

# BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XI.

{WILLIAM WHITE & COMPANY,}  
Publishers and Proprietors.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1862.

{TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR,}  
Payable in Advance.

NO. 8.

## Literary Department.

### LYONEL HARRINGTON.

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

#### CHAPTER XXVIII.

##### The Count von Wabern.

The simple, but handsome traveling carriage stopped before the castle, while the Minister was chatting with Lyonel in the garden. Without a word of apology, he broke off the conversation and hastened to receive the new comer. He hurried off so suddenly that he even forgot his age, and the external dignity of manner he invariably maintained. Lyonel remained quietly at his place in the garden, and from thence looked upon the first greetings. On the part of the Minister they were deeply deferential; on that of the newly arrived, pleasantly, friendly, as the greetings bestowed upon old acquaintances.

The count was descended from one of the most ancient noble families, and he was looked upon in the house of Urmig as one of the wealthiest land owners in Germany; this they had told the American.

The counsellor soon made his appearance; then a number of servants, who busily surrounded the carriage. In order to give time for the first confusion attendant upon a fresh arrival to subside, Lyonel withdrew to the back ground of the garden.

It was pardonable that his thought, when he found himself alone, should revert to the unexpected occurrence on the marble staircase. He contrasted Cecilia in her modest humility with the beautiful but frivolous court lady. How different and far superior she appeared; the loving, artless, shepherdess, from the wealthy countess, who had received her culture from all the masters of the art of pleasing; from the lips of flattering admirers; through the experience of life in cities, and from reading in the most intimate love poems and stories that abounded in her time. The saint in the valley became still more sacred to his heart.

He returned to the castle. The Urmig family were still assembled around the stranger in the library hall. He was a fine looking man in the thirties, of a well-built, slender figure, and proud bearing, somewhat of a military carriage. He was simply clad in a summer traveling suit of a dark color, that was carefully arranged, and in accordance with the latest fashion.

"Mr. Lyonel Harrington, from the United States of America," said the Minister, as he presented Lyonel to the count; then turning again, he said to Lyonel, "the Count von Wabern;" several light bows, and a few pleasant words followed the introduction.

It is not worth while to give an account of the dinners, excursions, visits to neighboring noblemen, balls, illuminations, and fire works, that made of the day a perpetual festival, since the arrival of the count; nor how in the intimacy of country life, the first restraint wore off, and each approached the other in friendly guise, honoring and admiring; not deeming themselves observers nor observed.

It did not escape Lyonel's observation, however, that since the arrival of Wabern, he was treated, if not with neglect, yet with a sort of indifference, while Gabriella and the count were regarded with especial attention and preference. He was not in the least jealous; the count had the charm of novelty; and the difference in the rank of a count and countess and a citizen of America, he knew would not fall of having its effect upon etiquette. But even the Counsellor Rainer, although cordial as ever, betrayed in his manner on the very next day, a degree of embarrassment that was unaccountable; and the lovely Gabriella, who at first had favored him with her candidly avowed preference, made no distinction between him and the count; one as well as the other seemed to have gained her smiles. The cause of this was perhaps not entirely owing to the fickleness of the lady, but to Lyonel's consistent reserve toward the conquest-loving beauty. He remained as distant and as near to her, as when he made his first appearance in the park; even the ordeal upon the stairway had made in him no change.

Gabriella was not insensible to the external attractions of the count, with his majestic air and looks of gold; nor was she unimpaired of the admiring glances of his eyes, when she smiled upon him; or how he gazed upon her when her looks were turned away; how gloomily he knit his brows when she turned with like amiability to speak or listen to the American. At last he seldom moved from beside her, and was almost silent when she was absent. The very tones of his voice in addressing to her the most insignificant phrase, sounded like homage and adoration.

Toward all the other persons at the castle, with perhaps the exception of Leonie, he maintained an affably distant manner, joined to a degree of consideration of which he seemed unconscious; this assumption of superior station he did not lay aside, even with the Minister. He observed the American with the lurking eyes of a falcon, as if continually questioning, "Who are you?" No doubt he feared him as a rival. In their social intercourse, he guarded the utmost politeness, but ever in his words was wafted a something cold and distant and haughty, commanding, to the comprehension of the

That Lyonel would not, like the rest, seek the favor of the individual so courted by all, may well be imagined. According to his maxim, he became, without giving himself away, only that, and so much to another, as that other would be to him. Probably, as is often the case in the world, each misapprehended the other. The count was misled by a glancing and growing jealousy; and still more by the contradictory judgment of the household regarding the American. The equivocal expressions of the Minister, that shrewd, experienced man of the world, seemed to him to arrive nearest the truth. And the opportunity was not wanting to convince himself in that respect.

#### CHAPTER XXIX.

##### A Felice Dispute.

One and the other had been allured by the beauty of the morning to a walk in the park. It was very early, not yet sunrise. Both surprised to meet at an hour usually devoted to morning dreams, remained standing; both seemed to hail their meeting as a fitting opportunity of reading the opponent's character more deeply than heretofore. From the beauty and glory of the morning, the pleasant retreat that surrounded them, the conversation turned to the family at the villa, to the peculiar good qualities of each member there.

"Since the few days of my sojourn here, I feel like one bound fast by magic," said the count. "It will be difficult for me to part from this charming place. I doubt not, none the less to you. They speak of your near departure. But you, I imagine, will not return to your Colony entirely without home-sickness; and not without taking with you the remains of the beautiful; or perhaps," he added, smiling, "the most beautiful will accompany you across the sea."

Lyonel thought of the angel in Saint Catherine's Vale, and felt his face flush slightly, but quickly composing himself, he replied:

"The beautiful I find in my own home; the most beautiful will be my remembrance of Lichtenhelm." His answer and the suffusion of his face caused the heart of the count to contract painfully; in order to conceal this and to say something, he went on:

"Wonderful! yes, wonderful that a man of cultivated mind should feel more at ease in his primeval forests of America, than in the enjoyment of all that art and science can unfold in older nations, of the great and useful. I have heard the same from others who for a long time have lived among savages. How is this?"

"Probably, Sir Count, because for men in that hemisphere, Nature is the most natural; and the constraint of the civilization of to-day, however dazzling it may appear, is constraint still. One feels more comfortable after undressing at night, in bed, more at ease, than by day encased in our coat of parade."

"A curious reason; but you are a Republican, Mr. Harrington, and perhaps wish for us your sort of happiness, in becoming children of Nature."

"I was not just thinking of that. I do not belong to Rousseau's children of Nature. Sir Count, Monarchy and Republic are both equally honorable, for both are in accordance with Nature. We, in America, call our hereditary King, the President; you call your hereditary President, King, or Duke. Hereditary claims to the Chair of State, have their advantages and disadvantages, so with the opposite views; as all in the world has its double as pest. If only in one as the other, the principle is embodied that gives to each citizen his equal rights; that does not limp in the distance after the spirit of the century, we can be content. Here, Sir Count, you have, as I believe you desire to know, my political confession of faith."

"Excuse me, I thought not of it, but since we have come to this point, let us continue. Even if I do not fully agree with you, we shall not quarrel. You place an equal worth on Monarchy and Republicanism. I cannot; although, like you, I honor the natural rights of men and the people. I also honor the right of descent, because, in accordance with Nature, it has grown out of the gradual development of the nations. One grain of national liberty too much, is a ton of national misfortune. Contrast the people famed for their liberties with the contented repose of the strictly monarchial. Think of the continued surging of your United States; of the unceasing inner confusions and agitations in England, France, Switzerland, Spain. I would rather eat my bread beneath the sceptre of a Sultan, than beneath the outgold of a self-sovereign people; even the Sultan is a human being, and can have better hours in his day; a thousand-headed sovereignty never has."

"By all means, Sir Count. Even the despot, with his foot upon the necks of his subjects, can uplift his iron hands in prayer to heaven. I believe it, Sceptre or outgold, in the hands of lawlessness, both are accursed. But the peaceful repose that you praise, may be the repose of sleep, or that of decay; men and nations that are awake do not envy the dead. I am the man for a monarchy where the throne and state power are the inheritance of the Princes, and the right to the legislature is the inheritance of the waking people; there is an association and participation for the good of all. And when that is wanting, I would rather live in the smallest of European republics, than beneath the greatest Autocrat."

Wabern gave him a sidelong glance, and with a mocking smile, replied:

"Every one to his taste. Have you then been particularly well pleased with the Republic of St. Martin, or with Andorra, in the Pyrenees? Those, I believe, are the smallest."

"I ask your pardon," responded Lyonel, who had not lost the jeering smile. "I thought of the Republic of Gout, also in the Pyrenees, that is situated on a mountain, three or four thousand feet high, over the springs of Eauz Boueas. It is, I believe, the smallest; independent from the oldest time, and forgotten by the rest of the world, forgotten even in all the treatises of France and Spain. It consists of a few scattered huts; numbers scarcely fifty inhabitants, and is governed by five Elders only. But there dwells simplicity of manners, honesty, common sense and freedom beneath every roof. I lived three days there, and I recall them as among the most interesting ones that I have spent in Europe."

"Ahem! little pigmy States like that, forgotten in all the treatises of the great powers, you can find in Poland, Bohemia, England, even in Germany; freer than your Republic of fifty souls. You should know the life and doings of our gipsy republics. But seriously, Mr. Harrington, for I believe you are jesting, have you really, in our monarchial countries, met with unhappy natures? Nothing humanly great, nobly created? Has the upspringing of art and science, the fullness of the bloom of civilization, no charms for you? Have you found less honesty and virtue with us than exist with you in your America, so rich in bankruptcies, robberies, mobs and slave dealers?"

"Sir Count, everywhere it is the same; in New York, New Orleans, Philadelphia, as in Paris, London, Berlin; as everywhere, in large cities, where great masses poison each other with their breath. Yes, I have seen much that is great and good and worthy of admiration in Europe. But, Sir Count, you seem desirous of giving our conversation a direction I had not intended. We were speaking, if I mistake not, of despotism and liberal State arrangements."

"We have no more despots in Europe, unless you name the Sultan of Stambul, Mr. Harrington; and if not every where great and intellectual Princes, at least, benevolent men and women upon thrones."

"I wish you joy, Sir Count, if Don Miguel is the last tyrant, or Ferdinand of Spain, or Charles the Tenth of France, were the last kings that broke their words to the people. Once, I acknowledge, next to Frederic the Great, I revered the intellectual Catherine the Great; although almost too sentimental, she erected a monument to her lap-dog, in place of dedicating it to the noblest of her people. But, when I visited the dining hall of her palace, and saw the horrible paintings of Casanova, the portrayal of the fearful massacres at the conquest of Oczakov and Ismail, that she gazed upon without destroying her appetite; as I visited the knout manufactory in Kasaan, where annually millions of outcasts and straps are prepared, I was overcome with abhorrence."

"May be," interrupted Wabern, "you will not of this as an example. Russia is still in process of development; it is growing out of Asia. Do you not know that Peter the Great wished those kings joy who could govern their people with laws, in place of the knout? And yet he was compelled to use the knout on his barbarians, as the father in the education of his willful child must use the rod. We were speaking of civilized nations."

"Where sometimes censorship and mandates regulating the faith, letters de cachet, or cabinet orders, have rendered the knout and the rod alike superfluous."

"Yes, sir, and they are always useful where they are necessary," cried the Count, somewhat sharply. "And they are most needed where the political giddiness must be led back into sobriety. Let us not judge of the actions of Princes as of the actions of private persons. Every Prince, and you cannot take this belief from me, sees from the throne further and more, than does the common citizen. He is in the place of God, and is accountable to him only, and is by birth and blood a nobler being than we of an inferior station. A citizen upon the throne, a Cromwell, a Buonaparte, remains even there for his lifetime, a citizen; the genuine, pure greatness of Princes will be forever wanting."

"I, too, Sir Count, will honor your political creed, sorry as I must feel for our glorious citizen, Washington! Napoleon was the son of an advocate; King Charles the Fourteenth of Sweden was the same; Royer, President of the Republic of Hayti, was formerly an honest tailor; Theodor Kolokotroni, the great man of the New Greeks, only a robber's son. I could name some others, you will say, *parvenus*, upstarts! We have seen plebeians soar upwards to high distinction, and Princes come down. Let us leave God to rule! The lustre of the throne cannot be bestowed by the Jeweller; it is given by the wisdom, justice and humanity of him who holds it. Believe me, I am not one of the systematically foolish foes of Kings. I know, and love and honor many of the present monarchs, among your Germans also. Not only royally great, but humanely great and noble are some of these."

"Only some of them? And some, perhaps, humanely little, Mr. Harrington; do you not think so? I believe that our Princes would not have lost so much of the reverence and esteem of the people, if they had been less popularly affable; but had retained more of the old divine rights of their ancestors. I think so, sir."

"In jest or earnest, Sir Count? The French emigrants formerly imagined that the Revolution would never have come to pass, if Louis the Sixteenth had shown more of Oriental supremacy in splendor and exclusiveness; if the Queen Marie Antoinette had more strictly observed the Court *ton* and etiquette. They thought not that it was themselves that in their pride and arrogance surrounded and darkened the throne with their uniforms, gowns and festival ar-

ray, until it became abhorred. How fatherly and venerable are your German Princes, your Kings of Prussia, Wurtemberg, Saxony, and others, standing simply in the midst of their subjects, and yet beloved and great! Indeed, the divine lustre of Kings arises not from the workshops of their Jewellers, their tailors and architects."

"Enough of that chapter, sir!" angrily exclaimed the Count. "We do not understand each other; you speak American, I the European tongue; it is better each of us takes his own way." With these words and a slight bow, the European left the spot, leaving the American in surprise at his altered manner.

#### CHAPTER XXX.

##### The Departure.

Lyonel looked after him without comprehending how he could have offended him, for the Count seemed displeased at something; but it did not long trouble our traveler, who returned to his inn without the slightest loss of his good humor. He wrote several letters, and toward noon returned at the accustomed hour to the villa.

But a strange spirit seemed to have taken possession there. In the place of the former cordiality and cheerfulness, he was received with cool politeness; the Minister, after the first greeting, turned his back upon him, the Count was silent and frosty, Leonie replied to him with timid constraint. Even the Counsellor was singularly embarrassed. Only the Countess Gabriella, as he kissed her hand, favored him with a slight pressure of hers and a kindly smile, but even the smile was grave, and bore an expression of consoling pity. She left him standing and returned not to him again.

The conversation, forced as it was, continued wearily, and was but seldom addressed to him. Several noblemen from the neighborhood made their appearance; all were received with cheerful faces, but for him there was not one. At the table, when amid sounding glasses and merry jests the social joy had gained a freer speech and fuller expansion, Lyonel sat silently, and felt that he was enacting the part of one who could be missed, and that that part was given him purposely. He felt deeply wounded by this conduct, for which he could assign no reason; but he evinced not in voice or manner that he felt or noticed it.

When the numerous company arose from the table and dispersed along the garden walks, Lyonel sought his friend the Counsellor in order to question him.

"For heaven's sake, do inform me what demon has so suddenly changed all hearts and minds toward me?" he asked, as soon as he had found the son of the Minister in one of the avenues. "I seem to be in the way here. Speak to me openly. Have I, without my knowledge, done ought to offend any of your loved ones? I confess to you I feel hurt by the change that is displayed."

"Be tranquil," replied the Counsellor, with his usual good nature, as he took Lyonel's arm and drew him into an alley of vines overhung with shade. "We will talk without interruption. The ugly story cannot be more painful to you than it is to me. You know my father, from the first, harbored a certain prejudice against you."

"Call it by the right name—a suspicion. He takes me for a political emissary of young Europe, or young Germany, or for a Communist, or the Lord knows what."

"It is possible, my dear Harrington. You must forgive the man who, in his advanced age, cannot chase away certain ideas that have taken root in the circle of his thoughts from early youth."

"I have nothing to forgive your father. I honor his opinions. May he pardon me for having grown up under other circumstances, and for being younger than he is."

"You know, my dear friend, every one retains something of the avocation he pursues. As Chief of the Police department for many years, he espies mischief everywhere. So it is that, since the first days of your acquaintance, your person, and all that relates to you, appears enigmatical to him; your descent, your travels and their aim, your peculiar circumstances—in short, all your doings at home and abroad."

"But, unfortunately, I cannot make myself different, nor appear except as I am."

"I understand it. Alas, the entire art of our social intercourse consists, in our day, of delusive adornment of self toward others, and of cunning distrust, on the other hand, against the like artfulness in the rest. That is the essential aim of all so-called higher education. Therefore, in old age, after many an endured deception, we are often more suspicious; while as young persons, we were artless and often more confiding than we should be. And now to return to our trouble. I will believe you are innocent. Yes, you are, for we found ourselves compelled to veil from you certain circumstances relating to our house. This caused you to mistake—and now—the incident—"

"Why do you hesitate, my dear Urmig? Speak out the worst! What incident?"

"Give me your hand and word of honor, my friend, to keep that a secret which I will tell you concerning certain persons."

"Here, you have my hand and word of honor."

"You paid attentions to the Countess von Feld-Hits; you cannot entirely deny it. Your suit to this most amiable young lady—"

"I beg pardon, there was no suit! I conducted myself toward the Countess as every gentleman of good breeding should. I stood in no closer connection with her than with your kind lady sister."

"Oh, Harrington!" whispered the Counsellor, gazing searchingly into his eyes. "And the meeting on the stairs of the Castle? You were watched. The more than friendly scene was witnessed."

Lyonel replied without hesitation:

"Is that all? I did what you also would have done. Not without danger to myself did I save her from falling. And what perhaps—"

"No apologies, my friend! The Countess, as you call her, is young, lively, wilful, even now and then—I do not blame you for anything, for you did not guess—well, you have given your word of honor! Now you may be informed of it. Gabriella is the Princess, daughter of our reigning Duke; she is the betrothed of the Prince Louis, and this hereditary Prince is the Count Wabern himself."

Lyonel gazed upon his friend in speechless amazement, and murmured:

"How could I dream of that? Had you given me the slightest hint? I—"

"It was, and is, in part, yet a secret. The princely pair did not know each other personally; the marriage was agreed upon through negotiation between both Courts. There is a little surprise in preparation; therefore the incognito of the hereditary Prince and that of the Princess. It is done at the request of the Prince, and in our house the first meeting of the illustrious pair took place. Prince Louis was to have been mystified at first, but the idea was rejected. He knows his betrothed, but she knows not his identity with that of her intended; he has become her passionate adorer."

"That is charming! Like a story from the Arabian Nights. So, so I never could have dreamed that a prince would be pleased in finding himself the hero of such a romance!" cried Lyonel, laughing.

"How did you happen to offend him this morning, my dear Harrington? He came out of the Park in an ill humor, and expressed himself quite indignantly concerning you to my father and self."

"Offended, was he? Wherefore? What with? We had a conversation, an insignificant difference of opinion, that is all. He seemed, indeed, to be unpleasantly touched, by I know not what. Or, perhaps, his Highness is not accustomed to contradiction. He left me, were he not a prince, I would say in a very unbecoming manner. Ah, now it is clear to me! Therefore the universal gloom and coldness, or, rather, the unconcealed indignation against me poor sinner! A prince has felt his dignity insulted. I must submit in such a case. But, dearest Urmig, at least I should not be condemned without permission to defend myself."

"Friend, it is not alone for that. There has been another report about you—a very disagreeable one. I did not believe a word of it, only on account of the filthy source from whence the falsehood came. I feel grieved that my father, in his indignation, related it in presence of the Count, the Countess, and my sister—you see we sat in conversation round the breakfast table when my father read the letter concerning you. Perhaps he wished to triumph a little over me, because I always took your part against him. Enough, I remain unbelieving, despite of it, that all without exception—"

"Have you broken the staff upon me?" interrupted Lyonel, as he heartily pressed the Counsellor's hand. "Thank you, you are a true, a genuine friend. Now please continue."

"You know, as I have heard, but was not before aware of, our former tenant, Trolle, the rascal in Saint Catherine's Vale? You never mentioned a word of it to me."

"Trolle? The man did not seem to me of sufficient importance to waste any words upon him."

"Then you knew him? Well, as we were assembled around the breakfast table, a letter was brought in from this man. My father read it to himself with strange gestures, and making glances at me. Then he gave us the news, with sarcastic remarks of his own, directed against you and myself."

"You make me anxious, Counsellor; what were the news?"

"Father folded the letter, and did not reveal the entire contents; leaving us to suppose out of regard to the ladies present."

"But, I entreat you, what news did it bring?"

"Well, it concerned—" continued the Herr von Urmig with considerable hesitation—"a sort of love affair, in which you were involved in the valley yonder; too familiar an intimacy with—with how shall I name it—with a female of not the best reputation."

Lyonel turned pale at this announcement; then the blood returned in a crimson tide to his face. The Counsellor noted the changes, but guarded himself against saying more.

The American inquired, however, with a firmer voice: "Know you of a Cecilia Angel, who lives there with an uncle, an old Hussar?"

"I do not; the name is not one with which I am acquainted."

"Do you know the farmer, or steward Trolle?"

"Know him? Of course I do."

"Well, then, I have nothing more to say. You will not expect that I shall defend myself against the calumnies of a man, who, in his beastly nature, beholds nothing that is pure; and who takes me for one like himself. He must be made of a different material before I could feel anger on his account! But you must know the old Sergeant of Hussars, Tobias Thork?"

"Not at all, personally. We have not troubled ourselves about the people behind there; and we seldom visit the Catherine Vale. I only know, that on the recommendation of a General, a friend of my father's, the old decaying barrack was given to the



discharged soldier; and that on several occasions we had secured him against the quarrelsome nature of the somewhat coarse farmer. Since then we have heard he had taken the girl to live with him, of whom we have spoken. She is said to be the illegitimate child of his sister, whose husband was executed for robbery and murder. It seems that they are persons of a bad character and disreputable trade."

"You say, it seems; you are right; seems so! I will not call upon an old proverb, but upon an old experience. Many a worthy heart throbs beneath a torn blouse, while moral perversity and hypocritical seeming stalk about enveloped in gold and silks. I put another question to you. Do you take me for a libertine?"

"By no means, my friend, but—"

"But?"

"Did you really visit—hold intercourse with that person?"

"Yes!" responded Lyonel, with a proud tone and a seriousness that demanded respect: "Yes! and you will not doubt it, with the best, most honorable motives. I have no scruples, if you will listen to me, to confide to you my entire secret. That the poor outcast girl was illegitimate birth, I knew; that her step-father was the executioner, I knew; that he—"

"Do not be angry! but, my best friend—" faltered Herr Von Urning, abridging his shoulders: "You comprehend that in such society, and then in that of our house, in the company of a Prince, an illustrious Princess, you took the strangest position in the world?"

"I understand it. I comprehend that I—let me embrace you! Do you, you only remain my friend! And now come!"

With these words, Lyonel clasped his friend to his heart, and then drew him without the leafy avenue.

"Where to?" inquired the Counsellor, who gladly accompanied him: "What is your intention? Do not get me into difficulty. I rely upon your secrecy, your word of honor!"

Both approached the aristocratic assembly, that in groups were gathered around a fountain whose jets of water uprose in fantastic forms, and descending, filled a wide marble basin. Lyonel, with uncovered head, addressed the Minister and his daughter, announcing to them his immediate departure; he gave heartfelt thanks for the kindness he had received, and took his leave. Even so he bade farewell to the Countess Von Felditz, and the Count Von Wabern, who stood in friendly chat together. With a silent bow directed to the rest, he retired with hasty steps.

In the unanimous surprise, no one had found time to reply a word. They all looked after him in bewildered astonishment; the fair Gabriella's gaze followed him long. The Counsellor's face expressed his regret and perplexity.

"Pack up, Arnold!" cried Lyonel to his faithful Jackson, as he entered his room at the Inn. "Order post horses for to-morrow."

"Shall it be so? At what hour?" asked his man, as he sprang up joyfully from the supper-table, after hastily emptying his wine glass.

"About noon. I must first pay a necessary visit; remain seated, do not disturb yourself in your agreeable employment."

"Cospetto di Bacco!" says the Italian; indeed it is agreeable when one has been hungering all day!"

"Wherefore that?"

"Why, the devil led me, because I did not know what to do with myself, into that confounded—believe they call it Catherine Vale. I thought to enjoy myself finely. The host, the rough scamp, after I had told him who and what I was, where and how, and from whence, showed me the door. I am *sacra nuda*! no rogue, and I answered the clown according to his deserts. A couple of women, like witches, came to the rescue; *ah Dio Santo!* they barked worse than chained dogs! I took myself off as fast as I could, and sought another shelter; found a decaying cabin; all within stood open; but the nest was empty—the birds had flown."

"What? how?—a little house amid the white birch trees?"

"Exactly! The place was as empty as my stomach. Asked a peasant fellow if no one lived there? He said the people who had lived there had left five days ago, and had gone to the Capital; a soldier with one stump of an arm, and a deuced pretty female."

