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Literary Department. ROSANNA, THE CHILD-NURSE. A SIMPLE STORY.

Translated from the German of Gustave Nollis for the Banner of Light.

CHAPTER I.

One early morning, Rosanna, the child-nurse, stood waiting in the kitchen for the breakfast to be brought in. The waiting-maid, Julie, entered and accosted her:

"Good-morning, Rosanna. Have you seen Aladdin?"

"Aladdin?" repeated the young girl; "what is that? A new dancing ball?"

"Nothing of the kind," said Julie. "I mean the new play, for which all the people are crazy. I went, too, and can say that whoever hasn't seen Aladdin, hasn't seen anything. One forgets there for a few hours that one is only a miserable drudge of a servant, and the recollection is delightful. Oh, what a pity, there are no more wonderful lamps!"

"What is it about the wonderful lamp?" inquired Rosanna, eagerly. "Do tell me."

"That's a long story, if I have to tell you all," said Julie. "But I will be as short as possible. Aladdin, namely, is the son of a poor widow. His father was a tailor, and they lived in the East. The young man loved good living, but did not care for work; he preferred to loaf around. His mother loved him so foolishly that she supported him by the labor of her hands. But one day she complained of this, and Mr. Aladdin promised to be industrious, and set out for the forest to gather a bundle of sticks. There he was found by an Egyptian magician, who had read out of books of magic of the existence of a wonderful lamp, and he had been told by an evil spirit how to get possession of it. With the lamp he could obtain everything he wished for. In Aladdin he recognized the person who was to get him the article, which was buried underground with many treasures. The young man was persuaded to creep through a narrow hole into the earth, and to search for the magic lamp. But when he returned with it he quarreled with the magician, and in consequence was left in the earth, buried alive, as the magician said a few words, and the earth closed over him. But as he held the wonderful lamp, a good spirit took pity upon him, and led him into the light of day. And from that time Aladdin and his mother lived high and fine. At his command the good spirits served them with the best of food and drink; brought him a large golden dish filled with precious stones, and twenty camel loads of the same valuable things. In the twinkling of an eye, they built him a splendid palace, and filled it with servants that floated about in the air like so many butterflies. With the help of the lamp, Aladdin becomes the husband of a beautiful princess, the Sultan's daughter; and so the poor tailor's son is made a royal prince. But the wicked magician bears of all this, and, aided by the evil spirit, he disguises himself as a peddling Jew, and gets the lamp from Aladdin's mother, who does not know its value. Thereupon the splendid palace, with all that it contains, is whisked away to a great distance, and poor Aladdin is to be put in chains. Then he remembers that the good spirit of the lamp gave him also a ring, with which to summon him. He calls upon the spirit, who frees him from the power of the magician; helps him by stratagem to recover his palace, his beautiful wife, his good old mother, the lamp, and all his greatness. With this the piece ends. And yet—but there come the rolls; I dare not stay any longer, or I shall get a good scolding! Oh, I wish I had a magic lamp, so I wouldn't have to remain a poor wretch of a servant-girl all the days of my life!"

Julie hastened away, and Rosanna thoughtfully followed.

"Shall I spend five silver groshen?" she asked herself. "I neither go to dances, nor do I spend one copper for cakes or fruit. Yet the five silver groshen is the seventh part of my monthly wages; but once it is not always. How singular! My mother, too, is a tailor's widow, and I am her only child. But I should never marry a prince, if I were in possession of ten magic lamps."

The play of Aladdin was continued for many nights. Rosanna obtained the promise of one of her fellow-servants that she would take charge of the children during her absence. Before asking the permission of her mistress, Rosanna sought her mother, to obtain the consent of that dearly loved one. She found the old lady sitting in a fireless room, although it was the beginning of March, busily employed in sewing.

"Are you not cold, mother?" inquired Rosanna, when she had kissed her affectionately.

"My feet are cold, that is all," she replied.

"But why do you not wear woolen stockings?" said her daughter.

"For the simple reason that mine are worn out, and need knitting over; but I have no yarn. You can look over the stockings for yourself, and see the condition they are in."

