

# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## Literary Department.

### LYONEL HARLINGTON.

Translated from the German of Heinrich Zschokke, by Clara Wilbars, expressly for the Banner of Light.

#### CHAPTER IX. The Lost Path.

Early the next morning, when the long train of old men and children, women with their husbands and babes, had left the village, to seek a congenial home beyond the wide waters, Lyonel employed some hours in writing. It was a necessity with him to give an account of his travels and adventures to his faithful friend, Josiah Wayne. He loved him cordially, not only as the trustworthy guardian of his property, but as the friend of his parents for many long years, and as his tutor in early youth.

"Be tranquil, my dear and honored Josiah," he wrote. "I am at this moment on the return way to you, and shall surprise you some of these days when least expected—when you lie stretched 'neath the shade of your favorite sycamore before the house, and the blue smoke of your cigar ascends as evening sacrifice to the skies. I have now seen, I believe, the most remarkable pieces of this varied antiquity-offer of Europe; at least, my sight-seeing propensity is fully satisfied. Man is alike everywhere. Europe is more populous, richer in art and learning than America; but I have as seldom met with genuine, of themselves happy persons, as I have at home, where, south of the Potomac, slavery yet exists, as with Asiatics and Africans; where for greed of gain, life and soul is given, as with the Polish Jews; where eager still for titled pride, we strut about like Spaniards and Prince-ridden Germans.

You wish to behold London, Paris, Petersburg, close by, in all their splendor, filth, their mass of rags, their mobs in uniform, silk and jewels, you have only to wend your way to our great cities on the coast; go to New York, New Orleans, Philadelphia, or Boston—the name does not alter the circumstances. But if fate were to banish me from our beautiful solitudes on the banks of the Tombigbee to Europe, I think I should feel most at home in the fatherland of my grandmother, Germany. There is much heart here, much truth and honesty, and a striving for it in the mass of the Nation; in the middle ranks of the people. Of course in the public regulations, in State and Church, law and land domination, there is a repulsive mixture of the Oriental with the European-new. One party lives according to the calendar of the tenth, the other in accordance with that of the twentieth century. Theological and political bigotry quarrel in secret with theological and political free thought. Each one thinks he understands it best, and believes no one else; even not the warning history of the past. With a new King upon the throne, or Prince in the same place, the Nation, and almost all besides, must take a new direction and row back what it steered forward yesterday. Amid this silent war of all against all, this surging of moral elements, this wrestling of despair with hope, I have often felt sad and anxious. But the statesmen of this country call that historical development of the Nation. Historical indeed; and I think of the struggles of Spain and Portugal; of the brazen Colossus of England and Russia upon their eastern feet. In the moral world, also, exist the laws of weight!

But you, my beloved friend, are not interested in this, in your Elysium at Maryhall, in the midst of our good-natured planters. I begin to feel homesick, like our Arnold Jackson, for the peaceful world in which you breathe; where we are not troubled by the love of power, nor tormented by the thirst for the ruler's fame; where the soil yields nourishment and clothing; the heavens award health, and strength; where the wisdom and folly of other Nations serves as our entertaining spectacle; where God and Nature are engaged—a glory that cannot be attained by all the juggling tricks of luxury.

I am on the road to France. In Havre, I shall embark for our home. But until, my honest Arnold recovers from his bruises, I roam through field and forest, villages and cities, in a joyous mood, and like Diogenes, I seek, though without a lantern, for honest human beings."

When Lyonel interrupted himself in his epistolary chat to resume his wanderer's staff, he found that the morning was almost spent. He hastened on. It was a dazzling, hot day; for that reason he followed a footpath that afforded a pleasant shade beneath the foliage of a towering beech-wood. The inscription on a post of the forest boundary, informed him that there was a grand ducal forest and hunting-ground. Leisurely he sauntered through the wood for several hours, careless whither it led. He sang a favorite ditty in a low voice; then he gave himself up to dreamy recollections of past days, or to anticipations of the bright ones yet to come. But as it often happens, lost in thought, he had likewise lost the way, and the forest seemed to have no outlet; he accelerated his pace, looked to the right and left, and again the hours sped on, and the forest solitude surrounded him as in the morning. Not a sign of a habitation, not a sound of human life, no distant barking of a dog, served as a guide to lead him out of the leafy wilderness. He started at the hammered strokes of the woodpecker, only to find himself deceived; he almost deemed himself wan-

dering and enchanted in one of the endless primeval forests of America, where as yet the human foot had never trespassed.

The evening approached, the thicket became still narrower, and led up hill and down; wearisome to the feet that longed for rest. Yet he tranquilly abode the favor of chance, and was not disinclined, in case of need, to seek a night's quarters in the wood.

He had not trusted to the favors of chance in vain. Unexpectedly, he found a cart-path beneath his feet, that served the purpose of the thread of Ariadne in the labyrinth. In the course of half an hour the column-like forest trees became less dense, and the sky appeared between them, deep and bright. The path wound through rocks of sandstone, and near the vicinity of a fine waterfall that stirred the air with its monotonous rush. He stood suddenly, and not without surprise, before the ruins of an ancient abbey or castle, that, arising between encircling hills, filled up the space between in wondrous figures of a time-worn architecture.

It was of a masonry of the olden time, riven and rent by the touch of many centuries, and pityingly enfolded by the loving ivy, forest vine, wild hops, and other creeping plants, that veiled and beautified this site of decay; their light green, younger tendrils wove fresh garlands in the summer air above. To the left, more than half destroyed, a round; to the right, a large square tower, formed of rough, enormous blocks of stone, that seemed the uncouth labors of the Cyclops; and between both, a great high arching gateway, through which at that moment, beamed dazzlingly the rays of the setting sun, while the brook leading from the waterfall, rippling over the mass of rocks, became a stream of golden flame.

Lyonel wandered slowly amid the shady hills, past solitary pillars overgrown with rosebushes and blooming wild flowers, and by overthrown columns, covered with the green velvet lustre of the moss, and between fallen walls. The aspect of these memorials of evanescent human greatness, and the contrasting eternal youth of Nature, aroused deep thought within his soul. "The remains of castles or of convents," he said, "it matters not, be it one or the other; the golden age of the nobility and the priesthood, was always the age of iron to humanity. Silly presumption of these ephemera to heap up lifeless dust for eternity, and who rest themselves forgotten, before their work falls to decay. Who names, who knows them yet—the creators of Tadmor, Thebes, Memphis, the proud Pharaohs of the Pyramids? After the lapse of thousands of years, where will be the great burial cities of London and Petersburg, Paris and Italy?"

Thus musing, he passed through that solitude of ruins, and found himself on the upper border of a hilly ridge, at whose feet lay a smiling valley environed by rising woods, over which now brooded the peaceful glory of the evening time. It was as if some blessed Eden of repose had gleamed upon his sight; between emerald green meadows on which picturesquely dispersed groves and groups of trees waved in the breeze, there greeted him a crystal lake, with the glorious skies reflected in its serene depths. In it were mirrored the graceful willows, the alder, and the slender poplar, placed there as by the gardener's designing hand, on the retreating and advancing banks; and toward them wound the rivulet, flowing musically and luxuriantly, mid blooming hedges, from the flowery domain of the ruins. Silence, like a spell, enfolded that rural sanctuary, broken occasionally by the solemn whisping of the leaves, and the distant rush of the oarcraft, that seemed to enhance the wondrous charm of the holy stillness.

The young wayfarer felt like one in a delightful dream. He sat down upon a fragment of rock, that he might fully at his leisure, contemplate the beautiful picture of that serene landscape, framed in by the towering woods.

"How immeasurably drear and poor are the finest creations of the pencil, beside the living glory of Nature, with her inexhaustible forms, colors and thoughts. This is a Paradise! but as it seems, a yet uninhabited one," he said, with renewed delight and vivid pleasure.

But he was mistaken, for the Eve was also to be found in this aparted Eden.

An Idyllic scene of another kind met his eye. Not far removed, beneath him, some goats were grazing between the bushes, and near them in the brook, a young and slender girl was bathing her little feet that glistened white as ivory; and as she returned to the shore, the waves, eager and loving, seemed to pursue her with their tender murmurs. The shepherdess modestly dried the little feet and placed them within the coarse shoes awaiting them. We call her shepherdess, though her flock consisted only of three goats, who leaving the dainty boughs at the first call of their mistress, came fondly toward her, and bending their necks affectionately, received and returned her gentle caresses.

#### CHAPTER X. The Shepherdess.

Glad to have discovered one human being in that charming solitude, the young American remained for a while the silent spectator of the young girl's innocent enjoyment with the docile creatures. But as he arose to descend, the sound of the rustling leaves aroused her attention, and she looked up. She seemed alarmed, and desirous of hastening away, but remained standing after she had taken a few paces, and shyly awaited the approach of the stranger, who called to her:

"Do not be afraid of me. I am a traveler, and

have lost my way in the forest, and I do not yet know where I am."

He would have said or inquired more, as he came near enough to behold her features, but he was involuntarily silent, and, walking slowly, he regarded her with the most profound surprise. For never had he beheld so striking a contrast between the bounteous gifts of Nature and the stunted boons of fortune than was presented to his view in the person of the shepherd maiden.

In a beggar's garb, there stood before him a youthful figure, so symmetrically moulded, so replete with delicacy, grace and dignity, joined to a face of such pure coloring, he deemed himself in the presence of a high born lady of seventeen who had assumed in sport the coarse, unworthy vestments she wore. Thick plaits of silken hair, that seemed woven of gold, wound round the well-formed head; that, as well as the white neck and shoulders, was shaded by a worn, discolored straw hat of umbrella-like shape, with torn edges. The deep blue eyes glanced timidly from under the unbecoming head-gear, and in their lucid depths there dwelt a silent, sorrowful appeal. The face, with its rosy tined cheeks, the finely chiseled, almost Grecian nose, the child-like mouth, and softly rounded chin, was imbued with the glory of innocence, as well as the radiance of loveliness. The snowy throat and arms were covered with the coarse, unbleached cloth that was arranged in deep plaits, and reached to the small, white hands. A red bodice of the coarsest woollen material, a petticoat that had once been blue, but that now was patched in many places, and an old, outgrown apron of common, striped linen, completed her costume; but as wretched as that garb, it was most scrupulously neat and clean.

Lyonel recovered his speech, and inquired with a sort of reverential deference, such as youth and innocence inspire in the beholder:

"Tell me, dear child, where am I? What is the name of this neighborhood?"

"Saint Catharine's Vale," replied the young girl, still somewhat shyly, but in a clear, melodious voice.

"You live here? And to whom do you belong?"

"To my uncle; we live close by."

"And allow me to be a little inquisitive: what is your name?"

"Ceilia Angel, sir."

"Angel?" repeated he, smiling, and surprised at the designation that was so appropriate to the lovely being who might have rivalled the sainted Ceilia represented by the inspired pencil of the olden master. "And who," he continued, as she stood meekly with folded hands and deprecating look before him, "who are your parents?"

"Oh, that they yet lived below!" she answered in a low tone, and sighed: "I am an orphan; they have long been dead."

Lyonel was more and more bewildered by the fairy presence in that romantic place. So much grace in every movement, such natural dignity by the side of so much artless simplicity, added to so choice an expression of language, he deemed could not possibly belong to the child of peasant parents. And how came it that so rare a beauty was arrayed in rags? That such ideal loveliness was employed in the care of goats? And this was not all that astonished him: there was soul in her every glance; her being was imbued with soul.

"Well, then," he said, and put forth his hand to take hers; she drew back a step, and he, observing this, stood still and continued, "I hope you are not afraid of me?" in a voice that was slightly tinged with wounded feeling.

"I do not know you, sir; but you do not inspire me with fear. But my uncle awaits my return," she replied with modest candor and earnestness.

"Where does your uncle live?"

"Near by. Do you see yonder the declivity of the brook, and close to it the hedge of blooming sloes? There is our house, but somewhat concealed."

"Then of course there is a village in the vicinity?"

"Two hours distance from here."

"That is far. I am pretty well tired of my jaunt in the forest. I have traversed it broad and long, for I lost my way. Is there, perhaps, some kind of an inn near this where I could obtain some refreshment?"

"The inn is in the village; but a better one is near the castle. If you can content yourself with black bread and fresh milk, sir, we can offer you that with pleasure."

"Excellent! So I may accompany you to your home? I ask not your kindness to give you trouble; I will gladly prove my gratitude."

"It is not necessary, sir; we give nothing for pay. I will lead you there; please follow me."

When she had said this, she turned away from him and called her goats, which followed her obediently. Lyonel, less docile than they, preferred walking by her side. His curiosity was intensely awakened by her manner, and he was desirous of knowing more of her.

"So you refuse to take payment?" he said. "I did not think you were so proud."

"I proud? You are pleased to jest, sir. Pride is a sin-stain even of wealth, and we are poor, common people. But we have still what we need, by labor and through prayer. And to be content is to be rich."

"Your white fingers, my child, do not evince very hard work."

"The hardest part is done by my uncle, who performs it as well as he is able."

"You take charge of your little flock all day?"

"When my household affairs are in order, I spend a few hours in the open air for exercise."

"And the rest of the day?"

"I must weave lace, and embroider."

"Embroider? For your Sunday attire?"

Ceilia cast an inquiring look upon the stranger, and replied:

"You take a pleasure in jesting, sir. I work for fashion-stores, for great ladies."

"Indeed, I do not mean to joke, but I am sincerely astonished. You cannot have been brought up in the usual way like other poor people's children. How and where did you learn these arts?"

"All that I know I am indebted for through life to the love of my sainted mother. She was a true artist with the needle."

The young man would gladly have continued his questions, though it were only to hear in return the silvery replies of the maiden; but already they stood before the fence, beneath the silver birches that surrounded, in a half circle, a very small, decaying house, whose roof was partly covered with tiles, in part with rusty boards. The only adornments of the miserable hut consisted of a few hyacinths and pinks, that, probably tended by the gentle hand of Ceilia, bloomed in earthen vases by the windows, beneath which was a vegetable garden of very limited extent.

Ceilia invited the guest to enter through the narrow doorway and the smoke-blackened entry, into a small room, whose ceiling he almost touched with his head. She offered him a straw stool for a seat, and exclaiming herself for a moment, hastened away to call her uncle. The American took, meanwhile, an inventory of the furniture and arrangements of this home of the needy. The room with all it contained, the low bed, little table of the wood of a nut tree, the iron stove, the pair of straw stools, the small, half-blinded looking glass, all was kept in the best of order. A picture of the Madonna, fastened to the boarded wall, was flanked by a pair of shining, well-kempt pistols, and a gleaming unsheathed sabre, whose glistening brazen scabbard hung directly opposite. On the wooden mantel-piece, lay beside three earthen plates and a dish, a well-read Bible, a Catholic prayer-book, Gellert's hymns, and Schiller's poems. More than by all this was the gazer's eyes attracted by the embroidery frame, that, carefully covered with a handkerchief, stood upon a bench. He lifted the covering, and looked admiringly at the graceful portraiture of the needle formed by Ceilia's nimble fingers. The sound of approaching footsteps aroused him from the contemplation.

#### CHAPTER XI. The Secret.

"Why, I declare, Mr. Lyndworm, or Lyndman, or Linkum, or whatever it is, you are welcome! If I am to call you properly in the future, you must provide yourself with a fitting Christian name."

This was said by a man's voice at the door. It was Tobias Thork who stood there and stretched out his only remaining hand.

"That is right," he went on, "that you have so honestly kept your word; and I will not grumble any more over your present, but will thank you as I should. I wanted to do so yesterday, already. Why did you run off so hastily, in spite of my calling you back? I saw very well that you meant it for the best."

Lyonel was no less delighted at the unexpected meeting than was the old Hussar himself.

"Let it remain so," he replied, as he cordially shook his hand; "fortune favors me to-day."

"But, my little man," continued the cheerful old soldier, as he tightly held the stranger's hand, "under your straw hat sits more than a mere senator; for it is a well known fact that beneath many a senator's head-gear there is an addle-pate. How did you find out my old home-ness in this corner of the forest? I see you are a smart one; such an one as rarely escapes from the schools, in Europe or America."

Lyonel responded briefly to the question by telling the story of his wanderings, and relating how he had accidentally met with the young girl. He was anxious to put some questions to the old man, but in his hospitable impatience, he heard him not, but, hastening to the open door, he called out loudly:

"Ho, there, Cilly! Get the table ready! the best we have beneath the roof! bring bread and the oldest cheese, and the half bottle of wine. And then run like a greyhound to the farmer-tenant Trolle, and buy another bottle full of the same sort; it is good."

