs out in Ohio. I ain't got anything to say to him, though—that is, unless he wants to talk with me. He treated me well enough—as well as he could, I suppose, but he was n't like my own father. When my own father died, my mother was left with money to take care of me and my sister; and my step-father took it all, and put it into his business, and failed up and lost it. I don't think that's right—but I don't care. My mother and my sister I'd like to talk with very much. I don't know how they'll get a chance, unless they go to Conklin's. I know him. You don't see so many folks there as you do here.

Folks won't find things here on this side as they think they will—it's just as different as can be. They think they'll find a city paved with gold and diamonds, and stones of all kinds; but it ain't so, 'tall. I ain't seen no gold nor no fine stones—no God nor no Jesus Christ. Guess they'll be surprised when they get here. The ministers say so, and they think they know, and they believe them. I don't see why, though, cause the ministers don't know more 'n they do. The Bible says so, too; but they don't read the Bible here. Great folks, too, that think they know a great deal, tell you so. I saw Daniel Webster here, a little while ago, and I asked him if he was disappointed when he got here, and he said: "My son, I came here a little child. I knew no more about the realities of the spirit-world than an infant newly born." And if he was disappointed—and he says he was when he came here—I guess everybody else will be. He is happy now, because when he finds he is wrong, he turns right round and goes the other way as fast as he can.

My mother and sister may be afraid to talk with a ghost, but I don't know as I am any more of a ghost than I ever was, but I have to borrow a body to talk through. My father may go if he wants to, but I don't care.

[A visitor:] "Are there any other spirits here, besides you?"

A good many—more than you can count. Don't forget the medium's name I spoke of. I want to go there, because if I talk there, I'd have my own clothes on. I don't feel right now. I feel ashamed in a woman's dress. If I could n't come so, I would n't. I would n't be the first, I can tell you. Others do, and I have to, or else stay away. I looked around and I found good many of the mediums are women—Indians I mean—and them's easier to take than men. I was n't used to it enough to take one of the others, so I thought I'd go in woman's clothes, or no clothes.

[A visitor:] "Do you take control entirely of the medium's form, or stand outside and impress her?"

Well, I guess, sir, I'm inside of her, and her spirit seems to go off with the other spirit. I don't have anything to say to her. They tell you when you come here what you've got to do, and when you go to work to get possession of the medium, she backs out, and lets you have the coop all to yourself.

[A visitor asked why the spirit did not use the eyes of the medium, as well as her other organs of sense.]

They tell us not to open the eyes, because if we do the nerves would be injured, and the medium might lose her eyesight—and, again, there's no

need of opening them. I cannot see your bodies, but your spirits.

Well, sir, I reckon I'll be going. Did I tell you how I died? I died of some kind of a fever. The doctor called it malignant typhus fever; but the doctors where I am now don't call it so, but say it was small pox, but it never came out. So there's a difference between folks that can see the inside and those that look at the outside. And I can tell my mother where I caught it—down to old Deb's. I went after her to do some cleaning at the house, for my mother. She had a son sick, but she told me not to tell any one that somebody was sick at her house. My mother used to live near of 63 Walker street, New York. Well, good by, sir. July 13.

Stephen Barrows.

How very true it is, that "in the midst of life we are in death." It is because death is so very closely connected with life, that it takes very keen eyes to see any difference between life and death. The good pastor saw fit to take these words for his text to speak upon, the day my body was put under the ground. "In the midst of life we are in death," said he. I thought to myself, if I could only speak—only for a moment use the inanimate form that laid before me, and I once owned, I could give him more knowledge in that moment, than all the past of his life had given him. I could have told him how in the midst of life we are in death. But I did not understand the law, and knew not how to make myself heard, so I was obliged to stand idly by, and listen, hoping sometime to return and speak with those I had left.

My name was Stephen Barrows. I lived for the last fourteen years, and died, in the town of Orange, N. Y. My disease was heart-disease, I suppose. I died very suddenly. I seemed to be one hour in possession of my body, and the next was conscious that my spirit was entirely separated from it.

I am here to-day for a special purpose—not because I expect to convince all the world that I can come back, but because I want to throw in a little something to act as a stimulus to good and right in the case of my son—my oldest boy. He is fighting for the preservation of the Union. I want him to be fearless when he is in the way of right. If he feels that it is right for him to walk in the way he is going, I want him to walk without fear, and not say to himself: "Perhaps, though I live to-day, I may die to-morrow." I want him to do away with all idea of death. There is no such thing as death. In reality, death and life are the same thing; and as to being shut out from one's individual self—that cannot be. When you leave the physical, you leave only that which belonged to material things, and the spirit will be capable of entering upon newer conditions easier than when in a mortal body.

I wish to say to my son if there is no positive necessity of shedding blood, to refrain from it; but if it is necessary, shed it freely! Men and women who seek to know the right way, always find it. No one need say, "I do not know what is right." Stop and consider; and instead of going to a clergyman, go to the tribunal of your own conscience. Turn inside; and if there is nothing there to tell you right from wrong, there never will be anywhere. Publish this. My son will get it. July 13.

Clara Frances Aldrich.

As I gaze around me, it seems as though all the inhabitants of earth and the spheres beyond earth congregated here. I am not used to speaking in a body that does not belong to me. I feel lost, or like one who is occupying a position he knows but little about—or, I may say, I feel like one who has made his appearance upon the stage with his lesson half-learned. But as I am here, and here for the purpose of sending a message to my friends, I will do it as best I shall be able to do, and if they receive it as coming from me, well and good; if they reject it, the same, and I shall have to try again, and perhaps many times, before I become perfect in this new position.

My name is Clara Frances Aldrich. I was twenty-seven years of age. I was an actress by profession—one of that class whom a certain other class despise, but who are just as necessary in the formation of the great picture of life as any other part of the picture.

I have a sister, at the time I am speaking, living in New Orleans. I am very anxious to speak with her, and do not care to give in public what I would wish to give to her; therefore, I will simply ask her to meet me somewhere, so that I can speak to her as I do here—or write, perhaps.