"Did you hear correctly, Jackson?"

"Sir, with one ear as well as with the other. The nest had been empty for five days, and my stomach since this morning. You can think of all the rest."

Lyonel wandered silently about the room, completely overwhelmed; he questioned, sought for all the details, and then cried:

"Jackson, to-morrow at sunrise, have post horses ready. At sunrise! we go to the Capital!"

#### CHAPTER XXXI.

##### The Betrothal.

A day of vexation like the past one, would have sufficed to break down the self-control of the most invincible stoic. The indignities heaped upon him at the Villa he would soon have recovered from, but not so from the evil tidings from St. Catherine's Vale. He knew he could believe in the honest report of Arnold, yet the sudden removal of the invalid and his niece, seemed to him an impossible occurrence.

Several days were wanting to the promised one that was to have brought him to her presence. She had requested him to come—had promised him a revelation concerning herself. Arnold might have been mistaken or misinformed. He resolved to go to the Vale himself. Sleep had not visited his eyes when midnight struck; and when at last it came, it was accompanied by confused dreams. He looked upon his dear, familiar Maryball; then he was lost in strange cities, or in deep forests, and on inaccessible mountain heights. At last, from the bright clouds hovered down to him the figure of Cecilia, dazzling as if formed of celestial light—an unwinged angel—holding in her right hand a crown of thorns, and smiling sadly, her sweet lips touched his forehead in benediction.

He was awakened by sounds from without, and heard Arnold's voice:

"*Vasgnaria e forse indipolpa, perche e ancora in letto!*"

"Not at all!" yawned Lyonel. "It was late before I went to sleep. Go, Arnold, let me rest for a few hours."

"A bad order!" The landlord is getting the horses ready. Shall I tell him not to harness just now?"

"Do you have a memory of something—I must go some where, but shall return by noon?"

Arnold grudgingly shut his door, and retired. The weary dreamer closed his eyes in the hope of again finding the nerving seraph; but against his will was visited by a sound dreamless sleep.

Hastily dressing, discontented with himself, he bent his steps, rather later than he intended, to the charming valley, by the well known path through the Park, by the banks of the stream, until he reached the beloved hut. He found it, as Arnold had, with open door, and empty. The few household articles had been removed. With sorrowful looks and a grieved heart, the seeker looked upon the dreary walls, the desolate space. He left the spot with mingled feelings of astonishment, sadness, and indignation, and murmured, as he pursued his way:

"This is unfriendly and ungrateful! Wherefore this flight? Why not deign to give me the slightest notice? I have surely deserved a little attention from the old man! He could easily have inquired whether I yet remained at Lichtenheim; Cecilia could have known, have guessed it; she had demanded my return. She left the valley, and left me, poor, deceived one! to prolong my stay at the villa. Perhaps they have removed to the Capital. I ought to let them go. I will. But I must speak to the Baron Von Goldtwig. Without aid she shall not be. She may be innocent of this, and I will not be unjust."

Although it was nearly noon, Lyonel resolved to visit the ruins—the place more hallowed to him than any other of the earth. As he came in sight of the crumbling walls, moss-over-grown stone and pillars, the arches and the waterfalls, he was completely mastered by grief. He bowed his head and wept silently! The witnesses of his past happiness were before him, and seemed in silent pity to have become the witnesses of his soul's keenest agony. He threw himself upon the ground by the overgrown column, and laid his face on the cool herbage, where Cecilia had laid hers in the hour of their farewell. Like her, he wept and prayed upon that spot.

A considerable time elapsed thus, and then he heard voices. He listened eagerly; looked around, but beheld no one. He remained in his concealment, and thought:

"Could it be Cecilia herself?"

"Charming! Divine!" cried a female voice. "It was a fortunate idea of the Counsellor to bring us here. And to think that he never spoke of it before! It is an enchanted vale—is it not? These ruins, these stone walls encircled in green; the merrily dancing stream, venturing on the willful leap from yonder height—do see how picturesque it all is! Do you know that you are a thoroughly unimpressible and prosaic being? You stand as indifferently here as before a barren stubble-field. I beg, do you not find this landscape beautiful?"

"No!" replied the manly voice; "where you are I see nothing else, and all besides that is beautiful loses its attraction."

"Silence!" she cried; "I cannot tolerate this language. Only on this condition, as I have already told you, can I allow myself your society. Another such word, and I will never again venture to be alone with you. Therefore, you will not offend my ear with foolish talk, is it not so? Quick, let us speak of other matters."

"If," he replied, "I were to command my lips to obey you, my heart would be disobedient still; and every syllable I uttered would give forth a tone that would contradict the words; and would say naught but I love you—I worship you!"

"Be silent, or I will leave you," she responded proudly and commandingly; "your importunity offends me? Do not abuse the kindness with which I regarded you. You do not know her who so thoughtlessly bestowed it. You do not know me, and the circumstances that surround me."

"What if I knew you and all the circumstances you allude to?" he replied with beseeching tones; "loveliest Gabriella, you are—"

"Not upon your knees, Count! Rise, I command you!" interrupted the lady, in a voice that betrayed anger, or alarm.

"I will not rise until the daughter of the Duke, the Princess Gabriella, has forgiven the temerity of the Count!" he replied, after a pause of some seconds.

"How! you knew it, Count?—knew it, and you undertook, you dared—"

"Do not reproach me, my gracious lady! You yourself gave me encouragement in the venture. I implore you! only one look upon this ring on my hand! Deign to cast a glance upon this little note—"

"Good heavens! You—you the Prince Louis, who—" she faltered, in a fainting voice. There was a deep silence. Lyonel listened in vain for more. He heard only light whispers, and tender, fleeting murmurs as of kissing lips, mingling with low uttered words of affection, half intelligible.

"Let us return to the Counsellor," said Gabriella, at length, in a voice that was very low and that yet trembled. "And you, tormentor! you could so wickedly deceive me!"

"They all know at the Castle that it was my intention to confess to you to-day. For that reason I rode alone with you, and the Counsellor took the coachman's seat. He pretended to have business with the steward, so that he could remain behind, and we could wander here by ourselves."

"Oh, men! you artful beings! But, Prince, one question: will this first deception toward me also be the last?"

Lyonel did not understand the rest. They walked on slowly toward the lake, and their voices were lost in the distance. He sprang from the ground, and, filled with indignation, turned into the forest path as if the place had been deserted by what he had heard—that, by the confession of Cecilia's love, had been so purely hallowed; or it appeared to him as if fate were desirous of mocking him in her treacherous mood. He flew toward Lichtenheim, fearful of encountering the Baron with the princely and happy pair. Luckily escaping this slight danger, he reached the Inn, and had the horses harnessed at once, and with entire loss of appetite, dinner was in vain prepared for him; he threw himself into the carriage, and drove off for the Capital.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Nothing indicates greater ignorance of the history of the Church, and of the history of mankind, nothing is more fitted to reduce the intellect to imbecility, and to carry back the race to barbarism, than the idea that we have nothing more to learn, that Christianity has come down to us pure and perfect, and that our only duty is implicitly to receive the lessons of our catechisms.—*Channing.*

We believe at once in evil; we believe in good only upon reflection. Is not this sad?—*DeQuincy.*

Written for the Banner of Light.

FLORENCE.

BY WILFRED WILLEYS.

PART I.  
The air was all blushing with starlight.  
I was in the soft flush of the June  
With Florence, my light, my existence,  
I wandered adown the dim distance,  
Adown the sweet valley of Yoon—  
Far down by the star-lighted Otter  
In the flower-robed valley of Yoon.

The air was all fragrant with roses,  
Our hearts were unburdened with gloom,  
Fair, fair were the scenes of life's morning,  
Bright hopes all our future adorning—  
No thought of the wide yawning tomb,  
No thought of the grave that was waiting  
To burden one soul with its gloom.

Far down past the Bridge of the Otter,  
And up past the church on the height—  
And up past the churchyard of Baynham,  
Where the dead in their couches had lain them,  
Where the star-lamps' tremulous light  
Shone down on the cold gleaming tomb-stones  
Of ghostly and desolate white.

And Florence clung close to me, trembling,  
As we passed by the gates of the dead;  
Her bosom beat faster and faster,  
Like one who is dreading disaster;  
I kissed her pale forehead and said—

"Why tremblest thou, Florence, my sister?  
Has some undefinable dread  
Come up to thy soul with its danger?  
Or dreamst thou of mystery, stranger  
Than clings 'round the place of the dead—  
Than clings 'round the homes in the churchyard,  
The mystical homes of the dead?"

Then Florence replied—me not chiding—  
The palest of death on her face:  
From out the far city immortal,  
From out the wide-swinging portal,  
With most indescribable grace,  
An Angel stands, silently beckoning  
Me up to his radiant place.

A house in the city of silence  
Is waiting my form to enclose;  
A home in the city Elysian  
Shines now on my wandering vision,  
Past earth with its sorrows and woes,  
That is waiting to harbor my spirit."  
Just then silver Luna arose,

And soft o'er the city of marble  
Her glorious light-tresses shone—  
"And see," I exclaimed, "the bright glory,  
The moonlight city before you—  
The light on each ghostly white stone;  
The light from the shining pavilion  
Cast down on each ghostly white stone!"

"And see! far away in the Orient  
Regions of star-lighted sky,  
A Cloud-Angel, tall and commanding,  
Mid the stars in majesty standing,  
A form from the Aethers on high;  
From the hosts of shining Immortals,  
The holy Immortals on high!

Ah, see! he is smilingly beckoning  
Me up to that starlighted land;  
Up, up, to the City Eternal!  
Up, up, to the region supernal!  
To join with that glorious band—  
Who, up mid the star-fields of azure,  
In glory eternally stand.

And see, north on low-drooping willow,  
Gleam out 'neath the moon's silver light,  
A tomb with my history graven in;  
I turned—'neath her tresses so raven  
Her forehead was gleaming and white;  
Was white 'neath her dark raven tresses,  
Her cheek and her forehead were white.

"Thou'rt pallid, my Florence, my sister!  
Thy forehead is deathfully cold!"  
Her bosom beat faster and faster,  
Like one who is dreading disaster;  
Fair Dian, in cloud robes enrolled,  
Looked down from her path in the heavens;  
Looked down through the distance so cold.

And Florence looked upward with trembling,  
Looked up with her large dewy eyes;  
Looked up from her midnight of tresses,  
Looked into my soul's deep recesses,  
As prophets look into the skies—  
As prophets, in climes Oriental,  
Look into the fate-burdened skies.

And gently she spoke, me reproving,  
(She knew of my mad unbelief.)  
Her tones were sad while reproving,  
Her words were gentle and loving,  
Her spirit was chastened by grief,  
Her soul, filled with fate, was o'erburdened  
With strange and unspeakable grief.

Then backward we trod 'neath the moonlight,  
Went back through the rose-scented vale,  
Went down from the churchyard of Baynham,  
Where the dead in their couches had lain them,  
Beneath the still marbles and pale;  
Went back where the swift-rolling Otter  
Refreshed the sweet-blooming vale.

PART II.  
'T was night, in the last days of autumn;  
'T was night to the close of the year;  
'T was night in the cold-sleaked December;  
Ah, well—ah, well, I remember!  
The night was so chilly and drear,  
The leaves were all dead in the forest,  
Strewed over the pall of the year.

Alone, down the banks of the Otter,  
And up past the church on the hill,  
Alone in the darkness I wandered,  
Sad thoughts of the by-gone I pondered;  
The winds of the midnight grew chill—  
Blew chill 'mongst the homes of the lost ones,  
In "the city of death" on the hill.

Up, up, past the gateway, I wandered,  
And in 'mongst the midnight of glooms,  
Like ghost of some mortal, departed,  
I wandered, all silent, sad hearted,  
Around 'mongst the desolate tombs—  
The marbles that stand in the midnight,  
Like ghosts by the desolate tombs.

And silently then in the heavens,  
One star, 'mid the darkness was born,  
Lighting up with silvered glory  
The skies, as the gentle Aurora  
Announcing the coming of morn  
Dispenses the darkness Egyptian,  
And leads in the car of the morn.

One star glimmered out in the darkness  
Far up in the realms of the pole,  
And down through the midnight so dreary,  
As I wandered so sad and so weary,  
Came in with its light to my soul—  
Came in, like an Angel of gladness,  
With light in his wings, to my soul.

I knew that I stood by the dwelling  
Of Florence, the light of my life;  
I thought of the heavenly vision

Yondered from the Kingdom Elysian,  
With warning to my soul;  
That light to my soul, the star light,  
So buoyant, and hopeful of life.

I knew that I stood by her dwelling,  
In "the city of death" on the hill,  
Far up in the region supernal—  
Far up in the region supernal—

Where never comes sorrow or chill;  
There I knew that her spirit was dwelling,  
Enfranchised from darkness and ill.

I thought of the fabled Cloud-Angel,  
I saw 'mongst the star-lamps that night,  
Far off in the realms of the Orient,  
Where the clouds with the sweet glories blent  
To fashion my vision that night;

When the brow of my Florence grew ghastly,  
When her cheek and her forehead grew white,  
I thought of the grave 'neath the willow,  
I thought of my fancy-formed grave;

I turned, with my soul filled with yearning;  
My heart in my bosom was burning;  
Ah! weirdly the wild winds did rave,  
'Mongst the drooping boughs of the willow  
That shaded the place of the grave.

I called out aloud in my anguish,  
I called my lost Florence's name;  
With wails of the bitterest sadness,  
With a grief well nigh unto madness,  
With soul in a tormenting flame,  
I remembered my trivial scorning,  
And called my lost Florence's name.

"Oh, Florence! far up in the Kingdom,  
Far up in the soul's mystic land;  
From the ranks of glowing Arch-Angels,  
From the hosts of holy Ebrangels,  
Where now in their glory they stand,  
Turn aside from the radiant pleasures  
Of Heaven's adorable band.

Stand out o'er this region of sorrow,  
With stars in your angel-bright crown;  
Throw open the glittering portal,  
And to the dark soul of a mortal  
A vision of beauty send down—  
An Angel to beckon me starward,  
From far mystic Aethers send down."

I spoke, and a light Borealis,  
Illumed the regions on high;  
A glorious and grand lumination,  
Shone out in the night's desolation,  
Shone out with the star in the sky;  
A glory robed Angel from Aethers,  
Appeared in the ether on high.

An Angel stood up in the Orient—  
Stood up 'mongst a million of stars;  
Stood, bright as the god of the morning,  
Golden clouds his pathway adorning—  
His feet on the nebulous bars;  
His feet, like Sandalphon's, were resting  
Far up on the nebulous bars.

With a smile of ineffable glory  
He gazed on my sorrowful brow,  
Yet beckoned not up to his Aethers,  
Where dwelt the adorable maiden,  
The glory of God on her brow,  
But shadows of sorrow came sudden,  
Came over his star-crowned brow.

Then back to his far blessed region  
The Angel from Aethers took flight;  
Back to his gardens of pleasure,  
Back to his heavenly treasure,  
And left me alone in the night—  
Alone 'mid the tombs with my anguish,  
Alone in the chill, dreary night.

Then I knew that my soul was too earthy,  
Too base for that luminous shore;  
I joyed for the mission of sorrow,  
I prayed that my spirit might borrow  
Strength from the lessons of yore;  
That grief might prepare me for Aethers,  
To part from my Florence no more.

Camp Tyler, Va., 1862.

#### Original Essay.

##### ANCIENT GLIMPSES OF THE SPIRIT-LAND.

NUMBER FORTY.

"By cowardice," says an English Review, "our theology has been cramped, and our philosophic range contracted because we are afraid to look the Bible full in the face." Hugh Miller, never able to get free of his nursery clothes, had got to declare that the clergy, as a class, suffer themselves to linger far in the rear of an intelligent and accomplished laity—a full age behind the requirements of the time; hence the large account made of Biblical old fogeyism with its clerical augurs who are ever intent on concealing the rents in the ancient shroud.

Says the Westminster Review: "There is a large admixture of untrustworthy elements in the narrative of both Old and New Testaments." Says Jortin: "Theological systems are too often as temples dedicated to implicit faith, and he who enters to worship in them, instead of leaving his shoes at the Eastern manner, must leave his understanding at the door, and it will be well if he find it when he comes out again."

Says the Edinburgh Review: "Protestant intolerance has been as bitter as enlightenment and civilization would allow." "The Bible does not come down in terms of religious persecution. There is no direct precept against it. On the contrary, there are many which, as we too well know, fanaticism has wrested to its own mad purposes."

In his "Nemesis of Faith," Mr. Fronde says: "I know men to try to keep their private conscience distinct from their professional conscience; but it does not always do. Their nature, like the dyer's hand, is subdued to what it works in; and you know a lawyer when you see him, or a doctor, or a professional clergyman. They are not simply men; but men of a particular sort, and unfortunately, something not more but less than men—men who have sacrificed their own selves to become the paid instruments of a system."

The New York Christian Inquirer has published articles declaring that "popular Christianity is a failure." The manner of our growing it does, indeed, appear a failure. But what better fruit could be expected from the nurture and tillage we have given, or from the soil in which its growth has been. Ignorance, double-dealing and superstition, are not apt beds for healthy growth. Even our so-called liberal theology, Unitarianism, teaches in its Sunday schools, and often from the pulpits, to meet the level of the pews, the barbarous Judaism of an effete Orthodoxy, "as well adapted to the development and illustration of divine truth," as "set forth by the American Sunday School Union." This teaching the Patriarchal stories, which were accounted myths and legends by the same liberal theology in its more highly unfolded phases. Our Unitarian brethren,

in their blind adherence to the only great out Judaism as of no authority, would to shut out themselves from most of the noblest luggage of even the New Testament. They revel in German theologies, which has so utterly rent the veil of the old theologies, that to teach to children that God is as despised as man should not liberal theology be truthful from its premises to its conclusions? To offer to the plastic mind of childhood, as God's truth, what, from a higher standpoint it sees not to be such, is presenting a phase of "double consciousness," not very pleasant to contemplate—a mode of playing fast and loose that must result in various obliquities of vision—open on the one hand for all upward and onward flight, repressed on the other by the biased vision of Orthodoxy and old theologies, and by the praying machine of the "Unitarian Association," which has printed prayers geared for the letting off for each day in the week in parcels to suit purchasers. The young idea is thus taught how to shoot the Devil round a stump; while the sentimental pews thus have the "sincere milk of the word," kept sweet by the tears of Lot's wife, the Wand of Moses, the Meditation on Noah's Ark, with its happy family, now up, now down; "like potage in a cauldron," by the might of Jehovah in hamstringing Jacob, and in controlling Balaam with "the strength of the rhinoceros."

When Mr. Miller was writing his "Testimony of the Rocks," there was much expectation in the old church that he would in some way make fast the land-marks of the old theologies; but alas, when the "Testimony" appeared, those who had thought to find "indemnity for the past and security for the future," must have experienced in a lively manner the truth of that Scripture, which says, that while "patiently waiting for good, evil came from the Lord." The readers felt, says the North British Review, "a want which they did not like to define to themselves." Miller's vision of Moses stretched our Sabbath-day to the "crack of doom," making it but of little worth to our clerical augurs who had fenced it about as a day of common length, and holy to Sunday augury and vain superstitions. But between the upper and the nether rocks, the blow-off bib of the "Testimony" has carried away so much beneath the "firmament" as to leave what remains in a very serious stage of collapse, inasmuch that the Reviewer requires of us only so much to be credited to Moses, as we would grant to the testimony of Herodotus. Certainly—and when Herodotus, or Moses, or whoever it may be, relates matters in physics or spirit intercourse, and they do not contravene the laws of either as we find them to-day, we can yield our belief that they may have been. But when Hebrew or Greek claims infallibility for teachings which were to themselves and for themselves, according to their capacities and needs, and bids us take them and walk by them as the surer "word" than all the light of to-day can afford us, we decline such ancient dark valley and shadow of death. We hope in the way of seeking and progression to find a more excellent way. Indeed, we already have knowledge of such way in the modern unfolding, as shows the old veil to be rent from the top to the bottom.

The Christian Examiner says that "clerical skepticism is the root of much of our religious agitation." German and English literature exhibit the measureless sweep of disintegration in the old theologies, making Old and New Testaments the weakest of coherences. Neander, the sweet and beautiful in spirit, makes but a sorry defence of the letter against Strauss. Many who have done their best to save the Word from the hands of the more radical disbelievers, have yet to admit that in the Old and New Testaments there are "numerous proofs of inconsistency in matters of fact," which the assumption of infallibility so awkwardly cover, as to make the Bible resemble pieces of patchwork instead of a seamless coat.

The London Quarterly Review says that Dr. Chalmers, who was so eminent a leader in Scotch Orthodoxy, "acknowledges that he was himself an unbeliever when he was first ordained to the ministerial office." Here is the very essence of infidelity—assuming to be what one is not. Yet from such come the charges of infidelity against the honest searchers after truth, who love the truth above all things, and who openly proclaim it as the only saviour of man against ignorance and superstition.

Shall we wonder at this deceptive rottenness of the old church, when the deceptions of Biblical patriarchisms are taught from pulpits and Sunday schools as the word of God, even Unitarianwise; as we have lately read in a Sunday school book, prepared for marshalling the way in which the young idea is to shoot. If these things are done in the green tree, what may we expect in the dry? Shall we not reap as we sow? or do we gather grapes of thorns and ag of thistles? What is the moral and spiritual status of our country, to day, from the oblique side of its Biblical civilization, when the Word is claimed by holy men to endorse the sum of all villainies in slavery, and to endorse the foolishly devout Sabbatarianism in rites and ordinances as the way of life for making clean the soul?

Is the charge of Theodore Parker true, when he characterizes a certain lawyer politician as "lying more adroitly than any other person he ever heard speak, outside the clerical profession," which thus implies that there are those in this profession who will "lie with such volubility of tongue as to make truth appear a fool."

There are charges from various quarters of ecclesiastical untruthfulness, that shame and deceptions are given us for the bread of life, and that preachers believe not the creeds they subscribe. If this be true, and hirelings lead the flocks, not for highest and broadest truth, but for what will pay best at Mammon's and Fashion's court, then it will soon appear that in the snare which the wicked laid for others are their own feet taken. Already there are those in "Essays and Reviews," who begin to hear the gorge, over Biblical exegesis and distillery slope. With the whole heart sick, and the head faint, they have belched the Word, and have burst the bonds of the church, refusing to die with its harness in their backs. Their seven-headed, yet unitary word, sends a scorching phos and church fossilism, affrighting phos and old night, for the snatching of the "Thirty-Nine" was as if seven thunders had uttered their voices. The very breathing of the old creeds and formulas were strangled and broken, the old church in the plight of the old woman whose horse ran away, but who put her trust in the Lord till the breathing broke. Now the breathing of the old theologies is made of very rotten stuff, and the power of salvation shall come forth from the old theologies in its ending away than in the undisturbedness of its being.

It is the veriest infidelity to teach in the name of







words we utter, the mechanical vibrations in the atmosphere convey to you consecutive and definite ideas, prove the existence of your soul, and that they most possess knowledge not derived from experience. These ideas and ideas born of abstract contemplation must be higher and grander than the deductions of logic. Search your own thoughts, and what we say will be as clear to you as the light of the morning. Reason, so called, is but the combined result of earthly experience and the absolute intuitions of the soul, and the mind could not exist unless sustained by this divine illumination supplied from this inexhaustible fountain.

Such are our opinions concerning the sources of human knowledge; such our reasons for believing that the conception of all truth is derived from within, while what comes only from without, through the medium of the senses, is partial and unsatisfying. These are real, unchanging, everlasting; those vague, fleeting and fallacious. Choose ye which shall be your guides. We thank you for your kind attention. Draw nearer with us to the Infinite Source and offer praise and thanks.

Oh, God, we praise thee that we know of thee and of thy love, mercy and justice. Fill our hearts with the conception of thy presence. May we know thee art within us; that thy life is our life; thy breath inspires us; thy strength sustains us, and that we live but in and through the expression of thy boundless love, the emanation of thine infinite wisdom; and to thee, oh God, shall be offered our thanks and praise. May our daily thoughts be with thee, and all our utterances be prompted by thy spirit, forevermore.

## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1862

OFFICE, 158 WASHINGTON STREET.

ROOM NO. 8, UP STAIRS.  
WILLIAM WHITE, ISAAC B. RICH,  
LUTHER COLBY, CHARLES H. CROWELL,  
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

FOR TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION SEE EIGHTH PAGE.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

### Self-Poise.

There is one faculty in man, which really deserves a great deal more development at his hands; and that is of harmonizing his contradictory and contrasting traits of character in such degree as to preserve his personal equilibrium continually. Nothing more attracts us, in an individual, than a certain quiet self-sufficiency which will not permit him to be thrown off his balance, or moved from his purpose and aim. No one respects, or is influenced by the person whose conduct betrays a wavering disposition, unsteady from beginning to end, incapable of fixing itself upon any single course or object, and running slightly after whatever comes uppermost. An unstable mind deceives its possessor as readily as those who approach its sphere.

