

# BANNER OF LIGHT.

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## Literary Department.

### LYONEL HARRINGTON.

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

#### CHAPTER XXXII. Tired of Europe.

"Par Dieu," said Arnold Jackson, as soon as he had made himself comfortable in the cushioned corner beside his master and friend.

"Am pleased to see the road once again under both our feet. Shall we make a long stay in the city? Mr. Josiah Wayne expects you impatiently. We promised in the Spring already that we would soon return to Maryland."

"I think in a week my affairs will be settled," said Lionel to his companion. "I only desire to find the residence of an old Sergeant of Hussars, Tobias Thork, and his niece, Cecilia Angel. I wish to care for these persons. Perhaps I can find out in the city. You shall aid me all you can. They are the same persons whose house you exclaimed against when your hungry stomach plagued you."

And Lionel continued giving a description of both to his attentive listener, telling him of their sad condition, their noble modes of thought, their refusal of his proffered help.

"Good! good! Won't be difficult to discover the old fellow," said Arnold. "Let him hide where he will, the chap won't have a new arm growing out of the stump. There are police everywhere. They will aid us. The country is overrun with game-hounds, gundarmes, village watchers, soldiers, toll writers, beggarly bailiffs. The deuce! as if there were more rogues here than honest people! Am sick of the Old World, or, as they have it in the stranger's book of mine out of Lichtenheim, 'weary of Europe,' that's what I am. Have never read of people wearying of Asia or America! 'Weary of Europe,' that's characteristic!"

"Yet you behold now and remarkable things every day, so much more than at home."

"See what? Old cities, and wide extending foot-gardens, covered with the dust and dirt of centuries. People build new old-gothic churches and furnish them with a new Christianity of poor durability. They build columns of honor, and monuments for those to whom they denied bread while living, whom they drove out of the land! Make new fashions, but remain in them the same old figures. Run to the play and act parts themselves. Speak of taxes, rents, duties, excises, stamp-laws, whimper and complain until one's ears are filled; and then shout at casinos, beer cellars, masquerades, balls and parties! All is great boasting, talking in the wind, sir. Yet, to tell the truth, nothing more! I am sick and weary of Europe."

"This is a great change of mind, Arnold; or you are in a bad humor. You were always delighted at the thought of beholding the wonders of the Old World."

"Wonders or not, don't care if better ones are not growing up. They fetch their best and newest wonders from America; lightning-roads, steam machines, modes for buildings of reform; in short, sir, I feel everywhere, as I did when we were on the Sicilian coast—you remember? There cloud-pictures rose out of the sea, towers, gardens, ships, masts, churches, country houses—all was illusion! *Fata Morgana!* say the Neapolitans. So it seems to me that in Europe, I see the gray spectres advancing from the coasts of antiquity, Sultan's thrones, feudal castles, convents, ruffians in single combat, monks, persecutions of the Jews, discord among the clergy and the schools."

Arnold continued in this vein for sometime before he became aware that no one heard him but the postillion. The monotonous roll of the wheels, the heat of the afternoon, joined to his conversation, had brought sleep to his neighbor. He found it advisable to follow his example, and drawing a black silk night-cap over his bald head, he composed himself in the most comfortable position for a nap. Scarcely, however, had he chosen the better part, as he deemed it, before it was taken away from him.

The carriage stopped to change horses, and Lionel also awoke, as does the miller when the noises of the mill wheels suddenly cease. The carriage door was approached by an honest-looking man, who mildly requested permission to take a seat behind until the next station. "Lyonel" took a good look at the man, whose exterior was not displeasing, and bade him take a seat inside, opposite to himself.

He was an awkwardly stiff, but exceedingly friendly individual, clad in a black, somewhat shabby coat; his face, marked by the ravages of small pox, was spotted with red, as if indented with hail. They were informed he had walked for six hours that hot day, in order to attend a meeting of friends at the next stopping place, the great market hamlet, Blumberg. His further conversation revealed that he was a Doctor of Philosophy, of the name of Hercules Strong, and that he held the situations of librarian at a Count, living on his estate.

Arnold, well pleased to have company, was as witty as could be, and expressed his astonishment that a man possessed of knowledge, even a Hercules, should at last have become a grave-digger. "I am not a grave-digger," said the traveling companion, "I am not a grave-digger, but a librarian."

"Ost' Ca!" said honest Jackson, smiling; "are not libraries real burial grounds, where the learned book heroes and their works rest till the day of the last judgment and the last oration? There they gently repose in the dust that once figured so gloriously; there they decay with their decaying systems and forgotten immortality—friends and foes peaceably together. The ban-hurling Pope beside the triumphant heretic, the Despot and Tell. I like to visit libraries as little as I do churchyards."

"That is charmingly said! *Bene dixisti!*" cried the librarian of the Count. "You are right. I would long since have given up the grave-digger's work, if I could obtain another place. You are from America? That beautiful America has been the land of my longings from childhood. Germany does not value men of talent and scientific merit. Here everything is gained only by birth, gold, patronage. I will also remark that I am secretary to the Count, and can wield a tolerable pen. In America I might, my name in our literature may not be wholly unknown to you. I have written seven works that have not been unfavorably received. My last, 'The complete policy of government for great monarchs,' in three volumes, has been reviewed by several critical journals."

"Terrible fate!" said Arnold, "that compels the father to bury his own children! I would not be an author and a librarian at the same time for all the money in the world! And which was your master-work?"

"I would not," modestly replied the learned man, "call any of them a master-work. But I might give as the best, my philosophical investigation upon the design of the Creation of the World."

"The design of the Creation of the World!" cried the old American, as if beside himself with surprise. "Only a philosopher can look the Creator in the cards. Have myself often wondered at the wisdom of Nature, to see how carefully and desigedly she puts a large stream before every large city, and gives rivulets to villages."

The philosopher looked at the speaker deprecatingly, not knowing whether he had spoken in jest or earnest; but soon recovering himself, the conversation was continued. He told a great deal about himself, of all that he knew, and much that he did not know; but through all he said, the aim was visible to gain the favor of the American travelers, and to accompany them across the sea.

"That one is tired of Europe, also," growled Jackson, now and then.

As he unfolded his ideas, he lost much of the first favorable impression produced; but he amused Lionel with his commonplaces, beside the droll-dry humor of his faithful attendant, Jackson, with serious face, and very respectfully, made fun of the philosopher; and knew how to evade his questions and praises on America. They talked on uninterruptedly until quite near the hamlet, when Arnold at once cried out:

"Cap Sargent, what the devil! a deserter? Halt! The wheels are running faster into the village than we can follow!" It was so. One of the carriage wheels close by the horses was running along as if for a wager with them. The chaise leaned to one side; they were compelled to stop, and the faithful wheel was fastened on as well as could be done. The travelers then walked on between wooden booths, carts and freight-wagons, to the celebrated village of Blumberg. The place was crowded with gaping women, children, drunken farmers, trafficking Jews, screaming peddlers, and swearing drivers.

"Here it is permitted," said Hercules Strong, with a smile, and bowing to Harrington. "To quote the words of the singer:

*Odio profanum vulgus, et arceo!*"

CHAPTER XXXIII.  
The Joy of a Country Fair.

It was the time of the Annual Fair in the village, and twilight shadows enfolded the landscape; the peddlers were packing up the remnants of their wares, as the chaise stopped at the post-office, that was at the same time the best inn of the place. But there was not a room empty for the accommodation of the travelers; the sounds of a riotous mirth issued from doors and windows, joined to the rattling of beer jugs; there was quarreling, singing, and the ring of glasses. All the smiths were applied to for the restoration of the truant wheel, but not one was to be found at his forge and anvil. Arnold went out on a search for better quarters to the different inns, but returned angry and disappointed from the fruitless task.

The busy post-master, his brow bathed in the sweat of the day's labor, rubbed his hands together in the strongest embarrassment, as often as he returned to the awaiting Lionel. He did not wish to lose the wealthy customer; and yet he could offer him no other place, than a miserable little chamber, directly under the roof, that contained two wretched beds, and was the only empty room in the house. At last he ventured to offer it, with a thousand apologies and many bows, and as the guest declared himself contented to accept that sole retreat, he led the way up three flights of wooden stairs.

Waiting for the return of Arnold, who was engaged in bringing the chaise to a secure place, Lionel stepped to the window that looked out upon the yard and stable-roofs. He could not open the window, and while searching for the clearest panes to see through him the dim and paper-covered ones, he saw something written on the glass. As in our travels we often cast our eyes upon these mementoes of wandering beings like ourselves, so the young man bent to read the inscription. "But he could scarcely trust his senses as he beheld there, distinctly graven, his own name, 'Lyonel Harrington,' surrounded by a graceful flourish and with a cross above."

This little surprise caused him to ponder for some time. He knew of no one who bore his name—no one, who thinking of him would have written it, except—he could hardly believe it, and yet he hoped it might be so. He took the ring from his finger to write the name of "Cecilia Angel," beneath his own; but it was too dark, and then he thought, how could the writing have been done by the shepherds, when a diamond was necessary for the purpose? Although a flint stone might have done the service of the diamond.

While he was considering the question, the hostess and the maids appeared with the linen and mattresses; also Arnold, who was in a state of exceeding ill-humor. Lionel heard not the invitation to supper, nor the Russian and Turkish investitures of his traveling companion. He minutely questioned the landlady in regard to the persons that had lately occupied that chamber. She could not remember all the journeyman, servants and drivers that had made it their lodging for the night. But as the determined questioner described to her the face and figure of the one-armed Tobias Thork, one of the maids recollected the old man, and the young woman that accompanied him.

Lyonel feared to question more. A loving serenity pervaded his soul; he would not have exchanged the narrow attic for the splendid boudoir of the Princess Gabriella. He followed, with his faithful companion, to the dining-room, yawning in his heart to rob the house of its noblest possession, the pane of glass containing the memorial words and sign.

The not very spacious dining-room was filled with guests, with a number of well-dressed persons, who seemed to be mostly known to each other. In their midst the voice of the philosopher Hercules Strong was distinctly heard; although at first, his figure was hidden from view by the clouds of cigar smoke.

For that party a separate table was spread, at which the two Americans were assigned—the head. At another table, covered with full and empty wine bottles and glasses, was assembled a small circle of four or five young officers. As long as the music of the plates and spoons, knives and forks resounded, each seemed unaware of the existence of the other, and but few words were spoken at the largest table, and those were in reference to the vands before them, and in polite attentions to the neighbor. But the sons of Mars were all the noisier. They indulged in loud talk and contradiction, in praise and blame of dogs and horses, in jesting remarks concerning young girls, the chase, and love adventures, with many other like important matters.

As soon, however, as the citizen-world at the other table had satisfied the cravings of hunger, when the wine had unshackled their tongues and inspired their hearts, there arose there, too, the clatter of glasses and the confusion of voices, and at last it became so loud that the warriors gave up all hope of hearing one another's words.

"Enough of political tinkering, sir!" interrupted a broad-shouldered gentleman with a fearful bass voice, "let us leave that to our orators and diplomats. I love facts. What is there new in the papers? For eight days I have been without knowledge of anything relating to the German Fatherland."

"*Neuapppers! Vaterland!*" replied a small, thin individual, as he shrugged his shoulders. "Who sees and knows his Fatherland behind the hangings cast before it by the censorship of the press? We are everywhere more at home than in our own land. We speak of O'Connell and Barry, Peel and Guizot, Narvas and Abd-el-Kader, Espartero and Mehmet Ali. Who takes notice, or knows anything about our inland State heroes? We talk of new poets and new fashions, of railroads, and most obedient State assemblies. Other nations have a national spirit; we Germans have been for centuries cosmopolitans. Our peculiarity is to have no peculiarities at all. What could we not be, what could we not achieve, and how mighty would our rulers be, if we would grant us only a span more of thought and speech—freedom; of faith, press, business, and political liberty!"

"Spoken truly, Mr. Sub-Rector," said a mustachioed neighbor. "The years fourteen and fifteen have proved that, when for our Prince's throne, and our own fireside, we manfully arose against Attila Napoleon. What loving promises were then received by the dear German nation! And what have we gained by the sacrifices of our blood and fortunes? Where is the expected golden age? The high-born families, with their rights and privileges, nobility and priestly treasure boxes, snatched up the fattest morsels of it all."

"Perad the old boxes!" cried the philosopher Hercules, whose face glowed crimson. "The golden age of the nobility and priesthood was ever the iron age of the people, and the unborn alone were as well off as the well and high-born. I, therefore, praise Americans and the English!"

"Excuse me," said Lionel, correcting him, "the Britons honor their nobility more than the Germans. In England, they are included in the public prayers, and the people beseech for them 'not only that God may fill them with his grace, but that they may be endowed with piety and insight.'"

"Good, good! That is splendid!" cried the entire assembly, with loud laughter. "It should be 'with us, too. We Germans are all the world's fathers! Let us pray for the nobility!'"

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enough, you sir, or whatever else you may be!" exclaimed one of the officers, as he indignantly sprang toward the table of the jubilant citizens. "One word more of that sort, and I will have all you Jacobins, in a body, taken to the watch-house! Do you hear?"

A deep silence followed the question. But as soon as the first surprise had been recovered from, one after the other arose from the table; every one desired to speak; every one was eager to resent the officer's interference. Only the two Americans remained silent spectators of the scene. The stentorian voice of the broad-shouldered man sounded above all the rest:

"What is our conversation to you, my pretty sir lieutenant in the whalebone corset? We sit here and enjoy ourselves for our money, at the table, at least with the same rights and duties as yourself. Spare your curses for your recruits; we laugh at them. Stop up your ears, if—"

"Ten thousand!" vociferated the young lieutenant, whose long drawn out oaths we will omit, and he turned to his companions. "Do you hear? I believe the radical, rebellious pack dares to oppose us! Not another impertinent word, you fellows! Do you know who you have before you?"

The broad-shouldered with the bass voice replied: "According to the uniform and haughtiness, a pair or so of the Duke's soldiers; and we, sir lieutenant, are the faithful citizens of the Duke, some of us are in office, and we are not one inch less than yourselves."

"Than us!" cried the enraged officer, and seized his opponent by the breast. "Rascal! Off with him to the watch!"

"Off with him to the guard-house, without further parley! Off with the suspicious scoundrel!" chimed in his comrades, preparing to lay hands upon him. Like the roar of an infuriated bear, the insulted man called upon his fellow citizens:

"Throw the meddling, haughty fools out of doors!"

Instead, however, of doing so with the lieutenant, he merely gave him a thrust that sent him to the floor with such celerity that, in place of his crimsoned angry visage, naught but the uplifted feet were visible. At the same moment one of the officers drew his sword. It no sooner glistened in the light of the tapers, than a pair of wine glasses, hurled by pliant hands, smote the face of the warlike nobleman. Then followed loud outcries, hand encounters, fistfuffs; bottles, candlesticks, plates, and all sorts of missiles flew hither and thither in the battle storm; friend and foe, stroke for stroke, all mingled together. The last light was extinguished. In the darkness the strife became more furious.

Arnold Jackson, carefully taking the hand of Lionel, said:

"Zutter demal! what a riotous life! It's not comfortable, here. Let us get out, and leave those wild beasts to bite and scratch each other to their heart's content! This is no company for us."

With that he led him to the door, but in the darkness he trod upon a living mass, that cried out pitifully, with tender and benevolent care the two Americans lifted the man and carried him from the room. It was the loftily named Hercules, who had been trodden under foot by friend and enemy; covered with blood and dust, and howling most unphilosophically. The wounded man was given in charge of the tavern keeper.

Mild the noise, health-drinking and singing of the peasants and market-people in the adjoining rooms, the tumult of the skirmish in the more fashionable world, had been unheard. As soon as it became known, men and women hurried thither as peace-makers, though they had not been witnesses of the engagement. But the silence of death reigned on the battle-field; for as soon as the door had been opened the citizens and the nobility had hurried from the scene of action to escape the baptism of wine and blood. So, both armies had compelled each other to fight, which is seldom the case, and probably each of them assumed the victory to themselves, or, at least, the right to the *deum Laudamus*.

But the inn keeper and his wife, as they beheld the destruction that had taken place, commenced a series of unavailing but piercing wails and ear-rending cries, in view of the losses they had sustained. Thus mourn the unhappy farmers, whose fields and gardens have been devastated by the tide of battle, or whose villages have been plundered and burnt; while Kings hold festival and the heroes of war are overwhelmed with honors.

Wary of the misery they looked upon, our Americans sought their quiet chamber.

CHAPTER XXXIV.  
The Duke's Palace.

As soon as the art of the smith had restored the carriage, the travelers continued their way to the capital, Lionel having fulfilled his purpose of abstracting the precious pane of glass. Of course, he compensated the landlord for double the amount of his worth, and questioned him anew respecting the sergeant and his niece, promised a handsome reward for the tidings of his whereabouts, to be sent to the Baron von Goldwig, at the capital. The host, who mistook the guests for wealthy Englishmen, solemnly vowed to make it his especial business to find the dwelling-place of the crippled hussar, at the first opportunity.

A rich Englishman is, next to the Sovereign of the land, the most revered of all objects to a German innkeeper. And they often, indeed, they do, the position, no doubt inspired by the same idea, announced Lionel's arrival in the duke's capital, by the wildest flourishes of his screeching horn, and drove to the *Hôtel du monde*, the largest one in the city, situated on one of the main streets, and opposite the Palace of the Duke.

"Two rich Englishmen," he whispered to the upper and under waiters, to the servants and grooms of the "World's" host, and the new arrivals were shown into an elegant saloon with adjoining rooms on the first floor.

Lyonel hoped, and consoled his grumbling friend with the thought that the abiding place of the old soldier would soon be found.

"Have patience for a few days, Arnold; then we will go on," he said.

Arnold, like a genuine Yankee, expressed his unbelief by thrusting his tongue in his hollow cheek. He may have had good reasons for his skepticism.

"He seeks the cripple, but he means the girl, I reckon," he growled.

Without delay, as soon as he had dressed himself, Lionel paid a visit to the upper police office, to commence his search. After waiting for hours, he was told to return on the morrow, as it was necessary to look over the registers. The following day, after turning over a number of leaves in the folios, he was informed that no Tobias Thork had arrived or taken his abode in the city. The Baron Assur could not be applied to, as he was yet absent on his business tour; but he was soon expected to return home.

Thus passed eight, fourteen days in anxious expectation. To console himself, Lionel gazed at the window pane at morning and at night. Determined not to leave the spot till he should hear from the vanished angel, whom he believed peeped in some neighboring village, he wandered through the entire neighborhood, sometimes in his carriage, at other times, on foot; but with like fruitless result. At last, under pretext of examining and buying goods, he frequented warehouses, shops and booths of all the lace manufacturers, dress makers and milliners, in order to ascertain whether a certain Miss Cecilia Angel worked for them, or whether a one-armed hussar took their commissions. The labor of love was in vain.