I had a husband. He at the present time, is traveling in Europe. Little thinking I am now holding control of a mortal body and speaking somewhat as I used to speak. To-day I stood in very near rapport with my husband. I stood by him, so near that I heard what he said; and as I knew him to be a skeptic of all things pertaining to the immortality of the soul, I will give a part of his conversation with a friend. That conversation took place, remember, on the European Continent; I, the same day, am speaking through a medium in America. At about nine o'clock, as near as I am able to judge of time, the conversation took place. My husband, meeting a friend whom he well knew in America, who was once in business with him, that friend said, "Harry, how long do you propose to stay here in Europe?" He replied, "I intend to leave as soon as I can conveniently, for the devil seems to follow me. I have not been able to get a good night's rest since I left America. I am unable to account for it. It is not because I am unhappy, but something mysterious comes over me immediately after retiring, and there are strange noises. I should think it might be spirits, but they do not answer me, and I can get no intelligences from them. Sometimes the things in my room seem to be turned topsy-turvy, and I seem haunted, and I want to get out of the country as soon as possible."

Now there is a way by which my dear husband can become acquainted with these manifestations, for those who communicate do not know how to give more than he knows how to receive—for those who receive a communication have as much to do with the communication as those who give it. I have sometimes seen him get into a terrible fit of passion because he could not sleep, but was disturbed by the noises produced by the invisibles.

This will be of little importance to you or any save those who understand it; but I am not here to communicate to the world—only to those I have named. My sister is sick; she needs aid; but there is no necessity of her passing out of the body, and she need not if she will but avail herself of wisdom that can be given her from this side.

I have been dead, according to your time, little over two years. I died in New Orleans, with my sister. July 13.

A MEMORY.

O, Summer, paint me her sweet lips upon upon thy glowing air!

Across thy gloom, O Winter, fling the dark night of her hair!

Memory, tender Memory, hear my cry! Give back, give back the loving lips I never more may touch!

Red! the geranium's scarlet showed, but poor and pale by such!

O, memory! bring but these again, and thou wilt give, how much!

O, but to see her face again, and die!

Yet more, O, more, O, bring me more than years'd for face and form—

The dark eye, misty with its love—the blush with passion warm—

All my blood leapt up to answer in the past! O, give me not the coral of her curving lip alone, But the words in which the quivering heart beat, trembling, through each tone.

And the warm, dear silence, more than words, that owned her all my own,

And the white arms hung around me at the last! O, foolish heart, be still, be still! thy cry is ever vain For the looks, and smiles, and burning tears that shall not come again.

All that never more thy living eyes shall see. The buried past is far and cold, and silent in its grave; Its ears are dull and deaf to all thy misery can rave; How poor is Memory's power one faint, wan, fleeting glimpse to save!

Of all that never—never more may be! W. G. Bennett.

Written for the Banner of Light.

LINES.

[Suggested by a loving spirit's plaintive utterance, though a partially developed medium. "Oh, that they could believe I was near them, and was so grieved that I could not communicate more perfectly."]

BY ESTHER MARLOWE.

Oh thou, so truly loving,
Still o'er thy dear ones hovering,
Reading their thoughts so full of sad, sweet memories
Of thee, knowing how fondly their remembrance stories
Each word and act of thine, till set with love's pure glories
Teems thy past being.

And as in Summer hours,
Of fruits and fragrant flowers,
Thou seest them standing in the old familiar place,
Wondering if thou still canst see a beauty and a grace
In the opening buds and roses that so lovingly enlace
Earth's fading bowers?

And 'midst the Winter's snow,
As they gather in the glow
Of the warm hearth, and the vacant chair there noting,
The touched soul silent crieth, "Oh, is there no re- turning,
Will she never more to the call of our hearts yearning,
Come to us, here below?"

How doth thy soul respond,
And long to break the bond
That so endures them, and the thick veil withdraw;
That they with holy joy, not with a shivering awe,
Might feel and know 'twas thine own smile they saw,
And never more depend.

But know that thou art there,
In the same sweet Summer air,
Or gliding near thy seat by the hearth-stone fire—
That thy home is raised to a sphere alone higher
In life and love, into which their own souls may as- pire
And reach, e'en while here.

And love's messages may go
With the soul's thought, to and fro,
Or by moved lips or finger its constant care express;
That their own spirit's form may be a medium of ad- dress,
At the will of that dear one, whose wisdom will no less
Than its love, guide the flow.

But no—it may not be,
And thy grieved soul doth see
Their fearful hearts cannot receive thy tokens given;
Deeming thy messages for faith's trust too vague and even
Broken—
So may they never answering greet thee, till in Heaven
Their spirits, too, are free.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE AT CLINTON HALL, NEW YORK.

Tuesday Evening, July 16, 1861.

QUESTION:—When we are called on to state what are the evidences on which we rely as proofs that spirits communicate, what shall be our answer?

MR. PARMELEE.—Every third or fifth man with whom a Spiritualist may converse on the subject of his belief

and conversed with spirits, from the most remote ages. Hence, too, we see that the belief in a life beyond the grave is not one which is innate in the human mind, but was derived from communication with spirits; and besides those recorded in the Bible, there have always been such manifestations to men of all races.

The evidence of a future life, like that of any other truth, must be addressed to the outward senses of man; those internal feelings which are so often appealed to, being themselves awakened and modified through the same channels; and depending so much upon education and social influences, that they cannot, by themselves, be considered reliable witnesses. In order to insure the soundness of the evidence given by our senses, it ought to be ascertained whether their operation, at any given time, was normal and healthy; that is, whether all persons present saw or heard the same thing; and, if they did, the evidence in question is as thoroughly confirmed as, in the nature of the case, is possible; and the most obstinate bigotry is unable to resist it. This being uncontrovertible, are we to bow down to the dictum of those reverend divines, who tell us that the age of miracles has passed? and are we to rely on their authority, and on sentiments which are merely the results of education, instead of accepting the unimpeachable evidence of our own senses?

More than this—Modern Spiritualism and Ancient Spiritualism (or that of the Bible) rest on precisely the same basis, viz., Phenomena observed by the natural senses; and it surely cannot be contended that the men and women of to-day are any less competent witnesses as to what they saw and heard, than were the men and women of eighteen hundred years ago. We say, with the latter, that spirits exist, because the fact demonstrated it to our natural senses; and I maintain that no genuine belief in a future life is possible in the case of any one who denies that such a demonstration can take place; the belief must be sustained by some analogy with the believer's experience, or with that of past ages.

Every religious body has put forth, first, a formal statement of the basis of its belief; and, next, a creed. Now we Spiritualists are pretty respectable in numbers, and suppose we are asked, what is the foundation stone—the immovable basis—of our belief—falling which our doctrines must inevitably go by the board—what shall be our answer?