There is a class of persons, however, whom we are especially partial to on this very score of self-poise and equilibrium. Whether their happy peculiarity may be charged to temperament, or to discipline, does not so much matter; and yet it is a better mark of power that they should have carefully disciplined themselves into their present happy frame of mind. They are quiet persons, using few words; unobtrusive; lacking in that outward galvanic manifestation which many think to be genuine power; fully sufficient for their own tasks and responsibilities; going about their work with the least possible fuss or profession, and invariably accomplishing more than is expected of them, if not even more than they had set it upon themselves to do. We have much too few of such persons in the world; we wish their ranks might be recruited as fast as possible.

The fact is, our social tone has been after the noisy, demonstrative, bragging style, almost altogether. We have scorned anything like repose in manners, which so surely proves strength and resources in character. That which imposes upon us with loud professions seems to have been esteemed the most highly. Hence, we have fallen out of the way of regarding quiet and unpretending persons at anything like their full value. The very method by which we are to get back upon the solid bottom of a right opinion again, is by first being made to suffer for a fault in practice which long ago deserved to be condemned.

Our President never became known to the people by his loud professions, or his declamatory assertions of what he was and what he could do. The youthful General who has already broken up, by his masterly strategy, the entrenched positions of a rebel army of vast magnitude, came not before the country heralding his own praises, or filling the popular ear with his promises. But each of these men were fully equal, at all times, to the demands of the occasion. Nay, more; with the increasing perils of the hour they grew greater than others had thought them, and their resources multiplied with the multiplied necessities of the time.

So should it be with the rest of us. Without borrowing trouble, as many do, about what is likely to happen and how we are to meet it, we ought simply to feel ourselves sufficient for what is put upon us, and to determine to do all we could in the discharge of what we think to be our duty. With increased responsibilities often comes increased strength; if we did not waste our strength prematurely, in one way and another, it would more generally be so than it now is. "Sufficient unto the day," says the Scripture, "is the evil thereof." Even an indifferent and careless nature is better than one all nerve and sensibility, for the former does not waste itself like the latter, but preserves its equipoise and strength together.

Incessant action no more gives evidence of large power than incessant speech does. Rest and repose not only indicate abundant force, but are absolutely necessary to its existence. Anxiety is as harmful as over-action. To take things as they are, is the surest proof you are prepared to take them at their worst. Borrowing trouble tends to break them down sooner than borrowing money. Nature is not always thundering, or blowing. It is not always day, and rapid growth, and dancing heat. The sea is not forever troubled, "casting up its mire and dirt." It requires long and patient incubation to hatch out the living bird from the shell at last. It is silent thought that blossoms finally in action, such being the order of Nature's world.

What a man knows he is, and what he knows he can do, he will certainly trouble himself to say the least about. And being thus acquainted with his own power and resources, he will be neither anxious nor abashed at whatever duty or hindrance may offer itself in his path. Hence comes that perfect self-possession which serves so admirably in assisting him to husband his strength and maintain his resources in force. Few enough are the men and women of our day who betray such a desirable harmony of character and reliance on themselves; but we hope the changing times will work such a change in this regard, also, as to give us a new and higher tone for our society, and infuse a more lasting vigor into the entire body of our modern life.

### Emma Hardinge in Boston.

Sunday, the fourth of May, Miss Hardinge commenced her engagements in this city, where she is to speak during the month of May. A crowded house greeted her, on the occasion of both lectures. In the afternoon, her remarks were full of practical suggestions to Spiritualists, and many felt their pangency. In the evening she spoke on the "Rock of Ages," and the duty of Spiritualists in the present, and the demands of the time upon them. Both discourses were long, and held the audience in rapt attention.

### The Cotton Mill.

The Seven Wonders of old times were nothing in comparison with the many wonders of our time. Not to mention any of the others, we allude, for instance, to but one—the Cotton Mill. Out at Lowell, the stranger to this wonder may study it to his heart's content; and he will come away impressed with the astonishing fertility and power of the human brain, more than with all else.

A correspondent writes one of the daily papers, after a recent visit to the "Merrimac Print Works," at Lowell, in a highly interesting manner; he says he followed up all the processes of the manufacture of the cotton wool into cloth, through picking, cleaning, carding, roving, spinning, dressing, and weaving into cloth; thence to the print works, where it is singed, bleached, printed, dyed, finished, done up into pieces, and boxed. He says—"As I passed through room after room of the vast buildings, and looked upon the beautiful machinery, tirelessly doing the work of hundreds, yea, thousands of hands, I seemed to see a great-hearted, labor-saving Briarrose rising before me—his innumerable hands and arms, the spindles and looms; his multitudinous legs and feet, the shifting and wheels. There he stood, good-naturedly smiling from his myriad of heads, as I watched his metallic teeth pulling the cotton apart, while with the breath of the tempest he blew the refuse away; looking at his arms of iron and hands of steel as they drew the cleaned cotton from one degree of fineness to another, until it seemed almost invisible, or threw the shuttle with unerring certainty across the warp of cloth. I could not but remark upon the conscientiousness of the machine; for, if any part commit an error, even to the breaking of a single thread, the wheels stop and wait until the wrong has been remedied."

Such is the invention of man, and much as we may admire his inventions, there is more still to be admired in himself. The fountain of his resources need never be dry, for it is supplied from a source that is both secret and inexhaustible. The world is full of wonders, indeed; but man is the most wonderful of all.

### Near its End.

Oh, of course! Just as a good thing begins to do real service, the bats and owls meet together and pass resolutions of congratulation that it is near its end. A contemporary "religious" journal rather switches off from the old track of remark that has so long been indulged in by its fellows, relative to the hopes and prospects of Spiritualism, and, instead of declaring that it is near its end, finds room to express its fears that everything else is, simply because the false doctrine of Spiritualism are becoming so wide spread! It quotes the leading Roman Catholic journal of Europe, as saying that a practical, if not a theoretical, belief in Spiritualism extends to every part of Italy, and is rapidly increasing; adding, of its own motion, that this remark will apply to nearly all parts of the civilized world. We give its own language: "The heathen have been Spiritualists for thousands of years. But it was not till these latter times," as foretold by Paul (1 Tim. iv: 1-3), that the demons were to succeed in getting professed Christians to follow their diabolical system. Now many are departing from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits, and doctrines of devils." By this we know we are near the end of the present dispensation. Truly, these are "perilous times." But we expect to realize it more sensibly, as we approach the great day of the Lord. Halfhearted, worldly-minded, fashionable professors of religion will soon reform, or be swept off by the rising tide of spirituality that is settling upon the world through Spiritualism in its hydra-headed forms." It is really a "hard case," as it stands now; but we agree with our good friend, that all these people "must reform," or be "swept away." Reform is the word.

### Hard Times in the Church.

The New York Independent, edited by Henry Ward Beecher, is authority—through its Chicago Correspondent—for the statement that never, in the history of American Churches and general home missionary work, has there been such a pressure upon the established churches at the West as now. Not only with the churches, but with theological seminaries and colleges. The Independent writer says: "Christians at the East can have little idea of the straits to which the professors in our colleges and theological seminaries, as well as our pastors, are put by these hard times. The Southern market is closed, produce is almost worthless, taxes are high, and will be yet higher; the moreland a man owns, the poorer he may be, and the majority of the people are in debt and compelled to pay ruinous rates of interest. Some of the ablest churches in our state have resorted to deacon meetings, because they have become involved in debt to their pastors, and felt compelled to part with them and husband future resources in order to pay arrears. It is a sad and depressing state of things when, through out the West, colleges, theological seminaries and churches are compelled to entertain the question of disbanding or suspending." So it is, but such is the penalty we all pay for war. It is absolutely criminal for some of our daily papers, for party sake alone, to crow and call out that only one side is crippled in its industrial interests by this war, when it should be told that the contest is loading us all with burdens that our shoulders will find it very hard to bear. If a cause is a right one, it needs no deceitful representations to set forth in its proper and true light, before the minds of the people.

### Garibaldi to the Priests.

This impassioned and unflinching soldier of freedom has issued an address after his own style, to the priests of Italy, in which he talks to them as directly and pointedly as a schoolmaster might to a herd of unruly boys. Says he—"You have made Rome a den of wild beasts, threatening for the destruction of Italy. I am unapologetically convinced that you cannot save the cradle from perdition, but do it if you can. Moreover, cry to the four winds of Heaven, that you will have no companionship with the wicked, that you are Italians, that you will at least imitate the priesthood of Hungary, of Poland, of Greece, of China, of the savages of America, where the priest does not deny his cradle, his relations, his fellow-citizens, but combats together with them for the independence of their country. Let the Italian priest launch forth from the pulpit the sacred words of the redemption of the country, and the damnation in hell of the Vatican." Pretty strong—but that's the only way for Italy now.

### Arcana of Nature.

The Independent speaks of this standard work as follows: "The Pantheistic theory of Development in its bald, est form, is presented with some scientific ability and with much dogmatic earnestness, in a work entitled *The Arcana of Nature*, by Hudson Tuttle. As the author of this volume is a Spiritualist, and claims to have been led by 'invisible guides,' his work naturally emanates from the office of the Banner of Light in Boston. He exhibits a mind well versed in the facts of science and accustomed to patient thought. His conclusion is that 'Matter is eternal.' That the attributes on which its existence depends are fully sufficient to account for every effect, either in the external world or the world of mind. That the external world is Nature's internal, God. Those who wish to see Pantheism wrought out to a system by the side of modern science, may find it in this book. Mr. Emerson talks after the same fashion in his *Essay on Nature*, which is noticed under the Editors' Table." It is very true that a marked similarity exists between the conclusions of Emerson and those contained in the *Arcana*.

### Amusing.

The *Herald of Progress* of May 10th—a very excellent paper, printed in New York, as all our readers are probably aware—(if they are not, they can see its prospects in our columns) takes us to do for copying "McClallen's Dream into our journal, from another paper," "unaccompanied by editorial protest."

We would, in the most kindly manner possible, in form Bro. Plumb that he is laboring under a slight mistake. We did comment upon the Dream, and stated that we copied it from the Weekly Advance, a paper printed in Carbondale, Penn., a copy of which paper was sent us with a request that we print the Dream, by one of our subscribers. We also stated that it originated in New York City!

Now admitting that we were "sold" in this matter—which we don't—we should not be in quite so bad a "fix," we think, as our usually sharp contemporary, for in the same paper (see 8th page) in which he raps us over the knuckles, he falls into a terrible error by copying a *hoax*, which was published in the Boston Post on the first day of April, got up by that journal expressly for the occasion—a second edition of the "Cave" on Boston Common, printed some years since.

However, we must have charity for our brother of the Herald, for we suppose, to use his own graphic language, that he copied it "without stopping to require either external evidence of its origin, or internal evidence of its truth." To get sold so badly as our brother has been in regard to the "Pirate's Cave," to again quote from the Herald, "must be humiliating to all who feel at all responsible for human credulity."

### "Expose Him."

A respectable newspaper is not the channel through which the people are to vent their spleen. A newspaper should not be made the common sewer for the offal of people's grosser nature to run through. We have been called upon, in many cases very pertinaciously, to expose some one's faults, because some one else had got offended. If it is not understood, already, we wish it to be, that the BANNER OF LIGHT is not published for such purposes. All have faults, we doubt not, and those who cry the faults of others the loudest, perhaps have the greatest. Kind words turn away wrath, and lead men on the way to goodness, while bitter words lead to wrath, and are fraught with evil.

One of our city correspondents makes the following sensible remark to a correspondent who thinks another's fault should be "shoved up" to the people through his journal, virtually because he is offended with him: "No man fit for the high business of journalism will thrust himself so far as to ask for any favor upon that score; and it is equally true that the man who would make the press an instrument of personal vengeance is entirely too devoid of character and influence to get a hearing in any respectable newspaper."

In addition to the above, we find in the last number of the Herald of Progress, the following just reply to one of its Boston correspondents:

"The world is almost full of fault-finders," and we hope that you will not multiply them. Let your thoughts turn toward the discovery and application of Truth."

### "Ancient Glimpses of the Spirit-Land."

In this issue of the BANNER will be found the forthright number of these essays, from the pen of our esteemed correspondent, "C. B. P." We have printed them as rapidly as justice to other correspondents would dictate, at the same time it being our object to give our readers as great a variety of matter as our limited space would permit. But the author not being satisfied with this arrangement, forwarded to the HERALD OF PROGRESS number forty-one of the series, which is already printed in that paper. Under the editorial head we find the following notice:

"ANCIENT GLIMPSES OF THE SPIRIT-LAND," No. 41, by C. B. P., appears this week, being the first of the series to be published in our columns alternately with the BANNER OF LIGHT.

The editor is laboring under some mistake in this matter. We have made no arrangement whatever to have the essays published alternately in the BANNER and HERALD.

What we did suggest was, that the author classify his matter in such a manner as to give us a certain number of essays to print consecutively, and the HERALD an equal number, so that the readers of each paper should not be subjected to inconvenience.

### Hopefulness.

Why not look for brighter days, as well as for darker ones? It is quite as natural, quite as much in the order of things, that such should presently come. The very fact that it is now dark and cloudy, is best proof and promise that it will soon be clear and bright again. If we were having only sunshine now, we might well expect that the shadows would begin pretty soon to creep about us; and vice versa. But even the darkest brow and overcast face? Gone off to the war—business dull—can't collect—no prospect of improvement? Pah! But how does the anxious look help the matter? If you are a man in business, do you not know that, especially in times like these, people like to go and trade at those places where they are sure to find the most cheerfulness, that being the very article of which they stand most in need? Then cheer up. One does not know how a pleasant face will act upon the face again, and so the lightened heart reacts upon the face heart. The experiment is well worth the trying, if but to see what power we possess over our own selves, if we do but choose to exercise it.

### New Music.

Dillon & Co. have sent us the following new music: "Andante Con Moto," one of Mendelssohn's songs without music, in the Key of E. "There's a music in my heart, I feel," written by John Jamieson, Esq., music by Robert Bell. "Are they meant but to deceive me?" Mazurka Polonoise for voice and piano, by Alexander Reichardt. "There is a word whose solemn tone"—Farewell. Ballad, by Maria Louise Garcia. Pictures of the War. A collection of descriptive pieces arranged for the piano forte by Ch. Grobe—No. 1, Battle of Winchester. Undine Waltzes, for the piano, composed by R. B. Trench. "Dreams of Childhood." Waltz, composed by W. H. Montgomery. "Eagle Brigade" Quickstep, by E. Moore. "Neverlink Mountain" Polka, composed by John H. Eberman, dedicated to Miss Leonora Hunter, of Reading, Penn.

We have received from the young and talented author, W. Louis Hayden, a new arrangement for the guitar entitled the "Delhi Galop," dedicated to Miss Addie Fogg, of Boston. It is a superior production, and its popularity is commensurate with its merit.

### Intolerance in Politics.

Alexander Hamilton wrote, in the first number of the Federalist papers—"So numerous, indeed, and so powerful, are the causes which serve to give a false bias to judgment, that we, upon many occasions, see wise and good men on the wrong as well as on the right side of questions of the first magnitude to society. And a further reason for caution in this respect might be drawn from the reflection, that we are not always sure that those who advocate the truth are actuated by pure motives than their antagonists. Ambition, avarice, personal animosity, party opposition, and many other motives not more laudable than these, are apt to operate upon those who support, as upon those who oppose, the right side of a question." All this may well be kept in mind, in the midst of the discussion into which the nation is evidently about to be plunged by the rapid course of events.

### New Publications.

SPIRITUAL SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASS BOOK, No. 1. Boston: William White & Co., Publishers.

"An original idea, answering a want long felt. We only wonder the thing has not been done before."

This little book is in no sense what the preachers and teachers of particular creeds would call a text-book, but simply a little work with the design of stimulating and encouraging children to think and feel, and to do it with the utmost freedom, and in a spirit of the largest liberality. It is a record of a happy imaginary conversation between teacher and children, on some eight different topics: Duties, Commandments given by Christ, Do as you would be done by, Kindness, Faith, Spiritualism and Death. It is not a creed-book, or a catechism of form of belief, but a little hand-book of suggestions of a religious nature, for Sunday-School and family uses. The teacher first starts off with explanations and illustrations of one of the topics above named, and then proceeds to ask questions that quicken the thoughts and excite the moral sentiment of the youthful scholar. There is one very important thing about it—it opposes no existing beliefs, and assails no human creeds.

If, as we all admit, the world can be regenerated only by commencing the work with the fresh and impressive souls of the young, the great importance of teaching those souls how to think, as well as inculcating upon them the great need of making room for the largest and most liberal thoughts possible, will at once impress itself upon all. They must, first of all things, be kept free of the fear that they are doing wickedly when they think as widely as they can, in every direction. This proselyting business with infant souls must soon come to an end. This training children to tremble at superstitions, and teaching them to grow up to be advocates in turn for those superstitions, will never make large-souled men and women of them—and so the world is finding out.

The "Commandments given by Christ," as distilled by the less spiritual commandments given by Moses, we do not remember ever to have seen collected in a body before. We cite a few of them, thus: Love one another as I have loved you; Swear not at all; Resist not evil; Give to him that asketh thee; Love your enemies; Do not your alms before men; Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth; Do good to them that hate you; Judge not; Heal the sick; Cast out devils; Be ye as wise as serpents but harmless as doves.

On the topic of the "Golden Rule," the questions and answers are so apt and happy, we cannot refrain from quoting at length, as follows:

DO AS YOU WOULD BE DONE BY.

Teacher.—Christ says, do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you. What do you understand by this saying?

Scholar.—I understand that my whole duty to others is expressed in this beautiful precept.

T.—Give an example.

S.—I would like to have others speak friendly to me and of me, so I will always try to speak friendly to others and of others.

T.—Give another example of keeping this precept.

S.—Should I suffer from want, I would like to have others give me what I need—so I will give what I can to others who are suffering from want.

T.—Would you not dislike to have any one unjust to you?

S.—Yes. So I will try and be just to all others.

T.—Would you not dislike to have any one offended with you, and treat you with scorn and cruelty?

S.—Yes. So I will try and never be offended at any one for fear that I may be scornful and cruel to others.

T.—Do you like to see the rich, who have more than is necessary for their comfort, keep that away from the poor which is necessary to make them comfortable?

S.—No. If I do as I would be done by, I shall not want to be rich while others are poor, for I should not want to be poor while others are rich. I wish that none were poor, but that all had enough to make them comfortable.

T.—Would you not dislike to have others speak against you?

S.—Yes. So I will try and never speak against others, but I will speak well of all, at all times.

T.—Would you not dislike to have others wound you, imprison you, or take your life?

S.—Yes. So it is my desire not to do that to others that I would not have others do to me.

T.—If you always do to others that which you would have them do to you, what would be the consequence?

S.—It would make me love others, and make others love me, so I should not be an enemy to any one, and I should not have any enemies.

T.—What would be the consequence of not doing to others that which you would have others do to you?

S.—It would make me hateful to others and others hateful to me; it would make me unhappy, and others unhappy; too; it would make discord, strife, inharmonious and war.

T.—What course will you take to do as you would be done by?

S.—In everything I do, I will ask myself, "Am I doing as I would be done by?"

The other chapters are equally happy, both in conception and expression. We never have met with a little work that was better calculated to interest the opening mind and to do good. Were the present generation of children to be educated in religious matters after this liberal, spiritual, and genuinely Christian spirit, we hazard nothing in saying that the world would become changed—in Church, in State, and in society; so that we of the present day should hardly recognize it. The least we can do, as matters now stand, is to ask all parents and teachers to examine it carefully, and give it a fair trial with the young minds that are committed to their care.

THE WHITE HILLS: their legends, landscape and poetry. By Thomas Starr King. With sixty illustrations. Boston: Crosby & Nichols, 1862.

This handsome book was first published two years since at five dollars a copy. It bore the reputation, and justly, too, of being as fine a specimen of book-making as was ever produced in this country. In the long catalogue of books there is not to be found a more appropriate present than this book. The author is a liberal man; he looks deep into the beauties, and eminently shows his ability in a poetical way, to tell what he sees. The pictures are well chosen and finely executed. Both the author and the publishers, in the production of this handsome book, ably sustain the high reputation in which the public already holds them. A new edition is just issued with precisely the same type and plates of the former edition, for the low price of two dollars.

FURTHER COMMUNICATIONS FROM THE WORLD OF SPIRITS, on subjects important to the human family. Given through a lady.

The second edition of this work is just published. We have given it an extensive editorial notice before, and only need repeat that we have it for sale, and can supply all orders. As an appendix to this volume, the publisher has added the essay on the "Rights of Man," by George Fox, which has received already such high encomiums.

"BALLADS OF THE WAR," No. 1. "The March to the Capitol," by A. J. H. Duganne. New York: John Robins, 37 Park Row.

This is one of those elegant brochures for which we are indebted to the present national struggle. It is a poem, covering twelve pages, elegantly embellished with spirited sketches, and portraying the state of feeling and incident which characterized the North after the fall of Sumter, and when the "Massachusetts Sixty" marched through Baltimore. Single copies, 25 cents. For sale by A. Williams & Co., 100 Washington street, Boston.

BRADLEY'S DIMS BASE-BALL PLAYERS: Comprising the proceedings of the Fifth Annual Base Ball Convention, etc. Edited by Henry Chadwick. Bradlee & Co., New York.

Almost any information concerning this popular game can be found in this little volume. It is for sale in Boston by A. Williams & Co., Booksellers and News-Agents, No. 100 Washington street, Boston.

### New York and Nicaragua Colonization Association.

We learn from a reliable source that this enterprise thus far has been built up privately, and through the personal influence of one friend and another, till, we are assured, it cannot fail—must be a success. And now they advertise to complete the organization, and get the balance of the requisite men and means.

The company, as a company, will proceed and manage affairs just as other careful, money-making associations do; but the individuals comprising it are mainly liberal persons, and on arriving in Nicaragua all will be free to organize societies, or try any social experiment they choose. The business of the company will be to transport emigrants, open roads, work mines, import the larger kinds of machinery, erect public buildings, mills and factories, and do all those things that are *useful*, and yet are beyond the power of single persons.

Education will be among the first things to be looked after. If individuals do not do it effectively enough, the company will aid or take it under control.

The honest, liberal, progressive classes ought to be rich in order to be powerful. Wealth and power ought not to be left so largely to the mean and reactionary. Central America offers untold fortunes to all who are wise and will simply go and take.

Those who may desire to join this Association will gain all the information they need by addressing the Secretary, Mr. T. C. Leland, No. 614 1/2 Broadway, New York.

### Too Much Care.

It is needless to take any pains to prevent others from finding us out. We are publishing ourselves continually. We could not prevent this constant exposure's going on, for even a moment, if we tried. Our simple existence, though we uttered not a word, is a perpetual betrayal of what we are. The secret magnetic forces of character lurk in the eye, in the mouth, in the expression of the countenance, in the scowls and smiles, in the play of the hands and arms, and the entire carriage of the person. We must all the time "out" with ourselves, for we cannot be hid. Let a man, or a woman, profess to be "as good as anybody," and you may be pretty sure he or she has little enough actual goodness to speak of. When one sits down to scandal about another, he is doing that other no actual harm, but simply displaying his own undesirable qualities, in the shape of envy, malice, and general uncharitableness. The tongue always harms the person who wags it more than it does the one against whom it is employed. Hence it is well worth an occasional thought, and a serious thought at that, to keep these habits of the tongue in stricter check, and take more pains with the life that is seated at the heart of the nature. If all is as it should be, neither the speech nor the manners can testify to one's harm; on the contrary, all the evidences they can offer will be but to the individual's advantage.

### A Good Suggestion.

Not all wives remember that it was by the pains they took with their personal appearance, perhaps as much as by anything else, that they attracted the attention and won the favor of their husbands in the first place. A lady writer for one of our exchanges touches upon this little matter in her way, and says there is no excuse for negligence of dress in a housewife. It is no excuse to say that "I have had so much to attend to to-day, that I have not had time to dress," &c., and thus continue slovenly-looking all day. And she further adds—"I am not willing, either, to admit that household duties should be a bar to tidiness in its proper sense. I do not mean that a person should be at all times 'dressed up' but, surely, household work, of whatever kind, does not interfere with having a clean frock on, however common, a plain, nice collar, and a smooth head of hair." The lady is quite right. If anything, a slovenly woman is worse than a slovenly man; but the sight of the former saddens the heart, because she outrages the finer tastes and higher sentiments of her husband, and so casting only shadow and darkness upon a household that might otherwise be happy, is melancholy to the very last degree.

