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Literary Department.

"WHAT WILL PEOPLE SAY?"

FANNY GRAINGER'S MOTTO.

BY MISS SARAH A. SOUTHWORTH.

CHAPTER I.

In a handsomely furnished parlor, in the city of T—, sat two ladies conversing. The elder of the two possessed a calm, earnest face, shaded by waves of dark brown hair, and irradiated by soft hazel eyes. She could never have passed for a beauty, and yet there was that in her countenance which always attracted attention, but nevertheless puzzled the beholder to tell wherein the fascination consisted.

In vivid contrast shone the dark, piquant face, sparkling black eyes, and jetty ringlets, of her companion.

"Alice, how very cool you are about this provoking marriage!" impatiently exclaimed the latter, resting her eyes from an open letter in her hand. "I declare, you don't seem to feel it at all!"

"Why should I, Fanny?" was the calm reply. "I consider that Harry has arrived at years of discretion, and understands what he desires for a wife, and if he has won such a place of perfection as he seems to imagine, I am certainly pleased to hear of it."

"How stupid you are!" was the contemptuous response. "What do I care how perfect she is? She's been a governess, and that's enough. What will people say when they hear that Harry Grainger, who might have married any lady in the land, has stooped so low? I shall be ashamed to introduce her to the Mortimers, or the Kingstons, and I shall die with mortification when she is presented as our sister, I know I shall."

"Not quite so bad as that, Fanny," laughed her listener. "As the wealthy Mrs. Grainger, due homage will be paid her, whether deserving or otherwise. I don't doubt that she is far superior to those whose verdict you dread so much."

"Just like you for all the world," was the pettish rejoinder. "When was there ever a time that you did not delight in degrading associations. I declare, you are incorrigible. Mamma and I have been mourning over Harry's misalliance all the morning, and you seem to speak as if it were a matter of congratulation, and that we are highly honored in having a governess for a sister. Oh, I can just imagine her mistress of this mansion! How she will take on! She'll be sure to say that I shall just let her know that I won't stay here to have her queen it over me. What a pity that papa gave this house to Harry. To be sure, the condition was that we were to have a home here as long as we chose, but that time will be of short duration after I see Harry Grainger is installed here. Oh, I have the very thoughts of her. To think that Harry should be ensnared by the arts of such a designing creature!"

"Fanny, Fanny!" expostulated her sister, "do at least suspend your judgment until you have seen her. You forget that you are not giving Harry much credit in describing him as so easily duped. He desires us to receive his bride kindly for his sake, until we know and appreciate her for ourselves. Then let us observe his wishes, and give her a cordial reception in our love and respect for him."

"Oh, wonder of wonders! Alice Grainger, the soul of truthfulness, counselling me; her sister, to produce deception, pretending to love where I hate," exclaimed Fanny, lifting her hands and arching her eyebrows in mock surprise.

"You understand what I mean," was the grave response. "I do not wish you to seem what you are not; but why cannot you make up your mind to love, as well as hate? You know nothing about her."

"I know enough," was the reply. "Emily Tracey wrote me that she was the most awful person that she ever saw; always putting herself forward in every imaginable way, and as Harry was the handsomest, and had the largest fortune of all the gentlemen that frequented the house, she soon singled him out, and played her cards so well that she long he was luxuriatingly involved in her meshes. I am sure Emily ought to know her, for she has been her sister's governess for two years. Wonderful friendship Harry had for Horace Tracey; all on account of that low creature! Oh, what will people say!"

"What a beggar the world is!" laughingly rejoined her sister. "How you dread its august judgment; but seriously, though I do not consider Emily Tracey's testimony admissible in this case, I do not believe that she was a disinterested spectator, and perhaps pique, obduracy, and mortification induced her to give you this disagreeable description of Harry's wife."

"He would have shown some signs if he had married Emily," retorted Fanny, "and I should not be surprised if she was disappointed, as she would not be so likely young man throw himself away in that manner. I might have known that it would be useless to waste my breath arguing with you. Of course, one who so far forget her pride and dignity as to fall in love with a poor student, like Arthur Sinclair, can appreciate Harry's sublime devotion to a governess. I suppose if it had not been for her, you would now be enjoying love or hate in a cottage with Arthur."

A gasp, and a turned a face white and rigid as marble to her sister.

"Oh, Fanny, you are cruel!" she said, in a voice choked with emotion. "I have not heard that name pronounced for five years, and your words pierced like an arrow. Yes, you are right, I should now probably be Arthur's wife, if parental authority had not interfered. Perhaps I weakly yielded when I should have forsaken all, and followed him I had chosen; but I could not go forth with the terrible weight of a father's curse resting upon me. God only knows where he is now, but if he ever returns, he will find me Alice Grainger still."

"Why, is that the reason you have refused all offers? I thought you were very fastidious, but I never dreamed that you were wearing the willow for Arthur Sinclair. I am sure papa treated him as he deserved. Why, what would people have said if papa had bestowed your hand upon that penniless adventurer? How presumptuous to think of lifting his eyes to one of Warren Grainger's daughters."

Alice had risen, and was nervously pacing the floor; she now passed before her sister, and exclaimed:

"Fanny, among all those who flattered around me that winter, there were none worthy to be named with Arthur. His proud, noble nature shrank from vice, and his eloquent tongue ever pleaded for the down-trodden and the oppressed. He was a good, pure champion in the cause of truth and right. But poverty in a great crime, and dire consternation prevailed when it was discovered that he had dared to love a millionaire's daughter. Worth in a threadbare coat was not good currency, so he was hunted from the city. I will not question my father's motives, he has gone hence; in all else he was good and kind to me, and if he had worshiped gold too fondly, he saw his error when the Death Angel bent above him, and in that solemn hour he released me from the promise he had demanded. Therefore, I say, that if Arthur Sinclair should return, possessing the same honest, upright nature, and though he had not a single place to lay his head, I would give him my hand, and gladly endow him with my wealth, and what people might say would be a matter of perfect indifference to me."

"Your heroes are all lost upon me," replied Fanny, struggling her shoulder. "For my part, as long as I live in the world, I won't make myself ridiculous by cherishing any such Utopian ideas. I don't doubt that you and Harry will agree most wonderfully; but I prefer more select circles, and I believe mamma is of my way of thinking, therefore I will go to her now and inform her that you are all ready to strike up a most romantic friendship with the governess, and contriving with mock gravity, she darted from the room."

Amid the shades of night Alice buried the past, pressed the last and upon the re-opened grave, and then turned from the painful task to present duties with a face that betokened no inward struggle.

One week from that day, Harry Grainger presented his young, beautiful wife to his mother and sisters.

No flush or tremor disturbed the stately composure of the bride, as she responded to the oblique greetings of Mrs. Grainger and her youngest daughter; but the elder sister's gentle embrace was returned with almost convulsive warmth. After conducting her to her apartments, Alice returned to the parlor, and found her brother alone.

He came to her immediately, and placing his arm around her, drew her to the sofa, exclaiming:

"It is really pleasant to find some warmth in the house. Mother and I are like a couple of ice-burgs. Horrified at my marrying a governess, I suppose; prefer some of the silly sleeping beauties, who were all ready to throw themselves into my arms, to a girl of sense and dignity. Well, they'll learn to love her by and by. I know that their freckled brightness pleased her to the very soul; but you never would have suspected it from her manner. Ah! she is one of those that could die, and make no sign."

"But, Harry, please tell me her history. I am all curiosity," said Alice.

"Well, she is of Spanish descent. Her father, and mother dying when she was but three years of age, she was placed in an asylum. There her rare beauty attracted the attention of a Mr. May and his lady, who, having no children of their own, adopted her. They gave her a splendid education, and she grew up the belle of the city. They traveled in Europe, and mid beauty, wealth and talent, she shone like a resplendent star. She now rode upon the topmost wave of popularity. The next instant she was buried into the seething vortex of agony and despair. One sad day, by one of those fearful accidents that chill the blood, paralyze the heart, and make the brain reel with terror, she was deprived of both father and mother. All Mr. May's vast fortune was claimed by his sister's son, and she went forth to earn her bread."

"I first met her about three years ago, at a watering place, where I had followed Louise Stanley. I was becoming interested in Louise as you know; but the insults and reproaches that she heaped upon me in consequence of some trifling attention that I paid her, disenchanted me. I could not discover who the beautiful stranger was that had thus mistreated me, and I was like a man in a dream. A year after, I accepted Horace Tracey's invitation to dine with him and his wife; but all my advances were repelled. Flowers that I sent her were either thrown aside as useless, or he trampled under foot. Books delicately offered were immediately given to Emily, who accepted them with indifference."

blushing effrontery. If I entered her favorite bow, it was only to see her disappear among the shrubbery, and when I dared to follow, the bird flew to her cage."

At last, one night I rescued her from insult in the street, and the next day enjoyed an hour's conversation with her. After this she did not avoid me, until the Traceys, observing my attentions, poured a torrent of reproaches upon her defenseless head, kindly informing her that I was only amusing myself at her expense, and painting me as a villain of the blackest dye, by assuring her that I was Emily's betrothed husband. Matters reached their climax when, upon going out there one day, I found the house deserted by all save Mrs. Tracey. Explanations ensued, and when the family returned, I presented her as my affianced bride, and calling a carriage, drove to a clergyman's, who, in a short time, gave me my wife to cherish, love and protect. Now is she not a glorious young creature?"

"Of course, in her fond husband's eyes," was the laughing response; "and yet I fully agree with you. But you know, Harry, that I am considered somewhat eccentric, and I should be extremely sorry if you have taken a wife that has nothing but a beautiful face to recommend her. If her mind and heart are as capable of commanding admiration as her external form, then have you indeed been fortunate."

"Spoken just like yourself, Alice," rejoined her brother; "but I have no fears but that you will find her all that you could desire for a sister, and I predict that you will soon be fast friends. She is very reserved, and trouble-haunted, but she is distrustful, but she loves with passionate fervor when once her confidence is gained, and she cannot long resist your gentle, earnest advances."

"I will commence storming the citadel at once, then," was the gay reply, "hoping that, your faith in my powers will not cause any exaltation on my part. I dislike to depart in the midst of your panegyric, but I fear that your bride will imagine that we are wanting in politeness, at least if we leave her any longer to her own meditations," and she retreated from the room as Fanny entered by another door.

"Ah! have you come to offer your congratulations?" exclaimed Harry, advancing to meet her. "When reason is destroyed, then perhaps I shall compliment you upon your senseless act of folly," she angrily rejoined. "You have disgraced our all. I should have thought you might have had some respect for us, if not for yourself. What do you suppose the world will say at your absurd infatuation?"

"I am not at all concerned as to its verdict. I did not marry to please any one but myself. My wife is my equal in everything but wealth, and I possess enough of that for both. If any insults are offered to her, I shall consider that they extend to me, and as such shall treat them. Remember this, if you please, and I will now bid you good morning."

CHAPTER II.

The elite of T— were on the qui vive with excitement, at least those who had received invitations to Mrs. Harry Grainger's reception. It was the all-engrossing theme of conversation. Such whispered discussions as were witnessed by merchants and milliners, as the fashionable throng selected costly fabrics and flowers, with a view to the approaching fête.

Some, who had repeatedly reiterated their assertion of excluding Mrs. Grainger from their set, concluded that they would reconsider the matter, and might possibly honor her with their company. Prudent mamma, with marriageable sons, and an eye upon the long rent-rolls of her sisters-in-law, decided that it would be politic to cultivate her acquaintance. Papa, with notes about to be protested, were antiphonal that they intended to offer any involuntary to the lady that such a respectable gentleman had honored with his name. Brilliant belles, that had gazed lovingly into the handsome face of Harry Grainger and longingly upon his splendid fortune, determined to go and see what she was like. It was universally conceded that this would be the party of the season.

The eventual evening ushered a gay and glittering assemblage into the palatial mansion where Mrs. Grainger moved as mistress. She was robed in snowy satin, rich gems gleamed on the beautiful neck and arms, while the glossy midnight-hair was looped back from her face with bridal flowers, and then fell in a mass of ringlets from a jeweled comb. Her large, lustrous eyes were veiled by long, drooping lashes, a delicate rose-tint rested on her cheek, and the full, crimson lips were curved with smiles.

Her mother-in-law, cold, proud and stately, moved among the guests, noting each glance of admiration and every whispered exclamation that was bestowed upon the surpassing beauty of the bride.

"After all," she thought, "she is magnificent, and people will forget that she has been a governess. I feared some awkwardness upon her part, but she carries herself like a very queen."

The next instant a smile of gratified pride illumined her countenance as Fanny approached, leaning upon a gentleman's arm. The former was indeed bewitching—her floating robe of amber gossamer was most becoming to her clear, dark complexion, a gold chain was twisted among her jetty curls, and it sparkled and gleamed with every turn of the pretty head.

"Why, Lord Carlton, this is indeed quite a surprise," exclaimed Mrs. Grainger, advancing to meet them, and cordially taking the gentleman's proffered hand.

ing reply. "I came in to-day's steamer, and hearing of this soiree in honor of your son's bride, ventured to intrude, hoping that the many attractions gathered here would be my excuse."

"No excuse is necessary," was the gracious response. "Lord Carlton is always welcome, whenever he chooses to honor us with his company."

"Thank you, madam; but, Miss Grainger, I see the dancers are forming in the next room. Shall we join them?" and bowing, he turned away with Fanny upon his arm, while a glow of satisfaction rested upon the mother's countenance.

In the meantime, Alice, in a silver gray tulle, with scarlet verbenas nestling on her bosom and in the smooth brown braids of her hair, was sitting from room to room, arranging and sitting—that most difficult task—a promiscuous crowd in such relations that each might enjoy the greatest amount of pleasure possible.

After several young ladies had performed upon the piano in a most striking manner, a universal desire was expressed to hear the bride play, and with quiet grace she seated herself before the instrument.

How joyously the keys started at her touch! What showers of light fantastic mirth flashed out! What crashing, swelling agony groaned and moaned beneath the white fingers! The magic power of the improvisatrice floated over the throng, and they followed her rapt soul in its wanderings. Anon they stood amid the gorgeous richness of some tropic land, Emerald tints flashed in and out, and the aromatic fragrance of ripening fruit and glowing flowers enveloped sense and sight. Then the picture faded, and they trod the deck of a noble ship upon the billowy ocean. Clouds gathered. The thunder, in great reverberating echoes sounded their death-knell. Thick, chaotic darkness crushed them in its folds, then the gleaming sword of the lightning rent the void. The limbs and snows of the groaning, creaking ship parted, and with muttered curses, wailing prayers, and pallid faces upturned in the darkness, they went down.

The music ceased, and faces rose from her seat, while a low murmur of applause greeted her, and many thronged around her to inform her of the rare treat that she had given them.

Later in the evening, as Harry was standing by Alice, he abruptly exclaimed:

"Do you know anything about Lord Carlton? He seems to be paying particular attention to Fanny. I don't like his looks; but perhaps it is because I am prejudiced against the English."

