

# BANNER LIGHT.



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## Literary Department.

### LYONEL HARRINGTON.

Translated from the German of Heinrich Zschokke, by Cora Wilbur, expressly for the Banner of Light.

#### CHAPTER XIII. The Chain.

Tobias Thork accompanied his young friend through the forest, and when they emerged from it he stood still, catching his spent breath, and said, as he put his hand upon his panting breast:

"It will not do any more. The wretched bones are willing yet, but there is a lack here. The lungs are like the purse—have this in common: both are poorly lined, though the world is rich in air and in gold. Adieu, young man; hope that we shall meet again; that is settled. At meeting and at parting, the shortest word is the best in the matter. Therefore, enough. God be with you!"

He turned around and pursued his homeward way.

Lyonel called out his farewell and thanks to the old sergeant, and followed cheerfully elated the high road that between broad and fertile fields led to Castle Lichtenheim. The little stream murmuring by and kept him company, seeming to whisper of his source in St. Catharine's hall, of Tobias Thork and his beautiful and mysterious niece. It was no wonder that the young man was compelled to think so much of those strange inhabitants of the forest. The thought of the genial and intellectual Baron Von Urming also presented itself, as he heard his dwelling-place. He resolved to pass a few days with him, and on his arrival, to notify his faithful Arnold Jackson of his whereabouts, and request him as soon as their baggage was received to sell the horses, purchase a convenient traveling carriage, and meet him without delay at Lichtenheim. But in the midst of all this and other resolves, continually intruded itself the image of the philosophical invalid, and the radiant one of Cecilia, that native princess in the beggar's garb. During his stay at the castle, it would be easy for him to return to them more than once.

"Why is it," he thought, "that these in mind superior beings, must live in the lower dust? Had they been the heirs of the wealthy, the children of the nobility, what parts would they not have played in the active spheres of life! The old man with a better education and school culture, at the head of an army, with his staff of command, might have caused the destruction of hostile thrones, or upon the pulpit might have enkindled a new light for the spirit-world. The shepherdess in the royal mantle might have proved equal to Elizabeth of England, or Catharine of Russia. How many a Leibnitz and Kant walk behind the plough; how many a Napoleon, Bernadotte, or Moreau walks humbly with the drum, while common-place people with the mitre and the marshal's badge, decide upon the destinies of great nations. But it is God's wise law of fate, that the largest portion of his spiritual gifts shall be found amid the majority of the people; that humanity may through itself, and not through its supposed earthly Gods, be ripened, and led towards perfection."

Thus musing, the philosophical dreamer was interrupted in his train of ideas by the appearance of a castle at no great distance. It was Lichtenheim, which at the turn of the road presented itself, gilded by the last rays of the setting sun. Lyonel felt inclined to call upon his friend at once beneath his parental roof, but as he neared the palatial mansion he lost the courage and the resolve to do so, for the great house seemed to frown upon him in lofty, conscious superiority, from the height of the gently rising ground on which it met the eye. The green background of sycamore and other choice trees that framed it in, as a waving mantle, enhanced the lustre of its marble whiteness. In front, a row of Ionian pillars, with broad, high windows glistening between, formed a shady retreat. To the right and left were smaller buildings in the same good taste and style, that seemed to stand there as modest servants in the retinue of their lord. The beautifully decorated garden before the house was protected by an iron fence, and to the right of it was a spacious park, filled with towering beeches, elms and oaks.

The traveler cast a fleeting glance upon the stately home and its surroundings; then upon his dust-covered boots and the rest of his attire, and he passed quickly on.

"One is in this manner compelled," he reasoned, "to do violence to one's best wishes in this life, to render homage to a senseless custom, in order not to sin against the usages of fashionable life. And the persons who display their riches, imagine most honestly, in their self-conceit, that they are in a degree superior beings to their fellow-men; they believe the dresser of their mansions, carpenters, architects, hair-dresser, or tailor, is a reflection of their own consequence, and therefore, they exact the homage they deem their due. Empty noting children in soldier's coat, with a tin sword, timid as they may be, deem themselves great and terrible, though others do not believe it. Oh thou beautiful in soul, thou simple Cecilia, how the wealth of thy spirit gleams through thy miserable garb. The mind poverty of many a lady of rank is concealed by the wealthy resources of art, for which she is indebted to her dressing-maid and the appliances of the toilet."

In rather a gloomy mood, as might be inferred from his thoughts, he spoke to a passing farmer to inquire of him where he could find an inn.

"There is a good one on the carriage-road, as soon as you reach the end of the park," replied the man; or, you can take the nearer footpath through the park."

Lyonel chose the nearest way, and had not gone many steps in the green twilight of the beeches, through whose branches yet played the departing gleams of sunlight, before he found a costly arbor. It was a heavy neck-chain of gold, to which was attached a diamond cross. As he stooped to pick it up, he heard the voices and laughter of unseen young girls, as he judged from the silvery tones.

As he stepped upon a wide circular grass plot, surrounded by the beech trees, he saw two well-dressed young ladies chasing a swarm of butterflies with gauze nets, laughing and running with all the unchecked merriment of youth.

"Without doubt," he thought, "one of them has lost the chain in her romping haste."

They were not aware of his presence till he stood between them, and respectfully dipping his hat, he said, with a somewhat mischievous smile:

"Will the ladies pardon a stranger for interrupting them in their favorite pastime of ensnaring frivolous butterflies, to set them again at liberty? It is said, however, to be a dangerous avocation for young maidens; and I believe I have the proof in my hands."

The ladies, rather embarrassed, looked at the intruder, and seemed to regard his evident presumption with a certain degree of haughty astonishment.

"What is it you wish, sir?" said one.

"Only the fulfillment of a duty, if I am not mistaken," said Lyonel, and his eyes rested on the white necks of the fair beings, one of whom wore a delicate croquet of pearls.

"And in what consists this duty, sir?" was the further inquiry.

"To fetter the one who has cast aside her chains, and is so eager to rob the poor butterflies of their freedom."

At these words the young ladies looked again in visible surprise at the bold young man; then they looked at each other, and a mocking, yet arch smile played upon their lips.

"Which of us do you think the chains are for?" said the liveliest, most mischievous of the two, who, with cheeks crimsoned by exercise, with unbound hair, accosted him.

"For yourself, gracious lady! Surrender yourself!" said Lyonel, as he held the chain toward her.

"Indeed countess, it is your chain!" cried her companion.

The young countess hastily put her hand to her neck, and became aware of her loss; then as quickly she took the recovered treasure from the hand of the lucky finder, and said, with a graceful inclination of the head:

"You are very kind, indeed, sir. How shall I thank you, sufficiently?"

"It is not usual to return thanks for chains," he responded gaily. "You must know that, who undoubtedly have doomed many a one to wear them. But I love freedom, therefore permit me, to take flight."

This said, he bowed, and pursued his way through the park. He had scarcely taken a few steps beneath the arching foliage, when he heard the two girls, deeming him out of hearing as well as out of sight, burst into a merry peal of laughter. He remained standing and listened.

"Put the chain around my neck again, dear Leonie," entreated the countess. "He was, despite of all, a pleasant, witty, I might say, a really handsome man. Is it not so? But such dare not fetter us."

"Has he not perhaps involuntarily given Countess Gabriella another besides the golden chain—an invisible one?" replied Leonie. "It is certain he has a fine and manly presence."

"Who can he be?" said the countess. "We have not even asked his name. He must think we are very foolish, ill-bred girls."

The listener mid the trees heard no more, for the voices of the lovely chatters were lost in the distance. He was not displeased with the praise, awarded him by the two nightingale voices; and soon he reached the large and commodious inn, which, skirting the main road, and in the immediate vicinity of a village, half-imbued in fruit trees, received him with a friendly welcome.

#### CHAPTER XIV. Mese, Mese, Tekel.

He received unpleasant news the next morning, to the effect that his friend, the counsellor, for whom his visit was intended, was absent from home, and not expected to return for some days. If he had not written to his faithful Arnold Jackson that he awaited him at Lichtenheim, he would have continued his wanderings in search of adventure. As it was, he felt compelled to stay, as he knew that his fellow-traveler would obey orders promptly, and would leave Barmingen at once.

The first day, being a rainy one, Lyonel spent mostly at his writing desk and in reading; but on the second day he lost patience, and knew not what to begin to while away the time. Should he return to the charming valley of St. Catharine? It seemed too early yet, and would give occasion for the gossiping remarks of farmer Trolle and the females of his family. He honored the poor Cecilia and the

honest old soldier too much to cause them a moment's grief by an act of thoughtlessness.

He wandered about the neighborhood of Lichtenheim, and without deriving any great pleasure from these excursions, returned wearily to his quarters. He walked through the park in the evening time, in the hope of again meeting with the fair butterfly huntresses, but he met them not again.

On the third morning he sent to request an interview with the Minister, and was desired to present himself in the afternoon. He went, not too well satisfied with the delay and coldly accorded permission. He found the Minister pacing up and down the pillared hall before the villa. He was a gentleman advanced in years, of a broad, strong build, and with a commanding air. Although simply clad in his blue overcoat, Lyonel would have recognized "his Excellency," even without the distinguishing star that glittered on his breast. The face, with its finely out features and proud Roman nose, betokened a high intellect, as well as a sense of conscious pride. The piercing glance of his projecting eyes evinced a powerfully retentive memory, and a mingling of cold distrust—the latter, as it seemed, the result of manifold unpleasant experiences of human life.

The young American, who was not at all disconcerted by the aristocratic bearing of the great man, apologized politely for appearing in his traveling garb; he spoke of his promise to the Baron Von Urming that he would pay him a farewell visit, and expressed his regret at his absence. He was told in return that his arrival was hourly expected, and that he had spoken of Mr. Harrington in terms of the highest praise.

"My son Rainer has told us," said the Minister, who was rather prepossessed with the respectful, dignified manners of the stranger, "but shall we not take seats?—he has related to us your travels. You have seen the most interesting portions of our globe, of our hemisphere, which, in contrast with the conditions of America, must have struck you as remarkable. Have you formed the acquaintance of any European Courts?"

Lyonel named those at which he had been presented by the American Ministers or Consuls; and the conversation was continued for some time on the different modes of life and on the various Capitals. They commented upon the private life and characteristics of several princes; on the views and political bias of a number of prominent statesmen. The Minister felt perfectly at home in this field, and displayed an extensive knowledge by his well-directed inquiries, instructive remarks, pleasant replies and observations. In the meantime, refreshments upon silver and porcelain plates were brought in by liveried servants, and placed upon the mahogany table that stood before the velvet-covered sofa.

"But now please tell me," continued the old gentleman, "if you can tell, what complete impression the aspect of European life and effort has produced upon you? Are you satisfied with the gleanings of your traveled experience?"

"Why should I not? But I saw also in cultivated lands the distressing sight of a silent war of the people against their existing, often antagonistic institutions; I saw a secret surging of pressing needs, wishes, fears and contradictions, even in the States of the worthiest rulers."

"You are not quite in the wrong; unfortunately it is so, Mr. Harrington. There is, here and there, a sort of discontent; but the reasons for this are known, and are not all caused by the administrations of the land. But I will acknowledge we are living in a transition period."

"It seems to me, your Excellency, that every part of a nation's life is a transition period toward a better or a worse state, as is the case with the daily experience of every individual. Nothing stands still; but the present time seems to me, in this portion of the world, to be more unquiet, to be imbued with agitation far more so than any period of the past, hardly excepting the days of the Reformation, or the war pilgrimages of the people. If I mistake not, events are approaching for Europe that will react upon America."

"You are yet a young man," responded the aged statesman, whose earnest manner was for a moment replaced by a strange smile. "I should not have deemed it possible that you would take so anxious, so dark a view of existing conditions."

"I crave pardon, your Excellency; neither anxious nor gloomy; I only view it all with eager expectation of the inevitable things to come."

"You do not mean repeated revolutions, the fall of thrones, and such things as the political refugees and poetical demagogues dream of?—Utopian Conventions, philosophical religions, community regulations, and all the imaginings that are to-day the battle-cry of the world-bettering writers, who desire to create a *furor* with their ideals? Do not allow yourself to be deluded by phantoms and *ignis fatuorum*, that are so plentiful in our time."

"No, your Excellency, I thought not of all those, although even they are evident expressions of the conditions of the people, and will not vanish without leaving some traces of their passing. I bear in mind the *Mese, Mese, Tekel*, which the finger of the past ages has prophetically inscribed on the palace walls of the present, where every man can see and clearly read it; and yet it is understood only by the few, and scarcely noticed by the many."

"You express yourself too Biblically, Mr. Harrington. I presume I am half a Babelian." "If you will become my Daniel, you will show me the inscription and denote to me its significance."

"Your Excellency knows the inscription, doubtless, far better than I do myself. It demonstrates itself in *deiding* light, when we take the conditions of

Europe a century ago, and place them face to face with the present. May I venture to explain myself further? Old Guttenberg threatens to lift the world once again from its angle. The men of to-day do not gather their wisdom from proverbs and traditions; but, your Excellency, they are commencing to read, and insight and knowledge are becoming more universal. A flood of strange, new thoughts agitates the spiritual life. Peasants, mechanics, manufacturers, speak upon and make use of discoveries, inventions and truths, of which, fifty years ago, even scientific men dreamed not. The Princes have, almost voluntarily, I believe, permitted their former halo of divinity to take flight. Uniforms and gold tinsel do not dazzle as they used to. The printing press, the railroad and steamships unite the Nations with each other. Boundary lines, streams, mountains and seas no longer divide the hemispheres. In former times, they knew of one another only through the geographies of the schools, or, by their commerce, and mostly by robberies and warfare on both sides. But to-day they hold intercourse in unlimited correspondence, through numerous flying journals, and printed matter of all kinds. They deal with each other in a friendly spirit, caring not for the diplomatic quarrels. And science and art widen their domains each year; new discoveries are unceasingly revealed by the researches of chemistry and natural philosophy. On and ever on! The genius of mankind is ever opening new gates and paths; the once silent Nations gain voices of energy and command. Everything presses eagerly forward; and, at last, whither will it stand? In a century hence, where will Europe be?—where in fifty years, my lord Minister?"

The old gentleman thoughtfully regarded the speaker, and said:

"That is your *Mese, Mese, Tekel*! It is true the rapid progress of our time is surprising. One might almost believe in the nearness of a great world-transformation. But, while it becomes new, things remain as of old. Knowledge is increased, ten fold, and the conveniences of life wonderfully enhanced; and with it all cares and anxieties are augmented, so one is limited by the other."

"I do not deny it. But the spirit lives in boundless realms, your Excellency, and it advances there; the limits to its progress are caused by earthly conditions alone. But as continued discoveries render subservient to it the powers of Nature, the earthly bonds are broken, one by one, and the aspects of the world's circumstances appear in a new form; the surface of the earth is transformed, and so also is the climate, manners, the religions, and the political status of the people. Only take a glance at the past centuries, or cast a look upon the days of your own youth, on the conditions of the Government and the laws, the nations and their blindness, and compare them with the present."

The Minister, although no change passed over his features, could not refrain from harboring a quiet suspicion, that gleamed from the look fastened on the bold and earnest speaker. He was about to put a question to the American, but was interrupted.

#### CHAPTER XV.

##### The Choctaws.

Two young ladies entered from the door of the summer-house into the ante hall. Lyonel sprang from his seat as he recognized the huntresses of the park. The Minister arose, likewise, and said, as he bowed:

"The Countess Gabriella of Feldler, who is honoring us with the pleasure of a visit. This is my daughter, Leonie." Then to the ladies: "Mr. Harrington, from the State of Alabama, in North America."

Gabriella's fine eyes lighted up with delighted surprise, and a fleeting blush passed over her beautiful face. She bowed in silence. Leonie spoke:

"This is indeed pleasant. Mr. Harrington is no stranger to us, dear father. Brother Rainer has told us so much about this gentleman, of the manner in which he formed his acquaintance at the post-inn; and we two had the pleasure of meeting him in the park, or rather he found us, and the lost chain of the countess."

"For which," said the countess, with an animated smile, "I repeat my best thanks. If we had known your name, we would yesterday, or the day before, have expected or invited you to call. Have you been from America a long time?"

"Three years, my lady."

"Three years?" said Leonie. "Then you are pleased with Europe, better, perhaps, than with your own country?"

"Perhaps you will remain forever?" inquired the lovely, vivacious countess.

"If Lichtenheim could be my Europe, you need not doubt it, most gracious lady."

"I am deeply flattered, Mr. Harrington," replied Gabriella. "At the court of which I see you learn those happy compliments? It would appear as if your copper-colored savages almost excelled us in polish and in civilization."

"In polish, your ladyship, our Indians have not attained to an equality with Europeans; but on the other hand, I have found much that is savage in the most celebrated nations of Europe, and a purer civilization amid the savage tribes of my native land."

"That is charming!" cried the countess, as she laughed outright.

The Minister smiled ironically, and said:

"I presume it is so with the Choctaws."

"By all means, your Excellency," replied our traveler. "The Choctaws have not only printing offices, newspapers, handsome villages, but in many

places, good schools, which is not yet the case in many parts of Europe. Still another thing. Last year the great chief of the Choctaws made a law that all spirituous drink found within the boundaries of the nation should be poured out upon the ground as poison, destructive to the soul and body. It was done, and the United States have forbidden the traffic in brandy in that portion of the land. In civilized Europe, not one State, to my knowledge, has taken so much precaution for the health and morals of its inhabitants. Philanthropists have sought to introduce temperance societies, but the Government rendered vain their efforts, from financial reasons. On the contrary, they patented and favored the increase of distilleries, taverns, liquor manufactories; and have prepared for the use of the so poisoned, a host of physicians, apothecaries and counsellors of medicine; or they have enlarged the prisons, penitentiaries and fortresses for the criminals whom inebriation has led only too often into crime."

"You are relating wonders!" said the old statesman, whose aim was to take notice of all the thoughts so boldly expressed of the young stranger.

"We ignorant ones here, have heard only of your Washington, Baltimore, Boston and New York, and of the increase of their prosperity and culture."

"A culture, alas, much too European. It is better to live with my neighbors, the Choctaw Indians, where creditors can just rely upon the honesty of their debtors, so that no laws have been found necessary of enactment for that purpose. That mode of trust would be impossible in our great Europeanized cities."

"Pure children of Nature yet?" inquired the Minister.

"I should call them *civilized children of Nature* in contrast to our *civilized barbarians*; for they have their chosen district and other authorities; their courts of justice, churches, schools, their council of forty representatives, their democratic institutions, their laws printed in the Choctaw language—in short, a fine specimen of a citizen-like community."

"Without doubt, they are in possession, also, of some branches of industry?" pursued the minister coolly, but with an accent of doubt.

"Trades of all kinds, your Excellency. Grain and saw mills, salt works, merchants, mechanics, and machines for the preparation of cotton and other materials."

"Have you been yourself in the region of these Choctaws?"

"They are my neighbors. I have visited them several times. I found with them not only a handsome spacious building for the assembling of their council, but also a number of fine country-seats, and even a well arranged Choctaw academy, upon which the United States, in 1830, had spent the sum of eighteen thousand dollars."

"With your permission, dear father," said Leonie, "we would like to know something of the lot of the wives and daughters of these civilized children of Nature. Is it not so, Mr. Harrington?—our poor, weak sex cannot there be viewed, in accordance with ancient Indian usage, as somewhat between a human being and a domestic animal? And they surely do not, like ourselves, furnish youthful goddesses to make slaves of them in maturer years!"