"So there are others living in your neighborhood? Who is the farmer-tenant Trolle?"

"A man, sir, who follows Swedish trade, as the saying is; who has the wine coming in, the copper going out. In former times, the drunkard displayed his copper on chin and nose, in handsome red; now, it is almost rusty and weather-beaten, and is only to be seen in steel blue and gray."

"Could the man accommodate me for the night?"

"I believe he can; and will do it with many bows and scrapes; for he loves the musicians that I heard yesterday singing and rattling in your purse. For the rest, he is no friendly neighbor to such poor folks as we. He puts on great and saucy airs, as if he were the Lord Prime Minister himself, and not only his humble servant."

"Whose tenant is he?"

"Of his excellency, the Herr Von Urmling at Lichtenheim."

"How? Does he live in this neighborhood? So much the better."

"Only two hours distance from here; that is all."

But I will take you myself to his steward, to the dun-

derhead, the fiery, full-moon faced Banabas Trolle."

Ceilia entered just then, shyly, with downcast looks, and brought in the frugal repast and the half-bottle of wine. Raising her dark blue eyes with somewhat less timidity than before to the face of the guest, she asked him:

"Perhaps, sir, you would prefer milk?"

"Pooh, nonsense, milk!" cried her uncle, cheerfully. "Wine rejoices the heart of man; and before you return from your errand, this bottle will be empty. Stay a moment, Cilly, and look here. This is the gentleman from America, who so enraptured us yesterday by the bestowal of his golden penny. Tell Barnabas he shall prepare for him one of the chambers set aside for the great. The Minister has given his permission that strangers of his sort shall occupy the best rooms. He shall be well paid for it. Do you hear? well paid! That is what Trolle delights to hear. And the gentleman's name is—I beg you, tell me again. I shall not remember to all eternity."

"Lyonel Harlington," responded the young man, smiling.

Ceilia bowed her head, and silently glided from the room.

"A very amiable child," observed the American, as the old man filled the glasses. "And more than that, a most beautiful one; but perhaps I ought not to tell you so."

"You can tell me; I have nothing against it. She is a handsome girl, unfortunately. But, my young friend, beware of telling her as much! Maidens are only beautiful as long as they do not know it; it is the original sin of women that they all love to have that knowledge. And when they find that the beautiful is wanting, they seek to remedy the defect by the aid of the dressmaker and milliner, and the demon of vanity holds the looking-glass before their faces. Therefore, not a word of it. I wish the girl was—"

"What?—ugly? I believe you are sorry to have so lovely a niece that others envy you for?"

"You have guessed it, my man! Ugly faces have not caused near as much mischief in the world as have pretty ones. I could sing you a song on that topic. But enough; I cannot explain myself upon that text any further."

"I can explain it. Out with the truth, sergeant! You have much to do, to look after the swarm of young and older suitors?"

"No, no, no! not that at all; though the child is fully eighteen years, and is—I must say it—the best child that can be found beneath the sun. She is my joy—my consolation! Through the industry of her hands, my only support. But she knows nothing of suitors, honorable or otherwise, and the poor creature will probably never know of them. She will," he added, in a lower voice, "she can not, she dare not marry."

Harlington listened with astonishment and a doubtful shake of the head, as he saw how the cheerful-faced old man filled the glasses and the features of the disabled soldier, as if some swift pang of recollection had driven it thence. He smothered a rising sigh.

"I understand you," said Lyonel. "You think beauty, without fortune, is like a flower bereft of fragrance."

"That may be, sir. Yes, there are fools enough who prefer the artificial flowers in their gilded vases to the fresh ones in the natural garden; who seek to marry with a heavy money bag, to which the wife is only an appendage. But this is not the question here. If my poor Cilly had fortune enough, she would buy herself a place in a convent, and become a nun."

"In a convent!" repeated Lyonel, in a tone of slight alarm. "Wherefore? Has perhaps an unhappy attachment?"

"Pooh, pooh! What does the poor little thing know of unhappy love? Your city maidens know more in their tenth year than a beggar girl, that can only ogle her bread crust, comprehends at twenty. No, no," continued the old man, in a tone of vexation and sadness, "The innocent creature is alone in the world. Except myself, she has no company; she is shunned as if she were cursed with leprosy. Do you understand me? We live four years already in this hole since our misfortunes overwhelmed us like a passing pestilence. Grief placed my good wife and Cilly's mother in the grave, and the shame of others rests upon us. I am an honest fellow, as good as any other whose heart is in the right place, and I am the girl's uncle. And that is enough to prevent all who know it from holding intercourse with me. But God, the Lord, knows us both, and we know him, and are content. And now, enough of this; I have said too much, already."

"You are a man of honor, sergeant, and I like you, but you speak so enigmatically that I am desirous of hearing more. Perhaps, if you placed confidence in me, I could aid you. Speak openly."

The invalid drew his brows together, and responded with indignant feeling:

"You mean the aid of gold? Thank you, I do not need it. I know too well that honor and conscience are for sale in our day. But Cilly cannot be helped with tons of gold! Were it to him who would take her for a wife! He would take in his arms the misery of a life time! Let us drop the subject. Do not ask another question, and, in particular, do not speak of it to the girl. Give me your hand upon it—give me your hand!"

Lyonel could not imagine what the strange, almost fearful expressions of the old man signified; but he refrained from manifesting any further curiosity, although the dark suspicion crossed his brain: "Can this holy Ceilia be a repentant Magdalen?" He placed his hand almost involuntarily in the out-

stretched hand of Tobias, who shook it heartily, wiped his brow, as if he would rub off the wrinkles there. He seized a wine-glass, and cried with a forced gaiety:

"Tough glasses, young friend; you are a treasure to me, believe it. But bestir yourself! Let us converse about things that give me the head and the heart ache! Away with it! Let us drink!"

Tobias turned the conversation to the emigrants, of whom Lyonel had told him, and he inquired concerning their chances in the New World. But, in the midst of his narration, he was interrupted by the entrance of Cecilia with the lighted lamp, and the wine-bottle from farmer Trolle's cellar.

"Well, my girl, what did the folks over there say?" inquired her uncle. "It will not do to send the gentleman late in the dark night, and to offer him the bed of straw yonder, I dare not."

"They seemed but half-inclined," replied Cecilia; "to accommodate Mr. Harlington for the night. At first, they were somewhat rude, and ordered me out of the house; as I went on speaking, they became even suspicious, and murmured something about strange vagabonds and foreign strollers; they would hardly listen to me. And when I told them the gentleman stopping with us was a distinguished person from America, they all laughed at me. Mr. Trolle, who was not quite sober, swore and raved, and would not believe a word I said. Frau Isabella and Miss Sibylla at length desired to see the gentleman with their own eyes, before they would decide. Herr von Harlington will therefore have the goodness—"

"I thought so!" indignantly interrupted the sergeant. "They are as coarse as straw, and as low as counterfeit money! I will go with you, sir; do not be troubled. Such as I know how to digest a few insults. That is the rule, but I understand how to entrap foxes!"

While Tobias Thork further questioned his niece, Lyonel regarded her with ever increasing admiration and curiosity. The childlike innocence impressed on every feature of the delicate face; the touching accents of her voice, her choice modes of expression, that evinced a higher culture than is usually found in the huts of the poor—all these were so many guarantees to him that this unfortunate was so far from fault of her own; that it was impossible she could be suffering from sin. Her face betrayed not even the existence of passionate feeling or vehement emotion. It bore the signet of an unchangeable repose. Though gentleness and friendliness were in her words, not the slightest token of a smile overspread her features, and in her eye dwelt something akin to a deep-hidden grief.

As soon as the old man resumed the conversation with his guest, Cecilia sat down opposite to them, a silent listener, filling her uncle's and Lyonel's glass from time to time, and giving her sympathizing attention to the young narrator as he told of his native land. She kept her looks fixed on him, and met his with the utmost unconsciousness or indifference. So passed the evening. Tobias accompanied the young man to the farmer's dwelling, where the stranger was suspiciously mustered by all their eyes. But the women found his dress so elegant, his linen so fine and dazzlingly white, and Mr. Trolle having read his passport with approving nods, it was at last decided to open for him the best chamber in the house.

CHAPTER XVII.

A Day in St. Catharine's Vale.

The farm-house appeared on the next morning to be a large, commodious country building, with comfortable rooms, well furnished, although simple in arrangement, and surrounded with fine stables and other out-houses. It was situated on an eminence in the deep forest, from which St. Catharine's Vale—the greater portion, at least—could be overlooked. At the foot of the hill a well-conditioned garden, filled with flowers and vegetables, extended, over-shadowed by the blossom-freighted fruit trees.

Here in an arbor, overgrown with trailing plants, our traveler took his breakfast on the following day. The host soon made his appearance, clad in almost city style, and walking with the authoritative air that was peculiar to him. He came to give his company to the guest, or, perhaps, with the less laudable intention of satisfying his own curiosity. He did not, therefore, hesitate, after the first salutations, to put a number of questions, to which the American replied as fully as he deemed proper.

But Trolle was not at all pleased with the mere title of farmer-tenant, with which the gentleman addressed him. He erected his clumsy figure to the utmost, and drawing up his head and thrusting forth his fiery face, he remarked that, although he rented some portion of land from his Excellency, the Minister von Urming, he was, in fact, the steward of his Excellency; in proof of which he stated that he was entrusted with the gathering of the tithes and ground taxes of several villages, and was in charge of two large farms in the immediate vicinity. Honor to him to whom honor is due! Lyonel took care thenceforth to give him the desired title; and he was informed in return that Mr. Barnabas Trolle stood high in favor with his Excellency; yes indeed, without boasting, that he passed for the favorite of the Minister; that, during the Summer, the noble family graciously honored him with a visit for several days or weeks, when, in the friendly intercourse of daily life, the affairs of the estates were talked over and business concluded to better satisfaction than by mere written orders.

"And with your permission," went on the loquacious Trolle, "where does your honor go next?"

"As I said, through Lichtenheim back to Darmingen," was Lyonel's reply. "But if it is not inconvenient, I should like to ask you for a dinner, Mr. Steward."

"Votre tres humble serviteur, sir! I will serve you with much pleasure."

"Then please prepare for three persons; and if I may give you the trouble, let us have the best of what you have in kitchen and cellar, Mr. Steward. I will pay you well for all, as I wish to entertain two good friends."

"The gentleman expects friends? Perhaps fellow travelers?" inquired Mr. Trolle, with extreme friendliness.

"No; you know your neighbors, the old sergeant Tobias Thork and his niece?"

"What! those—?" The astonished farmer could say no more. An overwhelming surprise that bordered on alarm was depicted in his countenance, and it robbed him, for the moment, of the power of rejoinder. "You would not bring that beggarly pack into my house?" he cried at last, when he had recovered from the shock.

"Why not? The sergeant seems to me an honest man, though, of course, I have only known him a short time."

"Sir, *soit dit en Dieu*; do not make too familiar with the intrusive fellow. He is an impudent wretch, and will deceive you. The kindness of his Excellency accords him *par misericordia* the uninhabited barracks of a hut; but I will soon drive him out of it. He has kept house there the longest time."

"I am on my travels; the man has been kind to me; he possesses much knowledge, and interests me deeply."

"Throw him an alms. He and the creature with him are content with boiled potatoes. Therefore, pardon, Monsieur, for yourself the table shall be served with the best; but, *permettez moi*, those two shall never boast afterward that they have ever dined at my house."

"Well, then, if you are not on good terms with the old mountaineer, please prepare a dinner and have it sent there. I will eat with them, but will pay you in advance."

Mr. Trolle turned himself around, and from side to side in strange embarrassment, and knew not how to deport himself or to find the fitting answer. At length he replied, with a shrug of the shoulders: "Excusez, but I cannot serve you. I will not send a wooden spoon of mine to that low set. I am heartily sorry to have to refuse you. You are a stranger in the land, sir, and do not know that crew; do not contaminate yourself with them. The young female is quite pretty, *il faut le dire*; yes, sir, one might have pity with the little wretch. But I warn you to beware of close approach to them. It has its reasons. You might thoroughly repent of it in the future. I will say no more."

"But why not? The young girl seems perfectly artless and innocent," said Lyonel, who gladly would have penetrated the mystery.

"May be, or not. *Ce n'est egal*. You are warned. I will not call the wench by her proper name; I might get in return from the *Manchot*, the the bull-dog, her uncle, a pair of holes in the head, and trouble with his Excellency. He is a veritable Satan; *qui c'est le diable*. Two years ago he most terribly chastised one of my servant men, who called the little ragged witch by her right name; and when I complained to his Excellency, the minister, he became angry, and I was compelled immediately to discharge the man from my service. I will not say anything against it, but *c'est une petite injustice*."

Harlington essayed in vain to overcome the prejudices of the steward with regard to old Tobias, so he changed the conversation, and demanded his account, paid for his entertainment, and taking his valise, retraced his way to the cottage of the disabled Hussar. He was received by him with cordiality, and immediately invited to dinner, such as Cecilia's art could best provide. She, too, soon made her appearance, more lovely to the eye of the guest than on the previous day; not because in honor of his visit she had attired herself in her best, which was poor and faded also, but that for a moment her usual seriousness gave way to a cheerful expression, and for the first time she smiled. This smile, added to the mildly sorrowful appeal in her eyes, with which she regarded him as if she would have read his soul, thrilled him with a feeling for which he could not find a name. There was something magical in this; it was not in vain that farmer Trolle had called her a witch, and, as it seemed, suspected her of mysterious arts. Lyonel would have given much to know what the secret was that enveloped her; but he sought no further, to avoid wounding the sensitive heart of the old soldier, nor would he tell him how he had been warned by the steward against him.

He spent a quietly happy day with these world-apart ones, acknowledging to himself that it was one of the most beautiful days of his travel-life. The morning was passed in wandering through the romantic valley, in the companionship of Tobias, whose sensible remarks and manifold experiences were surprising funds of knowledge to his young friend. The vale itself bore a resemblance to a fairy garden, in which at every step the scene was changed, and a new landscape picture revealed to the delighted sight. The simple repast, whose chief dish consisted of fresh trout from the stream, was seasoned with cheerful jest and conversation. Cecilia, who was an attentive listener, seldom spoke herself, and but very rarely did the illuminating smile overspread her lovely face. Music, too, was not wanting at the close of the frugal feast, for, at the request of her uncle, the young girl sang to the accompaniment of her guitar. She sang willingly, but seated herself at the open window, the better to conceal her maiden shyness. Lyonel was enraptured in heartfelt admiration of the melodious strains, the skillful touch of the light fingers, and the depth of pure and holy feeling awakened from the strings, whose melody was responded to by his soul. The Hussar felt highly flattered by the praises of his guest—much more so than the modest songstress.

"Do you see, my man," he said, "that is wine of the soul for me, with which the heart gladly intoxicates itself sometimes. Instruction, voice and guitar, all are the girl's legacy from her mother, my good departed sister."

When Lyonel thought of preparing for the continuation of his journey in the coolness of the evening, and while Tobias, who was to accompany him part of the way to Lichtenheim, went into the hut for his hat and cane, Cecilia found herself alone with the young stranger for a few moments. Without the slightest degree of embarrassment, she spoke to him, as he stood silent and thoughtful before her: "Will you not return here before you leave our country?" she inquired.

"Oh, certainly; of course, by all means! I have been too happy in this paradise. But confess to me, Cecilia, are you happy here?"

"Why should I not be? I am content where my dear uncle is—and he is ill so often."

"But, dear child, if he were once to leave you?—he is but mortal."

"Then—yes, then—I have often been visited by that fearful thought!—then, as now, I will trust in Him who gave us the past and will send us the future. Wherefore should the All-Loving One desire my sorrow, when I would do no evil unto Him?"

"You are in the right, you pious soul! Hold ever fast to this beautiful conviction; it awards the compensation for all that is desirable which you have hitherto been deprived of."

"I am in reality deprived of nothing."

"But you are poor, and, therefore, scorned; or at least, less honored in the world than you merit. You are without the means and power to take your appropriate place."

"And wherefore should I, Mr. Harlington? You know, as well as I, that contentment is true wealth; that the pride of a pure conscience is unspeakable honor; that our will-power is our highest might."