To banish disappointment, and to divert the mind of his faithful follower, he took him to the various churches, picture galleries, libraries, museums, concerts, casinos and theatres. But he could not dispel his ennui and discontent, and yet he would not by both be driven from his post.

Among the remarkable sights of the city, the travelers were surprised only by one, and of the kind that is not counted among the wonders of the sight-seekers. The influential host of the "World's Hotel" had succeeded in gaining for the strangers admittance to the interior of the ducal palace, during the absence of the illustrious inmates, who were visiting at one of their summer residences, to celebrate the betrothal of the Princess Gabriella with the hereditary Prince Louis.

Lyonel and Arnold wandered slowly over the intervening space on the other side of which arose the palace—a large, old-fashioned pile. Through a wide arched gate they entered the inner court-yard, that was overgrown with grass. A melancholy silence reigned there, broken only by the step of the sentry and the murmur of a fountain, around which gods of the sea, nymphs, syrens and dragons threw aloft the golden spray.

An aged and somewhat deaf attendant, in a suit of livery trimmed with silver, white silk stockings and powdered wig, received the strangers with formal politeness, and led them up the broad stairway into a long corridor, which was adorned with a long line of weather-beaten portraits in oil, representing the former counts, princes, and dukes of the land. It is, of course, implied that the oldest ancestor was a warrior in the days of Charles the Great and his cousin Roland.

From thence the visitors were shown into the audience and throne saloon that was laden with tasteless splendor, then into a number of apartments and saloons that had been used by the reigning dukes and their consorts, and that now stood forsaken in all their antique adornments. They were also permitted to enter the apartments and boudoirs of the Princess Gabriella; and there Lionel paused awhile, although silent and indifferent he had coldly passed by the dead splendors of ancient and modern times.

He felt himself attracted by the poetic and familiar air of the surroundings, and yet repelled into distant deference by the ruling air of acknowledged superiority; and yet there was a womanly charm and grace mingling with it all, even as it existed in the manner of the fair and honored owner. She had rested upon his breast, had almost touched him with her lips; then as soon, amid the ruins of Saint Catherine's Vale, she had received the tender homage of the Prince. It almost seemed to him as if he glimpsed against Cecilia by lingering amid the household surroundings of the Princess. Without the pomp of wealth, luxury and descent, the Duke's daughter, as a maiden of the people, would still remain a loving, pleasing girl, but a commonplace one, such as there are many. Cecilia, whose youthful bloom was vivified by the exalted beauty of the soul, beamed in her coarse attire even as a royal virgin, lending significance and glory to the meanest object that she touched.

Who knows how long the young man would have remained there engrossed in like thoughts, had not Arnold awakened him from his abstraction; and, pointed to the respectful attendant who stood waiting their pleasure at another open door? Through many finely decorated rooms they were led into the study of the reigning Duke; it was remarkable only for old-fashioned ornament and simple arrangement. Lionel found nothing attractive there except the



HOLY HAPPINESS.

books in a glass case. He curiously reviewed the titles of these volumes, to gain from them some idea of the literary bent of the sovereign of the land. He found but a few German works; all the more English ones—Gibbon, Shakespeare, Walter Scott, several church histories, philosophical and theological writings.

"Who is that?" he inquired. Jackson, the attendant, stood before a small writing-table, with an expression of intense surprise, almost alarm upon his face.

"Who is that?" he repeated, as he had not remarked the shrug of the shoulder wherewith the man replied to him, and expressed his ignorance.

"Rascal!" he uttered between his teeth as he threw him a sidelong, indignant glance; then turning to Lyonel he continued:

"For God's sake, look, sir! I don't know how I feel! Look, look for yourself, sir!"

He pointed to a miniature that in a golden frame, was suspended from the side wall of the writing desk above the Duke's seat. Lyonel gazed upon it in equal astonishment with his faithful servant.

It represented a beautiful and tender face, around which floated the loosened golden curls that partially veiled the alabaster neck and shoulders. The blue eyes expressed the holiest innocence and unconsciousness of sorrow; the rose-bud mouth, a pure and child-like blessedness. Around the picture was wound a wreath of stars, formed of large and smaller brilliants.

"Who is this?" asked Lyonel, in German, in the loud tone of impatient solicitude.

The old man drew his shoulders up to his ears, and replied:

"In all probability a deceased princess."

"Silly face!" growled Jackson in his own vernacular.

"Have you ever seen a more striking resemblance, Mr. Harrington? Mrs. Mary, as she lived and looked! Like that you never knew her, but just like that she looked in Baltimore, and during the first years of our stay at Maryland, until your father died. You were scarcely eight years old then, and used to gallop about on the rocking-horse in the garden. I recollect very well; seems as if it had happened to-day."

"And I recognize her! Every feature the same!" cried Lyonel. "It is herself! but in youthful form, and with a happier expression. What was the whim of Nature in forming two beings so much alike, in different hemispheres, that so completely resemble each other? Or how could the Duke have obtained a picture of my mother? My beloved mother! for many years the grave has covered this beautiful casket of her immortal soul."

With folded hands and eyes that filled with tears, he looked upon the portrait. Then he turned again to the attendant of the palace.

"Has the Duke ever been in North America?"

"Beg most obediently your pardon," was the reply, "it is hardly possible. But we know that his Highness, when he was yet the hereditary prince, spent several years at various great courts."

"A thousand dollars for a true copy!" cried Lyonel, and he said to the amazed listener: "Can you at least tell me whether any copies of this picture are to be obtained? Or whether the Duke would permit me to have the picture by a good artist?"

Before he could conclude what he would say, the man replied by his own peculiar shrug, and followed it by a smile and long continued shake of the head, as if he had listened to some unintelligible proposition.

"Well, then, sir, we will take our leave," said Lyonel. "Come, Arnold, show him our gratitude; away! I am becoming melancholy." He hastened to the door, casting a longing look upon the picture, and swiftly returned to the hotel.

"I will and must have it! only a copy—and if I have to fall on my knees for it to the Duke!" he said to his friend. "The picture at Maryland is not half as well executed. But what princess or queen could be so wonderfully like my mother? I will, I must know! Do you make inquiry, Arnold—ask of all the world!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## "SPRING-TIME."

BY WILFRED WILKINS.

The weeks come and go; the sun shines; the warm spring rains refresh and gladden the young verdure; the birds carol amongst the trees, and the humming of the bees is heard amongst the blooming orchards and gardens, just the same as in the spring-times long ago.

How earnestly we waited and watched for the coming of the spring-time! Pent up amid the snowy mountains; chilled by the winter winds, we shivered over our feeble camp fires, and looked longingly away to the South in expectancy of Spring. And now the spring-time has come, and we mind us of the spring of last year. We remember how the news spread through all the hills and vales, and over the broad prairies of the West, that the madmen of the South were preparing to overthrow the Constitution and the government, and trample upon the liberties of the people. We had heard the faint notes of the hostile thunder during the cold days of the winter, and had hoped that the genial sunshine of spring would disperse the malarious clouds of treason, and restore peace to our disturbed political system. But, alas! the thunder-tones of the bombardment of Sumter fell like the clarion call of Liberty on the ear of the sturdy freemen of the North, and the springtime was filled with other labors than of the husbandman, and heard other music than the lowing of herds and the humming of bees.

How well we remember the evening the President's call for volunteers was read to us at the corners of the streets—at the post-office—at the depot! And must we then shoulder arms and go to the war? With what trepidation did many of us ask ourselves this question! We could not make it seem that we ought to go; and yet, some one must go. Why not we as well as any? Personal interest! Oh, we had no right to think of that. Our liberties, the common interest of every American citizen, the hopes of every nation of the earth were in danger! Ah, that was the tall tale which pressed us from the lesser considerations of personal and private motives.

Enough; we were ready. So, loosing the steers from the plough; setting down the saw and plane; leaving the half-written sermon; closing the volumes of legal lore, and leaving farm and workshop, and plough and harrow, we thronged to the defense of the right. And how vividly some of us remember the few days of preparation; the parades on the green;

the great crowds of interested friends who thronged the streets to gaze at the new-made soldiers; and last of all, the partings from those dear ones at home; how they went with us to the depot, and, with full hearts and streaming eyes, sobbed a mournful farewell!

One year of toil, of hardship, of danger and death, has passed away, and as we look around and think over the names of our comrades, we sigh to think how many are gone. Some grew weary of the long marches, and laid them down and died, and we buried them on the mountain sides; some, the bravest and best, perhaps, fell, with "back to the field and feet to the foe," amid the wild carnage of the battle; and we, the residue, are still in the field.

With stout hearts and high hopes for the future, we press on through paths thick set with dangers. We are hopeful. We think the cold winter of our national discontent is being melted away by the strong rays from Freedom's own sun. The warm air of Spring, throbbing with new born delight, seem burdened, as it were, with prophetic whisperings of the future. The warm sunshine seems filled with a thousand presences; and with hearts alive to every sympathetic intelligence, we are listening for the thunder of the guns. We are waiting to feel the solid earth tremble beneath the mighty onset of contending forces.

From the West and from the East, we shall hear the vibrations of the mighty tidings, and we shall feel the nation's heart beat again like a crystal fountain unlocked from the Winter's icy chains. How sweet to think that we may soon again sit beneath the dispensation of peace, clad in the garments of our calling. No more rattling of drums and shrieking of fife, no more roll of artillery and musketry, no more gleaming of bayonets; "peace throughout the land to all the inhabitants thereof."

New Market, Va., May 4, 1862.

Written for the Banner of Light.

## A DREAM, NOT ALL A DREAM.

BY SAMUEL PHILIPS LELAND.

'T was on a tranquil Summer eve, the soft stars smiled in heaven;

O'er earth there slept a silence—a deep, unbroken silence.

As if Nature paused to listen to the minstrelsy of Even.

The moonbeams bathed the sleeping world, and slept upon the river;

And the flowers courted slumber—a sweet and tranquil slumber.

While the heavens wept soft dew-drops from the fountains of the Giver.

The calm, blue sky, with soft embrace, bent o'er creation sleeping;

While the stars and gentle Luna—the mild, inconstant Luna,

Wore the windows in the zenith where angels watch were keeping.

With pensive thought I mused beneath my favorite garden bowers;

The soft breeze moved so gently—on wings so tireless, gently.

That it seemed to me it stole a kiss in passing from the flowers.

I lay me down beside the flowers, with the midnight bending o'er me,

And my restless soul sought dreaming—sought strange and trance-like dreaming.

While a vision full of strangeness like a phantom passed before me.

I dreamed I was an angel clad in bright tinsely super-

al;

Before me lay an ocean—a boundless, restless ocean—I dreamed I bore the name of DEATH, and 't was fixed there external.

I sat me down upon the strand and gazed upon its waters;

A soft breeze swept its bosom—its gently heaving bosom.

And yet methought its waves were tears wept by earth's sons and daughters.

I gazed again. My throbbing heart, with wild, inconstant beating.

Seemed so strange, ethereal—so boundless and ethereal.

That it clasped that restless sea of tears in a deep and yearning greeting.

As I strangely mused and listened, a deeper trance fell o'er me—

The rising waves were swelling—clasped the shore, high swelling.

And each wave changed that touched the strand and in person stood before me.

One after one the pebbly shore they touched in hasty swelling.

When each wave was a human—a strange, dejected human.

Till a multitude before me stood and each their sorrow telling:

One had been wronged, or been enslaved, or robbed of all endearing;

Another disappointed—sorely disappointed;

Another had been threatened death, and died of simply fearing!

Another lost his property; another reputation;

Another died of worship—of patriarchal worship;

While another, more religious, had died to prove salvation!

One thought himself not worthy life, and died of deep dejection;

And one of melancholy—of painful melancholy;

While ardent lovers beyond count were grieving o'er rejection!

One grieved because he was a MAN, and wished himself a WOMAN!

Another of low station—born in humble station.

Wept in hot tears his life away because he was a human!

Oh! what a world of grief they told, each greater than another;

Each had the worst of sorrow—the keenest, deepest sorrow—

His was so great he could not see the anguish of his brother.

Each one was loaded so with grief he thought no other sorrow—

His was the greatest anguish—the deepest, sorriest anguish;

Oh! could he have his brother's woe how bright would be his morrow!

I asked them to exchange their grief, each taking on another's;

And all throw down their trouble—their deep, lamented trouble.

In the ocean altogether and each one take his brother's!

They cast them in the sea of tears, its restless waves were heaving—

Their anguish quickly vanished—holily, deeply vanished.

And each found when comparing his, 'he'd been himself deceiving.

The waves retreated from the shore and one by one departed;

The multitude all vanished—quickly from me vanished—

I saw each tear that filled the sea was sorrow, holily heaving.

I woke! The full bright orb of day was dimming up the heavens;

The air my cheek was kissing—softly, sweetly kissing.

And I had passed in dream-land o'er from the riveries of even.

I mused upon the vision that had passed so sweet before me—

Thought others might have sorrow—deep and painful sorrow.

Anguish sore and deep, too, that has never brooded o'er me.

Cleveland, Ohio, May, 1862.

## Original Essays.

## THE SOCIAL RELATIONS OF SPIRITUALISM.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

The universal grasp of Spiritualism has gathered the floating rubbish of the sea of mankind, as well as heaven born truths. All the restless, reckless charlatans of the age have at convenience taken its name. It has been basely prostituted to purposes of quackery; its sacred name has been used to bring senseless verbosity before the public; the traveling doctor has found his patients increase in number when he claimed that he was healing by spirit power, or had a clairvoyant with him; the added lecturers on mesmerism or phrenology, finding their audiences growing thin, discovered that they created greater interest by notifying the public that they would speak on Spiritualism, in a normal or abnormal state, as suited their convenience.

I sicken at the black list of abuses which have weighed to earth the Divine Philosophy. Enough, truly, to crush a less truthful system into oblivion. That it has survived seems miraculous, and not only survived, but gathered millions under its standard.

But this debasement to the vile purposes of gain has not sufficed. Charmed by its rapid growth, the supporters of the innumerable hydra-headed isms, have one and all strove to attach themselves to its triumphal car, and thus be drawn into miserable notoriety.

The Land Reformer was sure the spirits were Land Reformers;

The advocate of Woman's Rights was equally sure that they advocated his hobby;

The Reformer whose specialty was the abolition of Capital Punishment was sure the hosts of heaven were on his side;

And the Socialist resented the imputation of their opposing him and his.

So through the interminable catalogue. I neither affirm or deny its support to any or all of these. Wherever a truth exists, it unhesitatingly embodies it, and as it would be impossible for a theory to exist entirely false, some portions of all it supports, but of none makes a specialty.

Of the reforms the last few years have presented, its support or censur is far from vital consequence; in one only can its influence work immeasurable happiness or woe.

The spirit-world may go with labor, or with capital; with the low, or the criminal; with the supporters of woman's rights, or against; the world moves on calm and serene, but when it deigns to lay its finger, however lightly, on our social fabric, society totters to its base. When an immortal agent steps into the domestic circle, bearing the upas branch of enmity between husband and wife, insecurity, instability and social anarchy are at once inaugurated.

A large class of professed Spiritualists have allowed this to occur. They have placed more reliance on the word of a spirit than the tenor of the philosophy, or the voice of reason. I shall not pause to explain how, but will state the fact that strange and chimerical views have slowly crept into the vaguely understood system known as the Spiritual Philosophy. I shall now deal with those opinions only which are related to its social aspect.

One of these vague conceptions is that of "affinity"—that there is only one woman and one man made for each other, and that these two halves can never be happy unless united; that they will be united in heaven, if not here.

The patient husband consoles himself with the reflection, while pelted beneath the stormy wrath of his Xantippe, that his beloved and true wife exists somewhere in the world, and in the spirit-world they will inseparably meet. He hides his time—a social martyr. Does he strive to please Xantippe, to improve her turbulent disposition and harmonize her mind with his? Far from that. He is like a western squatter, who has no title deed, and feels duty bound to improve as little as possible. He is not sure but to-morrow he may find his lost mate. If he exerts himself at all, it is in the search of her. If we receive such a conjecture as this, where are we? We are not sure a true marriage exists in the wide world—we never can be sure. To what a depth it leads! Very plausible at first, but woe lies beneath. Plausible, but totally wrong, being neither based on human experience or moral desire, nor supported by a fact.

What is the teaching of common sense? That for every man, thousands of women can be found equally adapted, and vice versa. A young man selects a young woman of congenial qualities. Can it be for a moment supposed that he could not find another equally so? I put this question direct to the heart of every one who inclines to dispute it. It is true, after he has learned to love, others may produce no impression. I do not mean that, but provided the first had not been met. The contrary—that only one exists, if believed, would convert every man into a Quixote, and send him around the world, after his Dulcinea of embodied perfection. If marriage is submitted to under such impressions, it is only as a temporary expedient—a necessary evil. If it be true, how is it that many are married to more than one companion, and are as happy with one as the other?—and that too, after the first has for long years moulded the mind to be mated with the second?

The young man and woman, sufficiently alike to develop rational love, are married. There are a thousand others who might as well take the place of each; or might have taken it as well previous to its assumption. But mark: a change occurs here.

There must be educated by each other. They become more and more alike, as can be observed in married people, if all in unison. Year after year this assimilation goes on, until the two are one. Every year widens the interval between the companions and those who once might have been as "congenial."

Such I consider the true doctrine of "affinity," which supports the entire system of free love. Its wantal "affinity" is an idle dream, without existence.

I do not wish to be understood as saying that the present marriage institution is perfect. On the contrary, it is liable to great abuses. I mean it is the best we can now have, and decidedly preferable to any yet proposed. It was never intended to procure the union of the "right halves." Its entire office is to protect the rights of the contracting parties, and those of the offspring. Beyond these, it leaves to the discretion of the parties. It is not the abrogation of marriage, or the universal assumption of the theory of "affinity," that the world demands, but education into the laws of our social nature—a domain as yet untouched, and wholly excluded from the schools. Youths should receive this all-important knowledge with their first lessons, and seek by every means to understand their duties to themselves and the world. Then there would be little ground for complaint against marriage, for its sacredness would not be polluted.

To give this social knowledge, is one of the important labors of the spiritual philosophy. It comes not to disturb the household relations, but to yield knowledge which will render those relations more perfectly harmonious, and home a haven of peace.

## FAITH.

BY C. D. GRISWOLD, M. D.

What is Faith? Is it the "assent of the mind to what God hath revealed?" Or, is it a clear consciousness that God hath the power, and therefore will work out through us that for which we pray by thought and deed?

How man has prayed in the past for prosperity, for power, for wealth, and for progress; and how signally have his prayers been answered in this growth of the nation, the extension of its commerce, the spread of knowledge, the accumulation of wealth, and in the vast power which has risen to break the nation asunder. Who can ask for a better warrant for faith? With every prayer for material growth, man has put his hand to the work, and the answer came—not the less from God, though man was the instrument.