Rosanna looked them over; then her eyes wandered to an object that attracted her liveliest attention.

"Oh, mother, what have you here?" she eagerly questioned.

"I never saw this article before."

"It is an old-fashioned lamp," said the mother. "A legacy from my mother's family. Yesterday, as I was looking for wool, I found the old lamp, so I cleaned it, and brightened it up. My neighbor, the box-keeper, says it looks exactly like the wonderful lamp in the new play."

"Mother!" exclaimed Rosanna, as if seized with a sudden inspiration, "please give me the lamp. I will do something else for you."

"You are welcome," replied the old lady. "But do not pay with it; it is of good English tin, and, as I told you, it is a legacy of the good old time."

When Rosanna returned home, she carried with her the lamp, and the few pairs of woolen stockings, not having said a word about her intention to visit the mother.

"If the mother lamp, Aladdin could bring it,"

mother a bundle of sticks from the forest, I should feel ashamed if I did not knit the stockings for my dear mother, and so prepare her a joyful surprise. Then, too, she has given me the pretty tin lamp, which, although no magical one, may, perhaps, bring me good fortune."

For the five silver groshen Rosanna bought a quarter of a pound of yarn, and from the circulating library she took a volume of the Arabian Nights, to read the story of the wonderful lamp.

Rosanna's employer was one of the King's Counselors. His wife's sister, a titled and very wealthy young lady, was an inmate of their house. She was betrothed to a Colonel, whose youth had long been left behind.

When Rosanna returned to the nursery, she heard the lady Amalie say to her sister, in a tone of vexation:

"Again this wretched Aladdin, with his silly lamp! I am heartily sick of the piece! Eugene, can I not remain at home? I would rather pay a dollar, and leave my place unoccupied, than to be bored to death again."

"That cannot be, Amalie," responded the lady of the house. "You know your intended expects you at the theatre, and he would be seriously annoyed were you to absent yourself."

Amalie replied only with a deep sigh.

Rosanna said to herself in surprise:

"How is this? The young lady is weary of the wonderful lamp to soon, while Julie was in ecstasies, and my strongest wish is to behold that play. She is willing to leave her place unoccupied—even to add a dollar for the privilege of staying away! Can people weary of happiness and of pleasure? Oh, if I could only go in her place to the theatre! If I could only listen at the door!"

It was night. Her fellow-servants had all gone to rest, and the deepest silence reigned in the large house. Rosanna, alone, yet sat in her little chamber adjoining the nursery, and knit busily her mother's stockings. Before her stood the silver-glamming lamp, dispensing its friendly light, and the young girl's eyes rested on the open page of the story-book from which she was reading the Eastern tale. As the bee sips the flower's honey, so she drew into her soul the legend's charm, her fingers all the while mechanically and swiftly directing the needles, and adding row upon row of stitches. At length the nimble fingers rested for a while; she shuddered, and then said, smiling cheerfully:

"Oh dear! how dreadfully poor Aladdin must have felt when the wicked sorcerer cast the earth upon him! Oh, to be buried alive—how horrible! At such a price I would not have the magic lamp. How beautiful and homelike it is here! Perhaps I should not have enjoyed myself better if I had gone to the theatre. By this time the play would be over, and here I am contented and comfortable as can be. What great eyes mother will make on suddenly finding her stockings whole!"

She continued reading and knitting. Then she spoke again to herself:

"If this book were a sorcerer's, and by its help I could conjure up a ghost—but it should be a good spirit I would call; for I should die of fright if—Lord Jesus!"

The young girl with difficulty suppressed a loud cry. Yes, it was no illusion! She heard approving footsteps from the room adjoining, which was set apart for the keeping of dresses and linen. The latch of her door moved, then slowly the door opened, and a spirit, clad in white, appeared upon the threshold.