"Do not allow yourself to enter into discussion with my daughter upon that point," said the Minister, with a rueful smile; "she is an enthusiastic disciple of the famous George Sand, in Paris, and would venture her life for the emancipation of woman. She would, if she were Queen, have female academies and tribunals; even in the army, regiments of female cavalry with painted moustaches. I fear each day that she will introduce the latest Parisian fashion in smoking cigarettes."

"Oh father, why so sarcastic?" said the daughter, as she fondly caressed him. "Mr. Harrington will be afraid of me if you make such a caricature of my ideas. I only wanted to know whether woman stood higher or lower with the Indians than with us."

"Or whether, and you must tell us sincerely, Mr. Harrington," interrupted the young countess, "your copper-colored beauties are in possession of education; whether they are socially agreeable, and know the art of pleasing. I think I should run away for fright at their first appearance."

"Like the negroes in Africa, who like to fight at the first sight of a European," replied Lyonel.

"You see the judgment of beauty lies not outside of the powerful circle of custom. The ladies on the banks of the Choctaw are not as copper-colored as you, my gracious lady, imagine; but are possessed of a mild, light cinnamon hue, that becomes them as well as the sun-browned complexion of the peasant maiden of Europe. And I may add that I have found more cruel treatment of your sex, and far more unhappy marriages in Europe, than by the Choctaw stream. The differences of rank, position, fortune, and churchly creeds, have there no influence on the marriage state. Education and its extremes, luxury, the pursuit of novels and romances have not their injurious effects upon the female character. The simple laws of nature are followed in the household life, and they are the laws of sound common sense. They choose one another, marry, and live happily together. The husband is the protector and guardian of the wife; she is his consolation and his joy. The civil laws of the nation punish the abuse of manly strength and that of woman's attractions. The husband provides the food, the wife prepares it; he is master of all outside cares, she is the mistress of the household realm."

"Please stop!" cried Leonie, laughing. "I will not believe another word! You want us to think that your cinnamon-colored Arcadians have chosen in this world the better part, and have already at

tained a step beyond ourselves on the Jacob's ladder that reaches to heaven, despite of all the trouble and efforts of our philosophers, poets, pastors, legislators, professors, State and cabinet counsellors, police, consistories, and the manifold necessary aids of our civilization."

Then commenced, amid merry laughter and jest, a pleasant discussion. Poor Lyonel was scarcely allowed to speak. Who knows what would have been the end, had not the Minister at length taken part in the debate with sarcastic utterance, in favor of the cinnamon-bread race, and by that method driven the light-hearted girls from the room. But they left like conquerors, skipping gracefully down the shady avenues of the garden.

"Do you not think, dear countess," said Leonie, in a low tone, "that the young American is a very agreeable person, with all his extravagant ideas? I am pleased with him."

"Only an agreeable person?" replied Gabriella, as she stood suddenly still, and taking both of Leonie's hands, she continued with fervor: "Say rather that he is a handsome man, full of winning manners, such as are seldom met with! Oh, dearest Leonie, if he were—yes, you are in the right—an agreeable gentleman—"

Leonie gazed archly into the sparkling eyes of her friend; but Gabriella, turning quickly away, sped as if with winged feet through the leafy shades, followed by the ringing laughter of her companion.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Prophet.

"I am glad the young disturbers of the peace have left us; with their stormy interruptions they broke the thread of our discourse," said the Minister, with a polite suavity that diminished naught of the customary dignity he assumed. "Let us continue. Will you have the goodness to be seated? Your views of European affairs interest me. You seem to expect from the civilization of to-day, if I understand you correctly, great and universal changes of all our existing conditions, even the political; is it not so?"

"As far as study, experiences of travel, and personal observation of this part of the world have taught me I believe I am justified in thinking so. Perhaps God will ordain it otherwise. But your Excellency will not deny that peace is lacking in this peaceful time, everywhere; think of Portugal, Spain, Ireland, Britain, France, Italy—must I name all lands?—there is a sultry atmosphere there, prognosticating storm. And when the hurricane bursts forth, the political buildings must be firm and well founded, or in a hundred years what to-day is marble will have become dust."

"That may apply to some countries, but in the rest there is lawful order, and, I think, their institutions will long continue."

"They will remain as long as these regulations accord with the awakening spirit and progressive needs of the nations, or as they are modified to suit their condition. But this, your Excellency, seems to me the most difficult task in politics, and here lies the most dangerous self-deception of cabinets; in which many influential men feel certain of understanding the wants and thoughts of the people better than the people themselves. Beneath the contradictions of the customary and existing circumstances and the developing life and spirit of a nation, there is always discovered a silent or a turbulent fermentation."

"What you say of the most difficult task in politics is correct, Mr. Harrington. But as there is no universal panacea for physical suffering, so the existing deficiencies of the government cannot be helped with universally applied principles—with theories of the home-taught student, or handsome phrases of liberty and human freedom. Before all things, it is necessary to know the reason and the seat of the special evil; then to try the remedies, and to weigh well their advantages and opposing qualities, in order not to substitute a greater evil for the one we seek to put aside."

"I acknowledge all this, your Excellency, and I would not think of prescribing a universal remedy. But we cannot avoid beholding these diseased bodies politic, and they all vary in their sufferings, according to their interior and external conditions. And, of course, each of these patients must be treated differently, as their necessities require. Portugal and Spain, writhing in convulsions, need other treatment than sighing Ireland demands. But I spoke not of that, but of the political epidemic that has spread over one-half of Europe, of which, formerly, nothing was known. The people, I said, have learned to think, by means of the rapid advancement of art and science, and they have learned their strength through revolutions and the devastating march of Napoleon. They give their opinions to day in low and in loud tones; the diplomatists alone have not the word. And these opinions that ring out the deeds of the people, announce, I fear it, the coming of a vast and complete future change."

"Sir prophet, you almost alarm me," said, with an ironical smile, the old, experienced statesman. "But we will console ourselves in the mean time with the thought that it is a long way from the expression to the act. With us Germans, it leads at the most to goblets of honor, eulogies, torch-light processions, and such like marks of homage, which are tendered to the political or poetical opposition party."

"It has come to that, already, but for Germany there may be the least to fear. Here live an ancient people, with differing interests, and peaceful modes of thought; their princes are mostly men of cultivated understanding, insight and benevolence; their state officers, most of them, men of good parts, who know how to keep pace with the march of the times. It is probable that Germany will only take a passive share in the tranquil or stormy world-transformations; perhaps, in the glow of the war fever, dissolve her many states into a few."

The Minister made a motion with his head that at first denoted displeasure, but that suddenly went over into an approving nod; the expression of haughty mockery upon his lips was lost in a sort of friendly admiration of the foreigner's wisdom. "I know, I know," he replied. "Why should not Germany at last be united in one great empire? That is to-day the watch-word and fashionable motto of our radicals and liberals."

"In one or two, no matter," responded Lyonel. "The great powers have made the beginning of consuming the lesser ones, or, at least, they watch them carefully. They will, in all probability, continue that course, and then there will be—"

"A democratic republic; is it not so?" interrupted the old nobleman, with a searching glance.

"I doubt it," said Lyonel. "I would sooner think of a stronger Federal concentration, with a more vigorous leading power, with greater freedom and vigor."

government of single provinces, according to their peculiar needs."

"I understand," said the minister, smiling; "some what like the American form of Government, or the political confusion of the Swiss."

"Or the forms of the Middle Ages, your Excellency. They are, or were, at least, the most natural. The want of liberty in many lands has grown out of the generalizing mania of the Cabinets, who desire to govern a nation with the same laws and regulations, though it be unequally developed physically, religiously and politically, in its many divisions. Where will you find a father who would give a like law to all his children, making no difference between the babe and the adolescent—the child and the matured being? who would exact the same of all? I am certain the peace of Spain would soon be restored, if self-government were granted to every province; as, in the olden time, the King, surrounded by his counsellors, granted that which was conducive to the protection of all from without, to the maintenance of peace within the realm; for the advancement of the morals, the prosperity of the nation, and the universal good."

"Easily said," observed the Herr von Urming, with a half-suppressed smile still lingering around his mouth. "And by the same means, no doubt, you would provide for the tranquillity of the restless French?"

"I am satisfied in my own mind, my lord, that the equalizing of the administrative power and the system that has grown out of it antagonistic to liberty, is the source of the continued political troubles of France. The soldier Napoleon membered and ruled his people like a warrior, and his laws were army orders. Louis Philippe hopes in vain to tame the evil spirit of revolution, by imprisoning his Paris in a widely extended Bastille. Perhaps we may live to behold the bloody day that shall bring about the destruction of this work of art. The nations grow into the love of a larger freedom with advancing culture, and national liberty is only possible beneath a monarchial form, where the crown enfolding all is the gathering point of the people. The whole of Europe will and must become a great Confederate State, made so through compacts with itself; with a standing European State Congress, as already Henry the Fourth desired."

"In which England or Russia would be dictator?" ironically remarked the Minister.

"These great empires," replied the American; "will fall sooner or later, through their own inherent pressure. England, it seems to me, carries to the public view the seeds of death she bears, that appear in the forms of enormous wealth, most abject poverty, and great debts. An uprising in India, with a man of heart and mind at the head, and the part of North America would be repeated. Russia's Colossus will fall broken beneath its own weight, and every fragment then will live for itself, like a divided polypus, and this will be as soon as with increasing population, the civilization of the varied people of the Czar realm attains more growth."

"According to that, it would be necessary to place limits to the so-called culture of the people, to prevent Revolution?"

"Perhaps, if it were possible for human hearts to limit the power of divine ordination! The sunrise has come; we can make shadows here and there, but we cannot invoke night again. Those governments seem to me most foolish, who, in direct contradiction to themselves, wish and strive for greater state incomes, for the display of their courts, armies, officers of the law, churches, and church princes, desiring thereby a greater prosperity of their subjects, and then, again, labor against themselves through censorship, priests, cloisters, and other means, while zealously promoting a higher culture and insight."

"And, for instance, what would you advise those governments?"

"I would say, destroy the aspiring mind of humanity; or, if you cannot effect that, march with it onward! There is no other choice. No matter what our statesmen artists may present, some unexpected discovery puts an end to all their endeavors, as did Gutenberg with his printing-press, toward Kings and Popes, or Berthold Schwarz with the gunpowder, astonished the old knights and feudal lords. Perhaps, in the present rapid advance of knowledge, we are on the eve of some great discovery that is more powerful than any gone before, that shall change the aspect of all things."

"That, I think, would be somewhat difficult."

"Not so very difficult, your Excellency. If the air can be navigated as now the sea is, there will be a transformation in which almost nothing will remain as it was. Then, good night to the existing laws, police, warfare, to the levying of duties! All boundary lines, fortis streams, even fleets, will no more bar the way. Then nations and hemispheres will blend together, and the secrets and natural treasures of Africa, South India, Asia, and the poles, will be revealed to the eyes of the world."

"Indeed, Mr. Harrington, that is a poetical range, at the aspect of which I am almost giddy, prosaic as I am."

"It is no better with me," said Lyonel, laughing. "And such must have been the feelings of our forefathers, if, wise as they were, we had told them that a time would come when we would chain the lightning, and paint with the sun rays; by the aid of steam fly over land and sea; with polished glass behold the order of the distant heavens, and find an insect realm invisible to the naked eye; with galvanic—"

He was interrupted by the return of the young ladies; the strange conversation could not then be continued; but was changed to livelier, less serious themes, and only ended when the young man took his leave for the night.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ANECDOTE OF GENERAL LANDER.—One day a staff officer caught him with a Bible in his hand, and said:

"General, do you ever search the Scriptures?"

General Lander replied:

"My mother gave me a Bible, which I have always carried with me. Once, in the Rocky Mountains, I had only fifteen pounds of flour. We used to collect grasshoppers at four o'clock in the day, to catch trout for supper at night. It was during the Mormon War, and my men desired to turn back. I was then searching for a route for the wagon road. 'I will turn back, if the Bible says so,' said I, 'and we will take it as an inspiration.' I opened the book at the following passage:

"Go on, and search the mountain, and the gates of the city shall not be shut against you."

All occurred in the definite statement of the passage, and the swearing explorer once more led his men into the wild country of the Indians.

THE REDEEMED YOUTH.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF HERDER, FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

A beautiful, manly soul to find is a prize! A more noble triumph to keep it so. But the most noble and difficult after it has fallen To be able to restore it! Saint John, returning from the Desert Patmos, Became, as he had been before, the shepherd Of the sheep—ever instructing them over their Innermost life most carefully to watch.

Amongst the multitude He saw a beautiful youth—cheerful, health-Gleaned from his countenance, and his eyes Spoke the loving fire of his soul. Of this young man thus spoke he to the Bishop: "Take him to thy abode, with thy truth stand Thou to me for him. Here witness we both To the Church for him, to Christ!" And the Bishop took the youth to himself, Carefully instructed him, and saw within him Bloom the fairest fruits; and confiding in him He led him wander from his watchful care.

And the freedom was to the youth A snare. Seduced by flatteries, he became idle; Tasted of all the pleasures of sense, the charm Of gay deceits and the joy of a sovereign will; So he gathered boon companions around him, And drew them into the woods, their Bandit Captain!

When Saint John to the region again returned, The first question demanded of the Bishop, was, "Where is my son?" "Dead," answered the old man, "With his eyes cast down to the ground, 'dead to God!"

With tears I say it—he is a robber!" "This young man's soul committed I to thee! But—however—where, where is he?" "On the mountains yonder."

"I must see him." And as John drew near the forest he was seized— (Even so had he willed it.) "Carry me," spake he To the bandits, "to your master."

He stood before him, And the beautiful youth could not endure the gaze Of that countenance. "Plea not, oh youth, From the weaponless Father, the grey old man! I have promised thee to my Lord, and must For thee answer; willingly give I for thee my life If thou so commandest—but from henceforth I forsake thee not. I have pledged my own soul For thee to God!"

Weeping threw the young man His arms around the grey-headed, covering his face On his bosom, standing numb and mute— Only for answer from his eyes fell a stream Of tears. From thenceforth lived they Inseparable from each other. In the fair youth Regained, John possessed a more perfect And beautiful soul.

Say, what was it That the heart of the young man so deeply Recognized and so inwardly held fast, that by its Strength he again found himself and was Eternally saved? A Saint John's Faith, Confidence, Firmness, Love and Truth!

ESTHER MARLOWE.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THOUGHTS FOR THE SPRING.

BY SUSIE RIVERS.

"The winter is over and gone, and the time of the singing of birds is at hand."

Already the first robin has piped his tuneful notes, and the blue-bird has given her opening concert, welcome and loudly encoored, to many listening and delighted ears.

The white mantle which has so long shrouded earth in its pure drapery, yet remains, as if old winter were loth to take away this last token of his power, fearing, it may be, that we should lapse into forgetfulness without some memento of his former sway. But its shining folds are loosed, and soon the warm-breath of Spring will blow over them, and they will roll themselves together, and vanish in the mist which rises feathery and graceful to the cerulean heights.

The winds of March have already trumpeted forth the advance of Spring. The jewels of Winter have dropped glittering and wasted from the trees, and the tender buds are beginning to swell. Soon the mild breezes and the bright sunshine of April will bring out the green leaves, and the soft-falling rains will nurture the germs of the grass, and in its appointed time the earth will grow young and green and fair again; as though no Wintry shroud had ever enveloped its beauty and glory; and ere long, the ice-fields will crackle and melt away, and the silver flow of the streams will be heard, and the rushing of the waterfall over the rocks in the sunny glen where the willows are putting forth their feecy buds, and the hazel is bright with its golden blossoms, all getting ready for the festival of the year—fair, queenly, and well-beloved Spring. And then the farmer will bring out his plow, and the cheerful sounds of labor will be heard, for his resting-time will be over, and he must prepare the fallow ground, and drop in the seed which is to give the future harvest. And we shall hear his monotonous, and yet not unmusical, because well satisfied hum as he walks up and down between the rows of trees in the orchard, pausing now and then to see how the buds have gained on the "early sweetings," or if the "grafted" "pippin" will bear this year, calculating, meanwhile, on the fruitfulness of the season, and the consequent prices of the market.

But there are sad as well as joyful notes to mingle in our strains as we thus welcome the advent of the fairest member of nature's quartette. There are some whom last year we greeted with glad words as the Spring drew nigh, and whose sweet strains gave back an answering response of joy, who, to-day, are not with us as we sound our peans, as we trill our songs, or watch for the bright unfolding of which the returning season gives promise. We look back upon the scenes of yesterday, and see their faces radiant with life and health and beauty; we hear their voices, sweet with the melodies of love and earnest with truth and purity and devotion; but to-day, we may search for them, but we shall not find them—we may listen for them but their voices will answer not to our bidding.

Their forms, once graceful with youth, and rosy with health, now lie beneath those budding willows; the robin sings a requiem over their resting-place, and the snow of the retiring Winter shines pale and cold above their pulseless hearts.

There are others, whom we have called our brothers and our sisters, "in the happy days, gone by," whose lips uttered tender greetings, whose fingers penned messages of love and heart-reaching sympathy, but, to-day, they are silent. We hear no echo from their sunny homes save the harsh boomings of discord and hatred; we see naught, but the smoke of the cannon, the wide spread desolation, which the

swift-striding scourge has borne wherever it has passed.

The cloud has lowered over once happy homes, the avalanche has descended and crushed fond hopes, tender friendships, and still more sacred memories. And throughout all the length and breadth of our once glorious and happy land is heard (the voice of mourning; the anguished wails of those who, like Rachel "refuse to be comforted;" the groans of the suffering, and the sad soul-touching requiem for the dying. Alas, that it should be so!

Alas, that the good, the noble and the gifted—their whose praise was on every tongue, whom kindred and strangers alike "delighted to honor," should have fallen in bloody, fratricidal strife! Over many a nameless grave the April winds are sighing, and the April rain will shed the only tears which fall upon it, while by the fireside hearth sits many a mother, whose aged eyes looked through gathering heart-drops the "God-speed" which their lips could not utter to those who went out from them, but, alas, have not returned to their embrace; and, gazing out upon the snow-robed earth to-day, are those who still hope that tidings may come of the lives which hold their own in the same silver clasp, woven in the same shining warp. Oh, for the childless mothers, the lonely orphans, the bereaved wives upon whom this "shadow of great darkness" has fallen since the last April song, the last May bloom! God help them!

Yes, God help them, earnestly say we, and for them, as well as ourselves, let us have faith and trust; faith in the good yet to come, which shall overbalance even these great sacrifices; trust in Him whose loving kindness cannot fail, and whose sure protection is vouchsafed to all who ask.

Let us still be faithful. If called upon to give up our treasure, our ease, or even our earthly life, let us do it bravely, unshrinkingly, remembering that no life who stinteth the cost shall win, but he who lendeth freely unto the Lord "shall receive his own with usury."

And we, who have little part in this great struggle, may yet have duties to perform, duties as responsible, as sacred, as binding, as those which animate the soldier on the battle-field, or strengthen the heroic endurance of those who give up their dear ones for the love of right, of truth, and their country's sacred honor.

There are follies to repent of and escape from, there are evil inclinations to resist, there are heights to gain in the mental race which shall lead us on "from conquering to conquer," until, meet for an inheritance among the children of light, a dwelling in that "continuing city" whose foundations are laid in honor and truth, and through whose gates naught defiling shall pass, we enter the higher sphere of the glorious and beautiful immortal life.

Let us then, be up and doing. With a heart for any fate; Still achieving, still pursuing, Learn to labor and to wait."