Let the world pray for spiritual prosperity, for spiritual power, for the riches of the spiritual kingdom, its knowledge and its progress; let him pray, and do things spiritual, and all that he asks, by thought and deed, will come to him. When man comes to know God—to know that he is an infinite power, measurably dwelling within him—that the portion to each is in accordance with the aspirations, or love of God, or God—then will he begin to have faith, and pray in full expectation of receiving. Conviction must come before faith. The world has been taught to have faith, that conviction might come; but such faith is impotent.

The power of God in man has never yet been fully comprehended, and perhaps never will be in this sphere. Jesus seemed to have a gleam of it—realized it more fully, probably, than any other being who ever walked the earth. Certainly, if he believed that nothing would be impossible to them that had faith even as a grain of mustard seed—even to the moving of a mountain—his faith must have been great indeed. In this he showed that he claimed nothing above his disciples, if they by faith could do greater works than he had ever done. True faith is confidence in the power of God, and the God-power in man is in proportion to his faith in the Infinite; hence, the power of man is measured only by his faith. When man comes to know the law, he wields the power.

Is not the progress of the world in every sense in exact accordance with the aspirations of man? When commerce demanded an opening between the East and the West, a canal was built; when this failed to meet the wants of the nation, the railroad was built; when it was necessary to speed intelligence more rapidly, the telegraph came; when the forests failed to furnish fuel, coal was discovered; and when the oily monsters of the deep were becoming extinct, the earth opened its bosom and gave forth its abundance. These were not the creations of man's power altogether, but such as were not came at his bidding. Man prayed with faith and works, and he received what he asked. Who shall say that man has not measurably the power of God within him? Who shall say that the words of Jesus to his disciples were not true, for they had but to put their hands to the work with faith, and in time the mountain would have been moved?

There is a great principle involved in the doctrine of Faith, as a means to ends. Whatever the united voice of the world demands, seems to come, and it is rare, if ever, that anything does come until the want of it is felt. "Necessity is the mother of invention," says the old proverb. We are guided, and often mysteriously, to that which we most need. Nearly all great discoveries have been made apparently by accident, but the need was felt beforehand. How far the aspirations—the prayers of mankind open the way to the result, is the question. If we earnestly desire Divine guidance, do we not get it through ministering angels in a special manner? "Ask, and ye shall receive; knock and it shall be opened unto you," said Jesus; but the door only is opened at which we knock, and we receive only that for which we ask. In this is the secret of man's progress. Man does not grow spiritually by the accumulation of knowledge, but through holy aspirations, therefore that which exalts our conceptions of the Infinite, and causes us to aspire to be like him, leads us in the direct way to heaven. A compulsory observance of the law does man no good. He only finds a reward in following in the path of virtue, who can appreciate its goodness over the ways of vice. Restraint, therefore, is of no avail, only so far as it protects the rights of others. There is no more fatal danger than that knowledge leads to virtue; it leads simply to vice of a higher order, as man regards them. Moral teachings—such as enlarge our aspirations and give us clearer conceptions of goodness and its power over us—alone develop man spiritually, for by these he comes to have faith in the Infinite, and prays for Divine guidance, which opens the way, and the spirit of the Almighty enters in and dwells with him.

The attainment of happiness is the desire and ambition of the world. Each individual of the race is continually engaged in its pursuit, in accordance with his tastes or inclinations, or as he deems the means will best promote the end to be accomplished.

The man of the world seeks it in the accumulation of riches, that wealth may purchase rank and position in society, and supply all the wants that fancy can invent. But too oft there is disappointment in pursuit, dissatisfaction in enjoyment, and uncertainty in possession, to obtain the happiness for which he seeks.

Others seek to find it in the theory of religion. But experience proves that the proposed satisfaction of the soul is not found among its proselytes.

Philosophy has been searched in vain, also, to discover its hidden path.

But where, say some, can it be found, seeing that Religion, Wealth and Philosophy have been tried and found wanting?

The failure of success is owing to one of two things; either there is no rule by which it can be possessed at all, or if there be one, it is not properly understood, through ignorance.

But we are assured by the revelations of the Bible, by the teachings of Christ, by the angel-world in former and present times, that happiness is attainable, and the lives of the followers of Christ, contemporary with him, prove the truth of it.

If this be so, the rule or law on which it is founded, is in existence, and if followed correctly, must be as productive of happiness now as then.

But lamentably for the world, we read, since the time of Christ, errors of faith and practice have made inroads upon the truth, and the unhappiness we see is the just consequence of their embarrasment.

To relieve ourselves from the embarrasment of these, it is necessary to take the practices and teachings of Christ alone, as the standard and guide of our thoughts, words and actions—to listen to the counsels of the angel-world, the still small voice within, and to profit by the experiences we are subjected to in life.

It must be clear to every mind that a law or rule of conduct is to gain a special object; and that if the law be misunderstood, the object cannot be attained. Take a case. Love is said to be the ruling principle of the universe. God is Love. Now any thought, word or action that produces the contrary of this principle, is said to be opposed to Love, therefore opposed to God. But strictly speaking, this is not so; for all the powers of soul and body are the creations of the Infinite, and if he be good, as all allow, he could not create any others but what is good, and none of a nature to oppose him.

But what is really attempted to be conveyed to the mind, is, a disposition on the part of some not to listen to and practice the requirements the law demands to acquire the promised happiness.

Now Christ teaches "the kingdom of heaven within you." Is the highest happiness of which man is capable; this kingdom he affirms consists of "Love, Joy and Peace." Here we have a solution of the mystical rule of happiness.

All our thoughts conceived, all our words uttered, and all our actions manifested, must produce these three qualities. Hence it must be seen, that all conception, utterance and conduct, that produces hate, sorrow, and trouble, are opposed to these, and must create unhappiness in proportion as they are exercised.

It is also clear that in order to accomplish this, it will be necessary to discard many accepted theories, creeds, prejudices and ignorances, and to apply one's self with all one's ability to correct one by one the causes of unhappiness.

Probably the greatest difficulty with which the beginner will have to contend in the commencement is, the fear of poverty and want in this present world. But if the law of happiness is reliant, it must provide for all the contingencies of life. Christ declares this. He says, "Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven, (Love, Joy and Peace) and all these (the necessary things of this world) shall be added unto you." The uniform testimony of the righteous of old, proves the truth of it.

It is apparent that the beginner is required to have a firm and abiding confidence in the Supreme Being, the Author of the law. Unless this happiness, this kingdom of heaven, can be established here, as Christ declares, what hope has mankind to enter heaven beyond in the future?

If we have not merited this present bliss, how can we expect the future? What law in the universe will transfer hell into heaven, the evil in the good, the lowest in the highest, in an instant?

If we would travel from unhappiness to happiness, it must be by pursuing the right course, by slow and steady steps until the end is secured.

WOMAN'S VENERATION.—If women have one weakness more marked than men, it is toward veneration. They are born worshipers—makers of silver shrines for some divinity or other; which, of course, they always think fell straight down from heaven. The next step toward their falling in love with an ordinary mortal is generally to dress him out with all manner of real or fancied superiority; and having made him up, they worship him. Now, a truly great man, a man really grand and noble in heart and intellect, has this advantage with women, that he is an idol ready made to hand; and so that very painstaking and ingenious sex have less labor in getting him up, and can be ready to worship him on shorter notice. In particular is this the case where a superior profession and a moral supremacy are added to the intellectual.

Just think of the career of celebrated preachers and divines in all ages. Have they not stood like the image of "Nebuchadnezzar the king set up," and all womankind, coquettes and flirts not excepted, been ready to fall down and worship, even before the sound of cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, and so forth? Is not the faithful Paul, with her beautiful face, prostrate in reverence, before poor, old, lean, haggard, dying St. Jerome, in the most splendid painting of the world, an emblem and a sign of woman's eternal power of self-sacrifice to what she deems nobler in man?

Does not old Richard Baxter tell us, with delightful single-heartedness, how his wife fell in love with him first, spite of his long, pale face; and how she confessed, dear soul, after many years of married life, that she had found him less sour and bitter than she expected. The fact is, women are duped with easily, faith, reverence, more than they know what to do with; they stand like a hedge of sweet peas, throwing out fluttering tendrils every where they come, and high and strong to climb up by, and they catch and it be ever so rough in the bark, they climb upon it. And instances are not wanting of those who have turned away from the flattery of admirers to prostitute themselves at the risk of a good name, who never would "think," except by benevolent friends, of the rhetoric of noble life.—The Minister's Working.



Written for the Banner of Light.

MAY.

BY A. P. COMBES.

With rosy cheeks and dewy mouth,  
Young May, from the soft sunny South,  
With her songs, sunshine and showers,  
Bursting buds and breathing flowers,  
Fills our fields and woodland bowers.

With her rich gushing strain;  
Bland, joyous, blushing, laughing, gay,  
Oh, welcome! welcome! gentle May!  
To warm our shore again.

When thou spread'st thy blossomy hand,  
Scattering fragrance o'er the land,  
Hill and vale with gladness wakes,  
Each tree and shrub new beauty takes,  
And earth in all her fullness breaks

Forth in wild melody;  
And fresh, strong hopes around us play,  
When thou art here, sweet, blooming May,  
Thrice welcome unto thee!

Now, daisy-slipp'rd, violet dress,  
And clover bells within thy crest,  
Amid thy dappled white and red,  
O'er the sweet scented orchards spread,  
Where the quivering sunbeams tread,

Lingering by thy side,  
I see young June, so bland and sleek,  
Bringing the blushes to thy cheek,  
Wooing thee for his bride.

With smiles and sighs the amorous swain,  
In the olden way, makes love again;  
His pulses throb and his being warms,  
As he drinks the beauty of thy charms,  
And folds thee fondly to his arms,

A willing captive led;  
Then glowing with the bridal kiss  
To sip the sweets of wedded bliss  
Upon the nuptial bed.

## ITINERANT ETCHINGS OF U. CLARK.

EARLY REMINISCENCES—TRYING TO BE POPULAR—MOCK  
TRIALS—NOW AND THEN—SPIRITUALISM DYING OUT—  
SELF-GLORIFICATION—VOLUNTARY SHEEP—A BRACE  
OF SCANDAL VICTIMS—HOW TO TREAT THE ABUSED—  
PRINCIPLES OF REFORM—VILLAGE AND RURAL RE-  
GIONS CALLING—WESTERN NEW YORK—THEMES FOR  
LECTURES.

It is now seven years the present month, since I  
started out as one of the pioneers of Spiritualism. I  
had been waiting three or four years for auspices  
favorable for my coming out from the ministry, in  
order that I might take the Spiritual field with an  
unimpaired reputation. But the longer I waited,  
the more unfavorable did circumstances and sur-  
rounding influences appear; and my reputation, in-  
stead of improving, only grew worse and worse, from  
every day's delay.

While on a salary of \$1000 as pastor of the Sec-  
ond Universalist Church, in Providence, R. I., 1850-  
51, where I first came out with a series of Sunday  
evening sermons, favorable to Spiritualism, I was  
unhappily enough to suppose that the liberal  
denomination to which I belonged, would gladly  
welcome Spiritualism as in confirmation of the lib-  
eral Christianity which was the boast of the sect.  
But I was soon awakened from this delusion by nu-  
merous ministers and laymen, who assured me that  
the unpopularity of Spiritualism would endanger  
my reputation, if I dabbled with it, and that it was  
a dangerous rival power threatening to break up  
our societies, and overthrow the sect.

Many of the brethren at first, went into Spiritu-  
alism, believing it destined to aid our sect, but finding  
its mission otherwise, they drew back in conserva-  
tive alarm. My course in the matter drew out vari-  
ous criticisms, suspicions and denunciations, and I  
was subjected to the most rigid espionage. In en-  
deavoring to be wise, I was tempted to practice pol-  
icies which only rendered my reputation more terri-  
ble in the end. As long as I remained loyal to the  
sect, a veil of charity was thrown around me, not-  
withstanding the invidious espionage exercised by a  
certain class of papal magnates. But when at  
last I came out from the sect, and was announced in  
the Spiritual field, the most unqualified denunciations  
were visited on me. I was exposed to an *ex parte*  
inquisition in my absence, without any notice or  
an impartial hearing; and to this day, there are  
conservative members of that sect who shrug their  
shoulders and whisper ominous suspicions wherever  
I go. It is a singular fact that no man can leave his  
old sect and come out a Spiritualist, without expos-  
ing himself to similar penalties, no matter how pure  
his motives, or noble his character may be. It should  
be no longer a matter of sensitiveness with men or  
women, that they are thus exposed.

I took the Spiritual field with a damaged name,  
and with friends and the world opposed. I found it  
was useless to wait for favorable circumstances.  
True merit is tested only in coming out and facing  
obstacles. I knew only five or six individuals then  
devoted to the public advocacy of Spiritualism, and  
I had heard of not more than twenty places in all  
the States where public lectures were encouraged.  
Since that time, the lecturers, regular and occasi-  
onal, have increased to over one thousand, and I have  
lectured in all the Eastern, Middle, and Western  
States, and in Maryland and Kentucky, and lectured  
in about twelve hundred different localities.

Since lessons of wisdom may be drawn from the  
experiences of every laborer, I hope to escape the  
charge of egotism, if I allude to my individual efforts  
and affairs. It is strange how little we understand  
each other, even those who are laboring side by side,  
and hand in hand in the same great field of reform.  
We are too wont to deal in accusations, suspicions and  
invidious comparisons. Some lecturers and

mediums seem to glory in attempting to depreciate  
others, and extol themselves. Now, all this only re-  
flects on the whole body of workers, and creates a  
lack of confidence among the people.

It is lamentably true that there are some men and  
women who ought not to be encouraged as public  
teachers, because they are rank impostors, swindlers,  
vagrabonds, dangerous and degenerating in their in-  
fluences or wholly inefficient in their labors. These  
are easily detected and guarded against by all insti-  
tute, discriminating Spiritualists. It is impossible  
for the spiritual press, or for the believers as a body  
to adopt anything like a sectarian inquisition, by  
which these objectionable individuals shall be per-  
sonally pointed out and branded with infamy. If  
they carry the mark of Cain, they will be known.

We do not believe in dealing out any unqualified  
damnation against even the most degenerate. Re-  
deeming elements are found even in those whom we  
deem the worst. It is easy enough to find out whether  
an individual is safe and efficient or not. No vague  
rumors may be heeded, nor even opinions which may  
be current among many good men and women, for  
nothing is easier than to scatter false reports of the  
most plausible nature, until even the best persons  
are foolishly abused. An illustration is at hand: The  
wife of one of our metropolitan editors recently wrote  
a lecturing sister, in central New York, saying she  
had been informed that the said sister was authenti-  
cally reported as a rank and dangerous free-lover,  
of the sensual type. The report was utterly ground-  
less, for a nobler, purer woman never lived. Another  
case: A Boston editor wrote, inquiring about one of  
our public laborers, stating that he had been in-  
formed on the best authority that said laborer had  
cruelly and without cause, abandoned an angelic wife  
for the purpose of taking an "affinity," was loose  
and licentious, and prodigal, reckless and dishonest  
in his finances; all of which proved to be substan-  
tially false; the man having come to an honorable  
understanding and separation with his former com-  
panion on grounds perfectly justifiable before any  
jury of impartial men and women, without impeach-  
ing either him or his wife with anything criminal;  
he was proved chaste and reserved in his relations  
with women; he was an advocate of monogamic mar-  
riage, and rather conservative on social questions,  
and as to his finances, he had been honestly laboring  
for years, for a bare subsistence; never prodigal nor  
reckless, never rigid nor avaricious in his demands,  
and open to the charge of dishonesty only on the  
ground of having been so poor and oppressed as to  
be unable to meet some small debts contracted under  
the pressure of overwhelming embarrassment and  
misfortune.

Now, in case a man or woman is accused of any-  
thing unbecoming a Spiritual reformer, our only  
safe rule is to seek out parties who claim to be per-  
sonally aggrieved or injured. If no such parties  
can be found, then let all reports pass as the idle  
wind, no matter who the reporters are. Make the  
reporters responsible, or let them take back their  
slander. If injured parties can be found, let them  
make specific charges and adduce their evidences;  
their facts, their witnesses, their positive grievances;  
no hear-says, no mere rumors nor suspicions. Then  
let the accused be heard. Hear all sides. If the  
accused is proved palpably guilty, then let repara-  
tion and reformation ensue. If the guilty refuse to  
attempt any recompense, or take a reformed course,  
then let him carry the mark of Cain, and the world  
take warning according to its own intuitions. I  
know of no other course to be pursued. The principles  
involved in this course are the principles which  
lie at the basis of all human progress. If we ignore  
these principles of justice and humanity, we must  
fall back on the old conventional plane of society,  
and "deal damnation round the land on all we deem  
our foes," or all who fall, in the least appearance, to  
come up to the standard of blinded suspicions, cor-  
rupt imaginations, random rumors, rampant reports,  
bigoted Pharisees, sordid slanders, croaking con-  
servatives, jealous-eyed monsters, invidious rogues,  
prudent pimps, petty popes, mimic Joves, and grow-  
ing grumpy Grundies. Good Lord, deliver us!

Since my last writing the BANNER, my labors have  
been confined to Central and Western New York,  
where the signs continue to appear more and more  
encouraging, especially to laborers who take the  
pains to visit small villages and rural districts, in-  
stead of skipping from one large place to another,  
and stopping only where they are sure of receiving  
the most financial encouragement. My course is to  
fill up every evening in the week, except Saturday,  
and visit every place where a door is opened, if there  
are friends who will assume the responsibility of  
making arrangements and do the best they can in  
the way of remuneration. It is astonishing to find  
how many places are open to those who have the  
faculty of making all due inquiries. I have lately  
marked out a tour through Cattaraugus and Chau-  
taugus Counties, N. Y., and find almost every village  
ready to welcome the Spiritual lecturer with large  
and eager audiences. Lyman O. Howe, Libbie Lowe  
and some others have done good service in this re-  
gion, and hundreds of the noblest and most progress-  
ive souls are ready to second the efforts of efficient  
pioneers. But the people all over the country have  
had about enough of the "mission" of a certain  
class of loungers, loafers, spongers, who propose to  
do some marvelous things which are never done.

I find the people becoming more and more in need  
of hearing Spiritualism applied to the common rela-  
tions of life, as well as to civil and religious rela-  
tions. The more practical and radical, the better, if  
wisdom is exercised. My invariable course now is,  
to give at least two or three, if not more lectures, in  
every place, and do something more than to startle  
with the novelty of an hour. My themes are: The  
New Era of Spiritualism; Its New Phases, Its Bol-  
sones, Philosophy, Religion and Reform; Signs and  
Revolutions of the Times (Civil, Social) and Reli-  
gious Conflicts; Uprising of the People; New Open-  
ing of the Heavens; Coming Pentecost; Re-inaugura-  
tion of Christianity; Laws of Life, Health and  
Healing; True Love, Conjugality and Fraternity;  
True Freedom; Spiritual Culture and Mediumship;  
Objections and Slanders Answered; Immortality  
Demonstrated; Old Theories and Subterfuges Ex-  
posed; Errorists, Traitors and Demagogues exposed;  
but Humanity hopeful.