Mr. Adams repeated the statements made by him at former meetings, to the effect, that he had seen, with his interior vision, in hundreds of cases, which could be well attested, the spirit relatives and friends of persons in his company, who had recognized them from his description. He maintained that these facts refuted the position taken by Mr. Partridge, that all our knowledge comes to us by our external senses, and concluded by giving detailed narratives of some recent occurrences, which illustrated his powers as a medium.

Dr. Von VLKOR—Since sympathy is the only link which unites us with the spirit-world, why is it that I cannot get a communication from a departed friend, however intimate, save through the intervention of some medium? The thing is unexplained. I consider that the internal senses furnish better evidence of genuine spirit-intercourse, than the external; but every man must draw his conclusions from his own experiences. I believe there are genuine trance-mediums; but I have never seen physical manifestations which were convincing to myself.

My attention having been drawn by an article in the Herald of Progress to Mr. Charles Colchester as a medium, I lately visited him, in company with a friend, who will confirm my statement. I was required to write the names of some of my deceased friends on slips of paper, which I folded up and laid on the table. The name which was first selected by the "spirit" was the only one of the number which did not belong to any friend of mine. After some further questioning, I noticed that Mr. Colchester held one arm under the table, while the other appeared to be slightly convulsed. He then held up his uncovered arm, and there gradually appeared on it the letters of another one of the names I had written. It was quite plain that the medium had himself traced these characters while his arm was under the table; and I could perform a similar trick before you, now, with any sharp pointed instrument. It was a most transparent humbug.

The rapping I thought was made by the medium's foot against the table. He made out what I wrote by closely observing the motions of my pen, which is quite easy where persons are not more careful than inquirers on these occasions generally are. In short, I could discover in his performances no evidence of Mr. Colchester's being a medium; but if any competent witness can be found to depose that he has obtained a single name through him, without a possibility of deceit, his testimony will weigh as much as mine on the other side. It does not seem very difficult to keep up this silly delusion.

Even now, many persons in the West firmly believe in Mr. H. Melville Fay. I have conversed with that person since he left New York, and laughed at his offer to test his mediumship by "evaporating" a barrel of spring water, if tied up and left alone with it. And if ever man revealed his duplicity in the freedom of private conversation, Fay revealed his on that occasion, when he did not even pretend to be a physical medium, and admitted to me his only object was to make a little money. The question is, are Spiritualists wise in accepting the manifestations of this class as reliable evidence, when they might so generally be produced by mortal means, and when there are so many modes of evading close inquiries, and baffling the curiosity of skeptics?

Mrs. AMANDA M. SPENCE—If truth has found its home among Spiritualists, they should be willing to hear all sides, for in this way the world will be sooner led to see and embrace the truth. There is ground for believing that magnetism and "psychology" have much to do with the physical phenomena of Spiritualism, and some celebrated physical mediums have borne strong testimony to this effect; but this should not make us reject such manifestations, in toto, nor treat the mediums with contumacy. The experience of Mr. Adams can find many parallels among other mediums, and his testimony is no evidence to other minds. Many are unable to appreciate the results of this faculty of spiritual clairvoyance. The human mind has a dual capacity—it can receive truth through both the external and internal senses. Spiritualism uses the former merely that it may reach the latter; and the soul cannot be satisfied with external manifestations only. Physical mediums, oftentimes, are treated in such a way as to be driven to deception and falsehood; but Mr. Fay, when among us, had not this excuse. His claims were examined with fairness and candor; and for myself, I was only too much disposed to admit his flimsy excuses and shallow reasoning, when the fraud in his performances had become manifest. But Spiritualism has to rise above this plane of phenomena. We must begin to deal with causes; and

all causes are secreted until we have occasion and desire to use them. We have to come to the interior at last; and yet we must make use of our external senses until our souls are quickened enough to operate without their aid.

INWARD LIFE.

BY GEORGE W. LIGHT.

"The mind is its own place, and in itself Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven."

Where is Hell? and where is Heaven? Questions children sometimes ask, But, to answer, hoary Teachers Have pronounced a fruitless task;

When within us both are reigning: Search beneath, or soar above, Hell is but the belief of Discontent—Heaven, the regal sway of Love.

Can we see our heavenly Father? Yes, if we are pure within; Everywhere his blissful Presence By the pure in heart is seen.

Could we see our inward being, Shadowed not by outward things, Each advancing step would lead us Where an angel sits and sings.

Do ye say I talk of phantoms? Pilgrim, blind and naked, stay! Rather be ourselves were phantoms, Born, so soon to pass away!

Then, oh, then! how can we trifle With our rich inheritance! Always chasing after shadows, Leaving everything to chance!

Let us only be in earnest; Let us see things as they are; Flee from sin's deceitful serpent, Filled with trustful, heavenly care.

Then would He, the Friend of Sinners, Sup with us, and we with Him, Basing all our better feelings To their crystal fountain's brim;

And would break upon our vision Glories not before conceived—Hordes, could they be reeled, Too refined to be believed!

O'er a world of sin and sorrow, Heaven's rainbows still would gleam; And the ancient seraph ladder Would no longer be a dream!

Through the vista of the Future, We should see the dazzling rays Of the far Celestial City, Promised to the Gospel days:

Mountain tops proclaiming Justice; All the heavens but a floor; All the waters shouting Freedom, To the listening spheres above!

Obituary Notices.

In Oneida, Ill., June 23d, 1861, passed to a higher life, CATHERINE POWELL, aged 18 years and 8 months. As she neared the borders of the spirit land, her pure soul rejoiced at the beautiful prospect opening up before her. Since her departure she has been constantly in the most intimate communion with her spirit relatives, and has been able to give them the most perfect satisfaction. She has been able to give them the most perfect satisfaction. She has been able to give them the most perfect satisfaction.

"Twas as an angel and a child as snow, An angel of purity, dwelling above; But the spirit had no end of her, in their bright sphere, And they called to her gently, 'Come, come up here!' She heard the glad summons and hastened away, Willing to join them, yet longing to stay. For the earth was so pleasant, so full of brightness, And she in her innocence knew not its alloy. She saw their bright forms in the distance afar, The coming to her like a bright star above, Inviting her onward, to join their bright throng, To assist them in singing their heavenly song. She lingered a moment, their presence drew near, The beauties of heaven began to appear. Earth's pleasures were forgotten, her heart was set free, 'E'en now she is basking in heaven's dawn light. Why weep you? Why weep you? Thy spirit is free To bask in the sunlight of sweet liberty— To meet and to mingle with angels whose love Is gathered in fullness from the Father above.' E. C.