And laboring in the vineyard, wherever the Master shall place us, let us not be over anxious for the end of our toil, not over watchful for the sunlight of rest and peace. It will come in his own good time; for so surely as he giveth the seasons their bound, and when Winter has fulfilled its stern mission, and caueh the Spring to return and delight our hearts with its freshness and beauty, so surely when he shall see our hearts purged from the dross of sin, our tempers assimilating to our perfect pattern, our will blending with his own, whatever its requirement, our feet ready to walk in the ways of his appointment, even though it be over thorns and among rugged places, not turning aside for the flowers of worldly ease, the glare of wealth, the plaudits of fame, or even the conqueror's triumphal meed, shall his blessing, as it descends from the heavens, sweep away the clouds which envelop our moral horizon, so surely shall his voice, rich in tones of sweet and loving approbation, bid the discordance cease, and our until now bright and happy land, rejoice in the sunshine of prosperity, the dew of peace, and the songs of joy.

We know not whether it shall be before another Spring-time shall dawn, (God grant that it may,) but the time shall surely come, when our country, one in the future, as she has been one in the past, shall "arise and shine, her light being come," and her glory and praise a watchword to the nations of the earth.

Her white sails shall blossom on every sea, her scholars shall visit every clime, her influence shall be felt from the rock-bound shores of the wild Atlantic, to the sunny slopes washed by the peace-bearing waves of the Pacific; the stars of her glorious banner shall lighten the land "sitting in the shadow" of moral death, and her people, all free, happy and prosperous, rejoice in equal and inalienable rights, children of him whose loving-kindness never wavereth, and whose "mercy endureth forever."

Till then, let us labor, and wait, and pray. And God help us all amid the darkness which the past has brought us, through the darkness of the present, and prepare those of us who shall see it, for "the good time coming"

Written for the Banner of Light.

LINES

WRITTEN AFTER READING DON JUAN.

BY EMMA TUTTLE.

'Tis said that love grows cold with years; That all its rosiest delights, If sorrow gems the cheek with tears, Or love's young artist learns his arts, I hate the lie that makes such fears, And clouds the promises of years.

Two hearts are pledged in holy trust, Like rivers blending to the sea— Pledged till the mountains fall in dust, To glide on through eternity. There is a sincere, angel trust, As near to heaven, as far from lust.

Thou mocker of the human heart, Thy heart was what thou judgedst all; Thy know who from the way depart, Too sadly how mankind may fall.

They read their knavery and art, And call the world a sinful mart. Thou'rt all at woman—ah, for shame! To her thou'rt existence owest; What, but for her would be thy name?

Al, fool, thou very little knowest, Is virtue's worth more slight than fame's? And holy love an empty name?

I can believe the earth will tumble Out of its place into the sun, But not this rhetorical jumble. Which such laurel boughs has won? Let those who never loved, white, stand And say, Don Juan is all right!"

Original Essays.

RENUNCIATIONS OF SPIRITUALISM.

SOME THAT OUGHT TO BE, AND SOME THAT OUGHT NOT TO BE.

BY D. J. MANDRELL.

The world, just now, is waking up to the idea that "Spiritualism is dead and buried," and the impression seems justified, to casual observers, by the fact that some who have been prominent either in its confession or advocacy, have avowedly renounced it. But my own individual opinion is, that this "ism" is about as much "dead and buried," as every preceding "ism" has been a dozen times over; and I would suggest that many "isms" of years and generations standing, have passed through a great many such deaths as has now, apparently, befallen short-lived Spiritualism, and might undergo a far more effective "burial," with some advantage to themselves and the world. An old man over ninety years of age has recently passed away in Athol, who had been, for the greater portion of his life, a Baptist clergyman. He was ordained on a rock in the early days of the Baptist denomination; an extreme necessity, I judge, to which even the Spiritual movement has as yet scarcely been driven, and one to which, they will hardly be called in their extremest prostration, so that it is not exactly becoming in those of many classes—who have passed through exigencies even worse than the above, and yet are large and influential—to taunt Spiritualists with death and decay simply because they are passing through experiences similar to those which they have themselves survived.

Let it be distinctly understood that any trial to which any advance movement is subjected—any change from its first cruder conditions—is its outgrowth, not its "death"; its majestic resurrection, not its "burial." And if the leaders, friends or investigators of the Spiritual cause have associated with it on principles which have not been competent to take it away from its crudities, but have multiplied its worst experiences around themselves and upon society, why, then, it is true that they had backed themselves off from the "ism" into which they had been thrusting the matter, and given heed to the higher methods which will effectually cleanse the people from established and on-coming impurities, and build up truth and all other human interests effectually.

But it is no way to renounce Spiritualism, and then co-work exclusively with any other "ism," for the same radical faults are found elsewhere, which exist in connection with Spiritualism. I know this; for in the various ranks and classes among whom I have labored, I have seen all I want to of short-sighted worldliness and its manifest incongruities and manifold outrages on the truest principles of human life and prosperity. Hence, however much others may topple from the shaky foundation they have been raising for themselves, I shall remain true to the great principle by which I have been actuated from early life, to stand, as much as possible, in connection with all classes, to bring them to the truer elements of human (and angelic and divine) unity of which the present age is specially pregnant, and to which the existing changes and improvements in Spiritualism and other "isms" are designed as conductors.

Let, therefore, those who wish to renounce the "ism" of spiritism, do so by all means; but, likewise, let it be understood that every and any other "ism" is as well worth repudiating. The time, in fact, has come, when the advanced classes of society, the more liberal of all sects and parties, can see that the chaff must be stripped from off every living truth, and the Truth itself brought forward and planted on the basis of vital and helpful principles for its further promotion and ultimate triumph in all its legitimate forms or development. Even those who despise Spiritualism the worst, have most need to bear this in mind, as, if they fall in this point, they have little advantage over the most neglectful.

And, as Spiritualists themselves have greatly come short in this thing, and are, in many cases, now hiding themselves together in close corners, like a flock of sheep scared by their own shadows, it behooves them to consider well and faithfully exactly what they have to "renounce" before they can wisely and widely stand in their appropriate place to aid the world in the grand renunciations to which it will ere long be brought.

First, the worldly-wise methods of securing attention to inspirational facts, &c.; methods which have been so generally adopted that most of the phenomena have been scarcely above the mere worldly plane of merit and reliability, some even sinking to the level of its veriest dregs. These partial and inefficient methods must be "renounced" for higher ones; must give way to that better *modus operandi* which can bring the brightest luminosity to even the consolidated darkness and lowest depths of human folly. I have a legitimate complaint against Spiritualists, that they have, to a great extent, shut off the facts and philosophy which tend to indicate and establish accuracy and reliability in spirit relations; and have labored rather to retain and monopolize the field for mediums or lecturers who would "wing" in with the masses without reference to those qualifications and principles which can alone secure effective improvement and substantial truth and right. Managing in such a style, according to the accepted mode of the world itself, can Spiritualists marvel that the world overrides them? When they "renounce" this grand folly of theirs; when they take hold of, rather than run from, the illustration of principles which make reliable relations; they will be likely to be less frequently disappointed, than they now are, in the character of communications; and their public men, when an inquirer asks for information, will not have so much occasion to say that they cannot explain wherein the vital elements of spiritual accuracy, &c., are actually found.

Another thing to be "renounced" among Spiritualists is the habit of uttering things from the negative pole of the brain, as though the subject treated of were completely understood and analyzed. The logic of an inverted or undeveloped perception is often given off as though it were an outright truth, instead of a downright contrariety. And brother Winick Oakes can very profitably reflect on this point in one or two particulars; especially when he undertakes to write or discourse on the subject of Prayer. A somewhat low and case-hardened organ of "Rev-erence" is apt to see such things as obscurely and unreligiously as the dull scholar (with the faculty of "number" poorly developed) does mathematical. And hence, when friends of prayer "is a mere" "crutch"—as in a recent article of his—talks

about being self-supported without it, he, in reality, has no insight into the matter at all; but rather the reverse of it; for Prayer is actually a wing, as the very brightest natures of all ages have invariably found it and proved it to be. When will those laying claim to common sense learn to speak less positively on matters which their present development unfit them to understand? And will not do the "spirits" themselves any harm to attend to this branch of "renunciation" quite largely and thoroughly; for the manifestations themselves have partaken quite extensively of the neglect and depreciation of higher principles which have prevailed among investigators, and prayers to "angels" begin to appear in spiritual assemblies, and to fill spiritual papers—prayers to "the devil," too, and, at least in one case, to God and the devil, united, also to Death. Miss LIZZIE DOTY had the honor to begin all this by a special invocation to Lucifer, under the good, old, Orthodox impression that the said Lucifer was a fallen spirit, called the devil and Satan—an idea supposed to be gathered from the Bible, when, in fact, Lucifer is spoken of but once in the whole book, and then the King of Babylon is plainly the personage referred to, instead of a tumble-down archangel. Those things make it very evident that "the spirits" are fusing up the sillier streaks among Spiritualists and mediums, crowding them with absurdities (to which they have taken quite lovingly, where they have promptly repudiated better things), and the time has evidently come when even mediums themselves must sift out their impressions, and learn to take only that which is true and well-balanced; and when those who are trained to this will be considered only as fitted for public adoption and use. As to prayer, to even a higher class of spirits, it is very plain that every truly enlightened, cultivated angelic nature, either in the earth or heaven, never did otherwise than demand and direct our prayer to God; but when we come to a devotional address to "Death" and the "Devil," making an especial prayer to that figure of sectarian superstition, "Lucifer," "Beelzebub," &c., it is high time for Spiritualists to understand that they are not only adding an increased force to the opposition outcry of "devil's doctrine," but are, in fact, carrying out the "devil's doctrine," of the opposition itself. Brought to a pass like this, Spiritualists certainly ought to see that folly is being crowded upon them in huge parcels to the utmost of their bearing, to induce them to "renounce" the position—the entire range of falsifications and loose methods, which naturally and necessarily leads, increasingly, to such results.

And here the question of marriage comes in. It is advisable that Spiritualists "renounce" some forms of their advocacy of the dissolution of marriage. A great truth underlies the marriage question in its present agitation, but it can only be properly met in the light of great principles, which, as yet, appear to be very little understood or heeded by those who are stirring up the question, whether among Spiritualists or elsewhere. Warren Chase has some careless remarks in his late book. Does he suppose that a "fugitive" law should never operate for the reclaiming of a "fugitive wife"? I would aid any woman whom any true friend was helping away from sure death and disaster in her household relations; but a miserable seducer like Aaron Burr, who could and would throw his false magnanimity upon females, one or many, I would interfere with in a manner most marked and emphatic, and would snatch any victimized wife or woman from his grasp as I would the dove from the hawk, or the gazelle from the anacanda's slimy folds.

It is not time that some who hold a prominent position among "lecturers," &c., should pay more regard to their marital relations than they are doing? Are there not speakers in the field—boosted up and puffed along—who have separated from a wife or husband, by being drawn away in a magnetic tangle elsewhere, or through occasion of some plaque or pride or other cause which honorable parties can always obviate if they would? Is there not something to "renounce" in the fact that individuals, heedless and careless in the above mentioned and other important matters, have been kept in the field, largely paid and popularized, where persons of well known integrity have had to contend and struggle for even a chance? And should there not, also, be a trifle more "renunciation" of that common sophistry (applied to married life) that "oil and water won't unite"? As I have before hinted in this journal, your very "soft soap" (or hard soap, either) is sufficient to drive all such falsities out of your heads, and neither Spiritualists nor others will make much headway in the genuine cleansing processes of the future, till they fully "renounce" all such truly unchemical estimates of union.

Just one thing more in these items of "renunciation," and that is not to "renounce" Christianity, nor speak of it, as some mediums and others do, as a thing which the "new dispensation" is to replace. It will be a gratifying circumstance when the modern "Evangel" brings its disciples up to the spirit of genuine Christianity; and if Spiritualists of a certain class cannot see that it is "Sectarianism" and not Christianity against which their quarrel is directed, then it is high time that they had "renounced" into a higher wisdom.

Alcohol Depot, Mass., March, 1862.

point touching religion, or religious theories, there seems to be an entire change in the course pursued. It is generally imagined that here the phenomena of Nature is not to be trusted—that there is a great wrong somewhere, either in the original construction, or in the remodeling since; that the God of Nature is incapable of managing all his affairs here. But whence the origin of this great wrong in Nature? Not wishing to attribute it to the Deity, we are informed that he left us free, and consequently, man, himself is the author of it. Starting from this hypothesis as a basis, the conclusion is, we must not trust to Nature as we find her; but if we make any use of her phenomena at all, we must go back to a time that was antecedent to the introduction of the great wrong. But as it is somewhat difficult to do this, there seems to be but one alternative—frame a hypothesis, and when it is discovered that mankind do not conform to such rules, say that they are running counter to the commands of the Deity, and then curse them. Can any such conclusions be reliable? If such hypothetical reasoning is not reliable in physical Nature, is it in mental? You will now ask, what course shall we pursue? I answer, carefully observe Nature, and take her as you find her. Experience has ever taught us that these hypotheses never change the order of Nature; she always pursues the same uniform, undeviating course. Then why not take her as we find her?

Let us glance for a short time at the history of the inductive sciences. History informs us that Astronomy is the science that was first cultivated by mankind. In the first stage of this science, the astronomer did little more than observe the motions, real and apparent, of the heavenly bodies. It was a science almost entirely independent of theory, or conclusions deduced from facts. Mankind had not yet learned anything, or at most a mere trifle, respecting the internal structure of the universe. But they had not yet arrived at that plane where they felt the necessity of such knowledge. But the facts were there, and just as fast as mankind needed them, they presented themselves. In other words, just as soon as we need a thing so much that we really feel the want of it, it is discovered; that is, the difficulty is surmounted.

The human mind at first only gathers such knowledge as we may call of the coarser kind; that is, it is not the minute, but the external, rather, and consequently, approximate knowledge of a thing, or science. And this is not exactly choice, but rather it is the only method for him to pursue. We must always penetrate the outside coating of a thing before we can get at the internal structure. We find the human mind perfectly adapted to such a course, so that the most natural method is to get a general knowledge first, and then the particulars. This, then, will indicate to us the reason why, in studying science, the general departments are sought after first; it is more agreeable to the mind. This holds true in studying different sciences. The first of all sciences studied—Astronomy—and particularly in its earlier stages, takes cognizance of the external form of bodies, and their general motions as those appear to our senses. Or in other words, it aims to grasp the universe as a whole, without any regard to its particular internal structure. It has been with in comparatively recent times, that the astronomer has attempted to determine the forces that animate, and the laws that regulate the universe as a whole.

Geography, as a science, dates far back, perhaps next to Astronomy. This science takes cognizance of the conformation of different parts of the surface of bodies, such as the earth. Pure mathematical science has been developed as it was needed. Physical Geography followed Descriptive Geography, and preceded Geology proper. The vague ideas entertained in early times respecting the structure of the earth, must be classed under the head of Physical Geography. Geology, as a science, dates its origin in modern times. We see here, as in all other cases, that Geology grew out of the necessity of the case. There were many things that demanded it, not the least of which was religious theory.

Chemistry, which treats of the composition of material bodies, had its origin in Alchemy; experiments for finding a universal elixir for diseases, and transmitting grosser metals into gold. As a science, it dates its origin in modern times, when necessity demanded it.

In short, every department of physical science grew up when it was needed. As soon as there was the least suspicion that the supply of wood for fuel might be exhausted, an apparently inexhaustible fountain of coal was discovered in the bowels of the earth, where it seems that it was deposited by the forces of Nature for future use. And there is no doubt but that long before the beds of coal are exhausted, there will be discovered means for furnishing heat in other ways, that will be much more convenient, and much less expensive, simply by the decomposition or re-union of substances that we do not think of now. So it is with materials for artificial lights. When ordinary materials seem to be growing scarce, an abundance of oil is drawn from the bowels of the earth.

OH, HARP OF MY COUNTRY!

BY ELIZA A. PITTINGER.

Oh, Harp of my Country, awake from thy slumbers!  
Awake from the deep and the perilous night;  
Ring out a bold pean of joyous numbers,  
That shall rouse in each soul an echo of might!  
Beneath thy bright banners,  
Our songs and hosannas  
In an anthem triumphant shall mingle and rise;  
Whose echo resounding,  
From nations rebounding,  
Shall send the dark cloud that encircles the skies.  
Oh, Flag of my Country! Oh, why art thou drooping,  
Thy colors so fadeless, though tempt and storm?  
Oh, why thy proud Eagle so fearfully stooping,  
Where ravens and vultures in clamor now swarm?  
Oh, wave out thy splendor  
O'er each brave defender!  
Let the stars in their azure now gleam on his way;  
Beneath the fair cluster,  
Now dimmed in their lustre,  
We'll watch for the dawning of Freedom's glad day.  
Oh, men of my Country! awake from your dreaming,  
And lift to the voice that is speaking within;  
That sighs o'er the valleys, with crimson now streaming—  
Forget not the victory that kindness may win!  
In hallowed communion  
And brotherly union,  
May our songs and hosannas in gladness expand!  
Whose swelling o'erflows,  
In joyous vibrations,  
In echoes resounding shall ring o'er the land.  
Oh, then the loved Harp shall awake in its glory!  
Whose chords shall be tuned to thy greatness and might;  
While the voice of the Land shall join in the story  
That Freedom was falseless through tempest and night.  
Then round thy bright banners,  
Our songs and hosannas  
In a chorus of gladness shall mingle and rise;  
Whose echoes resounding,  
From nations rebounding,  
Triumphant shall swell and enrapture the skies!

THE DELUGE.

A Lecture by Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch, at Dodworth's Hall, New York, Sunday Evening, March 30, 1862.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

INVOCATION.

Our Father, God, whose infinite majesty none can explore; whose boundless creation none can comprehend; who art, forevermore, Jehovah, all time, all eternity; thou to whom we lay our adoration, yet know the reason we turn for counsel, yet cannot hear thy voice; who art our strength and support, yet we see not thy hand, nor can touch, with material sense, thine existence; who art our light, though we see not the radiance of thy smile; whose tender watchfulness is forever upon us, yet who art hidden from our eyes; who art the source of all mind, the secret, unknown well-spring of life, yet we cannot comprehend that mind, nor fathom whence it came. Oh God, we praise thee with unfeigned utterance. Thou divine ruler, whose sceptre is the power of right and of love, whose unyielding truth and undying mercy proclaim forever that thou art God, receive the prayers and thanks which we lay on the shrine of thy creation. All we know of thee but faintly expresses thy essential being. We praise thee, and our attempt is weakness; we seek to know thee, and thou art unattainable; we seek to see thee, and to penetrate thy glory, but thy light is too bright for our eyes; thy creation; we would bound thee with our thoughts, and our minds grow crazed with the majesty of thy attributes. Oh, God, we know thou art God; we know that thou art God by the silent pulsations of every heart, by the respirations which go forth; by the throbbings of life; by our thoughts that go out in search of thee; by the innumerable creatures that thou hast fashioned; by the beauty and glory of each sun and orb in the heavens, and of the flowers, filled with light and glory, and we would praise thee for all. Oh, Father, let us know of thee as thou hast been and ever will be; let us adore thee in that temple thou hast fashioned—the adoration—and at that altar, that shrine thou hast consecrated to thy worship—the human soul. May we comprehend thee through thy creation, through those intelligent, harmonious laws that thou hast fashioned, and the divine truths which, through evidence, thou hast given us, which render humanity the prism of thy divine life. We can only seek to know more of thy life, by understanding what thou hast ordained; but may we arrive at thy true conception—may we know thee, and know that thy strength and power, majesty and might, remain forever unchanged, though human frailty and ambition shall cause all earth to be filled with carnage, and though ages pass away, and nations sink, and even stars be rolled into chaos, still shall thou abide, glorious, omnipotent, and thy name Jehovah, evermore, Amen.