Where there is a demand, I give my public test  
examinations of strangers selected by the audience,  
closing my eyes, and never failing to describe past  
incidents, accidents, diseases and events, and give  
accurate delineations of character, demonstrating  
the existence of interior powers capable of reveal-  
ing the innermost secrets of life and nature, and like-  
wise the presence of intelligence whose vision ex-  
tends beyond the external senses. The time is com-  
ing when these spiritual gifts will become more gen-  
erally cultivated and exercised, and then we shall

"see as we are seen," and the kingdom of heaven  
will be opened in souls now dark and desolate.  
On the Wing, May 18, 1862.

## Life in the Tented Field.

EDITOR BANNER OF LIGHT.—Thinking that a pen  
picture drawn from the great field of war may be  
acceptable to your readers, I hide myself away in  
my canvas quarters to talk awhile with the many  
dear ones who read the BANNER whom I have known  
since scenes more genial, and with whom I have  
often held converse from the abode of peace and  
comfort. The night is damp and chilly, for rain  
has fallen almost constantly for four days and  
nights. A small fire of sticks in the centre of my  
tent yields some warmth and much smoke, which  
last is more healthful than pleasant, and gives me,  
just now, a morelachrymose appearance than any  
sorrowful emotion of the heart would warrant.  
Any one who could witness the scenes of horrible  
war that I have the last ten days—whose ears could  
listen to the groans and prayers of the suffering  
and dying by the hundred, day and night, and be  
called upon for words of hope, that life may be  
separated until the dear ones at home may again be  
clasped in living arms—any one who has passed  
through such a terrible ordeal as this, would gladly  
feel that there is comfort even in such quarters as  
these. Shut out measurably from the storm of the  
elements that beats upon my canvas roof, and from  
the sight though not from the sound of the most  
pitiless storm of human strife, and the rough clangor  
of war, I feel measurably the repose of happier  
days coming back to me; and a sweet communion  
with the dearly loved in the form, and out of it,  
steals over me, driving the natural sadnesses of the  
heart away, and making me feel that I am not alone,  
though no loving soul that I ever knew before min-  
isters to my happiness in the form here in this land  
of devastation and death.

For three days and nights I assisted in minister-  
ing to the needs of the wounded at Pittsburg Land-  
ing, as they were brought in from the field. The  
chief duties in the care of nearly four hundred re-  
ceived on one boat (the Hannibal) fell to me and one  
other surgeon, the surgeons from the field being  
much exhausted, and, for the most part, seeking  
rest. On the fourth day, their wounds being dressed,  
and made as comfortable as circumstances would  
admit, they were transferred to a transport boat, and  
conveyed to hospitals on the Ohio river. Such has  
been the method by which at least seven thousand  
wounded and sick men have been conveyed from the  
field of the late great battle, while from fifteen hun-  
dred to two thousand have been buried hastily be-  
neath the soil on which their blood was poured out.

On being ordered to this place, but eight miles be-  
low Pittsburg Landing, I was assigned to duty in  
charge of a temporary hospital, where there is nei-  
ther room or comfort equal to my taste, such as I  
have described in the tent which is all my own, and  
where, as night comes, I hide away from the outer  
world, to commune in thought and with the pen with  
those toward whom the heart goes out in love and  
cherished memory.

It is horrible to see men die, or suffer the fear of  
death, who have been educated under the old theo-  
logy of hell and eternal damnation. Somehow these  
thus suffering often appeal to me for words of hope,  
and I never neglect the opportunity to disabuse  
their minds of the abominable ideas of God incul-  
cated by the church. I have often found my words  
to give peace and comfort even in the misery of  
pain, and sometimes, when uttering a few hearty  
words in answer to such appeals, I have heard those  
around respond, "That's the doctrine," from which  
I inferred that Spiritualism has its disciples even in  
the combatant ranks of unrighteous war.

I am now visiting daily a wounded colonel, who  
anticipates almost everything I have to suggest in  
the treatment of his case, by the instruction of spir-  
its who communicate with him clairaudiently.  
Within a few minutes after I first learned of his re-  
lance in spirits, he described to me two spirit intel-  
ligences with whom I have held converse through  
other media for years; one of whom was a profes-  
sional friend. The colonel has a son with him, who  
is also a medium in seeing spirits. The night after  
Gov. Harvey, of Wisconsin, was drowned, the son in-  
formed me that he saw his spirit very distinctly,  
though he is not altogether satisfied himself of the  
reality of such appearances, not having known much  
of such experiences, except within himself.

If death is the greatest of calamities, as I have al-  
ways been taught, I should find it hard to reconcile  
war as a measure in the plans of Infinite Wisdom;  
but that such is the fact, I have long since ceased to  
believe. The spirit world is populating rapidly with  
revolutionary minds, and what their influence will  
be upon the coming destiny of this country, it is dif-  
ficult to determine, but it may be safely concluded  
that ultimate good will be the result. A balance of  
power is rapidly being developed, favorable to an en-  
tire new order of things in the management of hu-  
man affairs in this world. The old systems in church  
and state are rotting and crumbling into perishable  
fragments, and upon their debris this republic will  
find a new foundation for a more perfect struc-  
ture, but the form is by no means yet apparent to  
my comprehension, at least, in detail. One thing  
however is clear, the interests of this material life  
that have heretofore held a predominant influence  
over mankind must give way to spiritual, the  
perception of which is growing daily more and  
more clear to human comprehension. This last and  
greatest effort on the part of unprincipled demag-  
ogues to grasp the reins of power, will prove such a  
signal failure that perhaps never again will men be  
found to undertake the like, and the lesson of terri-  
ble experience that awaits the leaders must teach  
them the consequences resulting from efforts at as-  
cendancy based upon a system of human aggression  
and subjugation.

O. D. Gaisworn,

Savannah, Tenn., April 22. Surgeon U. S. A.

A MOTHER'S GRAVE.—Earth has some sacred spots  
where we feel like loosening the shoes from our feet,  
and treading with holy reverence; where common  
words of pleasure are unuttered; places where friend-  
ship's hands have lingered in each other's, where you  
have been pledged, prayer offered, and tears of part-  
ing shed. Oh, how the thoughts hover around such  
places, and travel back through immeasurable space to  
visit them. But of all the spots on the green earth,  
none is so sacred as that where rests, awaiting the  
resurrection, those we once cherished and loved.  
Hence, in all ages, the better portion of mankind have  
chosen the loved spots for the burial of their dead,  
and in those spots they have loved to wander at even-  
tides to meditate and weep. But among all the chan-  
nel houses of the dead, if there is one spot more sacred  
than all the rest, is a mother's grave. There alone  
the mother of our infancy, the guide of our youth—the  
consolator of our riper years—our friend when others  
deserted us; she whose heart was a stranger to every  
other feeling but love; and who could always find ex-  
cuses for us when we could find none for ourselves.  
There she sleeps, and we love the very earth for her  
sake.

THE HUMAN MIND—ITS ALLE-  
GIANCE TO GOD.A Lecture by Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch, at Dedworth's  
Hall, New York, Sunday Evening, May 3, 1862.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

## INVOCATION.

Our Father, God, we turn to thee in joy and  
thankfulness. Receive our praise for the innumera-  
ble blessings of thy Providence which continually  
surround us. Father, thou who art infinite, omni-  
potent and all-wise, whose majesty we cannot  
comprehend, who art all of life and all of eternity,  
we bring to thee our heartfelt praises, not alone the  
utterances of our minds, for they are nought, nor  
the prayers thou art accustomed to hear, but the  
feeling of devotion out-gushing from the depths of  
the soul. Infinite Being! we know that thou re-  
questest not our praises, that our words fall upon  
thine ears without effect and void; but still we  
know that when we praise thee with our hearts,  
when our souls gush forth with tenderness and love,  
and we turn to thee with simplicity and trust, thou  
hearest and hast compassion. Oh, God, thy being  
and the grandeur of thy power, which has filled the  
universe with glory, we cannot comprehend, but we  
are endowed with a living consciousness, a power  
which thou hast bestowed; an immortality of being,  
a knowledge of thy love, which all the universe cannot  
take from us. Oh, God, we praise thee for this, no  
less than for all material blessings and all the re-  
sults of thy power and goodness; for the richness  
and beauty of earth and its productions, for the as-  
sociations of human life, and the intelligence by  
which we measure the things thou hast ordained.  
For all these we praise thee; yet, when our hearts  
are filled with gratitude, we still remember that  
something more was given than even these—the con-  
sciousness of thy life; the conception of our rela-  
tions with thee, and that thou art God, within and  
round about us. Oh, fill thou with thine all-pervad-  
ing blessing, this assembly. May we know thou art  
here, and our hearts unfold to thy presence as  
flowers display their petals to the morning sun, ac-  
knowledging thee forevermore our leader and our  
guide. Amen.

Our subject, on this occasion, is man's relations to  
God. Though we have heretofore frequently ex-  
pressed our ideas on this topic, it is as inexhaustible  
as the fountain whence it emanates. No other ques-  
tion, outside the realm of physical being, can present  
such an infinite interest in every direction, as be-  
longs to this. In all varieties of creed, whichever  
way we turn, we find the necessity of solving—first,  
the problem—is there a God? and, secondly, if so,  
what are man's relations to that being?

In this enlightened age, it might appear almost an  
insult to an intelligent audience were we to entertain  
the question as to the existence of a Being whose  
presence and power are so universally acknowledged.  
That there is an omnipotent Being, who wrought or-  
der from chaos, and from confusion brought forth in-  
finite perfection, every mind must acknowledge.  
Whether it worships at the shrine of self, or of mere  
material power, it matters not—in his inmost heart  
every reasonable being must believe in God.

The next question which interests humanity is,  
what are the relations of earth's children to this al-  
mighty and great being? We perceive, in the struc-  
ture of the universe, such gigantic proportions, such  
an infinitude of space, filled with orbs, any one of  
which, perchance, would outweigh a hundred worlds  
like this—such magnitude of scope; such untold  
wonders—that, to the physical sense, it seems almost  
impossible that a being who could fashion these over-  
whelming marvels, should devote any share of his  
attention to such a motley as this little globe of yours;  
and yet, when we come to earth, we find, instead of  
a rude and unattractive surface, that it is decorated  
with many beautiful forms of plants; covered with  
green and beautiful trees, and beauty of every descrip-  
tion; flowers which rival the hues of heaven, and of  
forms innumerable, and all these not beautiful in  
general aspect and design only, but in the minutest  
detail, we find every part and organ finished with a  
delicate perfection which puts to shame the most in-  
genious workmanship of human hands. Such are  
the perceptible workings of the Divine Spirit. The  
human mind understands all this, and takes in at a  
glance the symmetry and harmony of Nature; con-  
ceives an idea of the great creating power, and com-  
prehends the significance which belongs to material  
things; it perceives, in part, its own relation to the  
latter, but when we come to the soul, the diviner es-  
sence which constitutes the human being, there the  
mind has no resting-place; it knows not, and dares  
not question, what are its relations to the invisible  
world.

The human mind is forced to conceive of Deity

from the influence of three causes:

First and foremost—its own being, by which it

meant, not only its physical organization, but its ca-

pacity of thought.

Second—The material universe.

Third—The necessity of something superior to it-

self.

Now, if there were no other proof of the existence  
of a Deity than this, it would be sufficient, viz: The  
human mind knows, and did not create itself, that it  
did not create any of the things by which it is sur-  
rounded; but it is able to analyze and compare,  
to arrive at the laws which govern them, and  
estimate the forces which control their activity;  
therefore, the mind says: "I am no power superior  
to myself—nothing which I cannot understand  
and grasp." The mere material understanding can  
advance no further; for God, being that which cre-  
ated the mind, the latter cannot analyze or understand  
him.

Now, the relation of the mind to Deity, has been  
the study of all ages, the origin of all religion, and  
constitutes the present basis of the hope of immor-  
tality, the predicate of everything which enables  
humanity and gives it aspirations above the grosser  
things of earth. The conception of laws originating  
in a sphere above humanity—that God is an in-  
finite and divine being—that he must be self-existent,  
and, therefore, not governed by necessity, and is the  
arbiter of material things—constitutes the chief  
charm by which religion has attracted and retained  
her votaries. The necessity of worship is felt be-  
cause mankind must have something superior to it-  
self to which it may assign the origin of its exis-  
tence. Now the human mind conceives of wondrous  
manifestations of its own power, during all the ages  
of the past. From infancy it has been poured into  
our willing ear, that man is an epitome of the uni-  
verse—the last and noblest work of God—a combina-  
tion of all that is great, wise and good; and yet,  
while claiming this position, we find him reproach-  
ing his own nature, leading himself with condemna-  
tion, and humbling himself before a higher Power.  
But were he gifted with no higher faculty than  
understanding, and did his mind derive its origin  
solely from natural laws, man, instead of recognizing  
a Deity, would worship himself, and himself  
alone—as even now he often does in thought, and  
selfishness would not only furnish the sole motive-  
power of his being, but would over be the cause of  
that being. To such an extent does this idea of in-  
feriority and dependence pervade the human mind,  
that, notwithstanding we are educated to claim for  
humanity the right of superiority over all creation,  
there is no individual but turns instinctively to an  
unseen God upon whose perfection he can rely with  
implicit confidence.

We have now reached that portion of our subject  
which demands an analysis of the construction of  
the human mind, that we may determine its rela-  
tions direct and indirect, to that invisible Power  
whose existence we have assumed.

The human mind, distinguished as follows:

1st. The material, or instinctive mind, which is  
related to the material world, and the supply of ani-  
mal wants. This might exist without conscious in-  
telligence, as in the lower animals, who are prompted  
by their sensations, without making rational deduc-  
tions therefrom.

2d. The reasoning faculty, or logical understand-  
ing, by which man is raised one degree higher than  
brutes in the scale of creation. This is the offspring  
of sensation, and, secondly, of something beyond  
the sphere of material sense, and which forms the  
avenue of communication between the seen and the  
unseen. It is this faculty which provides for the  
growth of the soul, which, by combining experiences,  
makes up the judgment of mature years.

3d. A still more distinctive endowment than either  
the instinctive impulse, or the matured conceptions  
of reason—a holier attribute, known as the religious  
sentiment.

Wherever you may go, and in whatever direction  
history furnishes a record, you will find this senti-  
ment developed among the most savage, as well as  
the most cultivated nations—the same in its essen-  
tial features, however varying in origin and sym-  
bolical expression. Now this intuition of worship, or re-  
verence, is conclusive evidence of an alliance, more or  
less intimate, between man and the all-pervading,  
all powerful being called God. Intellect, as before  
stated, deals only with experience; but the soul,  
possesses also, intuitive power, which governs both  
the reason and judgment, and the whole combined,  
make up the human being, in his spiritual aspect.  
This being cannot be the result of simple experience—  
part of it can have no other origin but the diviner,  
sublimely principle, termed intuition, and which forms  
the capacity of all knowledge.

The mind may be likened to a camera-obscura,  
such as is used in the photographic process, and  
which may stand and reflect an object for years, to  
no purpose, if the sensitive surface of the prepared  
plate is not there to receive the impression; and the  
soul resembles such a plate in its relations to sensa-  
tional experience.

In short, the human mind does not derive all  
its impressions from experience, as is clear as any  
purely material proposition. The mind receives im-  
pressions, but the soul measures and compares them.  
Consequently, God must have caused the human  
soul to partake, in some degree, of his own nature,  
and the soul is related to God as a drop of water to  
the ocean, as a ray of light to the sun, as an atom  
to the universe. That it contains in such a propor-  
tion, the attributes of Deity, is intimated in that pas-  
sage in Genesis, which says that God made man in  
his own image.

In a physical sense this cannot be true; it only  
means that the substance of the soul is the same as  
that which exists with and in God, who is infinite in  
comparison. The idea of this relationship is not  
only conveyed in the expressive terms—Creator and  
created, Father and child—but God and humanity  
mean something more, viz, the eternity of which  
the soul is the exact type and symbol. God, of  
which the soul is the miniature representative; ubiq-  
uity, which the soul possesses; omnipresence, which  
the soul also possesses; omnipotence, which the soul  
can conceive of; infinitude, which the soul can like-  
wise understand; all that is boundless, perfect, di-  
vine, self-existent, and which the soul of man can  
understand and measure, relatively, as far as God  
himself.

The relations between particles of matter depend  
on the attraction of like to like. Nature, in the ma-  
terial sense, is removed from God; it is only through  
the agency of laws, elaborate and complicated to  
external apprehension, that Deity is connected with  
matter, but, between God and the human soul, not  
even the shadow of a film is interposed. This soul,  
according to our conception, is not removed from  
Deity; it exists both in him and with him, and is like  
him; and, therefore, is a type of himself. Were it  
otherwise, the soul, or thought, would never be ca-  
pable of its loftier attainments—its powers would  
never be exercised outside of the material brain,  
it would take no thought but for the sustenance of  
bodily life, it would entertain no aspirations or con-  
ceptions beyond. It is no evidence of the being of a  
God that man desires immortality, nor can our rela-  
tions to the Infinite be inferred from our moral en-  
dowments, for these are as necessary to mere earth-  
ly progress and enjoyment as food and clothing;  
but the very fact of this conception of a future ex-  
istence, outside of bodily requirements, of thoughts  
existing in themselves, is sufficient proof of our re-  
lations to the Supreme Power, though other argu-  
ments might be needed to establish the immortality  
of the soul. Nor is it necessary to this end that re-  
ligion, in its various types, be taken into considera-  
tion. The existence of God and his relations to the  
soul, would probably remain equally clear, were ev-  
ery trace of religious revelation, together with every  
moral theory, and every distinct conception of im-  
mortality, obliterated from the mind of humanity.  
We do not believe that the human mind would ever  
doubt these great spiritual truths, after they had  
been spontaneously evolved and tested in the crucible  
of reason.

The soul is related to God, indirectly through Na-  
ture, directly, through that avenue we have called  
intuition. We know that intuition is not derived  
from Nature—has not its origin in the material life,  
and, therefore, its birth must be attributed to the  
being we term God, and God himself must evidently  
be like the thoughts which spring from intuition.  
Therefore, intuition, when acting in conjunction with  
reason, is never found wanting—weighed in the bal-  
ance, is never found insufficient—when fairly tested,  
is never found defective. When measured by the  
highest standard, unbiased by prejudice, its teach-  
ings are never found inconsistent with human happi-  
ness. A thing so perfect in itself must be perfect  
in all its workings, and while human beings cannot  
apply it, in every instance, to daily life, owing to  
the imperfection of their material natures, still its  
indications must be universally admitted to be true  
and correct.