Lyonel smiled in approval of this unexpected wisdom, and asked:

"Who taught you these sayings of truth?"

"Mother and uncle, and also my own experience."

"But, dear child, you have a heart, and that heart has many other needs. Can you live in the world without harboring a single wish? Tell me candidly, what do you most desire?"

"That all, all human beings might be good; or at least, not quite so wicked as they often are."

"Have you no friends—no associates, but your uncle?"

"No, sir, not one; we live alone in St. Catharine's vale; and those in the house of Mr. Trolle do not love us."

"But you sometimes see other persons? For instance, when you go to church?"

"But I do not go to church; it is more than a mile and a half from here."

"What religion do you belong to?"

"To the Christian faith, like yourself, sir."

"I am a Presbyterian."

"And therefore no Christian? You are jesting Mr. Harlington!"

"Of course, I am a Christian. I ought to have asked you whether you are a Lutheran, Reformed, or a Catholic, in belief?"

"I have been baptised and brought up in the Catholic observance."

"And who was your worthy teacher of religion?"

"None other but your own, sir—Christ himself—who was no Presbyterian, neither was he a Lutheran, or a Catholic, as mother and uncle have often told me, as it must be of itself."

Lyonel gazed upon the strange young girl with deep emotion; in conflict with himself, in visible embarrassment, he took a few steps here and thither; then he approached her again, and said, in a faltering voice:

"Will you grant me a favor I have to ask of you? I am anxious for the weak health of your kind uncle, and therefore anxious for you, also. Take the best care of him!"

She folded her hands, with fervor, raised her violet-eyes in sadness to the twilight heavens, and sighed: "Oh, that I could give my life for his!" she cried.

"Oh, that with care and attention I could strengthen his health, and prolong his days on earth!"

"I will give you the means. I entreat you, do not refuse me!"

"Why should I? I will willingly accept—"

The voice of Tobias Thork was heard from the house. In haste Lyonel placed a small roll of gold pieces in Cecilia's hand, who, at the touch, stood rooted to the spot, blushing and confused, with downcast eyes. The old man appeared, and called out: "I will soon come back!"

When Lyonel gave his hand to the maiden in token of farewell, she had not yet recovered from her surprise and confusion. The roll of money fell from her nerveless grasp; she looked up with tear-filled eyes, and silently gazed at the retreating form of the traveler. She stood there gazing, till both had disappeared from view amid the thick, encircling hedges.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Author for Banner of Light.

THE ROSE BUDS ON THE STRAND; OR, FLORA'S OFFERING.

BY MRS. E. A. ATWELL.

All brightly rose the god of Day, Outspreading wide his beams— Till mountain top and ocean spray, And glen, and woodland far away, Were decked with silver sheen— And then, on turret, dome, and spire, On palace, wall, and cot, He drew, in graceful lines of fire, The pictures, which, so oft inspire And cheer a lonely lot.

I rose and slowly wandered where Sweet song birds fill the morning air, As from their quiet, vernal bowers, They come, to charm the golden hours, And then, I stood beside a stream, (Than fairer never was I seen.) Whose sylvan waves came sparkling on, Like crystal jewels, in the sun— Till all the snowy-pebbled shore, With rippling waves, was covered o'er; And softly sweet their music seemed, As angel air-harps in a dream. Thus as I stood, they closely pressed, In varied form, with foaming crest, Till, glowing with the coming tide, They closely nestled by my side.

Along the river's verdant banks Fair Flora bloomed in courtly ranks; Enthroned in state securely there, She poured her incense on the air, Then gathered with her own fair hand Two buds and cast them on the strand. The next small wave that kissed the shore, The precious burden gently bore— And then, as if on mystic tide, From wave to wave, they proudly glide! On—still on—the twin buds go— Unheeding all, above, below— Till the rude breakers seize the prize And bear them midway to the skies! Alas! the bond which nature gave Is severed by the rolling wave! They part to never meet again. In storm or sunshine on the main!

In twilight's soft and dowy hour, Fair Flora wandered from her bower, And waited each returning wave To bring her back the buds she gave. But the darkness came, as it reached the shore, Mournfully said: "Nevermore! nevermore!" Tell me, ye rays from the burning sun, Where have my buds of beauty gone? Did ye leave them upon the stormy sea, To strive with 'mighty powers' that be? The sunbeam said: "As I seek to rest, I laid my last ray on their breast!" Tell me, ye Spirits of the Deep, Where my twin buds of beauty sleep? Have ye cast them upon some rocky shore— Lost to my gaze forevermore? The spirit voice, as it passed her by, Moaningly said: "Parted they lie!" Tell me, ye stars, from night's dark zone, Where my twin buds have found a home! Did ye take them in their beauty bright To make twin stars for the crown of night? The star-host sang, from their home on high: "Hears thy beautiful buds of promise lie— We gathered them from the earth's cold breast, And bound on their brow a starry crest! Here they will shine on earth's dark shore, Till sunbeams glow to fade no more!"

Then Flora bowed her head in prayer, Saying, "Beautiful buds, I will meet you there!" New York City, 1862.

Original Essays.

IMMORTALITY OF THE ANIMAL RACE.

BY ARTEMEDIA COFFINHERBERT.

The subject of the immortality of animals, is one which is enlisting inquiry, and some degree of interest, in the minds of many who have commenced their course of investigation in relation to the laws which govern universal life. To such, a few thoughts are addressed, as evidences of the affirmative of the proposition. The inquiry of L. A. H., of Orange, N. J., in No. 102, page 4, of the Herald of Progress, and the answer of the editor of that paper to the inquiry, which, to my mind, is not satisfactory, induce me to present my views at this time.

It is a fact well known to every observer, or at least to every candid investigator, that every individual of the whole animal kingdom, from the highest down through every grade of animated individualized existence, to the lowest, is possessed of a degree of intelligence, corresponding to the complexity or perfection of the physical organism. Where the physical organism is simple, or imperfect, the intelligence of that individuality must be correspondingly limited; inasmuch as the physical organism in all forms of animal life, is exactly adapted to the fullest expression of the spirit which animates the external form of every distinct individuality.

When man has so far progressed in the study of himself, as to fully comprehend that his outward form is the result of his spiritual individuality, instead of the spiritual being a result of his physical man—then will he have arrived at a position from whence he will readily comprehend the natural laws and economy which govern the whole animal kingdom; these like steps, or grades below himself, down which he may, at will, descend and survey the myriads of intelligent existences as eternal in duration as is his own.

Granting that the physical organism in man is but an external expression or manifestation of an interior essential or spiritual being, and that the manifestation is the evidence of the essential existence, it therefore follows that through the whole animal kingdom, the like evidences prove the like truths, and that the physical organization of the brute, no matter how imperfect, or how dissimilar to the human form, proves the existence of an interior or spiritual being, corresponding with the external expression, and commensurate therewith, in all its bearings and functions.

What evidence can be adduced that the most minute organization, whether it is man, animal, bird, fish, reptile, insect, tree, plant, or flower, does not continue to exist eternally? If man, the highest in the scale, has an eternal existence even, though he never draws a breath in the earth-life, what reason exists that all organized matter may not have the same immortality? Each organization is an individuality of the great whole. Each is to itself the centre of that vast whole. Can that centre be changed?—over become a vacancy? And if it cannot, when each individuality takes upon itself a higher form, as it must, according to the laws of progression, what is that form, but an existence corresponding to the higher life of man? Where is the line to be drawn between the eternal and the evanescent? Who is to determine its boundary?

In the highest realms of spirit-life that have been penetrated by the inhabitants of this sphere, we see beasts and birds, insects and reptiles of every form and hue; trees and fruits and flowers, all of which are possessed of a beauty, a purity, a perfection, corresponding to their ascension in the scale of purified matter. The birds that float and warble amid groves which grow on mountains of pure diamond, must, of necessity, be much more sublimated than the feathered songsters of earth.

On earth, in their and our first and most crude state of existence, the line of animal life runs in a different direction from that of the human family, and through future ages of the earth, or cycles of eternity, they will not converge, or become any more alike than they now are, although each will be rising, and progressing toward the perfection of their eternally dissimilar natures. The horse may become as intelligent in future ages as man now is, yet he would still be a horse, and no nearer a human being than he is at present.

We are only brought into proximity with the different animal races here, because man has seen fit to make many of the more intelligent of them subservient to his purposes; otherwise they would have been inhabiting only such regions of the earth as man had not yet reached. Man, being the superior, intellectually, is positive, and, as a consequence, the negative must recede. The two natures being so unlike, could not occupy the same atmosphere upon an equality, or in a natural condition; the inferior must give place to the superior, else become subservient to the higher power; hence man by his superior and positive force induces, or compels, the obedience or subserviency of the inferior. Two unequal principles unlike, or without natural affinity, cannot occupy together upon an equality, and each sustain their natural inherent rights; there must be a compromise. If men and animals occupy their natural heritage together, the most powerful must dictate the terms and prescribe the conditions of such compromise. On earth it has resolved itself into the form of master and servant; and without such conditions, they could not dwell together.

It does not follow, that, because all spirits do not recognize the existence of animals in the higher life of man, that they do not exist. It is in spirit life as it is here, viz: that spirits must desire and will to have their presence, else they could not meet. In many of the spirit homes, a great variety of the more pure, harmless and beautiful of both animals and birds, hold the same, or a relation corresponding to that which they do here. Birds are the especial favorites of children; and many little maidens, owing to their peculiarly gentle natures, are fond of snow lambs, for pets and companions. These pure and innocent beings, though mentally inferior, are very useful both on earth and there, as aids in unfolding some of the higher attributes in the minds of children. It is, therefore, wise while rearing children, especially in the mundane existence, to make judicious selections from among the different races of animals to be their friends, companions and dependents; by this means attributes in their character are early unfolded that may otherwise lie dormant many years. Give to the lad a well-bred horse, or dog, as his own, for whose welfare make him entirely responsible, and it will be found that its influence in unfolding his character is incalculable. Give to the little girl birds, or lambs, or both; to the maiden, a cow, or palfrey; and you

will, by that means, throw around them a golden net-work, which, while it aids in moulding the character, strengthens and gives tone to the tender affections.

The philosophy of what has been said will readily be perceived by those who have tried or will try the experiment.

The little chirruping insects of summer sometimes perch themselves within the habitations of man; there they revel in, what is to them, a higher atmosphere than that which is alone exhaled from the earth. It is there they will pour forth their fullest powers of joyous existence, if they find an atmosphere made pure and holy by emanations from minds in blissful harmony; but if the atmospheric elements are discordant, they will not remain. It has been said that crickets and croakers are indications of good when they visit the precincts of man's abode; to that saying comes this response, "in that abode virtuous harmony is the prevailing element."

If these premises are correct, it will be admitted that it is of some importance, not only to encourage the society of animals, birds and insects, but to be judicious in their selections, to note well what kind we, as individuals, are most fond of, and what kind are most attracted to our presence.

Some eight or ten years since, we lost a beautiful milk cow. It was winter, and, by some accident, perhaps slipping on ice, her back was injured. Men examined her; raised her to her feet, and finally decided that her injury must prove fatal. She was made as comfortable as possible, and left to her fate.

At the usual milking hour, I was in the barn-yard, and visited the apparently dying animal. She recognized me, and made the noise she was wont to make when I came with the milk-pail and a pail of food. How I pitied her! and even shed tears of sympathy over the helpless animal, who could only give voice, to her sufferings by piteous moans. Night shut out the view of the dying favorite, and my domestic duties partially withdrew my mind from her situation. Near nine o'clock, my husband, with lantern in hand, went into the yard to see what her situation was. On his return, he said she was still breathing, but certainly would not survive but a few minutes. We soon retired for the night. In the course of half an hour, or perhaps more, I was in that condition between sleep and outer consciousness, when my spiritual vision was opened and I saw the spot where the cow lay. What was my surprise, while I saw the dead and stiffening form lying on its bed of straw, to see a beautiful and perfect cow, of the same size and color as the dead one, standing by its side, looking as placid and happy as one could well imagine. There were these points of difference between the former well cow and the new one, which, in its new position, seemed fully at home, and not a stranger. It was more perfect in its outline, and more refined in its general appearance. The earth cow had handsome brass knobs on the tip end of her horns; the new cow's horns were just like the other's, minus the ornaments.

I have seen the spirits of the human family, at intervals, for the last eighteen years. Had the same phenomena occurred relative to a member of the human family, I would, and I think correctly, have inferred that I saw the spirit of the departed one. What shall we call the new-born cow? If it was the spirit of the former cow, or the real cow having assumed a new condition, how long will it continue in that new state? If it was not the spirit of the cow, pray what was it?

Each individual of the kine family has a beginning to its individual existence not materially differing from that of each individual of the human family. In the change called death, why should they not be governed by similar laws?

INTOLERANCE.

BY C. D. GRISWOLD.

On the 24th of March, 1862, Wendell Phillips was prevented from speaking by a mob in the city of Cincinnati, Ohio. Twenty years hence, when slavery is extinct in this country, and all have come to see what a damning curse it is to-day, when they fully realize what it has cost this Government, in blood and treasure, how the above record will shame every intelligent inhabitant of that city, when his attention is called to it, and he feels how deep a stain it is to wipe out!

Wendell Phillips is a representative man—a man every American will feel proud in recalling to memory in future ages, when the stripes of this present time shall have passed away, and the world wonders how human bondage could have been borne so long by those who call the negro chattel—for they who foster the cursed system are the most thoroughly damned.

The time is coming when they who make sacrifices of their popularity among men, of the fame they could otherwise win, and of their fortunes, for a principle, will be honored even in the age in which they live; and the time is coming, too, when they who claim the right to hold another man's existence and being subservient to their own uses will cease to be honored.

Honored above all men should be the man who wages a war for natural rights against the usurpation of power—the man who stands with the minority of men with God, contending against human wrong. Party prejudices and ignorance may give the largest count in numbers, but the eternal right will come uppermost in time, and the host of foes will be vanquished in the end—this is an immutable decree, from which there is no appeal. It matters not about the accuracy of detail, whether all a man thinks or says is true, so that he takes in the great broad principle in his motive—does as he would have others do by him—the end will justify, and the future will reward. The maxims of the olden time are set aside just now as stale and tame; but the world will come back to them in time and in sorrow, and count up the cost of their departure.

Whoever makes an inventory of the material of the present war, and thinks that he has the sum of it, is greatly mistaken. It is not all of life, nor all of man, nor all of war that we see. The future is ahead of us, and all that is to-day, reaches forth into that future, and will declare its conditions and events. Such men as Wendell Phillips are the advance guard, doing picket duty for the great army of humanity, and while he bravely steps forward upon the unknown ground, explores where few men can see with him, let him be honored, though he may be won forward faster than the timid conservative world may wish to go. The world needs such men, for without them it would make no progress forward; therefore let us thank God for them, and not show our blindness and lack of brains by muttering curses. Those who throw stones and dolls themselves by tasting eggs at Wendell Phillips,



Scientific Department.

Origin of Coal Oil.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

The mineral oils which have lately attracted so much attention, and completely revolutionized the process of illuminating our dwellings, are not of recent discovery. Under the names of "Seneca Oil," "Rock Oil," "Naphtha," etc., the different varieties of Petroleum have long been known to science, and extensively used, especially in medicine.

It occurs in vast quantities in India, one region of a few miles square yielding more than four hundred thousand hogheads annually. It is there used for light and fuel.

Circassia, Persia and California have also vast deposits. The Pitch Lake of the island of Trinidad, one of the West Indies, is the most remarkable locality. It is three miles in circumference and of unknown depth. The surface is sufficiently hard to bear the weight of men and quadrupeds.

Petroleum is associated with the salt-springs of the Kanbawa and a few years ago flowed from one of them in sufficient quantity to cover the surface of a small stream, and, taking fire, the river presented the strange phenomenon of burning.

The walls of Babylon were cemented with bitumen, a hardened variety of petroleum; and it was considered by the ancients the most solid and durable cement for walls and temples.

It is a strange fact that this abundant mineral should have so long escaped being impressed into the service of man. Its loathsome, penetrating odor deterred from its use in the arts, and rendered it a very offensive material for burning. The discovery of a method of distilling the crude oil, and, in a great measure, obviating its odor, and that of the invention of a lamp by which the odor and smoke are both avoided, turned attention to this source of industry and profit.