In Bridgeport, Vt., May 17th, of diphtheria, WILLIS H., aged 5 years and 6 months; May 28th, ANNE L., aged 2 years and 2 months, only children of Dr. Albury and Sarah G. Thompson.

Two little treasures, parent hearts, To thee from God were given, To bless thy home an hour, and then To walk white-robed in Heaven. The blow fell swift, and oh, low dread, One instant he lay a bright star above, Inviting her onward, to join their bright throng, To assist them in singing their heavenly song. She lingered a moment, their presence drew near, The beauties of heaven began to appear. Earth's pleasures were forgotten, her heart was set free, 'E'en now she is basking in heaven's dawn light. Why weep you? Why weep you? Thy spirit is free To bask in the sunlight of sweet liberty— To meet and to mingle with angels whose love Is gathered in fullness from the Father above.' E. C.

On the 11th of February, 1861, Miss VIRGINIA GRAHAM, of Evansville, Ind., aged 20 years, 6 months, and 24 days, passed peacefully from her earthly form to continue a life so hopefully commenced, and so full of promise here. Virginia was not of the ordinary cast of mind. She had commenced early to study the ways of life, into the ways and ways of human nature; and her own meditations, views and feelings, of which her many kept journal bears record, gives evidence that she studied not in vain. Though full of life, she was not of the ordinary cast of mind. She had commenced early to study the ways of life, into the ways and ways of human nature; and her own meditations, views and feelings, of which her many kept journal bears record, gives evidence that she studied not in vain. Though full of life, she was not of the ordinary cast of mind. 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Pearls.

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

PEACE.

Here Peace—a picture of A-cadian sweets,
Of tranquil skies and ever fair retreats,
Of birds and buds and bees and bowers and streams,
For washing linen, or the poet's dreams;
Of commerce, rich with gains from earth's far ends,
And Manufactures fat with dividends;
A jolly Press sings with an untentious song,
And plethoric priests preach to a drowsy throng—
When'er or the throng to preaching may incline,
And condescend to own the claim divine—
A grand ship drifting on a Summer sea,
The wind abeam and courses drawing free,
The pilot slumbering at the rustling wheel,
With fierce rocks crunching 'neath the vessel's keel.
Poetic Peace!—delusive, dazzling, wrong—
Its promises are but the siren's song.
Luring the soul to sell its nobler powers
For dread stagnation born of peaceful hours!
The living man prefers the storm to this—
For strife resigns his enervating bliss—
Bares his broad brow beneath the stormy sky,
Feeling 't were death to live and life to die.
Peace is a drug—it has few bidders here,
While rests at stake no principle held dear!
We want no peace until again we stand
With vindicated honor in the land—
Uncompromised, unshaken and unsold,
Our flag, with triumph stamped on every fold,
Each star with flaming ray no whit obscured,
Shining the brighter for the test endured—
Then, only, when the cause of War shall cease,
We'll welcome to our side the angel—Peace!
—B. P. Skillaber.

If we lack the sagacity to discriminate nicely be-
tween our acquaintances and our friends, misfortune
will readily do it for us.

HEART DEATHS.

Hearts off die bitter deaths before
The breath is breathed away,
And number weary twilight's o'er
Ere the last evening gray.
I've sometimes looked on closed eyes
And folded hands of snow,
And said "It was no sacrifice;
The heart went long ago."
Oh, blest were we, if every pang,
Like harshest discord given,
Proved a celestial bird, which sang
And lured us up to heaven!

A cheerful heart is the richest of human treasure,
For even gold shines more brightly in the smiles of the
sun.

DISDAIN.

He that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip adorns,
Or from star-like eyes does seek
Fuel to maintain his fires;
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.
But a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts, with equal love combined,
Kindle never dying fires;
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.
—Thomas Carew, 1640.

A vine bears three grapes—the first of pleasure, the
second of intoxication, the third of repentance.

THE FIRMAMENT.

A million torches, lighted by Thy hand,
Wander unwearied through the blue abyss;
Thy own thy power, accomplish thy command,
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.
What shall we call them? Piles of crystal light,
A glorious company of golden streams,
Lamps of celestial ether burning bright,
Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams?
But Thou to these art as the noon to night.
—Derzhavin.

ASTROLOGICAL PREDICTIONS ON THE
FATE OF THE NATION.

South Carolina declared her Independence on the
20th of December 1860, at fifteen minutes past one
o'clock p. m., when seventeen degrees of capricorn
were culminating, and the first degree of Taurus was
ascending. Venus is lady of the scheme, and is in
the seventh house, (designimating the house of war)
and in evil aspect to Jupiter. Saturn is in evil as-
pect to Mercury and Uranus. Herschel is in Gemini,
the ruling sign of the United States. We might here
remark, for the satisfaction of skeptics, that the sign
Gemini rules the United States, and when Herschel
entered that sign in the spring of 1776, the Ameri-
can Revolution broke out, and on the 4th of July,
1776, when the Americans declared their indepen-
dence, the planet Herschel was nine degrees in Gem-
ini, and in the spring of 1782, the planet Herschel
got out of Gemini, and entered into Cancer, when pa-
cific overtures were made to the American Govern-
ment, and both nations desisted from hostile mea-
sures.

It requires about eighty-four years for Herschel to
perform one revolution round the Heavens, and that
planet entered Gemini again in April, 1859, and in
November, 1859, the Harper's Ferry affair broke out,
when Herschel was in seven degrees of Gemini; and
on the 20th of December, 1860, when South Carolina
declared her Independence, the planet Herschel was
just in the very same degree that it was when Amer-
ica declared her Independence. The Union has
lasted one revolution of the planet Herschel round
the Heavens, and until Herschel gets out of Gemini,
which will not be before July, 1865, I do not look for
peace in this country.

WAR ITEMS FOR THE PRESENT YEAR.

July.—Ere the month ends, Congress will have
passed certain laws which will tend to increase a
long war, rather than to cause peace. Serious skir-
mishes will take place, and about equal numbers are
killed in the Rebel and Federal armies.

August.—What fearful signs are in the Heavens
for this month! Mercury is stationary; Uranus
and the Moon in conjunction. I tremble, almost, to
attempt to unravel the omens of Heaven. War is
declared by both parties, and a fearful struggle takes
place; thousands are killed. This is the month or
drained by Heaven for a grand engagement. I fear
the Rebels will gain the battle, owing to misman-
agement on the part of Federal officers.