### Playing a Game.

We have heard of Generals, and leading military men practising strategy in the field, and when before the enemy they were seeking to circumvent and destroy; but we never before heard in modern warfare, of a General's playing a game as a boy would enter upon that business. They say that Gen. McDowell, in order better to pull the wool over the eyes of the rebels near Gordonsville, and that they might not suspect that he had anything in particular in contemplation, was seen daily "hanging around" Washington, as if nothing in the world were going to be done by him, and chiefly desirous that such reports should be forwarded as they indeed were—to the enemy. Suddenly he made his appearance at Fredericksburg, and thus he is on the straight and easy road to Richmond. The rebels open their eyes in surprise, and McDowell has stolen a march on them. They did not expect him at Gordonsville—much less did they expect him at Fredericksburg. Meantime, Banks is pushing upon the former place, and McDowell has so wedged himself in between, that they can neither resist Banks, nor him, nor can Davis spare men enough to return and hinder their march upon Richmond. It was a very pretty "game."

### From Mount Holyoke.

A writer in the Boston Transcript, from Hadley, says he rowed to the foot of Mount Holyoke during the late freshets, and made the ascent. The country to the northward, says he, as far as the eye could reach, had the appearance of an immense lake, from two to six miles in width, with towns placed on its surface. Here and there a high point of ground was seen, on which the various animals congregated. In the neighborhood of the villages, they were covered with cattle and swine, and in the meadows, by the flocks, woodchucks, and mice. With the aid of the eyes, he counted on one little hillock in Hadley meadows no less than four foxes and eight woodchucks; they were all huddled promiscuously together on the highest ground, and paralyzed with fear, had seemingly lost their natural dispositions. One may catch seven foxes alive, and was surprised to find they offered no resistance. The poor animals got fairly drowned out, for once, and were compelled to make a clean breast of it and show their strength of numbers, so far as they "still lived."

### Death-bed Scenes.

We clip the following from the Trumpet and Freeman of this city:

"I believe it is frequently the case, that from the spirit about leaving the body, the veil is partially rent, as it were, and that it often does, ere it has left its earthly tenement, catch glimpses of the land beyond, of the dear ones awaiting it there. I have read and heard of so many instances substantiating this fact, that I cannot doubt it."

Spiritualists are fully aware that such is the fact! Universalists are beginning to believe it is so! It is indeed gratifying to know that when those of our dear loved ones are about passing to the eternal world, they are received by their relatives and friends who have gone before to the mansions of eternal day.



## ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

The BANNER recently quoted a paragraph from the Binghamton Republican, noticing the discussion between Dr. A. Morron and Utah Clark, speaking of the "reputation" of Dr. Morron and the "notoriety" of Mr. Clark, as though the editor of the Republican was governed by "proclivities" prejudicial to the latter. It seems, however, that the paragraph was written by a Spiritualist and a friend to Mr. Clark, who used the word "notoriety" as rather more complimentary than "reputation." We are happy to learn that Mr. Stewart, the editor of the Republican, is an impartial gentleman, having given a fair report of the discussion, and is on the most friendly and fraternal terms with Mr. Clark, as well as Dr. Morron.

WASHINGTON GAZETTE.—Willis writes from the national capital, "the American youth is a quick scholar at most things; and I must say (with an eye that I have pampered for many years on this point) that the horsemanship at Washington, for the last six months, has been a sight to see." There has been an almost daily improvement in the dashing performances on the avenues—superb horses, admirably ridden, and every rider (with space enough and crowded sidewalks of admirers on either hand) naturally doing his best—till I am sure that the mere spectacle of military equitation is, at this moment, as fine in our republican metropolises as in any capital in the world."

A STRONG CLAIM.—The chaplain of an Ohio Regiment—the 14th—not long ago offered a premium Bible to the man who could drive a mule team in Kentucky for four weeks without swearing. And, by-the-by, that was more than the good deacon in the story could do, with his plucky team of deaf oxen under his lash and goad! Well, after the four weeks appointed had expired, he duly received an application in form, well and duly written out, for the premium offered. The applicant proceeds to state that he has been "triving since December, and on the Ruffed Grouse you ever saw, which I think ought to be entitled for the Splendid Book." Manifestly, the poor fellow has but one other decided fault to cure himself of, now he has quit swearing.

Henry D. Thoreau, known as the "Concord Hermit," and author of "Walden, or Life in the Woods," and a few other works, died at his home in Concord last Tuesday. He was a favorite companion of Emerson, Hawthorne, Alcott, and the rest of the Concord literati, all of whom appreciated his brilliant and strangely intuitive but somewhat wayward intellect. Common men called him a fool, a lunatic, but great men called him a genius of the sublimest order.

HARRY, the great horse-tamer, has been practicing his art at Music Hall, in this city, the past week, to large and appreciative audiences. It is truly astonishing with what facility and ease he "curbs" and "forces" to be gentle the most refractory horse flesh.

NORTHERN MAGNANIMITY.—Although the South has discontinued all our periodicals, we still continue to take their magazines.

Negroes from Maryland, who steal the stock and wagons of their masters and "put" for Washington, are frequently overhauled, and their wagons searched for "contrabands." A negro driving a wagon to town a few days ago, was thus stopped, when he said: "No use looking in this wagon, massa; I hain't got any concubines dar."

What is the difference between a drummer boy and a pound of meat? One weighs a pound, and the other pounds away.

Any one who has lain all night upon a shelf, with an irresistible conviction that the house was dancing a polka, to the imminent danger of pitching him off, can form an idea of a first "night's rest" in the berth of an ocean steamer.

The London Times pays its contributors princely salaries. It pays its Paris correspondent \$5,000 a year—a sum equal to the salary of the President of the United States. The gentleman who holds that berth maintains an establishment almost embarras de richesses in its splendor; has a staff of assistants; correspondents in different cities; keeps his carriage, a retinue of servants, &c., and maintains the status of a nabob. Dr. Russell, who has been recently in this country as the special correspondent of the Times, receives a salary of \$10,000 a year, besides his traveling expenses, including an allowance for extra dinners, a secretary and two horses.

A WITTY CHAMBERMAID.—A commercial traveler lately left an article belonging to his wardrobe at an inn, and wrote to the chambermaid to forward it to him by coach; in answer to which he received the following:

"I hope, dear sir, you'll not feel hurt. I'll frankly tell you all about it; I've made a shift of your old shirt, and you must make a shift without it."

Parson Brownlow states, in his own behalf, that he never wore an oath, never played a card, never took a drink of liquor, never went to the theatre, never attended a horse-race, never told a lie, never broke the Sabbath, never wore whippers, and never kissed any woman but his wife. We would n't believe it of him, "or any other man."

On the first day of June, 1860, Mary Dyer, a Friend, was hung on Boston Common. On the thirteenth day of April, 1862, Rachel Howland, by appointment, was present at a meeting in the Friend meeting-house, in Milton place, Boston, and the Governor of the Commonwealth was one of the audience.

THE GREAT WESTERN HUMORIST is about to open his Show in New York. Artemus Ward the Traveler; Artemus the Victim; Artemus paterfamilias; Artemus the Patriot; Artemus the Orator; Artemus the Artist; in short, Artemus the Artemus; is about to contribute to the bookshelf of American Humor one of its rarest volumes. We are to have an elegantly printed collection of those irresistible sketches, whose hard, dry sense and quaint manner, have, during the past two years, kept the country in a perpetual state of grin. Coming at this particular time, when we have so much to be sad over, and so little to laugh at, this volume, with its comical illustrations, and terrible good-nature, will receive a hearty welcome from the reading public. The writer is really a humorist of great power in his way, and his way—a good one—is exclusively his own. The Timbarras papers, with all their excellent satirical touches, lack the honest, sin and geniality which characterize the writings of Artemus. We are sure that the country will bring in an overwhelming majority for this Ward!

Last Spring, while I thought of her here, I found a red rose on the hill, There it now lies, withered and rare— Let him trust to a woman who will—

—Owen Meredith.

If a man is murdered by his hired men, should the coroner render a verdict of killed by his own hands?

GENEROUS.—Mother:—Here, Tommy!—some nice oyster oil, with orange in it." Doctor:—Now remember, don't give it all to Tommy. Leave some for me." Tommy (who has been there):—Doctor is a nice man, ma. Give it all to Doctor."

A WIND TELEGRAPH.—We have heard of "kiss a thing before," but now it has actually come along! An ingenious invention by a Mr. Gardner, of Paris, is described as a tube, made of any material, which is blown into with a small bellows, thus displacing a quantity of air. An effect is instantly produced at the other end of the tube, where is placed an apparatus,

like that of the Morse Telegraph, for receiving the message and transmitting it. It has been made to work, and is expected to become "practically successful," especially for sea and ocean uses.

COL. ISAAC F. SHEPARD.—According to the correspondent of the St. Louis Republican with the army of Gen. Curtis in Arkansas, Col. Isaac F. Shepard, formerly of Boston, who fought so bravely at Wilson's Creek, is there at the head of the Lyons Regiment of Missouri. He is said to be quite popular with the soldiers.

Intelligence from Paris, states that Jeff Davis has invested \$300,000 in the French funds on his own account, which looks as if he had decided on fleeing to that country—providing he can get away.

A purse without money is better than a head without brains; the first may be filled, the other can't.

The Mrs. Reynolds who received a Major's Commission for her bravery at Pittsburg Landing, was formerly a resident of Springfield, Mass. Her maiden name was Belle Macomber. Illinois has lost ten thousand men in killed and wounded, during the rebellion.

If a man sitting on a chest is shot at, he would prefer, if hit at all, to be hit in his chest.

This war has been without a parallel in history in many respects—not the least noticeable of which is that the Government six per cent. securities are now at par, and its seven and three-tenths Treasury notes command a handsome premium. Was there ever an instance in the history of European nations in which Government stocks attained anything near their par value? That the high prices of our national securities are not due to the inflation of the currency, is proved by the fact that gold commands but a trifling premium.—Journal.

As those that pull down private houses adjoining to the temples of the gods, prop up such parts as are contiguous to them, so in undermining baseness, duty and regard is to be had to adjacent modesty, good nature and humanity.—Pittsford.

## Harbinger of Health.

A perusal of this work fully convinces one of its sterling value. It is not medicine, on which its talented author relies, but Nature. She is the ever careful and watchful mother who rejuvenates the worn tissues of the mortal and spiritual frame. He relies on the power of the will, and no one can doubt but he here introduces the most powerful remedial agents. He also places clairvoyance in the diagnosis, and magnetism in the cure of disease, in a justly conspicuous light.

After reading this book, a thinking mind cannot avoid seeing what very poor life-preservers doctors are. It is not so much how to get cured after you are sick, as how to keep ever well, and enjoy health down to the brink of a four-score grace.

Yet he does not overlook the diseases to which flesh is heir to by its ignorance. He gives plain and simple prescriptions for every ill, from the restlessness of the child, to what may properly be called diseases of the spirit. These are not old-fashioned, absolute formulas, but breath the air of the new philosophy of the Spiritual age. Every reformer will find it invaluable; if sick it yields the curative balm; if well it tells how we can remain so.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

## Lecturers.

Miss Emma Hardinge will speak in Lyceum Hall, in this city, on Sunday next, May 18th—afternoon and evening.

Mr. H. P. Fairfield will speak in Foxboro' next Sunday, May 18th.

Miss Lizzie Doten speaks in Springfield next Sunday, May 18th.

Mrs. M. B. Kenney speaks in Worcester, on Sunday, May 18th.

Frank L. Wadsworth speaks in Providence, R. I., the remaining Sunday in May.

Leo Miller, Esq., is engaged to speak every other Sunday, in Putneyville, N. Y., during the Summer.

Mrs. Augusta A. Currier is lecturing in Philadelphia.

Dr. James Cooper has commenced a lecturing tour through Indiana.

## To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

J. C. P. BUTLER, Wis.—All correct.

J. B. P. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—In our opinion it is unnecessary to publish your letter of explanation. The subject never was mooted here, and consequently the party you allude to has received no injury from the "tongue of slander," in this section.

N. J. T. JACKSONVILLE, FL.—We are thankful for favors, from whatever source. The obituary has been received, and will appear in our next issue.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

As this paper circulates largely in all parts of the country, it is a capital medium through which advertisers can reach customers. Our terms are moderate.

## NICARAGUA.

## Organized Emigration.

COSTS \$30 TO GET THERE.

COMPANY CHARTERED. SHIPPER TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS, ENITLING THE HOLDER TO TWENTY-FIVE ACRES OF LAND AND A JOINT INTEREST IN THE COMPANY. A most delightful region, rich in mines, fertile and healthy, has been selected. Farmers, Mechanics, and others, with some means, who would like to join a peaceful working colony, may address NEW YORK AND NICARAGUA COMPANY, No. 614 Broadway, New York. Sw May 17.

## I STILL LIVE.

## A POEM FOR THE TIMES.

BY MISS A. W. SPRAGUE.

This Poem of twenty pages, just published by the author, is dedicated to the brave and loyal hearts, offering their lives at the shrine of Liberty.

For sale at this office. Price 6 cents; postage 1 cent. May 17.

One Price—Hats, Caps, Furs Shute & Son 173 & 175 Washington St Boston

## DR. AND MRS. SPENCE.

MAY be consulted at No. 52 Down Street, New York. Mrs. Spence, in her capacity as medium, will prescribe and manipulate for physical, mental and moral diseases, acute and chronic.

A few patients can also be accommodated with rooms and board. Letters of inquiry may be addressed to either DR. TAYLOR SPENCE, or MRS. AMANDA M. SPENCE, No. 52 Down St., New York City. Sw May 17.

TRADE LIST OF OREGON WATCHES AND JEWELRY. Sent free by addressing SALISBURY BROS. & CO. Providence, R. I.

## ARCAEA OF NATURE.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

THIRD EDITION—JUST ISSUED!

CAREFULLY REVISED AND CORRECTED BY THE AUTHOR.

## PART I.

Chapter 1. A general Survey of Matter. Chapter 2. The Origin of the Universe. Nebular Theory of the Creation of the Universe; Geological Testimony; Increase of Temperature; The Central Heat; The Origin of the Atmosphere; The Origin of the Oceans; The Origin of the Continents; The Origin of the Mountains; The Origin of the Rivers; The Origin of the Seas; The Origin of the Winds; The Origin of the Clouds; The Origin of the Rain; The Origin of the Snow; The Origin of the Hail; The Origin of the Thunder; The Origin of the Lightning; The Origin of the Earthquakes; The Origin of the Volcanoes; The Origin of the Comets; The Origin of the Meteors; The Origin of the Planets; The Origin of the Stars; The Origin of the Universe.

## PART II.

Chapter 3. The Theory and Origin of Worlds. Chapter 4. The Origin of the Human Race. Chapter 5. Life and Organization. Chapter 6. The Origin of the Human Mind. Chapter 7. The Origin of the Human Soul. Chapter 8. The Origin of the Human Body. Chapter 9. The Origin of the Human Spirit. Chapter 10. The Origin of the Human Intellect. Chapter 11. The Origin of the Human Will. Chapter 12. The Origin of the Human Emotion. Chapter 13. The Origin of the Human Passion. Chapter 14. The Origin of the Human Action. Chapter 15. The Origin of the Human Deed. Chapter 16. The Origin of the Human Crime. Chapter 17. The Origin of the Human Sin. Chapter 18. The Origin of the Human Fault. Chapter 19. The Origin of the Human Vice. Chapter 20. The Origin of the Human Virtue. Chapter 21. The Origin of the Human Good. Chapter 22. The Origin of the Human Evil. Chapter 23. The Origin of the Human Hope. Chapter 24. The Origin of the Human Fear. Chapter 25. The Origin of the Human Love. Chapter 26. The Origin of the Human Hate. Chapter 27. The Origin of the Human Jealousy. Chapter 28. The Origin of the Human Envy. Chapter 29. The Origin of the Human Pride. Chapter 30. The Origin of the Human Greed. Chapter 31. The Origin of the Human Wrath. Chapter 32. The Origin of the Human Sloth. Chapter 33. The Origin of the Human Avarice. Chapter 34. The Origin of the Human Gluttony. Chapter 35. The Origin of the Human Drunkenness. Chapter 36. The Origin of the Human Fornication. Chapter 37. The Origin of the Human Murder. Chapter 38. The Origin of the Human Theft. Chapter 39. The Origin of the Human Perjury. Chapter 40. The Origin of the Human Treachery. Chapter 41. The Origin of the Human Betrayal. Chapter 42. The Origin of the Human Deceit. Chapter 43. The Origin of the Human Flattery. Chapter 44. The Origin of the Human Slandering. Chapter 45. The Origin of the Human Backbiting. Chapter 46. The Origin of the Human Gossiping. Chapter 47. The Origin of the Human Lying. Chapter 48. The Origin of the Human Swearing. Chapter 49. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 50. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 51. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 52. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 53. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 54. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 55. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 56. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 57. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 58. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 59. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 60. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 61. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 62. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 63. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 64. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 65. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 66. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 67. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 68. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 69. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 70. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 71. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 72. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 73. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 74. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 75. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 76. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 77. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 78. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 79. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 80. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 81. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 82. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 83. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 84. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 85. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 86. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 87. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 88. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 89. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 90. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 91. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 92. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 93. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 94. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 95. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 96. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 97. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 98. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 99. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 100. The Origin of the Human Blasting.

Chapter 1. The Origin of the Universe. Chapter 2. The Origin of the Human Race. Chapter 3. The Origin of the Human Mind. Chapter 4. The Origin of the Human Soul. Chapter 5. The Origin of the Human Body. Chapter 6. The Origin of the Human Spirit. Chapter 7. The Origin of the Human Intellect. Chapter 8. The Origin of the Human Will. Chapter 9. The Origin of the Human Emotion. Chapter 10. The Origin of the Human Passion. Chapter 11. The Origin of the Human Action. Chapter 12. The Origin of the Human Deed. Chapter 13. The Origin of the Human Crime. Chapter 14. The Origin of the Human Sin. Chapter 15. The Origin of the Human Fault. Chapter 16. The Origin of the Human Vice. Chapter 17. The Origin of the Human Virtue. Chapter 18. The Origin of the Human Good. Chapter 19. The Origin of the Human Evil. Chapter 20. The Origin of the Human Hope. Chapter 21. The Origin of the Human Fear. Chapter 22. The Origin of the Human Love. Chapter 23. The Origin of the Human Hate. Chapter 24. The Origin of the Human Jealousy. Chapter 25. The Origin of the Human Envy. Chapter 26. The Origin of the Human Pride. Chapter 27. The Origin of the Human Greed. Chapter 28. The Origin of the Human Wrath. Chapter 29. The Origin of the Human Sloth. Chapter 30. The Origin of the Human Avarice. Chapter 31. The Origin of the Human Gluttony. Chapter 32. The Origin of the Human Drunkenness. Chapter 33. The Origin of the Human Fornication. Chapter 34. The Origin of the Human Murder. Chapter 35. The Origin of the Human Theft. Chapter 36. The Origin of the Human Perjury. Chapter 37. The Origin of the Human Treachery. Chapter 38. The Origin of the Human Betrayal. Chapter 39. The Origin of the Human Deceit. Chapter 40. The Origin of the Human Flattery. Chapter 41. The Origin of the Human Slandering. Chapter 42. The Origin of the Human Backbiting. Chapter 43. The Origin of the Human Gossiping. Chapter 44. The Origin of the Human Lying. Chapter 45. The Origin of the Human Swearing. Chapter 46. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 47. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 48. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 49. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 50. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 51. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 52. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 53. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 54. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 55. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 56. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 57. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 58. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 59. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 60. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 61. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 62. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 63. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 64. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 65. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 66. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 67. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 68. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 69. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 70. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 71. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 72. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 73. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 74. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 75. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 76. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 77. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 78. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 79. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 80. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 81. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 82. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 83. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 84. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 85. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 86. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 87. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 88. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 89. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 90. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 91. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 92. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 93. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 94. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 95. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 96. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 97. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 98. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 99. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 100. The Origin of the Human Cursing.

Chapter 1. The Origin of the Universe. Chapter 2. The Origin of the Human Race. Chapter 3. The Origin of the Human Mind. Chapter 4. The Origin of the Human Soul. Chapter 5. The Origin of the Human Body. Chapter 6. The Origin of the Human Spirit. Chapter 7. The Origin of the Human Intellect. Chapter 8. The Origin of the Human Will. Chapter 9. The Origin of the Human Emotion. Chapter 10. The Origin of the Human Passion. Chapter 11. The Origin of the Human Action. Chapter 12. The Origin of the Human Deed. Chapter 13. The Origin of the Human Crime. Chapter 14. The Origin of the Human Sin. Chapter 15. The Origin of the Human Fault. Chapter 16. The Origin of the Human Vice. Chapter 17. The Origin of the Human Virtue. Chapter 18. The Origin of the Human Good. Chapter 19. The Origin of the Human Evil. Chapter 20. The Origin of the Human Hope. Chapter 21. The Origin of the Human Fear. Chapter 22. The Origin of the Human Love. Chapter 23. The Origin of the Human Hate. Chapter 24. The Origin of the Human Jealousy. Chapter 25. The Origin of the Human Envy. Chapter 26. The Origin of the Human Pride. Chapter 27. The Origin of the Human Greed. Chapter 28. The Origin of the Human Wrath. Chapter 29. The Origin of the Human Sloth. Chapter 30. The Origin of the Human Avarice. Chapter 31. The Origin of the Human Gluttony. Chapter 32. The Origin of the Human Drunkenness. Chapter 33. The Origin of the Human Fornication. Chapter 34. The Origin of the Human Murder. Chapter 35. The Origin of the Human Theft. Chapter 36. The Origin of the Human Perjury. Chapter 37. The Origin of the Human Treachery. Chapter 38. The Origin of the Human Betrayal. Chapter 39. The Origin of the Human Deceit. Chapter 40. The Origin of the Human Flattery. Chapter 41. The Origin of the Human Slandering. Chapter 42. The Origin of the Human Backbiting. Chapter 43. The Origin of the Human Gossiping. Chapter 44. The Origin of the Human Lying. Chapter 45. The Origin of the Human Swearing. Chapter 46. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 47. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 48. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 49. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 50. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 51. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 52. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 53. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 54. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 55. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 56. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 57. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 58. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 59. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 60. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 61. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 62. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 63. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 64. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 65. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 66. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 67. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 68. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 69. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 70. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 71. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 72. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 73. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 74. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 75. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 76. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 77. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 78. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 79. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 80. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 81. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 82. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 83. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 84. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 85. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 86. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 87. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 88. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 89. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 90. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 91. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 92. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 93. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 94. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 95. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 96. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 97. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 98. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 99. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 100. The Origin of the Human Cursing.

Chapter 1. The Origin of the Universe. Chapter 2. The Origin of the Human Race. Chapter 3. The Origin of the Human Mind. Chapter 4. The Origin of the Human Soul. Chapter 5. The Origin of the Human Body. Chapter 6. The Origin of the Human Spirit. Chapter 7. The Origin of the Human Intellect. Chapter 8. The Origin of the Human Will. Chapter 9. The Origin of the Human Emotion. Chapter 10. The Origin of the Human Passion. Chapter 11. The Origin of the Human Action. Chapter 12. The Origin of the Human Deed. Chapter 13. The Origin of the Human Crime. Chapter 14. The Origin of the Human Sin. Chapter 15. The Origin of the Human Fault. Chapter 16. The Origin of the Human Vice. Chapter 17. The Origin of the Human Virtue. Chapter 18. The Origin of the Human Good. Chapter 19. The Origin of the Human Evil. Chapter 20. The Origin of the Human Hope. Chapter 21. The Origin of the Human Fear. Chapter 22. The Origin of the Human Love. Chapter 23. The Origin of the Human Hate. Chapter 24. The Origin of the Human Jealousy. Chapter 25. The Origin of the Human Envy. Chapter 26. The Origin of the Human Pride. Chapter 27. The Origin of the Human Greed. Chapter 28. The Origin of the Human Wrath. Chapter 29. The Origin of the Human Sloth. Chapter 30. The Origin of the Human Avarice. Chapter 31. The Origin of the Human Gluttony. Chapter 32. The Origin of the Human Drunkenness. Chapter 33. The Origin of the Human Fornication. Chapter 34. The Origin of the Human Murder. Chapter 35. The Origin of the Human Theft. Chapter 36. The Origin of the Human Perjury. Chapter 37. The Origin of the Human Treachery. Chapter 38. The Origin of the Human Betrayal. Chapter 39. The Origin of the Human Deceit. Chapter 40. The Origin of the Human Flattery. Chapter 41. The Origin of the Human Slandering. Chapter 42. The Origin of the Human Backbiting. Chapter 43. The Origin of the Human Gossiping. Chapter 44. The Origin of the Human Lying. Chapter 45. The Origin of the Human Swearing. Chapter 46. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 47. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 48. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 49. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 50. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 51. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 52. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 53. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 54. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 55. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 56. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 57. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 58. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 59. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 60. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 61. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 62. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 63. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 64. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 65. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 66. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 67. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 68. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 69. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 70. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 71. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 72. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 73. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 74. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 75. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 76. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 77. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 78. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 79. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 80. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 81. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 82. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 83. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 84. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 85. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 86. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 87. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 88. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 89. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 90. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 91. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 92. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 93. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 94. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 95. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 96. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 97. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 98. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 99. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 100. The Origin of the Human Cursing.