The production of oil by the distillation of coal, promised an ample return for the capital invested, but it was almost immediately superseded by the discovery of the exhaustless treasures of oil Nature had already distilled and secreted in the earth.

The discovery resulted from the refiners of coal oil turning their attention to that which flowed spontaneously from the earth. They unexpectedly found this to yield a larger per centage of burning oil, which was better, and less liable to smoke, than the coal oil. But the quantity of petroleum yielded by the natural springs, or salt borings, held no proportion to the demand for burning fluid. It required a genius to apply itself to the task. Borings were made expressly for this object, pumps worked by engines used to draw up the oil, and at once the business expanded to colossal proportions. The daily yield of all the oil wells in Ohio and Pennsylvania can safely be estimated at one thousand barrels, exclusive of the famous one said to yield two thousand and four hundred barrels per day.

Whence are such vast supplies derived? Petroleum is undoubtedly of vegetable origin, with perhaps a slight mixture of animal products. Vegetation, however, has much the largest share in its production. This is proved by the fact that there is scarcely any difference between the oil distilled from coal, and that derived from the earth. The question of its origin is closely related to that of the origin of coal, and there can be no doubt but the latter is the product of the decomposition of vast accumulations of vegetable matter. The process by which wood was converted into mineral coal, will be understood by considering the various steps it underwent. The chemist, by following the same, can produce a substance almost identical.

When organic matter is exposed to air, it rapidly decays; but if covered with moist earth, this process takes place very slowly, and when the air is excluded, by covering with a great depth of earth, this process is still slower. The chemistry of this change is quite simple. The oxygen of the air unites with the carbon of the organic matter, and forms carbonic acid; with the hydrogen, and forms water, and many other products; and with sulphur and nitrogen, if present, and form ammonia and sulphuretted hydrogen. These changes take place rapidly in the air, but in the moist earth so slowly that bituminization occurs before it is completed. The chemistry of this change is equally simple. The hydrogen contained in the organic matter unites with its carbon, forming carburetted hydrogen, and bitumen a hydro-carbon. This bitumen invests the matter left unchanged, excluding it from the air, and thus preventing further change. As this process is more or less complete, peat lignite and coal are formed, and when occurring on the magnificent scale of the coal beds, doubtless many other liquid and gaseous products are given off.

Common coal was produced by this bituminizing process from vegetation, but cannel coal is impregnated with animal matter, and the black bituminous shales of the Hamilton Group are strongly impregnated. If the bitumen thus obtained be subjected to a high temperature in contact with the air, it is entirely consumed. If excluded from the air, it becomes gas; if lower still, oil. All these processes can be gone through rapidly by art, but in Nature, thousands of thousands of years are consumed in accomplishing the same. Petroleum can be generally traced to beds of bituminous matter. Coal mines are usually filled with gas, distilled from the coal by this natural process, and liquid products are undoubtedly generated, though more difficult to detect.

The petroleum thus distilled, necessarily differs according to the degree of heat employed, and the slowness and rapidity of the process, from a transparent volatile fluid to a dark tarry or pitchy substance. On the one hand we meet asphaltum, a black solid, and passing through all gradations to naphtha, an exceedingly light, volatile fluid, on the other. The innumerable members of the group are almost identical in composition, being formed of carbon and hydrogen.

That petroleum is found in the sedimentary rocks of all ages, is no objection to the present theory of its origin. The great springs of Trinidad and California spring from the Tertiary, containing exhaustless beds of lignite, and are evidently the vents of volcanic distillation.

In Ohio and Pennsylvania, they come from the Devonian, and coal, as do those of Virginia and Kentucky. The cliff-limestone underlying the shales from which the greatest Pennsylvania springs arise, has not yet yielded any considerable amount of oil. The little which has been detected exists in cavities, is black and of an insupportable smell, being probably impregnated with animal matter.

The Waverly group, the upper member of the Devonian, is the great oil bearing rock of Ohio and Pennsylvania. The oil, however, probably, does not originate in this group. Its component rocks are porous, and contain crevices through which strong currents of water flow. It rests on the bituminous shales before spoken of, which contain more bituminous matter than the entire coal deposit. From this, it is probably distilled, and being lighter than water, rises through every crevice into the superincumbent rocks, forced upward by the enormous pressure. It must follow the crevices it finds, and fill the reservoirs into which they lead. These may be remote in distance, and in quite a different group of rocks from those in which it originates. Thus Humboldt speaks of a petroleum spring flowing out of the gneiss rock in South America, yielding such quantities of oil, that it cov-

ers the surface of the ocean to a great distance. It cannot be presumed that this oil originates in the gneiss, but in some other rock, and finds an outlet through this channel. The surface clay over fissures extending down to the oil-bearing rocks, is always impregnated with oil, but it would be idle to suppose it originated in the clay.

It is thus seen that oil is produced from bituminized animal and vegetable matter, and probably from both, though chiefly from the latter. The products are such as are formed from decaying vegetation, with a slight mixture of those resulting from decaying animal matter, (as the nitrogenous compounds.) Although chiefly confined to the coal series, it is present in all the sedimentary rocks.

It may be asked, and it is a question of very great practical moment, whether these springs may not become exhausted? Its solution can only be determined by time; yet there are data from which we should infer that they would be as exhaustless as the coal-beds, with which they are associated.

"The wells of India, and the banks of the Caspian have afforded a very large and constant supply of oil for several hundred years. The petroleum springs of Hit, from which the Babylonians took the cement for their Cyclopean walls, still continue to flow; and the same may be said of Zante, mentioned by Herodotus. They yield as much to-day as two thousand five hundred years ago."

The springs of France yield a diminished supply, and those above mentioned have not been subjected to the exhaustion of the steam pump.

It is highly probable that local reservoirs will be drained, and failures thus occur; but the main springs, even when close together, effect each other so little, and are apparently so exhaustless in their flow, that they warrant the greatest confidence.

Admitting that the petroleum is the result of distillation of coal, etc., certainly it must exist in a magnificent scale in the bowels of the earth. The Nova Scotia coal field contains 10,000 square miles; the Appalachian, extending from New York to the Gulf of Mexico, 80,000; the Indiana, 55,000; the Michigan, 12,000; and in the far West, still broader areas are under consideration that the oil is not produced from coal alone, but from any rock containing organic matter; and that all sedimentary rocks are more or less impregnated—even the cliff-limestone, when burned, gives off a distinct animal odor—we certainly have a source, inexhaustible to finite conception.

THE EMPIRE OF MUSIC.

A Lecture by Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, at Lyceum Hall, Boston, Sunday Afternoon, March 30, 1862.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

The lecturer said:—There is no stronger evidence of a nation's civilization, than its music. It has been said that he who writes a people's ballads, does more than he who makes their laws. This may seem superficial, and yet there is a real truth in it. Music belongs to the class of things that can only be appreciated by the soul attuned to perfect harmony and refined feeling. The organ in the Cathedrals of the Old Country, are never weary repeating the grand melodious notes of the old master composers; and Mozart and Beethoven live anew on earth. Indeed, he who becomes master of his art, can never die. The breath of immortality brought them into existence, and its signet is never broken. He who becomes a model in art or learning, the world follows, and defies, and bows down to, century after century, and cannot place too high a value upon. His record, is written on the pages of eternity with the finger of Time, and can never be blotted out.

You have talked of lost arts; there is no lost art. What one century hides from you, the next reveals in added brightness. Music is one of them; it cannot be measured or analyzed. It belongs to immortality, and sits with majesty and glory on the record of all Time. It is above, around, beneath, ever swelling from the heart of the Infinite. Who has stood upon the verge of Nature's grand organ, mighty Niagara, knows the force of what we say—that music such as Nature breathes forth, defies analysis and calculation, even as each swell is a pulsation of the heart of Jehovah. It is the organ of the Infinite, musical with the very breath of the Creator.

There are no minds but have some appreciation of music. The spirit of harmony dwells not alone in the delicate instrument or magnificent organ, but the breath of the wind over the hills and through the trees sings songs to the cultured ear; and how often the sweet sound of the mother's voice lingers in the memory, and ever leads the soul back on the wings of retrospection to the happy days of childhood. Even the poor Italian organ-grinders do their part in elevating the race. They are the poor children's musicians, and on the city's sultry sidewalk, take the place of the meandering brook and singing bird, with the little ragged street children who gather around to listen to the organ tones. Who shall compute the education their souls receive from those plaintive notes of the hand-organ? Who shall know how those homely strains may have saved them from the paths of future recklessness and folly?

Nature is a great teacher, and she has taught us all to love music. The orator is a musician playing upon the minds of his listeners. He knows when and how to finger the mystical steps of human feeling, and wake up earnest purpose with his words of logic and of fire.

The old masters wrote their music as much under the inspiration of their themes, as any men that ever lived. They knew not what they did, so great was the power of the influence under which they wrote. And how many have lived, over whom the full tide of inspiration swept, yet were unable to grasp it? How many souls have groined in the agony of such a travail and yet have passed on, leaving no record of their great impotence of expression! Oh, pity the voiceless!

"Who die, with all their music in them." They are the martyrs who are filled with the wine of the spirit, yet there are not the artist's fingers to call it out. Often they who do the most in life, get the smallest praise for it. The world is filled with reapers who gather from another's sowing. The real character of music is little understood. How the heart swells, in all lands the same, at the notes of "Home, sweet Home!" Who can say why it is that Robert Burns holds so firm a seat in the hearts of all human kind, save that from the heathery hills of Scotland he was endowed with the power of touching all hearts with the spells of harmony, and sending his broad humanity all over the world clad in the rough dialect, which he has made classical?

Music of the heart—that which connects heart to heart as with a magnetic cord, will be the prelude to the reign of the Golden Age upon earth; will lead humanity into a higher state of consciousness than he has possessed. God gives us all a day of reward, when we shall be known and know ourselves, as we are; and those things which tend to our advancement upon earth will receive the meed of praise which is their merit. Then let us solve here, in this rudimentary sphere, as to live in the beauty and harmony of God forever and forever.

In the evening, Mrs. Smith spoke upon Death as the great Fact of our Existence, and Immortality as its unsolved Problem. She pictured it not as a gloomy terror, but wrapped it around with light garments of hope and beauty; she stripped the faded white horse of its skeleton rider, and in its place ushered in the

beautiful white-robed angel who comes with inverted torch to release man from the clogs of materiality and the fetters of sense, that he may be grandly free. It was an eloquent lecture, replete with gems of poetic diction, and startling with its pungent thought.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1862.

OFFICE, 158 WASHINGTON STREET.

Room No. 3, UP STAIRS. WILLIAM WHITE, LUTHER COLBY, ISAAC B. RICH, CHARLES H. CROWELL, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

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All Communications designed for publication, or in any way connected with the editorial department, should be addressed to the Editors. Letters to the Editor not intended for publication should be marked "private." All Business Letters must be addressed "BANNER OF LIGHT, BOSTON, MASS." William White & Co.

Barbaric Tendencies.

We are not out of the reach of the dark days yet. The long shadows of the far Past extend their dark fingers even across this promising Present and into the yet undiscerned Future. While we congratulate ourselves on having escaped the tyrannies which have darkened other days, we do not see that we may have but got rid of their forms, while the spirit of them lives as actively as ever.

In running over the daily stories of the progress of this war, as they are faithfully reported in the columns of the news press, the mind is profoundly stirred with thoughts of the undisciplined, unqualified barbarism that betrays itself on the side of the blind abettors of the slave-system in this country. It is a fact, and a melancholy one, that slavery, by its associations and examples and atmosphere, does ingrain men with an influence peculiar to no other institution of the time. We are saying nothing about it now politically, but as an element in our modern social system; and as such, like all other elements with tendencies corresponding, it must be something, above divine reach itself if it hopes to escape criticism and popular judgment.

When, until now, have we in our day heard such horrible tales told of the treatment of dead soldiers—officers and men alike—as have recently roused all the instincts of indignation in our hearts at the ghoul-like treatment of the corpses of Major Ballou and Colonel Cameron, after the last Summer's battle of Bull Run? The rebels slew these men, with others whom we have not named, in open battle; after the fight was over, and they had undisputed possession of the ground, every consideration of humanity should have suggested to them the propriety and necessity of a speedy burial, after as decent methods as circumstances then and there would warrant. But instead of that, after having deceived the friends of the deceased officers for many weeks relative to the final disposal of their bodies, they are at length discovered to have suffered their men—friends in human disguise—to mutilate them in the most repulsive manner, to skin the flesh from their bones, to cut off the heads of some, and bury the corpses of the rest with faces down, and even to boil the thigh bones and heads of some others of the killed, that they might fasten them up before the doors of their Winter huts, in all the ghastly hideousness of their naked anatomy!

Why do men, professing to be civilized, lend themselves to the practice of such shocking barbarities? There must be a reason for it, and a sufficient one. It cannot be altogether in passion, for all men do not involuntarily and instinctively act thus when enraged. There can be but one remaining explanation for so disgusting and barbarous a phenomenon; and it is to be found in the silent influence of the social system in which the instincts of these beings have been developed, and their passions been stimulated to indulgence. That, surely, must be nothing short of a devilish system of society, no matter by what particular name it may for the moment go, which so unerringly makes men into devils and turns the human heart into stone. The very idea of complete mastery over and ownership in the body and soul of man, as Jefferson himself said, long ago, insensibly blunts the perceptions and sentiments of a man, and fetches him into a state where threats come handiest to his lips, and tyranny swells most easily in his heart. It is beyond denial that contact with this system makes men callous to those finer and more truly chivalrous feelings which are the tests of real nobleness and exaltation. It is in this atmosphere where bow-knives are drawn upon you without warning, and pistols go off when no real danger is near, and often when no real affront even has been offered. Here is where blows fall soonest, oaths are spoken loudest, and red-hot passions blast and burn in an instant whatever and whoever happens to come in their way. Here the tone of character tends not to gentleness, to charity, or to forgiveness; but rather to rude exactions, and hasty judgments, and violence, and this very barbarism whose latest manifestations have so shocked and fired every humane heart.

Violence itself is a useful assistant for man, when it beats down and tramples under foot the very power that challenges itself. There are epochs in the history of nations, when nothing less than the strong arm, in the form of bayonets and cannon, can work any practical and present good; to submit in silence, would be to throw away all that has been gained, without an effort to keep the sacred trust. Brutality must learn to obey a master, before it can be reached by the gentler and more intimate influence of a teacher. Soft words and kind phrases will accomplish nothing, unless it be in exactly the wrong direction; they are often premiums paid for crime to put on more boldness; sattery growing out of a base and calculating fear. The men who take part in, by countenancing, deeds of atrocious heathenism like those which are, by late events, brought up with such terrible vividness before the mind, deserve to be met with the concentrated wrath of all Christendom, hurled against them in the shape of cannon-shot and bomb-shells, till their barbarity is blown out and burned out of them by the only power they will at the present time respect or pay heed to.

Notice.

Those having occasion to remit us small amounts from time to time, will, when convenient, send one cent stamps instead of cash.

The Studies of Science.

If a more familiar acquaintance with the wonders of the world—the stars in the heavens, the bowels of the earth, the mysteries of the great deep, the flowers that enamel the fields, and the wayward currents of the air—does not serve to elevate and ennoble the nature of the man who devotes himself to the study of these things, but makes him dogmatic and bigoted rather—then are all scientific pursuits but vain, and their tendency but to a low mechanical perfection. "I fear," said Dr. Channing, "the spirit of science, at the present day, is too often a degradation rather than the true culture of the soul. It is the bowing down of the heaven-born spirit before unthinking mechanism. It seeks knowledge rather for animal, transitory purposes, than for the nutriment of the imperishable inward life; and yet the worshippers of science pity or condemn the poor, because denied this means of cultivation. Unhappy poor! Shut out from libraries, laboratories, and learned institutes! In view of this world's wisdom, it avails you nothing for your own nature, manifested in your own and others' souls, that God's word works, that the ocean, earth, and sky, are laid open to you; that you may acquaint yourselves with the divine perfections, with the character of Christ, with the duties of life, with the virtues, the generous sacrifices, and the beautiful and holy emotions, which are a revelation and pledge of heaven. All these are nothing, do not lift you to the rank of cultivated men, because the mysteries of the telescope and microscope, of the air-pump and crucible, are not revealed to you! I would they were revealed to you. I believe the time is coming when Christian benevolence will delight in spreading all truth and all refinement through all ranks of society. But meanwhile be not discouraged. One ray of moral and religious truth is worth all the wisdom of the schools. One lesson from Christ will carry you higher than years of study under those who are too enlightened to follow this celestial guide." The writer possessed a mind of large grasp, and a heart of comprehensive sympathies, or he could never have written thus. He saw very nearly what all this learning and science is worth, and how little it is worth when it begins and ends only with its own acquisition. Its greatest merit can consist but with its elevating and expanding the human race.