September.—The most intense excitement reigns.
President Lincoln recommends the drafting of men,
and before the end of the month, nearly every man
in the North, of the proper age, will be preparing
for military duty. Several skirmishes take place
this month, and the Southern Rebels are delighted
with their success.

October.—Great preparations for a final struggle.
November.—Intensely cold, and great suffering
among the troops.

December.—Final engagement. The Federal ar-
my is successful. Every Rebel State is under mar-
tial law. But peace will not be declared this year.

The above purports to be an astrological predi-
ction of the future of America, given by the spirit of
Roger Bacon, through the mediumship of Dr. G. Mel-
lan, of Lowell. We give it room for what it is worth
—and its correctness the future alone can deter-
mine.

Reported for the Banner of Light.
BOSTON SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE,
TUESDAY EVENING, JULY 30, 1861.

QUESTION.—Should Spiritualists organize for the de-
velopment of truth?

JACOB EASON.—The present discordant conditions
of the religious world demand re-formations calcu-
lated to develop the Spiritual capacities of the soul.
Organization as means to ends is in harmony with
nature—it is God's mode of operation; we see it in
every department of life; every living thing fur-
nishes an illustration. Each human soul is an or-
ganized power, more or less advanced as an Instru-
mentality in the process of unfolding—a conscious
individual receptacle of divine life in the great hu-
manitary man. The first dispensation or phase of
modern Spiritualism is fast doing its work. It has
shaken external religion from its centre; its car-
dinal dogmas are surrendered as uncertain or provi-
sional; its intellectual frame-work has given way.
The repose, the unity, the permanency of the literal
church has gone forever. The unguided feelings and
fluctuations of moral conception take their place in
continued agitation and strife. Spiritualists in this
condition are necessarily destructive. They cannot
organize, construct, and bring order out of the in-
tellectual anarchy which prevails. Spiritualism in
this stage of development is the Samsen among the
Philistines. It has hold of our dual nature. The
house divided against itself must come down. Moral
and Spiritual war, pestilence and famine follow in
its wake. The crisis must continue until the quick-
ening spirit has done its work. The tablets of stone
which contain the Commandments written within the
soul by the finger of God must be smitten; the foun-
tains of the mighty deep must be broken up in the
Spiritual firmament, so that light, love and life may
flow from the within, enlightening and inspiring the
progressive soul to discover and occupy the spiritual
temple—the house not made with hands, which can-
not be destroyed. The present discordant conditions
demand new designs and organizations fresh from
the boundaries of heaven, the celestial or creative
spheres—the key-boards of creation—so conditioned
that the gods can play upon the organs of life, adapt-
ing each part of our compound and complex body
to all other parts, bringing the whole into an at-
tuned at-one-ment, thus creating an unbroken word—
the kingdom within, or coming man. The supply of
such a demand necessarily unfolds the second day or
constructive phase of modern Spiritualism. The
Christ, the quickening spirit which destroys the old,
has power to construct, to create the new, to reveal
the eternal.

The growing soul needs a new church—the new
Jerusalem—the sea of glass. It is a universal ne-
cessity. The soul of the Universe demands a new
government, a theocracy begotten in the hearts and
consciences of all mankind by the living God, the
original and supreme love so conceived and condi-
tioned as to demonstrate in earth-life the external
body of God, the gospel of peace and good will to all
mankind. Then, and not till then, will war cease,
and charity, or spiritual non-resistance be possible to
all men. Spiritual demands causatively create
spiritual supplies. It is difficult to determine which
is first, the demand or the supply. It seems like the
discovery of truth in the Word, to have existed be-
fore it was born. While the unfolding child is being
developed to make the demand, the supply is being
unfolded to satisfy the demand when made. The
Christ has long since gone to the Spiritual Universe,
the Father's house of many mansions, to prepare a
supply. The coming man has literally rapped at
the door of our understanding, and now waits at the
gate of life our spiritual aspirations that he may
enter, organize and supply all our spiritual needs.
The needs of the nineteenth century demand a the-
ocracy, a union of states spiritual in love and affec-
tion, a blending of harmonious souls in intimate
communion with God, so that the loves, desires and
interests of each can expressively reflect the good of
all as it exists in the Divine Father, the fountain or
source of life. Such a union and government could
abolish slavery and all the evils of life without en-
acting or abolishing a single law.

Dr. CHASE.—Should Spiritualism organize? Can
it? No. That which is spiritual cannot organize;
organizations belong to earthly things, not to spiri-
tual. Electricity or galvanism cannot, and much
less can spirit. Spiritualism is mostly spirit, and
when it has been well rinsed and bleached, it will be
all spirit. Spirit produces organized forms, as we
produce words; as an author produces a book, or an
editor a newspaper. But we may not be made into
words, because we produce them, or an author into a
book, or an editor into a newspaper; no more can
spirit be made into an organization. Spiritualism
is something new in the way of religion. Religions
that have preceded it, have mainly rested on earthly
well-doing and glory well-being; have cherished
and fostered earthly glory and earthly excellence.
Spiritualism does not rest at all on these things; it
tends to break and scatter them, and between the
broken fragments we are led to see the ineffable,
lovely, enduring and almighty reality—spirit that
needs no organization. Religions that have been,
have needed organizations, because their basis was
claimed to be earthly goodness. Spiritualism lays
hold on spirit, direct, reckoning all earthly things
of little if any account to the soul that holds within
itself the awful power that preserves its immortality.
Soul, spirit, has to do with organizations only as
effects that were—never as means that are. The
material world deals with organizations as means
for ends—never as effects that are falling. So Spir-
itualism, as it is coming to be, is in the midst of
spiritual realities, and has nothing to do with orga-
nizations only as we deal with seeds that cleave and
fall from recuperative life, to drop them and leave
them. So far as Spiritualism is true to its inflexible
demands, it has no more to do with the organiza-
tion of religious societies and religious creeds, as a
means for the development of spiritual truth, than
the traveler has to do to-day with the tracks his
chariot wheels made yesterday. The coming light of
Spiritualism will banish religious organizations; it
is only the shadows of religions that have been, that
will cherish and support them yet a little longer.
These Spiritualists who want to get up Spiritual or-
ganizations, want to wear their father's old coats
and jackets, and travel in their father's old shoes.
The vegetable kingdom and the animal kingdom are
organic; the metaphysical world is not organic.
The metaphysical world holds a power over the veg-
etable and the animal, and transcends the plane of
organization, so it is not subject to it; but the organic
world is subject to the metaphysical; the latter
does not need the former, but the former needs the
latter. The world of spirit, of thought, and feeling,
is not organic, and organism belongs only to the
physical productions of these. The summer's heat
draws from the earth a thousand organic forms,
that contribute food for man and beast; but heat is
not organic, and has no need to be. It holds a pow-

er above what it produces, and does not need its pro-
ductions for its existence. So spirit holds a power
above its productions that come in forms of orga-
nizations, and for its existence does not need them.
Spiritual movements need no organizations of relig-
ious societies for the development of truth, more
than the sun needs the existence of the vegetable
world to make it send forth its light and heat. For
material things, organizations are useful and neces-
sary; but not for spiritual.