Chapter 1. The Origin of the Universe. Chapter 2. The Origin of the Human Race. Chapter 3. The Origin of the Human Mind. Chapter 4. The Origin of the Human Soul. Chapter 5. The Origin of the Human Body. Chapter 6. The Origin of the Human Spirit. Chapter 7. The Origin of the Human Intellect. Chapter 8. The Origin of the Human Will. Chapter 9. The Origin of the Human Emotion. Chapter 10. The Origin of the Human Passion. Chapter 11. The Origin of the Human Action. Chapter 12. The Origin of the Human Deed. Chapter 13. The Origin of the Human Crime. Chapter 14. The Origin of the Human Sin. Chapter 15. The Origin of the Human Fault. Chapter 16. The Origin of the Human Vice. Chapter 17. The Origin of the Human Virtue. Chapter 18. The Origin of the Human Good. Chapter 19. The Origin of the Human Evil. Chapter 20. The Origin of the Human Hope. Chapter 21. The Origin of the Human Fear. Chapter 22. The Origin of the Human Love. Chapter 23. The Origin of the Human Hate. Chapter 24. The Origin of the Human Jealousy. Chapter 25. The Origin of the Human Envy. Chapter 26. The Origin of the Human Pride. Chapter 27. The Origin of the Human Greed. Chapter 28. The Origin of the Human Wrath. Chapter 29. The Origin of the Human Sloth. Chapter 30. The Origin of the Human Avarice. Chapter 31. The Origin of the Human Gluttony. Chapter 32. The Origin of the Human Drunkenness. Chapter 33. The Origin of the Human Fornication. Chapter 34. The Origin of the Human Murder. Chapter 35. The Origin of the Human Theft. Chapter 36. The Origin of the Human Perjury. Chapter 37. The Origin of the Human Treachery. Chapter 38. The Origin of the Human Betrayal. Chapter 39. The Origin of the Human Deceit. Chapter 40. The Origin of the Human Flattery. Chapter 41. The Origin of the Human Slandering. Chapter 42. The Origin of the Human Backbiting. Chapter 43. The Origin of the Human Gossiping. Chapter 44. The Origin of the Human Lying. Chapter 45. The Origin of the Human Swearing. Chapter 46. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 47. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 48. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 49. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 50. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 51. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 52. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 53. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 54. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 55. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 56. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 57. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 58. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 59. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 60. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 61. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 62. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 63. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 64. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 65. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 66. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 67. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 68. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 69. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 70. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 71. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 72. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 73. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 74. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 75. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 76. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 77. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 78. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 79. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 80. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 81. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 82. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 83. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 84. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 85. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 86. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 87. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 88. The Origin of the Human Cursing. Chapter 89. The Origin of the Human Blasting. Chapter 90. The Origin of the Human Cursing



## Message Department.

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

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 a mode of truth as he perceives—no more.

**Our Circles.**—The circles at which these communications are given, are held at the BANNER or LION'S OFFICE, No. 158 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:

Thursday, April 17.—Invocation: Question and Answer: Minnie Dodge, to her mother in New York City; Michael Devine, of the New York Zouaves; Blanche Pillsbury, Canton, Mass.

Monday, May 5.—Invocation: Miscellaneous Questions: Jane Kilburn, Dover, N.H.; J. H. Elliot, to his wife and brother in Forrester, N.Y.; Harriet Hooper, to her mother in 32d street, New York City.

Tuesday, May 6.—Invocation: Miscellaneous Questions: Joseph Phillips, to his brother Benjamin, Eastham, Maine; Charles Smith, to his father Charles in New Orleans; Elizabeth Brockway, Hamburg, Conn.; Minnie Leach, to her mother in Columbus, Ohio.

### Invocation.

Thou Mighty Spirit, whose realm is all Nature, thou who art our Father and Mother, we ask thy blessing at this hour. Now that the crash of arms hath for the moment ceased, now that the din of warfare is silent for the hour, we come unto thee through prayer, assured of thy confidence and love. Mighty Spirit of sympathy and love, in concert with the means of the dying and the afflicted we send up our prayers unto thee. Again our Father, we pray unto thee in behalf of the dying soldier. Oh our God, give him the consciousness of thy presence. May he feel that the angels are near him, waiting to convey his loved spirit to their celestial home. And oh, our Father, we petition thee in behalf of those who are about to leave behind. Dry up the fountain of their tears, and lift from their sorrowing hearts the load of grief which oppresses them. Oh God of the disconsolate, may the widow, the orphan, and the bereaved of every class of society, raise their eyes heavenward to thee, for the assurance of that sympathy and love which thou art the everlasting type. And though the hour of their grief be a long one, yet shall the calm of holy peace gradually settle upon their storm-tossed souls, and the sunlight of happiness return once more to their hearts. And our Father, we pray unto thee also in behalf of the negro, whose soul is crushed with the weight of ignorance, and whose very being seems to be a nought upon earth. And oh, Almighty One, now that the very heavens are brightening with freedom, we pray thee to touch with thy Divine hand the silent chords of his being, that the hitherto darkened soul of the negro may awaken to a knowledge of thy truth and power. And oh, Father, we beg an especial blessing for all who walk in paths of error and wickedness. We find these avenues of sin everywhere, not only within the mart of business, but within the pale of domestic life. Oh our God, we ask thee to bless those who walk these dreary paths; give them that power to resist temptation which their souls crave, and may they at last come out of the fiery furnace of sin with pure and unscathed robes. For our enemies we pray most Holy One, for those who have trespassed against us, and who know not the pain, the heart-sorrow, they have inflicted upon innocent humanity. "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Mighty Father of all created things, fold them to thy breast, and with thy loving arms wrap around them the garments of purity and wisdom. And in the eternal future, thy children will one and all, chant songs of glory forever and ever. Amen. April 14.

### "Choose ye whom ye will serve."

"Choose ye this day whom ye will serve."

This passage of Biblical History we are requested to speak upon this day. We care not what prompted our questioner to send us the following words, for we believe that each and every thought or desire that is sent out upon the great ocean of intellectual life, will return, bearing a precious burden of knowledge. Every thought fulfils its own mission. The passage of Scripture handed us for explanation this afternoon, is one well applicable to the times.

It is high time that you begin each one of you, to choose your God. You have been fluctuating long enough between Mammon and God. The Spiritual God is one of principle wisdom and eternal love. The Material God is one of gold and precious stones. We perceive a desire upon the part of humanity generally, to serve both at the same time. The Spiritual God declares through all Nature that ye cannot serve both one God at a time. Now then, to bring acceptable gifts to the Spiritual God, you must renounce the worship of Mammon.

### "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve."

The voice of mourning and woe that is rising from every corner of your beloved land, tells you that you have been serving Mammon, that you have been striving for worldly wealth, rather than for the general good of mankind.

How can I best serve myself and the interests of the hour? Is a question which has been, and we regret to say, is still uppermost in the minds of many, even at the present day. How you can serve God aright, how you shall act in order to contribute to the welfare of your fellow-creatures, is a question which should occupy the minds of every man, woman and child upon this American Continent.

It is high time to begin to cut off your idols, to turn from the worship of Mammon to that of the True God. The Spirit of Reform, which is the Spirit of Love, Wisdom, and Truth, enters your temple. He carries a sword in his right hand, and the scales of justice in the other. Now, as matter of sequence, there must be misery and woe in his trail, for in these agents you admit the recompensing angel.

You have been ignorant, and through ignorance you sin, but in the far distant East there shines a star of peace and wisdom. It cometh nearer, and by-and-by its rays will enter not a few souls, but all shall begin to feel its light and warmth.

There is not upon the face of this entire continent a single temple dedicated to the worship of the Spiritual God; all are dedicated to the service of Mammon. Then wonder not that civil war rules the hour, that eternal discord and utter ruin stare you in the face, for this internal and selfish mode of living beget you inhumanity, yet by virtue of Divine power, they shall beget you joy also.

The above quoted paragraph may apply to our questioner as well as to all others. God grant that while he daily offers his prayers, that he may cut off all idols, that he may turn from the service of the Material God, to that of the Spiritual God.

Oh, our questioner, stand out in the might and power of your own glory. Administer righteousness to all men, and soon the voice of the people will ascend in gratitude to the Almighty Father, thanking him for this hour of sorrow.

### "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve."

Oh may the Eternal One grant that your choice be a wise one. Enter the spiritual temple, and forever espouse the worship of idols.

### Miscellaneous Questions.

Ques.—Why is it that those who have passed to the spiritual, do not always know what their friends here, who were once dear to them, leave the material body?

Ans.—All spirit, whether in or out of the form, is subject to law, immutable and unchangeable law. No each and every individual spirit may be called a *ghost*, revolving about the great central-Deity.

Each and all are sustained by an atmosphere peculiar to themselves, or, in other words, they live and have their being in that element.

It is sometimes the case, that a spirit enters the spirit-life without the cognizance of its friends. Some spirits are endowed with the power to come into close material relations, or in rapport with human life. All, however, do not possess this power. Now, then, it is perfectly plain, when you know the influences that your spirit possesses, if by virtue of my condition am here to-day, and subject to God's will.

Sometimes a spirit remains for years in unconscious life, in spirit-life. Its surroundings or conditions may be such as to induce this peculiar state. The spirit slumbers, rests; it is not partially but wholly unconscious, and at that time, a thousand times ten thousand times, spirits might enter the spirit-world without the knowledge of the dormant or sleeping spirit.

As progression is one of the grand points of law material, as all must progress, the time must come to all, when every spirit will recognize its own kindred in the celestial spheres, as in earth-life. The law natural is a progressive law.

Q.—If those who have left the mortal form are anxious to communicate with those they have left upon earth, can they always find some means by which to do so?

A.—Certainly not.

Q.—Those who have promised to give a word through the BANNER or LION, do not all come, though abundant time has been given them. Then, are there rules in the spirit-land—any laws forbidding any to come? Those who were truthful here ought to be so there.

A.—Many promise unwisely, because they know not the law governing the spirit's return to earth. But when they come to the spirit-land, they find they are obliged to wait months, and even years, because they are unable to influence or hold control over a foreign body long enough to make their presence known to their friends upon earth.

Q.—Will the spirit please to interpret this passage of Scripture: "And now, Father, glory thou with the glory which I had with thee before the world was?"

A.—Jesus, the divine one, prayed for the outgushing of that natural purity and love, of which the Father was the type. "Give me," he says, "the glory which I had with thee before the world was," that thy son also may glorify thee. Take off from me these external surroundings, this materialism, and give me that spiritual light and wisdom which shall make me a fit companion for thee in the celestial world. Not alone for himself did Jesus pray to the Father, but for his apostles and all other believers in Eternal Life, that they might be glorified with him in heaven. He referred to that innate purity which exists in all principles.

Q.—Can you give us the history of the snake, or the serpent, that is recorded in Genesis?

A.—The Biblical mention of the serpent was merely a figurative expression, or an allegory, deduced from ceremonies of the ancients. The serpent was supposed to be a type of wisdom, with a certain class of ancients, and as such, was handed down to the generations mentioned in the first part of the Old Testament. We find the serpent figuring in Eden, endowed with the power of speech, and represented as being the most subtle and crafty beast of the field, which God had made. Now, we believe that the serpent, spoken of as dwelling in the garden of Eden, was merely a type of deception, or of that subtle wisdom and craft, which results only in evil to others. Again, the Eden spoken of in the Bible, represented only a spiritual condition of the soul, or the intellectual part of man.

"Be ye wise as serpents, and harmless as doves," were the words of Jesus to his beloved disciples. Do you suppose the serpent was endowed with superior wisdom? No; the expression was a symbolical one. Jesus, the Nazarene, according to nature, in his teachings, stood but one remove from Egyptian Mythology; therefore, he was what might be termed a natural teacher. We all know that nature takes no rapid strides, but moves slowly along through the ages, step by step. Jesus being a natural teacher, was then, in his ideas and teaching, but one remove from heathenism, or the religion of the Dark Ages, and he accordingly spoke unto his disciples in this way that they might understand him from that point. And Jesus, the divine one, well knew that he could not make himself understood by them if he spoke in any other way than the one above mentioned—he must come down to their capabilities, or else his teachings to them were good for nothing.

April 14.

### Flavia Lacy.

I was unfortunate when upon earth, and suffered much from poverty. I had it over with me, from my earliest remembrance up to the time of my changing worlds. I lived in poverty. I was born in the metropolis of America. Amid the fith of New York city my eyes were first opened to light, and closed again upon scenes that I now look upon with shuddering. I was twenty years of age at the time of my death. Had I lived two months longer upon earth, I should have been twenty-one years of age.

My father was a drunkard, and did little toward supporting the family. My mother was a slothful woman, and died when I was quite young. Most of my time, between the ages of four and fourteen, was spent in begging; sometimes in sweeping the streets, and some times in selling small wares.

The last week I lived upon earth, I was visited by a lady and gentleman, who spoke to me of my soul's welfare, and told me to be of good cheer, for God had so ordained it that those who were poor on earth should be rich in heaven. They told me that I was going to a world of compensation, and should even probably be able to return, and through portals open prayer to God. These good people also told me that my thirst for knowledge here was not in vain; that I should learn fast in the spirit world, and that I should gather the choicest gems and buds of wisdom that were to be found in the spirit world.

This is the first time I have been able to return, after three years' absence. I know not to this day, who those kind friends were, but I have felt it my duty to return as soon as possible, and give them the blessed assurance of my love and gratitude. I have full reason to believe that these two people belong to the class known on earth as Spiritualists, and I have full reason to believe also that my message or letter will reach them.

Teachers, divinely appointed teachers, have been my constant attendants since I came to the spirit-land, and I am at this moment in possession of rich gems of wisdom, that the soundest philosopher upon earth might joy to possess. Though I am feebly able to express myself at this my first coming, yet God has set his seal of wisdom and progress upon my being, and at some future time I may be able to do better.

These friends found me in Derne's alley, near the Bowery, up three flights of stairs, on a bed of straw, and attended by an old negro, who lived in the same tenement. From the world of spirits I send them my blessing, for they implanted in my being seeds of truth that have blossomed into flowers, and I am told that their fragrance reaches even the people of the earth. For I am destined in the future—poor beggar child as I was—to pour words of consolation upon the wounds of humanity.

April 14

### David Wigelhoff.

The favors you extend to me, I presume you extend to all. Certainly. I once owned a body, and was recognized by the name of David Wigelhoff, of Nashville, Tennessee. I am exceedingly anxious to hold communion with my friends. Allow me to ask, is there any means by which I can do so? [Yes, through the medium of the BANNER or LION.] I find myself exceedingly uneasy in this new degree of life—so much so, it is impossible for me to be reconciled to it.

A lawyer by profession, at the breaking out of the rebellion, I joined the rebel forces, and fell at Fort

Donelson; so you see that you Northerners, or your clique, are my murderers. Excuse me, sir, but I plead guilty of the same offence, myself. I now see that there is quite as much wrong on our side, as on yours, but I care not to talk of military matters; whatever I may want to say in that line upon future occasions, I do not wish to, to-day. I have a wife and three children, with whom I should be most happy to speak, though I ask the favor of an enemy. [Not an enemy.] If I understand aright, you lay aside all party feeling here? [We do.] I was forty-one years of age. It may be well to state that I suffered nothing, or very little, at the time of my death, for the passage was quick.

I would like to forward this request to my wife, that she return no more to Nashville. There are reasons that are apparent to me, but cannot be so to her, why it is best for her not to return. She had better stay where she is at present until after this political delusion has subsided, and then I think she had better seek her friends at the North, and, if possible, try to forget that I was murdered at the hands of those who should have been my friends. Inasmuch as I was quite as much in the wrong as they, I think that she, as well as all of my friends, had better look at the matter in a double light.

My wife is in St. Charles, Texas. [We can't reach there by mail, at present.] I was told that there might be difficulty in doing so. [In the course of two or three months communication will probably be open through the South.] Why, do you expect you will be able to send it then? [I guess so.] You think so; then you're mistaken. As far as I am concerned, I would to God it were so! Good day.

### Bridget Malony.

I was told would I come here I might send something to my children. Faith, then, I don't know at all what place I'm in. [This is Boston, in the United States of America.] That's not Manchester, at all! [Do you mean Manchester in New Hampshire?] Yes, that's the place where I took sick. I was a sweeper in the Star Corporation in Manchester.

Three children I leave without much at all to take care of them. They have a father, to be sure, but he's not much at all. The youngest was a small, little one, about three years old, the next two years old, and one two years more. This was their age when I go away. It was 1858 when I go. I was told would I come here in time, I would reach them. Well, I'd like to talk to them. [Can't you ask your husband to help you find them?] Faith, I wouldn't ask him at all; faith, it's not him that was good to me at all upon earth! [Maybe he's sorry for it now.] Maybe he's sorry I be's sorry all the time, and then had again. God, if I was like this inside, as well as out, I'd go to me children myself. Can I have another one (body)? [Perhaps some of your friends may invite you to come to them.] Invite me! faith, they don't invite us at all; it's everybody I come here, and there's no where else to go.

[What was your name?] Bridget Malony. Peter is the old man's name. I'd like to speak to me children. Faith, I think I'd like to speak to me cousin, Mary O'Brien. I was an O'Brien, and the O'Briens are just as good as anybody else. What a fool I was to marry as I did. [What was your disease?] I took a fever, which settled on the chest. I was born in Belfast, Ireland. It's not very well off I was. I did not have much chance to get learning.

I likes to know if I can have a body like me own, just a little short time to go round with. [That is something we cannot give you.] I thought, when I come here, you'd take me to my children. Faith, I'm disappointed. Will I come here? [If you find it necessary.] Well, I'll say one thing before I leave here, to whoever has charge of me children, if it reach them, which is, that I come here, that I want to talk to me children, and that I'll not be any until I do. That's all the amount of what I want to say. [Have you no message to send to your husband?] Faith, I wouldn't like to talk to him at all. Good mornin', sir.

April 14.

### Invocation.

Spirit of time and eternity, thou Mighty Genius of Creation, thou who art Father, Mother, Sister, Brother, our Friend, our All, to thee we come to-day, well knowing that thou wilt incline thine ear unto such of thy children as do see fit to give thee their confidence. We come not unto thee at this time to demand of thee any new blessing, but we come with songs of thanksgiving and praise for the manifold blessings already bestowed upon thy children. We thank thee for a conscious knowledge that shall give us a better understanding of thee. Oh Lord, our Father, there are bright blossoms of truth glowing on the brow of each of thy children upon earth. Oh Jehovah, do they inhale the fragrance? Do the individuals feel the mighty power that is with them? Therefore, oh Father, unto thy keeping we commend all souls, all things, that are made by thee. Unto thee we will sing eternal praises, whether through temples human, or temples divine. Amen.

April 16.

### Miscellaneous Questions.

Ques.—Are not these terrible manifestations of to-day the effects of man's violation of the law natural? and is it not the law of retribution that returns upon man in all the relations of life to bring him to higher conditions?

Ans.—This question is one easily answered. Our answer is most certainly yes.

Q.—The soul condition after the second death—please speak of this?

A.—There are as many deaths as there different states of life and being. To confine these degrees to two, would be to limit God's power, God's laws. Death is before us, behind us, above us, beneath us, being simply the left hand of immortality. If we call it immortality itself, we speak the truth. The soul-realm or soul-world—where is it? We conceive it to be the centre of the individual. Now this world comprehends all space, all time, all life. It is infinite in its capacities; none can fathom it, none can measure it. The soul-realm contains within its sphere everything which relates to the future condition of man. There is nothing in the objective world that is known to it, that is not subject to its control. Thus when the spirit turns within the walls of its own being, it finds no want, no desire unsatisfied. Everything that has been, or is to be, you may find registered in the soul-world. Each individual is a kingdom, a realm, a God or King in itself. Infinite as is Jehovah, what is the Jehovah? Deep, mighty, grand, mysterious and sublime; is the subject before us, oh our questioner. Oh the soul and its capacities, the kingdom of thought, we are powerless to reach all its labyrinthine; we are dumb before its majesty, and forever and new life, a something more grand, more beautiful than the past has offered us.

April 16.

### Prayer.

We perceive a query is rife among certain intelligences with regard to prayer, or in regard to the manner in which some spirits pray. Why is it that the immortals sometimes address their prayers to Death, the Grave, and even to the Devil himself? If this Spiritualism is of divine origin, why are such things allowed? Why do they drag us down from the spiritual pedestal to their own level?

When dwelling myself upon the earth, inhabiting a form, according to nature, my own, I was probably as rigid, with regard to prayer, as any one on the earth. I was sectarian. I limited my God. I built him a temple after my own theological plan. I fashioned him a body—that was the highest of my ideas of a divine body. I clothed him in garments of my own religious fancy, and made him an ideal being of my own conception. Now Christianity incorrectly does this, and that class of persons known as Christians, have very finite perceptions of God, and instead of giving him the whole universe for his realm, they give him only a small portion of it. Our queries comes to us with wonder, with doubt, with all those conditions of life, which pertain to

darkness. When the spirit throws off the mortal garb and finds itself free, its first call is for God. Think you the answer comes from the celestial realm alone? No, every atom from the celestial, the ethereal, the material world, answers this call. "Though I take the wings of the morning and fly to the uttermost part of the earth, yet thou art not our God there?"

What if man does pray to evil, is not our God there? What, though we pray to yonder sun, who made it, whose life is there? Surely the master of the soul is the author of the sun. There is no atom, no force or being incarnate or carnate in heaven or hell, but has been fashioned by God. What, though we pray to the Angel Gabriel? We as surely pray to the Infinite Father, as if we said, "Our Father which art in heaven."

Oh limited Christianity! we knock at the internal of thy being, and we expect, ere long, the Angel of Change will open to us. While our querist stands doubting before the majesty of God, it would be well for him to turn within himself and learn something of God's majesty and power from self. Then he will begin to perceive, that whether we pray to heaven or hell, we address ourselves directly to the Eternal Spirit—Our Father.

April 15.

### Samuel Merritt.

This is decidedly new to me. My name is Samuel Merritt. I'm from Gloucester, Massachusetts. It's easy one way to know I'm myself, but take it 't'other way, it's hard. I'm sort of in the fog, but I concluded it's no use to lay to any longer, so I thought I might as well crowd on sail, and get somewhere, if it was only to Davy Jones's Locker. I know plenty of them are waiting for the fog to clear off, but by hokey, they'll wait a good while for the fog to clear off.

I know all about how I've made a bold push, but I don't care, as long as I've got here. I was eighteen years old, and was drowned. I haven't been in the way of taking my reckoning since I got here. I was drowned upon the thirteenth of January, 1861. I was on board the schooner Mary Elizabeth, which sailed on George's Banks. I was washed overboard. I don't know that any one else went over at the same time. [You are sure that you were drowned in the year 1861, are you?] Yes, I'm right. [Who was your captain?] Captain Williams. He was from down the Cape, somewhere. [Cape Cod?] Yes, and he's a good fellow, and I should like to see him, too.

I don't know whether I'm booked for the upper or lower regions. [You won't go any lower, I guess.] I thought like this, that if I'd got to work so hard here, as I did in the other world, that I'd petition to go into the lower regions. I had'n't much of things that push you into good society while on earth, for I had'n't much money or book learning. [This is a world of toil, you know.] By thunder! if you had to work so hard for a living as I used to, you'd petition to get sent lower, instead of higher. There's no fun in living, when you have to strain every nerve to get along. I don't know who you are, whether you're a minister, lawyer, or deacon. [I am neither.] I can furl a sail with you, as quick as anyone, but in the way of book learning, I don't suppose I can stand alongside of you. I don't know, however.

My father was drowned before I was. He was a seafaring man, and has been dead about nine years. My mother, I suppose, is on the earth now, and I took it into my head to come back, and see if I could not do better from this side than I did from her side. I've a brother that's somewhere on the earth—but I be blessed if I know where! His name was David. I got my orders before I spoke here, to say just what I knew, and not to say what I did not know. But if you're commissioned to help me and others, I'd like to have you find him. I can print what you choose to say to him in our paper, and perhaps it may reach him. I'd like to have him take fast rate care of mother. He's got my part and his own to do, and I'd like to have him do it.

I expect my mother's in Gloucester; that's where I hailed from. She may be in the moon, for all I know. I've been away over a year, then? [According to your reckoning, about fifteen months.] Now, who pays me for all this time? [You've probably been resting.] It's no fault of mine, this being so still. Well, who pays you? [I ask no fee here.] By thunder! I was going to say I ain't got a copper. I had'n't any when I left, and I'm plaguy sure I haven't got any since. Well then, I suppose we may call it square? [Yes.]