An Old Memory.

We encountered a scrap—brown and crease-worn—in our researches among hidden memorials, the other day, that carried us so far back as to start the "sant" water. Won't our quondam, and thank Heaven, present friend, J. E. Hood, the able and industrious literary collaborator of the Springfield Republican, indulge along with us, as we run over the following verses once more, or as much of them, at least, as shall revive the rest?

"How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood! They're gone—yet I love to remember them still—The cottage, the valley, the river, the wildwood, And e'en the old meeting-house up on the hill—Humble old meeting-house, Spacious old meeting-house, Spacious old meeting-house, up on the hill!"

Does he recall how very mad the old Deacon was—bless his much too literal heart!—because he (the poet) styled the "meeting-house" a "simple old meeting-house," and how the worthy man would never hear, or understand the oft extended elucidation? Can he write such poetry now—with so much of his own genuine life in it? Is such poetry ever, in fact, written the second time? We could ask no greater pleasure, sometime during the white moonlights of the coming summer, than to walk with our ancient friend in the shadow of this same old meeting-house—"pleasant old meeting-house up on the hill!" but, alas! that is an impossibility, for the precious old landmark has gone the way of all the earth.

Kind of Them.

Earl Russell has been telling the English Parliament—so goes the story—that our American troubles would all be over in three months, and then we should agree to a separation, and have peace! The London correspondent of the Paris Patrie likewise reports that a member of the British Cabinet recently declared to a deputation from the manufacturing districts, that, according to information from Washington, an amicable separation between the North and the South will take place about the month of June; and that, in the basis of a treaty, Tennessee and Missouri and Kentucky, will return to the Union—the two Republics to have no land customs line, and the search for slaves to be prohibited in all the States. Unquestionably, something like this is what the English Government would like very well, for they already say that we are great enough, geographically, for two Republics. This outline is all of their own scheming—what is called a "feeler," thrown out to see if it cannot catch a few "gidgeons" somewhere among the public men, either on this side the Atlantic or the other. England is playing the hurt friend just now; a little while since she could not seem to pour her troops fast enough into Canada, to crowd and bully us according to her heart's desire.

When it is Over.

When this war is over—what then? Ah, will not each soul hail the close of internecine strife with a joy altogether unutterable? When the strife is all over, and the struggle all closed up, there will be an impulsive movement in every direction, for the arts that thrive and prosper in times of peace. This country of ours is a wonderful realm, into which are crowded and compacted advantages such as are held in the hands of no other nation upon earth. We produce the fruits of all soils and climates, and exhibit varieties of character known nowhere else among any people that speak the same tongue. The Almighty Father has heaped his favors upon us almost without measure or stint, and with these abundant materials around us, when once more we are permitted to bask in the genial sunshine of peace and a restored fraternity, the commercial, intellectual and spiritual growth of our people will exceed all imaginable bounds; in the twilight hours of the long quiet that are to follow, there must be an expansion of the higher and nobler traits of human character, commensurate with the successes we are bound to achieve in merely material things. Who—who can presume to foretell the greatness and glory of this our once "happy land?"

The Right Spirit.

A Frenchman, or a German, will take a seat in a second class car, or economise in some similar way, that he may be better able to enjoy his music, or buy his book, or study pictures at the gallery. We Americans will have people think us all millionaires, and so ride in carriages rather than go afoot, let culture and refinement fare as they may. Now and then, however, the true spirit shows itself. A correspondent of the Transcript writes of a couple of youths whom he met in at Williams & Everett's, one day, who well illustrated the view we hold about these matters. They were but eighteen years of age, and he said, were to walk home, a distance of thirteen miles, having come to the city and spent their last dime in visiting Church's picture of the iceberg, entitled "The North," the Jarvis Collection, and the Artist's Exhibition. They laughed about their adventure together, and avowed that if on their return home they were forbidden to spend their money again in this way, they still could drop in at Williams & Everett's, where the exhibition was free! Can young men like these be any other than pure and elevated men when they grow to maturity?

New Publications.

THE KORAN: Translated into English immediately from the original Arabic. By George Sale, Gent. To which is prefixed the Life of Mahomet, &c. Boston: T. O. H. P. Burnham, 1802. 12mo. pp. 472. An edition of the Koran, in small octavo, was published by Isaiah Thomas, we believe, in 1808, without Notice or Life, and sold at two dollars a copy. That edition is now very scarce. In 1824, selections from the Koran were published, with a London imprint, and sold at one dollar a copy. This was a poor affair. About 1835, another larger volume was published by Wardwell, and afterward by Lippincott & Co. This is a good edition, but somewhat high priced. Burnham's edition is the only complete and cheap edition ever published; and, taken in connection with Irving's Life of Mahomet, which was received with so much interest, it can scarcely fail to attain to a wide circulation. Every Spiritualist, at least, should have a copy of the Koran; and every other person interested in the history of religious opinions should buy and read it. We understand that Mr. Burnham intends soon to publish the sacred books of other nations, and that the Vedas are now in press. We shall look for these rare works with great interest. For sale at 143 Washington street.

OFFICERS OF OUR UNION ARMY AND NAVY: THEIR LIVES AND THEIR PORTRAITS. EDITED BY DEAN DUDLEY. Vol. I. Boston: L. Prang & Co. This is a very neat little compilation, containing the lives of all the present men of prominence in the Army and Navy, taken from the most reliable sources. The sketches are brief and racy, and portray in vivid colors the patriotic exploits and sacrifices of the magnanimous defenders of the Union and the Constitution of our dear old Republic. Each sketch is accompanied with a striking portrait, which gives the same more than a double value.

The Report of the Committee of the Overseers of Harvard College, appointed to visit the Library, for the year 1861, together with the accompanying documents, has been sent to us, and possesses interest for all who take interest themselves in this noble institution of learning. Among the gifts of books, pamphlets, &c., to the Library during the year, we observe that the late President Felton gave nine volumes, one hundred and thirty-seven pamphlets, and a large collection of newspapers and newspaper slips relating to Spiritualism!

THE AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST, FOR APRIL, published in New York by Orange Judd, is a fine specimen of this beautiful and sterling publication. The matter is excellent, and the illustrations are of the most striking character. No worthier or handsomer agricultural sheet is issued, weekly or monthly, in America.

Real Good Doctrine.

All men—who know him at all—know Rev. Dr. Bellows to be one of the noblest preachers of the day. His heart is as large and liberal as the sun itself, and no unworthy suspicions need ever be suspected of lurking there. Our readers will remember, too, that, not many years ago, he came out before the public with an eloquent plea—eloquent, because based on reason—for the Theatre; in which he held, as every man with a wholesome gizzard must, that amusement, diversion, pleasure, were as necessary for the health and happiness of man, as work and sleep. He has recently been addressing the Western Unitarian Conference, and he remarks, in the course of his address, to the following purpose:

"For my own part—I say it with all solemnity—I have lived to become sincerely suspicious of the plety of those who do not love pleasure in any form. I cannot trust a man who never laughs; who is always sedate; who has no apparent outlet for those actual springs of sportiveness and gaiety that are perennial in the human soul. I know that nature has revenge on such violence. I expect to find secret vices, malignant sins, or horrid crimes, springing up in this hotbed of confined air and imprisoned space; and, therefore, it gives me a shudder, moral gratification anywhere, and in any community, to see innocent pleasure and popular amusements resist the religious bigotry that frowns so unwisely upon them. Anything is better than that dark, dead, unsocial life, which results from unmitigated puritanism, whose second crop is usually unbridled license and infamous folly."

Could the whole matter be more fairly, yet pungently stated?

Complimentary to Prof. Alonzo Bond.

We are heartily pleased to inform our readers that his many friends propose giving Professor Bond a Complimentary Leave at Lyceum Hall, on Tuesday evening, April 8th. Mr. Bond has long stood at the head of the art in Boston, as a teacher of music and leader of bands and orchestras. The proficiency of Bond's Cornet Band, some few years ago, will always be remembered by the lovers of sweet sounds. He has also taught in hundreds of towns and cities in various parts of the country, and we may further add—we hope without offending the Professor's modesty—that the best regimental bands recruited here for the United States service, and connected with the Massachusetts Volunteer Regiments, were organized and drilled by him. To the Spiritualists of Boston in particular, we would urge attendance upon this Leave, for, in addition to his other duties, since the free meetings have been organized in Boston he has given his services gratuitously, and every Sabbath, in addition to the voices of the choir, his clarinet, (with Flagg's Cornet) has added to the harmony and attraction of the services. On the occasion of the Leave, a large band will be in attendance—somewhere near a dozen pieces—and no pains will be spared to promote the enjoyment of the guests. Tickets, \$1.00 each, may be obtained at the Music stores, and of the Committee of Arrangements.

Lecturers.

Mr. H. B. Storer, of Connecticut, a trance speaker, will lecture in Lyceum Hall, in this city, on Sunday next, April 13th—afternoon and evening. These meetings are free to the public. Miss Emma Houston addresses the Spiritualists of Charlestown next Sunday. Miss Emma Harding speaks in Lowell next Sunday, April 13th; and the two following Sundays in Portland. Mrs. M. S. Townsend speaks in New Bedford next Sunday, 13th inst. Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith is announced to speak in Providence, R. I., next Sabbath. Mrs. Augusta A. Currier will speak in Portland, Me., next Sunday. Our friends in Philadelphia will be pleased to learn that she intends to lecture in their city during their month of May. Mr. W. K. Ripley will lecture in Kenduskeag, Me., next Sunday, and in Bangor on the 20th. Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Miller's post-office address is changed to Afton, N. Y., instead of Norwich, as printed on the seventh page.

A New Book.

A Plea for Farming and Farming Corporations, showing the profits of farming over trade, the best showing for farming, the advantages of farming co-partnership, or corporations over single-handed farming; a corporation beginning, etc. This book is written by Dr. Child. It is filled with valuable suggestions that pertain to the physical well-being of all, and it should be in the hands of every one. We shall notice it more fully next week. We will send it, post paid, on receipt of 25 cents. Liberal discount to the trade.

Why is an infant like a diamond? Because it is a dear little thing.

ACROSTIC.

Trusting the Spirits, go forth in thy might, Heavenly teachings bring forth to the light; Earth-creeds disdaining, for spiritual truth, Banishing error and doctrines uncouth.

Mortar Firing.

This mortar business is intensely interesting. We are doing such a grand stroke of work with the terrible monsters, anywhere along the Mississippi valley, that the style of loading and firing them really attracts one to the description.

The Prince of Wales.

We hear bad stories about the boy, and are very sorry for it. He certainly has had opportunities enough to learn how to behave himself as he ought, but they say he has not made the best use of them.

To the New Covenant.

For the benefit of the New Covenant, which paper inquires of us about Mr. Foster's goodness, we would say, we understand that what Judge Edmonds had reference to in relation to Mr. F.'s character, had nothing whatever to do with his medium manifestations.

No Scandal.

We refuse to publish letters or communications of any kind, that are calculated to raise an unnecessary controversy, or in any manner reflect upon the good standing or reputation of another.

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.] B. J. R., HOPKINS, MASS.—We have no occasion for articles of a character you designate.

Mediums Wanted in Canada.

A correspondent at Matilda, C. W., writes as follows: "I think the wild forests of Canada might be turned into fruitful fields, if suitable mediums were sent to cultivate them."

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

"GENEVA," a fine poem by Belle Bosh, will appear in our forthcoming issue. The subject was suggested to the author on seeing an exquisite marble bust of "Geneva," executed by Hiram Powers.

We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Dr. Farnsworth. He is now devoting his whole attention to the answering of Sealed Letters and Questions addressed to Spirits.

Bro. L. K. Cooney, writes us, says the Rising Tide, that he intends to work along toward Wisconsin and Iowa, so as to visit Independence in the early Summer.

"GALLUS" FELLOWS.—Davis, Floyd & Co. "My dog has lost one of its hind legs," said Frank.

"Do you pass professional gentlemen?" inquired a chap of the ticket-seller at the National Theatre, the other evening.

"That depends upon circumstances," said the official. "What is your profession, sir?"

"Rat-catcher," was the reply. "Can't ratify that," said the indignant Oliver.

The industrious man returns to his home, after having accomplished his day's work, thanking heaven that it is sundown; the sluggard wakes from his couch or easy-chair, and exclaims, "Another day is gone, and I have done nothing."

There are some friendships which have all the jealousy of love.—Ez.

True; but when such friendships have been abused, how natural it is that such love should turn to hate.

The American Agriculturist, published at No. 41 Park Row, New York, comes to us laden with valuable practical information. It is ably conducted and should be in the hands of every farmer.

The Kentucky Legislature has passed a law against the Knights of the Golden Circle, making it a criminal offence to belong to that body, punishable with imprisonment from one to five years.

SUMMER-LIKE.—On Saturday we saw three Irish boys bare footed, wading in the gutter. They would do for disciples of Dr. M. G. Smith—who, by the way, has continued his cold water bathing through the entire winter.

Dr. Smith is a very remarkable man physically, intellectually and spiritually. Possessed of wonderful healing power, said to be even greater than that attributed to the famous Dr. Newton, yet, believing it to be a gift from on high, he exercises it without money and without price.

The Herald is mistaken in stating that Dr. Smith bathed at Plum Island the entire winter. He was in the habit of going to South Boston Point for some time, in the early part of last winter, and cutting a hole through the ice, take his usual morning bath.

On one of these occasions, the Doctor came near going into the "look-up" instead of the water. While he was climbing over the coal on a wharf there, early one morning, in order to select a "good place" in which to baptize himself—having his large coarse towel under his arm—a watchman seized him, supposing the good Doctor's object to be the bagging a quantity of coal.

PARTY OF THE PARTONS.—Mrs. James Parton, better known as Fanny Fern, has separated from her husband, on the ground of alleged ill-usage. This lady has always been peculiarly unfortunate in her domestic affairs, and they have periodically been newspaper talk.

FLOYD IS A "BIT" OF A HORSE MAN. He showed his trotters at Fort Donelson admirably. He never made such speed before.

BAD SPELL.—A minister, appointed chaplain in an Ohio Regiment, lately wrote the following note to a brother preacher: "Deer brother—if you can get a comelshun as a chaplin, it will pay you \$874 a month, and a living besides. The cause of khrist kneads you in his army."

WHAT SLAVERY DOES.—Out of sixty-eight Confederate prisoners, taken by Capt. Oliver at the Blue Springs settlement, in Jackson county, Missouri, says the St. Louis Democrat, only fourteen could write their names. The written vouchers for the fact are in that city, and can be exhibited. The large proportion of the prisoners from Fort Donelson who cannot read, is notorious. This is one of the saddest fruits of slavery, and of the character of material composing the staple of rebellion, which this war has yet revealed.

An amateur writer thus concludes a story: "This is my last attempt at writing a 'Tall and it is far from being perfect, but if I have indeed folks to see that in 9 cases out of 10 they can either make life as barren as the desert of Sarah, or as joyous as a flow'ring garden, my object will have been accomplished. Adoo."

What is only gossip against man is scandal against woman.

Every housewife who uses kerosene oil, knows that it affords the best and cheapest light of all illuminating oils. But she also knows that the constant expense and annoyance from the breaking of lamp chimneys, almost if not quite counterbalance the advantages of its use.

The Union, as a compact between slave-holding and non-slaveholding States, is inevitably and forever an end.—The New Republic.

THE FRENCH EMPEROR.—An intelligent American gentleman in Paris, writing to the New York Observer, says: "The American journals have allowed the English to throw dust in their eyes as to the intentions of the French Emperor. He has never urged England to break the blockade. All the urging is on the other side, and he has never agreed to it."

We have investigated the Chaplaincy question and made up our mind, that it is a miserable policy, a disgrace to the country, and an insult to the army, to pay a Chaplain \$100 a month for preaching, and a soldier only \$13 during the same time for fighting!—Boston Investigator.

Fruit Hills in Illinois.