Our subject, on this occasion, is the Deluge, or what is usually known as the flood, or inundation of the world. We shall require, first, your attention, and secondly, your silence, for our medium, being slightly indisposed, cannot talk very loud. We promise to be brief, and, if brevity is the soul of wit, you will have that, at least. The subject on which we are to speak is one which has engaged the attention of theologians and scholars for many centuries. In the Christian era, belongs to the established facts of Christian tradition.

It is a belief which prevailed among the Jews, and was thereby introduced into Christianity, that according to the Mosaic account of the creation, which makes the world now six thousand years old, and a little more, God the Father having created the world, as recorded in the book of Genesis, in the Old Testament, was imperfect, that from that imperfection, fall and consequently, as a result of his wrath and disapprobation, he resolved to destroy the creatures he had made when he pronounced everything good, by a flood, saving only Noah and his family, who were forewarned and directed to build an ark for the preservation of themselves and their wives, and such living creatures as should form the nucleus of a new world.

It is a belief which is also held by the Jews and other religiousists, as authentic; secondly, the period when the flood was supposed to have taken place, was about one thousand and sixty years after the creation, at which time the inhabitants of earth had grown so wicked and depraved that God resolved to destroy, not only humanity, but all the other creatures upon which he had bestowed such care and attention, and the beautiful surface of the earth, which he had devoted so much time to the work of his hands, sacrificed, in consequence of man's sinfulness. This belief is generally adopted, the record being found in the book of Genesis, containing an accurate account of what Noah did in the emergency, and the various kinds of beasts and birds gathered in the ark. This being accomplished, the rain descended, they went into the ark, the rain continuing for forty days and nights, which time is supposed to have taken place in the Holy Land, where the human race first took their origin, and Noah was supposed to have rested on Ararat, from which he descended and peopled the earth. Such, in brief, is the record, and such the substance of what forms the predicate of the various theories on the subject of the deluge. It is supposed by religiousists that this is a literal fact, and not a scientific contradiction; that it is a fact that the earth is not more than six thousand years old; that the flood took place, and God did destroy all living creatures.

There are various evidences however, which contradict these assumptions. In the first place, it is known by historians and men of science that the earth is vastly more than six thousand years old, and that, if the flood took place at all, it must have been when the earth was much older than the alleged date of the occurrence. We also make it the Egyptians and Persians could justly claim a greater antiquity than six thousand times six thousand years. There are various evidences in support of this, among which may be mentioned that it is supposed that, among the countries and tribes of the East, there is a tradition which clearly evidences that there was a simultaneous recognition of about the same period of time of the inundation of the earth, in which the kind of living creatures were destroyed, were those forewarned by God, viz. Noah and his family, who were preserved in an ark. It is also stated by geologists that various evidences that the sea has formerly inundated the land now exist—for instance, the fossil remains of animals, which are found in mountains, among ledges and rocks, in which no other flood than a general inundation could have produced the phenomena.

There are evidences to show that what is now dry land was formerly submerged under water, and that the period of time supposed to be indicated by these geological discoveries is thought to correspond, in some degree, with the account of the flood, as recorded in the Bible. Hugh Miller, the Scottish geologist, in endeavoring to maintain the harmony of Sacred Writ with the deductions of science, lost his wits, as many others have done, and committed suicide in his fruitless attempts to make them correspond. Various theories of late years have arisen on this subject, which no student of science, who adheres to the old theory, and while, to-day, every Christian minister and church member will say he believes in its literal truth, there are still many theories propounded to explain, modify and obviate the seeming contradictions of science and religion. Among these theories of religiousists is that which supposes there was a flood about the time assigned by Moses, and, in consequence of all records being lost, the preceding antiquity of the earth could only be inferred, and when the flood did take place, in accordance with the laws of Deity, or perhaps of the sinfulness of man, the records, to a great extent, were lost, and, therefore, the history of Moses is but a synopsis of Noah's memory; consequently the flood literally did take place.

Now science, in the first place admitting that a sufficient amount of rain could fall, has proved that the atmosphere could not contain that amount of rain, which would more than fill the whole atmosphere of the earth; for when the atmosphere is charged with a certain amount of watery substance, it invariably falls to the ground, by the law of the case, therefore it could not have rained forty days and nights, as the atmosphere could not have contained so much moisture, and, therefore, the idea of rain having caused the flood, is not correct. Therefore, they say that the idea of the flood is a tradition, and that a great number of these theories, the scientific world is distinguished with these fables and fancies, and concludes, therefore, that there is no foundation for the notion, and that it is a pure fabrication, wholly the result of religious tradition, to account for certain features in the history of the Egyptians and Jews.

The scientific world has brought to light several different theories on the subject of the Deluge, and as it comes quite near to the truth, and is known as Adhemar's foundation being fact, and its conclusions being interwoven most ingeniously, and applying, as well as possible, to the extraordinary phenomenon in question. It will suffice to give you a few general points. It is known, as an astronomical fact, that the orbit of the earth is an elliptical one; i. e., a flattened circle, whose poles, being always in the same direction,

occupy in different seasons, different relations to the sun, and in consequence of this elliptical orbit, there are four important points in the revolution of the earth: these are the solstices and the equinoxes. The equinoxes are those two points where the seasons begin their annual course, the solstices are the two seasons thus introduced. It is known that while in the lapse of one year no direct or positive change in the earth's orbit can be perceived, by long observation and study it was discovered that the orbit varies a few degrees in every year, and that this variation causes a change, or what is known among astronomers as the precession of the equinoxes, that is, the autumnal equinox is removed from, or carried to, a greater or less distance from the sun, and, in accordance with this, the two poles receive more or less of the sun's rays. It is known that the night and day of the polar region is six months in duration, corresponding to our Winter and Summer, varying a few days or hours in proportion as the precession of the equinoxes varies; that the earth receives more heat and light during some lap of seasons than others, and, following out these indications, Adhemar concludes that there is an accumulation of ice, during, say, the ten thousand and five hundred years of the northern half of the precession of the equinoxes, which causes an accumulation of ice at one of the two poles, and, during the next half, at the other; the one receiving more, and the other less. This accumulation increases, until, by a change in the order of the equinoxes, the opposite pole receives the greater degree of heat, and its ice gradually melting, causes the whole mass of water to be precipitated upon the dry land.

To sustain this view, various facts are cited. Thus, the Northern hemisphere has the greater proportion of land, the Southern of water; the Northern ocean is, comparatively, very limited extent, the Southern being about seventy leagues of sea, around the North Pole two hundred and over. These facts, together with the depth of the Antarctic ocean, compared with that of the Northern, show a great accumulation of water in the Southern hemisphere. This is the result of a previous flood in a direction from the North to the South Pole, and shows that, on the occurrence of a change to the next half of the precession of the equinoxes, all the waters now congregated around the South Pole will again be precipitated over the Northern continent, by the law of equilibrium. The theory is an interesting one, which many facts go to sustain, and, if it is not proved, has many substantial foundations in fact. There are, however, in reply, leaving alone the facts upon which it is predicated, many facts which contradict it.

In the first place, it is known that the laws of creation always require a sufficient balance between land and water, to retain the position which will cause all parts of the globe to maintain a degree of equilibrium, lest its orbit should be changed or destroyed. Again, it is known, that no such general flood or change of equilibrium, could occur, without causing a disruption, and consequently an entire change in the attraction of the different parts, and perhaps their distance from the sun. It is also known, that such a flood could not take place at the time assigned by Adhemar and the Bible, to be followed by another catastrophe at the end of six thousand years, because there are evidences in the country of the East that no such flood did take place. These regions have not been submerged for many thousand years, and records exist of a consecutive line of inhabitants who prove that no such flood occurred within the remembrance of their traditions and recollections. If such a vast amount of water had destroyed all vestiges of human habitation, as to leave no such remnants as how exist of great empires, in the monuments of Egypt, China and India, all of which retain their architecture, dating many thousands of years previous to the supposed flood; and, if such vast amounts of water had been transferred from one pole to another, even the pyramids would have been submerged, and destroyed by them, and lesser monuments entirely destroyed, while of the Chinese empire, which takes pride in dating thousands of years before the supposed beginning of the earth, there would be no vestige remaining. We give you this, however, as a theory.

Another theory concerning the flood, is that it had its origin among the Egyptians, and the countries of the East, where it is known that the seasons are divided into the winter and the summer, and in Egypt, the inundations of the Nile constituted the winter, and its subsidence the summer season. Now it is supposed by some, that the flood had its foundation in the rainy season of Syria and Persia, and in the Nile inundations; certainly, it is evident, by reference to geography and history, that the latter must, in former times, have been much more violent than now, and can be traced to the inundations, which caused the retreat of the inhabitants, and gave rise to various intentions in order to curb their violence; and the pyramids may have been built to withstand them, to some extent, and form places of refuge, and for the storing away of such provisions and valuables as could not be removed suddenly. The level of Egypt shows that it is not more than a few feet above the general level of the Nile, and the inundations at the present day are not to be compared with what they once were supposed to have been, when they overflowed the country in violence and extent.

Our own idea is certainly very much in accordance with this view. But how will you account for these evidences, in dry lands and mountains, of shells, fishes, &c., known to have existed in past ages? A variety of explanations have been offered, among which that which ascribes their situation to earthquakes and similar convulsions, is the most prominent. By such upheavals, mountains are raised from the bottom of the sea, which continue to throw up fire and smoke, or remain as the bases of continents. That changes occur all over the earth is known to all of you, and immediate history records small changes. There have doubtless been greater changes in past ages, but viewed in direct reference to the general equilibrium of the earth's surface, which could not be affected by any great catastrophe like the Deluge, without a general disorganization of the whole, or part of it—for each part must be consistent with the whole, and, if such a cause as that assigned by Adhemar, were made to perform its part by changing the centre of gravity, the earth might be subjected to entire destruction. Such cannot be the case, and, though the theory may have a good foundation, it is carried too far.

Again, we may refer to the volcanic changes which have swallowed up cities and mountains, while others have risen in their places. These are consistent facts, and will account to a great extent, for the remnants of the deep found in many countries.

The theory of the flood unquestionably originated in Egypt, to prove which, several facts may be adduced. It is known that the inundations of the Nile were formerly very violent, and, to protect themselves, the inhabitants resorted to the building of the pyramids, as places of refuge against the overflowing waters. Also, it may be known that there is no tradition of the flood, excepting among such countries as directly or indirectly have intercourse with Egypt, or surrounding countries; that Syria and India are known to have positively had such connection, and in each of these countries many of the traditions, in such a manner as to account for and strengthen its claim to superior antiquity, as having been the first seat of the human family. Thus, each people had its Mount Ararat, and claimed that Noah was his direct and positive parent.

In China, whose religion dates further back than that of the Egyptians, no reference is made to a Deluge; there is nothing to show that such an idea was ever entertained among the people. Therefore, it is evident that if the flood ever took place at all, it must have been a local one. There might at some season have been an unusual flow of the Nile, combining with a great fall of rain, which, with the spring floods in Asia, all concentrated to form the idea of a flood of Egypt; which idea was, by the Jews, transmitted to the Holy Land, and Noah claimed as the direct progenitor of his race. Hence, of course, it was adopted by Christianity, to become sacred, as one of the relics of Creation, and one of the manifestations of Divine Power.

There are other theories which go distinctly to prove, that among the Egyptians there was the idea of an astronomical period of six thousand years, being the interval between the changes of the earth's equinoxial course, and after which the sun would conquer the power of evil, or of the Deluge. You will remember, that the inundation of the Nile was promised after the flood, that the earth should not next time be destroyed by water, but by fire.

The Egyptian origin of this tradition is apparent; for the idea prevailed among that people that, after the lapse of six thousand years, the sun would so far have conquered, and dried up the opponent, the principle of evil, or of the Deluge, that no recurrence of fire would predominate. How strangely does this compare with the Christian idea of the destruction of the earth by fire, after six thousand years, and how strangely does it correspond with Adhemar's next period, that of fiery destruction, which we hope will not take place until the application of this fact, but Moses believed it really referred to the powers of good and evil—whence the Christian idea of the devil lot

loose—the struggle between good and evil, and that finally God will conquer, and the world come to an end. All this had its direct origin in the equinoxial or astronomical phase of Egyptian science, and who knows but that the idea of the Nile may have had points as to render its overflow comparatively nothing, and thus the prediction be veritably fulfilled, that the sun shall gain the victory?

Had not Adhemar, and other scientific savans, so closely adhered to a period almost fabulous, we should be compelled to fault their theory; but, as it is, we are pointed out by it before you. We have already recorded in profane history, Josephus, it is true, is said to have made reference to all these facts, as recorded in the books of Moses; but when it is known that the whole Bible has been transmitted to you by various councils of the Church, and that the writings of Josephus were at least interpolated to suit the Christian religion, and also passed through the hands of the members of the Council of Nice, and are supposed to have been arranged so as to correspond with the sacred books, they will not appear so credible; and if he did repeat the narrative of Moses, Josephus was but a learned Jew, and, of course, adopted what was believed by the Jews. More ancient traditions, which it was more difficult to interpolate, make a reference to such a general inundation—reference is made, always, to the overflowing of the Nile, and, figuratively, to the influence of the rainy season, powers of good and evil, &c.; for Nilus was supposed to have been inhabited especially by one of the angels of darkness, who had an especial spite upon the Egyptians, and annually deluged their land, compelling them to flee. When we take into consideration this fact, and also that the Alexandrian Library was destroyed, and with it, nearly all the literary and historical documents handed down through past ages, and that the profane history differs, either as to the date of the Flood or as to its taking place at all, materially as to afford no evidence that is reliable—that the countries of the East have existed precisely as at present, for thousands of years, save in so far as they have been invaded by modern civilization—that the Indians and Chinese claim superior antiquity to the Egyptians, and have no local catastrophe, and had its entire origin in the overflowing of the Nile, and the surrounding country, and out of these was translated by the Jews, the entire story of the Flood; and, being local, the Egyptians considering themselves the only or principal civilized nation of the earth, a large structure of superstition was raised on this foundation, and the minds of the people were constantly excited by mysterious prophecies. Therefore, we leave it to your own judgments whether you will believe in the theory of the Bible, the theory of the skeptics, that there was no flood at all, the theory of the geologists, of a partial flood in consequence of earthquakes, &c.; the theory of Adhemar, involving an entire subversion of natural laws, or the theory of an Egyptian origin—the simple and true explanation, which considers the tradition as part of the only religion which could have successfully propagated.

The cross itself, the symbol of Christianity, was established, formerly, as the Index, on the banks of the Nile, of the rise and fall of its tides; and there are many indications that the proud architectural remains of Egypt are but evidences of the overflow which compelled the inhabitants to resort to any measure to obviate its ravages. It may be supposed that, during the period when all the inundations of the river were more violent than now, and in the spring, when the Moon, with the Sun, exercised such a great influence on the influx of waters, there might have been an occasion when the tides, combining with the overflow of the Nile, produced a more general inundation than had ever occurred.

Such is our opinion, personally. Certain it is, whichever theory is true, the account given in the Old Testament in connection with the creation of the earth, is not correct; for it is known that the origin of the globe dates many thousands of years previously; and, were it otherwise, no miraculous intervention could have peopled those parts of the earth which were not known before the discovery of America. Various sciences clearly indicate that only a limited portion of the earth was anciently believed to be the whole earth. In short, our knowledge affords no parallel instance of such a catastrophe as the general Deluge, and the idea is contradicted by the increase of knowledge and the advance of positive science.

We thank thee, who art the Author of all good—God—the infinite spirit of wisdom, who hast been, forever, the ruler, creator, and judge of the universe, for as much of thy power and greatness as we perceive, not in the number of thy angels, but in the truth of the records of ancient lore, nor in the records of human grandeur, but in the creation of the universe itself, silent, yet magnificent, the temple of thy laws, the evidence and record of thy religion, thank do we know that thou art God.

The Home of my Childhood.

How often do my thoughts go back to the pleasant scenes of childhood. I love to think of the beautiful woods, where I have wandered for hours with my little playmates, gathering the fresh green mosses which had clustered around the decayed branches of some fallen tree; pausing by the tiny brook to refresh ourselves from its rippling waters; now delighted at the discovery of a stray chestnut, which our little feet would turn from its secret hiding-place beneath the leaves, and anon startling a group of partridges from their quiet gatherings.

I pity the children who are reared in the city. They are confined to a little yard, where they can run and play, while the children of the country have a boundless play-ground where they can exercise, and add fresh roses to their healthful cheeks.

Many years have passed away since I have gazed upon the place where my youthful days were spent. Yet, how vividly does it appear before my mind. Well do I remember the old-fashioned house, with its low roof; the long well-sweep with which we would draw such refreshing water from the cool, deep well. Many a time have I longed to take a draught from that old fashioned well. I have drank from many wells since, yet never did the water seem so sweet as that from the old well, at my childhood's home.

Although many years have passed, it seems but a short time since I last beheld that dear place. Then our little circle was unbroken; kind parents, brothers and sisters graced the family board. Now, some are quietly resting beneath the churchyard sod; others are scattered far apart, and seldom meet with each other.

Strangers now occupy the old homestead, yet the place is very dear to me, for I think of it with the association of those I love. I seem to see our little group once more. There beside the capacious fireplace sit my father and mother, the logs crackling, my father nodding over the last weekly, and my good mother busily engaged in knitting. There sits my gentle sister, helping one of the younger members to solve some perplexing problem; kind and lovely was she! How gently would she check our wayward faults, help us through all our difficulties, and gain our confidence and love by a thousand little acts of kindness. How often have I looked back to the example set by my oldest sister, and wished that every family had just such an example. Then there was the household pet, a little, blue-eyed, dancing child, in everybody's way, shaking her light curls with merry glee, skipping here and there, now perched upon a load of new-mown hay, shouting to the slow oxen, now wandering in the fragrant meadow, gathering her apron full of the blue violets, which grew in great abundance there; now wreathing a garland of clover blossoms for the neck of the large Newfoundland dog. She was the life of that old farm-house, and when, one bright morning in May, we laid her in the silent churchyard, and scattered the flowers which she had loved to gather upon her grave, although we knew that she had gone to dwell in a fairer land than ours, our tears fell thick and fast as we returned to our now silent home. Memories such as these cling round the old homestead, and to me it is ever a sacred spot.

SPIRITUAL THINGS ARE SPIRITUALLY DISCOVERED.

An Address by H. B. Storor, at Lyceum Hall, Boston, Sunday Evening, April 6th, 1862.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

The external man must become acquainted with the things of the external world, through the medium of the bodily senses; and the spiritual must be discerned through the medium of the spiritual senses, and the power of the spiritual world. These two natures are interblended in man, even as the two worlds are interblended in the universe.

They who have turned their attention to the subject of spiritual things, have found their spiritual needs unanswered by old theology. There is in theology no satisfaction to the soul yearning for things spiritual, for it has no ground in spirituality.

We have to do with the facts of life, study the laws of Nature, using the faculties God has given us. We must come into rapport with the spirit-world, and commune with its inhabitants, ere we can fully discipline our mind to the truth of the future life.

It has been a great fault with humanity, that they have depended too much upon their leaders and teachers, even while they were far from the assurance that their leaders and teachers were wise or more able to guide than themselves.

You were asked to know if the good and great have ceased to exist; if patriots, statesmen, philosophers, and lovers of their kind have no more interest in the things of earth.

If spiritual things are spiritually discerned, and if no material things can occupy the place that is not theirs, then is it not better men should seek the unfoldment of their spiritual natures?