The relations, therefore, of the soul to God are as  
intimate as those of the seed to the tree from whence  
it came—the ray of light to the solar orb—as inti-  
mate as the connection of pulsations of the heart with  
the heart itself, or as that of the respirations of the  
animal with its lungs, and that of any thought of the  
human being with the brain which creates it. The  
mind looks a far off for Deity, locates him in infinite  
space, desires to scan the universe and find out where  
he dwells, but never can fix or circumscribe his ex-  
istence, because that God of whom the soul conceives,  
is felt within the soul, and is the soul, and, there-  
fore, his habitation cannot be localized. Were the  
human mind simply narrowed down to the limits of  
material experience, all this lifting of the thoughts  
to the starry heavens, this searching for an unseen  
God, this exploring of creation for the author of our  
being, would never have occurred.

If all thought arose from material being, there  
would be no desire or utterance beyond the satisfac-  
tion of material wants; but so far from this being  
the case, the grandest and loftiest of minds are those  
the sphere of whose activity is furthest removed  
from practical experience, and all that constitutes  
the beauty of religion itself is in that divine influ-  
ence which draws the mind away from material  
things and concentrates it upon that spiritual, di-  
vine being, God. The grand mistake of humanity  
has lain in looking too far and analyzing Deity as if  
it were a part of earth—in measuring the distances  
of being as if they were the distances of planets.  
It is not to be done in this way. The soul itself is  
the type of God, is his interpreter; and, as the soul  
is God to the extent in which it possesses, in a finite  
degree, what belongs to God in an infinite degree, if  
you look within, you will find that there all which con-  
stitutes Deity. And it has not been placed there in  
stultifying Deity. Add it has not been placed there  
as a toy or plaything, but that the human  
mind may understand and apprehend the purposes  
and its own existence. So simple, clear and distinct  
is this relationship, in every day life with you now,  
that it does not require to be recognized by stated  
forms of worship, by offerings, or ceremonies; but  
only by the constant worship of good within. So  
well defined is this spirit, that God cares nothing, on  
his own account, for the uttered praises of humani-  
ty. It is that disposition of the soul which praises  
generate—the deeds which are prompted by true de-  
votion—it is the offering of living and burning truths  
on the altar of the heart, that he regards. Humani-  
ty can never, by hymns or supplications, make God  
greater, or never, change his decrees, nor inspire him



with a warmer love, but they may become more perfect by habitually recognizing his divinity, not only in religious observances, as fully established, but in every noble effort, and in all that makes up human happiness and wisdom.

Not alone to day, or all days and years, but even every hour or moment which bears us onward to eternity, is but a partial revelation in the great eternal cycle of being, which changes continually, like the forms in a kaleidoscope, but ever returns, like them, in the same combinations. God is as near to your every thought as the pulsations of your own life. God is the atmosphere which the spirit breathes. As we stated, the relation of man to Deity is constant inspiration, and were it not for that spirit and power, we could no more exist than we could breathe without an atmosphere, or see without the light of the sun. So infinite is this relationship, and so simple in its nature, that, as in the case of all great truths, men start in search of it armed with preconceived notions, and are disappointed. They are prepared to encounter all kinds of "gorgons and chimeras dire," and even to torture and persecute themselves, to attain an object so precious. God requires no such sacrifices. His lesson is simple, clear and plain. First find God within yourselves, and you will be sure to find him outside. Find the spirit of good within, and you will be sure to find it without. Find truth and mercy and justice in your own hearts, and you will find them throughout all creation. Get true knowledge, or wisdom, and you will have that God for which men have searched so long. You will find the principles of power, knowledge and reason within the soul, and not in any far-off corner of the universe.

We have thus tried to explain how, in this connection, Deity is brought home to every conception, and how each mind, however ignorant, can understand and measure the workings of the spirit. Further, it is not necessary to possess great wealth of knowledge, but a clear, calm condition of the mind, which shall secure you from going astray under the guidance of reason. The source and origin of thought will always direct you aright. Cultivate the power of intuition. Simple in origin, perfect in conception, it cannot and will not be obscured by the external prejudices of superficial reason, but sees with the eye of Divinity all causes and all effects, and can form judgments and conclusions perfectly.

Religion, then, upon the voice of intuition. Under stand that God is God everywhere, and wherever you wander, whether dark or bright your pathway. Even sin cannot stain the purity of his divinity. The soul in itself, having inherent divinity, cannot be marred, but the human nature is made to suffer the penalty of imperfection. This essential purity, simplicity and perfection, belongs to the Infinite—it is that which makes it infinite, and beyond the possibility of change or corruption; no human thought can render it more perfect, no analysis can penetrate or apprehend it; everywhere active, though invisible, and remaining ever the same all-wise, all-disposing God within you and round about you. Such is God, and such is man.

Our Father! thou who art above all things, Creator, whose Divine life is the fountain of our being—whose essential attributes constitute all we know of perfection, and whose being is perfection itself, we praise and bless thee for thy kindness, for thy love, within our souls, for thy life, which is our life, and for that conception of immortality which renders us forever conscious that we are allied to thee, and our souls types of thine infinitude; and to thy name, oh God, who art, forever, Creator and Ruler, shall be thanks and unceasing praise, forever.

#### Mr. C. H. Foster.

This gentleman, who is one of the most extraordinary mediums we have any knowledge of, has just returned from England to his home in Salem, Mass. He has spent about five months in London, where he has given the most satisfactory and convincing evidence of actual, tangible, spirit communion.

What is called the higher classes of London, have been Mr. Foster's chief visitors. Most of his visitors have been convinced of the truth of actual spirit communion, and those who have not, have gone away in wonder and amazement at the unaccountable cause of the miraculous exhibitions given through his medium powers. He has been treated with marked kindness and attention by the nobility, and by a majority of the English people he has met, he has been treated with respect and generosity. The Spiritual Magazine, after the first week of his visit in London, treated him, for some cause, with silence, while other London journals, both secular and sectarian, have published accounts of the manifestations given through him, some as they stupidly think, to please their patrons with ridicule, while others, more faithful to veracity, have commented upon them as being unaccountable, if not what they are claimed to be, real spirit manifestations. Mr. DeLaine, one of the editors of the London Times, published a fair report of the spirit manifestations that he witnessed through Mr. Foster's medium powers, but in his closing remarks he evidently concludes that his readers demand a little ridicule—so he makes his own conclusions ridiculous by attempting to throw ridicule upon the subject before him.

Among Mr. Foster's visitors were Robert Chambers, the noted publisher; Dr. Ashburner, the celebrated medical writer; Dr. Carpenter, the physiologist; Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, and a host of other men of science. During Mr. Foster's short stay in London, he received many valuable presents from his visitors, among which was one diamond ring, valued at five hundred dollars, and a splendid gold watch, with a handsome, heavy chain of pure gold.

Some reformers told Mr. Foster, when he arrived in London, that he must not smoke, and if he smoked, he must not spit, for if he did it would injure the cause of Spiritualism, and he could not go into the best society. Mr. Foster replied, that if he desired, he should "smoke and spit," and that he would not injure the cause of Spiritualism, and that he would go into the "best society." Mr. Foster thinks there is no serious opposition to Spiritualism in England; but there is a great want of knowledge about it. Many are afraid of it—thinking that to commune with spirits is something like the ancient idea of seeing and talking to a ghost. One gentleman came into Mr. Foster's presence, holding up a letter, saying: "This letter, sealed, contains the name of one who has been dead forty years. How long will it take to call him up?" Mr. Foster immediately replied, pronouncing the name in full, held in the sealed envelope. "This spirit is already up, and says he needs not to be called. He tells me that he is your son." The old gentleman answered: "The name is correct! Very extraordinary! You are very clever, sir."

#### Debate on Spiritualism.

The Herald of Progress contains the first portion of the interesting debate between Bro. F. L. Wadsworth and Rev. Moses Hull, Adventist, which took place at Battle Creek, Mich., in March last (11th, 18th, 19th and 20th). We quote from Bro. Wadsworth's remarks the following truthful and beautiful passage:

"The divine spark in man is of itself pure; therefore it cannot be defiled upon. It has to manifest itself through a physical body, and though the germ cannot be adulterated, it can be retarded in its manifestations. Go to the seashore and scatter diamonds on the sand. Then bury them beneath the surface. Travellers may pass that way and see not the gems beneath their feet; but the waves of the ocean roll and move, one by one, the grains of sand that cover them, and they come forth at last in all their worth and price. So with human beings placed on earth. Many a bright soul is entirely covered in the rubbish of circumstantial relations; but the waves of time are more sure than the waves of the ocean, changing one by one our circumstances and surroundings, and as who knows? to leave no divinity within, may yet shine with almost infinite light and love."

What is a lottery, in which every customer may expect to draw a sword.

#### THE ROSICRUCIANS.

The Lecture by Miss Emma Hardinge, at Lyceum Hall Sunday Evening, May 12th, 1862.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

Previous to the discourse, Miss Hardinge read an extract from a work on the Antiquities of Masonry, etc., by General Ethan Allen Hitchcock, of St. Louis. The choir then chanted the last verses of Ecclesiastes, set to music by the lecturer of the evening. The air was sung by Mrs. Newell, with thrilling effect.

The lecturer commenced by speaking of man's natural proneness toward association. In past times, to bring out, by the unity of energies, new truths in religion or new developments in science. The Rosicrucians were one of this type, and representative of many of the rest. In the world's old day, God spoke, "Let there be light," and light came in obedience to the call of God; and man responds to the cry to-day, "Let there be light." Centuries ago, when men first strove to comprehend the mysteries of the astronomical religion, they organized a society—banded themselves together, for the purpose of better elucidating the hidden mysteries of the universe; and through them we find the great secrets preserved among men. They also organized for self-protection; for strength to resist aggression and war, in order to render unto Caesar, that which was Caesar's, and unto God that which was God's; also to mark the changes on the face of Nature, and note the phases of the panorama of the skies. And men learned through all the changes and aspects of Nature, the inevitable lesson of a God. They called attention to the power of the heavenly bodies, and their influence upon the beings who dwelt beneath their power. So Astrology, the science, or the religion of the stars, grew out of the astronomical religion of the world's early days—since reduced to a system by the Swedish Seer in his doctrine of Correspondences.

So long as the people are ignorant, the priest's power is a miracle, though to the educated mind, science gives the key which unlocks all mysteries. So, in the olden times, the people were most deluded and warped. It was deemed unsafe to trust the people with the mysteries the priests had the ability to understand, and hence the association. Who comprised the association? The priests resolved themselves into associations, then, and the people regarded them as more than human, because of the power which seemed to rest upon them. The people did not understand the science, nor did the priest desire them to; and so they claimed there was no secret, but only an outward sign of the inward sense. In process of time the people sank into superstition and the most fabulous idolatry, and the worship of the external sign became the worship of the grossest images ever designed. The Biblical Apocalypse, which many claim as the work of John, was but the record of this astronomical religion.

Let us now look at the association called Alchemists. Some seven hundred years after the death of Jesus, there were vague rumors concerning a new science. It was said that all matter was formed from two sources—the boreal, or condensation, whose power is attraction, and the astral, or rarefaction, which is repulsive, so fully known to you as the two modes by which all the works of nature are carried on; of that these or their material representatives, all things in Nature are compounded.

It was the effort of the scholars of this age and sect to discover the philosopher's stone. It was thought there was a third power wanting, and he who could find this was the fortunate one who could give to the world the philosopher's stone—possessed of fabulous power. To find this was the struggle of hundreds and thousands of lives. We have no important account of their success, till in the ninth or tenth century, when this secret acquired great celebrity, aided by the discoveries of one Paracelsus, and from him a new era in the science was dated. He claimed to have discovered for himself the philosopher's stone. He had imprisoned the spirit in a stone, and fitted it into his sword-hilt; and by virtue to the spirit, and its obedience to the conditions of its being, he could cause to decay living matter, and bring health from disease. There were marvelous stories of a wondrous rock somewhere in mid-ocean, whereon ships were drawn by an uncontrollable force, the iron drawn from their hulls, and upon which whole navies went to pieces. This same spirit was imprisoned in the hilt of his sword, and through its magnetism he performed wonderful cures. He said, My hand is so charged with this invisible power that I can introvert the human soul, intensify its faculties, and cause man to have superhuman power.

We have heard of those who went in search of the Alchemists' elixir of life—the pure water of eternal youth, by which the period of man's life may be prolonged almost indefinitely. Thousands of lives were spent in the search for this fabled fountain, and finally Paracelsus reappeared in the form of one Mesmer. Next we come to the brothers of the Rosy Cross, who from one of their number derived new power, long sought, and which was a new era in the wisdom of the world. One Christian Rosenkrohn, claimed to have found a wonderful secret; and, fearing to trust it to the world, lest he should be nailed to the cross, as good men had been before, who came to bless their race, he ventured, a little at a time, to reveal his mystery to a secret order—the Rosicrucians. The order was founded upon a spiritual origin; and the founder claimed to have discovered the philosopher's stone. In the power to read men's thoughts, to become invisible, and to be in the company of others, seeing, but unseen.

These three societies have been the great secret organizations of the world, and the world is much indebted to them. Remember, to the Astrologers you are indebted for the knowledge of the stars, their effects upon mortals, and upon the tides and agricultural powers of earth; the Alchemists discovered in their search for the philosopher's stone, the great truths of chemistry; remember that the Rosicrucians have taught you of the principles of life, of clairvoyance and psychology. Though the labor of all might have been selfish, God's providence has turned all to eternal good. Now, with the unfoldments of modern Spiritualism, you behold the perfect blending of all the purposes of the past, in the economy of nature, as so many steps in the march up to deific life. You have learned that one law governs all nature, and each is unfolded in its time—as the world can assimilate the knowledge, and profit by its coming. The demon of Paracelsus has stood at the elbow of every new unfoldment, and the power compacted in Paracelsus' sword-hilt, streamed in luminous power from Mesmer's fingers. This is the inspiration of the philosopher's stone; and the elixir vitae, the water of life, is found in the science of clairvoyance, in the power of magnetism, which unrolls the scroll of the heaven and the earth as your feet. All things are resolvable into gases and back again; and thus is the truth of the ancients verified to-day.

Spiritualism comes, as the philosopher's stone, not to transmute the vulgar metals into gold, but to transmute vice, ignorance, and crime, moral, physical or spiritual, into the gold of wisdom, intellect, virtue and purity. Such a mission is for each and every one of us. This is the lesson taught us in all the varied cypher language of Nature. "Let there be light," said the great Master Mason of the Universe, and the age to-day has been obeying the call.

We thank the Astronomers for their truth; the Alchemists for what they have taught us; and the Rosicrucians for what they have unfolded, as so many voices responding to the call of the Deity. "Let there be light."

## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1862.

OFFICE, 158 WASHINGTON STREET.

Room No. 5, 2d FLOOR.

WILLIAM WHITE, LUTHER COLBY, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

FOR TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION SEE EIGHTH PAGE.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

#### The "Man on Horseback."

The Boston Courier has got into trouble. That is nothing particularly new, for "hot water" is as closely connected with its existence as any other sort known. It appears that in an article of not long ago, it used language relative to the present Congress something after this strain:—that unless the members of that national body exercised a little more care in the expression of their sentiments, and were rather more given to legislation for the benefit of the country, rather than of party, there would be a loud call for military intervention, and such a step would virtually be the necessary one to take. In other words, it came out for the establishment of a military dictatorship, unless the present state of things at Washington was soon mended?

On being overhauled for the expression of this kind of sentiments, it attempted a defense; but it was in words only. It talks thus:

"We suggested in regard to the army, only that it should do just what it is now doing, in support of the Constitution. It is in the field for that very purpose, and is as much one of the regularly constituted authorities of the United States, under the provisions of the Constitution, as Congress is. In case Congress should undertake to overturn the Constitution by passing acts of emancipation in violation of that charter of our rights and liberties, then we say the appeal must be made to the American people, whose instrument and means of reestablishing the Constitution the army would be. And in such an event, when Congress shall have so shown itself utterly unworthy of the trust reposed in it, there will be no safety for the American people, except in its loyal and patriotic army, under the direction of the Executive, as its Constitutional Commander-in-Chief. By what other means, we should be glad to learn, could the disease be reached and the remedy applied?"

This bold and desperate scheme, entertained by men who call themselves strict Constitutionalists of the Constitution, would at once subvert the spirit and forms of public liberty, and set up the power of the army instead. The latter would not be employed as now, as an instrument in the hands of the laws for the execution of its will, but would instantly supplant the powers of legislation, and become itself imperial and irresponsible. Thus did Rome fall, and thus have fallen at last all nations—great and small—that trusted their liberties with the keeping of military hands.

When these are the ideas put forward by the press, it is time they were repelled at all points, and without delay. It is not less than treason to liberty, to be found calling for the military power to step in over Congress, and take control. In this particular have we found reason to confide in the President from the beginning—that he has held the military power all the while with a firm hand, letting both friend and foe understand that he was Commander-in-Chief on behalf of Congress and the people.

The Journal of this city, fifty took up the reply to the Courier, lashing its conductors for giving loose to such heretical doctrines in a free government. We extract as follows:

"There is no authority of the Constitution by which the army can be employed to resist the legislation of Congress. If any act of that body is unconstitutional, the redress lies with the Supreme Court. If Congress does not properly represent its constituents, the remedy is in the hands of the people, and they can readily apply it without resorting to the army as the 'instrument and means.' These are truisms which every advanced school boy understands."

The Courier would now have us infer that the army should be employed to overturn the legislation of Congress, under the direction of the Executive, as its Constitutional Commander-in-Chief. Did it not occur to our contemporary that the Executive has a veto over the legislation of Congress which suspends any necessity for a resort to the army, even if the President has power to employ this branch of the public service to nullify the acts of a coordinate branch of the government? But the Courier and its sympathizers are not satisfied with Constitutional means to remedy fancied evils. They would have us infer that the army should be employed to overturn the legislation of Congress, under the direction of the Executive, as its Constitutional Commander-in-Chief. 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## Message Department.

Each message in this department of the BANNER we claim was spoken by the spirit, whose name it bears, through Mrs. J. H. GOSWART, 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 so much of truth as he perceives—no more.

**Our Circle.**—The circles at which these communications are given, are held at the BAYNES or LLOYD OFFICE, No. 153 Washington Street, Room No. 5, (up stairs), every Monday, Tuesday and Thursday afternoon, and are free to the public. The doors are closed precisely at three o'clock, and none are admitted after that time.

**MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.**  
The communications given by the following named spirits will be published in regular course:  
**Tuesday, May 6.**—Invocation: Miscellaneous Questions: Joseph Phillips, to his brother Benjamin, Eastham, Maine; Charles Smith, to his father Charles in New Orleans; Ebenezer Brockway, Hamburg, Conn.; Minnie Leach, to her mother in Columbus, Ohio.  
**Thursday, May 8.**—Invocation: Questions and answers: Thomas Knox, Vermont; N. H. to his sons in Alabama; Robert Rabborn, to P. K. Rabborn, of Richmond, Va.; Margaret Payson, to her father Wm. B. Payson of New York.  
**Monday, May 12.**—Invocation: Miscellaneous Questions: Nancy Buckbridge, to her relations in Waterville, Me.; John Edward Davenport, to his uncle in New York; Wm. T. Crawford, (colored) barber, Charleston, Mass.  
**Tuesday, May 13.**—Invocation: Miscellaneous Questions: Samuel Gully, Westfield, Me.; Uriah Combs, Jr., Edgartown, Mass.; Samuel Blais.