The south part of Illinois is often referred to as Egypt, and comprises that part of the State lying south of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad. It is about one hundred miles north and south, lying between latitude thirty-seven and thirty-nine, or west of Richmond, Va., and Washington, D. C.

The south part of this section is very broken, hilly and rocky, and falling often abruptly to near the level of the rivers; the north part breaks more gradually into the broad prairie, that extend so far north, and give the State the name of "the prairie State."

The low lands and river bottoms are sickly—as any person acquainted with such country in this latitude must know; but the hills and uplands have a different climate, and are as healthy as the same latitude in the Eastern States.

The region has long been settled by an idle and careless class of citizens, who came from Kentucky and Tennessee, mostly, and had not the enterprise to develop the resources of the soil.

Other fruit, except currants, does nearly as well; strawberries excel almost any section I have heard of. Wheat is a sure crop, and excellent quality, but small quantity, compared to the prairie above; corn, ditto. Cotton can be raised on the low lands to profit when the laborers can be found to endure the miasmata arising from decaying vegetation and evaporation.

The streams are crooked and muddy, and seem to partake of the same lazy habits of the old settlers, and to go a long and crooked journey to gain a short distance to the border rivers.

There has been much sympathy for the rebels in this region, and many are already abandoned and anxious to sell out to Yankees, and go where their antecedents are not known, or where birds of a feather can flock together.

No section of new country opens better prospects for Spiritualists who know how to live and will obey the laws of health, than this—for we are emphatically fruit-growing and flower-raising people, and here is the place for both. I have selected a hill as romantic as any in Vermont, for a home for one of my children, and perhaps for myself, and intend soon to have fruit trees in the place of forest trees that now hang over the cliffs.

Even this winter has been mild and pleasant, but a remarkably cold one, compared to others; very little snow. Trees are late in putting out blossoms, but full of fruit buds, &c.

Belief. The creed of one is just as true as the creed of another. The belief of each is the best belief for each one's self. Milk is best for infants, bread and milk for children, and meat and potatoes for older growth.

It is one of the effects of the teachings of Spiritualism, to find that every belief is true for its believer; so it will carry a man over the bigotry of claiming that only his own creed is right, to the broad liberality of claiming that all creeds are right.

The ultimate of spiritual development will ignore nothing, but will accept everything that is and has been as being and having been true to its place. It is some antecedent-ill-tincture that was necessary, and now professes Spiritualism, and turns back and says that "there has been a mistake in Christendom or in the other religious sects that have had place and being."

If there be anything that deserves to go to the galleys of eternal oblivion, it is the silly, futile notion that I and my creed, my act and my future, are better, in a spirit sense, than you and your creed, your act and your future.

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VOICES OF THE PAST.

In mournful murmurs, o'er mine ear Remembered echoes seem to roll, And round I listen more can hear, Make music in my lonely soul! [T. K. Hervey.]

HOGAN'S AUSTRALIAN, EUROPEAN, AND AMERICAN GENERAL AGENCY OFFICE AND UNIVERSAL NEWS-ROOM. No. 18 ADO B. RICH, one of the Publishers of the "Banner of Light," is hereby appointed my authorized agent.

JOHN HOGAN, Sole Proprietor, Address—Tasmanian Hotel, Portland, Colony of Victoria, Australia. March 13.

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Message Department.

Each message in this department of the BANNER was written by some of our friends, who have been called to the spirit-land...

Our Circles.—The circles at which these communications are given, are held at the BANNER OFFICE, No. 135 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 3, (up stairs) every Monday, Tuesday and Thursday afternoon...

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.—The communications given by the following named spirits will be published in regular course: Monday, March 17.—Invocation: "The story of Samson..."

Invocation.—Oh Life, Life Eternal, while the Death-angel flings its shadow over myriads of human hearts, we would ask that thou in thy great wisdom and boundless mercy, draw nigh unto each of thy children...

Miscellaneous Questions.—Ques.—Spiritual illumination of the soul immortal, is there such a condition, and what is it? Ans.—While the spirit dwells in the midnight of error...

Q.—Are there any evil spirits? A.—Most certainly there are. Experience has taught you all that you have such with you upon earth...

Q.—Is there such strife and contention in the spirit-world as is found here below? A.—There is most certainly; and sometimes it exists with us in a greater degree than with you upon earth...

Ellen McGuire.—I'm not much, any way. [You are certainly, somebody.] I am, please God, just what I am. I've got three children, and that's what brings me back...

Where'll I find a priest if I want one? [On the other side.] Faith, I do not see any there at all. I'm calling all the time. [Have you any friends in the spirit-land?]

Clarence Harper Wilson.—What'll I say, mister? [Say whatever you wish.] I want to go and see my father and sisters. [Where do they reside?]

Invocation.—Oh thou spirit, who alone art infinite in wisdom and goodness, and who standest above human weakness; who canst read at a glance the secrets of men's lives...

Miscellaneous Questions.—Ques.—What is the difference between soul and mind? Ans.—The soul, the spirit, and the mind, we believe to be three distinct attributes of Deity...

Q.—What is the difference between Deity in the material world, and Deity in the celestial? A.—There is no difference, except that Deity within the human being is a child; Deity in the celestial spheres is Deity grown to manhood...

Q.—Life is not subject to death, according to the correct definition of the term. Death signifies change, and not utter annihilation, as many believe. In the brute creation we perceive life rising to a step below the intellectual; therefore life in the brute creation remains, as it were, stationary...

Invocation.—Oh, thou Eternal Life of all things, thou spirit of the universe, whose voice we have heard through all the eternal past, which we still hear in the present, and which we hope to hear even in the unsolved future...

A.—He has not. In man it becomes reason, intellectually, or wisdom. It assumes a higher form. Q.—Is it not instinct that prompts the new-born infant to seek food?

A.—Instinct and reason, when resolved into their primary conditions, are one and the same thing, because all the manifestations of life come from God...

A.—Then you are prepared to demonstrate that which nothing in nature can substantiate. Teach your horse to read or to pray, if you can. You can carry him as far as the outer limits of the brute kingdom, but no further...

Q.—Do spirits in the dark sphere see those in the higher or brighter spheres? A.—They do not. They are able only to see those who are in rapport with themselves...

Laura Kimball.—I lived twenty years upon earth, and died in 1860. I was born in Belfast, Maine, and died in the city of New York. My name was Laura Kimball; my father's, Hezekiah; my mother's, Sarah...

Q.—Who is the author of this law of nature? A.—God. Q.—Is it not, then, the law of God? A.—The law of God is a something that is incapable of being transgressed. You can do violence to the external, but not to the internal...

Q.—If there is no sin upon earth, why did you pray for humanity, this afternoon? A.—We pray because it is our nature so to do. We worship, because we come into rapport by prayer with those intelligences who can aid, elevate and bring us into a higher sphere...

Q.—Is electricity communicated like thought? A.—To a certain extent, this is so. Electricity may be said to be the medium of conveyance of thought. By the electric force of your magnetism, you throw off your impression upon the brain of another...

Olivia Rhodes.—I promised to return, if I could, and make myself known to my friends. My name was Olivia Rhodes, of Dayton, Ohio. I was nineteen years of age, at the time of my death. I died of consumption. I have been a spirit since last October. I have a mother and one brother upon earth...

Invocation.—Oh, thou Eternal Life of all things, thou spirit of the universe, whose voice we have heard through all the eternal past, which we still hear in the present, and which we hope to hear even in the unsolved future...

Soliloquy.—From the drawing of spirit-truth and spirit-communication, from the land of the Invisible, it has ever been our purpose to do what we can by way of assisting the human race; and in carrying out our mission, we are obliged to resort to various means...

Miscellaneous Questions.—Ques.—What are the relations existing between spirit and life and life and electricity? Ans.—Spirit, life and electricity, as an essence, are one. When so considered, there is really no difference between them.

Q.—Please demonstrate this assertion? A.—We cannot satisfactorily. In order to clearly understand this truth, you must stand upon our side. You must cease to exist in mortal, stand outside the mortal, or, in other words, become immortal...

Q.—Is electricity a ponderable substance? A.—Electricity is both a ponderable and impalpable substance. Ponderable, when connected with the objective world; impalpable when connected with the spirit-world.

Q.—What gives it its weight? A.—Its relation one with the other. Q.—Is there such a thing as sin in the spirit world? A.—According to the strict spiritual definition, there is no sin. Friend, it is impossible for the spirit enshroued in mortality to fully comprehend the position of the spirit that stands outside...

Q.—Did not Christ say the spirit hath not form? A.—We do not know that he did. We believe Jesus spoke in this way: "A spirit hath not flesh and bones like ye see me have." He intended to convey to the minds of his followers that he had left the old, that he had passed on to a higher and more spiritual existence.

Q.—Did not the Apostle Paul speak of the Galatians as sinners? A.—The Apostle Paul gave that which seemed to him to be true. Q.—What is sin? A.—Again we affirm there is no transgressing the law of God. You might as well declare to us that by your will you could drag yonder sun from its position in the heavens, and place it at your feet...

Q.—Am I not subject to the law of God? A.—The laws of God, which are recognized by you in mortality, are simply the laws of your material being. In this case, any transgression upon your part would be a violation of the external—the law of nature—and not of the internal.

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and, but I can't make out that I've been dead over ten days. It do'n't seem so long. I do'n't know what I've done all that time. [You've been taken care of; laid away to rest.] No, I slept one of the kind to rest; you do'n't catch me napping! I never neglected so much sleep as a good many did, while I was here on earth. I'm certain I died the second of the month, and if you're sure that I'm here on the thirteenth why, by thunder, there's a cloud somewhere! My age was twenty-one. One of my brothers' name was Joseph; he's on the religious way a little—that is, he ain't like me.

But see here, they say after death, that we can exercise all our powers, the same as we did while here below. [You can influence some medium.] Influence! I do'n't understand it. I want to talk to them. Confound your back-handed way of doing things here! Can't we borrow what we want, and have it as long as we want to? [We can't always do what we want to.] I know it, I never could.

Well, I want a medium to travel off with, and find my friends. [You can't find mediums always at your hand.] Your institution is a humbug! You lead us to believe that we can do thus and so, when we get here, and then we find upon reaching earth, that we can't. [You can send a letter to your friends.] I've got to go all around the barn to get it. I've got to send a letter to my friends, eh? or, in other words, put myself on the begging list, to ask them to bring me a horse to can blow through it. Confound your barn! As long as I'm here, you can say I'm quite as happy and a little better off than I expected to be. [Do you remember at what camp you died?] Yes sir, I expect I do, and I'm going to tell you before I get through. [When he gets ready.] That's so, miss. I always did things when I got ready to, except one thing—I was n't ready to die! I had to go along, though, ready or not. [Have you a father or mother living?] I have a mother, but I do'n't know her. [You do'n't know her—how's that?] You're a Yankee, clear through! It's like this, stranger. Our mother took it into her head to act very unmotherly. After rearing four children, she stepped out; it was said she went to Europe, but I do'n't know. When I find out, I'll come back and tell you. I can't give you much information about her; would if I could. [We do'n't wish to pry into family affairs.]

I died at Camp Lees, and belonged to the sixth New York Regiment. I'm not religious, sir, and that may be the reason I've mixed up things so. I do'n't know where I'm to put—that is to say, whether I'm to be promoted, or drummed out of the ranks. I may take it into my head to hunt up that traitor mother of mine, who knows? [You can do it now.] Good-bye to you, stranger; is it hard going out here, or easy? [Easy, only wish yourself away.] March 13.

THE LAST BOUQUET. BY MRS. ALONZO BOND. O, sweet, pale, withered flowers, How beautiful ye are! Than all that went before, All the rich summer stores, You're richer, sweeter far.

And why? You are the last! That sad, dread word, the last! O, by that simple word! How many thoughts are stirred—Thoughts of the blissful past!

Pale flowers, pale withered flowers! You're types of precious things—Relics of happier days, Fled on Time's rapid wings.

Last hours with cherished friends, When time the swiftest flies! Last tears in silence shed, When came the parting dread; Last looks from loving eyes.

Who but would fain compress A life-time in a day! The last day spent with one, Who, ere the morrow's sun, Must leave me, and for aye?

O, precious, priceless days, Pale flowers, you're type of those—Most sad, most sweet, most dear, Because, like those, most near To an eternal close.

Sweet flowers, sweet, fading flowers, I woo your gentle breath—Unlike those brilliant flowers, Which speak of life's bright hours—Ye tell of change and death.

Correspondence.

The Western Fields.—DEAR BANNER—I have for some time contemplated greeting, through your columns, the friends of human progress and universal brotherhood with a few words of cheer to brighten their hopes, strengthen their hands, and gladden their hearts...

At Erie, in this County, resides Mrs. Wanser, who is a very good trance medium, and is doing quite a good business in the healing art, the opposition of the regular faculty to the contrary notwithstanding. In the town and vicinity are many excellent and influential friends. There is also residing here, the ex-Rev. Mr. Cope, a young man of brilliant talents, who formerly presided for the Episcopal Methodists; but they have recently thrown him overboard from their leaky craft of sectarianism...

Rev. John McKeocher is being developed as a spirit-artist. He has drawn some very life-like portraits; his wife is also an impressive medium. Living in my family is the blind medium, Mrs. Briggs, who possesses more varied spiritual gifts than any person I know of. Under the influence of human, or animal magnetism, she is the best medical clairvoyant I ever saw. She sees and describes most minutely every diseased organ in the patient she examines, giving a clear and satisfactory diagnosis of the disease. What is most singular, is...

Immediately over each diseased locality is presented to her vision, by spirit-power, a card, on which is printed, or written, the medicine required to heal that disease.

Living in Dixon, Illinois, is Dr. Wynn, who claims to be a well read and scientific physician of the old school. This Dr. Wynn, in the absence of Mrs. Briggs, was offering to bet his horse that neither Mrs. B. nor the spirits through her, could answer correctly three questions in anatomy or physiology.

"We will call a public meeting in Dixon, and you and Mrs. Briggs shall have equal time. You may ask her questions in Anatomy and Chemistry, and she will answer; then she shall ask you questions on the same sciences, and you shall answer, and let a committee of scientific men decide which is the best posted."

This challenge only had the effect to produce such an enormous hypertrophy of the doctor's dignity, that he could not think of condescending to meet a woman in public discussion.

Mrs. Briggs also has the gift of "discerning spirits" and psychometric reading of character, and through this gift has given many most excellent tests, by describing spirits and scenes in their earth-life.

Mrs. Briggs is now ready to devote her whole time to the practice of medicine, attended by a well read and experienced physician. She is not yet permanently located, and will take into consideration any inducements that may be offered.

All letters of inquiry, or professional calls may be addressed to the subscriber at Fulton, Whiteside Co., Illinois. A. W. BENTON, M. D. Fulton, March 21, 1862.

From New Jersey.

DEAR BANNER—Thinking you would like to know how Spiritualism is progressing in this vicinity and adjacent parts of the country, it is my endeavor to inform you. We have once more been greeted by our beloved sister, Laura De Force, who has been with us for a short time, in the meanwhile visiting Mount Holly, Lumberton and Trenton, there breaking the bread of life to all those who are famishing and thirsting for spiritual food, given them by angels, through her instrumentality.

Mr. Editor, you see that Spiritualism is not dying out in these parts. It will ever be our endeavor to keep the wheel in motion. Yours for the right, Vincentown, March 20, 1862. E. N.

Dr. J. M. Campbell.

MR. EDITOR—It is not widely known that at Fort Recovery, Mercer county, Ohio, Dr. J. M. Campbell, one of the best healing mediums, and most reliable clairvoyants, resides; and one, too, who has done as much for the cause of Spiritualism as any other within the range of my travels as a speaker, taking means into consideration. He has sustained meetings for the last three years, almost entirely out of his own purse, while he was assisting the cause by giving admirable tests in examining for disease, as well as effecting many wonderful cures, some of which have come under my own observation.

Dr. J. M. Campbell, Belmont, Ohio, March, 1862.

Dealings with the Dead.

To any eye that can read and every heart that can understand, I would say that if they have any desire to know the real truths of spirit instruction and spirit knowledge, let them read with close attention and unbiased mind, the book called "Dealings with the Dead," by P. B. Randolph. If they cannot take time to read the whole book, let them begin at the sixty-eighth page. The soul-stirring truths therein explained are too true to be thrown idly aside. Many are now reading and appreciating, and the time is not far distant when thousands more will do the same, and a cry will go forth for more of the same kind. ONE WHO KNOWS.