The characteristic mark of Spiritualism is the circle. You gather around the family table, where you receive your bodily food. What if you should sit down to the same table three times a day to receive the food for the spirit, at which table the angel purveyors are earnest

To satisfy every pang of spiritual hunger and thirst? Think you at these spiritual feasts any of the family will be absent, because they do not come in the garments of flesh? No; they will be with you in spirit.

Many seem prone to believe that, after all, Spiritualism is but a dream—that there is no reality in such communion. But if there is any value in the associations, companionships and friendships of earth, who would not desire their continuance?

The halls of science are losing their greatest lights, yet they do not vanish quite away. No spirit is permitted to leave his place unoccupied, nor his work undone, in the halls of learning.

The astronomer need no longer look through the glass darkly at the heavenly orbs, but on the wings of his spirit can soar through all the ether realms—the geologist can dive down into the bowels of the earth, and the chemist has even powers of a broader scope to analyze and grasp at the hidden forces of Nature.

Bostonian Impressions.

DEAR BANNER—It is very pleasant to be "agreeably disappointed," and as "disappointment is the lot of mortals," I have a partiality for the agreeable kind. One of the most pleasant of these experiences is to find a home where you only expected a boarding-house.

I am glad to state that Dr. Farnsworth has recovered from his protracted illness, and has renewed his mediatorial duties. Those who have regretted the departure of Mr. Mansfield, will be pleased to hear that Dr. Farnsworth proposes to remain for the present in Boston, and that his medium powers, which are in no respect inferior, and in some even more remarkable than those of Mr. M., will be devoted both to the answering of sealed letters and the clairvoyant examination and treatment of the sick.

Familiar as I have long been with these phases of mediumship, yet every new experience of them fills me with the deepest gratitude to the infinite Father for these priceless "spiritual gifts." Yesterday I wrote a letter to my angel mother and other spirit guides, and placing it in two envelopes, with a fine hair arranged between them, so that if tampered with at all I could infallibly detect it, I sealed it up and left the letter upon Dr. F.'s table.

I find Dr. F. a very modest, unassuming gentleman, with no disposition to blow his own trumpet, but one whose mediatorial powers make upon all who test them a permanent impression of reliability, and are their own best witness.

Another most agreeable surprise was the apparent increase of interest in the general subject of Spiritualism among the citizens of Boston, since my last visit here. The beautiful Lyceum Hall, cozy and inviting, in such marked contrast to the old Melodeon in which I spoke here, was filled at both sittings with a most intelligent and wholesome looking audience, whose interest in "the things of the spirit" I felt to be sincere and active.

Dr. F. W. CHEWYER, writing from Walden, Vt., says Mrs. Thompson recently lectured there to a crowded house. The speaker was eloquent, and those who went to confound her, acknowledged themselves confounded by the teachings they had listened to.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1862.

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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

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There will be no deviation from the above terms. Moneys sent at our risk; but where drafts on Boston can be procured, we prefer to have them sent, to avoid loss. No Western Bank Notes, excepting those of the State Bank of Ohio, State Bank of Iowa, and State Bank of Indiana, are current here, hence our Western subscribers and others who have occasion to remit us funds, are requested to send bills on the above named Banks in East Boston money cannot be conveniently procured.

Advertisements inserted on the most favorable terms. All Communications designed for publication, or in any way connected with the editorial department, should be addressed to the Editor. Letters to the Editor not intended for publication should be marked "private" on the envelope. All Business Letters must be addressed to "Banner of Light, Boston, Mass." William White & Co.

Making Haste.

There is as much to be deplored in seeing a person, or a class of persons, make haste to push along reformatory ideas, as to make money and be rich. If this business of reformation and advancement was but an abstract business, not at all dependent on the nourishment it gets out of the good and bad soil of human nature, then we might talk about it rather after a mathematical and precise method, insisting and expecting that certain things shall be performed at certain times—no sooner and no later—and that all our fine plans on paper should be developed at precisely the time we have set down for them, and in precisely the shape we have arranged for.

The fact is, when we undertake to set agoing ideas that we have individually found to be substantial and real, we are to remember that they do service only as they operate upon human nature, upon the mass of men and women who compose the social arrangement. Trees could not be made to grow alone, without the needed support and nutriment which they get from the soil; holes must be dug first, to set them out in; dirt must be enriched with which to surround their roots; they must be fed; they must meet with reverses and trials; the winds must wrestle with them, and the rains and snows descend upon them; for in this way alone can they be expected to become strong and vigorous, and put forth healthy growth.

Just so with reforms, and reformatory ideas. All persons may accept them for their whole value, while yet upon paper, giving their assent without hesitation or even qualification; it is another matter, however, when we come to make personal and daily application of them: some will not receive them into their daily conduct, who perceived their force very clearly in the abstract, and who witated merely for their apprehension; others object to the medium of communication alone, and thus imbibe a baseless prejudice against an idea because of the dislike conceived toward the person advancing it; and so on, to the end of the chapter.

Hence, we argue that we who preach and profess progress to the world, are not to be impatient because others do not move as fast as we would like to have them. We must needs make allowance for the quality of human character at large. It is to be remembered that we are working on actual existences, driving at solid and substantial material, laboring to work up real stock, and not merely beating the air with abstractions. When the sower deposits his seed in the ground, he expects to wait for the earth to do her part; he has not the vanity to think that he can do it all himself. And while he waits, with his soul filled with patience and faith, the seed sprouts and appears to his sight, and he sees that the time has arrived when he is to take his next step in the process of growth.

The poet tells us that we must learn to "labor and to wait." One is as necessary as the other. Unless we labor, of course there is nothing to wait for; and if we do not wait, all our labor is in vain. The two work together, however, beautifully. In the waiting-time occurs the silent germination. Then it is the process of growth takes a start. Then the warmth of the earth performs its work, and the influences not ordinarily reckoned in are doing silent and effective duty. Haste then would be woefully out of time and tone. It would be childish and silly to the last degree. Instead of "waiting upon Providence," it would be but chiding Providence for getting in our way. We are, in such a case, complaining because things are not arranged as we would have them; when we know that if we were asked how we would have them, we could not make answer.

It is often, if not always the case, that when we make the most haste—that is, progress—we do it slowly. In the nature of things, it must be so. For, as we have said already, time is to be allowed for outside influences to work. We give room, too, for the play of character. Nature, upon whom we operate, brings her forces to bear, and so helps us on by steady stages. What is gained thus, is gained permanently. We do not feel obliged to perform our work all over again. That is the exact order of nature, too; she does not get on faster than she can; her processes are slow, gradual, and not revolutionary; she works by waiting, oftentimes, as much as by action and movement.

There is that reserved power in patience which draws more power yet to it, as to a centre. The capacity to wait silently argues the existence of a faith in something to wait for. A person with a poor cause is certain to be in a hurry; he has not the perception to see that all nature is at his back to help him through. Disappointment hardly comes to him who can wait, either. Let what may befall, it is exactly as nature, operated upon by circumstance, would have it. There is no deceit, and no cheating. The results are just what they ever must be, based upon ascertained premises.

Henry Ward Beecher contributes weekly to the New York Ledger. There is much ledgerdom in Mr. Beecher's Ledger arrangements. He wanted two thousand dollars a year of us for the right to publish his sermons, after we had gone to great expense to get them properly before the public. We paid at the rate of six hundred dollars a year for reporting them—and that amount was all they were worth. His agent informed us that the reason Mr. B. assigned for requiring pay, was poverty!

Renunciations of Spiritualism.

Adversity tries the faith while it measures the strength of men. When the heavens are overcast and the way is hedged up and beset with dangers, the weak and irresolute are liable to falter or fall. Only the clear-sighted and strong see through the clouds, and are enabled to keep the even tenor of their way when earthly prospects are blotted out, and fidelity to one's highest convictions brings with it poverty of circumstances and the alienation of friends. It is hard for the disciple to forfeit his chances of possessing houses and lands, and to relinquish his hold on the public confidence; and a bitter thing it is to resign our place in the hearts of those we love.

But we would speak with becoming forbearance of those who throw down the heavy cross. They may have good intentions—may not be wanting in fidelity of purpose, but rather in executive capacity. They may shrink from the crown of thorns, as the sensitive mortal instinctively recoils from the cruel sacrifice. For these reasons we would speak tenderly of such as have little faith. Let no man mock when their fear cometh and they cry out for some strong arm to save, or commanding voice to rebuke the waves that break over them. If they deny the Christ of their own souls, and even swear that they know him not, it is not for us to denounce them. The moral sense may be obscured, or there may be some obliquity of reason, not open to our inspection, and over which they have no control. But if the offence admits of no such extenuation, we need not assume the high prerogative of judging another. Surely, the self-condemnation of the perjured soul is a fearful and sufficient retribution.

It is the common error of feeble and illogical minds to confound the incidental evils that accompany the development of every great truth with the essential elements of the truth itself. The man of clear discernment readily perceives that such evils exist in society, and are only thrown to the surface by the agitation which the truth occasions; or they are exposed to observation because the light is permitted to shine upon them. The morning traveler is startled by the snares and pitfalls in his path which the darkness of the night alone concealed. He is no philosopher who ascribes the evil itself to the beneficent agent that enables him to make the discovery. As daylight is never the source of the hideous forms it discloses, so Spiritualism never generated the evils that have been thrown up by the agitation among the social elements. These are born of the depraved appetites and perverted passions of men. Rather is Spiritualism a crystal stream—a river of God—but the evils that terrify the weak disciples and drive them away from its living waters, are but phantom shapes.

While the current glides in light, And takes no shadow from them.

We are informed that certain brethren who were but recently associated in loving fellowship with Spiritualism—who left the Universalist denomination to become its public advocates, have returned to their former sectarian relations. We have not forgotten that on taking leave of the Church they professed to have discovered many errors of faith and practice, and the prevalence of an intolerant spirit that restrained the reason and shackled the conscience; and they claimed to have achieved their spiritual independence in the act of withdrawing from its special fellowship. We well remember the severity that characterized the assaults on the dissenters, and we shall rejoice to know that those who abandon our cause and our company with so little apparent regret, find a justification of their course in the reformation of the Church. If the errors of which they once complained have been removed, it is well. If the sect has grown in the knowledge of the truth and in the practice of righteousness, and been warmed and beautified by the grace of charity, we are glad; the church may still indulge the hope that Satan will be bound, and the world anticipate the reign of millennial glory on earth.

But our departed friends represent that Spiritualism has been the cause of much evil to themselves, and immeasurable mischief to others. Are we to infer that their own spiritual experience has been on the whole unprofitable? If through its agency beautiful principles and ideas have come to them, like messengers of light and "heralds of eternity," to exalt and illuminate their minds; and an intense desire has been awakened in their hearts to return to the Church that they may communicate the same, to the end that other minds may thereby be quickened and exalted, where shall we find a rational reason for a renunciation of Spiritualism? How has it injured those who have never perverted it? Has it either impaired their health, enfeebled their minds, or corrupted their morals? If their experience justifies an affirmative answer, how can they now be better qualified for the work of the Christian ministry than ever before? If the sublime faith and philosophy of the Spiritual life and world are likely to subvert our highest interests, the fact justifies the paradox, and it must indeed be "dangerous to be safe." If, however, any have abused the large liberty of Spiritualism, they are doubtless wise in subjecting themselves to all necessary restraints, and we can only admire the prudence and commend the virtue that prompt this cheerful renunciation of their freedom. B. B. B.

Better Understanding.

A cotemporary says that a liberal English statesman writes to a correspondent in Boston, that he entertains a strong belief that, when our present troubles are ended, we shall have more true friends in England than ever before. This excitement and discussion and increased information, will have done much good; and he thinks the future of the two nations will be much more friendly than the past has been. Not much doubt of it ourselves. Our trouble has all along lain with the mercenary press of England, backed as it has been by a few of the leading statesmen of the realm—though perhaps but cautiously. As fast as we clear our own way into the woods of the new times, we clear ever, they will be able to see our courses and bearings as well as we do ourselves; and, with enlarged vision, they will be more apt to see that our international interests are coordinate, if not absolutely identical. It is time the jealousies and nonsensical of the ignorant feudal times were put away forever. Nations cannot remain insular and isolated now; all are bound up in one common family, and have heavy drafts to make upon the same future.

Bogus Advertisements.

We continue to receive, occasionally, through the mail, advertisements which have a direct tendency to impose upon the public. We have guarded against giving currency to such advertisements to the best of our ability, although we have not entirely escaped imposition. Now, we have to say, once for all, to the knaves who advertise "quack medicines," got up by "retired" clergymen whose sands of life have nearly run out; and the fools who wish to become acquainted with "reform ladies, under thirty, with dark eyes, vital temperament, and some musical talent," not to send any more such trash to this office. We understand their motives thoroughly. The daily press may continue to do this kind of business. We will not.

Mean Business.

We still continue to receive private letters, and letters intended for publication, dealing out blame and bitterness to others; also words of caution in regard to the danger of the influence of such persons. In answer to our correspondents who write thus, we would say that we have the least possible interest in hearing the faults of any one related. This is an "old-fashioned" business, running out as self-reformation runs in. Repeating and recording the faults of others, is the meanest business of human life. As to the fear of any danger from those who are held up to us as bad men and bad women, we frankly say, that we have none; but if we were afraid at all, we should sooner fear the man who judges, than the man who is judged.

All about War.

We give a few rumors; everybody loves to read them.—The necessity for exercising a censorship over press news will very soon be at an end.—Gen. Scott thinks that before mid-summer the Confederate government will wind up its affairs, and be entirely cleaned out.—Gov. Johnson, of Tennessee, has been putting his military hand heavily on the rebels of that State.—Three regiments of Union men from East Tennessee have been formed near Cumberland Gap.—Tayburne, the assistant editor of the Richmond Enquirer, has cut and run away from the South, having become completely disgusted with the rebels and their operations.—Relics and rubbish are removing from Manassas by the cartload. Probably the sale of sacred "relics" from that now famous place will continue for many years.—The Richmond Baptist church has voted to take down its bell and cast it into cannon for Jeff. Davis. By what canon of the church organization can they do such a thing, we would like to know?—Each flag officer is obliged to order a Court of Inquiry for every case of evasion of the blockade.—It does look as if the forts of the Southern States were going to be taken back, one by one, just as President Lincoln proclaimed they should be.—About fifty towns and cities have been captured from the Southern leaders, since the war began.—Stages run regularly from Washington to Manassas, and carry pleasure-seekers in plenty.

A New Sunday School Book.

We shall publish in a few weeks a new Sunday school book adapted to the use of Spiritual and Liberal Church Sunday Schools, and to the use of the tender minds of all children whose expanding intelligence is growing over the narrow limits of single creeds. It will be the aim of this little book to aid and direct the little buds of immortality in the every-day walks of life, so that, thereby they may be made more charitable, more kind, more obedient, more useful and more happy than any Sunday school books, now extant, tends to make them. We do not design to make this book radical, or repulsive to any belief; but rather to temper it with liberality and generosity to all beliefs. We shall avoid the extravagant dogmas of fanatics, and hold on to Conservatism, cherishing the pure, the holy, the beautiful, endeavoring thereby to direct the thoughts of little children to the free world of Spiritual beauties that do not fade and perish.

The contents of the book will consist of chapters on various subjects in the form of questions and answers. We are desirous that all Spiritualists should consider this subject, for there is certainly at the present time, a great want of entiable instruction to meet the capacities of free thinking children. Let not our children be neglected. Let us bring them up in the way they should go. If new light shines from the heavenly world upon us, let our children know and feel its blessedness. Single copies will be sent post paid for twenty-five cents; five copies for one dollar.

A Rebellious Religion.

Parson Brownlow lets us into many secrets concerning the state of the church at the South, which we might not otherwise get at. He made a sort of an address in Cincinnati before some thirty Methodist ministers at the Methodist Book Concern, in which he stated that he knew only three Methodist preachers at the South who were loyal. Old Bishop Soule, he said, condemned the rebellion; he did not dare to do more, because he would be hung, old as he is. And still Jeff Davis tells the world, in his last message, that freedom of speech and the press is enjoyed nowhere with so few restrictions as in the States styled Confederate! Parson Brownlow gave it as his opinion that the Southern churches were ruined for good. Union people will not listen to secession preachers, and secessionists will not listen to those who are loyal. The worst men in the Southern Confederacy are Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, and Episcopal preachers. He avers that they drink and swear week days, and preach Sundays! When they become secess, they bid farewell to honesty, decency and truth. He gave illustrations of the style of their talk. One minister said that he had rather use a Bible printed and bound in hell, than one from the North; also, that Jesus Christ was born on Southern soil, and that all his apostles were Southern men, except Judas Iscariot, who was a Northern man. This was said openly, on a Sunday, from his pulpit. Brownlow further stated that, in his opinion, (does he know?) there are better men in the place where the blasphemous person looked for the next edition of his Bible, than the Southern leaders are!

Lecturers.

Miss Lizzie Doten will speak in Lyceum Hall, in this city, on Sunday next, April 20th—afternoon and evening. Our citizens will gladly greet her again. Miss Emma Houston addresses the Spiritualists of Charleston next Sunday. Mrs. M. B. Kenney speaks in Taunton the two next Sundays. Mrs. Augusta A. Carrier will speak in Lowell, April 20th and 21st. Mrs. M. M. Wood is announced to speak in Foxboro' next Sunday. Leo Miller, Esq., speaks in Chicopee the next two Sabbaths. Mrs. M. S. Townsend speaks in Williamantic, Conn., Sunday, 20th inst. Miss Emma Harding will speak in Portland, Me., next Sunday, April 20th; and the following Sunday. Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith is announced to speak in Providence, R. I., next Sabbath. Mr. W. K. Blyple will lecture in Bangor, Me., next Sunday, and in Kenosha, on the 27th.

George Peabody.

The donation, by this gentleman, of £100,000, for the benefit of the London poor, is one of the noblest acts of beneficence ever made by a single individual. Mr. Peabody, it is well known, is an American citizen, though he has resided in England for the past twenty-five years, and his gift naturally draws forth eloquent comment from the English journals. He intends to return soon to the United States, and spend the closing years of his life in his native land. In a recent speech which he made in London, he said with emphasis, "Whatever is, is right." If such generous results as this magnificent donation—of Mr. Peabody be the fruit of the all right doctrine—and we are to judge of the doctrine by its fruits—it should be weighed, rather than ridiculed and scorned. Peace is the evening star of the soul, as virtue is the sun; and the two are never far apart.

New Publications.

A PLAN FOR FARMING. BY DR. A. B. CHILD.—Our good friend, the author of the above little book in paper covers, comes before the public in a new character—that of an advocate, and a most practical, sensible and eloquent one, too, of the occupation of farming.

The pages are crowded with pertinent facts, from which valuable inferences readily result to any thoughtful mind; and as for the useful and timely suggestions he throws out, they are as thick as blackberries in the pastures in the month of August.

It is past time for the public mind to be stirred up on the subject of agricultural operations. Our squatted farmers, most of them, absolutely refuse to have anything to do with these enthusiasts and book farmers, as they call them, and by that very means, succeed in driving away many and many a young man of energy and means from our cities, who would otherwise be very likely to go out and establish himself in farming in the country.

A STRANGE STORY. BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON. Illustrated. Boston: Gardner A. Fuller. For sale in Boston by A. Williams & Co.

This strange story of the great novelist, Bulwer, is being very widely read, as it deserves to be. The plot is based on facts of a purely Spiritualist nature, such as have come within the close and patient investigation of Bulwer himself, and will therefore be many times more acceptable to the tens of thousands of Spiritual readers than if it were an old-fashioned, wire-drawn love story only.

How Strong was Manassas? A portion of the press and people have had their laugh over the capture of Manassas, with its reported no works and wooden guns, and now the other side is being heard.