"I can't say that I am very well pleased with him, either," was the reply. "There is a sinister gleam in his eye, and marks of dissipation upon his countenance. However, we have made all the inquiries possible. He is assured that Fanny, notwithstanding her extraordinary penchant for foreigners, would never compromise herself by receiving attentions from any one until she was perfectly satisfied of their being and possessing all that they claimed."

"Well, I hope you are right," responded her brother, "although I fear that she will be obliged to learn some bitter lesson ere she will understand that 'all is not gold that glitters.' By the way, she is there another lion here this evening besides Lord Carlton—the Hon. Arthur Earle, senator from New York. Ah! there comes Charles Hall bringing him this way."

The next instant Alice was presented to the gentleman, and they were soon agreeably conversing.

"Is this your first visit to T—?" inquired Harry of the stranger.

"No, it is not. I spent some happy hours here a few years ago, but everything has undergone so many changes since then that I find it impossible to recognize many of the old landmarks. Your new public buildings have added much to the beauty of the place."

"Yes, we are enterprising here, and do not choose to be left behind in the march of progress. Strangers, as a general thing, are much pleased with our city. I suppose Mr. Hall has shown you all the objects of interest that we possess."

"I presume that he has; and now, crowning the whole, he has brought me to this charming gathering, and this evening will be always remembered as a beacon light shining over the ocean of life."

Alice had been regarding him attentively, and he now turned and offered her his arm for a promenade, and the next instant Harry and his friend stood alone.

"They are a fine couple," exclaimed the latter, gazing after their retreating forms. "How lovely Alice is in that misty dress. She looks like a pure white dove amid butterflies. Mr. Earle is a noble man. I have always admired his speeches so much in Congress. I heard him address a political gathering last summer, and he carried all before him. I was introduced to him then, and at last he accepted my invitation out here."

"I was intending to ask you how you became acquainted with him," was the response. "I, too, heard him speak once, and it seemed as if a live coal from the altar of inspiration rested upon his lips. But, Charles, my boy, how speeds your wooing with Alice? I have not seen you together scarcely once this evening."

"Ah, Harry, there is no hope for me in that quarter. She has kindly, but decidedly, rejected my suit. It seemed to grieve her to the heart, and I had only myself to blame, for she had never given me the slightest encouragement."

"No, she is too dignified. I am sorry for you, for she will surely some day be a good wife, though I do say it, and I was in hope that you would be the

favoured one. But cheer up, my dear fellow; the are good fish in the sea yet!"

"I presume so; but I do not care to angle for any. I see your wife is looking this way, as if she desired your presence. Your lady is beautiful and accomplished, and I wish you joy."

"Thank you, Charles; may you be as fortunate," and he turned away.

Thus, mid mirth and revelry, the hours danced by, until the last guest was banneted and cloaked, and the last carriage whirled away.

The next evening, Lord Carlton called, also Mr. Hall and his friend, the Senator. When they had retired, Harry held up her hand upon which sparkled a betrothal ring.

"Has Lord Carlton indeed proposed?" exclaimed her mother, in a transport of delight.

"Yes, he has. Give me joy. I shall soon dwell in merry England. His castle is already undergoing repairs. It is such a triumph over all the girls. Oh, what will people say!"

"I am rejoiced at your good fortune, my child, rejoiced her mother. The dearest wish of my heart will now be realized. I only desire that your sister would take pattern by you, and accept some eligible offer."

But Alice playfully shook her head, and turning to Fanny, said:

"May all your dreams of future happiness be fulfilled."

While her brother teasingly exclaimed:

"Now Fanny, I don't believe that you care anything more about Lord Carlton, than anybody else. You only want to hear the people's verdict, and be the nice days' wonder, as the bride of an English nobleman."

"Oh Harry!" cried his wife.

But Fanny coolly replied:

"I guess you are more than half right. If a greater catch should happen to come up, I might break my engagement if I thought I should stand any chance, and that, too, without injuring my heart in the least—it is very elastic."

Then noticing the shocked expression on her sister's face, she laughed merrily, and left the room, followed by her mother.

As soon as the door closed, Harry exclaimed:

"I begin to doubt whether Fanny possesses that useful commodity that she speaks of. For two years she has danced and flirted, only winning suitors to reject them; and now she deliberately affirms that she loves only Lord Carlton's title."

"Oh, I cannot really believe that she was in earnest," rejoined Alice, in a distressed tone. "Her actions are, to be sure, governed in a great measure by her favorite motto, 'What will people say?' But still I trust that under her apparent carelessness, there beats a true woman's heart, and that what she said was merely to hide her feelings."

"Well, mother," exclaimed Fanny, lending the way to the library. "I at least shall not disgrace the family by a misalliance, and when we are married, you shall go with us to England. Perhaps I shall yet wear a coronet, for Alonzo is next heir to an earldom. I shall be so glad to get away from this house, for I can't endure Joe's. What Harry ever saw to admire in him, I am sure I can't tell, and she pretends to be so very fond of him. I think she would have made a splendid performer upon the stage; there, her acting would have gained her some applause. So very stately and dignified as she is; sometimes when I have been talking with her I have felt as if I should choke with rage, while she sat looking as cool and unconcerned as a piece of marble. Alice is completely infatuated with him, and they may stay here and enjoy themselves while we are treading the proud halls of England, and the gay saloons of Paris."

"I presume they would be glad to get rid of us," rejoined her mother, "and for my part I shall not be sorry to go. It was something of a sacrifice for me to yield my place as mistress here to a governess. I am sure when your father gave this house to Harry, he never dreamed that he would bring such a creature as that to preclude over it. He thought he had more of the Grainger pride. Poor, dear man, what would he say if he could see things to-day. Sometimes I think it was well he died before this disgrace was brought upon us; and yet I think that he would rejoice, if he could have lived to see you the bride of Lord Carlton. That thought sustains me. Now, if Alice could only contract as brilliant a marriage. I know that the Hon. Mr. Earle is much pleased with her, but it is no use hoping that she will accept him."

"Oh no, of course not, I am astonished that you should expect she would do such a sensible thing. Why, she told me the other day that if Arthur Sinclair should return the same as when he went away, she would marry him, if he still desired it. Did you know that papa released her from her promise before he died?"

"Yes, dear, I know that he did, much to my regret, although I do not think there is any danger of the young man's ever returning. It is six years now since he departed, and he is probably married long ere this. He was very proud, for a person that had no business to be, and even if he is yet free, he would never make advances again where he was rejected in the manner he was here. But only to think that a daughter of mine should make herself the laughing stock of society by becoming so infatuated as to reject rank and wealth in her insane love for Arthur Sinclair. She is just like your Aunt Isabel; she always had the same ridiculous ideas about love and matrimony. I do wish that Alice would make up her mind to marry, so that she is a good man I am sure, and no matter if

she did not love him at first, if she respected him. Your father's and my marriage was more a matter of convenience than anything else, and yet I am sure we lived as happily together as if we had been the most devoted lovers."

"That is just my idea," responded her amiable daughter. "I meant to marry when I found one who could place me at the head of an elegant establishment with all the accessories. It was with that feeling I promised to become Lady Carlton. Give me my castle and diamonds, and love and all that nonsense will follow, or if they don't, I shall be perfectly contented if I get all that I bargain for. I never was given to sentiment, that I leave to fools and love-sick daisies, like Alice. None of my acquaintances ever had such a splendid engagement ring," and she turned the sparkling jewel on her finger. "Alonso wishes to be married in a few days, but I told him I could not possibly get ready for two months, as I am determined to have everything in the most elegant style. The girls will half die with envy when I stand before the altar. Oh, what will people say when Lady Carlton leaves T—?"

CHAPTER III.

The sun rose clear and bright upon the morning of Fanny Grainger's bridal day. The happy pair were to be married in church at nine o'clock. Then returning to the house with a select company of friends partake of the wedding breakfast and immediately embark for England.

The approaching event had occasioned much wonder and surprise, and not a few heart-burnings. It had been speculated and commented upon enough to have satisfied even the insatiable Fanny.

Ere the momentous hour arrived, the church was densely thronged, and it was with difficulty that the bridal party reached the altar. The maiden's heart swelled with proud exultation. She thought not of the solemn vows she was about to take upon herself. No sad memories filled her soul that she was so soon to leave friends and native land to enter upon an untrodden sphere. Ah, no! Even while the clergyman's voice broke the profound silence, her fancy was picturing the splendor that would radiate around her in that aisle across the sea.

The next instant a loud voice near the door exclaimed:

"Hold! I forbid the bans!"

There was a universal start, and every eye turned in that direction.

The groom was deadly pale, and the bride clung to him for support, as a policeman, with a lady upon his arm, came up the centre aisle to the altar.

"By what right do you stay these proceedings?" inquired the priest.

The stranger flung back her veil as her companion answered:

"Because this lady has a prior claim—he is her lawful husband. Then again he is not Lord Carlton, but that gentleman's valet. The English noble was drowned, and this fellow, by his extraordinary likeness, and having possession of his papers has managed to palm himself off for his master. He is my prisoner on a charge of forgery, also, and I am indebted to his forsaken wife for his capture."

"Yes," said the woman, her dark eye flashing, as she gazed upon the cowering wretch before her, "I am the cause of your present disgrace. I forgave all the manifold wrongs you heaped upon me until your hand sought my life. Then I vowed revenge. I am just in season to save this young lady from life-long wretchedness, and to consign you to a little different castle from your pretended one across the sea."

Her husband seemed paralyzed by her sudden appearance, and made no resistance, while the bride and her mother, fainting, were borne out, and the assembly dispersed, giving vent in uttering screams, to their delight, that the proud, haughty spirit of Fanny Grainger, had been so signally humbled.

When the stricken girl returned to consciousness, she found herself upon a lounge, with Harry and Alice bending over her.

"Oh dear, what will people say?" she screamed, starting up, and then falling back in another swoon.

"There, I guess she will do," said her brother, "the world seems to be her first thought, so I'll wager that her heart is not fractured yet."

"It is a great shock, though," replied Alice; "nothing could be more mortifying to a person of her temperament. I am only thankful at her escape, although I never liked the man, I did not dream of such a denunciation as this."

"It is somewhat worse than marrying a governess," responded her brother, "and I hope I will teach her a lesson. It is, as you say, a bitter dose for her to swallow. The laugh is on the other side, now, and people will remember that she has carried her head rather high, lately. She was to make such a distinguished alliance, you know."

"Hush, Harry, she is coming too. Do not laugh at the prostrate. Fanny is kind-hearted, only a slave, like a great many others, to the power of dear Mrs. Grundy."

A fortnight passed away, Mrs. Grainger and Fanny denying themselves to all, even their most intimate friends. The blow had fallen heavily, because, so unexpected, and they could not rise at once from the painful shock. Therefore, the next steamer that sailed, bore them to Europe; they could remain no longer in the scene of their bitter mortification, hoping that should they conclude to return after an absence of a few years, that the memory of the past would be obliterated from the minds of the people of T—.

Alice decided to remain with her brother and his wife, and they constituted a most happy household.

One evening as they sat together in the library, Harry exclaimed:

"Well, Alice, when are you intending to present me with a brother? I see that Mr. Earl acknowledges an attraction here, as he is a constant visitor, whenever he is in town, and that is very often, lately. He is a fine fellow, and I should be proud to receive him into the family."

"You are a little too fast," replied his sister, and a shade passed over her countenance. "The gentleman that you refer to has never given me cause to think of him otherwise than as a friend, and I should be sorry to have him entertain any sentiment that would disturb our present relations. Indeed," she continued, with a faint smile, "I guess you will have to make up your mind to see me become a member of the ancient sisterhood."

"Oh, what a fall," cried Harry mockingly. "Is it possible that Alice Grainger intends to brave the scorns and sarcasms of the world, and live and die a child? Oh, how mother and father would roll up

their eyes if they heard that decision. Mrs. Grundy says that it is better to be like a lamb to the slaughter, than to be a lion in the lion's den, and I am sure she is right. I never accepted that amiable lady as my mistress," laughed Alice, "and therefore do not fear her frowns. If it is my particular destiny to travel the world with no especial arm to lean upon, rest assured that I shall be provided for. I only wish to work out my mission, whether it be as a wife or a maiden, and I am content to let circumstances reveal my fate."

The servant now opened the door and announced that Mr. Earl was in the parlor, and desired to see Miss Grainger. Her brother smiled as she passed out with a flush upon her countenance.

Entering the room below, she greeted her visitor cordially, and soon they were pleasantly conversing. After a short time, he requested her to play and sing for him, and to her consternation, he selected several pieces that had been Arthur Sinclair's favorites. Mastering her emotion with a great effort, she went to the piano and performed one that harrowed her soul with painful thoughts, and then, unable to continue, she arose abruptly and retreated to the sofa.

Her companion had watched her keenly, and now crossing the room, he seated himself by her side, exclaiming:

"Miss Grainger, you must have seen that I admire you very much. I have sought your society in the fond hope that one day you would become my wife. Tell me that I am not presumptuous, and that you will think of me in that light."

"Oh, spare me, spare me!" pleaded Alice, deeply pained. "God knows I never intended to encourage your attentions. Believe me, I sorrow to give you pain, and yet I can never marry you. If it would be any consolation for you to know that I am as miserable as yourself, I will tell you that for six years I have loved hopelessly. It is humiliating for me to confess this, but I do it in pity for you."

"Pity, they say, is akin to love, and perhaps you might, in time, think of me as your husband. But may I not know who my rival in your affections is? I have heard that a poor fellow, one Arthur Sinclair, once presumed to aspire for your hand, but surely it is not of him that you speak?"

"Yes, but it is of him," she rejoined with flashing eyes, "and it was no presumption on his part, but rather on theirs, who, investing themselves with high authority, pronounced the doom that sent him a hopeless wanderer from the city, and left me to mask an aching heart beneath a smiling face. Go, it is useless to urge me, for when Alice Grainger once loves, she never forgets."

"I knew it, Alice! I knew it!"

She started involuntarily at the changed voice, and gazing into Mr. Earl's face, she saw him throw the way looks back from the broad, white brow, and while a smile played over the manly features, the joyous truth flashed upon her that Arthur Sinclair stood before her. The revelation of feeling almost overpowered her, and her low exclamation: "Now, dearest, you are fairly caught, so it seems you will not refuse the love of the poor student. Then, my bride, pronounce the happy day."

"I think I shall revoke all that I said a few minutes ago," she archely replied. "You ought to be punished for not revealing yourself sooner. Strange that I did not recognize you. But please to give an account of yourself, sir."

"After I left T—, I continued the study of the law in a distant city. A hard, severe struggle brought me at last to one goal of my desires—my first case in court. The presiding judge happened to be an old friend of my father's, rich and childless. He took a great fancy to me, and soon I was on the high road to prosperity. I conducted an important lawsuit for your father a year before his death, and he never imagined that the popular barrister and the poor student were the same. At last I was elected to Congress, and a short time after I took my seat the Judge died, bequeathing all his property to me. Now wealthy and honored, I thought I would return to T— and see if my Alice had forgotten me. You know the rest, how I tried to win you from your old love, and failed."

"But why did you change your name?" inquired Alice.

"Oh, I had forgotten that. My middle name is Earl, and as I have constantly written it in full for the past five years, people have not always been particular, and I have sometimes dropped my surname. Thus I was introduced to you as Mr. Earl, and I concluded that I would not reveal myself when I perceived that you did not recognize me."