I should like next time I come, for you—you don't give our choice of bodies, do you? [Perhaps we may give you the brother of this lady, sometime.] I'm kind of ashamed to be here, but I see so many come before me, that I thought I'd come. I was never sick but once, and that's when I had the measles. [Have you seen your father since you're over in the Spirit Land?] No, I haven't; but I should like to see him mighty well! [Have you no word to send to your mother?] I don't know what to say to mother; I've been thinking about it. She thinks I'm dead, and I think I ain't. She's a pretty old woman. I don't know how she'll like these things. She's a Christian of some sort. I want much myself, anyway. Do you help us off? [Only wish yourself away, to Gloucester if you like, and you are gone.]

April 15.

### Thomas S. Skelton.

I am from Montgomery, Alabama, sir. I have been a resident of the spirit-spheres a little over one week. My name was Thomas S. Skelton. I've no regrets to offer, no apologies to make; I'm here, simply for the purpose of opening communication with my uncle, Caleb Brown, of Cleveland, Ohio. As soon as it shall be possible, I desire that he will communicate with the friends I have in Montgomery, inform them of my visit here, and of my desire to open communication with them.

A word with regard to my affairs. Let them be settled according to the dictates of my brother. I was a reader of your paper, and am not a stranger to Spiritualism. I find it exceedingly difficult to hold control; however, such as I have is good, although it won't last me long. I was twenty-eight years of age. I suppose my friends are, ere this, acquainted with my death. I was wounded at 11 A.M., Sunday noon, (probably in the battle of Pittsburg Landing), and died, as near as I'm able to judge, about 2 o'clock the next morning. The weary and agonies of those hours, crowd upon me now. No matter 's over now, or will be as soon as I leave here. Good cheer for all! Is the watchword I send from my new life. Farewell.

April 16.

### ALL IS ACTION! ALL IS MOTION!

All is action, all is motion, In this mighty world of ours; Like the currents of the ocean, Man is urged by unseen powers. Steadily, but strongly moving, Life is onward evermore. Still the present age improving On the age that went before. Duty points, with outstretched fingers, Every soul to actions high; We beside the soul that lingers! Onward! onward! is the cry. Though man's foes may seem victorious, War may waste and famine blight, Still from out the conflict glorious, Mind comes forth with added light. O'er the darkest night of sorrow, From the deadliest field of strife, Dawns a clearer, brighter morn'g Springs a truer, nobler life. Onward, onward, onward ever! Human progress none may stay! All who make the vain endeavor, Shall like chaff be swept away.

## Spiritual Phenomena.

[Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1861, by A. H. Davis, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the District of Massachusetts.]

### COMPENDIUM OF FACTS ON SUPER-MUNDANE PHENOMENA.

BY A. H. DAVIS.

#### CHAPTER VI.

##### DREAMS—SOMNAMBULISM—TRANCE.

DREAMS, WHAT ARE THEY?—VOLTAIRE'S TESTIMONY OF DREAM IMPRESSION.—ZADOCK HUBBELL'S DREAM—TWO INSTANCES OF REMARKABLE PROPHETIC DREAMS IN BOSTON.—ANNIE WATTS'S GOLDEN DREAM.—SOMNAMBULISM DEFINED.—TRANCE—KEEMER NEVER PRODUCED THE MENTAL CONDITION.—MR. SUNDBERLAND'S CONFESSION.—TRANCE OF REV. WM. TENNEY.—REMARKABLE CASE OF SOMNAMBULISM.—MARY STARR, FULTON, N. Y.—MRS. MACUMBER.

"And the far wanderings of the soul in dreams, Calling up shades of faces from the dead, And with them bringing soft or solemn gleams, Familiar objects brightly to o'erspread; And waking buried love, or joy, or fear— These are night's mysteries, who shall make them clear?"—Mrs. Hemans.

Well may Mrs. Hemans ask "who shall make these mysteries clear?" No one of my predecessors have, and I can hardly expect to. Yet I can add my opinion to the opinion of the masses. I do not design to enter into a discussion of these questions more than I can possibly avoid, as my business is to record phenomena—more especially the phenomena of the Nineteenth Century, called the Spiritual phenomena. But I cannot very well reach them without treating upon other phenomena, which seem to be inseparably connected with them. I have already dwelt upon Patheticism, so far as relates to physical phenomena; and in this chapter I am to examine a class of mental phenomena which seem to be intimately connected with both the Pathetic and Spiritual.

Dreams may be defined as an active condition of the mind, between wakefulness and sleeping; and when aroused from slumber, the individuals remember what mental operations transpired during their slumber. In common dreams, however, there is nothing more remarkable than in the current of thought which passes through the mind when all the senses are in an active or wakeful condition. But there are a class of dreams in which the mind seems to be impressed from some source external to itself—dreams in which future events are clearly foreshadowed. And not only so, but thoughts, new and beautiful, are often impressed. We find an illustration of this in the case of Voltaire, who is said to have dreamed a portion of his *Henriade*. Speaking of this, he says: "In my dream I said what I should hardly have said when awake. I therefore thought and reflected involuntarily. I possessed no freedom of will, and yet I combined ideas with shrewdness, and even with genius."

Events, sometimes far away in the future, are impressed on the mind in dreams. Such was the case as related by Mr. Zadock Hubbell, Visco, Westchester Co., N. Y. Ten years before the three cent piece were issued, they were shown to him in a dream. He dreamed of being in a strange city, without money, and that his last and only pair of boots had ripped from the inner sole. On walking along the streets, he found that something had collected between the sole of his boot and the bottom of his foot, which he found to be a quantity of money in small coin. "Nothing," he says, "can be more vivid to my mind than the appearance of the money. A greater part of it was in pieces, about half as large as six cent pieces, with three straight marks on one side, and a star on the other." Ten or fifteen years after this, he went to Newark, N. J., on a tour as a temperance lecturer. While there he spent his last shilling; and his perplexity was increased on finding that the sole of his boot had ripped from the inner sole. The vision had not entered his mind. But that night he determined to lay his necessities before the audience. He did so, and a collection was taken up, on receiving which, he recognized the identical coin which in the dream he had collected between his boot sole; and then the vision burst upon his mind.

In the fall of 1860, the Boston Transcript published two instances of prophetic and impressional dreams, which are to the point. They both occurred in that city. A lady who resided on Hanover street, dreamed that her brother, who was in the western part of New York, was killed, and that his body was horribly mangled in death. This dream seemed so vivid and real, and impressed her mind so forcibly, that she arose from her bed and walked the room, weeping in great anguish. A lady friend tried to console her, and finally persuaded her to retire to rest, telling her to try to forget the dream.

The next Monday morning, however, the lady received a telegraphic dispatch stating that her brother (Mr. Wise, a brakeman on the Western Railroad, had fallen from the cars, and been run over, and instantly killed. The accident happened almost precisely at the time of the dream. The other case was that of Messrs. Fuller and Colton, then enterprising merchants at No. 311 Washington street. Saturday night, Mr. Colton dreamed that their store was broken into, and robbed of a large quantity of silk crav



doubtless, and thirty gold two dollar pieces. What makes it more singular, is, that the desk had been searched the day previous; but the money was concealed in the back part, and would have remained there for years had it not been for the dream.

I now come to my second head, viz: SOMNAMBULISM.—In examining different authors on the subject of Pathetism, and even Mr. Davis and other writers on Pathetism, I have sometimes been perplexed from what has to me seemed to be a misuse of terms. I find them often inclined to class all abnormal phenomena, such as dreams, trances, clairvoyance, &c., under the general head of Somnambulism. I will, therefore, before treating upon any further phenomena, define the term. The term Somnambulism is a compound of two Latin words, *Somnus* to sleep, and *ambulo* to walk, or go. Hence, literally, a Somnambulist is one who walks about in his sleep. But as all trances subjects in the cases to which I shall be likely to allude, are in most instances gifted with somnambulist powers, I shall follow the example of other writers, and use which ever term is most convenient.

TRANCE is a French word; but supposed to be from the Latin, *Transire*, passing over. Webster divides the trance condition into two classes, viz: Ecstasy and Catalepsy. Trance, he defines to mean (1) "an Ecstasy; a state in which the soul seems to have passed out of the body into celestial regions, or to be wrapped in visions. (2) In medicine, Catalepsy; total suspension of mental power, and voluntary motion; pulsation and breathing continued—muscles flexible. Trance and Catalepsy differ from Ecstasy, in the circumstance that in the latter the muscles are rigid—the body erect and inflexible."

Mr. Sunderland's definition of Somnambulism, is a very good definition of Trance, as the phenomena is generally witnessed in Pathetism and Spiritualism. He says: "Natural Somnambulism is that state in which the will power is active; and while the external senses and memory are asleep, the wisdom becomes excited, and hence they do see and hear things of which they have no recollection while in the natural state. At other times there is little or no motion in the muscles, and the person sleeps for weeks, and even months."

It is this class of phenomena I am to treat upon in this chapter. It is, however, difficult in all cases to fix the boundary line between the normal and abnormal somnambulism. I experienced the abnormal condition a long time before I was conscious that I was experiencing what is usually termed the trance; and it was not until I became a clairvoyant that I was fully conscious of it. In the fall of 1858, it was my practice at noon to go into my room and lay down to take a nap. During this fall I was under what seemed to me to be a magnetical influence most of the time. These moments of rest, appeared unusually soothing; and for some time I noticed that while I seemed to sleep, my mental faculties were unusually wakeful; and at times I seemed to be conscious of not only what was passing around me, but also at a distance. I noticed, also, that I did not awake as out of common sleep, gradually, but all at once. I seemed to be living in a charmed atmosphere. I was all alone; and hence knew no one visible was operating upon me pathetically; and, indeed, at the time, I only regarded it as a very pleasant sleep. I also noticed that the least noise would bring me suddenly out of it, with a painful sensation. On one occasion my wife came into the room in a quiet manner. As soon as the door opened I awoke instantaneously. If a cannon had been fired over my head, it would not have affected me more. It seemed to me as though the door had been burst open with great violence. I spoke to her, and asked: "Why did you come in so?" She replied, "I came in as I always do."

That I was under a strong magnetical or pathetism current, I cannot doubt, and her opening the door disturbed the current. But from whence did it proceed? There was no one visibly with me, and I know positively that there was no one in the house that could produce the slightest pathetism influence upon me. In October, I became clairvoyant for the first time I was ever aware of it. It was in this condition, while in my room, for the purpose of taking rest, that I saw the individual dying, as related in "My Experience," in the BANNER OF LIGHT, Chapter XII. These conditions I regard now, the same as those experienced by Trance Mediums. Since this, I have experienced them often; and I am often surrounded by the magnetical current, and all the faculties are awake, as well as when I am in a somnific condition.

"Meqner," Mr. Sunderland remarks, "never produced either a state of trance, or what is now called clairvoyance, at all. He induced a species of physical results, which were manifested in convulsions and the like."

The Trance condition is now common, not only in Pathetism, but also in Spiritualism; but there is a marked difference in the phenomena witnessed. In the former the will of the subject is under the control of the operator; in the latter, under the control of an unseen agent; hence the two may properly be called the natural and induced. The former is where the individual enters the somnambulist or trance condition involuntarily; and the latter, where the subject is induced. Mr. Sunderland, however, has seemed to change front on this subject. When engaged in experimenting, he declared to his audience that the trance was induced by the power of his will over the subject; but in the Boston Reform Conference, he recently made this assertion: "I have had two hundred and fifty in my audience entranced at one time, and these trances have never been produced by my will, except by its acting through the external senses of the person entranced. I am obliged to say, always, in this kind of trance, it is self-induced." This acknowledgment shows conclusively to my mind that Mr. Sunderland, even while experimenting, was conscious of a power beside his own will, operating to produce the phenomena witnessed; and I am more and more inclined to the belief that Pathetism, in all cases, is only an aid in producing the trance and clairvoyant conditions, and that the prime agent is exterior to either the operator or subject.

There have been several remarkable instances of Trances recorded, and perhaps that related of Rev. William Tennyson attached to it as much importance as any that has occurred during this century. This case, however, comes more properly under what in medicine is termed Catalepsy, than the common Trance witnessed in Pathetism and Spiritualism.

Mr. Tennyson, to all human appearance, was sick and dying; but while they were laying him out, a slight tremor was discovered under his arm. By the importuning of a friend, the funeral was delayed three days, and during the time every means was used to discover life. Twice the friends assembled to bury him. The last time, the friend placed for one hour's delay; then a half; then a quarter, and when the last quarter of an hour had expired, Mr. Tennyson opened his eyes. In relating his experience, he says: "I found my fever increased, and I became weaker and weaker, until I found myself in heaven, as I thought. I can say, as St. Paul did, I heard and saw things unutterable. I was transported with my own situation; viewing all my troubles ended, and my glory begun, and was about to join the great happy multitude, when one came to me, looking me in the face, laid his hand on my shoulder, and said, 'you must go back.' These words went through me. Nothing could have shocked me more. I cried out: 'Lord, must I go back?' With this shock I opened my eyes in this world." What is still more remarkable in this case, Mr. Tennyson so entirely lost the recollection of his life and the benefit of his former studies, that he could neither understand what was spoken to him, nor read nor write his own name, and had to learn his letters again.

The cases of Trance which occur under the head of Pathetism and Spiritualism have been so generally witnessed during the past fifteen or twenty years, that it will not be necessary to record any instances in illustration of my subject. I will, however, before closing, give a few instances of phenomena which may properly be classed under the head of Somnambulism.

The following remarkable instance of Somnambulism, which occurred in Bordeaux, France, is taken from the French Encyclopedia. "A young ecclesiastical student, when at the seminary, used to rise every night and write out either sermons or pieces of music. To study his condition, the archbishop betook himself several nights to the chamber of the young man, where he made the following observations. He wrote notes, together with the words corresponding with them, with perfect correctness. The notes that were to be black, he filled in, after he had completed the whole. After completing a sermon, he read it aloud from beginning to end. If any passage displeased him, he erased it, and wrote the amended passage over the other. To ascertain whether he used his eyes, the archbishop interposed a sheet of pasteboard between the writing and his face; but he took not the least notice of it; but went on writing as before. If they adroitly changed his paper, he knew it, if the sheet substituted for it was of a different size; but if the fresh sheet of paper was exactly the size of the former, he appeared not to be aware of the change, and he would read off his communications from the blank sheet as fluently as when the manuscript lay before him.

It is also stated that a Miss Mary Starr, of Fulton, N. Y., is in the habit of getting up in the night, lighting a lamp, taking pen and paper, and writing several stanzas of poetry while in the somnambulist state. One night her uncle removed the light, but she wrote her poetry in perfect darkness. Each night she produces a new piece. She has no knowledge of what is written; and insists that she does not write them.

Mrs. Macomber, known in our spiritual circles as one of our best mediums, has been somnambulist from her youth. In this state she sometimes gives lengthy and beautiful improvisations of poetry.

\*Dr. Sprague's Annals.  
Fulton Patriot, N. Y.  
Banner of Light, January, 1861.