The French Government has prohibited the officers of the army of occupation at Rome from wearing the decorations which Francis II. distributed to them at Gaeta. This is a natural consequence of the recognition of the Italian Kingdom by the Emperor.

Ottawa, Ill.

This town is in rather a benighted condition, according to a note from a friend recently moved there. He says: "The town of Ottawa is a very fine place, situated between the Fox and Illinois rivers. The country round about is very productive, and the people generally in tolerable good circumstances; but they are extremely illiberal in religious matters. There is but one Spiritualist besides myself in the place. He told me that if a person professed to be a Spiritualist here, he was stoned by everybody. I was astonished at such a remark. It was only then that I was fully aware I was among a benighted class of people, who seem to be living still in a dark age—in comparison to other parts of the world which I have visited—and would not hesitate a moment to persecute a man for opinion's sake. This is rather hard, at a time when progress and enlightenment march on with gigantic strides in all parts of the civilized world. We need the BANNER and the HERALD here to wake up the drowsy minds, that Truth and Justice may prevail, to the exclusion of Bigotry and Intolerance."

For Heresy. Our readers will be likely to remember that for having written certain Essays of an inquiring nature, a handful of the leading men of the Church of England clergy were put in ecclesiastical pillory, not long ago.

Supplies Wanted for the Western Army.—A dispatch from James E. Yeatman, President of the Western Sanitary Commission, received in this city, makes an urgent call for supplies for the wounded soldiers who fought so nobly at Pittsburg.

trials and tests, there would be little enough inducement presented to the people for firing up and pushing ahead to the next station on the road of progress.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

Our valued cotemporary, the Boston Banner of Light, has entered upon a new volume, with new life, in a new location, with a new firm in its management, and renewed prospects of abundant success.—Herald of Progress.

Thank you, brother. Our modesty prevents us copying more than one paragraph of your very complimentary notice. We hope we shall continue to deserve the good opinion you entertain of us.

Significant.—The Boston Herald is authority for stating that at a recent meeting of the New North Society, it was voted to accept the act authorizing a sale of their property, and a committee was appointed to take the matter into consideration and report at a future meeting. Some of the members are adverse to selling the church.

A union has been agreed upon between the Bowdoin and the Salem street Orthodox churches, to take effect as soon as the necessary arrangements for the transfer of property can be effected. The former sell to the latter their estate, which originally cost over \$40,000, for \$20,000, subject to existing incumbrances of \$18,000. The latter sells their property for \$12,000, which originally cost \$30,000. It is understood that the Rev. George W. Field is to have charge of the united congregations.

It is quite likely that a similar arrangement of some of the Baptist societies will soon take place.

The great battle of the West has been fought, and "victory" is emblazoned upon our banners. Another victory for freedom has been won. Federal loss over 4000 killed and 8000 wounded. Rebel loss much larger. Rebel commander-in-chief Johnson was killed, and Gen. Breckinridge taken prisoner.

Dr. Johnson's card will be found in another column. He is a good dentist, and deserving of patronage.

Noxology.—One of our cotemporaries advises a correspondent to breathe as much as possible through his nose. Very sound advice. Pray do n't advise him to snore.

Significant.—It is said arrangements have been made to consolidate the Trumpet and Christian Freeman, the two Universalist papers printed in this city.

What is the difference between a clergyman and a conjurer? One is a divine, and the other a diviner.

A poem by Gen. Lander is announced to appear in the May number of the Atlantic Monthly.

Col. Webster, the chief of Gen. Grant's staff, whose desperate artillery line-of-battle held the enemy on Sunday night, and saved the army, is, we believe, a brother of Rev. Mr. Webster, of Hopkinton, Mass.

Aid for the Gloucester Sufferers.—A liberal collection was taken up in the Rev. Dr. Chapin's church, New York, on Sunday evening, April 6th, in aid of the Gloucester sufferers. Dr. Chapin preached an eloquent sermon on "Sailors," on the occasion. Contributions were taken up in many of the churches in this vicinity for the same object, on Sunday last.

In referring to the death of his grandmother, who had been fatally injured by a butt from a pot ram, a Yankee farmer gave vent to his feelings as follows: "I never felt so bad in all my life as I did when grandmother died. She had got so old, and we had kept her so long, we wanted to see how long we could keep her."

Prentice says the Charleston Mercury thinks that the Southern Confederacy will soon be delivered. We wonder what sort of a little monster the brat will be.

THE SEA FAIRY.

Was it the chime of a tiny bell That came so sweet to my dreaming ear— Like the silvery tones of a fairy's spell— That he winds on the beach, so mellow and clear. When the winds and the waves lie together asleep. And the moon and the fairy are watching the deep. She dispenses her silvery light, And he, his notes as silvery quite.

The fact cannot be denied that the man who is not fond of children is a bad man. We have never known an exception to this sweeping rule.

The Worth of Time.—"What is time worth?" asks Dr. Young; and then adds, "Ask death-beds, they can tell." Yes, "they can tell." "Millions of money for an inch of time," was the exclamation of Elizabeth, England's vain and ambitious Queen, as she lay on her dying bed.

Digby is sometimes industrious, and anon quite indolent. When one of these latter "spells" came over him, we set him at work on nearly a bushel of communications, instructing him to sift the "wheat from the chaff." He had not waded far into the matter, when an idea struck him, (doing, we are happy to say, not the slightest damage,) that if some genius would invent a patent copiator for the use of a certain class of correspondents, the inventor would receive the thanks of the whole editorial fraternity. We heard Digby's remarks patiently, but, without vouchsafing any reply, left him to pass final judgment on the hieroglyphs before him.

Spring. Away from the dwellings of careworn men, The waters are sparkling in wood and glen; Away from the chamber and dusky hearth, The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth; Their light stems thrill to the wild-wind strains, And youth is abroad in my green domains.

What He Thought of Them.—A fox, just returned from a continental tour, was asked how he liked the ruins of Pompeii. "Not very well," was the reply; "they are so dreadfully full of repair."

A Saragossa Wife.—A husband, who arrived home at a late hour of the night, said to his wife: "Do n't look so cross, love; I have been detained on a committee." Wife—"I don't like those committees; I suspect that— Husband (interrupting her)—"Just hear that infernal caterwauling!" Wife (sarcastically)—"Oh, that is our tom-cat; he's out on a committee. I guess." The husband remained silent the rest of the night.

Supplies Wanted for the Western Army.—A dispatch from James E. Yeatman, President of the Western Sanitary Commission, received in this city, makes an urgent call for supplies for the wounded soldiers who fought so nobly at Pittsburg.

Neo-Neo-Neo.—The following is from a Washington letter in the New York Post: "A Washington correspondent of the Baltimore Sun intimates that the War Department have in contemplation the formation of a few negro regiments to garrison the Southern forts when the sickly season approaches. I have reason to believe that Mr. Stanton is now entertaining this proposition. It is evident to all that if the noble hold out into the summer, it will be necessary to make use of the acclimated native population. Mr. Stanton will not hesitate to make use of this class of people the moment the necessity becomes apparent."

Habits are the Hessians of our moral warfare; the good or the ill they do depends on the side they fight on.

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

A. P., EAST HARBOR, N. Y.—The reason why we require four numbers of the BANNER sent in one package, is simply because we cannot afford to send the paper in single seals, to different post-offices, at club rates. There should, in fact, be no club rates at all. We are, however, compelled by custom to adopt the same plan in this respect our cotemporaries do. The profit at club rates is merely nominal. The BANNER is cheap reading at \$2.00.

We have received an obituary notice post-marked Williamsburg, N. Y., bearing no endorsement whatever as to its truthfulness. We, in consequence decline publishing it.

E. O., PHILADELPHIA.—We duly received the communication, and replied to it, too. Do n't desire to hear anything further upon that subject.

L. J. P., NEW YORK.—Your "matter" is in safe hands. Will return, if not used. Do be patient awhile longer, brother.

W. C.—Please make the change as advertised.

Convention at East Randolph, N. Y.

The undersigned Committee hereby extend a cordial invitation to all Spiritualists, Lecturers, mediums, believers, reformers, and inquirers after truth, to assemble in conference, at East Randolph, N. Y., on Friday, April 25, 1862, at 10 o'clock A. M., and continue a series of meetings on Saturday and Sunday, the 26th and 27th. Accommodations will be provided for all speakers, mediums, and as many others as possible. A small fee will be taken at the door, at one of the sessions each day, to help needy speakers who may favor the convention with desirable services. The platform will be open for free discussion by all classes of persons in harmony with such rules as the Convention may adopt.

ASHER, HUSHNELL, AMY MORGAN, MARY I. HUNTINGTON, ISHABOD TUTTLE, J. E. WRENCH.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

LYONS HALL, TREMONT STREET, (opposite head of School street).—The regular course of lectures will continue through the season, and services will commence at 8:45 and 7:15 o'clock, on Monday and Tuesday evenings, April 22 and 23. Miss Emma Harding, April 24 and 25; Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, April 26 and 27; Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, April 28 and 29.

CONVENTION HALL, No. 14 BROADWAY, BOSTON.—The Spiritual Conference meets every Wednesday evening, at 7:30 o'clock. The subject for next evening is: "The Evil Attributed to Spiritualism." Spiritual meetings are held every Sunday; trances speaking at 10:1-2 A. M.; Conference meeting at 12:1-2 P. M.

CHARLESTOWN.—Sunday meetings are held at Central Hall at 10:1-2 o'clock, after 8 o'clock. Speakers engaged: Miss Emma Houston, 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.

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

TAYLOR.—Meetings are held in the Town Hall, every Sabbath afternoon and evening. The following speakers are engaged:—Mrs. M. B. Kinney, April 20 and 27; Frank L. Wadsworth, June 1 and 8; Rev. Adin Ballou, June 15; Miss Emma Harding, June 22 and 29; Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, July 6 and 13; Hon. Warren Chase, in December.

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

QUINCY, MASS.—Music Hall has been hired by the Spiritualists. Meetings will be held Sundays, afternoon and evening. Speakers engaged:—Leo Miller for April; Mrs. A. A. Currier, June 1 and 8; Mrs. Anne M. Middlebrook, June 15, 22, and 29; Miss Emma Harding, July 13, 20 and 27; Dr. DeFore, during August; F. L. Wadsworth, during October.

NEW BEDFORD.—Music Hall has been hired by the Spiritualists. Conference Meetings held Sunday mornings, and speaking by mediums, afternoon and evening. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. M. M. Macomber Wood, June 1 and 8; Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, July 6 and 13; Hon. Warren Chase, in December.

PORTLAND, ME.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every Sunday in Sons of Temperance Hall, on Congress, between Oak and Green streets. Conference in the forenoon. Lectures afternoon and evening, at 7:1-2 and 9:1-2 o'clock. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, April 20 and 27; Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith for May; Mrs. M. M. Macomber Wood for June.

PROVIDENCE.—Speakers engaged:—Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, during April; Frank L. Wadsworth in May; Mrs. M. B. Kinney, June 1 and 8; Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, July 6 and 13; Hon. Warren Chase, in December.

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 Root, 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.

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Those who have known the

Message Department.

Each message in this department of the BANNER we claim was spoken by the spirit whose name it bears, through the medium of a person in a condition called the trance.

These messages go to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earth life to that beyond—whether good or evil.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his reason. Each expresses so much of truth as he perceives—no more.

Our Circles.—The circles at which these communications are given, are held at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, No. 133 Washington Street, Room No. 3, (up stairs) every Monday, Tuesday and Thursday afternoon, and are free to the public. The doors are closed precisely at three o'clock, and none are admitted after that time.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

The communications given by the following named spirits will be published in regular course: Tuesday, March 25.—Invocation: The Philosophy of Life's memories and experiences—a question called the France.

Wednesday, March 26.—Invocation: Explanation of the Lord's Prayer: Both drawn by her mother in Washak, Ill.; Philip Gregg, Louisville, Ky.; Josephine Bright, to her father, in Washington, D. C.

Thursday, April 1.—Invocation: Miscellaneous Questions: Mary Louisa Collins to her mother in Augusta, Mo.; Oliver Pympton, Co. C, (7th Regt.), to his wife, in Hydeville, Mo.; Henry T. Walcherer to Dr. Kinley, St. Louis, Mo.

Friday, April 2.—Invocation: Miscellaneous Questions: Alex. Zollinger, a New York General; Mary Louisa Hawkins to her children, in New York City; Helen Onto, to her father, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Invocation.

God of the beautiful, the holy and the true, be with us in the passing hour, and unto thee we will give all the glory forever. Amen. March 17.

The Story of Samson.

The following question was given and answered by the spirit: Ques.—Was the Biblical story of Samson true, and if so, why did he lose his power with the loss of his hair?

We believe, yes, more, we know, that the story, or record, is true in substance, but in its passage down the ages, it has received much coloring and elaboration; yet in essence it is true.

Modern Spiritualists will perceive that the man Samson was gifted with spiritual strength; he being obliged to be thrown into an abnormal state of existence, in order to wield this excessive faculty of strength to great advantage.

Why did Samson lose his strength or power with the loss of his hair? Simply because he lost a mighty mediumistic channel, through which the power was given to him, the hair being a perfect conductor of electricity.

When they stand upon the immortal shore; for when the veil shall be rent in twain that hides the spiritual world from human vision, man shall behold things more grand and beautiful than even his powerful imagination conceived of while an inhabitant of earth.

When you study the human form, it would be well to study, not one part alone, but all that go to constitute the body; for there is not the least particle used in the mechanism of the body that is not necessary to your spiritual happiness hereafter.

Woman, in all ages, has been more gifted in perceptive faculties than man, and why? Because of the natural growth and length of her hair. If this be the case, you may ask, and justly, too, why the wise Law-Giver does not impress it upon the sterner sex to increase their power by wearing the hair long?

The Bible is a most beautiful record of God's manifestations to the people of the earth, now in existence. It would be well, then, for you all to faithfully study and peruse that record, for it shall be a grand key to the mysteries of modern Spiritualism. Read it, then, and thank God that you have it. March 17.

Levi Hawkins.

I promised to come, and as soon as I could after death. I found it easy to promise, but not so easy to redeem the promise; because when we find ourselves without those bodies that are so necessary to approach similar bodies, upon earth, we hardly know which way to turn to possess ourselves of one, even for a short time.

Ans.—Everywhere in the outward world, you perceive a constant agitation; life and death alternating continually; no state of rest, or perfect harmony, but eternal agitation. The same spirit of unrest which is the grand genius of creation, is with us, as with you. There is no rest for the soul of man, because he is destined to revolve forever around the great central heart—Deity, and in revolving, he meets with others dissimilar to himself, whose very natures are antagonistic to his own.

I was between twenty-six and twenty-seven years of age, and died with that worst of all diseases—consumption. They said, if you come back, tell what stood upon the little table beside your bed, and we'll believe you. It was an hour-glass belonging to my great-grandfather, and was said to have been given him by an English nobleman. If any one present could speak of this, it would carry more mystery than it does with me now. I am ready for communication with friends, enemies, skeptics, believers, and all hands. Good-by. March 17.

Michael Collins.

I got two arms, I see, and that's what I had n't when I took passage for the other side. My name was Michael Collins. I belonged to Owen's regiment, Philadelphia. I was shot in the arm, at the battle of Fall's Church. I thought it got well by taking it off, but somehow my system got such a severe shock that I went over to the other side in about two months. I made America my home for nineteen years, and I think I can say with truth, that I thought as much of her honor as any one American born, and I'd as soon fight for her honor as to stay home and have all the money I wanted. Thank God, I lost my life in fighting for the honor of my adopted country; and if I live forever, as they say I will, I'll always thank God for it.

I'm sorry I left my friends, and I'd like to do all I can for them. I got a wife in Philadelphia, two boys and four girls in all. Two of 'em, and two boys on the earth, one's gone with her husband to California. I managed while on earth to take care of all things, and although I had to work hard sometimes, yet I always contrived to keep things square. Now, some one has to take care of my wife;

It comes hard on the children, I know, for they have all others to look after besides themselves.

I know very well the Catholic Church will say this coming back is all nonsense. Now I'm prepared to overthrow quite as much of their Catholic nonsense, as they are of mine. It's two ways everything has, and if you can't get at one, you can the other.

I should like to inform my wife that I can come; that I'm satisfied that I'm pretty well off in the other world, and that through a good medium I can help her out of a good many troubles, and tell her about things here, which is better than all. I've been told before I came here, that I could go to a medium and talk with my friends; now I'll go. I do n't care whether it be in Boston, New York, California, England or Ireland. I'll not try more than three times; it's fair to try three times, and if I do n't make myself known beyond a doubt to my friends, it's not my fault. You'll not forget to say how I lost my arm, and that I'm just as happy in the other world as if I had died upon a good bed, with all my friends around me. March 17.

Susie Dawson.

My mother lives in Saratoga, New York, and I used to live there. My name used to be Susie Dawson. I was eight years old, and died of diphtheria, a year ago. I have two sisters, and a brother. Their names are Helen, Maria and Joseph. Maria was younger than I am; the rest are older. My father is in the army. [Is he an officer?] I do n't know, but I know he won't come home again. If my mother will let me talk at home, I'll tell her all about it, and about where I live, and who I live with. I can't here. I do n't like to.

I have got two grandfathers, and a grandmother here. My grandmother Boyce is here, and my mother will be glad to hear from her; she's with me most of the time. [Do you remember your mother's name?] Yes, it is Maria, like one of my sisters. My father's name is Benjamin. March 17.

Edith Dennett.

Written: "Dear mother, when all the world is still, then I come to you, with flowers and blessings from my spirit-home. Do n't think I am far off, for I am not, but often so near you that I can touch you, but you cannot see, or feel me. Error Dennett, Belmont, Mass. March 17.

Invocation.

Our Father God, from the midst of the wild waves of humanity we would lift our desires unto thee. Everywhere around us we hear the cry of mortality, and it is because thou hast implanted in the hearts of all thy children such desires and soul-longings as can only find expression in earnest prayer to thee. Oh Lord, our Father and Mother, notwithstanding we are in the midst of the wilderness of life human, we hear continually thy still small voice, speaking unto our spirits, even as thou didst centuries ago call unto thy servant Samuel; and oh God, our Father, we have a something to ask of thee, and it is to bless each of thy struggling children, tolling steadily through life's tangled mazes. Make them to feel, oh Lord, that even while the ocean of despair rolls at their feet, and black clouds gather about their horizon, that thou art with them in the darkness, as in the sunshine. Through a thousand times ten thousand sources thou art beckoning them homeward and heavenward; thy hand sustaining and upholding thy children in all the trials of life, with a patience and unvarying affection such as no earthly father could manifest toward his children. And we know, oh Lord, that thou wilt wipe away the widow's tear and fold in thy paternal arms such of thy children as are orphaned upon earth. Oh God, our Father, unto thee we commend this small portion of human life here assembled to-day. Give them, we beseech thee, oh Divine One, those flowers of truth that are found blooming in thy garden beyond the tomb. And, oh Father, may these thy children ever render unto thee eternal thanks, and bring unto thy holy court all the homage due unto thee as Creation's King, forever and ever, amen. March 18.

To a Clergyman.

Have the friends a question for discussion this afternoon? If so, we are ready for such. As there appear to be none, we will proceed to speak with one already with us.

A fair expounder of the Christian religion, dwelling in the western part of the State of New York, makes the following inquiry. Before stating the question in the words of the honest divine, we would say that we shall simply answer the question, without discussing it at length, that he may know beyond doubt that we heard him, and have the power to answer him, and that we can help him to overcome those obstacles, which have been to him mountains in the highway of life.

While communing with his own thoughts, in the solitude of his closet, he asked himself this question: "If this modern Spiritualism is true, if it is not a myth, why may not I and other earnest seekers after truth, receive something by which we may know that we are in rapport with the spirit-world?"