**Invocation.**  
Our Father, even the silence of inanimate nature teaches us to pray. Everything that ever was, is, or shall be, prayeth continually unto thee. Everything above, around and beneath us, is suggestive of prayer. We hear it from the lips of thy masterpiece—man, in the song of the birds, the sighing of the breeze, and the rush of the waterfall. Therefore all things do pray. We approach thee, this hour, with love and gratitude. We thank thee for all the blessings thou hast showered upon thy children from the world's birth, even unto the present moment. For the present, the glorious present, that which is ours, which is already unfolded to us, we thank thee, Oh Divine One. Oh our Father, we thank thee in behalf of those who see thee not in the cloud as well as in the sun. We bless thee for that eternal future which knows no terminus save in Heaven. And, Oh God, we thank thee that thou, through the new light of Spiritualism, hast shown unto thy children a glimpse of that future life which cometh sooner or later to all. Mighty Spirit of eternal life, need we ask thee to descend from heaven and be with thy children present? Need we ask thee to give them truth? Need we ask thee to bless them? Need we ask thee to give them those bright gems of wisdom which are born of thee? Oh no; for from thy Eternal Fountain from which blessings flow so liberally to all, we shall receive those divine gifts which are alike requisite for our bodily and spiritual happiness. Therefore, for all thy great gifts we thank thee, now and through eternity. Amen.  
April 17.

**Materialism vs. Spiritualism.**  
We will speak, this afternoon, upon a question present with us. A seeker after truth, in the outside world, desires to know if the spiritual manifestations of to-day, and of all time, may not be attributed to some elementary power, to some principle in the atmosphere with which man is unacquainted? Nature is very precise in all her operations. She gives unto each form of life its own peculiar sphere of action. And in nature all things are harmonious, though they sometimes appear to the contrary. The law of one atom never infringes upon another. All move on in perfect harmony. Now we claim that the so-called manifestations of the spiritual for some are suggestive of the material, or outside of atmospheric influence, inasmuch as one is physical and belongs to the material or objective world, while the other is spiritual, and belongs to the invisible or celestial world.

The needle points with unerring accuracy to the Arctic regions. It ever turns according to the law of its own being. Now the needle is governed, to a great extent, by elementary principles, but our questioner would not suppose that the needle could turn from its course, or rise up in a perpendicular position.

A miracle signifies a something done or performed outside the laws of Nature. Now if our God is a God worthy of worship, he abides by his own laws; he is an example; so then we distinctly declare there never was a miracle performed. The law natural and divine is not yet understood. We have only the crude outlines of it, you can know nothing of the internal structure.

Are not these manifestations the result of some atmospheric principle? No, certainly not; because the laws of the objective and elementary world can not infringe upon those of the spiritual. Now all the manifestations of to-day, as well as of all time, must come from the invisible or spirit-world. The lightning may play a vast number of freaks, but can it take up the pencil and write out a communication? Never. The atmosphere is subject to a variety of changes, but can the atmosphere give you one line of rational thought? Surely not. Now, then, behind this Spiritualism there must be spirit, supermundane spirit. To prove the truth of our theory, our friend has but to learn that there is a world more tangible than the objective world. The spirit returns and manifests itself through a mortal body, or foreign organism. It mirrors its desires upon the camera of the spirit or subject used, and through the fine and electric nerves of the medium, it manifests itself to you. It uses no element in your material atmosphere; it carries its own power; it requires the influence of no north, south, east or west, aside from its own individual life.

Spiritualism, ancient or modern, derives its power, its strength from the real world, the world of spirits, and, though the inhabitants of that world are obliged to use material bodies in order to appeal to your senses, yet they are governed by no laws save their own.

Materialism hath gained great hold upon the people of earth. It were high time that you were baptized in the spirit, to learn more of the internal; and it were high time that you learn more of the world to which you all must come, and in which you must all live eternally.  
April 17.

**Minnie Dodge.**  
I want you to tell my mother I talk to you. I was nine years old. My name was Minnie Dodge. I did not live in Boston, but in New York. I died with throat distemper, and I've just been dead about three months, and I lived in East Twenty-Second street. My father is on Broadway, and keeps a silk and lace store. [Do you remember the number?] No; I can go there. My father's name is Aaron; my mother's, Harriet; and my mother goes to Trinity Church, but she does not believe I can come; but if you'll tell her, then I can go home and talk. I never had any brothers or sisters. Will you write her about me? [Yes.] Can I go? [Certainly, if you wish.]  
April 17.

**Michael Devine.**  
I have a brother, a couple of sisters in Boston, and I have some folks in Lowell and Fall River, and plenty of friends and acquaintances in other places with whom I'd be well pleased to speak.  
My name was Michael Devine, a tailor by trade, and killed at Ball's Bluff. You see I thought I'd leave the board and try the gun. When first I got across, I felt like cursing at Providence—what they say overrules all things—but I've got over that now.  
If you'll be kind enough to put me in the way of communicating with my folks, I shall consider myself somewhat in your debt. [We can do so through

the medium of our paper.] Of course you know we had no chance of sending even a good-by to our friends at home. We all of us expected to come back. I know it's a common idea among you Yankees that the life of an Irishman is not of much account, anyway. I take it if the services of an Irishman to his adopted country are good for anything, the Irishman himself is good for something. I'm not exactly ashamed of the folks I went with, but I am ashamed of some of their actions. But anyway I can't be made any worse. I suppose, nor much better. I suppose you've heard of the New York Zouaves—a pick-up of all sorts? [Yes.] Well, I was one of them. [Where did you work at your trade?] In New York. [I'll tell you where I worked last. I make a few jobs there before I take it into my head to take up the gun and see what I could do for my adopted country, which I thought as much of as any Protestant. It was at Wilkins'. It's very near round as you turn into East Broadway, up three flights of stairs. T. S. Wilkins, Merchant Tailor, but more properly a piece-man; that is, a man who takes in jobs and hires men to do them. He'll tell you all about it, and may say that I was on a spree when I enlisted, but I do not suppose the knowledge of that fact is of much consequence to you. [It may help to identify you to your friends.] Well, if agreeing would help to identify me, I might as well say that I spread it generally twice a year, when I was round "kicking for tack," that is, looking for work. [It's a new phrase to me.] Your tailor will understand the expression.

I'd like to have a talk with my brother John, if I could, and that's the main thing that attracted me to Boston, just now. If there's any way I can be of service to any of the friends round here, I'd do it with pleasure, but I would not advise any of my friends here to spread it much, for I find that those who do, do not fare very well when they get here. It's no use for me to say anything about religion, I suppose. [Say what you please.] I reckon the most of them will be disappointed when they get on this side, about religion. I don't see but the Protestant is as well off as a Catholic, and the Catholic as the Protestant. I don't see as it avails you much any way, for some that are the best Christians on earth, are the worst off here. Well, sir, a fair day to you, and a pleasant journey to you across. That's the best wish I have for you. April 17.

**Marian D. Kennedy.**  
I've been away from earth four months. My name was Marian D. Kennedy. I was born in Quincy, Massachusetts. I died in Chicago. I was twenty-six years of age. I have two children upon earth, one six years, and the other between three and four years. I have one also with me. I have a husband—one who was my husband, in the Army. I am here to-day to plead for his return, that he may watch over our children; that strangers may not hear their evening prayer, and strangers may not guide them entirely aright.  
I am here to announce to him my birth to the Spirit-world; I am here to bless and thank him for his kindness, and to urge him to live more truly in the spiritual, and less in the material. The last words I spoke with him, were these. I give them as proof of my coming:  
"A something tells me, I shall never see you again on earth. I cannot get rid of the impression; it is with me in sleep, it is with me awake. I believe I shall never see you again on earth." These ideas were prophetic, truthful, but the glorious realities of spirit-life have given me power to return, and watch over my children, and all those dear to me. If I thought there was a possibility of a word from me reaching my half-sister—she who has charge of my children—I should be happy beyond expression.

But I know her terrible aversion to Spiritualism. I know her ears would be deaf to my call. So I must wait until the great Physician heals her spirit, before I can approach her. I have more to hope for in the case of my dear companion, for I know he would joyfully receive even the least semblance to a thought of mine. I would ask him to return with all possible speed, though I would have him do his duty by all means. But a mother's love sees more clearly in the one direction than in the other, and I see the necessity of his return to watch over our children. He belongs to the Second Indiana Regiment, or did before I died. He was a private, then. I cannot tell what he is now. My name was Marian Dale Kennedy.  
April 17.

**Silome Pillsbury.**  
Written:  
I will comply with your request, as far as possible.  
Silome PILLSBURY, Canton, Mass.  
April 17.

**Invocation.**  
Our Father who art everywhere present, we at this time come before thee, with a new song of thanksgiving. We adore thee through all adoration, we bless thee through all praise. Our Father, we ask thee to visit us with special blessing upon thy children to-day? Need we ask thee to crown them with joy in the eternal future, as thou hast oftentimes clothed them with sorrow in the shadowy past? Nay, we need not thus beseech thee, for well we know that thou art the author of all soul, and that thou wilt bless thy children according to their bodily and spiritual requirements; making them to feel each hour of their sojourn upon earth, that the precious souls lent for a time to their keeping are part and parcel of thy Divine Being, and that unto thee the Eternal, they must sooner or later return. Our Father, we thank thee for the mighty past—the scenes of woe and soul trials; for the deep and faithless future, whose sorrows of mysteries thou art daily unfolding to such of thy children as do hunger and thirst after spiritual knowledge. Our Father, we thank thee for thy greatest gift—immortality; and while we thank thee, may we even now catch the echo of thy Divine Being, from out the tomb. Our Father, need we ask thee to bless the widow and the orphan, whose walls of sorrow and despair now burst upon the air? Everywhere, everywhere we turn, death is robed in dark-hued garments, because thy children look upon death with fear and trembling. Oh, our Father, do thou in mercy give this death a new garment, that the contemplation of it may bring joy instead of terror to the children still in the flesh. Mighty Spirit of Love, be with us at this time. Give to each and all thy subjects that divine love and loyalty, which cometh from thy kingdom. Oh may each individual that professes to commune with the angels, learn to love humanity rather than self. May they learn that thou art everywhere present—that thy smile rests upon the prostitute and the beggar, as well as upon those who fill higher positions in social life. And unto thee, now and in the eternal future, we will ascribe eternal praises. Amen.  
May 6.

**Miscellaneous Questions.**  
Ques.—What is the condition spoken of as Celestial Life?  
Ans.—The life celestial is the life of wisdom, removed from mundane conditions, or progressed life. The heaven celestial may be with you within this room, and yet be unknown to you. Within the small compass of your own realm or being, you may sometimes find the soul-world. When the spirit is freed from earth, it is struck with wonder at its own grandeur, and its magnitude is a never-ending source of surprise to many who have measured the soul-world by material limits. It may find pleasure for years to come in wandering through its own boundless empire. It need not go out of the limits of its own soul-realm, to find heaven; while here in the mortal sphere, you measure the soul by material conditions; you strive to confine it within external limits or boundaries. But when you cast off the garments of mortality, and step into the spirit-world, you shall see there is the kingdom of heaven, the city of your God. Life celestial, is the life of wisdom, and of soul. Oh, when the soul gazes at the mirror of its own being, apart from mortality,

it wonders how it could have so long been misled, so long dwelt in darkness. You need not wander to any far off planet, to know of the glories and mysteries of that planet, for within your own soul exists a mirror of all created things. You have been told that they are microcosms of the universe, but that term applies also to your material structure, or being. Were I to unfold to your gaze, only a thousandth part of the worship self. But a wisdom intelligence pervading life universal, hath hidden from you, while in your infancy, those untold mysteries; but when you merge into manhood, or the second degree of intellectual life, then you shall worship God, and the True God, too, in Spirit and in Truth.

Q.—Is there not a law which progresses matter?  
A.—Most certainly.  
Q.—And does it not change?  
A.—We think not. According to our understanding it is ever the same, and is not subject to the conditions of time.  
May 6.

**Jane Kilburn.**  
They say, return bearing with you those evidences necessary to identify you to us, and we will believe you live and have the power to return. Eight years ago I died, as the world terms it. I was born in North Conway, England. I died in Dover, England. I have dear friends living at both places, and friends in America also. Some members of the family have recently become interested in the return of the spirit, and as proof that spirits can return, I have been called here, and requested to bear such evidences as will prove my identity to them beyond the shadow of a doubt. Furthermore, they ask me to describe my entrance to the spirit-world; to tell what my feelings were, and whatever else I think would please and instruct them. There is sadness yet lingering round my spirit, when I comprehend any scenes passed through while on earth, but I care not to speak of them at this time.

On the eleventh of August, eight years since, I left this world, or, I should say, my body, and how? Not by my own hand, as my kindred supposed, not by my own will. Oh no, I am no suicide! My friends supposed that I poisoned myself. It was not so. I was poisoned, and by whom, they ask? My sister—my only sister! Time is right for me to speak of this, for hard as it may seem, I turn the key that opens the door for her to find peace of soul. My friends will recall that there was something of a bloody evening toward me on the part of my sister, but they knew not there were evil forces urging her on to deeds of wickedness, and stifling all the good in her nature, and telling her, she was but securing her own happiness, and another's, too, and that it were far better that I passed away. 'Tis true I was unhappy, and oftentimes wished death would visit me; but oh, I again declare I was no suicide—oh, no!

It will be remembered there was a letter found upon my person, in which it was supposed I made full confession of the crime committed, and begged them, out of mercy to themselves, and to all our friends, to hush up the matter, inasmuch as they could not restore me to life again. The letter was forged. My hand never penned it; my will never dictated it!

Oh, I shrink from the task of unrolling the scroll whose pages are so dark—so dark! But mortality demands, in strong and stirring tones, that we give proof of our coming, and I must answer its call with truth, however painful it may be to myself.

When first I found myself a spirit, free from earth, I knew not what I was, or how I came here. I saw myself, having two bodies, one seemingly stretched in death, the other suspended over it. Frequently I beheld my friends, as they came to the brink of their mortal death. But I grew sick from contemplating them. I desired to be away, yet I knew not I was dead even then, until I was proached by one whom I knew had passed to the spirit-world some years before. She said to me, "Jane, you are dead." At first I was seized with fear, but after conversing with her a short time, I perceived that there was no longer cause for fear. I then said, "Lead me away, and show me some of the beauties of the kingdom of God."

Suddenly my whole being seemed to expand, and within my very self were mountains, valleys, hills, lakes, rivers, oceans, and all that go to make up the beauty of Nature. And I said, "How is it possible that my soul can so expand as to contain all these wonders of God's hand, and that I need not go out from under my own roof, to behold a panorama of all created things?"

For a time the manner of my death was concealed from me. When revealed, then perceived the shrinking of myself away from my friends to be caused by the inharmonious magnetism surrounding me. Through that unholly magnetic force my sister committed murder, and though my spirit did not distinctly recognize the act, yet it felt it, and desired to free itself from such an unpleasant atmosphere. They tell me there are places in the old world where we can return and commune with our friends, and if I have succeeded in awakening a shadow of belief in the minds of any who knew me, I desire them to give me the privilege of speaking with them privately.

My name was Jane Kilburn, and I was twenty-one years of age at the time of my death. What was my disease? I had none, except it be that of being poisoned, which I have to-day unwillingly confessed to my friends. They have called for it, but, oh, they expect not the revelation that awaits them.  
May 6.

**Hiram Elliott.**  
Well, stranger, what's expected of me, besides what I'm mind to give? [Nothing.] I ain't a woman, I never was, but I've got on women's clothes. [You have changed your position.] I see it, but I don't understand it; but I took it we should have a body so near like our own body that we could not hardly see any difference, if there was any. I'm from Missouri, or was, and if they're told me right, this is Boston. [Yes.] Well, it's a long way to come to send a few words to one's friends. [You didn't find it a very long journey here, did you?] No; no; but when you get here, you measure time and distance just as you used to here on earth. I haint been away two years. I haint learned much since I've been in the other world, either, but how am I going to get anything to my friends—that's what I want to know? [We shall print what you say in our paper—the BANNER OF LIGHT—and it may reach your friends in Missouri.] Does it go to Perryville? [I think so.] By gorry, then it's all right!

You never knew anybody by the name of Hiram Elliott, did you? [No.] That's my name. [Who would you like to have me send your message to?] I'd like to have you send to Dave.  
But they tell me something about a pretty hard war going on. What's it done? Has it made any trouble in Missouri? [Yes, it has swept through the State.] I thought things were mighty changed, as high as I could see; but the main thing is to make myself known to my friends. [Just mention some of your most striking traits of character, or of important events in your life.] The most striking? I can tell you two. I could smoke a pipe as long as any one, and could drink a glass of whiskey with as good a relish as any fellow living. I could follow a plough as well as anybody, but as to writing letters or preaching sermons, I must say I had not much talent for those things. [Was your father a minister?] No, sir, he was a cobbler; and as for me, I got my living by selling all sorts of garden truck. In the winter, when I was sober—I speculated in what I could get to speculate with. Tobacco is a pretty article to speculate upon, stranger. I speculated upon it, and made some money at it, too, but not what you at the North would call a large sum.

They tell us we can come back and talk to our friends. If that's so, I suppose you'd like to have me tell what I did of that, that you may put it in my

letter? [Yes.] I took cold; first I had chills, then sort of a fever. I was n't sick a great while.

I want to know if you can ask some of my friends to come here and talk with me? [They will probably request you to meet them at some place in Missouri.] Oh, bless you, stranger! they never have any such kinds of works there. [I guess they do.] Well, you can tell Dave I'm here, and I'll tell him as much as I can of the other world, when I get a chance to speak with him. I want to get all the information about things going on here that I can. [Where is Perryville situated?] It's up back of St. Louis; must be four or five hundred miles beyond it. [Is it near the St. Joseph Railroad?] No, it's all of two or three hundred miles from it, I should think. [Is it near Kansas?] Yes, yes. You'll get my letter there? [I'll try to. Who is Dave?] Your brother? [Yes.] [Did you have a wife?] Yes; but this coming back after you are dead to women won't do. [Why?] Because you'd scare them to death. [I guess not.] I had a kind of an idea women would be frightened at ghosts. [Have you any children?] Yes, two children. Little David, named after my brother, and one called after my wife, Nancy.