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

WARREN GRACE speaks in Battle Creek, Mich., four Sundays in May; in Battle Creek, Mich., May 30 and 31; in Andersonville, Mich., June 1 and 2; in Battle Creek, Mich., June 3 and 4; in Battle Creek, Mich., June 5 and 6; in Battle Creek, Mich., June 7 and 8; in Battle Creek, Mich., June 9 and 10; in Battle Creek, Mich., June 11 and 12; in Battle Creek, Mich., June 13 and 14; in Battle Creek, Mich., June 15 and 16; in Battle Creek, Mich., June 17 and 18; in Battle Creek, Mich., June 19 and 20; in Battle Creek, Mich., June 21 and 22; in Battle Creek, Mich., June 23 and 24; in Battle Creek, Mich., June 25 and 26; in Battle Creek, Mich., June 27 and 28; in Battle Creek, Mich., June 29 and 30; in Battle Creek, Mich., July 1 and 2; in Battle Creek, Mich., July 3 and 4; in Battle Creek, Mich., July 5 and 6; in Battle Creek, Mich., July 7 and 8; in Battle Creek, Mich., July 9 and 10; in Battle Creek, Mich., July 11 and 12; in Battle Creek, Mich., July 13 and 14; in Battle Creek, Mich., July 15 and 16; in Battle Creek, Mich., July 17 and 18; in Battle Creek, Mich., July 19 and 20; in Battle Creek, Mich., July 21 and 22; in Battle Creek, Mich., July 23 and 24; in Battle Creek, Mich., July 25 and 26; in Battle Creek, Mich., July 27 and 28; in Battle Creek, Mich., July 29 and 30; in Battle Creek, Mich., August 1 and 2; in Battle Creek, Mich., August 3 and 4; in Battle Creek, Mich., August 5 and 6; in Battle Creek, Mich., August 7 and 8; in Battle Creek, Mich., August 9 and 10; in Battle Creek, Mich., August 11 and 12; in Battle Creek, Mich., August 13 and 14; in Battle Creek, Mich., August 15 and 16; in Battle Creek, Mich., August 17 and 18; in Battle Creek, Mich., August 19 and 20; in Battle Creek, Mich., August 21 and 22; in Battle Creek, Mich., August 23 and 24; in Battle Creek, Mich., August 25 and 26; in Battle Creek, Mich., August 27 and 28; in Battle Creek, Mich., August 29 and 30; in Battle Creek, Mich., September 1 and 2; in Battle Creek, Mich., September 3 and 4; in Battle Creek, Mich., September 5 and 6; in Battle Creek, Mich., September 7 and 8; in Battle Creek, Mich., September 9 and 10; in Battle Creek, Mich., September 11 and 12; in Battle Creek, Mich., September 13 and 14; in Battle Creek, Mich., September 15 and 16; in Battle Creek, Mich., September 17 and 18; in Battle Creek, Mich., September 19 and 20; in Battle Creek, Mich., September 21 and 22; in Battle Creek, Mich., September 23 and 24; in Battle Creek, Mich., September 25 and 26; in Battle Creek, Mich., September 27 and 28; in Battle Creek, Mich., September 29 and 30; in Battle Creek, Mich., October 1 and 2; in Battle Creek, Mich., October 3 and 4; in Battle Creek, Mich., October 5 and 6; in Battle Creek, Mich., October 7 and 8; in Battle Creek, Mich., October 9 and 10; in Battle Creek, Mich., October 11 and 12; in Battle Creek, Mich., October 13 and 14; in Battle Creek, Mich., October 15 and 16; in Battle Creek, Mich., October 17 and 18; in Battle Creek, Mich., October 19 and 20; in Battle Creek, Mich., October 21 and 22; in Battle Creek, Mich., October 23 and 24; in Battle Creek, Mich., October 25 and 26; in Battle Creek, Mich., October 27 and 28; in Battle Creek, Mich., October 29 and 30; in Battle Creek, Mich., November 1 and 2; in Battle Creek, Mich., November 3 and 4; in Battle Creek, Mich., November 5 and 6; in Battle Creek, Mich., November 7 and 8; in Battle Creek, Mich., November 9 and 10; in Battle Creek, Mich., November 11 and 12; in Battle Creek, Mich., November 13 and 14; in Battle Creek, Mich., November 15 and 16; in Battle Creek, Mich., November 17 and 18; in Battle Creek, Mich., November 19 and 20; in Battle Creek, Mich., November 21 and 22; in Battle Creek, Mich., November 23 and 24; in Battle Creek, Mich., November 25 and 26; in Battle Creek, Mich., November 27 and 28; in Battle Creek, Mich., November 29 and 30; in Battle Creek, Mich., December 1 and 2; in Battle Creek, Mich., December 3 and 4; in Battle Creek, Mich., December 5 and 6; in Battle Creek, Mich., December 7 and 8; in Battle Creek, Mich., December 9 and 10; in Battle Creek, Mich., December 11 and 12; in Battle Creek, Mich., December 13 and 14; in Battle Creek, Mich., December 15 and 16; in Battle Creek, Mich., December 17 and 18; in Battle Creek, Mich., December 19 and 20; in Battle Creek, Mich., December 21 and 22; in Battle Creek, Mich., December 23 and 24; in Battle Creek, Mich., December 25 and 26; in Battle Creek, Mich., December 27 and 28; in Battle Creek, Mich., December 29 and 30; in Battle Creek, Mich., January 1 and 2; in Battle Creek, Mich., January 3 and 4; in Battle Creek, Mich., January 5 and 6; in Battle Creek, Mich., January 7 and 8; in Battle Creek, Mich., January 9 and 10; in Battle Creek, Mich., January 11 and 12; in Battle Creek, Mich., January 13 and 14; in Battle Creek, Mich., January 15 and 16; in Battle Creek, Mich., January 17 and 18; in Battle Creek, Mich., January 19 and 20; in Battle Creek, Mich., January 21 and 22; in Battle Creek, Mich., January 23 and 24; in Battle Creek, Mich., January 25 and 26; in Battle Creek, Mich., January 27 and 28; in Battle Creek, Mich., January 29 and 30; in Battle Creek, Mich., February 1 and 2; in Battle Creek, Mich., February 3 and 4; in Battle Creek, Mich., February 5 and 6; in Battle Creek, Mich., February 7 and 8; in Battle Creek, Mich., February 9 and 10; in Battle Creek, Mich., February 11 and 12; in Battle Creek, Mich., February 13 and 14; in Battle Creek, Mich., February 15 and 16; in Battle Creek, Mich., February 17 and 18; in Battle Creek, Mich., February 19 and 20; in Battle Creek, Mich., February 21 and 22; in Battle Creek, Mich., February 23 and 24; in Battle Creek, Mich., February 25 and 26; in Battle Creek, Mich., February 27 and 28; in Battle Creek, Mich., February 29 and 30; in Battle Creek, Mich., March 1 and 2; in Battle Creek, Mich., March 3 and 4; in Battle Creek, Mich., March 5 and 6; in Battle Creek, Mich., March 7 and 8; in Battle Creek, Mich., March 9 and 10; in Battle Creek, Mich., March 11 and 12; in Battle Creek, Mich., March 13 and 14; in Battle Creek, Mich., March 15 and 16; in Battle Creek, Mich., March 17 and 18; in Battle Creek, Mich., March 19 and 20; in Battle Creek, Mich., March 21 and 22; in Battle Creek, Mich., March 23 and 24; in Battle Creek, Mich., March 25 and 26; in Battle Creek, Mich., March 27 and 28; in Battle Creek, Mich., March 29 and 30; in Battle Creek, Mich., April 1 and 2; in Battle Creek, Mich., April 3 and 4; in Battle Creek, Mich., April 5 and 6; in Battle Creek, Mich., April 7 and 8; in Battle Creek, Mich., April 9 and 10; in Battle Creek, Mich., April 11 and 12; in Battle Creek, Mich., April 13 and 14; in Battle Creek, Mich., April 15 and 16; in Battle Creek, Mich., April 17 and 18; in Battle Creek, Mich., April 19 and 20; in Battle Creek, Mich., April 21 and 22; in Battle Creek, Mich., April 23 and 24; in Battle Creek, Mich., April 25 and 26; in Battle Creek, Mich., April 27 and 28; in Battle Creek, Mich., April 29 and 30; in Battle Creek, Mich., May 1 and 2; in Battle Creek, Mich., May 3 and 4; in Battle Creek, Mich., May 5 and 6; in Battle Creek, Mich., May 7 and 8; in Battle Creek, Mich., May 9 and 10; in Battle Creek, Mich., May 11 and 12; in Battle Creek, Mich., May 13 and 14; in Battle Creek, Mich., May 15 and 16; in Battle Creek, Mich., May 17 and 18; in Battle Creek, Mich., May 19 and 20; in Battle Creek, Mich., May 21 and 22; in Battle Creek, Mich., May 23 and 24; in Battle Creek, Mich., May 25 and 26; in Battle Creek, Mich., May 27 and 28; in Battle Creek, Mich., May 29 and 30; in Battle Creek, Mich., June 1 and 2; in Battle Creek, Mich., June 3 and 4; in Battle Creek, Mich., June 5 and 6; in Battle Creek, Mich., June 7 and 8; in Battle Creek, Mich., June 9 and 10; in Battle Creek, Mich., June 11 and 12; in Battle Creek, Mich., June 13 and 14; in Battle Creek, Mich., June 15 and 16; in Battle Creek, Mich., June 17 and 18; in Battle Creek, Mich., June 19 and 20; in Battle Creek, Mich., June 21 and 22; in Battle Creek, Mich., June 23 and 24; in Battle Creek, Mich., June 25 and 26; in Battle Creek, Mich., June 27 and 28; in Battle Creek, Mich., June 29 and 30; in Battle Creek, Mich., July 1 and 2; in Battle Creek, Mich., July 3 and 4; in Battle Creek, Mich., July 5 and 6; in Battle Creek, Mich., July 7 and 8; in Battle Creek, Mich., July 9 and 10; in Battle Creek, Mich., July 11 and 12; in Battle Creek, Mich., July 13 and 14; in Battle Creek, Mich., July 15 and 16; in Battle Creek, Mich., July 17 and 18; in Battle Creek, Mich., July 19 and 20; in Battle Creek, Mich., July 21 and 22; in Battle Creek, Mich., July 23 and 24; in Battle Creek, Mich., July 25 and 26; in Battle Creek, Mich., July 27 and 28; in Battle Creek, Mich., July 29 and 30; in Battle Creek, Mich., August 1 and 2; in Battle Creek, Mich., August 3 and 4; in Battle Creek, Mich., August 5 and 6; in Battle Creek, Mich., August 7 and 8; in Battle Creek, Mich., August 9 and 10; in Battle Creek, Mich., August 11 and 12; in Battle Creek, Mich., August 13 and 14; in Battle Creek, Mich., August 15 and 16; in Battle Creek, Mich., August 17 and 18; in Battle Creek, Mich., August 19 and 20; in Battle Creek, Mich., August 21 and 22; in Battle Creek, Mich., August 23 and 24; in Battle Creek, Mich., August 25 and 26; in Battle Creek, Mich., August 27 and 28; in Battle Creek, Mich., August 29 and 30; in Battle Creek, Mich., September 1 and 2; in Battle Creek, Mich., September 3 and 4; in Battle Creek, Mich., September 5 and 6; in Battle Creek, Mich., September 7 and 8; in Battle Creek, Mich., September 9 and 10; in Battle Creek, Mich., September 11 and 12; in Battle Creek, Mich., September 13 and 14; in Battle Creek, Mich., September 15 and 16; in Battle Creek, Mich., September 17 and 18; in Battle Creek, Mich., September 19 and 20; in Battle Creek, Mich., September 21 and 22; in Battle Creek, Mich., September 23 and 24; in Battle Creek, Mich., September 25 and 26; in Battle Creek, Mich., September 27 and 28; in Battle Creek, Mich., September 29 and 30; in Battle Creek, Mich., October 1 and 2; in Battle Creek, Mich., October 3 and 4; in Battle Creek, Mich., October 5 and 6; in Battle Creek, Mich., October 7 and 8; in Battle Creek, Mich., October 9 and 10; in Battle Creek, Mich., October 11 and 12; in Battle Creek, Mich., October 13 and 14; in Battle Creek, Mich., October 15 and 16; in Battle Creek, Mich., October 17 and 18; in Battle Creek, Mich., October 19 and 20; in Battle Creek, Mich., October 21 and 22; in Battle Creek, Mich., October 23 and 24; in Battle Creek, Mich., October 25 and 26; in Battle Creek, Mich., October 27 and 28; in Battle Creek, Mich., October 29 and 30; in Battle Creek, Mich., November 1 and 2; in Battle Creek, Mich., November 3 and 4; in Battle Creek, Mich., November 5 and 6; in Battle Creek, Mich., November 7 and 8; in Battle Creek, Mich., November 9 and 10; in Battle Creek, Mich., November 11 and 12; in Battle Creek, Mich., November 13 and 14; in Battle Creek, Mich., November 15 and 16; in Battle Creek, Mich., November 17 and 18; in Battle Creek, Mich., November 19 and 20; in Battle Creek, Mich., November 21 and 22; in Battle Creek, Mich., November 23 and 24; in Battle Creek, Mich., November 25 and 26; in Battle Creek, Mich., November 27 and 28; in Battle Creek, Mich., November 29 and 30; in Battle Creek, Mich., December 1 and 2; in Battle Creek, Mich., December 3 and 4; in Battle Creek, Mich., December 5 and 6; in Battle Creek, Mich., December 7 and 8; in Battle Creek, Mich., December 9 and 10; in Battle Creek, Mich., December 11 and 12; in Battle Creek, Mich., December 13 and 14; in Battle Creek, Mich., December 15 and 16; in Battle Creek, Mich., December 17 and 18; in Battle Creek, Mich., December 19 and 20; in Battle Creek, Mich., December 21 and 22; in Battle Creek, Mich., December 23 and 24; in Battle Creek, Mich., December 25 and 26; in Battle Creek, Mich., December 27 and 28; in Battle Creek, Mich., December 29 and 30; in Battle Creek, Mich., January 1 and 2; in Battle Creek, Mich., January 3 and 4; in Battle Creek, Mich., January 5 and 6; in Battle Creek, Mich., January 7 and 8; in Battle Creek, Mich., January 9 and 10; in Battle Creek, Mich., January 11 and 12; in Battle Creek, Mich., January 13 and 14; in Battle Creek, Mich., January 15 and 16; in Battle Creek, Mich., January 17 and 18; in Battle Creek, Mich., January 19 and 20; in Battle Creek, Mich., January 21 and 22; in Battle Creek, Mich., January 23 and 24; in Battle Creek, Mich., January 25 and 26; in Battle Creek, Mich., January 27 and 28; in Battle Creek, Mich., January 29 and 30; in Battle Creek, Mich., February 1 and 2; in Battle Creek, Mich., February 3 and 4; in Battle Creek, Mich., February 5 and 6; in Battle Creek, Mich., February 7 and 8; in Battle Creek, Mich., February 9 and 10; in Battle Creek, Mich., February 11 and 12; in Battle Creek, Mich., February 13 and 14; in Battle Creek, Mich., February 15 and 16; in Battle Creek, Mich., February 17 and 18; in Battle Creek, Mich., February 19 and 20; in Battle Creek, Mich., February 21 and 22; in Battle Creek, Mich., February 23 and 24; in Battle Creek, Mich., February 25 and 26; in Battle Creek, Mich., February 27 and 28; in Battle Creek, Mich., February 29 and 30; in Battle Creek, Mich., March 1 and 2; in Battle Creek, Mich., March 3 and 4; in Battle Creek, Mich., March 5 and 6; in Battle Creek, Mich., March 7 and 8; in Battle Creek, Mich., March 9 and 10; in Battle Creek, Mich., March 11 and 12; in Battle Creek, Mich., March 13 and 14; in Battle Creek, Mich., March 15 and 16; in Battle Creek, Mich., March 17 and 18; in Battle Creek, Mich., March 19 and 20; in Battle Creek, Mich., March 21 and 22; in Battle Creek, Mich., March 23 and 24; in Battle Creek, Mich., March 25 and 26; in Battle Creek, Mich., March 27 and 28; in Battle Creek, Mich., March 29 and 30; in Battle Creek, Mich., April 1 and 2; in Battle Creek, Mich., April 3 and 4; in Battle Creek, Mich., April 5 and 6; in Battle Creek, Mich., April 7 and 8; in Battle Creek, Mich., April 9 and 10; in Battle Creek, Mich., April 11 and 12; in Battle Creek, Mich., April 13 and 14; in Battle Creek, Mich., April 15 and 16; in Battle Creek, Mich., April 17 and 18; in Battle Creek, Mich., April 19 and 20; in Battle Creek, Mich., April 21 and 22; in Battle Creek, Mich., April 23 and 24; in Battle Creek, Mich., April 25 and 26; in Battle Creek, Mich., April 27 and 28; in Battle Creek, Mich., April 29 and 30; in Battle Creek, Mich., May 1 and 2; in Battle Creek, Mich., May 3 and 4; in Battle Creek, Mich., May 5 and 6; in Battle Creek, Mich., May 7 and 8; in Battle Creek, Mich., May 9 and 10; in Battle Creek, Mich., May 11 and 12; in Battle Creek, Mich., May 13 and 14; in Battle Creek, Mich., May 15 and 16; in Battle Creek, Mich., May 17 and 18; in Battle Creek, Mich., May 19 and 20; in Battle Creek, Mich., May 21 and 22; in Battle Creek, Mich., May 23 and 24; in Battle Creek, Mich., May 25 and 26; in Battle Creek, Mich., May 27 and 28; in Battle Creek, Mich., May 29 and 30; in Battle Creek, Mich., June 1 and 2; in Battle Creek, Mich., June 3 and 4; in Battle Creek, Mich., June 5 and 6; in Battle Creek, Mich., June 7 and 8; in Battle Creek, Mich., June 9 and 10; in Battle Creek, Mich., June 11 and 12; in Battle Creek, Mich., June 13 and 14; in Battle Creek, Mich., June 15 and 16; in Battle Creek, Mich., June 17 and 18; in Battle Creek, Mich., June 19 and 20; in Battle Creek, Mich., June 21 and 22; in Battle Creek, Mich., June 23 and 24; in Battle Creek, Mich., June 25 and 26; in Battle Creek, Mich., June 27 and 28; in Battle Creek, Mich., June 29 and 30; in Battle Creek, Mich., July 1 and 2; in Battle Creek, Mich., July 3 and 4; in Battle Creek, Mich., July 5 and 6; in Battle Creek, Mich., July 7 and 8; in Battle Creek, Mich., July 9 and 10; in Battle Creek, Mich., July 11 and 12; in Battle Creek, Mich., July 13 and 14; in Battle Creek, Mich., July 15 and 16; in Battle Creek, Mich., July 17 and 18; in Battle Creek, Mich., July 19 and 20; in Battle Creek, Mich., July 21 and 22; in Battle Creek, Mich., July 23 and 24; in Battle Creek, Mich., July 25 and 26; in Battle Creek, Mich., July 27 and 28; in Battle Creek, Mich., July 29 and 30; in Battle Creek, Mich., August 1 and 2; in Battle Creek, Mich., August 3 and 4; in Battle Creek, Mich., August 5 and 6; in Battle Creek, Mich., August 7 and 8; in Battle Creek, Mich., August 9 and 10; in Battle Creek, Mich., August 11 and 12; in Battle Creek, Mich., August 13 and 14; in Battle Creek, Mich., August 15 and 16; in Battle Creek, Mich., August 17 and 18; in Battle Creek, Mich., August 19 and 20; in Battle Creek, Mich., August 21 and 22; in Battle Creek, Mich., August 23 and 24; in Battle Creek, Mich., August 25 and 26; in Battle Creek, Mich., August 27 and 28; in Battle Creek, Mich., August 29 and 30; in Battle Creek, Mich., September 1 and 2; in Battle Creek, Mich., September 3 and 4; in Battle Creek, Mich., September 5 and 6; in Battle Creek, Mich., September 7 and 8; in Battle Creek, Mich., September 9 and 10; in Battle Creek, Mich., September 11 and 12; in Battle Creek, Mich., September 13 and 14; in Battle Creek, Mich., September 15 and 16; in Battle Creek, Mich., September 17 and 18; in Battle Creek, Mich., September 19 and 20; in Battle Creek, Mich., September 21 and 22; in Battle Creek, Mich., September 23 and 24; in Battle Creek, Mich., September 25 and 26; in Battle Creek, Mich., September 27 and 28; in Battle Creek, Mich., September 29 and 30; in Battle Creek, Mich., October 1 and 2; in Battle Creek, Mich., October 3 and 4; in Battle Creek, Mich., October 5 and 6; in Battle Creek, Mich., October 7 and 8; in Battle Creek, Mich., October 9 and 10; in Battle Creek, Mich., October 11 and 12; in Battle Creek, Mich., October 13 and 14; in Battle Creek, Mich., October 15 and 16; in Battle Creek, Mich., October 17 and 18; in Battle Creek, Mich., October 19 and 20; in Battle Creek, Mich., October 21 and 22; in Battle Creek, Mich., October 23 and 24; in Battle Creek, Mich., October 25 and 26; in Battle Creek, Mich., October 27 and 28; in Battle Creek, Mich., October 29 and 30; in Battle Creek, Mich., November 1 and 2; in Battle Creek, Mich., November 3 and 4; in Battle Creek, Mich., November 5 and 6; in Battle Creek, Mich., November 7 and 8; in Battle Creek, Mich., November 9 and 10; in Battle Creek, Mich., November 11 and 12; in Battle Creek, Mich., November 13 and 14; in Battle Creek, Mich., November 15 and 16; in Battle Creek, Mich., November 17 and 18; in Battle Creek, Mich., November 19 and 20; in Battle Creek, Mich., November 21 and 22; in Battle Creek, Mich., November 23 and 24; in Battle Creek, Mich., November 25 and 26; in Battle Creek, Mich., November 27 and 28; in Battle Creek, Mich., November 29 and 30; in Battle Creek, Mich., December 1 and 2; in Battle Creek, Mich., December 3 and 4; in Battle Creek, Mich., December 5 and 6; in Battle Creek, Mich., December 7 and 8; in Battle Creek, Mich., December 9 and 10; in Battle Creek, Mich., December 11 and 12; in Battle Creek, Mich., December 13 and 14; in Battle Creek, Mich., December 15 and 16; in Battle Creek, Mich., December 17 and 18; in Battle Creek, Mich., December 19 and 20; in Battle Creek, Mich., December 21 and 22; in Battle Creek, Mich., December 23 and 24; in Battle Creek, Mich., December 25 and 26; in Battle Creek, Mich., December 27 and 28; in Battle Creek, Mich., December 29 and 30; in Battle Creek, Mich., January 1 and 2; in Battle Creek, Mich., January 3 and 4; in Battle Creek, Mich., January 5 and 6; in Battle Creek, Mich., January 7 and 8; in Battle Creek, Mich., January 9 and 10; in Battle Creek, Mich., January 11 and 12; in Battle Creek, Mich., January 13 and 14; in Battle Creek, Mich., January 15 and 16; in Battle Creek, Mich., January 17 and 18; in Battle Creek, Mich., January 19 and 20; in Battle Creek, Mich., January 21 and 22; in Battle Creek, Mich., January 23 and 24; in Battle Creek, Mich., January 25 and 26; in Battle Creek, Mich., January 27 and 28; in Battle Creek, Mich., January 29 and 30; in Battle Creek, Mich., February 1 and 2; in Battle Creek, Mich., February 3 and 4; in Battle Creek, Mich., February 5 and 6; in Battle Creek, Mich., February 7 and 8; in Battle Creek, Mich., February 9 and 10; in Battle Creek, Mich., February 11 and 12; in Battle Creek, Mich., February 13 and 14; in Battle Creek, Mich., February 15 and 16; in Battle Creek, Mich., February 17 and 18; in Battle Creek, Mich., February 19 and 20; in Battle Creek, Mich., February 21 and 22; in Battle Creek, Mich., February 23 and 24; in Battle Creek, Mich., February 25 and 26; in Battle Creek, Mich., February 27 and 28; in Battle Creek, Mich., February 29 and 30; in Battle Creek, Mich., March 1 and 2; in Battle Creek, Mich., March 3 and 4; in Battle Creek, Mich., March 5 and 6; in Battle Creek, Mich., March 7 and 8; in Battle Creek, Mich., March 9 and 10; in Battle Creek, Mich., March 11 and 12; in Battle Creek, Mich., March 13 and 14; in Battle Creek, Mich., March 15 and 16; in Battle Creek, Mich., March 17 and 18; in Battle Creek, Mich., March 19 and 20; in Battle Creek, Mich., March 21 and 22; in Battle Creek, Mich., March 23 and 24; in Battle Creek, Mich., March 25 and 26; in Battle Creek, Mich., March 27 and 28; in Battle Creek, Mich., March 29 and 30; in Battle Creek, Mich., April 1 and 2; in Battle Creek, Mich., April 3 and 4; in Battle Creek, Mich., April 5 and 6; in Battle Creek, Mich., April 7 and 8; in Battle Creek, Mich., April 9 and 10; in Battle Creek, Mich., April 11 and 12; in Battle Creek, Mich., April 13 and 14; in Battle Creek, Mich., April 15 and 16; in Battle Creek, Mich., April 17 and 18; in Battle Creek, Mich., April 19 and 20; in Battle Creek, Mich., April 21 and 22; in Battle Creek, Mich., April 23 and 24; in Battle Creek, Mich., April 25 and 26; in Battle Creek, Mich., April 27 and 28; in Battle Creek, Mich., April 29 and 30; in Battle Creek, Mich., May 1 and 2; in Battle Creek, Mich., May 3 and 4; in Battle Creek, Mich., May 5 and 6; in Battle Creek, Mich., May 7 and 8; in Battle Creek, Mich., May 9 and 10; in Battle Creek, Mich., May 11 and 12; in Battle Creek, Mich., May 13 and 14; in Battle Creek, Mich., May 15 and 16; in Battle Creek, Mich., May 17 and 18; in Battle Creek, Mich., May 19 and 20; in Battle Creek, Mich., May 21 and 22; in Battle Creek, Mich., May 23 and 24; in Battle Creek, Mich., May 25 and 26; in Battle Creek, Mich., May 27 and 28; in Battle Creek, Mich., May 29 and 30; in Battle Creek, Mich., June 1 and 2; in Battle Creek, Mich., June 3 and 4; in Battle Creek, Mich., June 5 and 6; in Battle Creek, Mich., June 7 and 8; in Battle Creek, Mich., June 9 and 10; in Battle Creek, Mich., June 11 and 12; in Battle Creek, Mich., June 13 and 14; in Battle Creek, Mich., June 15 and 16; in Battle Creek, Mich., June 17 and 18; in Battle Creek, Mich., June 19 and 20; in Battle Creek, Mich., June 21 and 22; in Battle Creek, Mich., June 23 and 24; in Battle Creek, Mich., June 25 and 26; in Battle Creek, Mich., June 27 and 28; in Battle Creek, Mich., June 29 and 30; in Battle Creek, Mich., July 1 and 2; in Battle Creek, Mich., July 3 and 4; in Battle Creek, Mich., July 5 and 6; in Battle Creek, Mich., July 7 and 8; in Battle Creek, Mich., July 9 and 10; in Battle Creek, Mich., July 11 and 12; in Battle Creek, Mich., July 13 and 14; in Battle Creek, Mich., July 15 and 16; in Battle Creek, Mich., July 17 and 18; in Battle Creek, Mich., July 19 and 20; in Battle Creek, Mich., July 21 and 22; in Battle Creek, Mich., July 23 and 24; in Battle Creek, Mich., July 25 and 26; in Battle Creek, Mich., July 27 and 28; in Battle Creek, Mich., July 29 and 30; in Battle Creek, Mich., August 1 and 2; in Battle Creek, Mich., August 3 and 4; in Battle Creek, Mich., August 5 and 6; in Battle Creek, Mich., August 7 and 8; in Battle Creek, Mich., August 9 and 10; in Battle Creek, Mich., August 11 and 12; in Battle Creek, Mich., August 13 and 14; in Battle Creek, Mich., August 15 and 16; in Battle Creek, Mich., August 17 and 18; in Battle Creek, Mich., August 19 and 20; in Battle Creek, Mich., August 21 and 22; in Battle Creek, Mich., August 23 and 24; in Battle Creek, Mich., August 25 and 26; in Battle Creek, Mich., August 27 and 28; in Battle Creek, Mich., August 29 and 30; in Battle Creek, Mich., September 1 and 2; in Battle Creek, Mich., September 3 and 4; in Battle Creek, Mich., September 5 and 6; in Battle Creek, Mich., September 7 and 8; in Battle Creek, Mich., September 9 and 10; in Battle Creek, Mich., September 11 and 12; in Battle Creek, Mich., September 13 and 14; in Battle Creek, Mich., September 15 and 16; in Battle Creek, Mich., September 17 and 18; in Battle Creek, Mich., September 19 and 20; in Battle Creek, Mich., September 21 and 22; in Battle Creek, Mich., September 23 and 24; in Battle Creek, Mich., September 25 and 26; in Battle Creek, Mich., September 27 and 28; in Battle Creek, Mich., September 29 and 30; in Battle Creek, Mich., October 1 and 2; in Battle Creek, Mich., October 3 and 4; in Battle Creek, Mich., October 5 and 6; in Battle Creek, Mich., October 7 and 8; in Battle Creek, Mich., October 9 and 10; in Battle Creek, Mich., October 11 and 12; in Battle Creek, Mich., October 13 and 14; in Battle Creek, Mich., October 15 and 16; in Battle Creek, Mich., October 17 and 18; in Battle Creek, Mich., October 19 and 20; in Battle Creek, Mich., October 21 and 22; in Battle Creek, Mich., October 23 and 24; in Battle Creek, Mich., October 25 and 26; in Battle Creek, Mich., October 27 and 28; in Battle Creek, Mich., October 29 and 30; in Battle Creek, Mich., November 1 and 2; in Battle Creek, Mich., November 3 and 4; in Battle Creek, Mich., November 5 and 6; in Battle Creek, Mich., November 7 and 8; in Battle Creek, Mich., November 9 and 10; in Battle Creek, Mich., November 11 and 12; in Battle Creek, Mich., November 13 and 14; in Battle Creek, Mich., November 15 and 16; in Battle Creek, Mich., November 17 and 18; in Battle Creek, Mich., November 19 and 20; in Battle Creek, Mich., November 21 and 22; in Battle Creek, Mich., November 23 and 24; in Battle Creek, Mich., November 25 and 26; in Battle Creek, Mich., November 27 and 28; in Battle Creek, Mich., November 29 and 30; in Battle Creek, Mich., December 1 and 2; in Battle Creek, Mich., December 3 and 4; in Battle Creek, Mich., December 5 and 6; in Battle Creek, Mich., December 7 and 8; in Battle Creek, Mich., December 9 and 10; in Battle Creek, Mich., December 11 and 12; in Battle Creek, Mich., December 13 and 14; in Battle Creek, Mich., December 15 and 16; in Battle Creek, Mich., December 17 and 18; in Battle Creek, Mich., December 19 and 20; in Battle Creek, Mich., December 21 and 22; in Battle Creek, Mich., December 23 and 24; in Battle Creek, Mich., December 25 and 2



## Pearls.

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

## INTO THE DARKNESS.

Into the darkness we all must go;  
Shadow and sunshine—forward and fro;  
Out of the noontide's golden glow  
Into the midnight's stygian flow;  
Out of the joylight into the woe,  
Out of the transport into the throes—  
Shadows and sunshine—forward and fro!  
He who climbs the mountain's height,  
And sets his eye to the larger light,  
Must dare the fiery blinding flash,  
And pale not at the thunder crash.  
The dark and dangerous ravine  
Is found the grandest peaks between,  
And Death's appalling shadow lies  
Close by the gates of Paradise.  
An angel's scope of ecstasy  
Is but an arch above a sea,  
Within whose dim, unbounded deeps  
Supernal power of anguish sleeps.  
The pang each burning bosom feels  
Full well its vanished joy reveals,  
And only by the shadow cast  
We gauge the truest light at last.

[Mary Forrester.]

Honor women! They scatter heavenly roses on  
the path of our earthly life; they weave the happy bonds  
of love; and beneath the modest veil of the graces,  
they nourish with a sacred hand the immortal flower  
of noble sentiments.

## THYSELF.

To heaven appointed a Saff saint,  
From groping in the darkness late,  
And, tapping timidly and faint,  
Besought admission at God's gate.  
Said God, "Who seeks to enter here?"  
"I am I, dear friend," the saint replied,  
And trembled much with hope and fear,  
"If it be thou, without abide."

Sadly to earth the poor saint turned,  
To bear the scourings of life's rod;  
But eye, his heart within him yearned  
To mix and lose its love in God.

He roamed alone through weary years,  
By cruel men still scorned and mocked,  
Until, from faith's pure fountains, tears,  
Again he rose, and modest knocked.

Asked God, "Who now is at the door?"  
"It is I, beloved Lord!"  
Answered the saint, in doubt no more,  
And clasped and rapt in his reward.

[From the Persian.]

Pure truth, like pure gold, has been found unfit  
for circulation; because men have discovered that it is far  
more convenient to adulterate the truth than to refine  
themselves.

## A BEAUTIFUL VOICE.

Shall I call thy voice's ringing  
Talking, laughing, or wailing sing?  
April rain through waving trees?  
Plashing cool of sunlit seas?  
Breezes in the bearded corn;  
Robins piping on the thorn;  
Prattling brooks in pebbled dells;  
Clearest chiming of silver bells;  
None so glad as voice of thine,  
Joyous, laughing, GERALDINE.

[Country Poetess.]

Speech is silver, silence is gold.—[Greek Proverb.]

## THOUGHTS ON WOMAN.

BY CARRIE C. WEEKS.

People talk much about the doings and sayings of  
great men who have figured conspicuously in  
the world's history from time to time, but, for some  
reason, keep silence about women who deserve equal  
as much to have the honor of being called great con-  
ferred upon them. The greatness of women has  
often been overestimated. Notwithstanding this,  
history furnishes us with an abundance of evidence  
that really great women have lived. In ancient times  
many women distinguished themselves for their su-  
perior intellectual endowments, as they have more  
recently. Aspasia, Socrates' instructress, seems to  
have been remarkable for her learning. It is said she  
always spoke in the warmest terms of her intellectual  
greatness.

Whoever has read history much will remember Zen-  
obia, the famous Queen of Palmyra, who was an elegant  
historian, besides being renowned for her fine military  
abilities. After the death of her husband, she led on  
her armies undaunted by any fear, and, because of her  
fine generalship, won many battles. She was finally  
defeated and taken to Rome by the emperor Aurelian,  
who so much admired her greatness that he did not ig-  
nominiouly imprison her, but led her through the  
streets of Rome so heavily loaded with jewels that she  
was nearly crushed to the earth, and gave her a home  
on the Tiber.