"Strange that I should have been so stupid," replied his companion; "but six years have greatly changed you, and although I always seemed as if I must have known you previously, I decided that it was only one of those singular coincidences that sometimes cross our path when a strange face will somehow correspond with features degenerated upon the page of memory. But I must introduce you to Harry and Lucy in your new character," and ringing the bell, she desired the servant to inform Mr. and Mrs. Grainger that she wished to see them. They presently appeared, and were much surprised when they listened to Mr. Sinclair's story, but one glance into the beaming, happy face of Alice satisfied them, although her brother was inclined to laugh at her a little, inquiring if she really intended to withdraw her name from the list of maidens of an uncertain age.

"Now for Fanny's motto, 'Oh, what will people say?'" he exclaimed.

T— was indeed in a state of astonishment when it was discovered what a romantic episode had occurred in their very midst. The gossips were quite prefallen that such a delicious titbit had escaped their Argus eyes.

Spring came with smiles and blushes, and in her trailing emerald-tinted robe went sweeping over hill and plain, attended by the silver footfalls of the streamlets and the rich gushing melody of myriad sweet voices. What more fitting time for Alice Grainger to go forth from her brother's house with him on whom her love and prayers had so long rested? Therefore an early day was named for the nuptial rite to be performed.

"It seems so like a dream, this fond happiness of mine," she said one evening as she sat beside her lover, "that sometimes I fear that I shall awaken only to find it the troubled wanderings of some sleeping fancy."

"Well, my dear, just sleep three days longer, and you will arouse to find yourself, Mrs. Arthur Sinclair," he replied with a laugh. "But by the way, I suppose I must return to the hotel soon, for I must take the early morning boat for Albany. I have

some important business to transact, but will not detain me long. Harry is to accompany me, and I shall expect to see my Alice when we reach her bridal abode. Now, darling, farewell until we meet again, and the next instant he had left the house with her "God keep you" ringing in his ears.

About nine o'clock the next morning, Mr. Grainger walked into the library.

"Why, Harry?" exclaimed his wife, "I supposed you were on the way to Albany by this time. Did you miss the boat?"

"Yes, confound it!" he replied in a vexed tone. "It is a thing that never happened in my life before, and it is all owing to these new boots. I had a little business conversation with Charley Hall, and then made for the boat; but just as I got to River street my foot slipped, and down I went, and when I arrived at the wharf I was tantalized by seeing they had started, and there I stood, the bystanders laughing at my expense. Arthur was on board, and he shouted something, but I could not distinguish what."

"Well, never mind," responded his wife soothingly. "I guess it's all for the best. You can wait, now, until after the wedding. How happy Alice is. It is really a pleasure to look at her."

Date in the afternoon, as Mrs. sat sewing in the parlor, her husband entered, but with a face so white and ghastly that she started in alarm.

"What is it, Harry? Are you ill? What has happened?" she exclaimed.

"Where is Alice?" he gasped.

"Up stairs, in her room. Is it Arthur? Oh, speak!"

"The Albatross is burned, and Arthur has perished. Oh God, how can I break the news to Alice? It will kill her."

The door slowly opened, and his sister entered. Every vestige of color had fled from her face, and unutterable woe looked forth from her eyes as she said:

"I thought I heard some one in the street say that the Albatross was burnt. Speak, and tell me it is not so."

"My poor darling," was all her brother could utter.

She pressed her hands to her heart, as if it were bursting, while her eyes retained their agonized gaze.

"Arthur dead?" she murmured. "Impossible! It cannot be. God would be more merciful. Oh, it is terrible! My brain reels, but blissful unconsciousness is not granted me. The news is written with a red hot iron upon my soul! Oh, soul! thou wast too bright, and in thy splendor I forgot that happiness could be feeling. Oh, if he could only have passed hence in my arms. No parting words, no fond looks, no sweet caresses! Gone, gone forever! Oh God, was it not cruel to press this sweet draught to my lips and then dash it to the earth? Heavenly Father, bear with the poor broken reed that cannot now, in the first agony, say, 'Thy will be done!'"

Her brother, and sister, awed by her appalling woe, could only watch her with streaming eyes, fearful of the result, but as for her, the grief that cannot weep, whispers to the overfraught heart and bids it break.

Free escaped from the burning wreck, and others besides Alice walked loved ones lost, and like her, woe and pain took up the load of life and traveled on. Years passed away. Mr. Grainger never regretted the day that he took Lucy May to his heart and life. Fanny never returned to her native land, but exchanging her wealth for a title, in the same careless, gorgeous butterfly as of old.

In one of the hospitals at Washington, a slender figure, with a pale, calm face and large spiritual eyes, sits in and out, binding up ghastly wounds, quenching the thirst of dying lips, listening to last messages to distant loved ones, and bearing freed souls on the wings of song to realms of endless day. Thus does Alice Grainger fulfill the mission which circumstances have revealed to her, until she, too, can join the ransomed ones, wearing the bridal garments of life immortal.

Written for the Banner of Light.

SONG OF THE DYING GIRL.

BY DR. YERN YERNING.

[The following poem was suggested to the author by the beautiful remark of a sweet young girl, who was fast fading from earth with consumption. "Oh," said she, "I would not die now, when the earth is so green, and looking so lovely in her summer garments. I would wait until the cheerless autumn days, and die with the flowers."]

"Awhile, oh! yet a little while—
Until the crimson-tinted leaves
Fall in the golden netted smile
An autumn sunset sweetly weaves—

Until the fragrant-scented flowers
Grow pale before the Frost-King's breath;
Until the birds forsake the bowers,
And summer beauties fade in death—

My Father, would I linger here,
To view their loveliness decay;
Then, when the earth grows dark and drear,
I will no longer ask to stay.

But yet awhile, a little while,
Till Father, grant to spare me here.
Kind summer hours cease to smile;
Then, when the sunlight, bold and clear,

Streams o'er the bare and naked land,
I'll journey from this vale of tears,
To those bright hills of God, which stand
Enthroned upon the grave of years.

If I must die, I fain would go:
In autumn days, with all the fall,
Sweet loves of Nature here below;
When troubled storm-winds sadly wail

A requiem over all things fair,
May this frail body sink in rest,
While Psyche journeys over there,
To those bright regions of the blest.

I care not thus to live, when all
Earth's beauty and the joy have flown;
When Nature sleeps beneath the pall
Old winter has around her thrown.

December, 1862.

REAL POLITENESS.—About a year ago, when the upper part of the Astor House was on fire, one of the servants-girls was directed to wake two gentlemen, who were asleep in an upstairs room. She knocked at the door, and with the greatest politeness said, "I beg pardon, gentlemen, for disturbing you, but the fire is on fire."

Society was asked why he had built himself so small a house, and replied, "Small as it is, I wish I could fill it with friends."

BANNER OF LIGHT.

Written for the Banner of Light.

GOD'S TEMPLE.

CHOTON MOUNTAIN AND THE SCENERY FROM ITS SUMMIT.

BY HENRY O. PELTON.

Not human hands its corner stones have laid,
Or built its walls to tower toward the sky;
Or bled its spires far reaching unto heaven,
Nor can man's works with the God's Temple vie.
Tis well to thrust the thoughts of care aside,
And go to worship on its sacred domes,
And feel while treading on the rocks eternal,
Further from earth and nearer angel homes.

Round it is thrown the glorious robes of Day,
Or o'er its brow the imperial crown of Night;
Or capped with mist its summit doth appear,
Or bared with radiance, or standing forth with light.
Flung to climb those heights that tower in air—
Those hills on hills piled in the distance dim;
And so I sought the mountains to ascend,
And on the Temple's spire give praise to Him.

I labored where the rocks were piled on rocks—
Walked with firm tread on earth's foundation stones;
Walked without fear on the uncrumbling ledges,
And from them gazed upon earth's valleyed homes.
I found my way through forests old and dim;
Or more the sunlit came, with hues of gold,
To gild each waving leaf, and wake to song
The birds, whose music seemed heaven's light to hold.

I paused in wonder, that, a tiny rill,
A mountain rock had loomed and bade it stand
Further down the mountain side, while leaving
A cave, where once it stood with kindled band.
Then on again, not yet content to stay,
I walked o'er rocks, where waters sometimes flowed;
For they had caught the wave of all its ripples—
Or rather they were seeds wave-mulch sowed.

Some rocks and ledges showed the painter's art—
Purple and crimson, and the wild rose hue;
With purest white, dark brown, and others beautiful,
Would sometimes strike the astonished gazer's view.
I found a wild flower sprouting from the ledge—
A tiny flower of purple, edged with gold;
It brought to me a thought of awe and beauty,
So frail a flower mid sternness to behold.

And soon I stood on rocks like little hills,
And from the height the steep descent gazed down,
On tops of trees, on lakes and villages;
Some gathered near, others in distance thrown.
Thus on and on, I took the new charmed path,
And felt as birds that rest within the air—
Saw the world beneath the view revealing,
And loved God more who ruleth every where.

The sun declining e'er to greet the hills,
And mounts that guard kept o'er the golden West,
When near the summit, save one height more gaining,
Equally was Expectation's test.
Thenceforth the descending power had been,
And robed in black the once proud forest king,
O'er each charred, fallen form did I ascend,
And to the higher summit passage win.

And then I stood as one amazed may stand,
And gazed upon the silent wonder land.
For grandeur joyed to clasp the hand of beauty,
Mid all the scenes that stretched out far around.
Here once I thought Heaven bent its smiles to Earth,
And Earth aspired to kiss the brow of Heaven;
But clouds were floating still, so far above,
If angels on their rooks no sign was given.

I could not catch to furl their snowy wings,
Or on the summit bid with me to stay;
But o'er the earth my gaze was soon directed,
Height rising near, mounts towering far away.
Over New Hampshire's pleasant hills and vales,
Her rugged rocks, her homes and hamlets fair,
Her mirroring lakes, and larger villages,
And rivers that were rolling every where.

Well wot that named the proud old Granite State—
Grandeur and beauty in each feature lie;
And oh! as seen from Crocydon Mountain's height,
Grandeur and beauty with each other vie.
There bordering this and dear Green Mountain State,
At times the sun its sheets of gold was throwing
And there beyond are mountains of Vermont,
That guard the West from morn till day, I done.

A shade of night on these at times was thrown
From storm clouds hanging in the northern West;
At times the sun its sheets of gold was throwing
From the air and on the earth to rest.
A portion of the West was crimson bright,
As though the Red Sea waves were playing there,
With darker clouds within, as isles appearing,
While golden light edged all the crimson fair.

Sublime and beautiful was all around,
And brought to mind Freedom and Freedom's God;
And in my heart an opened font of worship
Led me to heaven and loosed me from the sod.
Did Slavery rule triumphant o'er the land,
One half of grandeur from the scene were riven;
Or if a King were the despotic ruler,
The hills would look no more in pride to heaven.

I'd pray for death—I could not bear to live;
Better the hills should blush with crimson tide,
Than lasting rocks were monuments eternal,
To tell to us how and where hold Freedom died.
Or traitor deeds amid these scenes can dwell,
Or traitor deeds so fair a land would blight!
From mountain-tops swell notes of Liberty
The only watchwords, "Freedom," "God," and
"Right!"

As now, may ever from this bold height ridg
The voice of Freedom from its signal gong
Till it should cease, better that life were given
By all New England's true and loyal sons;
But praise to Him, who love in all hath given,
May we not be unfaithful to our trust:
Until the spirit shall to Him ascend,
And we give back our forms to blend with dust.

Thus was my worship on that temple spire,
That firm old boulder between earth and heaven,
Until the hours in feeling brought the warning
Of near approach of the cool, starry even.
And then we trod on fallen trees again—
Leaped down the rocks to tread the forest wild,
And took our way o'er the uncrumbling ledges,
Still hastening on where vegetation smiled.

'T was time for bats to circle in the air,
When we the mountain's foot again had won;
Nor would the light reach dim old mountain caverns,
Until the coming of to-morrow's sun.

The silvery stars had plumed their mantle on,
Folding it close around one half the world,
Before again beneath the roof-tree resting,
We breathed the fumes from Morpheus' pipe that
Cried.

Better that mount than old cathedral's din,
We worshiped forth our souls to God to pour;
Upon the hills in this perpetual Sabbath—
A font of which we drink and thirst no more.
There birds of heaven will listen unto truth,
Although their life no golden censor there;
They never knew a bigot's prejudice,
Unchained by sin have dwelt within the air.

Yes, birds! sweet choristers in temples built by God!
We join the hymns of praise that offset now—
By truth we'll strive for angel domains—
Of right, be rest on each immortal brow.
Go, then, and raise the song of sacred praise,
Mid rocks and trees that spring from out the sod,
For love and truth, oh! yield Him glad thanksgiving,
And for the mountain's temples of our God.

Crocydon, N. H., Oct. 20, 1862.

The Heathen in the Missionary Field.

It is a remarkable circumstance, if it be not a ludicrous one likewise, that the real India Heathen have at length organized a missionary scheme of their own. They have, become displeased latterly, with the forcible style of inculcating religious dogmas, and doctrines which the Christian Missionaries have some of them seen fit to adopt, and concluded to set up shop for themselves, and in opposition, in Benares, the leading heathen bankers have recently met and subscribed a fund for the establishment of missionary societies and machinery, and intend to set the plan a-going at once. We should not be much surprised, if they sent their missionaries over here even, to teach us the beauty of idol-worship. The worship of the little gold gods, our countrymen understand, the practice of pretty well already.

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Written for the Banner of Light.

GOD'S TEMPLE.

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BY HENRY O. PELTON.

Not human hands its corner stones have laid,
Or built its walls to tower toward the sky;
Or bled its spires far reaching unto heaven,
Nor can man's works with the God's Temple vie.
Tis well to thrust the thoughts of care aside,
And go to worship on its sacred domes,
And feel while treading on the rocks eternal,
Further from earth and nearer angel homes.

Round it is thrown the glorious robes of Day,
Or o'er its brow the imperial crown of Night;
Or capped with mist its summit doth appear,
Or bared with radiance, or standing forth with light.
Flung to climb those heights that tower in air—
Those hills on hills piled in the distance dim;
And so I sought the mountains to ascend,
And on the Temple's spire give praise to Him.

I labored where the rocks were piled on rocks—
Walked with firm tread on earth's foundation stones;
Walked without fear on the uncrumbling ledges,
And from them gazed upon earth's valleyed homes.
I found my way through forests old and dim;
Or more the sunlit came, with hues of gold,
To gild each waving leaf, and wake to song
The birds, whose music seemed heaven's light to hold.

I paused in wonder, that, a tiny rill,
A mountain rock had loomed and bade it stand
Further down the mountain side, while leaving
A cave, where once it stood with kindled band.
Then on again, not yet content to stay,
I walked o'er rocks, where waters sometimes flowed;
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It brought to me a thought of awe and beauty,
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And soon I stood on rocks like little hills,
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On tops of trees, on lakes and villages;
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Thus on and on, I took the new charmed path,
And felt as birds that rest within the air—
Saw the world beneath the view revealing,
And loved God more who ruleth every where.