I'd like to talk to my wife. I left a log-cabin and a pretty good patch, which might be worked into a pretty good place; but, according to your ideas of wealth, I was n't worth much property; I did n't require so much. But, if this war's been through there, it's time that I was looking round after things. [Where have you been all the time?] I do n't know. [Well, I want you should do all you can to help others; will you?] I'll do anything that's good that I can get a chance to do. [You can influence your friends for good in many ways.] Well, supposing they're taking a glass of rum, and I want it; what then? [I hope you will practise self-denial; you know the evil effects of drinking.] Oh, well, do n't go to preaching a temperance lecture; there's plenty of them out in Missouri. It's a temperance lecture on earth; a temperance lecture in hell, and a temperance lecture when you get back again. [I do n't want you to feel hurt at what I've said.] I do n't feel hurt about it; but it do n't exactly suit me. Well, let the rum business alone; you'll help me to get back, and I'll help myself, without a lecture.

Would you like a description of myself? [You may give it if you like; perhaps it will help your friends in identifying you.] I was five feet, four and a half inches in height, was pretty stout—a good deal stouter than yourself. I'd whip you; that is, I mean to say, stranger, that I was strong enough to do it. My eyes, I suppose they called them blue; hair brown; face, pretty full. Well, stranger, I was n't very pale; did n't look like you, at all. My father was an Englishman, and I partook of the English pretty largely. [Do you know how heavy you were?] I can't tell my weight. I might have been weighed some five or six years ago, but I don't remember much about it. [What was your age?] Forty years. Dave and I always contended about that; he had it was two years older; but I was forty when I died; he do n't know.

Well, stranger, what can I do for you? [Do what-ever good you can to others.] Well, I shan't preach any temperance lectures. Can I go? [Yes, wish yourself away to your friends.]  
May 6.

**Harriet Hooper.**  
I was eight years old. My mother wants to see me. I want to go home. I've only been away three months. I had the scarlet fever; and my brother wants to come, too; he came here a week before I did. He's most three years older. I got the first change in here; he tried to, but I got it. [Did your brother die of scarlet fever?] Yes, we were both sick at the same time. I did n't live here. [Where, then?] In New York city, Fifty-second street. [Do you remember the number?] Ed says it was eighty-five; but it was n't. My mother wants me to come home; she wants us both to come. My father went to take her anywhere where she can see these kind of things. My brother Ed will come and talk. I'll help him come next time; he can't come to-day. [Have you any brothers and sisters living on earth?] There's three at home: little Lou, Willie and Mammy, all younger. Me and Ed were the oldest. Lou was sick, too; but she did n't die, as we did. [What was your father's business?] He kept a liquor store; it was way down town. Ed says it was a bar; it was n't. [Was it a wholesale store?] It was a retail store; it was n't a big store. He says he's been down there, and I have n't. He has n't; for mother would n't let him. [Were you ever there, yourself?] No, but I've been past there with mother. Was it right for Ed to come? He says it was, for he's the oldest. They'd let me come, because I'd look better in dresses.

My father's name was Edward Hooper. My name was Harriet Hooper, and my mother's name was Harriet. [Have you been home since you died?] I was home once, when there was a lady there, like this. I could n't speak, but I was there. Can I come next time, if I want to? [Perhaps so, but you had better go home and talk with your mother first, if you can.] Father says it'll make her crazy and sick, and I know what's the reason, too. Ed and me knows. He hears that the spirits tell things, and he's afraid they'll tell mother all about him. I can tell what I'm mind to. Tell her Ed and me are both here. We don't live together all the time, and we ain't instructed together, because Ed likes some things I do n't, and I like some things Ed do n't.

We would n't like to come back and live on earth again, but we want to talk with mother. [Why don't you try and talk to your father?] He won't let us. [Shall I say you'd like to?] Yes, Ed would like to. He likes Ed better than me. I want to talk to my mother. If I go now, can I come any time when I want to. [Whenever it's proper for you to come.] Ed says you won't let me come again, because I talk so; but that old gentleman here said for me to tell the truth, and in any way I pleased, but Ed wanted to come first, and because he could n't, I keeps saying all these things. I'm going now. Do folks die when they go out of here? [No.] Are they sick abed? [No, all you have to do is to wish yourself away.]

[The blending of precociousness and child-like simplicity evinced by the above spirit imparted a charm to her communication which all persons present felt and enjoyed. The by-play of the little spirit with her brother Ed—who, boy-like, seemed bent upon lingering near and teasing his sister—was natural and life-like in the extreme.]  
May 6.

**THE DISADVANTAGES OF A LONG SERMON.**—A preacher or divided his sermon into thirty sections. One of the auditory arose immediately, who being asked whether he was going, said: "To fetch my nightgown, for I foresee we shall pass the night here." In effect, the preacher having lost the thread of his subdivisions, could never reach the end of his sermon. The whole auditory, losing patience and seeing the night approached, fled off one after another. The preacher who was short-sighted, did not perceive this desertion, and continued to gesticulate in the pulpit, when a little singing boy who remained alone, cried to him, "Sir, here are the keys of the church; when you have done be so good as to lock the gate."

**UNMARRIED WOMEN.**—"I speculate much on the existence of unmarried and never to be married women, now-a-days, and I have already got to the point of considering that there is no more respectable character on this earth than an unmarried woman, who makes her way through life quietly, perseveringly, without support of husband or brother; and having attained the age of forty-five or upwards, a disposition to enjoy simple pleasures, and fortitude to support inevitable pains, sympathy with the sufferings of others, and willingness to relieve want as far as her means extend."  
—Charlotte Brontë.

In the interchanges of leaden and iron compliments between soldiers, it is thought more blessed to give than to receive.

## A HEBREW'S PRAYER.

BY T. E. HENRY.

A Hebrew knelt in the dying light,  
His eye was dim and cold;  
The hair on his brow were silver white,  
And his blood was thin and old;  
He lifted his look to his latest sin,  
For he knew that his pilgrimage was done—  
And as he saw God's shadow there,  
His spirit poured itself in prayer:

"I come unto death's second birth,  
Beneath a stranger air,  
A pilgrim in a cold earth,  
Asleep, my father and my mother,  
And men have stamped me with a curse—  
I feel it is not Thine;  
Thy mercy, like you, son, was made  
On me, as them, to shine;  
And therefore dare I lift mine eye  
Through that, to Thee, before I die!

In this great temple built by Thee,  
Whose altars are divine—  
Beneath yon lamp, that ceaselessly  
Lights up Thine own true shrine—  
Oh! take my latest sacrifice!  
Look down, and make this soul  
Holy as that where, long ago,  
Thou Hebrew met thy God!

I have not caused the widow's tears,  
Nor dimmed the orphan's eye;  
I have not stained the virgin's years,  
Nor mocked the mourner's cry;  
The songs of Zion in mine ear  
Have ever been most sweet,  
And always, when I felt Thine near,  
My 'shoes' were 'off my feet'!

I have known Thee in the whirlwind,  
I have known Thee on the hill;  
I have known Thee in the voice of birds,  
Or the music of the rill;  
I dreamt Thee in the shadow,  
I saw Thee in the light;  
I heard Thee in the thunder-peal,  
And worshipped in the night!  
All beauty, while it spoke of Thee,  
Still made my soul rejoice,  
And my spirit bowed within itself,  
To hear Thy still and low voice!"

I have not felt myself a thing  
Far from Thy presence driven,  
By flaming sword or waving wing  
Shut out from Thee and heaven!  
Must I the whirlwind reap, because  
My fathers sowed the storm,  
Or shrink—because another sinned—  
Beneath Thy red right arm?  
O! much of this we dimly scan,  
And much is all unknown—  
But I will not take my curse from man,  
I turn to Thee alone!

O! bid my fainting spirit live,  
And what is dark reveal,  
And what is evil, O! forgive,  
And what is broken heal,  
And cleanse my nature, from above,  
In the deep Jordan of Thy love!

I know not if the Christians' heaven  
Shall be the same as mine,  
I only ask to be forgiven  
And taken home to Thee;  
I weary on a far, dim strand,  
Whose mansions are as tombs,  
And long to find the fatherland  
Where there are many homes!  
Oh grant, of all yon starry thrones,  
Some dim and distant star,  
Whose light shall guide my wandering sons  
May love Thee, from afar!  
When all earth's myriad harps shall meet  
In choral praise and prayer,  
Shall Zion's harp—of old so sweet—  
Alone be wanting there?  
Yet, place me in Thy lowest seat,  
Thou wilt, as now, be kind,  
Thou Christian's scorn, the Christian's jest;  
But let me see and hear  
From some dim mansion in the sky  
Thy bright ones and their melody!"

The sun goes down with sudden gleam,  
And—beautiful as a lovely dream,  
And silently as air—  
The vision of the dark-eyed girl,  
With long and raven hair,  
Glides in—as guardian spirits glide—  
And lo! is kneeling by his side,  
As if her sudden presence there  
Were sent in answer to his prayer!  
(Oh, say they not that angels tread  
Around the good man's dying bed?)  
His child—his sweet and sinless child!  
And as he gazed on her  
He knew his God was reconciled,  
And this the messenger—  
As sure as God had hung on high  
The promise—before his eye!  
Earth's purest boy, his hand he flung,  
To point his heavenward faith,  
And life's most holy feeling strong  
To sing him into death!  
And on his daughter's stainless breast  
The dying Hebrew sought his rest!

## Farming in the West.

I have read Dr. Child's *Plan for Farming and Farming Corporations* with much satisfaction. I am much in favor of his ideas as to the advantages of associations, as people may agree upon. Neighbors, associating together for mutual benefit, assisting each other in a private and public capacity, are of the first importance in new settlements. Persons of similar education and like associations will naturally seek each other's company, and they will harmonize together. I approve of the plan of Dr. Child, for it will call together families of kindred tastes and desires. The locality selected strikes me very favorably, from what I know of the south part of Iowa; its southern tier of counties, as Davis, Appanoose, Wayne, Decatur, Ringgold, Taylor, and some others that I have visited the two last seasons, with the view of selecting a locality for myself, I must say as to the quality of the land, cheapness, and healthfulness of the country, away from the streams, and for lime-stone, water, timber, and many other considerations, pleased me much. The wind in every season of the year, owing to the level state of the country, is one objection. The land is mostly prairie, undulating and rolling enough so to prevent the water from accumulating too much for farming purposes.

Through all these counties in Iowa, are great tracts of unimproved land, of the best quality, to be had cheap—say from three to twelve dollars per acre, according to locality and quality. Timber, in some places is scarce, but generally can be obtained for all necessary purposes, at reasonable rates.

The streams through these counties run southerly, and increase in size as they pass on toward the Missouri river. All along their banks the timber grows, and in places to a very large size, so that I should think by the time these rivers reached the railroad running from Hannibal to St. Joseph, which would be about one degree further South, they would be in a latitude suitable for raising grapes and other fruit, far better, than in the latitude of Iowa, where the wind is an objection. Indeed, while I was in Iowa the two last seasons, the people from Missouri brought up many loads of apples to sell, where they found a ready sale, at high prices, as far north as Indiana, in Warren county, Iowa. This fact led me to believe all the northern part of Missouri was good for fruit.

It seems to me that for pasturage this country cannot be excelled. A person has no need to buy land for cutting hay or for pasturing of cattle, sheep or horses. Millions on millions of acres in every direction lay common.

Coal is found in many places of good quality. In some places there is a supply of clay for making



brick, but, as a general thing, nature's bounties are lavished with unparing hand to give everything that is needed for use. Many springs on the river banks are of hard water. Wells on the tops of rolling prairie are only fifteen to twenty feet deep, while in the bottoms it is sometimes difficult to get water at forty feet—an anomaly which I saw in three or four instances.

Corn is the main staple through this section of Iowa, a large amount of which is fed to hogs. The price of corn, when I was in Iowa, was from ten to fifteen cents per bushel, yet every one would say that it would be worth twenty-five cents a bushel to feed out to hogs or cattle. When I compare the expense of raising corn in New England with this part of Iowa, the Yankees would not believe me. Corn can be raised standing in the field in Iowa for forty cents a bushel, easier than in New England for forty cents a bushel. One acre of corn in Iowa will produce three, at half the expense of labor and attendance, that it will in New England. The bottom lands are immensely rich, and the upland prairies have been cultivated to corn for twenty years with unabated productions. This soil will produce everything applicable to the latitude.

At Centerville, Appanoose County, Iowa, the distance to Ottumwa is about thirty miles, the nearest place for shipping and receiving freight, in a north-east course. Between this point and the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad, is about one hundred miles. Here we have a track of land one mile square, which is as good land, and in as healthy latitude as the earth produces, with daily increasing facilities of transportation that will in due time excel any other place on earth—the Hammonville Settlement in New Jersey with its sand and rock soil excepted. In this country, one solitary acre of land will produce more corn in two years' cultivation, than ten acres in Hammonville, in the same time, allowing no compost or manure to be used on either—that is, let each place have equal attention. This may seem exaggeration to some people, but it is true. The difference, in the writer's opinion, is, the ten acres in Hammonville must be kept up by manure or some other dressing, while the land in Iowa is manured to its maximum by nature, and years of use will not injure its crops. The New England weeds among corn, have not got into the West. Prairie grass is easily killed, and the corn is easily tended without a hoe.

People who have a desire to get ideas of the West, ought to get Dr. Child's Pamphlet on Farming. I am so much in favor of his plan now being started in Kinder, Mo., that I intend to make a visit to that region as soon as convenient. It is just what thousands are anxious to enter into. It is about the centre of the United States, and if slavery becomes extinct, in our nation, that locality will make the garden of the West, and the paradise of the world.

The great Western Railroad from New York to the Pacific, will necessarily pass through this region, and when in operation, articles may be sent in every direction to market. For instance, the article of eggs may be sent to every part of the United States for a market from Iowa and Missouri. If that be the case, what country can compete with it? Corn can be raised at the expense of six to ten cents per bushel and other articles in proportion. Where is the drawback? For raising of sheep, the prairie grass cannot be excelled. Horses ditto and, in fact, every kind of stock.

I know of only one trouble in moving to such a country where all kinds of grain and fruit grow in abundance, and all kinds of stock can be raised so cheap—that is, people become lazy, for the reason that necessity does not stare them in the face. New settlers will be apt to take on the habits of the old settlers. Therefore, let those who require necessity to compel them to labor, stay back. S. W. Ellis.

#### Manfield, Ohio.

#### A Child's Book.

Scripture Illustrated by Moral and Religious Stories for Little Children. By Mrs. L. M. Willis. Mrs. Willis's pen has frequently added attractions to our columns, and she is well known to the little ones. This volume of 64 pages, contains twelve stories and poems, alternately, and is a beautiful little gift book for the young. It is especially adapted for the use of Spiritual and Liberal Sunday Schools. For sale at the Banner of Light Office. Price 10 cents. Postage 4c.

#### A GENERAL PROSPECTUS OF THE BOSTON INVESTIGATOR.

THE cause of Universal Mental Liberty, which seeks to establish the claims and teachings of Nature and Reason, and to overthrow those of superstition, bigotry, and priestcraft, needs the support of a free and independent press. Therefore we propose to continue the Boston Investigator, and shall commence its Twenty-second Volume on the 7th of May.

We have no new principles to proclaim, and hence we shall keep to the old landmarks by which we have so long been guided, endeavoring so far as we are able to render the paper acceptable to all and subservient to national utility. Following the principles of the Boston Investigator, we shall endeavor to present to the public a more complete and accurate picture of the mental world, than has hitherto been, to counteract its pernicious influence, and to expose, by every means in our power, the mischievous practices of those numerous classes of pretenders who perpetually directing the attention of their credulous followers to trifles above, that they may the more effectively deprive them of things below, and attempting to reconcile them to misery and degradation in this world, by promising them happiness and honor in another.

Anti-religious, then, and anti-clerical, in connection with universal mental freedom, are the distinguishing characteristics of the Investigator. But our chief aim is the promotion of human happiness by means of mental cultivation, we shall enrich our columns with whatever we may deem conducive thereto. We shall therefore present to our readers whatever we may find valuable in literature, science, art, or religion, we pretend not to amuse the idle, or soothe the ignorant, we shall have no pretensions to mystery, to excite the imagination at the expense of the understanding; we shall, nevertheless, as much as possible, be consistent with common sense. In a word, we shall do the best we know how to render our paper deserving of the patronage we solicit, and worthy of the cause we advocate.

To the friends who have hitherto stood by us, and who have kindly rendered their further assistance, we return our most grateful acknowledgments; and we call upon every one of congenial thought and feeling to countenance and support us in our uncompromising hostility to religious imposture, which we consider the master-sin of the age.

TERMS—Two dollars per annum for a single copy—three dollars for two copies to one address. All letters should be directed to J. P. MENDUM, No. 103 Court street, Boston, Mass., March 1, 1862.

#### TO BOOK PEDDLERS,

AND PERSONS OUT OF EMPLOYMENT. WANTED—Active and industrious men and women to sell the "Banner of Light" and "Ready Reckoner." This work will sell wherever there are Farmers or Laborers. It will be sold to traveling agents at a low price. This is an excellent opportunity to persons thrown out of employment by the rebellion. Send for a circular, which gives prices and terms. J. P. MENDUM, No. 103 Court street, Boston, Mass., March 1, 1862.

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#### LECTURES AND MEDIUMS.

Parties desiring 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 CHAMBERLAIN speaks in Battle Creek, Mich., four Sundays in May; in Sturgis, Mich., May 30 and 31; and in Quincy, Ill., June 15; in Quincy, Ill., June 29; and in Quincy, Ill., July 13; in Quincy, Ill., July 27; in Quincy, Ill., August 10; in Quincy, Ill., August 24; in Quincy, Ill., September 7; in Quincy, Ill., September 21; in Quincy, Ill., October 5; in Quincy, Ill., October 19; in Quincy, Ill., November 2; in Quincy, Ill., November 16; in Quincy, Ill., November 30; in Quincy, Ill., December 14; in Quincy, Ill., December 28; in Quincy, Ill., January 11; in Quincy, Ill., January 25; in Quincy, Ill., February 8; in Quincy, Ill., February 22; in Quincy, Ill., March 8; in Quincy, Ill., March 22; in Quincy, Ill., April 5; in Quincy, Ill., April 19; in Quincy, Ill., May 3; in Quincy, Ill., May 17; in Quincy, Ill., May 31; in Quincy, Ill., June 14; in Quincy, Ill., June 28; in Quincy, Ill., July 12; in Quincy, Ill., July 26; in Quincy, Ill., August 9; in Quincy, Ill., August 23; in Quincy, Ill., September 6; 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## Pearls.

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

## SPIRITS AND ANGELS.

Lonely moaning in the twilight,  
When the lengthening shadows fall,  
Spirits bright and holy angels  
Come obedient to my call.  
Lost and loved ones gone before me—  
Phantoms fair from memory won.  
Seem to flit before my fancy,  
Midway to the setting sun.