The angels heard and came to answer him. Finding him physically impossible, and easy of spiritual access at the time, the friends sowed seed in his heart, that should spring up and bear fruit to the glory of God, hereafter. Still pursuing his reflections, he framed and put upon paper, the following question, which he afterwards, folded, enclosed in five envelopes, and put away in a safe place.

"If you spirits can come across the River Jordan with your communications, tell me, I beseech you, shall we, or all those who come after us, ever rest in perfect confidence with God? Will there ever be a new earth, and a new heaven, wherein shall dwell harmony, righteousness and peace?"

Ans.—Everywhere in the outward world, you perceive a constant agitation; life and death alternating continually; no state of rest, or perfect harmony, but eternal agitation. The same spirit of unrest which is the grand genius of creation, is with us, as with you. There is no rest for the soul of man, because he is destined to revolve forever around the great central heart—Deity, and in revolving, he meets with others dissimilar to himself, whose very natures are antagonistic to his own. Yes, with all this apparent inharmonious and strife, does he fall? No; he rises slowly but steadily, day by day, by the process of soul-expansion, until he finds himself in a more elevated sphere, and in the society of beings who are congenial to himself. Think not that man can fall, never to rise again, for there never was a joy that was not preceded by sorrow, for joy is the child of sorrow. In the spirit-world, the soul of man cannot retrograde; it must progress. Without this continual turmoil of the elements, where is your individuality, your immortality, your God? God works through the law of nature, which is ever one of motion, and begets war. Therefore, cease to look forward to the time when any soul shall enjoy perpetual rest. Therefore, good man, return to God, and thank him that he hath opened the windows of heaven to you. March 18.

Marietta F. Johnston.

They say you are enemies to us. [You don't think so; who says so? we are friends to all.] Our friends! I guess not. Why do you take up arms against us of the South? [We do not wage war against you as a people, but against your misguided leaders.] Can I send a letter to my brothers, sisters and father? [Yes, if they are where we can reach them.] I have been a spirit only since August last, and never tried to come before. [Believe us, we here are your friends.] I am from Montgomery, Alabama. I have two sisters and a step-mother living there, and a father and two brothers in the army. My father's name is Richard Johnston. I have one brother named Richard, and another one called Josiah.

I am very anxious to find some way by which I can communicate with my sisters and step-mother.

[What are your sisters' names?] Susan and Lucille. My own name is Marietta F. Johnston. I was seventeen, and in my eighteenth year, at the time of my death. I suppose I died of a fever, or of some other disease, after the fever. [Do you remember the name of your attendant physician?] Yes, it was Gorman. I can't give his Christian name. [Do you wish, then, to speak to your friends?] Yes, I do; I want them first to be kind to Aunt Etta; she's a slave; next, I want them to be kind to old John, and give him that light he asks for so often; and lastly I want them to be kind to all those who do n't forget kindness or injury; and those whom I was kind to, that are with me, or my best friends, though I do not dwell with them. To my father and brothers, I wish to say, "make your peace with God and the world, for soon you die!" I cannot bear to have them come to me with all the horrors that surround their condition. I've tried hard to give them light. I cannot think but that you here at the North are enemies to us, else you would send us kind teachers to tell us we are wrong, instead of those fiery-mouthed abolitionists. You'll send my letter? [Certainly.] I have a thousand things I'd like to say, but this is no place. [Come again another time.] March 18.

Calvin Burko.

I have very little to say, from the fact that I am conscious of having very little power. I wish to open, if possible, direct communication with one Hiram Burko, of Ohio. He's my brother, and is now in the Federal army. I died while fighting against you and him. No matter. There are many things of a private nature, of which I wish to speak to him personally, not here. That I regret the loss of my body, I'll not deny. That I still feel that you at the North are just as much in the wrong as those of the other side, I'll not deny. That we, too, at the South are, in some degree, in the wrong, I'll not deny. There's a terrible day of reckoning to come to us both!

I wish to be put in communication with my brother. [We can only help you to do so by letter.] I can position myself so as to be understood by him—will that do? [We can only give your letter a place in the columns of our paper.] That's all I ask you to do.

My name is Calvin Burko. Four years ago I resided in New Orleans; since then, I moved to Galveston, Texas, and since moving there, I located myself temporarily in Fernandina, Florida. By trade I was a comb-maker. [What was your object in joining the rebels?] To gain my rights. [What rights?] To sustain, to defend, to uphold our Southern institutions. [Which means slavery.] You have your rights; allow us to have ours. These individual rights do n't take in a very large range. You are aware of that, I suppose? [Yes, on both sides.] True, true!

My age was forty-one. [Have you a family?] I have a family, but I've no desire to open communication with them—that is, not at present. March 18.

Invocation.

Almighty beginner and finisher of all things, we would return thee thanks this hour for the manifold blessings that the past has brought us, as well as for those that are born this hour. Oh, our Father, we thank thee for all the prosperity, all the sunshine in which we, as a people, have so long basked; for the peace so calm and holy that pervaded our heaven-favored land, and led us, thy poor and blinded children, to fear no evil, no strife, among children of the same Father. Oh God, for the darkness we thank thee; and though our beloved nation seems wrapt round with a cloud of deepest gloom, and death—death with all its physical agonies is around us, yet have we still strength to murmur, "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth;" "not our will, Father, but thine be done, here as in heaven." Oh, our Father, accept, we beseech thee, the thoughts and petitions of these thy children, and as they go forth upon the broad ocean of infinity, send unto each one of them ministering spirits and guardian angels, that in their best companionship they may fear no evil, as they walk through the valley of the shadow of death, unto thy heavenly kingdom. Oh God, who art the Divine Author of all things, whether shadows or sunbeams, and in whose great being all things created have birth, we thank thee, most Holy One, now and forevermore. March 24.

Happiness after Death.

From the depths of many souls there comes to us an inquiry respecting the soldier; but the feeble condition of our medium to-day must be our excuse for brevity of speech.

Ques.—Is the soldier who dies upon the battlefield happy immediately after death? Ans.—There are as many states of happiness as there are states of life and mortality; therefore what would be happiness to one might be the opposite to the other; and again, what would be misery to one might be productive of happiness to another. Each and all future states of happiness depend much upon the state and condition of individuals at the time of their death.

The soldier lets himself to the general government for murder!—nothing more, nothing less. But he does so from conscientious motives—to promote the good of the masses, and to overthrow the usurped power of the enemy. Nevertheless, he is as much a murderer as the assassin, who, taking his knife, goes out into the street at night, and deliberately stabs the innocent wayfarer.

It depends upon the mental and spiritual condition of the mortal previous to death, as to the length of time he will remain unconscious after death. Some are so but a few minutes; others are unconscious for weeks, months and even years.

The law holds within its hands variety. Every conceivable degree of time and condition belongs to the law of Nature, which, like all other of God's laws, is eternal. But when the spirit of the soldier is aroused to consciousness, it feels sensibly its true position; it begins to live, as it were, consciously outside of materiality, and, therefore, at once recognizes its true position. It perceives instantly that it has been the direct agent used by the power of circumstances to produce sorrow. There are widows' and orphan's walls rising from the earth to distress and reproach him for the crimes committed by his hands. Their sorrow goes direct to the author of it, and is of that chain which is appendable to human reason. Although this murder was committed by the soldier under conscientious motives, yet the penalty for the crime is the same as though committed under different circumstances, and cannot be escaped by him.

The child reaches out its hand and grasps the fire; it burns. The child suffers. It did it because it was pleased with the bright flame, and desired to appropriate the fire to itself. So it is with the soulful spirit of the soldier; he feels the weight of the sorrow of those he has bereaved upon earth; or, in other words, the sorrow he has so cruelly inflicted upon the innocent.

The soldier is not happy after death on the one hand; on the other he is. He perceives through eyes no longer morally blinded, that there is stretched out before his vision an open highway, which he can traverse at his pleasure, overcoming step by step, as he walks along, the numerous obstacles which have thus far stood between him and spiritual happiness. Hard experience, which is the child and handmaid of sorrow, must be his before he can attain happiness.

So it is with all mankind. You commit, every day of your lives, acts which wound and pain the hearts of others, and although you may not always be conscious that such is the fact, yet God recognizes them, and draws a portion of the suffering to yourself. You must all drink of the bitter cup of sorrow, and bear your part of life's ills; and though you strive for years to cast off the cross if on your shoulders, you cannot do so until God's own hand moves it. Then, freed from care and suffering, you shall know happiness forevermore.

So, then, the soldier must bear a portion of the sorrow he has been instrumental in bringing upon

poor mortality. This is our opinion, friends, and will be yours, too, when you shall enter upon spirit-life. March 24.

Nathaniel Call.

Years have passed since I occupied a mortal body and was recognized by my kindred; but the subject just considered has induced me, for the first time, now, to send out a few of my own thoughts to the people of earth.

I served my country in Revolutionary times. I did the best I was able to toward conquering the foe, silencing our enemies, and legating to you, the American people, the precious boon of independence. My friends and the people exulted me, because of my efforts to shake off the yoke of British slavery, and to establish freedom in America. My enemies cursed me because I assisted in robbing them of their fathers, husbands, brothers. Death came at every turn, to persons in all conditions of life—because of the firm determination upon the part of the English Colonies in America, to resist British oppression, and to give to their children the blessed boon of individual liberty. They were right in nurturing those ambitious desires, but in nurturing them, some must suffer. There was joy in the thought of my being a servant of public good; there is sorrow in my heart at the thought of my having been a servant of public evil.

I have experienced all the pangs of an Orthodox hell in consequence of taking up arms against mortality. My spirit has writhed in hell; again, it has drunk in living waters of happiness, because of my consciousness of having acted from a sense duty while upon earth. From the right hand of life I received heaven; from the left—hell. There is no such thing as escaping the penalty of murder. Try in what way you may to avoid it, somebody must suffer for the crime committed while upon earth, and God has decreed that the author of the crime should bear the largest portion of the sorrow his own hands have entailed upon humanity.

I have lived years in the spirit world, and I still drink my cup of sorrow, anon with my cup of happiness, and I thank God for it! When we ascend to the mountain-tops of wisdom, and behold mortality from a spiritual point of view, then we know that God is just, and that "He doeth all things well."

My name was Nathaniel Call. I was a resident of Boston, Mass., and formerly lived in what you now call Good's street. I was well known at that time as the friend and aide of the Father of his country. Ask George Washington if what I have said is not true. He knows me well, and will tell you the same story I have. Farewell, farewell. March 24.

Adelaide Devereux.

Bright blossoms of immortal truth may be gathered even on the darkest sides of life. Truths never die, and though found in the lowest hell, are destined, at some period of time to exist in the highest heaven.

Seventeen years since, I was condemned in one of your Courts of Justice, and sentenced to one of your institutions erected for the purpose of defending the public against delinquent members of society, like myself. The laws governing previous to my birth, made me a thief, but civil law did not recognize the truth of my condition, and so stretched out her right arm against me, instead of ministering to my spiritual necessities. But when once free from the laws of my material life I was no longer a thief, I was no longer looked upon as an evil to society, but was considered a child of God and an heir of heaven, with a mission to perform; and, though I know it can be performed only through great sorrow and suffering, yet I know that God will help me to discharge my work faithfully.

I have a brother still living upon the earth, holding an honorable position in society, and that brother, at times, doubts the existence of the soul after death; and even if such a thing be possible, he cannot believe that spirits ever return to earth after death. Oh brother mine! I am not dead, and to prove the truth of this you call modern delusion, I come to you to-day.

My brother will remember I was but twenty years of age when death claimed me. He will remember that fever, followed by quick consumption, caused my death a few weeks after leaving the public institution. He will remember, also, that he did all in his power to break me of my propensity for stealing. But oh, he understood not the under-current of my nature, the irresistible power that was urging me on in the embryo of my nature, to thieve.

But oh, I come to-day, thanking him for his care, his love and sympathy; asking him to investigate that which he considers a delusion, and through which I am allowed to visit you to-day. Come meet us who people the spirit world, face to face! We will shake hands with you, and give you whatever information you may require about the spirit-land. And then perchance, if you meet in the highway of life some like myself, you will know how to treat them, spiritually, as well as physically.

My name was Adelaide Devereux. I was born in the small town— but a short distance from here—called Marshfield. I died in this, the city of Boston. [Would you like to give your brother's name?] As far as I am concerned I would; but he still lives among you, and is subject to the conditions of society—therefore I deem it prudent to withhold it, fearing it might result in temporary sorrow to him. March 24.

THE LITTLE COFFIN.

BY COUSIN BENJA.

It is standing there 'mid the dust and gloom, In the undertaker's coffin room; There's a silver pillow, and a silver hinge, There's a little plate, and silken fringe, And a satin robe with sleeves of lace, In this little rosewood burial case.

And every time I pass it by, A tear comes out and dims my eye, For I know somewhere 'mid the joy and mirth Around some happy fireside hearth, There's a little hand and a pretty face To be laid away in this rosewood case!

There's a little Nat, and a little Tim, There's a little Frank, and a little Jim; There's a little Ruth that loves to play With little Jane, and little May; But I cannot tell what name they'll trace On the tablet of this little case!

I only know some mother's heart With its little idol soon must part; That bitter tears will fall and stain This satin robe, like an urn rain; And the form she loves now to embrace, Will sleep in this little rosewood case!

And I know, (but where I cannot tell,) There's a land where the little angels dwell; Where the cherished hopes that faded here, Will grow and expand in a brighter sphere, And some little cherub there may trace Its birth from this little rosewood case! Thatchwood Cottage, 1862.

THE PURE HEART.—The springs of everlasting life are within. There are clear streams gushing up from the depths of the soul, which flow out to enliven the sphere of outward existence. But like the waters of Siloam, they "go swiftly." You must listen to catch their home; you must listen to catch their fresh verdure and the opening flowers; its presence will be known by the forms of life and beauty which gather around it. It is over thus with the pure. You may not hear the "still, small voice," or heed the silent aspiration, but there is a moral influence and a holy power which you will feel. The wilderness is made to smile, flowers of new life and beauty spring up and flourish, while an invisible presence breathes immortal fragrance through the atmosphere.

Correspondence.

Further Notes of Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Miller.

Our few weeks stay in Bradford County, Pennsylvania, was characterized with a continued and increasing interest on the part of all who attended our meetings, which shadows forth bright prospects for the future there. We held meetings every night, and two or three each Sunday we were there, (with but one or two exceptions,) which were largely attended. And a united feeling has sprung out from the interest in Centerville, and the friends have subscribed liberally toward getting a speaker located with them. They realize that "union is strength," and by a united effort will accomplish whatever they undertake.

If our friends would feel thus in many other places we think of, it would be much more productive of present happiness to themselves and to mankind. But while we, as a whole, are linked to the old Mosala dispensation, it will be "an eye for an eye," thrust for thrust, or, as I heard a clergyman say recently, "If you rap me, I will rap you."

Let us struggle hard to get above this plane, where we may, when our fellows cast stones at us, return an apple or an orange for the same. In this way we shall win them to a sense of their injustice toward us, and we shall all feel that "a soft answer turneth away wrath."

Our next stop was with a family in Smithboro, N. Y., of the old school Baptist faith, where several good demonstrations of clairvoyance were given; also manifestations of several spirit-friends, who were identified, recognized by their earth friends, who opened wide their wondering eyes, and trembled as they realized there was a power and an agency in spirit manifestations they had not even dreamed of from the reports they had listened to from gossippers and slanderers. Thus we left them, (looking toward the newly discovered light,) with a promise to revisit them, if possible.

At Tioga one evening meeting, full house, good time, enjoyed the genial hospitality of the self-sacrificing, who have long kept their fires brightly burning as beacon lights for the weary traveler. We left our blessings with them, as we planned our wings to speed on our way to Owego, to re-visit old friends, and again assist in building up the cause of reformation, where the public work had for some time been neglected. An interest was instituted, which opened the way for others, who closely followed up the work. Considering our very short notice, and the severity of the weather, our lectures were well attended in Owego. There are quite a number of the most prominent men and women of the town who are exerting a steady influence in that community, which is already telling with power in the right direction.

The friends in Binghamton had been without meetings for many long months, and the avidity with which our lectures were devoured, betrayed their deep soul-yearnings for spiritual food. The largest hall in town was nearly filled, notwithstanding the day and evening were both quite disagreeable with sleet and rain. By our several meetings, the way was paved for the Speakers' Convention, recently held there, arrangements for which, were made before we left to fill previous engagements. We found them quite faithless in regard to getting up an interest, for the present, on account of the war excitement, but left them in a very different opinion. We can never regret our first visit or new friends there.

The best results attended our efforts in Afton; two Sabbaths and several evenings were beneficially spent. Thence to Bennettsville, where the Baptist church had become divided, the one part adhering tenaciously to old stereotyped notions, the other to new notions or conditions of heresy. The seceded clique have built a new and elegant church, surpassing, as far as their means would allow, the old mother church. This made a liberal opening for us. We occupied the oldest church, a good house. This was the first effort of the kind made there. The church was packed full. Mrs. M. made one of her best efforts, almost outdoing herself. It gave the best of satisfaction. Almost a unanimous voice of approbation was voted; also a very large vote of invitation for further visits.

For "Light and Truth" still we are there. The BANNER is doing a great work. Keep its bright folds upon the breezes of heaven. For our address, see notice of speakers, &c. H. M. MILLER.

The Two Phases of Spiritualism.

I noticed in a recent number of the BANNER a paragraph, Mr. Editor, in which you say you are constantly receiving letters in regard to the mediumship of Mr. Fay. Now there are two F. Y. s, mediums; and in justice to Mr. William M. Fay, it is but fair that the public should be informed that he is not a relative of H. Melville Fay, the subject of so much controversy through the papers; neither is he concerned with him in any way before the public as a medium for physical manifestations of spirit-power, or any other power.

William M. Fay's mediumistic powers, I believe, have never been questioned, at least through the columns of the Spiritual papers. He stands to-day, probably, equal to any known medium in the exercise of power for physical manifestations. And as to his character for truth and veracity—after quite an extended acquaintance with him—I have yet to discover anything untruthful or dishonest, either in regard to his mediumship or private life; and can conscientiously recommend him to the public as a reliable medium for the class of manifestations he sits for.

Those who are looking for the manifestation of a high order of spirit-talent, through the mediumship of the Davenport, Wm. M. Fay, and others of similar powers only, are doomed to disappointment; and when sincere and honest investigators begin to closely scrutinize these spirit-manifestations, with a fixed determination of knowing the true source from whence they come, regardless of whether they emanate from low, immoral, undeveloped spirits, or spirits of a high, moral and intellectual character, the spiritual ranks will the sooner be cleared of tricksters and impostors.

The question is not whether the spirits manifesting alike with the mediums, are immoral in their nature; but are these phenomena, produced by disincarnated, self-conscious, individualized spirits, that once possessed a form similar to our own. If immoral men and women that once lived, in the firm can only prove their identity and future state of existence through an immoral source, (may be—)



LETTER FROM EMMA HARDINGE.

Messrs. Editors of the BANNER.—In your issue of March 20th, a quotation occurs from the New York Sunday Times, on the subject of my late addresses in behalf of outcast women. Had I seen that paper earlier, I should have craved of its editor the same permission for response which I now solicit from you, who in your own hearty endorsement of the New York editor's sentiments, are, as I respectfully submit, misinformed upon the peculiar subject of my efforts. From the press generally, but especially amongst the liberal editors of New York, I have met with candid criticism and most generous treatment. I am especially anxious, therefore, to be understood on what I deem a matter of such vital import to the well being of that society, whose opinions the press is mainly instrumental in forming.