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And mounts that guard kept o'er the golden West,
When near the summit, save one height more gaining,
Equally was Expectation's test.
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Until the hours in feeling brought the warning
Of near approach of the cool, starry even.
And then we trod on fallen trees again—
Leaped down the rocks to tread the forest wild,
And took our way o'er the uncrumbling ledges,
Still hastening on where vegetation smiled.

represent the decreasing powers of the sun's rays; as in like manner, Haroldus was supposed to symbolize the sun in its full strength.

Saturn sometimes, the sun sometimes, the planet appears as Abraham in sacred legends; and when about to make a burnt-offering of Isaac, is supplied with the equinoctial Ram as a propitiatory substitute. The twelve gods of Olympus were doubtless symbols of the Zodiac, but among the thinking classes there was "the belief in the Saturnian intelligence, as derived from a consideration of the works of Nature, and the arguments which support this belief, were as familiar to the schools of Greece and Rome, as they are to the Universities of modern Europe."

"Were it otherwise," says Cicero, "Ennius would not with an universal approbation, have said,

"Look up to the resplendent heavens above,
Which all men call unanimously, Jove."

This was not exactly the Lord that Moses had in "the tabernacle of the congregation to speak with him;" then he heard the voice of one speaking "unto him from off the mercy-seat that was upon the ark of the testimony, from between the two cherubims." This was rather a familiar spirit, something after the pattern of Koon's tabernacle in Ohio.

"It was not therefore to the Jews, or not certainly to the Jews alone, whatever share they may have had in the religious movement of the time, that the Greeks and Romans were indebted for their knowledge of a Being 'who dwelleth not in temples made with hands.' Paul, in preaching this doctrine at Athens, did not proclaim it as a novel truth, likely to be disputed by the Epicureans and Stoics, whom he was addressing, but affirms it only as a basis which he knew, they would admit, of his further reasoning in favor of a resurrection; for in him we live and move and have our being, or certain else of your own poets have said. For we are also his offspring."

The sculptures and pictures of the ancients, like the externals of our churches, were more or less absorbent of superstitious minds, who make idols of Bibles, prayer-books, and Sabbaths, which are supposed to possess talismanic virtues; so the "phylacteries" of the Pharisees were "texts of Scripture on parchment, attached to the garments, and worn as amulets or charms." It was the same narrow belief that the temple of Jerusalem was the only house of God in the world in which the Divine Being could be personally present—the same intense prejudice against the Samaritans for worshipping in Mount Gerizim—the same morbid Sabbath fanaticism, and blind, fanaticism compassing sea and land to make one proselyte, and working for criminal ends—a wide-spread duplicity and duplicity among the instructors of the people, which led them to assume a sanctity they did not possess; to "fast so that they might be seen of men; to devour widows' houses, and for a pretence make long prayers."

Well, how much better with change of name to Christianity, has been the practice of the Church in all ages? and what much better has Protestantism proved itself with its appeal to the Bible as the infallible Word? How much better its Lord-theology in "Cursed be Canaan," as the bulwark of American slavery with Bible, Tract, and Mission Societies, giving Scripture for the deed? thus proving Mr. Buckle's postulate, that Biblical civilization keeps almost at a sightless distance in the rear of intellectual progression.

But very little do the people ever look beyond the plane of their pulpit and the Bible of their idolatry; hence, with vision perpetually unpurged, they dwell in the dark valley and shadow of death, and create their Lord, or Devil from the old Gorgons, Hydras and Chimerae. "The words *Jah* and *Jehovah*, or more correctly *Je* and *Jeh*, are, according to Parkhurst, identical with the Greek and Roman *Ie* and *Io*, as a sacred name of high antiquity and great universality. Writing upon the meaning of the term 'Hallelujah' (*Elia-Ie*), which we render 'praise to God' he notices the fact that it is the acclamation as *Elia-Ie*, with which the Greeks began and ended their psalms or sacred hymns in honor of Apollo, and that the inscription of *Ie* appeared over the gate of the temple at Delphi. He agrees with many other authors in explaining the word *Jupiter* as compounded of *Je* and *pater*, and its relation to the Hebrew *Jeh* will not admit of question if we follow the ancient spelling of the noun, exchanging through out *J* for *I*, and *V* for *U*. The word *Jupiter*, to judge, may possibly have had a similar origin, in that sacerdotal age when all laws were announced with *Je-dicit*. Thus *Je* (or the Lord), Clement of Alexandria, assures us, in his *Stomata*, that all those who entered into the temple of Serapis were obliged to wear on their persons, in a conspicuous situation, the name of *Ie-Ie* or *Ie-Ie-Ie*, which signified the God eternal."

"The ancient name of Bacchus was *Ie-Ie*, the same as *Je* and *Io*, a name for God." Thus Bacchus embraces the old Hebrew divinity in the feast of Tabernacles, where "the *Judais* are described as a particular section of the worshippers of Bacchus," especially when they caroused before the Lord in gross eating, and in "wine and strong drink in the place which the Lord thy God shall choose."

"As ancient popular theology was always more closely connected with visible signs than abstract ideas, it may be suspected that the *Ie* had reference to the motion of the sun in the heavens; at the time when that luminary was regarded, the most universally, as the chief emblem of Deity. The reference to sun worship in the Old Testament are, it may be suspected, more numerous than they appear, interpreting it as we do by the points of the Mosaic code. — *BM* or *Sam*; as in *Samaria*, *Sam-land*, *Sam-son*, sun-cliff, or sun-like; *Samuel*, *Sun-God*; or more exactly 'this Sun-God, not asked of God, as rendered by Origen; for to ask is *Sat*.' Assuming the letters *BM* frequently to stand for the Sun, many passages become clear, which are now obscure and perplexing. For example:

"And the Israelitish woman's son blasphemed the name of the Lord and cursed."—*Lev. xxiv. 10*.

The words "of the Lord" are not in the original, and are supplied by the translators, to make sense of the *BM*, rendered "name;" but if rendered *Sun*, the sense is obvious, without interpolation; and the fact narrated, that a man was stoned to death for speaking irreverently of the Sun, is quite in accordance with what we know of religious views generally entertained in the age to which the narrative refers, and should not startle us more than the doctrine condemned by Christ, of an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth, which we find in the same chapter.

The confounding in modern Hebrew of the two words *Sun* and *name*, is like that which might arise between *Sun* and *Sign* if we were in the habit of writing as the Hebrews did, without the vowels. — Thus throughout all the older Spiritualisms or religions do we behold this compelling of Astronomy with metaphysics, psychology or spiritual manifestations, in correspondent correlations. The habitation of the Sun, the dome of heaven, was God's throne—the wind, the breath of his spirit, Moon day—Sabbath days—sabbaths—the stars' instilled with life through angelism, gnosticism, by mediums or seers—wise men or prophets—by precious stones of Urim-Thummim and Teraphim; and rough hewn as in "the Stone of Israel," and much more were of the mysteries of old time for the bridging forth of the world.

Fortune does not change men and women. It but develops their characters! As there are a thousand thoughts lying within a man, that he does not know till he takes up the pen to write, so the heart is a secret even to him who has it in his own breast. Who hath not found himself surprised into strange action or passion, for good or evil, when the seeds lay within him latent and unsuspected till the occasion called them forth.

In the matter of the virgins; it is exactly the reverse of the general run of diseases; anything that comes to the surface strikes to the surface; in danger our outward wear should be as his within—ready for instant use, but not displayed ostentatiously.

WHAT THE SPIRIT OF THE BIBLE IF SPIRITUALISM WERE PROVEN FALSE?

Noting in the Banner of Dec. 6th, a review of an article of mine, headed as above, by Mr. E. J. Woodard, in which he calls for a reply, I submit the following.

It seems he does not meet my article with argument. For some cause he does not like it, but has not given us his grounds of dislike. His article was an embodiment of the system of questionings and special pleadings. He spends much time and space in giving his definition of Spiritualism. He intimates also, that he believes in spirit communications, (at least I so understand him;) but not from the spirits of dead men once inhabiting a form on this earth. I do not know but God has gotten up a class of spirits for the sole purpose of communicating with man. It may be so, but I know of no record of such communications prior to the departure of some from this to the higher life. A spirit without a physical form, first, would be like a bird without the egg—a butterfly without first the caterpillar form.

A man, he says, may believe in spirits and not be a Spiritualist. He may believe even that they communicate with man, and yet not be a Spiritualist. So far as my knowledge extends, I believe that Spiritualists have no fixed articles of belief; they prescribe no rules; pen no oaths; neither do I intend to square my belief with brother Woodard's exposition of Spiritualism. If he believes that spirits can communicate with mortals, it matters not whether they once lived on this plane of existence or not. This being true, I can see no reason for controversy. If he believes that spirits did, in the past, and do at the present communicate, then I see no grounds for difference, and I leave it to him to prove whether they did or did not inhabit physical earth forms.

But to his questions:

1st. Will your correspondent please give us one instance in the Bible where the "spirit of a dead man" is said to have appeared upon earth?

Deut. xxxiv. 9.—So "Moses, the servant of the Lord, died there in the land of Moab, according to the Word of the Lord." Now it seems that Moses died, (if the brother will accept the record,) and it ought to be true, for Moses wrote it himself, and he ought to know. Now, if the Brother will look for a moment at Luke ix. 50, he will find, that it reads thus: "And behold, there talked with him (Christ) two men, which were Moses and Elias." Therefore, if the Brother will cogitate for a moment, he will perceive that Moses had been dead some fourteen hundred years. The historian, Robins, tells us that his death was fourteen hundred and fifty-one years B. C.

2d. Does the Bible ever assert that the spirit of man is conscious after death?

3d. Is the same ever said of the soul?

In reply, I will say that the Bible does not, in so many words, but in many cases we can draw no other inferences from the writers. See John v. 17: "And this is the record that God hath given to us eternal life." Now life presupposes consciousness. The life-principle permeates all nature, and where there is a manifestation of life, there is consciousness upon its plane of existence, though not perceptible to our physical senses. But can there be no truth or fact in existence, unless it be recorded in the Bible? Must a record of our life, birth and death be recorded in the Scriptures ere they can be true? Certainly not.

4th. What is the meaning of the expression, He slept with his fathers?

I do not positively know, as I was not acquainted with the author. But doubtless he spoke in reference to the body, and not the spirit or life-principle.

5th. Does the Bible ever say that "man, body, soul, or spirit, one or all, are immortal?"

It does not; but as I have above quoted from John, he says, he hath given us eternal life, which signifies the same as immortal, when applied to the divine within man.

6th. The soul that sinneth it shall die.

It is not likely that the writer referred to the thinking principle of man, but doubtless to death, (moral) induced by transgression. The Scriptures speak of man's being "dead in trespasses and sin," and yet they were physically alive. Paul also affirmed that he "died daily." That is, suffered the penalties of transgressed law.

7th. Is there such phrase in the Bible as immortal soul, never dying soul, deathless soul, &c.?

8th. Does immortality ever occur in connection with either the word soul or spirit?

In answer to the above questions, I will refer the Brother to my answer of his 5th.

9th. What is meant by the expression applied to God?

"Who only hath immortality." Paul undoubtedly designed to teach that God alone had undesired immortality. But admitting that Paul said that none others had immortality, does that make it so? Did Paul have a full knowledge of God's infinity? Impossible! Man cannot, in his finite capacity, comprehend the infinite. Only the superior can grasp and comprehend the inferior. It was simply Paul's assertion, and can only be taken for what it is worth.

10th. What does Paul mean when he speaks of those who seek for immortality?

I will merely say that the Greek word from which immortality is translated, does not uniformly signify endless existence, but sometimes perfectness or happiness, which may, to a certain degree, be attained in this life.

11th. Why does Paul say that if the dead rise not, and Christ be not raised, then they also which are fallen asleep in Christ are perished?

It seems that Paul was writing to the Church in Corinth, and was endeavoring to prove the immortality of the soul; from the simple fact of Christ's resurrection. Therefore he says, "For if the dead rise not, then is not Christ raised, and if Christ be not raised, your faith is vain; you are yet in your sleep." Then they also "which are fallen asleep in Christ are perished."—*1 Cor. xiv. 15, 17, 18*. Paul does not say they are perished, but that they are in Christ, be not raised, which conclusion is, by no means inferable from the premises. I think, it would have required no explanation if the brother had quoted the seventeenth verse, which he omitted. I would ask him what Paul meant in the thirty-eighth verse, "that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die."

12th. "Seed" is a word implying an individual period of time. It may imply an era or a thousand years. He wishes to know, where we have the record of Elijah's death.

The Bible tells us he was up in a chariot of fire, or whirlwind, and we should naturally think he died about that time; which was about nine hundred years prior to the Christian era.

13th. The gentleman wishes to know where it is stated that the spirit of Samuel appeared to the medium. In the twenty-eighth chapter of Samuel, he may read as follows: "And when the woman saw Samuel, she cried with a loud voice." Now the fact of her seeing him, implies his literal appearance to her. He wishes also to know why she called said spirit up instead of down. Such was a peculiar paraphrase of the Hebrew idiom. In the past they spoke of calling spirits up, and the custom is to some extent continued to the present, much as an American would say, "the sun comes up" from behind eastern hills.

14th. I had reference to Rev. xlii. 9. The word "one" appearing there may be owing to the imperfectness of my manuscript, which might not have been clearly understood by the compositor. And then again it might have been added thoughtlessly, as the Brother omitted one verse in the quotation of his eleventh question.

15th. I acknowledge that the portion of man which is dead does not know anything, but I stoutly contend there is no such thing as absolute death in the Universe; change is not death. The surrendering of the co-partnership between the physical and spiritual life is not death. All that ever lived must eternally live, because all life is hidden in, proceeds from, and is sustained by the infinite ocean of life existence. I agree with the Brother, that there is no work, nor device, knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave, but it says nothing about what there may be beyond the grave.

16th. I will repeat what I affirmed in my first article, that any argument he will bring to bear in the overthrow of Spiritualism, I will apply to his Bible. If the argument be sound and logical, it will bear with tenfold force against the Scriptures. He says, will your correspondent believe in the Bible, if so, what is the use of (mis) quoting? I throw the implication back, and ask the Brother the same question: Why (mis) quote? Why resort to questionings, gibblings, and subterfuges to overthrow the very evidences that give any tangibility to a future existence?

Battle Creek, Mich., Feb. 14, 1883.

THE MAIDEN'S DREAM.

(From the German.—For the Boston Post.)

A little bird I was, in dream,
With tiny gilded wings;
My voice quite clear and sweet did seem
When I was pleased to sing.
Before me was the Hesperid air,
Below me, vale and bill;
And morning dew were glistening there,
Sweet fragrance to distill.

How sweetly fragrant was the air!
But twit! I flew from thence;
To my beloved's dwelling, fair,
Beside a nut-tree dense.
There quickly I a soft warm nest
Began to build with zeal,
Where I could boldly raise my nest,
And nestle in my winged veil.

My dearest love in slumber lay,
While I, quite softly, there,
Commenced my morning roundelay,
As gentle tones and sweet melody,
As soft and gentle as a breath,
As fragrance of the rose,
Caroling as, upon the death,
The summer zephyr blows.