The Macedonian Cry.

To the readers of the BANNER and all traveling lecturers and mediums, the Macedonian cry—"come over and help us"—is sounding very distinctly in this part of the West.

We have an intelligent little town, situated at the junction of the St. Louis and Chicago Railroad and the Peoria and Logansport Railroad, called Chenos, where I distribute my old copies of the BANNER; and from the eagerness to learn of this new philosophy, I believe it would be a good opening for traveling lecturers; and to all such I would say that I live three miles north-west of Chenos, and the "latch string is out," and a cordial welcome extended as long as they wish to remain, and myself and team offered to conduct them on their journey. E. W. RICHMOND, Chenos, Ill.

The Kingdom of Heaven.

The Kingdom of Heaven, or the Golden Age, by E. W. Loveland, is, in many respects, a remarkable book. The author illustrates several chapters of the teachings and miracles of Jesus Christ, in an original manner, giving them a spiritual or philosophical bearing. Subjoined to these are several essays: the Ages of Iron, Silver and Gold, one Family in Heaven and Earth, Spirit Impression, Guardian Spirits, Consulting God, Progression, Selfish Loves and Appetites, Prophecy, etc. The whole work is neatly printed in large type, on stout durable paper, and for sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT office. Price thirty-seven cents. When sent by mail, 10 cents additional for postage.

Those who fish for compliments, generally get a...

LECTURERS AND MEDIUMS.

Parties noticed under this head are at liberty to receive subscriptions to the BANNER, and are requested to call attention to it during their lecturing tours. We hope they will use every exertion possible in our behalf. Lecturers are informed that we make no charge for their notices. Those named below are requested to give notice of any change of their arrangements, in order that our list may be kept as correct as possible.

Mrs. M. W. WOOD (formerly Mrs. Hancock), will lecture in Foxboro, April 20 and 21; in Bangor, Conn., July 6 and 13; in Somerville, Conn., July 20 and 27; in Putnam, Conn., during August; Portland, Me., during September. Mrs. M. will make no engagements for the disengaged Sundays of April, May and June. Address, West Killingly, Conn.

F. L. WADSWORTH will lecture in Providence, R. I., four times during May; in New Bedford, during the first Sunday of June; at Marblehead last three Sundays of June; in New Bedford, four Sundays in July; in Quincy, four Sundays in Sept. Address accordingly. He will answer calls to lecture in the West.

Mrs. EMMA HOBSON will lecture in Charleston, April 13, and 20; in Manchester, N. H., April 27; in Bangor, Me., through the months of May, June and July; in Sutton, N. H., Aug. 24, 31, and Sept. 7 and 14; in New Bedford, Mass., Sept. 21 and 28. Address, East Stoughton, Mass.

Mrs. EMMA HARRISON will lecture in Lowell and Portland during April; in Boston, during May; in Quincy and May and June. Address, care of Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield street, Boston, Mass.

W. K. RIPLEY will lecture in Bangor, Me., the first and third Sundays of April; in Kennebec, April 13. Will answer calls to speak in Maine during June and July—Massachusetts and Connecticut in Sept. and October. Address, Snow's Hill, Me.

WARREN CHASE speaks in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, April 13 and 20; in Waukegan, Ill., April 16 and 17; Grand Rapids, Mich., April 27; in Battle Creek, Mich., four Sundays in May. He will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light.

N. FRANK WATTS has returned permanently to the lecturing field, and will answer calls from friends east or west. Applications should be made immediately. Address, Seymour, Conn.

SAMUEL D. PACK, trance speaking and healing medium, answer calls to lecture in the Middle and Western States. He will pay special attention to the healing of diseases, wherever he may be called. Address, Port Huron, Mich.

Mrs. A. P. THOMPSON's engagements at North Haven, Conn., and Bath, N. H., are concluded. Having need for the present, she is at liberty to make engagements to lecture elsewhere. Address, North Haven, N. H.

Mrs. LIZIE DORR will lecture in Boston, April 30 and 27; in May Springfield; in New Bedford, June 1 and 8. Address, care of Banner of Light.

Mrs. AUGUSTA A. CURRIER will lecture in Portland, Me., the two first Sundays in April; in Lowell, Conn., April 30, 27 and May 4 and 11. Address, No. 51 Lowell, Mass.

Mrs. M. S. TOWNSEND will speak in Williamstown, Conn., April 20 and 27; West Randolph, Mass., May 4 and 10; Providence, R. I., during June.

H. P. FAIRBANK will lecture in Quincy, Mass., April 20 and 27. Will answer calls to lecture during May and June. Address, Quincy, Mass.

Mrs. and Mrs. H. M. MILLER may be addressed at North, Chenequo Co., N. Y., for the present, or Conneaut, Ohio, care of Asa Hickox, permanently.

H. L. BOWKER will answer calls to lecture on the new developments of the Spiritual Movement. Address, No. 9 Hudson street, Boston.

Mrs. FANNIE BURBANK FRIZON will lecture in Lowell, May 13. Address, Keokuk, Iowa.

Mrs. M. B. KERRY will speak in Tinton, April 20 and 27; in Charleston, S. C., April 4 and 11. Address, Lawrence, Mass.

Mrs. BELLS SCUGALL, lectures in Philadelphia, April 13. Address as above or Rockford, Ill.

Miss L. E. A. DEFOREST's address is Xenia, Ohio, until further notice.

Wm. F. WHITMAN, trance speaker, and healing medium, Athol Depot, Mass.

Dr. H. P. GARDNER, Pavilion, 55 Tremont street, Boston.

Dr. O. F. WALKER, No. 14 W. Springfield street, Boston.

Mrs. FRANCES T. YOUNG, trance speaker, 65 Myrtle street, Mrs. A. H. SWAN, care of P. Clark, 14 Bromfield st., Boston.

Dr. L. U. BRUCE, Address care of Banner of Light, Boston.

Miss LIZIE M. A. CARLEY, care of Dr. A. B. Child, Boston.

J. JOHN BAKER, 14 South street, Boston.

Miss BLAIR TERRY, 40 Bromfield st., Boston.

LEWIS B. MONROE, 14 Bromfield St., Boston.

CHARLES H. CROWELL, Boston, Mass.

BENJ. DANFORTH, Boston, Mass.

Dr. C. H. TOY, Boston, Mass.

Mrs. MARY A. RICKER, Chelsea, Mass.

J. H. CURRIER, Cambridgeport, Mass.

Mrs. SARAH A. BYRNES, 58 Winter st., Cambridge, Mass.

Wm. ELLERY COPLAND, Roxbury, Mass.

Wm. E. BURR, Boston, Mass.

CHAS. T. LIND, Taunton, Mass.

Miss B. ANNA RYDER, Plymouth, Mass.

E. R. YOUNG, box 95, Quincy, Mass.

Mrs. JAMES B. BIRD, Taunton, Mass.

Rev. STEPHEN FELLOWS, Fall River, Mass.

A. O. ROBINSON, Fall River, Mass.

ISAAC P. GREENLEAF, Lowell, Mass.

N. S. GREENLEAF, Lowell, Mass.

Mrs. ADIE H. HARRIS, Lowell, Mass.

Mrs. J. PUFFER, Hanson, Plymouth Co., Mass.

Mrs. BERTHA B. CHASE, West Hartford, Conn.

Mrs. M. B. B. SAWYER, Baldwinville, Mass.

Mrs. J. A. B. SAWYER, Baldwinville, Mass.

Advertisements.

TWELVE MESSAGES FROM THE SPIRIT OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, THROUGH JOSEPH D. STILLER, MEDIUM, TO JOSIAH BRIGHAM, OF QUINCY.

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Adams' address to the

Pearls.

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

SPRING.

Once more the monarch of the skies The latent pulse of Nature moves, And wows the way-side forest out, And robes in green our ancient groves.

And age and infancy go forth, Among the tender grass to sport; Or gather posies fresh and fair, Where stately kingcup holds his court.

The chestnut droops its languid leaves, Ere creamy comes bestial each spray, And hawthorns cluster down the lane To breathe a sweetness through the day.

The quaint old mansion on the hill Through bowring foliage steals a look, To where the maiden-willows range Their graceful tresses by the brook.

The pear-tree shakes its snowy-bloom Upon the springy sward beneath; While round the apple's sinuous limbs Entwines a clust'ring blood-stained wreath.

The new-born butterfly sails out Upon his fairy painted wing; And woodstoe choirs, with grateful hearts, Pour forth their welcome to the Spring.

[John G. Watts.]

All the months of the year come with errands and gifts to the farmer; there is not a Judas among the twelve.

DO NOT CENSURE WITHOUT KNOWING. Do not censure without knowing; Oft is hid a noble mind, Worthy of our love bestowing,

Where we least expect to find; Many a heart in kindness beating, Making solitude its own, With no kindred spirit meeting, Lives unloved, because unknown.

Should you feel inclined to censure Faults you may in others view, Ask your own heart, ere you venture, If that has not failings too, Let not friendly vows be broken, Rather strive a friend to gain;

For each word that's kindly spoken, Finds its passage home again. Do not, then, in idle pleasure, Trifle with a brother's fame; Guard it as a gilded treasure— Sacred as your own good name, Do not form opinions blindly, Hastiness to trouble tends; Those of whom we've thought unkindly, Oft become our warmest friends.

A sudden elevation in life, like mounting into a rare atmosphere, swells us out, and often perniciously.

OLD WOOD. Old wood to burn! Ay, bring the hill-side beech From where the owlets meet and screech, And ravens croak;

The crackling pine, and cedar sweet; Bring too a clump of fragrant peat, Dug 'neath the fern; The knotted oak, A faggot too, perchance, Whose bright flame dawning, winking, Shall light us at our drinking!

While the oozing sap Shall make sweet music to our thinking. [Messinger.]

One may live as a conqueror, a king, or a magistrate, but he must die like a man.—W. Foster.

Reported for the Banner of Light. BOSTON SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE, WEDNESDAY EVENING, APRIL 2, 1862.

QUESTION.—The evils attributed to Spiritualism.

DR. CHILD.—What are the evils attributed to Spiritualism? They are comprehended in the "thirty-nine" elegant adjectives of bitterness, blame, and fault-finding that are used in firing the uncharitable guns of wrath at others.

The evils that are attributed to Spiritualism are the lawful attributes of materialism; they are no more the attributes of Spiritualism, than darkness is an attribute of the shining sun; than the fetor of decaying flesh is the attribute of an expanding rose-bud.

Among the attributes of Spiritualism the thirty-nine subterranean adjectives, softest to faultfinders, are not to be found, do not hold a lawful place, and there have no existence. But to the world of physics and all its affections—where brimstone, iron, gold, and all things earthly are, there these thirty-nine elegant adjectives of calumny have a place and use—and only to the love of the earthly things do they belong as attributes.

To the world of spirit, where desire runs on the wings of space, in limitless area, condemnation and fault-finding and all the attributes called evil, cease to have existence. To the soul of man there are no evil attributes; and to the science that tells him about the soul there can be none, for these evils belong to another science previously studied, viz.: the science of matter.

Spiritualism is a book that tells us about the soul. Who imputes evils to the book that tells us about the soul? Those who are yet studying in the other book, the book of Materialism, and who believe that the book of Spiritualism has the same thirty-nine adjectives that only belong to the imbalances of earth, recorded therein. Who deal blame and wrath upon the heads of Spiritualists? It may be those who are called Spiritualists, but they have never studied the book of Spiritualism; they have never opened its sacred lids and read therein its pure and holy pages of charity—charity that vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up; that forgoeth seventy times seven; that endureth all things and believeth all things. Real Spiritualism does this. It is not the man or the woman who reads in this beautiful volume of Spiritualism, in this book of eternal life, and reads understandingly, that attributes evils to Spiritualism. But the man or woman who does this, has not yet opened the book of Spiritualism to read, mark, learn and understand what is therein written. Condemnation and blame must cease before any considerable progress is made in the study in this new volume of our existence, Spiritualism. Who would expose the faults of another, thinking he has none of his own? He who has faults like those he tries to expose; he who is reading yet the volume of his material, not his spiritual life. Who attributes faults to Spiritualism? He or she who is yet studying the book wherein the adjectives of condemnation are used—not the book of life where no stains of condemnation blot its pure pages, and where kind and generous feelings reach beyond the boundaries of selfish love, and forbid that we should say aught that is ungenerous of another.

Mr. Edson.—I agree very well with what Dr. Child has said, though I have a different manner of expressing myself. The evils attributed to Spiritualism are

too numerous to be mentioned. Spiritualism stands charged with all kinds of crime. Most every one tacitly believes that there is a Providence overruling all things and all acts. If this belief is true, the doctrine that everything that is, is right, must be a consequence. I mean, in the divine economy, adapting means to ends for the unfolding of man's interior goodness. God uses evils to the end of man's perfect development. In this sense they may be called right. It may be necessary that we should be made conscious of what the world calls right and wrong, in order to gain a victory over the wrong. Pain that comes of evil wears off the grosser affections of the soul, whereby its mission is made clear to see God around and within itself. Spiritualism leads us to the discovery of causes, wherein we find the springs of human action. Men act from their conditions. Some are, to our outward perception, better conditioned, and some worse; but evidences are outward, and by them we are not to judge of the soul, out of which the brotherhood of all men shall be developed. Wicked men are instrumentalities in the whole picture of life. Their acts call charity from others, and give themselves painful experiences that raise both themselves and others Godward. Some are so animal in their natures that nothing short of the worst consequences of crime can wean them from the sphere of lust.

The evils attributed to Spiritualism are not confined there, so before these evils shall cease, there must be a thorough regeneration of the whole race. Spiritualism is not the cause of the evils attributed to it, but the unenlightened affections of humanity are the causes of these evils. I believe that Spiritualism will yet furnish the means by which men may live above and beyond the sphere of crime, of all evils.

Dr. Bowker.—I believe there are many evils which grow out of Spiritualism. The three most prominent are: Atheism; a giving up of one's self to the control of spirits; and the advocacy of false and dangerous doctrines. One of the most fatal evils of Spiritualists is Atheism. This grows out of Spiritualism. But so far as Spiritualism goes into Atheism it must decline; for a religion that has no God in it must die.

Giving up to the entire control of spirits makes a mere tool of a man, and leads him on a voyage through hell. If a man gives up his manhood, he is like a ship with its rudder cut away. Spiritualism tends in this direction.

Spiritualism is used to propagate schemes of almighty nonsense. Involuntary affection is claimed to be above control, whereby the institution of marriage has been trodden upon and abused. Prominent Spiritualists, who are either ignorant or are desirous of reputation, have advocated new and strange doctrines. I have found men endorsing the "all right" doctrine to their injury. I am not to say whether, or not, this doctrine is true, but the result of its promulgation is to throw aside all moral distinctions. I found a man down in Taunton who chewed tobacco, and he said it is right, I suppose, for Dr. Child says whatever is, is right. The result of this doctrine is to excuse every act that is done. It brings bad influences from this world and from the other world. But Spiritualism, when under the influence of consistency and morality, may be a means of making men stronger and better.

Mr. Thayer.—We lose our time when we talk of the evils of Spiritualism, for Spiritualism has no evils. The subject is, the evils attributed to Spiritualism. Dr. Bowker has said that some Spiritualists are Atheists, but I have never seen a true Spiritualist who did not believe in a God. There is no Atheism to be found in Spiritualism, but when an Atheist comes into Spiritualism, his Atheism goes out. Spiritualism is diametrically opposite to Atheism. There are no teachings in Spiritualism that tell a man to give up his self-control or his manhood. The devil of free love does not come of Spiritualism, but if it is found within its ranks it is imported there. Dr. Bowker makes a mistake in crediting to Spiritualism the doctrine whatever is, is right. For ages the churches have taught this as the foundation of their creeds.

Mr. Wetheres.—Dr. Child is always beyond my comprehension—his definition of spirit makes it entirely separate from matter. He says everything is pure and holy. But I have been taught by mediums that there are bad spirits, and that they cut up sinners there and here. According to my experience, spirits are just about the same as we are. I think that Spiritualists are further removed from Atheism than any sect. I believe that God is a person, as much as a man is a person. Infidelity that has always been in advance of the old religions, is dropped for something better in Spiritualism. I believe that the world is corrupt—is rotten through and through. And Spiritualism has come to purify it. It is to make men and women better. I do not believe that church-members are any worse than common sinners—the reason they appear worse to some is because they pretend to be so much better.