I can see them, robed in beauty,  
Some rejoicing, some forlorn.  
Friendly all, and sent to guide me  
Out of darkness into morn.  
On the chimes I hear their voices  
Whispering solace from the skies;  
Holy angels hover near me—  
Fit my soul for Paradise!—[Charles Mackay.]

If it is a good thing to honor dead saints and the  
heroism of our fathers, it is a better thing to honor the  
saints of to-day, the live heroism of men who do the  
battle when the battle is all around us.—[Parker.]

## A WISH FOR A YOUNG GIRL.

Twelve years before thee through life I must run.  
Dearest! O, would I might counsel the hours,  
Saying, "Keep back your best sunshine for one  
That is coming behind me, and spare her the showers."  
Fain would I stop to remove from thy way  
Stones that have bruised me, and thorns that have  
grieved;  
Set my errors for waymarks, to say—  
"Here I was wounded, ensnared, or deceived!"  
Vain is my wishing! In lines of our own  
We must traverse the pathway marked out from above;  
Life is a sorrowful teacher, alone  
We must learn its deep lessons—unaided by Love.  
Yet where I journey waste places among,  
I will scatter a seed by the wayside, and say  
Soft to myself as I hasten along—  
"It may be a flower when she comes this way."

## MELANCHOLY.

All things are touched with melancholy,  
Born of the secret soul's mistrust.  
To feel her fair, ethereal wings  
Weighed down with vile degraded dust;  
Even the bright extremes of joy  
Bring on conclusions of disgust.  
Like the sweet blossoms of the May,  
Whose fragrance ends in dust.  
Oh! give her then her tribute just,  
Her sighs and tears and musings holy.  
There is no music in the life  
That sounds with idiot laughter solely:  
There's not a string attuned to mirth  
But has its chord in melancholy.—[T. Hood.]

I would rather it should be said that no such person  
as Plato ever existed, than that he was a wicked man.  
Better deny the existence of God, than make him a  
vengeful, cruel being.—[Plato.]

If the spirit, and example, and precepts of Jesus  
Christ have not taught us to love our fellow-creatures,  
we have no title whatever to the name and hope of  
Christians.—[Channing.]

## RESERVE—ITS USES.

BY A. M. NEWTON.

There are people who are all frankness and open-  
ness—who have no secrets, no sacredness. What  
ever they think or feel, and especially whatever they  
know, they are unable to retain, but are anxious at  
once to impart to all around them.

Much as we may admire such generous natures,  
and selfishly love to feed upon them, we all know  
that too great frankness is an element of weakness.  
Those who give themselves out too freely, are not  
only liable to "give that which is holy unto dogs,"  
and to "cast pearls before swine," which will turn  
again and rend them; but they dissipate their own  
vital forces more rapidly than these have time to  
condense and crystallize into the best and most po-  
tential forms. By too hastily expressing every new  
thought, they are continually plucking the fruit be-  
fore it has ripened; or, taking off the blossoms be-  
fore the fruit has appeared; or, indeed, diffusing the  
vital fluid before it has had time to produce either  
fruit or blossom. Hence, such persons fail to at-  
tain that strength and solidity of character neces-  
sary to make them centers of influence in a com-  
munity; and they accomplish but little in life, sim-  
ply for the lack of reserve.

True, there is an opposite extreme of secretiveness,  
which is equally undesirable; but between these two  
there is a golden mean which every wise man and  
woman will seek to cultivate.

A proper reserve leads persons to carefully con-  
sider and mature opinions before broaching them;  
to avoid a constant dribbling from the tongue; to  
condense and concentrate the spiritual forces within  
them to the highest degree of potency, so that when  
they do speak, it is with power; and it also leads  
them to choose the best times and the proper per-  
sons to whom to impart what they have to give.  
They will impart their most sacred and precious  
things only to such as have earned the right to pos-  
sess them—such as will not use these pearls either  
to their own or other's injury. Incontinence is a  
most pernicious vice.

The same principle applies to societies as to in-  
dividuals. No doubt of a perception of this ne-  
cessity of judicious reserve have grown many of the  
various secret institutions which have existed in all  
ages—such of them at least as have contemplated  
for their outlet, useful and beneficent ends. And it  
is clear that, whatever perversions may have crept  
into such institutions in the lapse of time, the world  
is vastly indebted to them for the preservation of  
its historic records, the perpetuation of religious  
ideas, the discovery of scientific truths, and the de-  
velopment of spiritual facts, of momentous value to  
the thinker and worker of today.

The Magi of the East, the Egyptian and Jewish  
Priesthood, the ancient Masons, the Alchemists, the  
Druids, the primitive Christians, the Rosicrucians,  
the Jesuits and other secret organizations, have all  
performed, most important uses in preparing the  
way for modern civilization. They have in fact,  
been the secret organs of the general body of hu-  
manity—gathering and holding the experience, the  
learning, the religion, the spiritual forces of the  
races, and using these to sway the destinies of na-  
tions, and to shape the course of events.

It may surprise some to see the primitive Chris-  
tians set down as among the secret bodies of their  
time. Yet all readers of ecclesiastical history know

that for centuries before the reign of Constantine  
the Christian Church was a most sacredly secret in-  
stitution. Says Coleman, in his "Christian Anti-  
quities," page 85:

"It became customary to celebrate the sacrament  
with an air of the most profound mystery, and in-  
deed to administer baptism, and to perform most of  
the appropriate rites of religion with cautious se-  
crecy. Not only were unbelievers of every descrip-  
tion excluded from the view of these rites, but cate-  
chumens also, and all who were not fully initiated  
into the Church, and entitled to a participation in  
its ordinances. From all else, the time, and place,  
and manner of administering the sacred rites were  
concealed, and the import of each rite was a profound  
mystery which none was at liberty to divulge or ex-  
plain."

The catacombs of Rome were no doubt the lodge-  
rooms in which the Christians held their secret as-  
semblies; and it was by the aid of the power gained  
through secrecy, or reserve, that they at length sup-  
planted heathenism and established a higher religion  
in the Roman Empire.

No business man, or house, can succeed, that does  
not practice reserve. If all plans and methods are  
opened to everybody who chooses to inquire, power  
of execution is lost, and interested parties know  
just how to lay counter-plans to defeat and circum-  
vent the loose-tongued merchant.

An army must of necessity be a secret institu-  
tion; and the soldier, from the Commander-in-Chief  
to the humblest private, who has not learned the  
virtues of reserve, as well as obedience, has not learned  
his first duty. The history of the last year's war in  
this country furnishes instructive lessons on this  
point, and also illustrates the difficulty of teaching  
both these virtues to a nation of democrats.

Secret societies no doubt help to cultivate this vir-  
tue of mental continence, if they do no other good;  
and when they have any worthy purpose in view—  
any secrets worth keeping—they may do much to  
round out, solidify and strengthen the individual  
characters of their members. Association is a pow-  
erful aid in all such matters.

Of course, the objects of a secret society—the mo-  
tives for which reserve is maintained—determine the  
worthiness or unworthiness of the institution. If  
formed for the purpose of withholding knowledge  
from the people—of subverting the selfish inter-  
ests of the members, to the damage of others—of  
grasping power to be used for the exclusive benefit  
of a few—such societies are dangerous and damna-  
ble. But if constituted and used solely for noble  
ends—for the gathering and wise distribution of  
light and universal beneficence—for the overthrow  
of tyranny and the displacement of bad institutions  
by the introduction of better—such societies may be  
worthy of all commendation, and be a mighty in-  
strumentality for good.

Thoughtless and suspicious people sometimes con-  
sider privacy as *prima facie* evidence of guilt.  
"Wherever there is secrecy, there is something  
wrong," they say. "Why conceal, unless you are  
ashamed?" This is no more true of societies than  
of individuals. There is no manly man or womanly  
woman but has some secrets and sacrednesses. To  
be without them is to be a brute or a wanton. And  
any company of men or women who have a noble  
purpose in view—whether it be to build a railroad,  
establish a steamship line, or reform the wrongs of  
society—have the right—nay, it is their duty, to use  
just so much of privacy in their plans and methods  
as may be necessary to accomplish the end, with in-  
jury to no one.

The "Army of Reform," both as individuals and  
as a body, will do well to cultivate the uses of Re-  
serve.

## Organization.

The time has evidently arrived for the organiza-  
tion of societies of Spiritualists, to secure many ad-  
vantages which cannot be secured without. But the  
time has not yet come for the single, or central or-  
ganization of the cause in which we are engaged.  
No central power, however delegated, or restricted,  
could control or direct the movement, nor could one  
be now formed that would meet an outside opposi-  
tion stronger than itself. With the present variety  
of shades, angularities, eccentricities, frailties, ab-  
surdities, and Christianities contained in modern  
Spiritualism, it would not be possible to organize it  
with all its philosophy, virtue and religion, and it  
has more of these than Catholicism, or Protestantism,  
and one of them was organized in the dark ages and  
maintained by power, and the other could not be or-  
ganized singly, more than Spiritualism.

Notwithstanding all this, the time has come when  
we must have more system and order, and by com-  
bined efforts support meetings and speakers, build,  
purchase and hold many more halls and houses for  
meetings, furnish more and better support to papers,  
establish and maintain libraries, Sunday Schools  
and week day Schools. We must soon purchase the  
old, or build new colleges and academies, and direct  
the education, leaving out the superstition now so  
profusely mixed in it, and let in females on equal  
terms with males in all schools. We must open all  
the professions, the banks, stores, offices, &c., to fe-  
males, as we have our pulpits.

Many other progressive steps the people are  
nearly prepared to adopt, but which cannot be ac-  
complished without some kind of organic or concerted  
action. If we attempt one organization, we shall  
be weak as Methodists. But if we have many, we  
shall be strong as Protestants. If we organize on  
articles of belief, we shall fall and fall—as all soci-  
eties must, that attempt to control by authority,  
the involuntary action of the human mind, and to  
put a stop to change and progress in opinions, while  
science is continually making discoveries to change  
them. If we organize on character, we have no  
standard and no power, or manner to select a com-  
petent tribunal, and should soon find as most politi-  
cal and religious organizations have, that

"Often have the better men  
Through guile of worse supplanted been,"  
for both politics and religion have long since proved  
that the best churches are excluded and the worse supported.

If we organize on reputation, it is the most frail  
and flimsy of all, and as it is not created by, but for  
the person, it is either a smoke or an illumination,  
as the public prejudice or favor makes it. If we at-  
tempt to organize on principles, not half of those  
who are ready for the cooperation know what prin-  
ciples are, as in the churches where many were  
trained they were not required to know that, or  
much else, but only to say they believed, &c., and  
with us the acceptance and rejection of principles is  
so varied that we can never make them a basis for  
a popular organization. If we reject all the old  
bases of organizations, even the property basis, we  
may still find a new and better one, in due time, for  
a central or pivotal, when it is required, and we

need not look it up before, nor prophecy of it, for  
prophecies have not proved to be blessings, and are  
often false than true.

Why not have a thousand organizations, and let  
each fix its own basis, and one suitable for its pur-  
poses? For some States more is required of an or-  
ganization to enable it to hold property than in oth-  
ers. In every town, or ward, or city, where there  
are ten or more free minds who are able, by coopera-  
tion, to purchase or build a house for lectures, or to  
start a library, or to get up a club for papers, or to  
have two or more lectures each year, there is mat-  
erial sufficient for an organization and cooperation; and  
if they will let each other alone, in those departments  
of life that are personal, and over which there is no  
right of criticism or censorship, such efforts could  
be not only successful but highly beneficial, and  
thousands might be warmed and improved, that are  
now standing out in the cold, useless to themselves  
and the world, and who could often be very useful  
in society; and as a good government would guard  
and protect all its inhabitants, good, bad, or indiffer-  
ent, so a proper organization should take in all who  
will aid its objects and contribute to its support,  
and never fear error while "truth is left free to com-  
bat it." Let all who will pay the door fee come in and  
share its benefits, and not do as our churches do—  
fasten them out till converted, and then fasten them  
in—but take them in and convert and leave them  
free to go out or in. More anon.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., MAY 7, 1862.

## A Company for the Salvation of Souls.

As we were passing the other day through one of  
the great public and charitable establishments in  
Paris, several papers were pressed into our hands by  
zealous distributors, and among them a pro-  
spectus, in four pages, of a Company (association)  
which has been formed for the deliverance of souls  
from purgatory. The origin of this Company is  
told in a few words. A poor servant, who had saved  
a little money from her wages resolved to give it,  
with her services for the rest of her life, to the Cath-  
olic Church, for the relief and deliverance of souls in  
purgatory. Her example excited emulation—so, at  
least, we are told in the prospectus—and suggested  
the idea of this Company, which was formed in 1847,  
and if any of our readers are desirous of obtaining  
shares, we can recommend them to the central bu-  
reau, 35 Rue de Sévres, Paris. We are assured in  
the prospectus that the shareholders incur no liability  
beyond their subscriptions—and we do not very clearly  
see what liability they are likely to incur, unless it  
be to the poor, unfortunate souls. The subscrip-  
tion itself is moderate enough, being only three  
francs—half a crown—per annum. Any individual  
who wishes may become a life shareholder, by pay-  
ing a composition of one hundred francs (£4); and a  
dead man may become a shareholder forever, by pay-  
ing fifty francs (£2). Shareholders belonging to  
this latter class are called foundationists.

The funds of the company are to be employed for  
the following purposes. In the first place, on the  
first day of every month, a mass is to be said for all  
the souls in purgatory. Secondly, on every Monday  
throughout the year a mass is to be celebrated for  
the most neglected souls in purgatory; by which  
we presume we are to understand that the Jesuit  
Church has not an equal care for the souls of all who  
died in this bosom, but that some receive more at-  
tention than others (of course heretics never get into  
purgatory at all, but go directly into perdition with-  
out any intermediate). Thirdly, three masses are to  
be said for each shareholder immediately after his  
decease, if he be a shareholder; if he should  
not have kept up his subscription, of course he loses  
these three posthumous masses, with all other benefits  
of the company. Fourthly, all the other masses as  
well as the alms (for one-third of the money, it should  
be stated, is to be expended in alms) are to be applied  
equally and forever—First, to the most neglected souls  
in purgatory; second, to the defunct relatives of the  
shareholders; third, to the shareholders who have  
died while they were shareholders.

Let nobody suppose that this is a bad investment  
for the money, for the company guarantees to the  
shareholders a minimum dividend of "nine masses a  
day!" When we read a document like this we can  
hardly believe that we are living in the nineteenth  
century; but we suspect that the whole affair admits  
of some explanation from the circumstances that the  
central bureau of the company for the deliverance of  
souls from purgatory is one of the establishments of  
the Jesuits in Paris, and the ingenuity of the Jesuits  
in practices for raising money, even from the poorest  
of the people, is notorious. But in this transaction  
the Church of Christ is not only made a common  
market, but it is literally turned into a stock ex-  
change. Yet the brethren of the Society of Jesus  
might have gone a step further. Why not start a  
spiritual lottery, each prize being so many souls  
saved out of purgatory, the names to be filled up at  
the will of the subscribers who gain the prizes? It  
would not doubt be a profitable speculation. The  
prospectus of this limited liability company is tricked  
out with all the attractions which are employed by  
traders to captivate the attention of the public. A  
nicely executed engraving in front represents a mul-  
titude on their knees before the altar, while the  
priest (in this case, a director) is performing mass;  
in the clouds above are angels approving, and in a  
vault under the church are a vast number of souls  
in the fire of purgatory, who are gradually rising out  
of the flames in consequence of the nine masses a  
day; and one of whom one of the said angels is drag-  
ging out in consequence of the prayers "as above."

—London Review.

## NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

LYNNHALL, TOWNHALL, (opposite head of School  
street).—The regular course of lectures will continue  
through the season, and services will commence at 8:45 and 7:15  
o'clock, p. m. Admission Free. Lecturers engaged:  
Miss Emma Harding, May 20, 27, 34, 31, 38, 45, 52, 59, 66, 73, 80, 87, 94, 101, 108, 115, 122, 129, 136, 143, 150, 157, 164, 171, 178, 185, 192, 199, 206, 213, 220, 227, 234, 241, 248, 255, 262, 269, 276, 283, 290, 297, 304, 311, 318, 325, 332, 339, 346, 353, 360, 367, 374, 381, 388, 395, 402, 409, 416, 423, 430, 437, 444, 451, 458, 465, 472, 479, 486, 493, 500, 507, 514, 521, 528, 535, 542, 549, 556, 563, 570, 577, 584, 591, 598, 605, 612, 619, 626, 633, 640, 647, 654, 661, 668, 675, 682, 689, 696, 703, 710, 717, 724, 731, 738, 745, 752, 759, 766, 773, 780, 787, 794, 801, 808, 815, 822, 829, 836, 843, 850, 857, 864, 871, 878, 885, 892, 899, 906, 913, 920, 927, 934, 941, 948, 955, 962, 969, 976, 983, 990, 997, 1004, 1011, 1018, 1025, 1032, 1039, 1046, 1053, 1060, 1067, 1074, 1081, 1088, 1095, 1102, 1109, 1116, 1123, 1130, 1137, 1144, 1151, 1158, 1165, 1172, 1179, 1186, 1193, 1200, 1207, 1214, 1221, 1228, 1235, 1242, 1249, 1256, 1263, 1270, 1277, 1284, 1291, 1298, 1305, 1312, 1319, 1326, 1333, 1340, 1347, 1354, 1361, 1368, 1375, 1382, 1389, 1396, 1403, 1410, 1417, 1424, 1431, 1438, 1445, 1452, 1459, 1466, 1473, 1480, 1487, 1494, 1501, 1508, 1515, 1522, 1529, 1536, 1543, 1550, 1557, 1564, 1571, 1578, 1585, 1592, 1599, 1606, 1613, 1620, 1627, 1634, 1641, 1648, 1655, 1662, 1669, 1676, 1683, 1690, 1697, 1704, 1711, 1718, 1725, 1732, 1739, 1746, 1753, 1760, 1767, 1774, 1781, 1788, 1795, 1802, 1809, 1816, 1823, 1830, 1837, 1844, 1851, 1858, 1865, 1872, 1879, 1886, 1893, 1900, 1907, 1914, 1921, 1928, 1935, 1942, 1949, 1956, 1963, 1970, 1977, 1984, 1991, 1998, 2005, 2012, 2019, 2026, 2033, 2040, 2047, 2054, 2061, 2068, 2075, 2082, 2089, 2096, 2103, 2110, 2117, 2124, 2131, 2138, 2145, 2152, 2159, 2166, 2173, 2180, 2187, 2194, 2201, 2208, 2215, 2222, 2229, 2236, 2243, 2250, 2257, 2264, 2271, 2278, 2285, 2292, 2299, 2306, 2313, 2320, 2327, 2334, 2341, 2348, 2355, 2362, 2369, 2376, 2383, 2390, 2397, 2404, 2411, 2418, 2425, 2432, 2439, 2446, 2453, 2460, 2467, 2474, 2481, 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