He soon awoke, my dearest one,
On to the window came,
On his pale brow grief, plainly shown,
Heart-sorrow did proclaim:
He came and listened to my song,
Which gave him great delight;
While I, my warbling did prolong,
His interest to excite.

And he! the window now he opened,
A glance around he launched;
While I, inspired with pleasing hopes,
Sat still among the branches.
My little breast became too small,
My little wings too short,
As if in union mystical,
I lay upon his heart.

He stroked for me small crumbs of bread,
Lured me with nod and wink,
And, when he had me richly fed,
He gave me milk to drink.
I pecked from off his hand a crumb,
And he, with love, did me feed;
While I with joy and bliss was dumb,
My plumage so I spread.

And he, he said: "If thou wert now
A mortal, I should deem thee rare;
How could my ardent bosom glow
With joy beyond all measure!
Oh could I, as thy little breast,
Her rosy lips but kiss,
Could I but press her blushing cheek,
Which now I sorely miss!"

Scarcely had he spoken, when, quickly, there,
My members were disjoined;
My feathers changed to glossy hair,
My breath was quite suspended;
I was again his nut-brown belle,
With cheeks of cherry bloom;
In his dear arms I trembling fell,
As though my life was oiled.

Alas! I from my dream awoke,
As sudden myself alone;
I would again the dream invoke—
It had forever flown!
But I am, robed as a tree,
And cannot cleave the air;
My soul, alone, can fly to thee,
My heart thy presence share! BOSCAWEN.

A TRIP TO THE CITIES.

BY WARREN CHASE.

During the last few days of January and first of February I walked the streets and surveyed the temples and palaces of the three largest cities in the nation—two of them, first and third, being in close proximity, divided only by East river; walked the streets where vice and virtue go side by side, by day and night, and the spectator can tell which is virtue, where wealth and poverty often walk in complete disguise, with the character as fully hidden as is vice with a mask of virtue; where pride and unrepenting meekness walk side by side, and all can see the folly of one and goodness of the other. But the great lesson which a city school is the contrast of extremes in every department of life: the few rich; and many poor; the few intelligent; and many ignorant; the sum and dregs of human society; and the purest oil of human life in small proportion; and then the sad reflection that society, as a whole, is accountable for the misery and sins of nearly every individual, and that we all share the guilt and consequence of a corrupt condition. In our large cities, where it is so much worse than in the rural districts, where there is less of extremes of all kinds, and a more general distribution of the comforts of life.

And yet we all have our great cities and their temptations. It is a sign of progress and civilization; but it is not so, but the reverse. The spread and increase of population over the territory

may be a sign of prosperity, but our great cities are far behind the country, as every person may see by the political or religious aspect, and far better in the social contrast. It will be a long time after the country is thoroughly imbued with our harmonious philosophy, and great reforms are practically adopted there, before they can reach the masses in the large cities. Disipation and partial—not total—depravity, nest and breed and breed in the cities, and all the social and moral vices find there their hot-beds for premature and mature development.

Humanity presents a sorry picture of civilization in our large cities, and for the whole it would not pay and it would be better to return to the rude, roving life of the natives, were it not for the rural districts and country homes and farms. And yet even in the cities are to be found some of the best, as well as the brightest, of the race. There is, indeed, the place to labor for the race. There is the most need, and most tools at hand to spread over the country the great truths which take root and grow in the country, and send back the flowers and fruit at last to reform the city also. Slowly, but surely, does the country drag New York, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, Baltimore and Boston after it, and that too often by the incorporation of principles and ideas into social, civil, political and religious life which started in the cities, where they could not find soil to root and grow in. Deceber can preach in Brooklyn, but his influence is ten times as great in the country as in his adopted city. A. J. Davis has not more influence in New York than an ordinary grocer or tape-vender, yet his beautiful Harmonical Philosophy is stealing silently all over the country, and, unconsciously to professors and students, even into the seminaries and colleges of theology. Garrison is only William Lloyd Garrison in Boston, but to his thousands of admirers in the country he is the most Christ-like man living. The thousands all over the country who love goodness, felt a pang of sorrow when Benjamin O'Fallon died; in the city the rich missed him on the sidewalks, but the poor he had blessed wept, and their prayers and their blessings followed him. The rich and poor all over the country who had read of the wealth of John Jacob Astor felt neither joy or sorrow at the news of his death. Some had envied, some admired, some despised him; but none had loved him. For it was wealth, not love, he had accumulated to leave for others to distribute. On the sidewalk he was missed only as a steppe is missed when it falls to the ground—missed from sight, not from heart by all the crowd who knew him, and over the country he had no influence, except to make people hate monopoly and that accumulation of wealth which must rob the many to enrich the few. Stewart, of New York, is following the same road, by controlling millions of money to buy up cotton goods and raise the prices to oppress the poor, who constitute a large share of the consumers. So goes the cities, the wealth, and the world.

Plymouth, Mass., Feb. 10, 1883.

PHENOMENAL.

Mr. Emerson—I send you for publication the following statement of facts, not because it contains anything new or startling, but as an evidence that the phenomena of spirit intercourse are steadily increasing among all classes and conditions of society and because I think the frequent publication of similar articles coming from different parts of the country may be productive of good results, by strengthening those who are "weak in the faith," and encouraging investigation, which is the only royal road to truth.

About two weeks ago, it became current gossip that spirit-rappings were occurring at the house of Thomas Welch, an Irishman, residing in the outskirts of this place, and as a consequence, every evening the house and grounds around it were crowded with people, eager to discover what it was which was creating the sensation. Those who were so fortunate as to get inside the house, came away as unable to explain it as they were before, while those on the outside, not being able to hear or see anything unusual, pronounced it a great humbug, and some went so far as to pelt the house with clubs and stones, and loudly threatened to demolish it; and drive the family into the street, which was only prevented by locking the door at night, and putting out the lights, and remaining in the dark until the mob dispersed.

The excitement having subsided, I procured the company of a friend, and we proceeded to the house. We found it a rude shanty, constructed of rough boards, without interlining or plastering, and containing only one room, occupied by the family, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Welch, and two children, the eldest a girl, the medium, about seven years old, and the other a boy, two years old. In the room was a bed—an ordinary turned high-post bedstead, with a board at the head and foot—a cooking stove, table, and a few other pieces of common kitchen furniture. When we entered the house the little girl was lying on a chest in one corner of the room, where she remained until her mother called her out to "make some raps for the gentlemen." She is quite plain and unsophisticated in her appearance, without refinement, and excessively timid in the presence of strangers.

We soon discovered that the family were ignorant of the conditions necessary to spirit manifestations, for the mother placed the little girl on the bed, evidently supposing that raps could be more readily produced in that situation than any other, and, inasmuch as she was in plain sight of all, we did not object to it. She was then told to ask if the spirit of Mr. Rigby was present, which she did in an audible voice, and it was answered by scratches on the head of the bed. The bed stood with the head against the wall, and we suggested that the girl change her situation to the foot, and that the raps be produced there, so that we could see both sides of the board, which was readily complied with. From this time we received loud raps and scratches on the foot-board, the scratches resembling those that might be produced by drawing a large nail or other iron across a board with considerable force.

This Mr. Rigby, whose spirit purported to be present, was a carpenter and joiner, well known in this place, and died less than a year ago.

During the evening the scratches were made to imitate sawing and similar noises connected with his business, and the raps to imitate the sounds produced by striking a chisel, with a heavy mallet, and were so loud and strong as to create a fear in our minds that the bedstead might be broken by them. It was also stated that he knew but one time in his life, when he was accustomed to drum with the ends of his fingers, and he was asked if he could drum the same tune now, which was answered by the tune being drummed so perfectly that all present recognized the familiar sound.

Similar manifestations are occurring every night at this house, and this statement can be corroborated by hundreds.

Jennings, Rock Co., Wis.

LETTERS FROM THATCHWOOD COTTAGE.—No. 2.

Written for the Banner of Light.

BY COURIER DENZA.

Feb. 14th.—Retired and quiet stands our little brown home, dotted down among the hills and trees in the green heart of a New England neighborhood, not many miles from that time-honored bay, whose waters, years ago, kissed the prow of the Pilgrim May Flower. Bright and warm, full of homelike comfort, is our little parlor, with its cheerful wood-fire warming up with a mellow light the pictures and curtains, for you must know we are not subjects of the almighty or Lehigh, as an old-fashioned pair of brass dogs are strutting out their yellow boots on the hearthstone.

It is true we have none of the glitter and glare of the showy city; none of that elegant furniture and silver ware that rich people pride themselves in possessing—my little seraphim bring our only article of rosewood, and the nine teaspoons, standing in the little blue pitcher that was grandmother's, comprises our small stock of silver, consequently we are not troubled by Internal Revenue and tax-gatherers.

We have just got up from our simple, cosy meal. Father lies down to look over the evening paper, while mother takes away the tea-things. We had pancakes and cheese for supper—it is Valentine's day, you know, and we like to indulge now and then in those old-fashioned ways of grandmother's. It carries me back again to the time when, a little child, I sat on a low stool by her side and listened to the funny stories about the birds choosing their mates, how the girls went a-basking to hear who their future husbands should be, and of the queer looking valentines that were sent to Ruth through the post office. Ah mo, how I wish somebody would send me a love missive, with a cupid riding on a butterfly!

To-day I thought I should not write, but be off to the woods in search of mosses and lichens, for although the dark gray curtains of Winter have shut out the perfume of the rose and locust flower, and we hear no more the bird song in the meadow, yet I knew the Spirit of the Beautiful was abroad, and always comes when we summon it. But the brown clouds soon commenced to gather in the sky, the wide blue came, and I knew that a storm was at hand, so I hastened home and sat down by the window to await its coming. It proved to be a snow-storm. Now I like storms of all kinds, but a snow-storm, in Winter, is my choice, because it covers out of sight all the rude and homely things, and converts the world into one great picture gallery; and nowhere does the snow artist chisel so exquisitely as around some old farm-house in the country.

Dusy hands have commenced their magic work in the door-yard, turning the gate-posts into parian vases, and transforming the homely old woodpile into coral grottoes, from whence roses unfold their snowy petals and camellias smile from out their deep grooves. Already has the old rustic summer-house in the garden become a thing of beauty, with its columns of purest alabaster, twined around with white morning glories, hanging out their mossy tassels, and sending up their magnificent leaves and tendrils to catch hold of the arched roof of the same snowy haze, fretted and carved like some ancient Gothic cathedral.

It takes money to buy antique vases and costly statuary, but thank God the snow artist chisels for nothing, and gives it to the poor. Jacob calls this all nonsense, and reminds me that I had better be trying to whistle out an axe-handle—he is always throwing a wet blanket over all my enthusiasm—but I tell him to walk in his own path, if it light be sufficient to guide him, while I choose to walk where I can clothe my thoughts in forms of beauty; for all things good and pure come to me through the manifestations of Nature.

I will admit that wooden ware, like all things material, have their uses. Gold and silver coins sell for high premiums, while ten shares of railroad stock will entitle one to a nod from the heads of all the rich people in the village. They are all very good in their place, and each has its paltry value in the market; but they cannot satisfy the cravings of the soul, they will never spiritualize mankind. A Rail road stock and the price of cotton are an abstraction, but thistle-down and snow-flakes floating on the breeze a most pleasing reality, because they are governed by immutable laws that bring us into closer communion with God and the angels.

There is a spirit abroad in the air everywhere, that speaks itself always; it is the spirit of all things, and is the delight of all things. The snow that has fallen during the day, and veiled old Mother Earth from our sight, speaks of itself as it is—it speaks of nothing else, yet it leads us to think of much else. It appeals to our sensibilities as nothing else has power. We may not give to the snow-flake the credit of our emotions to-day, so unlike those of yesterday, yet it helps to make us what we are to-day, so unlike what we were yesterday; and so of all the manifestations of Nature. They appeal to us as in their varied emotions of beauty, sublimity and power, and that appeal reaches us with that degree and force with which we have anticipated ourselves to receive its beauties, whether they be of Nature, literature, or art. The great world does not know this—does not know that it takes from all things just its own degree of development to appreciate these things. He who has reached but one degree, beholds naught but raging fury and madness of the elements, and deprecates the labor the storm will make, or immediately begins to coo to the benefits in assisting him to drag a load of box-logs.

He who has developed to the second degree, would correspondingly draw from that degree of influence, that the storms cast off from itself, and it would be proportioned to his condition in all the particular phases of his own peculiar likes and dislikes. And so on up the hill of development, until we find him inquiring of the snow-flake from whence it came, and how. If it ever was a dew-drop in the pearly nectar cup of some Southern flower? You will find him inquiring if that attraction that drew them to him, each other, was in a minor degree the same moving spirit of the universal mind that attracts butterflies, and causes them to blend in one body reunion of kindred spirits. And he would receive from the snow-flake that degree of intelligence that his own active development called out.

And so on through all things, we take that which we are developed to receive; thus a person's lower and lower determine to a discriminating mind, his degree of development. People do not realize this truth, neither do they know that like all things else in Nature, they themselves give off their influence, consequently a susceptible person knows whether they are of the responsive, or of the union—whether of the thistle, or of the daisy.

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Banner of Light.

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OFFICE, 158 WASHINGTON STREET.
Room No. 3, Up Stairs.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,
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FOR TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION SEE SEVENTH PAGE.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

"I cannot believe that civilization in its journey with the sun will sink into endless night to gratify the ambition of the leaders of this revolt who seek to..."

"Wade through slaughter to a throne
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind!"

But I have a far other and far brighter vision before my gaze. I may be but a vision, but I still cherish it. I see our race, Confédération stretching from the frozen north in one unbroken line to the glowing south, and from the wild billows of the Atlantic westward to the calmer waters of the Pacific, and I see one people, and one law, and one language, and one faith, and over all that vast Continent, the home of freedom and refuge for the oppressed of every race and of every clime. — *Extract from John Bright's Speech on American Affairs, delivered at Birmingham, England.*

Self-Searching.

We have no special faith in the virtue of complaining, criticizing, or whining. If a person, or a people, have faults, something else ought to be considered than the faults merely. Yet we find that our people, honeycombed as their character is, with failings and shortcomings, have never been prone to self-criticism, nor particularly patient under the ministrations of foreign and outside judgments. So slightly have they paid heed to this most necessary element in all discipline and development of character, we have long since come to esteem those persons open enemies, who at any time ventured to remind us that we were not much above the common lot of humanity, after all.

Timons are useful in every Athens. No meals keep sweet long without salt. To probe faults and vices, whether of manners or principle, is as necessary in morals as in surgery. Corruption cannot be suffered to remain in the national system, if general healthiness and happiness is the chief end sought to be secured. Hence, it is reasonable to conclude that those who are most ready to consider and condemn popular faults are naturally most desirous of bringing the standard of popular health up to the highest mark possible.