Mr. WETHERDEE.—This question may be an
important one, but is not one calculated to inspire
me with anything that will interest you. I will fol-
low in the track of my predecessor, Dr. Child. As
he was reading, several points struck me of interest,
and without favoring organization or non-organiza-
tion, the argument drawn from Nature, so far from
sustaining non-organization, all beautifully proved
the reverse. He said light was not organized. Now
science teaches us that light is composed of differ-
ent shades, separated by a prism, which, organized,
produce a ray of white light; and a century or
two ago, the element called air might be said to be
unorganized, but we now know that it is a combina-
tion of several primaries. And his electricity, and
magnetism, and spirit, referred to, the future may
subdivide, as the past has air and light, and reason-
ing from what we know to what we do not know, it
must be so much for that.

It depends how we define organization, before we
can speak intelligently upon this question. If or-
ganization means getting up a creed and enrolling
by a wall, as the isms that are its antecedents or
preceded it chronologically have done, the Spiritu-
lists cannot so organize consistently. The whole his-
tory of Christian beliefs in the past seems to have
been something like this: a stone thrown into the
water, and circles formed, widening as they form,
each one growing out of the other, as branches grow
out of the trunk and twigs out of the branches; for
instance, a sect rather extensive, but dead as is
usual when they have reached a sure footing. A re-
form starts; some strong mind leads out, and has
his followers, and they grow and in time become
great, and the partition wall they have built is
set aside by another and another similar move, each
one thinking it a finality. Now shall Spiritualists
do the same thing? No, say I, and they cannot,
because one of the dynamics of their belief, if it
can be called such, is no plenary inspiration, no
authority. We are our own judges of what is truth,
and the ever widening future will have the same
privilege, and if we organize, as Baptists, Catholics,
or Unitarians have done, we deny to others what
we claim for ourselves—freedom from authority in
matters of faith; but concentrating, or gathering
into nuclei, by laws analogous to chemical affinity,
to enlighten and strengthen one another. Congenial
people seeking for light and truth meeting as we do
here and elsewhere, as centres for the establishment
of it, and for mutual improvement and benefit.
That is right, and what social beings cannot help
doing, for men are social beings; but that is not or-
ganizing, as that word is defined when speaking of a
sect. So I am not in favor of organizing into a sect,
and there is no danger of our doing so from inherent
difficulties, but am in favor of fraternizing as lib-
erals or judicious radicals, for the strength associa-
tion gives, and the furtherance of truth that will
grow out of it.

H. L. BOWKER.—This question is one that will
settle itself, our opinions to the contrary notwithstanding.
Organization always follows disorganization. Every
vegetable and plant has to become disorgan-
ized, in order that a new one may form. One thing
dies that another may live. This is true of the or-
ganizations of matter; it is equally true of the or-
ganizations of society. Old forms and institutions
must be disorganized before new ones can take their
places. The first great work of Spiritualism is to
disorganize old forms and institutions—to extricate
men and women from dead, corrupt and lifeless or-
ganizations that have outlived their time. When
this has been done, then will be the time to form new
institutions and new organizations—not till then.
More than one half of those who claim to be Spiritu-
lists are not yet fully out of the old organizations;
not yet weaned; yet continue to turn new wine into
old bottles, and crowd new souls into old bodies.
More than one half who call themselves Spiritualists
still continue, either directly or indirectly, to con-
tribute material aid to old institutions. Take the
money that is thus contributed by Spiritualists in
Boston, and it would support a spiritual cathedral.
The time will come when Spiritualists will be ripe
for organizations, but that time is not now. Nature
points to this necessity. We organize sounds into
music for the ear, colors in pictures for the eye,
chemicals into food for the taste, cottons for the
muscles, and iron into guns to shoot rebels. Spiritu-
lists should begin now to organize for social pur-
poses, for amusement, pleasure and instruction.
The Church at present gets half of its support from
the social institutions connected with it in the shape
of sewing circles, levees, concerts, theatricals, grab-
boxes and dancing, and catch a good many Spiritu-
lists in this way, too. Spiritualists should have busi-
ness organizations to provide means for lectures and
other incidentals, otherwise the burden is borne by
the few, or taken out of the lectures themselves.
Some men are moral shirks, and where there is no
system, they manage to dodge. For these reasons I
think that Spiritualists should have no religious
organizations, as such, but simply social and business
combinations.

Patriotism of Quincy.

I desire to state to you a few facts, Messrs. Edi-
tors, and leave you to judge whether Quincy deserves
to be associated with the names of Hancock and
Adams, the revolutionary patriots. Francis Lincoln
Southers left his native town, Quincy, to join his coun-
trymen at the seat of war, and if demanded, to sacri-
fice his life to sustain the government. That de-
mand was made shortly after his arrival, having lat-
er, as you are well aware, at the battle of Great
Bethel. At home a young wife and two little chil-
dren left to mourn their great loss. The friends
of the deceased desiring the return of the body to
Quincy, or in the whole regiment? Notwithstanding
these circumstances, the messenger upon soliciting
their favor, was refused a farthing even, toward de-
fraying the expenses. Shame may cause the chair-
man of the selectmen to reconsider the refusal—rum-
or says he will. A considerable sum was raised
by subscription for the benefit of the soldiers, aside
from the town fund; but on soliciting the committee
for their favor, not a farthing would they appropriate.
When the soldiers left for the seat of war, the citi-
zens of the town held a large meeting at the Unitari-
an Church, to give them their encouragement, good
wishes and God speed. The clergymen of the vari-
ous denominations took part in the exercises. The
Company returns; a sacrifice of one was given for
the cause of his country; the friends of the de-
ceased solicited the committee of the society for the