Among the female writers of ancient times were Co-  
rinna, of Thebes, the rival of Pindar, and Sappho, of  
Benedictia, who wrote so finely that she was styled the  
"tenth muse." There was Erinna, the friend of  
Sappho, who wrote much, though she died at the age  
of nineteen. Her verses are said to have rivalled  
those of Homer, though only one poem—"The Distaff"—  
is extant.

In the fourth century, Hypatia, the mathematician,  
lived in Alexandria. She added a great deal to the  
science of mathematics by her talent. Because she  
was a Pagan, and wielded a great influence, she was  
killed by Christians. One day when riding past her  
church, they dragged her into it and tore her limbs  
from her and burned her.

In the history of the French Revolution, we read of  
the bravery of such women as Madame De Staël, Rol-  
land, Charlotte Corday, and others, who felt impressed  
that they could benefit the people of France, and, for-  
getting that they were women, conscious only of a  
strong determination to assist in freeing distracted  
France from anarchy, they devoted their energies  
wholly to this purpose, unflinching by the fear of  
the guillotine.

There is no use in despairing of woman's reaching  
her highest destiny in the age, when such women have  
lived as Elizabeth Browning, Harriet Beecher, Rosa  
Bonheur, Florence Nightingale, and hundreds more,  
who have not spent their time in useless talk about  
what women might be, "freed from bondage"; but ig-  
noring any bonds that would imprison their respective  
talents, they have accomplished much good, not only  
by their additions to art and literature, but by the  
glorious examples they furnish us of woman's great-  
ness.

Great women have lived, as well as "great men,"  
and the world is forced to acknowledge this fact in  
spite of its philosophy in pretending that they were only  
subjects, incapable of self-management, and, con-  
sequently, intellectual pigmies. Many have lived who

possessed great souls, but, like the "mute, inglorious  
Milltons," have never given expression to them, and  
have either smothered the great thoughts within them  
until they were entirely extinguished, or until they  
burned out their very lives.

Hudson, O., April 23, 1862.

## At Home.

Once more in the round of the seasons, and the elip-  
tic orbit of my journey, I am at my own cottage, and  
under my own vine and peach tree. Our little circle  
is complete, except the eldest son, who is at New Or-  
leans, in the service of his country, but whose work  
we hope will soon be done in the war department, that  
he, too, may return to his parental roof in time to  
share in the rich fruits of autumn, which now promise  
to be abundant. Our little home seems more pleasant  
and happy than ever, as each year increases its attrac-  
tiveness, without and within, a united and happy cir-  
cle, laboring to continue the bonds of kinship beyond  
this stormy world.

Many of my friends in New England and elsewhere  
will remember my little, who once visited them with  
me. We cannot spare her, she cannot go from our  
little circle, especially since she has added a grandson  
to blossom and bless the cottage with the smiles of a  
prattling boy. I wish my enemies could call and see  
us; to my friends I can report.

We are all contemplating and arranging for a broader  
home in the more sunny clime of Southern Illinois,  
but not for several years.

Last Sunday, I met many friends at the hall in  
Grand Rapids, and among them one who for several  
years was one of our brightest stars in the inspired  
constellation of mediums—Mrs. Martha Bulett Perry—now  
married into retirement, which promises to silence her  
as effectively as it has Lucy Stone, Emma Jay, Char-  
lotte Debee, and others, and which, so far as public  
usefulness is concerned, is about equal to the grave.  
Why our marriage laws and system should be such as  
to any more silence a wife than a husband, I cannot  
see. It seems to me that a female whose talents are  
valuable to the public, and who can do much good  
where so much is needed, should not be tongue-tied  
and pent by the ceremony of marriage. Our sisters  
Townsend, Felton, and Middlebrook and some others  
have not been, so it is practicable for females to marry  
and preach, too. I wish all the pulpits could be oc-  
cupied half the time by females. I believe we should  
have better preaching and better morals resulting from  
it.

On Monday, by forty miles of stage and twenty of  
carriage, I reached the glad place of the cottage. Dur-  
ing my last circuit, I have lectured in thirteen States,  
and delivered two hundred and thirty lectures; written  
two books and more than one thousand letters; en-  
joyed good health most of the time, and missed not one  
appointment; have met thousands of mediums, and  
had hundreds of encouraging messages from both  
spheres; have not seen nor heard one sign of discour-  
agement to me in the great contest with superstition,  
bigotry and error. While many fear and falter, or fail  
and fall, by the varied attacks of enemies, (the most  
of which are in the ranks of Spiritualists) whose self-  
ishness, jealousy or envy have not been cured by our glo-  
rious gospel, I have been strengthened by every at-  
tack of enemy, and encouraged by thousands of  
friends. With a happy home to retire to when I need,  
and plenty of calls and good pay, and the encouraging  
sale of my books, and the rapid spread of our gospel,  
my heart is made glad, and I only wish every other  
heart glad and encouraged as mine is. Our cause and  
the war both seem to me to be progressing steadily and  
surely to the final accomplishment of the great work of  
redemption.

Bro. Peabees has also arrived at his Battle Creek  
home from California, the same day I did, and he no  
doubt will also be able to report progress from the land  
of the sunset. I can truly say, from my travels in sev-  
eral of the Western States, that our cause was never in  
a more prosperous condition, nor the demand for good  
speakers ever so good. The two last days of May and  
first day of June we are to have a session of souls in  
Sturgis, Mich., from thence I shall make my way  
slowly to New England.

WARREN CHASE.

Battle Creek, Mich., May 1, 1862.

## Retirement of Dr. Charles Main.

Mr. Editor—I learn, with regret, that Dr. Charles  
Main, of your city, is about to relinquish his very ex-  
tensive practice in this vicinity, and remove to the  
West, where, after a visit to Europe, he intends to lo-  
cate permanently.

The most wonderful success which has attended his  
efforts in all kinds of diseases which human nature is  
heir to, will cause the Doctor's intention to leave to  
be deeply regretted by thousands who have been, as it  
were, raised from the grave by his aid, and disappoint-  
ment to many an afflicted one who will thereby be de-  
prived the privilege of consulting this truly remark-  
able physician. I speak from personal knowledge in  
the case, having been for some time acquainted with  
him, and having witnessed his astonishing power over  
diseases of the most aggravated form in numerous in-  
stances, and he having prescribed for a member of my  
family with the most satisfactory results.

The Doctor is a kind-hearted, genial, common-sense  
man, entirely free from those consequential airs so often  
assumed by professional men; never talks "learned  
nonsense," but is always ready to give a reason for  
whatever course of treatment he thinks proper to pur-  
sue, though he freely confesses that he depends mainly  
for his success upon a power outside of himself, be-  
yond his control, and a power as mysterious to him  
as it is to others.

I learn that his object in leaving your city, where he  
has been so useful, and where his efforts have been  
crowned with pecuniary success, notwithstanding a  
large proportion of those seeking his aid have received it  
"without money and without price," is to improve his  
own health, which has become considerably impaired  
in his efforts to alleviate the sufferings of others.

I have felt impelled by a sense of justice and grati-  
tude to say what I have, and most sincerely hope that  
the Doctor will fully regain what he seeks by removal,  
wherever he may locate, and that the remainder of his  
sojourn on earth may be as happy to him as his pre-  
vious days have been useful to others—a hope that will  
be concurred in by thousands who have experienced  
the benefit of his wonderful skill and power, as well  
as by a large circle of personal friends.

DANIEL HOWARD.

Randolph, Mass., May 1, 1862.

## From Hudson Tuttle.

EDITOR BANNER—I am in constant receipt of letters  
from "inquirers," addressing me in about the follow-  
ing language:

"Mr. TUTTLE—Having learned your address from the  
Banner (or Herald, etc.), I take the liberty to re-  
quest a full account of the nature and proceedings of  
the Free Lovers. I suppose you belong to them, and  
can, consequently, give me all the information I de-  
sire, etc."

To these friends, one and all, I answer, that because  
I am a resident of Berlin Heights, does not necessarily  
make me a member of the "Social Community."

I have ever opposed the movement, not from prej-  
udice, but a candid disbelief in its doctrines. There  
never has been a "community of interest" established  
here, and the few families who have secured perma-  
nent residences, with gardens, or a few acres of land,  
live, for aught I know, as respectably, and as honest  
and industrious citizens as we have in our town.  
The experiment, "so far as tested here, has proved  
abortive." Why, I will not now attempt to explain.  
Certainly the movement met with a little resistance

from our townsmen as could be expected, and I believe  
less than it would have received in nine-tenths of the  
towns in the United States; and had it not been for  
certain thoughtless acts on the part of the Free Lovers  
when first locating here, they would have been allowed  
to test their theory undisturbed, as they can now, since  
they have returned to order and reason.

Truly, HUDSON TUTTLE.

## Death and Sleep.

Translated from the German of Krummacker by Miss  
Cynthia J. Wentworth.

In fraternal embrace wandered the Angel of Slum-  
bers, and the Death Angel over the earth.  
It was evening. They lay themselves down upon a  
hill not far from the dwellings of men.  
A melancholy stillness reigned round about; even  
the vesper-bell in the distant village had ceased to  
sound.

Calm and silent they seated themselves in familiar  
embrace, each the beneficent genius of humanity; and  
already approached the light.

Then arose the Angel of Slumbers from his mossy  
couch, and strewed with a light hand, the invisible  
seeds of slumber. The evening wind wafted them to  
the still dwelling of the weary peasant.

Then fell sweet sleep upon the inhabitants of each  
rural cottage; from the old man requiring the aid of  
his staff, to the babe in the cradle.

The sick forgot his pains; the mourner his grief; the  
poor his poverty. All eyes were locked.

Now, after the accomplishment of his labors, turned  
again the good Angel of Sleep to his stern brother:

"When the morning dawn appears from behind the  
mountains," exclaimed he with playful innocence,  
"then will mankind acknowledge me as their friend  
and benefactor!"

"Oh, the pleasure of imparting good in secret and  
unseen! How fortunate are we, the invisible mes-  
sengers of the Good Spirit! How beautiful our tran-  
quil creation!"

Spoke the charitable Angel of Slumbers.  
The Death Angel viewed him with inexpressible sad-  
ness; while the tear-drop, such alone as immortals  
weep, rose to his large eye.

"Alas!" said he, "that I am not, as thou, permitted  
to rejoice in the cheerful reward of thanks."

"I am denominated by the earth an enemy, and the  
disturber of her joy," replied the Angel of Sleep;  
"will not the good upon their awakening recognize  
thee, and gratefully acknowledge thee as their benefac-  
tor?" So spoke he.

Then glistered the eye of the Death Angel, and with  
more than brotherly tenderness they once again em-  
braced each other.—New Covenant.

## Victor Hugo's New Book.

"Jennie June," the sparkling, witty, and (rare  
and) sensible, fashion correspondent of the New  
York Sunday Times, says of this new literary de-  
bütante:

"Victor Hugo has laid a live coal upon the heart of  
mankind. The first part of his new work, 'Les Mis-  
érables,' recently published in Paris, is not alone a  
work of genius. It is an inspiration as truly divine as  
any work which once proclaimed peace on earth,  
and good will to men."

In the present conflict, returned after many years of penal servitude, crushed,  
hunted, desperate, driven from Christian doors like a  
wild beast, threatened with death from starvation in  
the midst of plenty, we can but recognize the extreme  
of poverty, vice and crime, which they begot and  
foster. In general, however, who rescues this poor  
man, whose house is turned into a prison, whose  
time and means are devoted to the succor of the unfor-  
tunate and the help of the guilty, who subdues a host  
of desperate brigands by the all-conquering power of  
his truth and gentleness, and receives from them, in-  
stead of the violence which had been predicted, the  
aid of a rich church which they had plundered as a  
gift to the poor one which he was on his way to con-  
secrate, stands out clearly in the light of an inspired  
pen as that wonderful spirit of love which hopeeth all  
things, doeth all things, but which is as dead a letter to  
day, in the church and in the world, as when Christ  
announced it as the fulfillment of all law eighteen  
hundred years ago. It is, however, something to be  
thankful to God for, when a mind like that of Victor  
Hugo devotes its transcendent powers to the reiteration  
of a lesson so grand, yet so little thought of, so  
imperfectly realized. Divine faith and love, conquer-  
ing, triumphing, without seeming to triumph over  
human hate and skepticism—this is what is taught."

## "A Heathen Funeral."

A beautiful young lady was freed from her mortal  
covering in Williamstown, Conn., on the 25th of April,  
and as usual, the funeral was to be attended to with  
kindred duties. A notice, stating the name of the la-  
dy, and the residence where the ceremony would take  
place, was taken to the minister of the Congrega-  
tionalist Church, with a request that he would read it be-  
fore his audience on Sunday morning. He looked at it  
and said he should "have to consult the brethren." He  
was asked his objection to reading the notice, and re-  
plied, that it was not to be a Christian funeral, and he  
considered it no more than a Heathen or Mahometan  
ceremony. He was told that your writer would officiate.  
Task, is there not charity enough in Chris-  
tianity, if it be Christianity, to give the notice of a fun-  
eral among "Heathens"? If they minister to their  
dead according to their highest conceptions of right?  
If not, deliver me from it.

Give me a religion, or Christian feeling that is  
broad enough to mantle all our Father's children with  
such charity as concedes to all the liberty to worship  
God after the dictates of their own conscience, and to  
bury their dead as seems most appropriate to their  
own judgment and feelings. The notice was not read.  
It was the request of the young lady to have Mr. Love-  
land attend her funeral, but as his services could not  
be obtained, I served as a substitute.

M. S. TOWNSEND.

"Now, children, who loves all men?" asked a  
school inspector. The question was hardly put, be-  
fore a little girl, not four years old, answered quickly—  
"All women."

## Obituary Notices.

Died, in Brooklyn, March 29th, of inflammatory  
croup, Wm. E. Burrows, son of Dr. Adeline Lane  
Shelden, aged three years, two months, and twenty  
days. This lovely gem that so beautifully adorned the  
casket that once contained his germ, has fled to his  
angel wings, and by spirit hands been safely conveyed  
to the summer land, where flowers bloom to never  
fade, and where the glowing features never grow  
pale. Little Willie was a child of rare endowments,  
endowed with a strong affectional nature, quick in dis-  
cernment, and always ready with laughing eyes to  
meet the embraces of his friends. In his dying mo-  
ments, as he gazed upon his weeping mother, he im-  
pressed, as he was wont to do, kisses of the purest af-  
fection, but not until death had untied his loving  
grasp could he be separated from his mother, who  
disconsolate mother, who now feels that she is  
left to journey alone through this cold and heartless  
world, deprived of her only and last hope of enjoy-  
ment. Being separated by death from a loving mother  
and an affectionate father, she forlornly seeks in early  
company, this world to her seems like a dreary  
land enshrouded with the mantle of gloom. May the  
whisperings of those loved ones which have departed  
now cheer and console her desponding heart. May  
the orphan's friend and the widow's God watch over  
and protect her lonely steps, until she is again re-  
united with her father's family band.

PAUDEN L. BOOP.

"Another hand is beckoning us,  
Another call is given,  
A glad glow bright with angel steps  
The path that leads to heaven."

ANNE KINGSLEY, aged 25, passed from her con-  
sumptive, yet beautiful body, on the 25th of April,  
Williamstown, Conn., leaving loving friends to mourn,  
only because they can no longer see her as one among  
the members of their household, but fully believing that

"For the dust that filled the vacant chair  
A happy angel will be sitting there."

Your writer being used as instrument at the funeral,  
was controlled to speak from the text, "I will reign  
until all enemies are put under my feet," &c. A sub-  
ject for a "Heathen ceremony." Give us more light,  
angels!

M. S. TOWNSEND.

## Horseheads and East Randolph Conventions.

The speakers at the Binghamton Convention were  
invited to adjourn for a three days' meeting at Horse-  
heads, N. Y., March 13th, 14th and 15th. Though the  
weather was extremely unfavorable, the attendance  
was quite large, and the interest deep and earnest.  
The public speakers participating were Lyman C.  
Howe, A. M. Hunter, J. H. W. Tooley, Mrs. Sophia  
L. Chappell, and U. Clark, James G. Clark, the poet  
and vocalist, contributing his harmonious spiritual songs.  
At the close of the meeting on Sunday evening the  
15th, the Convention voted to continue in session two  
days longer, and the friends and citizens of Horseheads  
proposed to terminate with a grand festival. In addi-  
tion to the regular speakers, Warren Burdett, of An-  
dover, N. H., Scavron, of Horseheads, Wm. Palmer, of  
Binghamton, John Corwin, of Genoa, Father Orandell,  
and several others, took interesting part in the dis-  
cussions. Letters of congratulations were read from  
Mrs. S. C. Cleveland of Penn Yan, and J. B. Durfee  
of Carbondale, Pa. Many of the most important  
practical reforms came up for consideration, and were han-  
dled with the utmost freedom. Social, civil, religious,  
secular and commercial reforms were urged as indis-  
pensable.

None of the speakers shrank from the utterance of  
most solemn and radical convictions, and all seemed  
to regard the time as having come when Spiritualism  
should be made radical in its application to every rela-  
tion of human life. Some resolutions had been made in  
Horseheads as to the reform of Spiritualists in their  
circles, and in social intercourse between the sexes.  
These criticisms called out some of the speakers in  
earnest protest against those corrupt imaginations  
which saw nothing but evil in the most pure and in-  
nocent liberties between the sexes, and which would  
keep a constant espionage over men and women, as  
though such like friendship or fraternity could ex-  
ist without suspicions of the most infamous sensual-  
ism.

The Convention was one of unusual interest and  
harmony. A vote of thanks was passed in behalf of  
the friends and citizens of Horseheads. Also,  
Resolved, That the Convention recommend the hold-  
ing of regular Quarterly Conferences for the State of  
New York, and that a committee of three be appointed  
to select the places for the holding of said Conferences,  
and publishing due notices of time and place.

The Committee appointed for this purpose were J.  
H. W. Tooley, of Penn Yan, N. Y.; Lyman C. Howe,  
of New Albany, N. Y.; and U. Clark, of Horseheads.  
The following significant and important resolution  
was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That as Spiritualist Reformers, advocating  
the need of recognizing the doctrine of individual re-  
sponsibility and the exercise of justice and charity,  
and urging, as we do, the obligations under which we  
are placed to defend them in the maintenance of their  
rights and liberties, allow no scandals nor calum-  
nies nor reports concerning them to pass unchal-  
lenged, and no judgments or opinions to be pronounced  
without positive knowledge derived from personal com-  
munication with all the parties involved, and with  
whose private relations no other mortals are entitled  
to interfere.

The closing festival on the last evening, was an oc-  
casional social enjoyment, and creditable to the  
friends and citizens of Horseheads. Several songs  
were sung by James G. Clark, enlivening anecdotes  
narrated by J. H. W. Tooley and U. Clark, prom-  
ising and social intercourse were freely indulged,  
light refreshments were served around, while music  
and dancing, have been the finest party of the season,  
much to the chagrin of a few low-minded persons, who  
dealt in vulgar epithets and undertook to create a dis-  
turbance. The ring-leader of this set of base fellows  
was none other than one of the wealthiest men in  
Horseheads, and a large portion of one of the Ortho-  
dox churches. Forgetting that he was a Christian, he  
rapped at the bars of lower spheres, and under the influence  
of ardent spirits, was inspired into a state of rowdiness.  
It is presumed, however, that sobriety has ensued,  
and Spiritualism in Horseheads lost nothing in reputa-  
tion from this manifestation of opposing elements.  
Many progressive and intelligent minds became new-  
found, and our cause is now strongly established  
in Horseheads.

## East Randolph, New York.

The same speakers who were at Horseheads, were  
invited to conduct another Convention at East Ran-  
dolph, April 23rd, 24th, and 25th.

The meetings were held in the Baptist Church. J.  
H. W. Tooley, President; A. Bushnell, Napoli, Vice  
President; U. Clark and Miss H. Towne, Secretaries;  
A. Bushnell, I. Tuttle, J. E. Weeden, Mrs. Amy Mor-  
gan, Miss M. J. Huntington and J. W. Burrows, Com-  
mittee.

James G. Clark was in attendance, with his incom-  
parable songs and melody.

Regular discourses were delivered by L. C. Howe,  
J. H. W. Tooley, Mrs. S. L. Chappell and U. Clark;  
while voluntary speeches and experiences were offered  
by the above lecturers, and by John M. Spear, A.  
Bushnell, Miss Harriet Towne, of Napoli, Mr. Adams,  
of Leona, Mr. H. H. H. of Freedom, Mrs. Howe, of  
Binghamton, Dr. H. H. H. of Little Valley, J. W. Bur-  
rows, the lecturer of Sherman, A. M. Hunter, the lec-  
turer and clairvoyant physician, of Rochester, and S.  
Raymond, of Columbus, Pa.

A high degree of enthusiasm reigned throughout the  
Convention. Many earnest and intelligent souls  
thronged in from the region around, some coming  
thirty and forty miles with their own conveyance.  
A deep impression was made on all minds, and Spiritu-  
alism took a new hold in Randolph. This is the lo-  
cation of the flourishing, liberal institution known as  
"Randolph Academy and Ladies' Seminary," at  
the head of which is Prof. S. G. Love.

The same evening, in Cattaraugus County,  
will take new impulse from the East Randolph Con-  
vention. Much credit for the success of this meeting  
must be given to A. Bushnell, of Napoli, and to the  
Morgans, Tuttle, Huntingtons, and many others in  
Randolph. These Conventions are doing a good work  
in behalf of spiritual progress, especially, as in this  
case, where the same speakers are engaged from place  
to place, and are enabled to labor in harmony. In-  
vestigations are constantly given, and during the pres-  
ent it is expected that similar Conventions will be  
held in North Collins, Rochester, Hastings and Water-  
town.

U. CLARK, Secretary.

## NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

LECTURE HALL, THOMPSON STREET, (opposite head of School  
Street.)—The regular discourses will continue through-  
out the season, and services will commence at 8:45 and 10  
o'clock, P. M. Admission Free. Lecturers engaged:  
Miss Emma Hardinge May 13 and 15; Rev. J. S. Loveland,  
June 1 and 3; Mrs. Annie Davis Smith, June 2 and 4.

CONVENTION HALL, No. 14 BROADWAY STREET, BOSTON.  
The Spiritual Conference meets every Wednesday eve-  
ning, at 7:15 o'clock.

Spiritual meetings are held every Sunday; a trance speak-  
ing at 10:15 A. M.; Conference at 1:15 P. M.

CHARLESTOWN.—Sunday meetings are held at Central Hall  
at 7 and 9 o'clock, afternoon and evening.

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

ROXBURY.—Meetings in the Town Hall. Speakers engaged:  
H. F. Fairfield, May 13; Miss Emma Hardinge, July 9; Miss  
Lizzie Doten, July 15.

TAUNTON.—Meetings are held in the Town Hall, every Sab-  
bath afternoon and evening. The following speakers are en-  
gaged:—Frank L. Wadsworth, June 1 and 3; Rev. Adin Bal-  
low, June 15; Miss Emma Hardinge, June 22 and 24; Mrs.  
Fannie Davis Smith, July 6 and 8; N. Frank White, Sept.  
21 and 23; Hon. Warren Chase, in December.

LOWELL.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meet-  
ings on Sundays, forenoon and afternoon, in Wells's Hall.  
Speakers engaged:—Mrs. Daniel S. Felton, May 13; Mrs.  
Fannie Davis Smith, during June.

CORCORAN, MASS.—Music Hall has been hired by the Spiritu-  
alists. Meetings will be held Sundays, afternoon and eve-  
ning. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. A. Currier, June 15 and 17;  
Mrs. Anne M. Middlebrook, June 15 and 17; and July 6;  
Miss Emma Hardinge, July 13, 20 and 27; Miss Laura De-  
fore, during August; F. L. Wadsworth, during October.

NEW BEDFORD.—Music Hall has been hired by the Spiritu-  
alists. Meetings held Sunday mornings, and  
speaking by mediums, afternoon and evening. Speakers  
engaged:—Miss Lizzie Doten, June 1 and 3; F. L. Wadsworth,  
during June; Miss Emma Houston, Sept. 21 and 23.

PORTLAND, ME.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular  
meetings every Sunday in Sons of Temperance Hall, on Corn-  
hill, between 10 and 11 A. M., and 7 and 9 P. M. in the fore-  
noon. Lectures afternoon and evening, at 7:15 and 9  
o'clock. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith for  
May; Mrs. M. M. Macomber Wood for June.

NEW YORK.—At Lamartine Hall, corner 8th Avenue and  
20th St., 7:15 P. M. Dr. H. H. H. is Chairman of the Associa-  
tion. Dr. Wadsworth's Hall, 605 Broadway, Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch  
will lecture every Sunday, morning and evening.

## THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

The oldest and largest Spiritualistic Journal