We are all of us well supplied, with good opinions of ourselves. Modesty is anything but a badge of merit, in our country. A bashful man is set down as a fool, and nothing short of that at all. Whatever has been done by man, and more, we all think can be done by ourselves. Granted that we built Monitors and fired eleven-inch guns before the rest of the world set about that branch of mechanics—does such a fact as that, or that single fact multiplied by even a thousand more such, give us all special charter and warrant to strut and swagger in the face of the civilized world, and to swear aloud that we are the greatest people ever seen under the sun, in all other particulars as well as in that of our eleven-inch guns and Monitors? Let any sensible man pause, and answer calmly to himself. There is an overplus of this spirit of brag among us; we are very sure we can dive deeper, swim further, and come up dryer, than any other race which ever went by the name mortal; we will not listen to the suggestions of any one else, unless they can at once be made to push a man into Congress or a fortune quicker than we own a patent for already.

Had we not such excellent stock for national character as we have, there would be no sort of use in offering criticisms to such a vice of exaggeration as this is; but when it is plain what a material improvement would accrue to us, were we to resolve to prune down these exuberances and dig out these petty vices by the route—and when none of us can well fail to see how much more solid and permanent would become the remaining qualities of our character in consequence—there will be no need of apologizing for suggesting what ought readily to rise to the reflections of all who are addicted to the habit of reflection.

After much experience, bitter and sore, we shall become a better balanced, a much more harmonious people, in the matter of character, than we ever have been in the past. We are just now passing out of the gristle, and hardening into the bone. It is well, at this critical stage of our growth, that the conceit should be taken out of us. We have fallen into a habit of vaunting too readily, of which it would be well if we could be cured. There is no sorer symptom of internal weakness than conceit; and as every fact about our circumstances and character goes to show that we are not weak, it would be no sort of loss to us if we should lop off such exuberances, for good and for all.

Russell, of the London Times, in his recently published "Diary," has told us many unpalatable truths, which our newspapers resisted and rejected so long as they could, just as children refuse to take medicine; but our people have settled down a little from the "high horses" of their contempt and scorn, since reflecting upon what he has to say, and a good many have come to the sensible conclusion that even from an enemy one may learn much valuable truth. Russell, however, is not amenable to the charge of being our enemy, though he has no good reason to feel complimented with the occurrence which sent him post-haste out of the country. We wish that all our readers would resolve, each for himself, to search carefully for this element of conceit in themselves, and lead it out to crucifixion without hesitation.

In the Morning.

If you went to bed last night in the mood of mind you ought, the thoughts that visited you on early waking this morning, were the sweetest and purest and freshest you will have through the day. Take heed and give good entertainment to the morning thoughts. The angels enter the heart then, before any of the spirits of the earth regions are out on their errands of mischief or malignity. Then is the time to open wide all the doors of the soul, that the visitants of Heaven may be allowed free ingress and egress, bringing and leaving their holy influences for the individual's good. Our waking thoughts and impressions are priceless; they should be cherished above all others; and time ought regularly to be given these spiritual messengers, that prefer this silent hour of the day, to utter all they will, and impress their utterances upon the heart and the life. Men trust too much to themselves, and shut out these airy visitants; it is a mistake which is never, not right, again to be, and of the longest day on which such mistake is made.

Home.

It can be made the soul's resting-place of love and joy; or its abode of dread and torture. It can be the Paradise of the heart and brain; or the gloomiest hell where imagination can conceive. It may be the abiding place of loftiest affections, or of lowest demons; the battle-ground of basest passions, or sweetest peace-realm of the holiest affections; there may arise an altar, sacred to the God of Love; or a Moloch fane, dedicated to all idols of the baser worship. There may flourish the choicest growths of soul, and the priceless gems of intellect and feeling may adorn the shrine; or Uvas shades may exude the heavenly brightness, and poisonous weeds overrun the soil. There, nightingales and doves may nestle, or birds of night hold converse. Footprints of angels there may linger lovingly, or steps of friends leave the impress of unhallowed visitation.

Home may be the consecrated site of prayer, or the vestibule to all evil deeds. There may arise the poetic fervor of a loving memory, and from its guarded silence may emerge the armed assassin. The patriot or the traitor, the humble lover of mankind, the ambitious, unscrupulous plotter, the chivalrous defender of all truth and honor, the betrayer of innocence and trust, all issue from its gates, molded into good or perversion by its Omnipotent influence; by the charm or misery, the harmony or discord, the sunshine or the night of home.

Let us see to it, then, that the first school of impressions be a salutary one; that principles, not creeds and forms, be inculcated in youthful minds; that love, not fear, and slavish terror, be the watchword there; that Truth be worshiped as the guiding star of life; and true Religion and fervent Charity be applied to the uses of the daily life.

Make home "the dearest spot on earth," by attractive goodness, gentleness, harmony. Be it ever so humble, seek to beautify it; bear its inevitable cross of endurance; elevate its standard; consecrate its being; so that all who enter may feel the benign influences of guiding and controlling love; the spirit of peace pervading its serene atmosphere; the reflected glory of the spirit-world resting upon it like a benediction from on High.

Coming to the Surface.

The malignity, ignorance, falsehood, and unclean motives that led to such an experiment as this Rebellion, daily show themselves more and more plainly on the surface of affairs, making perfectly intelligible the true character and motives of the entire scheme. The instances, recently noted, of the hunting down of men and women, old and young, by bloodhounds in the mountains of Alabama, are calculated to freeze one's blood with horror, or make it boil hot with indignation. This is barbarism indeed returned. We have read of things equally wicked and monstrous in other lands, but we did not look for such manifestations here. The Black Hole of Calcutta is historical for its horrors; but the blood-bound system of the South passes every limit laid down by that. Hunting down their own people, because they declined to participate in the destruction of a Government which they were all bound to support equally—nay worse, were hunting down innocent young females, helpless and stricken dumb with fear—the men who can do this are fit only, like rebellious Sepoys, to expiate their inhuman guilt by being blown into shapeless masses from the mouths of avenging cannon.

Thumb and Lady.

The smallest—and greatest—force that has been played off to the astonished delight of thousands of people, calling themselves intelligent and virtuous, has recently been noticed in all the papers as occurring at the famous Grace Church, New York city. "Tom Thumb," a well-known dwarf, was married by a clergyman in canonicals with another dwarf, not so well known, and all Japonica went into ecstasies. Had Spiritualists been aided and abetted in the business of pairing Nature's out-casts or monstrosities, a shout of horror would have gone up from every secular (and of course, religious) press in the land. There would have been no end to the denunciation that would have been hurled at them. And it would all have been deserved, too. This whole affair is discreditable to our civilization, and shows pretty nearly the estimate which people have learned to place on the marriage bond and relation, by the discipline of the tyrannical laws. We are all of us not much before these dwarfs, say what we will.

Conceit in Men.

Could this offensive quality be taken out of men, and public men; especially, it would be better for them and for us all. It is always in the way. It is a perfect blind for merit—as much so as genuine modesty is its truest interpreter. If you can do a thing well, then why brag so about it? Do it, and let the simple deed speak. If you cannot perform the wonders you continually alude to, your boasting unmistakably betrays you; it is the confession of a want of power, and you make it every time you open your lips. There are quantities of individuals who would be every way agreeable, and vastly more serviceable, too, if they were to leave off the habit of telling what is in them which they do not believe is in anybody else. Oftentimes it is nothing but a habit, but it is one that casts a person into an extremely deep shadow in the estimation of others around him.

One Book.

Just one favorite book, well studied, thoroughly understood, and slowly absorbed into the mental organism—if it be a noble book especially—will prove to be a liberal education for any man. Take Clarendon's History, with its involute sentences, but powerful description; Shakespeare; Butler's Analogy; Bacon's Essays; Milton's Prose Writings; any one of the good Church of England divines; let a person deliberately, and of natural choice, select one such book, and stick to it through all weathers, mastering it in detail, and in its entirety, showing it as Bacon says "some books are to be chewed,"—and we assure our friend that he will have good reason to be astonished at his own development, and what a power he has gained to grasp all the problems and enjoy all the pleasures of sound and healthy literature.

Charity.

From a private letter from Hudson Tuttle, we snip the following paragraph: "So you don't like to 'mix' with everybody's quarrels? Well, I can't blame you, and hope you will hold to your resolution. The Banks could never have ever such. Give us the same kind, brotherly, charitable spirit forever, as in the past. Nor should its columns be open to anybody to abuse anybody. Let the religious papers do that. We want to see them a pattern."

The Spirit Photographs.

Mr. E. Rogers. We received from Mr. Wm. H. Mumler, Boston, Mass., one of his circulars, stating that persons residing at any distance whatever, from Boston could have a picture of their departed friends taken by simply sending a likeness of themselves, stating age and time of death, &c., of the spirit-picture desired, and sending him \$7.50. We accordingly sent to him for a picture of our father, stating name, age, and time of death, as required by his circular, and enclosed the prescribed fee, \$7.50. In about three weeks afterward we received from him half a dozen cards, which he claimed as the spirit of our father. We could not trace any resemblance in these pictures to the relative we sent for. We informed Mr. Mumler of the fact, and he said he would make another trial. We accordingly sent on more money for a second trial. In a few weeks we again received half a dozen cards. These are no better than the first. Neither can be recognized.

We are of the opinion that likenesses of friends cannot be obtained in the way Mr. Wm. H. Mumler has stated in his circular, and we wish to inform the public through your paper, of the facts as stated above. For Truth and Progress, we are respectfully yours, Saml. Bees.

Stockport, Cal., Co., N. Y., Jan. 27, 1863.

We have received several letters lately of similar import to the above, and while we would not condemn Mr. Mumler without evidence, we feel it to be our duty as public journalists to discontinue this way of doing the business. Those who sit, or send their pictures to the artist, expect likenesses of their spirit friends. If they do not receive them, they are not only disappointed in their feelings, but consider that they have not had an equivalent, for the money so expended.

Since the above was put in type we have received the following card. Mr. Boyle is a photographer of this city, and we are of opinion that Mr. Mumler should give such a committee a hearing. In order that, if Mr. M.'s assertions that he really does produce spirit photographs be correct, he may then and there make it manifest to the satisfaction of said committee. He owes it to the public and himself to do so at once, in order to set the matter right in the eyes of the community. If he is sincere in his professions, he can, in our opinion, have no good and sufficient reason to object. Until he does this, the public will look with suspicion upon the whole affair.

A CARD.

I propose to go to Mr. Mumler's rooms with a committee of disinterested men and an honest reporter, and I will then and there, in presence of that committee and reporter, discover and exhibit the trick of spirit photographing as done by said Mumler, if he, Mumler, will grant said committee, reporter, and myself the same privilege that I have given to Mr. Mumler, who has written favorably of his (Mumler's) operations in regard to spirit photographing. Chas. B. Boyle.

About a Spirit Message.

A spirit came to our circle Nov. 18th, and announced himself as "F. H. Rogers" said he lost his body on the 10th of August last, on the passage from San Francisco to Boston; was second officer on board the ship Golconda; had trouble with one of the crew, which resulted in his death; said he was killed by a man named Roberts, but that Roberts was not any more to blame than he was, and he did not wish him hung; and he came to speak in his behalf. "I forgive him—from my soul I forgive him," he said; "and, as all the powers of good bear me witness, I will do all I can to save him from capital punishment."

Not one single fact given above was known to the medium at the time it was uttered, at our circle. The following from the Journal, which appeared subsequently, goes conclusively to show how truthful was the statement then and there made. It is our most solemn conviction that what purported to be the spirit of Francis H. Rogers, did come personally to our medium, and control her vocal organs to speak what our reporter took down verbatim on the 18th of November. Here are the items that were clipped from the Journal by a friend of ours, the date of which we have not, we regret, although we think they were printed Dec. 23d and 24th, or near that time:—

TRIED FOR MANSLAUGHTER.—Andrew Roberts, a colored seaman, was tried in the United States District Court, Tuesday, on a charge of killing Francis H. Rogers, mate of the ship Golconda, on the passage from San Francisco to Boston, last summer. A preliminary verdict was returned by the jury after the adjournment of the Court. T. K. Lothrop for the Government, B. F. Russell for defendant.

NOT GUILTY.—The verdict of the jury in the case of Andrew Roberts, the colored seaman tried in the U. S. District Court, yesterday, for killing Francis H. Rogers, mate of the Golconda, was opened this morning, and finds him not guilty.

Slack our last issue we have received the following unsolicited note from the medium who answers sealed letters which are sent, to this office for that purpose. We have no doubt but that the spirit whose name is attributed to it wrote it through the medium without her (the medium) being conscious of what was written at the time by her hand, as she is always in a semi-unconscious trance state when spirits control her to write. In reply to a note from us recently that questions in letters sent her for answer were not all fully responded to, which was a source of dissatisfaction to many, she innocently replied: "I can't help it—the spirits say what they have a mind to. I do not know what is written." Here is the note:—

"Dear Sir—I wish to say a few words through your paper to my husband, but I do not know how to do so. Will you assist me? He is doing very wrong to say that the medium opened the letter [alluding to the one Mr. B. sent]. I want to tell my dear mother that I am often with her and Elsie. I watch over my children. Yours with respect, MINNY BARLOVET, Wife of L. B."

"Look on that Picture, and then on this."

From the Boswell (Wk.) National Broad-Axe, of the 19th ult., we make a few quotations from the market of that town, which we compare with the price of the same articles in the Boston Market of the 26th:

	Boswell.	Boston.
Flour,	\$2.75-3.00	\$2.50-3.00
Corn,	35-40	35-40
Oats,	35	35
Peas,	35-40	35-40
Potatoes,	25-30	25-30
Beans,	1.25-1.50	1.25-1.50
Hides,	6 1/2-12 1/2	11-12
Butter,	12-15	12-15
Cheese,	12-15	12-15
Lard,	10	10
Eggs—Fresh,	10	10
Chickens,	10	10

Read the line story on our first page; the excellent poem—"God's Temple," on the second page; "Ancient and Modern Spiritualism," ditto; on the third page, a reply to Mr. B. P. Woodard by Mr. B. C. Dunn. Poetry, characteristic letters from Hon. Warren Chase and our "Gossip Benja," etc. On the sixth page the reader will find nearly five columns of Spirit Messages—some of them very interesting. On the fourth, fifth and eighth pages, our usual variety of choice reading.

Lectures by Leo Miller, Esq.

Mr. Miller closed his series of lectures before the Lyceum Society of Spiritualists, in this city, on Sunday, Feb. 22d. His labors heretofore well received and highly appreciated by large and intelligent audiences. We observed a very marked improvement in Mr. Miller's voice and style of elocution; he can now be classed among the most eloquent of pulpit orators. The subject of his discourse in the afternoon was, "A Moral Crisis, or the approaching Manhood of the Race." He traced the progress of the race from its infancy and its childhood along up through the various stages to manhood, in a clear and comprehensive manner. We have not room this week for a full report of this able address. We may print it hereafter.

In the evening, Mr. Miller delivered a very patriotic and eloquent lecture on "The Philosophy of the American Rebellion." He said we were in the midst of a fearful national crisis, a war of unparalleled magnitude, made doubly painful by the fact that it is a civil strife between one section of our country and another.

The eyes of the world were gazing upon us to behold the issue of the great contest. Tyrants and despots are exulting at our calamity, and crying with demoniac pleasure, "Behold the bubble of the American Republic!" The down-trodden and oppressed of the old world, who have ever turned their wistful eyes to this country as an Eden of sheltering love, tremble now with a spirit of sorrowful suspense.