use of their church, again, to pay the last honors
to the body of this fallen patriot;—(this church
was particularly desired on account of its very large
capacity, accommodating probably twice as many as
any other building in town.) but to their utter as-
tonishment they were refused the use of it. The
clergymen of the churches in town were invited to
take part in the services. Mr. Southers and wife (the
parents of the deceased) being Spiritualists, they
naturally desired their denomination to be repre-
sented, and listen, also, to their minister or medium,
having expressed this desire they were refused the
church. The Universalist Church was also refused
them. Mr. Southers, notwithstanding the refusal of
the two churches to him, invited the ministers to
take part in the services at the hall. The hour of
the funeral arrived; the hall was densely packed
with people—as many again were compelled to re-
main outside, and large numbers, no doubt, returned
to their homes unable to gain admittance. The Unitari-
an Church would probably have contained most of
them. But one clergyman (the Universalist) ap-
peared. Miss Fanny Davis and Mrs. Conant, and
the said clergyman, took respective parts in the ex-
ercises. The wife of the deceased was a Universalist,
and she desired to have her minister, and also
desired the father to have his, with the other clergymen
of the town to take part in the services. The
clergyman of Boston, the acting pastor of the Old
South (Orthodox) and others, hesitated not to co-
operate with Miss Emma Hardings (the most promi-
nent speaker in the Spiritualistic ranks) in her
mission of good. The platform on which they stood
they felt was not too sacred to prohibit her presence
thereon—they discussed with her as became a full
minded man. Politics are carefully excluded
entrance into this present conflict: shall the religion
of sects be drawn in, and thereby divide the unani-
mous feeling? or shall we remain as one united peo-
ple in the struggle of '61?

J. K. Ingalls.

When the first glad words from angel life came
pattering on our tables and floors in modern spirit
intercourse, among the first to wake up and welcome
them was our beloved brother whose name heads
this article, and well he will remember how wearily
rejoiced over the hope for humanity which we saw
in the dawning of a new era. His tongue and pen
were both active—the one eloquent, and the other
sharp and ready, and I hoped and expected much
from both; but the pressing demands of outer life,
the necessities of a family, required both his mind
and body in some paying business; and well do I re-
member the reluctance with which he gave up the
work to which his soul was attracted, for a paying
business, and our competitive system and land mo-
nopoly, against which he had long contended, had
forced him to still remain in the harvest field,
gleaning for the support of his family, and our cause
has lost one of its ablest and most eloquent advo-
cates. Long I have waited, and often wished for his
voice and pen in this cause, and constantly hoped
once more to find him with us; but I fear the ene-
mies will continue to rejoice over him as a silenced
voice.

Thousands have come into the ranks since the
days of the Universalium, in which his pen gave
counsel and encouragement, hope and consolation;
and of those thousands, many have never heard of
our beloved brother; but I cannot yet give him up,
but still hope his voice shall sound the new gospel to
the ready ears of the waiting thousands. I am sure
he has kept the faith, but hope he has not finished
his course, for now we need him more than ever, as
the cause deepens and widens, and requires tried
and skillful mariners. Brother, let the pen work, if
the tongue must be silent.
South Hardwick, Vt., July 15, 1861.

The Davenport Boys.

The character of the phenomena witnessed in
presence of these mediums are doubtless familiar in
most communities where the subject of physical
manifestations has been discussed; but yet to one
never having witnessed, personally, the actual dis-
play of spirit power tangible to the natural senses
of hearing, seeing, and feeling, the conception of the
demonstrations is vague, and their genuineness
somewhat problematical. They have recently visit-
ed our western country, and hundreds in this and
adjacent towns have thereby become awakened to the
possibility of spirit intercourse.

The statement I send you accompanying this, was
attested by persons not professing to be Spiritualists,
but they are some of our best citizens, and abun-
dantly qualified to detect imposition, had any exist-
ed.

A. C. S.

Having witnessed recently in this town some of
us, mysterious manifestations attending the Daven-
port Boys, we, the undersigned, are willing to ac-
knowledge that we do not believe it possible for them
when tied as severely as our ingenuity could devise
means to confine them, to produce, themselves, the
startling exhibitions we witnessed. Neither do we
believe they, unaided, could tie, or untie themselves,
as we know they were tied, and untied in our pres-
ence, as they allege, by spirits; and as we feel con-
fident, from precautions used to detect imposition,
were not done by any power present visible to us.
What this power may have been we do not profess to
know, but simply as a matter of justice to the Daven-
ports, we can affirm we saw no attempts at decep-
tion by them.

CHAS. H. PARKER,
JOHN HACKETT,
DAVID S. FOSTER,
H. P. STRONG,
H. R. MOORE,
FRANK SALISBURY,
W. W. DEXTER,
WM. RUSSELL,
MATT. V. PASCO.

Detroit, Wis., June 25th, 1861.

Vermont State Convention.

The Annual State Convention of Vermont Spiritu-
lists will be held Friday, Saturday and Sunday, the
6th, 7th, and 8th of September, at South Royalton,
Vt. We cordially invite all friends in and out of the
State to meet with us at our annual—Feast among the
Mountains. All mediums and speakers who can
come, are especially invited to be present and aid us
with the many rich and valuable thoughts they may
have in store. To all those who have attended our
State Conventions, it would be needless to add, that
we expect to have, as we always have had, a good and
profitable season.

Arrangements will be made with the Vermont Cen-
tral Railroad to carry passengers to the Convention for
fare one way. All speakers will have a free entertain-
ment during the Convention. All who purchase Rail-
road tickets on the Vermont Central Road will please
call for Convention Tickets. Fare at hotels, eighty-
four cents per day.

Grove Meeting.

The Spiritualists of Newburg and vicinity, will hold
a meeting in the Grove at South Newburg, near Albert
Whitney's, on Sunday, August 11th, commencing
at 10 o'clock A. M. W. E. Ripley of Bradford, and
Hollis of Belfast, have been engaged to address
the meeting.

Grove Meeting.

The friends of reform will hold a three days' Grove
Meeting at East Norwalk, Huron Co., Ohio, on the
9th, 10th, and 11th of August.
S. P. Leland, of Holliston, Mrs. C. Stowe, and
other speakers are engaged.
Per Order Com.

Grove Meeting.

A two days' Grove Meeting will be held at Gun-
plain, Kalamazoo Co., Michigan, August 17th and
18th. A general invitation is given.
E. C. VINCENT, Corresponding Sec'y.

NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF SPIRIT-
UALISTS!

The Joint Committee appointed by Conferences of
Spiritualist and Reform Lecturers, held in Quincy,
Mass., in October, 1859, and in Sturgis, Mich., in
April, 1861, hereby cordially invite them to be repre-
sented in all parts of the country to meet, then in a National
Conference, to be held in the City of Oswego, N. Y.,
commencing on Tuesday, August 13th, 1861, and con-
tinuing over the following Sunday.

It is proposed to devote the first three days (Tues-
day, Wednesday and Thursday) to the special benefit
of Lecturers and Teachers. The sessions will be held
in Music Hall, West-First street, and will be spent
partly in informal conversation for the promotion of
acquaintance, and partly in consideration of the
following question:

What are the special demands of the Age upon us as
Spiritual Teachers, and how can we best become fitted to
meet these demands?

The claims of Spiritualism, and its practical ap-
plication to Human Improvement, will furnish an ample
field for remark in these public meetings, and all
speakers will be invited freely to express their views,
so far as time and proper rules will allow admit.

Friday (should the weather prove favorable) will be
appropriated to a Steamboat Excursion upon Lake
Ontario, and a public Grove Meeting to be held, prob-
ably, on one of the famed "Thousand Islands" of the
St. Lawrence.

The remaining days, Saturday and Sunday, will be
devoted to Public Speaking in Music Hall.

Speakers who may desire to address the Conference
at length on any specific topic within the general scope
of its purpose, are requested to apprise the committee
in advance, in order that a suitable time may be as-
signed them.

The friends in Oswego have generously offered to en-
tertain all Lecturers, and as many others as possible,
free of charge during the Conference.

Strangers attending the Conference will report
themselves at Music Hall, over Gordon & Purse's
Store, on West-First street, where the local Committee
of Arrangements will direct them to places of enter-
tainment.

A. E. NEWTON, Boston, Mass.
H. B. STORER, New Haven, Ct.
LEO MILLER, Hartford, Ct.
AMANDA M. SPENCE, New York.
A. W. SPRAGUE, Plymouth, Vt.
F. L. WADSWORTH, Maine.
M. S. TOWNSEND, Taunton, Mass.

S. C. COFFINBERRY, Constantine, Mich.
S. J. W. TABOR, of Independence, Iowa.
J. T. ROUSE, Fremont, Ind.
BELE SCOGGALL, Rockford, Ill.
H. F. M. BUOWN, Cleveland, Ohio.
C. M. BOWE, Vandallia, Ohio.
G. W. HOLLISTON, New Berlin, Wis.

P. S.—August 1st.—The friends at Oswego having
been obliged to make arrangements for an excursion
somewhat different from those indicated above, the
programme of the Conference will be modified to cor-
respond with the following announcement:

Grand Pleasure Excursion to Canada,
AND TRIP UP THE BAY OF QUINTE TO THE LAKE
OF THE MOUNTAIN.

The Spiritualists of Oswego, having chartered two
of the Northern Transportation Company's Lake or
screw Steamers, will make an excursion across Lake
Ontario, and up the Bay of Quinte to the Lake of the
Mountain, on Thursday, August 16, 1861, leaving Os-
wego from foot of West Seneca street, at precisely
half-past 7 o'clock A. M., returning the same night.
It is proposed to land on Indian Point at the Gap, or
entrance to the Bay of Quinte, where is located a mag-
nificent Pine Grove, which point will be reached shortly
after noon, and where the Picnic and exercises will
be held, remaining there until about 5 o'clock P. M.
Thence proceeding up the Bay of Quinte to the Lake
of the Mountain. This Lake is elevated some 300
feet above the bay, about half a mile in length and
nearly the same in width, and a most wonderful natu-
ral curiosity. It has no perceptible inlet, but discharges
a large volume of water, which is used in propelling
several mills of different kinds. It has been visited by
many naturalists, but no satisfactory explanation has
been obtained regarding the source of its supply of water.
The party will reach the Lake shortly after 6 P. M.,
remaining there about one hour, to witness one of the
loveliest of sunset scenes, rivaling in grandeur an Italian
sky. The extensive view of the bay and distant
highlands for beauty is unexcelled.

At 12 P. M. the party will return homeward,
reaching Oswego about midnight. The trip down the
bay, with daylight view for the whole distance, is of
the most interesting character, both banks abounding
in beautiful and picturesque scenery, interspersed with
several villages.

It is expected that a large company from Platon and
the surrounding country will meet the excursionists at
Indian Point, where suitable arrangements will be pro-
vided. The United States Convention of Speakers are
to be in session in Oswego at the time, and as that
body will accompany the party, several excellent ad-
dresses may be expected at the Grove on Indian Point.

In case the weather should be unfavorable on Thurs-
day, the 16th, arrangements are completed for a post-
ponement to Saturday the 17th, at the same hour for
starting.

Tickets for the trip, 50 cents; children 25 cents. To
be had at Pool's Bookstore on Wednesday the 14th, and
of the Committee, at the boats, Thursday morning.
Fruits and ice cream will be for sale on each boat.
Families will need to provide themselves with all other
refreshments. Music will be provided for each
boat. To ensure passage, promptness in being at the
boats is indispensable.

All are invited to participate.
By order of the Committee.

Spiritualist Picnic.

A Spiritual Picnic and Grove Meeting will be held
at Churchill's Grove (Camp Meeting Ground), near
the Junction of the M. & P. DuC., W. & B. V. Rail-
roads, fourteen miles west of Milwaukee, Wis., on
Thursday, the 22nd day of August, 1861.

Arrangements will be made (if possible) with the
above mentioned Railroad for cars to come to the foot
of the Ground. The cars arrive at the Junction from
Watertown and Milwaukee at 9.45 A. M. From Mid-
land at 10.30 A. M., and will leave the Junction at 5.30
o'clock P. M.

A general invitation is extended to everybody to
come and hear the Truth.

No pains will be spared to make all comfortable wild
about the Picnic.

Public lectures are especially invited to attend,
and especially to public lectures.

Waukegan, July 21, 1861.

Annual Festival.

The Religio-Philosophical Society invites all friends
of progress, far and near, to join with them in a three
days' Festival, at the Grove of the Church on the east
side of the river in St. Charles, Kane county, Illinois,
thirty-five miles west of Chicago, on Friday, Saturday,