By assuming that so much more good could be effected by dealing with the destitution prevailing amongst young females, and intimating that this very destitution is one of the chief causes of the vice I seek to reform, the New York Times virtually pleads against the utility of my efforts, and convinces me neither those efforts or their probable issue are as yet comprehended.

Admitting (which I do not) that destitution was one of the chief causes of the Magdalene's degradation, I should not find therein the plea for the excessive and almost solitary efforts I am now making, because I need not look around me to discover in every State bands of noble men and women, daily increasing, too, strenuously laboring to improve the condition of poor working females. Female employment societies, with their agents and lecturers, are constantly attacking me with remonstrances against the "surface work" I am pursuing, and, judging by their multitude, the friends of the destitute are legion; the public pleader for the legions of outcasts, one! The mere addition of my individual services would be superfluous, whilst the only voices that have ever been raised for the awful ranks of prostitution, are a few feeble whispers from solitary, ill-sustained homes, supported by struggling philanthropy in the face of society's bitter opposition, or the one merciful plea that for eighteen centuries has muffled the Christian's unchristian condemnation of the outcast woman; but, as I said before, I do not admit destitution to be one of the chief causes of the Magdalene's degradation—not even to be a cause, at all.

Poverty may be, and is, undoubtedly, one very strong incentive to the hapless young girl's fall; ignorance, vanity, and various other promptings, first lead the inexperienced child astray. But to how much of these is her subsequent condition attributable? I maintain that her vicious habits, broken health, profane language, repulsive life and deplorable condition as an "outcast," with all its frightful contingent consequences, is solely owing to the savage proscription of society, in crowding out of every avenue to honor, industry, or decent association, the female who has once erred. No bread that you can offer her must she eat in peace and virtue; no industry may she pursue without the howl of "cast out the harlot!" No wages, high or low, may she earn, or no purifying influences of exalted and elevating companionship may she share. This is the real cause of the outcast's degradation; and no legislation on the subject of wages, hours of labor, or improvement in the condition of the virtuous and untempted, will ever help the outcast. There are six thousand of these in New York city. They are branded with the mark of Cain, fugitives and vagabonds; and when one pleads that their punishment is too heavy for them to bear, when one votes for the first time in eighteen hundred years is raised to cry to the cruel world, and plead for pity for them, it is to be silenced with the plea that I am only meddling with the effects, and had better do something else or nothing at all.

More especially do the world of "reformers" charge this course upon me; most of this sublime brotherhood, scorning material efforts altogether, advise me to let mankind "outwork their own inabilities," and let institutions alone; "they do not believe in institutions;" "each one must be his own Saviour," &c. &c. And so for six thousand Pariahs in one city alone, who live for two, or at most four years, a life of horror indescribable, who die, starve, pollute themselves, and every one within their sphere, who stand the professed enemies of the race, compelled each night to go forth into the streets, and drag some fellow creature to their own level of sin, or starve on the morrow—for six thousand young, perishing creatures, whom society first hounds into the gutters, because they have sinned, and then compels to keep sinning for their daily dole of bread, nothing must be done, because we cannot actually reach the primal cause of their condition. As to the cure, this is an idea that never seems to occur to any one. Whilst it is asserted that prevention lies in improving the condition of the operative female, and changing the current of public opinion toward the unchaste woman, and directing it toward her partner in guilt, it never seems to be considered that to effect the first, whole generations must pass, during which countless thousands of young, fair creatures are offered up victims on the annual Holocaust of the world's neglect and lust, and to do the second, the law giver man must condemn himself, or legislate the world into Christ-like charity for the Magdalene.

In my simple judgment, the existence of at least two hundred thousand of these miserable beings on this continent, is of itself a plea which is enough, without any inquiry whatsoever into causes, to demand prompt and efficient help. Either they are sinners of a dye as deep as the first manlyer, to have incurred his doom, or we are guilty of their horrible degradation, by forcing that doom unjustly on them.

If they are thus sinful, where is the law against them? If the law excuses them, by what right do we visit on them the most tremendous penalty ever stamped on sin? In the one case, society is grossly wronged to be unprotected by law against them; in the other, they are miserably wronged by society, to be condemned when the law excuses them. And all this is to go on untouched, without institutions to relieve, agitation to inquire into, or legislation to deal with them, simply because we cannot touch the real cause. But if we cannot grapple with this—which I again maintain to be, first, with the sinner, and, secondly, with the world's treatment of the sinner—at least we can do something for an ever-present urgent evil, destructive alike of the moral, morality and well-being of society, and horrible to contemplate in the neglected victim herself. Besides, it is not yet proved that in dealing with the effects we fail to touch the cause. Let candid thinkers recall the movements for reform in temperance, juvenile depravity, prison discipline, &c., &c., and

they will find that the formation of every ragged school, inebriate home, or penitentiary, becomes the centre of investigation, suggestion and reform, in the whole system of evil dealt with. That whenever money and effort are demanded to deal with effects, they immediately become promptings to search into and set upon causes, and that society is never moved so powerfully in the direction of reform, as when enlisted in remedial efforts.

But even if we did not hope—ay, and feel sure that remedial efforts would ramify into causation, shall we have no infirmaries and hospitals until we have made railways secure, and provided against all the accidents and diseases that fill them? If my friends will look a little below the surface, they will find that every institution is in itself a centre of investigation and reform in all that concerns alike the cause and effect of the condition to be dealt with—and it is because no institutions of any importance, no effort of any general character, no thorough or searching system of relief or reform has been ever attempted for the "Outcast Woman;" that she remains the world's problem, said to be incurable, hopeless, and even, oh shame and libel to humanity, even, "a necessary evil!" and thus it is that when I venture to pour into the public ear the irritating and of course unwelcome tale of society's barbarous usage of the unchaste woman, people are so exceedingly annoyed at seeing their own faces in the mirror, that they are glad to revert to any evasion to get rid of the subject. Reformers (may Heaven consolidate their gas into substance!) seek to demolish me by the airy swords of their abstractions; little private asylums that employ comfortably, respectfully salaried officials, and never did, or can, in their exceeding seclusion, begin to touch public opinion (the only real cause of the outcasts' degradation) open full mouthed upon my new fangled scheme, and point to the glorious work they have accomplished in praying some fifty out of the six thousand outcasts of New York into reformation and piety, and ask what the restless agitator wants more, and whether a little one horse vehicle that will hold a dozen penitents will not answer all the purpose of a full train of cars, whose presumptuous claims to public attention may perhaps, so bear down upon the world, that it may not only destroy the monopoly of said little one horse vehicles, but actually impinge at last upon the cause of causes, now enthroned in full security in the lap of public opinion, which is, at present, sufficiently appeased for outraged honor in the crime of unobedience, when she visits the full penalty of the offence on the weak and ignorant, and lets the strong and educated participator go free.

Again I repeat my obligations to the New York press, generally, in support of this, the most arduous and seemingly hopeless work ever yet attempted by way of reform, and to the ever kind and generous BANNER OF LIGHT, particularly, for the same. It grieves me to differ with friends so valued, and aids so necessary as either; but the subject has ever been treated so superficially, that I feel it is absolutely necessary if any good is to be accomplished in this overwhelming evil, to search it through, root and branch, and if we cannot deal with both, why, 'e'en try one at a time; anything rather than "letting it alone." And I cannot better conclude this article than by quoting the words of one of the members of the New York Legislature, whose august body it has been my lot to spend the last three weeks in severe efforts as draining for an appropriation in aid of the institution aforesaid, and by whom I must in honor and gratitude acknowledge, I have been listened to with more sympathy, individual interest, and generous appreciation, both of my own poor efforts and their ultimate results, than I have as yet experienced in any other quarter in my whole three years arduous pilgrimage throughout the State.

"I, as a man and a citizen, am thankful to you, Miss Hardinge, for awakening us to a sense of our culpable laxity on this question. We cherish in our very midst thousands of unhappy criminals, made so and kept so whether they will or no. Each one must ply the trade of destruction to others or perish herself, and we have neither legislation to punish her if sinful, or protect her if sinned against. We crowd her down into being an outcast, and then despise her because she is one, and prevent her from being anything else. For her sake, as well as our own, in the name of God and man alike, we are bound to do something for the Outcast Woman."

And I re-echo the cry, and though those who will no are scarce and slow to come forward, and although the subject so far from being my "favorite," is rather the constant drain of my health, time, means, and very life, and is only adopted by me because it is the one great evil that no other reformer seems willing to touch, and is in aid of a class the most forlorn and friendless in Creation, so I purpose to cease only when I see a chance of founding the proposed institution, (hateful as the word may sound in transcendental ears), and as I have happily found amongst the New York Legislature, some noble gentlemen who were not ashamed to receive a suggestion in municipal reform from a woman, and she a foreigner; and in New York City, an association of generous, high-souled men have already formed themselves into a corporate body to promote the execution of this work, I live in the fervent hope that this century will render the long delayed atonement to the Magdalene which the world owes her, by rendering the merciful Master's charge of "Go and sin no more," no longer an impossibility. I am, dear friends of the BANNER OF LIGHT,

Yours for the truth,  
EMMA HARDINGE.

ISLAND NO. TEN.—The whole process of capturing this island is so exceedingly neat that it has an almost artistic beauty. A novelist could not have devised anything more complete. There was no element wanting to give entire satisfaction. The delay had been long enough to convince every one of the danger and difficulty to be met. The object to be attained was of the highest importance. The dashing feats of Col. Roberts and his party in spiking the guns, and of the commanders of the Carondelet and Pittsburg in running the blockade, and of Gen. Pope's force in gaining the Kentucky shore, stirred the heart. And at last all was taken without the loss of a man on our side. Cannon, munitions, provisions, transports, Grampus, turtle, generals, soldiers and all fell into our hands. The success was perfect. Was there ever a more complete and artistic beauty in a military achievement? It was like a perfect epic.—Providence Journal.

A BARNEY OUN.—A lottery was started in Newburyport, the other day, to sell a picture. It was not a gambling scheme, but on the plan of the Art Union—the tickets at a quarter. An Irishman invited to purchase, looked at his quarter and declined; when a Yankee standing by—said, "Purchase, Jim, and I will take your chance for ninepence, so that you'll not lose more than half of it." The Irishman was pleased with the offer, took the ticket at twenty-five cents, and handed it to his Yankee friend for half that sum; congratulating himself that he should not lose more than half what he had betwixt the night.—Boston Herald.

Written for the Banner of Light. GENEVA.

BY BELLE BUSH.

PART I.

She stands before me, calm and bright,  
A wanderer from her native skies,  
As fair as when the morn's pure light  
First tracked her way with amber dyes.  
A form bequeathed to other years,  
She walks the antique halls of time,  
And in her radiant youth, appears  
A spirit of the Orient clime.

And as I gaze upon her now,  
I see no more the cold, pale stone,  
But dream that 'neath the marble's glow  
A heart lies throbbing, like my own;  
And from her lips, so finely wrought,  
The fragrant life-breath comes and goes,  
And the pure gleam of heavenly thought  
Mysterious o'er her features flows.

And Fancy, roused at her command,  
Bends gaily o'er life's ancient streams,  
Till 'cross the waves her smiles expand  
Into the golden bridge of dreams,  
Whence floating down from arch to arch,  
I see a shining band draw nigh,  
And, joining in their mystic march,  
I greet Italia's burning sky!

When lo! a waving, shadowy hand  
Seems pointing to the halls of Eld—  
The old and stately homes that stand  
On shores her sunny eyes behold;  
When glancing through their dusky aisles,  
I see a gay and princely train  
Sweeping along in scented files,  
To win at length the secret fane.

And sweet as sounds that thrill the air,  
When music strikes her joyous shells,  
On the light breeze that murmured there—  
Comes the soft chime of marriage bells,  
And then appears in all her pride  
The peerless star of Beauty's throng,  
And bright forms gathered at her side,  
Thus weave for her a bridal song:

SONG.  
She comes in her beauty,  
Pearls wreathing her hair—  
No maid at the altar  
Was ever more fair.

The smiles of the sunbeams  
Have slept in her eyes,  
Till softly they mirror  
The hue of the skies.

Where her foot lightly resteth  
Gay blossoms bend down,  
And the sky of the future  
Wears never a frown.

Ere the sun of to-morrow  
Leaps up from his cave,  
Ere the beam of his mantle  
Sinks down in the wave—

Ere the tips of his fingers  
Are seen in the West,  
Her heart shall be wedded—  
Her spirit at rest.

At the pure shrine of Eros  
Is lighted the torch;  
His smiles never weary,  
His flames never scorch.

She comes, a young Hebe,  
With footsteps of pride;  
Let the heart that adores her  
Now welcome his bride.

PART II.  
The soft sounds cease, the gay procession moves,  
Then fades the echo of the last low note;  
And Fancy, now, o'er waves whose sadness roves,  
Glees slowly onward in her ebullient boat.

Night shades Geneva's home, and lights are streaming  
From turret windows o'er bannered walls  
Of Hope and Mirth. Is this the joy-ray gleaming,  
For feast and revel in her father's halls?

No, not o'er pleasure is the torch glare shed,  
Grim sorrow trails her black robes thro' the throng;  
The splendid pageant of the morn is dead,  
Flushed the sweet laughter, the exulting song;

And anxious groups, with low'ring brows, are treading  
In trembling light, the tessellated floors—  
While pale, bright maids, with noiseless steps, are  
 threading.

In fruitless search, the long, dark corridors,  
"And where, where is she?" with a smothered sigh  
Is breathed from parted lips, all white with fear,  
While wild amazement gleams from every eye,  
And keen suspense keeps back the half formed tear.

She comes not! She, the beautiful, the Bride,  
From the young triumph of her love is gone!  
And hearts that blessed and made her all their pride,  
Grow sick with grief—and time moves slowly on.

At morn she comes not! Weeks and months go by,  
Weaving their light threads in the woof of time—  
But never more her slight form, floating nigh,  
Dawns on her lover's sight, in her sweet prime.

But lingering there in the still evening shades,  
Beside those moated towers, grown old and gray,  
Striking their mournful harps, at lovely maids,  
Who chant for her a melancholy lay:

L A Y.  
We mourn the fair Geneva! She has fled;  
Her soft eye lights no more her father's hall,  
But grief sits there and weaves her raven pall,  
And the dark night comes down—

Since she has fled!  
Where stays she, none can tell! If she be dead,  
No friendly tear falls on her resting-place;  
She went away and left no line or trace—  
Her fate is mystery.

Since she has fled!  
Ye lovely blossoms, be your odors shed  
No more in sweetness through her lonely bowers,  
But fade away and veil your heavenly dower—  
We have no need for you.

Since she has fled!  
Ye greenwood aisles, which echoed to her tread,  
Oh! let the sunlight visit you no more!  
Strow with dead leaves and flowers your vernal floor,  
And let cold winter come.

For she has fled!  
And thro' poor heart to whom bright hopes were wed,  
When first thine eye looked on her waving hair,  
Bend from your manly grief and clasp despair,  
For she, the beautiful,

Your Bride, hath fled!  
As dies the last notes of that solemn strain,  
Thought travels down the steps of many years,  
Till soon are the hoary ruins that remain  
Of walls that echoed once to human hopes and fears.

Dark shadows mantle now Geneva's home—  
In hopeless grief her parents passed away;  
And the cold eyes of restless strangers roam  
O'er the dark mouldering pile, the spoil of old decay.

The poem poem was suggested to the author on seeing an exquisite marble bust of Geneva, executed by Hiram Powers. The story of Geneva's maidhood death is doubtless familiar to most readers.

From room to room they pass, and the quick stroke

Of ax and mallet, echo strangely there;  
And drawy owlets from their slumbers woke,  
Back to their ancient wood wheel slowly thro' the air.  
And in a stored chamber, vast and dim,  
In speechless wonder stand a trembling crowd  
Around an open chest that holds within  
A ghastly form, wrapped in a strange, white shroud.  
Oh! world of marvels, deep and dark, and strong,  
Are the high powers that make or mar our doom;  
But no more fearful springs to fate belong  
Than the rude one that shut Geneva's tomb!  
She slumbered there, the beautiful, the Bride!  
All the fair loveliness of life decayed;  
In woe, in agony, alone, she died!  
And the dear eyes of love no'er saw where she was laid.

PART III.

Time traveled on! To peaceful Arno's side—  
Building up lofty dreams—a Sculptor came;  
And through his spirit-chambers evermore,  
Hope shone afar, like a pale Pharos flame.

In that bright light, where streams of silvery song  
Glow in soft ripples to the earnest heart—  
Near her lone shrines, her ruined homes among,  
Rising at his approach, thus sang sweet Mother-Art:

SONG.  
O! soul of the Sculptor,  
From realms of the past,  
To walk with thy future,  
I greet thee at last!  
Come enter my temples,  
Bend low at their shrine,  
New embers are lighted,  
The spark is divine.

Be clothed in my brightness,  
Turn hither thine eye,  
Behold in my image,  
Thy own Adon-Ai!

Grasp firmly the chisel  
And shape the rough stone,  
Till the sunlight of life  
O'er the pulseless is thrown;  
Let the form of the human  
Arise from the clay;  
Mould nicely the features  
That never decay.

To the aid of thy genius  
My spirit is nigh;  
Behold me in brightness,  
Thy own Adon-Ai!

Let the visions of beauty  
That dawn on thy soul  
Flow into the marble,  
As thought to its goal.  
And far o'er the ocean  
Shall echo thy fame,  
And the heart of thy country  
Be proud of thy name.

I hall thee with gladness,  
Thy triumph is nigh;  
Behold me in brightness,  
Thy own Adon-Ai!

Now unto, but waving still her hand,  
Fair Art smiled back the twilight gloom;  
And lovely shapes at her command  
Went floating through the Sculptor's room.

And fast and fairest of them all,  
Geneva led the star-bright train,  
And lingered there till on the wall  
The bright'ning morn-ray crept again.

And then the mast'ring thought was won,  
The Sculptor bent him to his toil;  
And off the swift returning sun  
Behold him mid his heat and soil—

Till before him in her brightness,  
Crowned with beautiful womanhood,  
In the marble's pearly whiteness,  
She, the radiant maiden, stood!

And as some spirit, shut from sight,  
Or hermit dweller in his cell,  
Dreams of the glittering orbs of night,  
And feels within his holy spell—

Thus now, beside his finished task,  
The Artist's vision roamed afar,  
Letting his high ambition back  
Beneath his country's rising star.

Then to her shores, with greetings sent,  
The Bride of mournful memories came,  
And the fond eyes now on her bent  
Are those that gleam with friendship's flame.

And as within that earnest soul,  
Where beauty sheds her purest beams,  
Her fleeting shadow softly stole,  
And waked him to sublimest themes—

Ever thus her image here imparts  
Strength and new pinions to the mind,  
Till from this lower plane it starts  
To the star-realms of joys refined.

While dwelling on her mournful fate  
Mysterious seemed life's lengthening chain,  
But yearning for her present state,  
I see the golden links grow plain.

The doom to which our watchful fears,  
Too often give the saddest name,  
May wake for us in after years  
The Naphtha lamp of deathless fame.

This "Balm of Souls," O! lovely Art,  
This is thy high o'ermastering sway;  
Up from the dust thy children start,  
And soul-beams tremble o'er the clay.

And those who worship at thy shrine  
Feel most where pure enjoyment lies;  
They track the steps of the Divine,  
And catch a glimpse of Paradise!

\* Adon Ai: a spiritual character in Bulwer's "Zanoni," who is represented as having mysterious powers of control over the hero of the story. We have placed Art in the same relation to the Sculptor, hence the use of the same Adon-Ai.

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