He proceeded to give the origin, the nature, and the remedy of the evil which has befallen our land. He said the masses have yet got to be thoroughly aroused to meet the great issues and responsibilities of this great war; and this they can only do successfully, by becoming familiarly acquainted with the nature and the evil which threatens to overthrow the only free, Democratic form of government on the face of the earth. He proceeded at length to argue the cause and cure of the civil strife which now pervades the land. The causes, he said, were as apparent as the noonday sun, and none but the morally blind could fail to see them—Slavery and Freedom. Could Freedom be to blame? Impossible!

The American flag, which, like a mantle of charity had hitherto hid from the derision of mankind the bloated monster, Slavery, and covered her multitude of sins from human gaze and human disgust, was insulted, trodden under foot, and trailed in the dust; and in the place of the starry symbol of Freedom, they raised another, bearing Slavery's appropriate device—a poisonous rattlesnake.

Slavery and Freedom cannot live together—one or the other must die out. Then let American Slavery become utterly extinct. The history of the world—the rise and fall of kingdoms, nations, and empires, admonish us in a voice of thunder to beware—to see to it that this mighty element of discord and national death in our midst be removed far from us. Justice and Right cry out, Freedom for all. The long discourse was listened to with great attention, and left a sensible impression upon the minds of the auditors.

First Catholic Congregational Church of Boston.

This Church is designed to be a school of Biblical and Moral Science, and to adopt systematic and thorough courses of instruction in the same, extending through periods of not less than four years. It will be an institution of universal freedom, and prescribe no rules of faith to twilder, and impose no tests but righteous deeds in the pursuit of the greatest good.

It will meet steadily at 10 1/2 o'clock, A.M., on the Sabbath, and be instructed by the reading of the Scriptures and their interpretation from the original Greek and Hebrew, and by sermons or lectures, accompanied with prayers and sacred music.

The Church will consist of all who attend its meetings, give their assent to its principles and methods, and contribute steadily to its support; and their names will be duly enrolled as members on application for the purpose. Members will be allowed to withdraw at pleasure, and be subject to dismission for disorderly conduct.

The public generally, of all ages, conditions and characters, young and old, rich and poor, refined and unrefined, good and bad, are respectfully invited to attend. The invitation is universal; all who please, come. It is proposed to open new avenues to the blessed fountains of knowledge, piety, virtue and happiness, and to give new impulses to the Christian cause.

Rev. Leicester A. Sawyer, having secured the pleasant and commodious hall, No. 4, Mercantile Building, 16 Summer street, will preach steadily at that place, 10 1/2 o'clock each Sabbath, on the Sacred Scriptures, carefully expounding their age, authority and interpretation, and their religious and ethical teachings, commencing with the Book of Genesis.

Announcements.

The subject for the Boston Spiritual Conference at 14 Bromfield street, Tuesday night, March 3d, is to be "Marriage and Divorce."

Mrs. Amanda M. Spence speaks in the City Hall, Charlestown, on Sunday, March 8th, afternoon and evening.

D. H. Hamilton will speak in Bangor, Me., in Pioneer Chapel, upon the Science of Maritmony, on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, March 2d, 3d and 4th.

Uriah Clark will lecture in Kingston on Thursday evening, March 6th, Duxbury, Friday evening, the 6th, and Waltham on Sunday afternoon and evening, the 8th. His address is still in care of Bela Marsh, Boston.

Leo Miller, Esq., lectures in Portsmouth, N. H., on Sunday, March 8th.

An Editor.—The component parts of an Editor are defined thus: The constitution of a horse; obstinacy of a mule; independence of a wood-sawyer; pertinacity of a dun; endurance of a staying ananias; impudence of a beggar; and an entire resignation to the most confounded of all earthly treadmill; and he must be a moving target for everybody to shoot at; and is expected to know everything, and to assist "busy bodies" to pry into the business of their neighbors. If he does not come up to this description, he cannot be thought a good editor, and is obliged from want of support, to close with the following valedictory: "The undersigned retires from the editorial chair with a complete conviction that all is vanity. From the hour he started this paper, to the present time, he has been solicited to flap every subject, and can't remember ever having lost a wholesome truth without diminishing his subscription list, or making an enemy. Under these circumstances of trial, and having acquired a thorough contempt for himself, he retires in order to recruit his mental constitution."

New Publications.

THE NATIONAL ALMANAC AND ANNUAL RECORD FOR 1863. Philadelphia: George W. Childs. For sale in Boston by Crosby & Nichols.

A want long felt has finally been supplied. Here is a stout, conveniently arranged Record of every occurrence of note during the past year, so handy for reference for the business man, the professional man, and the general reader. It is a perfect account of stock, well taken, too, of our national resources. It contains carefully prepared statistics of the Government, both of the States and Nation—an Abstract of Laws, a table of the Excise Tax and the Tariff, the Census of 1860, several diagrams, illustrating in a striking way the ups and downs of the States, and the other minutiae of which any citizen of common intelligence should desire to possess himself. The record of the events of the war, from the very beginning of it, is invaluable. There is also an interesting "necrology," giving biographical sketches of the dead of the past year. We cannot, in a brief notice, begin to state the variety or estimate the practical, working value of such an annual publication as this; it is only to be wondered at that it was not thought of and undertaken before. The grand feature about all this valuable matter, thus admirably arranged for reference, is, that it is recent and fresh, and brought up to a period very late.

HARPER'S MONTHLY for March contains a variety of capital articles; among others, one on "Continental Money," illustrated in a most interesting manner, a continuation of the brisk and piquant New England Story of "Doctor Hawley," "Mosaicists of Field and Meadow," "European Souvenirs," and Stories and Poems to correspond. It is, by all odds, the best number of Harper even, which we have seen for many a moon. Harper's Editor's Table cannot be very well passed by, if one likes to be serious with himself, on great subjects; and as for the "Drawer" it is like a pack of Chinese crackers, let off on a Fourth of July morning. For sale by A. Williams & Co., 100 Washington street, Boston.

We are in receipt of a circular from the "Society for the Prevention of Pauperism," which briefly rehearses the doings of the Association, and calls for the aid which all well-disposed persons of ability will not be unwilling to extend. The officers state that the Society has been in operation for over twenty-seven years, and in that time has found work for more than sixty-five thousand persons. It has furnished homes and employment for thousands of the morally exposed Children of the Poor and unfortunate. It has investigated unnumbered applications for charity and relief. It has advised, encouraged, and directed the ignorant, the unwary, the unfortunate, the criminal or vicious, and endeavored to elevate and improve their condition. By its system of Reference Tickets, it has also kept street-beggary in check, and thus fulfilled the object of its origin. The importance of this Society to the community, and the success with which it has been carried on in all its branches, are well known and acknowledged; but, as the Managers have not for many years made any public appeal, it is not, of course, known that its current means are exhausted, and that some of its sources of income are dried up—death having removed many of its early and long-continued supporters.

Mrs. HARRIS' LECTURES.—The reader is referred to the contents of Mrs. C. L. Y. Hatch's Book of "Twenty Discourses on Religion, Morals, Philosophy, and Metaphysics," which we publish in this paper. This is a work that every Spiritualist should have, as we consider these Lectures the very best that have been given to the public. The book contains 372 pages, is neatly bound, and will be sold at the low figure of fifty cents per copy. This book will be sent by mail to any part of the country on the receipt of seventy cents—the additional charge of twenty cents covering postage.

A thin and urgent Pamphlet, printed at the office of the Cincinnati (O.) Times, on the "Organization of Labor," offers some valuable suggestions to the laboring men of the land, showing them how to acquire true independence of character. Its spirit is frank and bold, and its arguments are very well put. We do not think those to whom it is addressed can read its pithy pages and not feel stimulated to attempt what he otherwise might not.

THE CONTINENTAL MONTHLY for March is before us. Excellent Essays from Charles G. Leland, Hon. F. P. Stanton, Hon. G. P. Dawsey, and Hon. Robert J. Walker, on timely subjects, are in its pages, with several very fine poems. An interesting sketch on Montgomery in Bostonian Times will be appreciated by its readers, letting in light, as it does, upon the hidden, to us, workings of the great rebellion in its own nest bed.

THE PLAIN GUIDE TO SPIRITUALISM.—The author of this book, having been delayed by circumstances beyond his control, assures us that the work will be issued at the earliest date possible—probably during the next month.

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

T. W. F. CARDONALE, PA.—The poetry was sent to us as original by a lady who has written much good poetry for our columns for some time past. We consequently did not stop to criticize it. We will investigate this matter thoroughly, and let you know the result. Much obliged for the information you have given. We abhor plagiarism.

Those who address the Editor expecting replies per mail, will be disappointed. He has no spare hours for private correspondence.

E. W. MOORE, JR.—The medium is in a semi-unconscious state when spirits control her to write.

F. C. EXFELD, N. Y.—The Invisibles control our circle exclusively. Will for your spirit-friends to respond to you, and when they receive magnetic power to communicate, they undoubtedly will.

Lyceum Hall Meetings.

Mrs. Laura DeForest Gordon speaks one more Sunday (March 8th) in Lyceum Hall, in this city. This will be the last opportunity of hearing this popular lecturer for some time, as she goes West the first of April. The Rev. Adin Ballou will occupy the desk the following Sunday.

The Washington Republican states that a command has been definitely arranged for Gen. Butler, and adds that there is no more important field of operations on the Continent than the one which will be embraced within the new Department about to be given him.

Pearls.

—elects.
And quoted odds, and jewels five words long,
Toss on the stretched forefinger of all time
Sparkle forever."

MINISTERING SPIRITS.

Do angels guard our footsteps?—do they keep
Their silent vigils while we calmly sleep?
When morning's twilight brightens into day,
When sunset's radiant colors fade away,
In all our hours of joyfulness and gloom,
In all our moments of despondency,
Do they watch o'er us with unflinching care,
Soothe the heart's yearnings, keep it from despair?
Do they with gentle, strong, invisible bands,
Fold the meek penitent's weary, trembling hands?
List to the murmuring sobs, the imperfect lays,
Take up to Heaven the songs of prayer and praise;
How blessed is the thought, that by our side
Pure Angel forms will ever softly glide.
O God! my God!—my Father and my King,
Accept my prayers, my praise, my offering;
Still let thy Ministering Spirits be
Around my path, drawing me near to thee,
Guiding me onward to a bright Eternity.

—Tamar Anne Kermode.

All of us who are worth anything, spend our manhood
in learning the follies or expiating the mistakes
of our youth.

INSPIRATION.

Humankind 'mid gloom and rage and tears
Doth feel the breathings of its Father-Soul;
While from the love-tuned lyres of distant spheres,
Sweet streams of music through its bosom roll,
Waking the slumbering harmonies of earth,
To blend with voices of immortal birth.

Keep your body sound. As wise saviors of the cask
It is kept in, the soul receives a tincture from the
frame through which it works.

TO DAY AND TO-MORROW.

To day, at least, its joys are all our own,
To-morrow cometh, but its joys are unknown.
For joy or woe to our free choice are given;
We make our hell, and cast aside our heaven.

There is no mortal worth in being swept away by
crowd, even toward the best objects.

PLEASURES.

Pleasures are like poppies spread;
You seize the flower—the bloom is fled;
Or like the snow flakes in the river,
A moment white—then lost forever.—[Dante.]

The sorrow men have for others hangs upon one
hair.

THE ROSICRUCIANS.

Ma. EORON—Some time since I had a conversation
with a learned German upon the "Brothers of the
Rosy Cross," commonly called "Rosicrucians,"
and feeling a great interest in the "teachings and
practices" of that mysterious Brotherhood, I took up
a pencil one evening before retiring, and the follow-
ing was written by my hand in answer to the ques-
tion—"Who and what were the Rosicrucians?"
If you think it would interest your readers, you
can't it give a place in your columns.

Yours, truly, A. W. FANNO.

New Cove, Swampscott, Mass.

"Who and what were the Rosicrucians?"
You ask "Who and what were the Rosicrucians?"
I answer, the SPIRITUALISTS of the FIFTEENTH Cen-
tury. What did they teach? Love to God, charity
to man, and the secrets of Nature, as revealed in
the earth, sea, and heavens; they penetrated the
earth to gather wisdom from its bosom; they fath-
omed the sea to learn the secrets of its mysterious
life; they read the Heavens to learn what power the
heavenly bodies exercise over man; but above all,
they consulted the spirits of men, who on earth had
been lovers of wisdom, and from whose enlarged
vision they had a right to look for higher intelli-
gence, knowledge and light.

As a body, they were men of purity and prayer.
Why their wisdom was not committed to books,
was simply this; to publish to the world, was to
be misunderstood and to invite persecution; besides,
the world was not ready for their revelation. Why
did not the Apostle of Love give to the world all the
vastness of his interior life? Because he did not wish
to waste the Divine element. He gave all that could
be understood, even imperfectly. The Rosicrucians
were a secret society, and as such, were open to
suspicion; for, as the world's poet says:

"Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind."
So with priests and kings in the most benevo-
lent societies. The "FRAKMASSONS," the "ILLU-
MINATI," the "BROTHERS OF THE ROSY CROSS,"
they saw but conspiracies against their divine
rights. All shameful abuse of language. Their
divine rights. "Divinity of hell" but let them
pass; on earth they were, and are, the real force
of progress. And in their spirit-homes objects
of pity and contempt, excepting those to whom
the office of priest and king, has been what God intended
it, the protector and guardian of their fellow-
men.

The few noble souls who have worn the mitre
and the crown, uncorrupted by power, now have crowns
of transcendent brightness. But this was the cause
of our Secret Union—Peace, for peace is necessary to
the pursuit of wisdom. The brethren were bound by
solemn oaths that were never broken, and that is
the reason why our knowledge perished with us.
There is not a memento of our forgotten lore. We sought
the Philosopher's Stone, and found it in
Wisdom. We sought the Elixir of Life, and found
it in Temperance. We sought Immortality, and
found it in God. Nature revealed to us her secrets.
The healing power of the herbs was known to
us; the wonderful and thrilling powers of Mag-
netism, Spiritual sight—now known by the French
word, *clairvoyance*—was also ours—the courses of
the planets and their influence over man. In brief,
not to be tedious, we were Natural Philosophers,
and philanthropic lovers of mankind.

We were the means, under God's blessing, of much
good. The masses, sunk in ignorance, were the tools
and victims of their oppressors. The lords and
priests were the masters of their wretched desti-
nies. We imparted our knowledge—as far as it was
wisdom and safety—but our secret meetings were
the "Sanctum sanctorum" of our hearts' dearest
joys. There was the free exchange of thought, the
glorious eloquence of poetry, the charms of music,
the subtle wisdom of the patient thinker, the col-
lected knowledge of the laborious student, all dis-
coveries in chemistry and astronomy, were received
and used, and the solemn and sacred joys of the
communion with spirits—for all the phenomena of

the present day were known to us. If a brother
passed from earth-life, as soon as his condition
permitted, a solemn reception was given him—
his place was preserved—he entered, was seen,
heard and felt; spoke and instructed us, and when
departing, imparted the kiss of love and peace upon
the brows of those whose condition was in harmony
with such manifestations.