Mr. [Name]—[Said he would not speak if his name should be revealed.] I think that what has been said on this floor should not have been published, for it has been mostly nonsense. [A voice.—We shall expect to hear sense, now.] The definition of a Spiritualist is, one who believes that spirits do communicate. [A voice.—Mr. Newton said that ten years ago.] Spiritualists are not apt to say very foolish things. I think that Spiritualism will convince man of his immortality. The all right doctrine is a very foolish doctrine, and it has nothing to do with Spiritualism. It contradicts everybody's experience. Pope said, "whatever is, is right," and he was right, for he advocated God in his providences.

Mr. [Name]—If it was not wrong for Pope to say whatever is, is right, in the last century, why is it wrong for a man to repeat the same in this century?

Mr. [Name]—Because Pope vindicated the ways of God to man, and in that sense he was right in saying whatever is, is right; but Dr. Child is wrong in saying whatever is, is right—that everything is right. [A voice.—What a clear distinction!]

Dr. Gardner.—One of the evils attributed to Spiritualism is insanity. There are less cases of insanity in the same number of Spiritualists, than there are in the same number of church members. Another evil attributed to Spiritualism, is immorality. Statistics show that fewer crimes are committed by Spiritualists than by any other class of people. Another evil attributed to Spiritualism, is free love. According to the definition that Christ gave of free-love, or of unlawful lust, every man is a free lover. So these evils attributed to Spiritualism, do not belong any more, if they do so much, to Spiritualists, as they do to other people.

Lizzie Doten thought that the evils that were attributed to Spiritualism did not belong to it more than they belonged to any other sect; that to take heed of them, would be of as little consequence, as to step by the wayside to heed the barking of every dog. She thought still, that Spiritualism had many evils, and when she viewed these evils, her mind ran nearly in the same channel that Dr. Bowker's did. Thought that the evils of Spiritualism were rapidly passing away, and that every step in the progress of Spiritualism, would be marked by greater order and greater harmony.

Mr. Bacon.—I came here with not even a fragment of a thought upon which to form a remark. But gathering a plank here and a beam there—picking from one and another of those who have already spoken, I could frame a very respectable building in the way of a speech. Spiritualism, I regard, as a social, moral, and religious problem, for each to solve as best he or she can. The simplest definition is always the best, and the best definition of Spiritualism I have met with, in the past or present, is this: That dis-

embodied spirits can and do communicate and influence mortals. The definition of Dr. Child, that Spiritualism is entirely free and separate from matter, is bosh to me. I do not comprehend it. I cannot easily conceive of anything but what is more or less connected with matter in some form. Dr. Child's opening remark, that those who attributed any evils to Spiritualism, were themselves guilty of those very evils, I thought was a wholesale and gratuitous slander upon those who honestly differed from him. It seemed as though his whole speech consisted of finding fault with faultfinders. Spiritualism, with many, is synonymous with evil. The world certainly attributes manifold evils to what is to us a beautiful system of philosophy; many of those evils have been mentioned here to-night. Are these the legitimate results of Spiritualism? I do not believe they are.

Miss Harwood.—I have been a Spiritualist eight years, and I have never yet discovered anything unholily or wicked in its revelations; but I have witnessed a great deal that is unholily and wicked which has been attributed to it, and which I know does not belong to it.

Mrs. Edmunds.—I was a Spiritualist, but I am not now. I believed in it, but I do not, and I cannot now, for I have seen so much deception and evil in it. I was a medium. At first I did not make the raps and other manifestations, but afterwards, I did, and I deceived. It is all of the devil; and I believe that every one who believes in it, is possessed of the devil.

Mr. [Name]—Were you possessed of the devil when you were a medium, and a believer in Spiritualism?

Mr. [Name]—No; I was perfectly innocent in all that I had to do with it.

Mr. [Name]—Then why may not other mediums be as sincere as yourself?

Mr. [Name]—Because I think they are not sincere. I think they are possessed of the devil. [A voice.—Christ says, to judge others is to do the same thing you judge others for. Now you are not possessed of the devil, are you? No, I am not; but Spiritualists are, all of them.]

Mr. Brown.—I notice that Cora Wilburn, in an article which she has published in the Spiritualist, denouncing the evils which she attributes to Spiritualists, has used the word "I" one hundred and three times, while a prominent Spiritualist, to whose doctrines she attributes the greatest evils, has written a whole book without using the word "I" once in that book. Now I will ask the question, which, in this case indicates the more selfishness, the condemner, or the condemned?

Mr. Leonard.—I have noticed that Spiritualists, to whom is attributed much evil, are a great deal more willing to die, than those are who attribute evil to them. Now to me this signifies much in favor of Spiritualists over their condemners. Christ was called a devil and a blasphemer, but were those who called him so any better than he was? I should like to see the disembodied spirit of a Spiritualist stand side by side with the disembodied spirit of his condemner. In which, think you would be seen the more Christlike charity, humility and harmony? I suppose both would be beautiful—but I do not think that the condemner would look better than the condemned.

Mr. Sykes.—It is my impression, and I believe the impression is very general, too, that those who "cry" the "evils" of Spiritualism are no better themselves than they should be. It should be incumbent on a man who points out the evils of other men and other sects, to be spotless in his own life and sect. Are these evil finders, spotless? Can they afford to neglect themselves and attend to others? Where is the "beam" and where is the mote? Spiritualism leads me to see to their own sins, and not to find fault with the sins of others.

Mr. Thompson.—Evils, so called, existed centuries before modern Spiritualism was known. They are part and parcel of human nature, and whatever cause that nature adheres to, it will carry these to that cause with it. If my brother is intemperate, and in some of his soberer hours sees that in Spiritualism which convinces him of the truth of Spiritualism, so far as to induce him to proclaim his belief in it, and the next day, yielding to the overpowering temptations around him, he is seen staggering up one of our streets, the cry is immediately heard—"See the effects of Spiritualism!" And thus it is with ninety-nine cases out of every hundred, and I do not know but in every case, in which evils are attributed to Spiritualism. Two-thirds of those who talk of these things, do not know what real Spiritualism is. A mere knowledge of or belief in tipping tables, or of the ability of spirits to communicate with a man, does not make a man a Spiritualist, according to my idea. A Spiritualist's God is not embodied in a piece of wood, like that of the Brahmins, or personified in a stone like that of the Chinese. True Spiritualism is pure and holy, knoweth no evil, thinketh no evil, and comes to remedy what mankind consider to be "wrong." Was Christ a publican and sinner according to the old notions of what those classes were, because he went among them to do them good? I think not. Neither should evil be attributed to Spiritualism, because occasionally we see one who claims to be one of its disciples, walk in an old path. Judge not, lest ye be judged.

Mr. [Name]—Men who wish so to do, can see what they call "evil" in anything and in everything, and it is no hard task for such persons to point out these bugbears in Spiritualism. Some folks are apt to suppose that because something occurs that does not fit in nicely with their own cherished ideas of what God intends should be, that it is exceedingly evil, and so they trouble their poor hearts amazingly in efforts to restore things to a condition of right—that is, to an affinity with their views. In doing this they really self-select themselves into God's place. They think God is weak, and cannot have things to suit him; hence, some things are wrong. Now I am one of those dreadful men who believe that whatever is, is right. I cannot, therefore, see any evil in Spiritualism. I believe it to be God's voice talking to man in a manner more direct than that which has before spoken. It is arousing the human mind to thought, and such thought as begets action. Evils of Spiritualism! My friends, the assertion is contradictory in terms, and paradoxical in position, and I pledge myself to prove that the man or the woman who attributes any form of evil to this cause, is very far from having a true conception of what Spiritualism is.

Letter from Philadelphia. FRIENDS AND READERS OF THE BANNER.—In still further evidence of the powers of Mr. Anderson as a spirit-artist, I submit to you the following: A lady called on me who gave her name as Mrs. Brong, and stated to me with tears of emotion in her eyes, that she called on Mr. Anderson, and inquired of him whether he could get her a portrait of her son who was dead. He replied that he thought he could, and absented himself for a short time, returned with a sketch which she immediately recognized. He then again retired to his room for some twenty-five or thirty minutes, and the picture was finished; the half of the lad was parted as he wore it here, and the broad necktie then worn was arranged as he himself always tied it, even to the creases, said the mother. He wanted a few days of completing his sixteenth year, when he passed away, and he has been six years in spirit-life. All who knew him recognize the picture, and ask the mother when she had it taken. I was much affected by Mrs. Brong's recital, given in a simple, heartfelt manner. The lady's residence is at the corner of Third and Coates streets. Mr. Anderson has more such tests of other places, which, unlike this case so desirous of ob-

taining fame and its accompanying gain, he has refrained from giving to the world. I deem it an act of justice to make known such convincing and truthful phases of the spirit-power; for it will serve as encouragement to the tried and sorely disappointed, who have been duped by dark circles, and wonderful sleights of hand. There is truth in Spiritualism, but it must be carefully searched for.

Miss Belle Scougal dispenses the spiritual food unto the multitude from our rostrum at Sansom street. There is an atmosphere of goodness, strength and purity, around this new speaker, that cannot fail to command attention and respect. She will, doubtless, sow good seed for future harvesting.

Miss Jennie Waterman, now Mrs. Danforth, a well known Boston medium, is now giving sittings and circles for the accommodation of Philadelphia inquirers. Strangers visiting the city will find this lady at 321 Race street. Yours for truth, CORA WILBURN.

Philadelphia, April 2, 1862.

Circular to the Philanthropic.

A great calamity has fallen upon the town of Gloucester, Mass., in consequence of severe gales at sea, which have resulted in the loss of many vessels with their entire crews, thereby leaving in this community a large number of families who need assistance from the benevolent, in this season of their distress.

The losses at sea attendant upon the fishing business were quite heavy during the month of January last, consisting of four vessels, two of them with their entire crews. In addition to this, by the severe gales of February 24th and 25th, our fleet received great damage, and we have lost fifteen vessels more, (thirteen of them with their entire crews), and still another is missing, with but faint hopes of her safety.

Thus the disasters of the present season involve the loss to Gloucester of twenty vessels, one hundred and forty men, and an amount in property from ninety to one hundred thousand dollars.

This terrible bereavement has cast a gloom over our community, and carried sorrow and mourning to many hearts. There are seventy-five widows, and one hundred and sixty fatherless children, who, by this dispensation, need charity for their temporary support. Our people are doing all their power to alleviate the distress, and contribute to the comfort of the needy and unfortunate.

We need some help from abroad. The undersigned, a Committee chosen at a public meeting of the citizens of Gloucester, holden on the 20th inst., have deemed it proper to issue this circular, asking aid, in this hour of adversity, from such communities and individuals as may feel disposed to regard our appeal.

The contributions asked for are entirely designed for the relief of suffering families, who, by this misfortune, are left without protectors, or the present means of subsistence, and their case certainly commends itself to the sympathy and consideration of all who learn this sad story.

Will you please take such action in reference to this circular as you may deem expedient, and any contributions for the object above named will be gratefully received and duly acknowledged by any member of the Committee.

- JOSHUA P. TRASK, Gloucester.
EPA W. MERRILL, "
JOSEPH O. PROCTOR, "
GEO. H. LOW, "
WILLIAM PARSONS, 2d, "
GEORGE GARLAND, "
JAMES W. PATTELLO, "
EDWARD BABSON, "
JOHN FEW, "
GEORGE H. ROGERS, Boston,
REUBEN ROPES, Boston,
RIPLEY ROPES, Salem,
CHRYS RORY, Jr., Gloucester,
S. CUNNINGHAM, "
WILLIAM A. PEW, "
ADISON GILBERT, "
BENJ. H. COLLIS, "
Gloucester, Mass., March 22, 1862.

The above circular makes the strongest possible appeal to the active sympathies of all charitable persons. We hope a generous public will fully respond with willing hearts to this appeal, and contribute each his or her mite to aid these destitute families.

Those who may feel a desire to render such aid, can remit to us, and we will forward the amount received without delay to Mr. Joshua P. Trask, of Gloucester. The names of the donors will be published in this paper, when desired.

Obituary Notices.

Mrs OCTAVIA STARKY, of New Bedford, Mass., passed to a higher life, from the house of her sister, (Mrs. Wm. H. Allen,) March 19, 1862, aged 17 years. Mrs. Starky's disease was consumption. She leaves parents in Maine, a brother in the army, fighting for the Union and Liberty, and another dear sister in the West, to mourn her loss. But her sister, Mrs. Allen, possessing one of the best gifts of heaven (clairvoyant powers) will no doubt be able often to see, and participate in the beautiful doctrine of Spirit-communication, and not fear to die, but spoke of her departure calmly, and wished to have a medium attend her funeral. Her last struggle was hard, but when the last moments came, she folded her sister in her arms, gave one affectionate look and farewell kiss, and the spirit took its flight from its mortal coil. While the writer was endeavoring to give a fitting friends consolation, (as the angels saw they needed,) she saw the calm, pure spirit of Octavia hovering near the dear friends, trying to impress them with a realization of her presence. Such are the beauties of Spiritualism in the hour of death.

Departed to the Spirit abodes, March 16, 1862, LEONA V., daughter of OLIVER and SYLVIA WOODARD, of Flora, Ill., aged 2 years 9 months.

An angel from the further shore, Passed on the pearly gates one day; He came to earth and from your arms Bore your sweet baby away.

He took it to a home of love Where all the angels dwell; Then, know you, in dark trial's hour, He doeth all things well."

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

LYONS HALL, TARKENT STREET, (opposite head of School street).—The regular course of lectures will continue through the winter, and services will commence at 2:45 and 7:15 o'clock, P. M. Admission Free. Lecturers engaged:—H. B. Storor, April 13; Miss Lizette Doten, April 20; Miss Emma Harding in May; Rev. J. S. Loveland, June 1 and 8; Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, June 22 and 29.

CONFERENCE HALL, No. 14 BROMFIELD STREET, BOSTON.—The Spiritual Conference meets every Wednesday evening at 7 1/2 o'clock. The next meeting for next evening is: "The Evils Attributed to Spiritualism." Spiritual meetings are held every Sunday; trances speaking at 10 1/2 A. M.; Conference meeting at 2 1/2 P. M.

CHARLES HALL.—Sunday meetings are held at Central Hall at 2 and 7 o'clock, afternoon and evening. Speakers engaged:—Miss Emma Harding, April 20; N. S. Greenleaf, April 27; Mrs. M. B. Kinney, May 4 and 11.

MARLBOROUGH.—Meetings are held in Bassett's new Hall. Speakers engaged:—F. L. Wadsworth, last three Sundays in June.

FOXROCK.—Meetings in the Town Hall. Speakers engaged: Mrs. M. M. Macomber Wood, April 20 and 27.

LOWELL.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings on Sundays, forenoon and afternoon, in Wells's Hall. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. Emma Harding, April 15; Mrs. Augusta A. Currier, April 20, 27; Mrs. Fannie D. Felton, May 18; Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, during June.

NEW BEDFORD.—Music Hall has been hired by the Spiritualists. Conference Meetings held Sunday mornings, and Sunday evenings, afternoon and evening. Speakers engaged: Mrs. M. B. Towsend, April 15; Miss Lizette Doten, June 1 and 8; F. L. Wadsworth, during July; Miss Emma Harding, Sept. 21 and 28.

PORTLAND, ME.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every Sunday in Sons of Temperance Hall, on Congress street, between Oak and Green streets. Conference in the forenoon. Lectures afternoon and evening, at 7 1/2 and 9 o'clock. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. A. Currier, April 15; Miss Emma Harding, two last Sundays of April; Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith for May; Mrs. M. M. Macomber Wood for June.

ROXBURY.—Speakers engaged:—Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, during April; Frank L. Wadsworth in May; Mrs. M. S. Townsend in June.

NEW YORK.—At Lamartine Hall, corner 8th Avenue and 29th street, meetings are held every Sunday at 10 1/2 A. M., 3 P. M., 7 1/2 P. M. Dr. H. Dresser is Chairman of the Association.

At Dodworth's Hall, 800 Broadway, Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch will lecture every Sunday, morning and evening.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—Lectures every Sunday at Bowman's Hall, Milwaukee street, commencing at 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 P. M. Lecturers desiring engagements please address Albert Morton, St. Louis, Mo.—Meetings are held in Mercantile Library Hall every Sunday at 10 1/2 o'clock A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M.

PUBLICATIONS

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