We did not admit women, for the reason that
their presence would have been marked,
and lead to discovery and persecution. The absence
of women was the weak element in our organization,
for in our Assemblies intellect pervaded the atmo-
sphere, chilling the divine element of Love.

There were many noble saviors to whom we im-
parted as much of our wisdom as was deemed pru-
dent, but their absence was our weakness. No or-
ganization can reach perfection, that does not pos-
sess the feminine quality, and every man who an-
alyzes his better nature, will find that the female
element enters largely into it.

But you are weary, and we will close. Our in-
stitution is no more, but the seeds have brought
forth noble fruits. All our modern wonders—the
steam engine, the railroad, the telegraph—were dis-
covered by us, and had we possessed your civil and
religious freedom, would have been introduced to
the world. We have since given them and other in-
ventions from the spirit-world, to those who were
prepared to receive them, and our work is not yet
finished. Our Society still exists in the spheres in
an enlarged and more glorified wisdom, and we have
much yet to give to the world. Remember, Love
and Wisdom go hand-in-hand—the docile heart and
the wise head.

To conclude, we were not sorcerers, magicians, nor
wooden-workers. We were men with loving hearts,
studying only the good of our fellow-beings, and
the world's advancement and progression in knowledge
and virtue. That we were right, our position here
confirms. And as on earth our efforts toward wis-
dom and virtue gave us happiness, so do we find it
here in the love and worship of the Almighty Fa-
ther, and our sympathy with his wondrous works,
and our love and attraction to our fellow-beings,
both on your earth and in the heavens.

Farewell, dear brother! Love God, love Wisdom,
seek truth, purity, and light, and in your soul you
will be what I was, a
ROSICRUCIAN.

Notes Concerning S. P. Leland, etc.

Ma. EORON—This is the anniversary of the birth
of Washington, and one of the stormiest days of the
season. Virginia looks up in astonishment at the
great white flakes of snow come down yesterday
the chilly air, and wonders "what next?" Yesterday
was a fine, warm, sunny day, reminding one forcibly
of May-days at home, in the West; but to-day
we are amid the storm, and cold, and white gar-
ments of winter. Our bark of life crossed the line
while we slept, and the dawn of morning found us
hemmed in by snow-banks of respectable dimen-
sions, and plenty more of the same sort in prospect.
From all the corps of the army, to-day, the thun-
der tones of the cannon have proclaimed that the
sons of revolutionary sires—who are themselves
heirs of the great battle, handed down from genera-
tion to generation, for Liberty and human progress
against despotism and wrong—still cherish with af-
fectionate and enthusiastic reverence the great
chieftain who led their fathers on to victory and a
national existence, and shone, in all the walks of
life, the invincible warrior, the sagacious states-
man, and the pious and devoted citizen.

I rode over to the station last night, and obtained
a supply of papers, and a triad of BANNERS also came
to hand by mail, so that I am enabled to bear the
tedium of this stormy day with a fair degree of pa-
tience. I was interested in reading the letter of
Mrs. Tuttle concerning S. P. Leland, from having
had, in times past, some little knowledge of him and
his doings. He used to times past—perhaps does
yet—to figure very extensively in "Lectures on Ge-
ology," the sole object and end of which was to show
that there was no God, and that indeed there was no
need of one, since the "development theory," of
which he was an earnest advocate and expounder,
had for its particular office the germinating of "or-
ganizations" from nothing, and the development of
them, through a long gradation of periods, up to
man. So strong was his disbelief in anything like
God, that he, in debate with myself on that subject,
declared before a large and intelligent audience, at
"Speaker's Corner," in Erie County, Ohio, that he
would not believe in a God, except he could see him, and
shake hands with him. The Bible, of which I have
always been, and always hope to be, a candid and
honest believer and defender, (albeit, not in a strictly
orthodox way,) came in for a more than a little
bitter denunciation. His defence of the Free Lovers,
and other associations of like character, having
their rise in misunderstood truths and perverted
doctrines, was particularly warm and vehement;
and his denunciations of myself and the Orthodox
Bible believers were as fierce and sarcastic as they
were disgusting and ungentlemanly.

His supreme contempt for Hugh Miller and other
writers on Geology was boasted of, with all the con-
fidence and impudence of a "scientific quack," if
such a term be applicable to one whose knowledge of
science seemed, from his very flashy and trashy lec-
tures, to have been drawn from the most superficial
and unreasoning writers, and to have been learned
for the very laudable purpose of upholding a flimsy
"development theory" against a creating God. But
he made money out of his infidelity, and that seemed
to be the prime object of his labors; and I presume
the despised Orthodox has bidden a larger price for
his adherence and support, so he changes horses, and
concludes to divulge all the dirty secrets of his past
career of deceit and hypocrisy. What better could
be expected of a man who would speak contemptu-
ously of George Washington; who would cast con-
tempt upon, and cover with the slime of misrepresen-
tation and slander; the best men of this or any
other age; who would undermine all the faith of
human souls in their future existence, and deny that
there is a God!

The Spiritual Philosophy, truly and rightly under-
stood, I take it, is the true doctrine of the Scrip-
tures; and when the Church regards this doctrine
of spiritual influences and spiritual communion, she
gives up the substance and olings to the form, and
is henceforth a more soulless body, and will perish
and rot, as all things without soul must and should.
But the mountebank exhibitions of impostors who
have taken up to themselves the cloak of Spiritual-
ism, are doing much to injure the cause of Truth
and Reform. True, they are being thinned out, and
people are beginning to open their eyes to what we
believe to be the true and beautiful doctrine, and
turning away from these degrading and contempti-

ble deceptions, and I predict that there will come a
time when the Church will see the true state of her
case, and rise from the tomb of old heresies and
shake off the debris of false creeds and doctrines
now forever exploded and destroyed, and become, as
she should, the champion of the religion of Reason,
the fostering mother of religious and political Li-
berty, the hand-maid of Reform, and the advocate
and assistant of Human Progress.

Yours always, WILFRED WILLYA.
Camp, near Palmyra, Va., Feb. 23, 1863.

Obituary Notices.

PASSED ON, from her father's house, in Dover, N. H., Jan. 4th, 1863, MARTHA E. PRINCE, at the age of 16 years. When full of hope for the future, with fair prospects for life, before her, typhoid fever made its claim upon the physical, and the spirit relinquished its hold upon the body and went to join the angels.

Feb. 15th, the angel Change came that way again, and called ORIS E., an only son, aged 6 years and 6 months, and he, too, obeyed the call, and left father and mother and sisters to shed the tears of affection around the lifeless form.

This has indeed been an afflicted family. The father, mother and five children have all had their turn in being prostrated with disease during the last twelve weeks. In their experience we find some of the beautiful fruits of our gospel of demonstrated immortality. They have been Spiritualists for some years. Mrs. Peirce is a medium, through whom the angels have been able to minister unto the suffering ones that came in her way. And now, when a cloud of affliction hangs so darkly over them in their home, they have the assurance that their darling ones are with them still, and will watch their passing years and welcome them, when life's fitful scenes are o'er, to their home in the land of the Hereafter.

N. S. GARNER, Lowell, Mass., Feb. 21st, 1863.

Passed to the spirit-life, on Friday, Feb. 6th, WILTON DENNETT SANDERSON, aged 6 years 3 months and 13 days. His sickness was of but few hours' duration, and the exchange of spheres was without a struggle, or even a sigh; and we know he is now happy in that "Better Land," where he has so often expressed a desire to go, to meet a darling little brother who often communicates from that sunny home.

Our darling little Willie has gone from sight, but we know he has not left us, but is sleeping around as joyful and happy as a bird, and would not, if he could, return to his little form, which was strewn with flowers, but which we had to close from sight. We mourn our loss, but not his, for the atmosphere of spirit-life is more congenial to his sensitive nature, than the airs of this cold world; for he was a delicate little plant, and had but budged in this material sphere, but will blossom in glorious beauty in the realm of light and love. Address to the friends of the deceased, by Professor Jackson, of Philadelphia, N. Y., Feb. 20th, 1863.

In Taunton, Feb. 15th, EVERETT A. PRATT, aged 2 years, 8 months, son of Joseph N. and Rosina Pratt.

Early the angels took this bud,
To a more genial clime,
To blossom in the spheres of love,
Where life is more sublime.

Also, in Taunton, Feb. 19th, FREDERICK A. THAYER, aged 7 years, 6 months, 26 days, son of Henry Thayer.

Too pure for earth! the angels came
And gave your child his angel name!
They in their loving arms upbore,
And placed him on the angel shore.

Also, in Wrentham, Feb. 19th, JOHNNIE JONES HEMKENWAY, aged 10 years, 5 months, adopted son of E. D. and C. F. Hemkenway.

Adopted in another home,
By loving ones and true;
Still will the child you so much loved,
Return and visit you.

A SOLDIER GONE TO REST.—Departed from Genesee, N. Y., Feb. 18th, THOMAS M. FINE, a truly good man, and for many years a firm believer in the Harmonical Philosophy. Nearly two years ago he enlisted into the Union Army, contracted chronic diarrhoea, and after many months of great suffering and weakness, he sank at last as above stated, much beloved by all who knew him.

WENT HOME TO THE ANGELS, Feb. 10th, 1863, OLIVE R., only daughter of PHILIPUS D. and LUCY A. INGALLS, aged 11 years 11 months and 4 days.

Cuba, N. Y., Feb. 1863.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, LYONIA HALL, TOWNSEND ST., (opposite head of School street).—Meetings are held every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock. At 3 and 4 P. M. Lectures on Spiritualism. Free. Lecturers engaged:—Mrs. Laura De-Forrester, March 8; Rev. Adin Ballou, March 15; H. B. Storey, March 22 and 29; Miss Lizette Dusen, April 5 and 12; Mrs. Augustus A. Curtis, April 19 and 26.

THE SPIRITUAL CONFERENCES meet every Tuesday evening, at 7 1/2 o'clock.

CHARLESTOWN.—The Spiritualists of Charlestown hold meetings at City Hall, every Sunday afternoon and evening. Free. Lecturers engaged:—Mrs. Laura De-Forrester, March 8; Rev. Adin Ballou, March 15; H. B. Storey, March 22 and 29; Miss Lizette Dusen, April 5 and 12; Mrs. Augustus A. Curtis, April 19 and 26.

MAINE.—Meetings are held in Bassett's new Hall, every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock. At 3 and 4 P. M. Lectures on Spiritualism. Free. Lecturers engaged:—Mrs. Laura De-Forrester, March 8; Rev. Adin Ballou, March 15; H. B. Storey, March 22 and 29; Miss Lizette Dusen, April 5 and 12; Mrs. Augustus A. Curtis, April 19 and 26.

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Miss Emma Houston, will lecture in Portland, Me., March 15, in Bangor, Maine, from March 15 to May 10; in Old Town, May 17; in Quincy, Mass., May 24 and 31; in places above, or East Boston, Mass., May 24 and 31.

Miss MARTHA L. BECKWITH, trance speaker, will lecture in Bangor, Me., March 21; in Bangor, Conn., March 22 and 29; in Bangor, April 5 and 12; in Bangor, Mass., during the month of March, at New Haven, care of George Beckwith.

Mrs. AUGUSTA A. CURTIS will speak in Providence during March; Bangor, April 19 and 26. Address, box 610, Lowell, Mass.

Miss LIZZIE DORRIS will speak in Lowell, March 8, in Portland, Me., March 16 and 23; in Bangor, April 5 and 12. Address, care of Bangor, Me.

Mrs. SARAH A. ROBERTS will speak in South Reading, March 8. Once in four weeks in the above places until further notice. Also, at Rutland, Vt., March 15. Address, Bangor, Vt.

Mrs. M. A. C. BROWN will answer calls to speak in Vermont, New Hampshire and Massachusetts. She will speak in Lowell, Mass., March 7 and 8. Address, Sandusky, Vt.

Dr. MILLER will make engagements in New England for the month of March. He will lecture in Portland, Me., N. H., March 8. Address as above, or Springfield, Mass.

Mrs. ANNA M. MIDDLEBROOK, box 422, Bridgeport, Conn., will lecture in Bridgeport, Conn., during March; in Lowell, Mass., April 5 and 12; in Portland, Me., April 19 and 26, and May 3 and 10.

AUSTIN E. SIMMONS, Woodstock, Vt., will speak in Quincy, Mass., March 8 and 15; in Lowell, March 22 and 29.

ISAAC P. GERRARD will speak in Bradford, March 15; in Exeter, N.H., 22. Address, Exeter, N.H., or Bangor, Me.

L. K. COONEY, trance speaker, will lecture in Pittsford, N. H., March 15, and in Bangor, Me., March 22 and 29. Will answer calls to lecture in New England any time after the first of April. Mrs. S. A. Cooney can be addressed at Newburyport, Mass., until further notice.

W. K. RICHARD will speak in Olden and Bradley, March 8, 15, and 22; in Oxford County, March 29, and April 5; in Rutland, N. H., April 12 and 19; in Lowell, Mass., April 26, and May 3. Address, as above, or Snow's Falls, N. H.

CHARLES A. HARTER will speak in Exeter, Me., March 8; in Bangor, 15 and 22; in Oldtown, 29; in the vicinity through April and May; in Dover, Me., through June. Address, Livermore, N. H.

Dr. H. B. CHILD will lecture in Portland, Me., on Sunday, April 6.

Mrs. MARY M. WOOD will speak in Taunton, Mass., March 8 and 15; in Chicopee, April 5 and 12; in Portland, Me., May 17 and 24. Address, West Killingly, Conn.

Mrs. LIZZIE M. A. CARR, care of Dr. A. B. Child, 15 Tremont street, Boston. She lectures in Fitchburg, March 15.

H. T. LOCKARD will answer calls to lecture, accompanied by his wife, clairvoyant physician. Those wishing his services, please address immediately, East Foxboro', Mass.

D. H. HAMILTON is now ready, after twenty years' preparation, to respond to calls for lectures upon the Science of Spiritualism, for a month or two, in any place, within thirty or forty miles of Boston. Address as above.

B. S. GARRETT will lecture during the winter in Western New York. He is willing to visit places where lectures on Spiritualism have never been given. Address, Alden, Erie Co., N. Y.

Mrs. H. F. M. BROWN will lecture in Milwaukee Wis., the last two Sundays in Jan. She will, if desired, speak in the vicinity of Milwaukee on week day evenings. She may be addressed Wauegan, Ill.

LIZZIE R. GILGILLAM, trance speaker, will accept calls to lecture the second and fourth Sundays of each month. Address, Andover, Vt.

J. M. ALLEN, Norton, Mass., will answer calls to lecture in Bristol and adjoining counties.

GEO. A. PRINCE, of Dover, Me., Trance Medium, will speak to the friends of Spiritualism, in towns in the vicinity of his home, occasionally, if the friends of the cause request, for two or three months, or till further notice.

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This book is warm with the author's life and earnest feeling. It contains, terse, bold, original, startling thoughts. It will be a solace to the afflicted and downtrodden of earth. Price, 15 Cents.

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