Rosanna sprang from her seat. Turning aside her pallid face she stretched forth both arms in supplication and avoidance. The supposed spirit spoke in low and painful tones, and she recognized the voice of the *Fraulein Amalie*:

"Do not be alarmed, child; it is I. There was such a terrible current of air in the theatre that I came away with a raging toothache. I know not what to do for it; and it is so discouraging to know all are sleeping, and that I alone am suffering martyrdom! I could not remain in bed, and I have been ransacking from one room to another. At last, I saw a light from your window, and thought you might be a fellow sufferer, or at least that I should find in you an adviser and comforter. Have you any ache or pain?"

"Not a finger pains me," replied the girl.

"How I envy you!" said the lady, sighing. "Oh, Rosanna, do you know of any remedy for the toothache? What did you apply when troubled with it?"

"Nothing," replied Rosanna; "for I have never had an aching tooth."

"Oh, you fortunate one!" again sighed the *Fraulein*. "It is true your teeth are like rows of silver-white pearls. What do you use to keep them in such order?"

"Nothing but pure water; I do not think at all about my teeth."

"And mine are good for nothing, despite all the powders, liniments and tooth-pastes, the aid of the dentist, and all that can be done. Believe me, child, I would willingly give a hundred dollars for each of your teeth. If I could possess them. But can you not do something for this pain? Stroke my cheek; perhaps you have magnetic power."

Rosanna stroked her cheek, and in a short time the lady felt better; whether in consequence of magnetic influence or other causes is unknown. She bade a kindly good-night to the child-nurse, and Rosanna sought her bed with a contented mind.

"If each one of my teeth is worth a hundred dollars, then I possess three thousand dollars," thought she. "Why do rich folks have such bad teeth? They say it is caused by the many sweet and sour things they eat at one time. I wonder whether the magical lamp would guard against the toothache? But this I know; I owe it to the twinkling glimmer of my lamp, that the young lady has been so condescending; she was never so kind before. I trust she will remain as such."

She did, and Rosanna became the lady's trusted confidante, receiving the outpourings of a heart that despite of Fortune's arrow, was deprived of earth's choicest happiness.

One day lady Amalie called the child-nurse into her room, and there showed her a small box of jewelry, consisting of a pair of earrings, two bracelets, a ring, and a brooch, all set with sparkling diamonds.

intended has presented these to me," she said, with a clouded brow; "they cost nine hundred dollars."

"Nine hundred dollars!" cried Rosanna. "Gracious heavens! for such a sum I would have to serve fifty years as child-nurse."

"Our queen," said Amalie, "wears a necklace that cost thirty thousand dollars."

"Marvelous Providence!" exclaimed Rosanna; "then the queen wears the value of a whole domain around her neck!"

"She would give it away with pleasure," replied the lady. "If she could with it rid herself of the goitre she strives to hide beneath the splendid neck-lace."

"But you, gracious lady, have no goitre," rejoined Rosanna. "and you do not seem to be pleased with your present."

"I could weep at the sight of it!" she cried impatiently; "for it reminds me that in a short time I am compelled to give my hand to a man whom I esteem, but cannot love. Do you know that Colonel Von Hallberg is fifty-six years old, while I am only twenty-two? Do you know the brave and handsome Lieutenant Sontag? He loved me, and made me the offer of his hand. But because he is not of noble birth, and is poor, I dared not follow the voice of my heart, but was obliged to refuse the honorable, loving suit!"

"Oh, if Lieutenant Sontag only possessed the wonderful lamp!" cried Rosanna, enthusiastically.

"If a poor tailor's son could marry a Sultan's daughter, how much sooner could!"

"Oh, do hush about your foolish lamp!" interrupted the lady Amalie, angrily. "Even that could not break a prejudice that has adorned all the pleadings of reason for centuries."

When Rosanna was again alone, she asked herself:

"If I could not protect him from toothache goitres and other evils, it leaves much to wish for."

A fortnight afterwards, the nuptials of the *Fraulein* and the Colonel were celebrated, and there was much company and great display. Rosanna received a small share of the rich viands set in abundance before the wedding guests. Long ere the tumult of the dancing ceased, she had retired to her cosy room, where she divided the dainties given her, reserving the larger portion for her mother. Then she sat down by the gleam of her lamp, to enjoy a small glass of sweet Hungarian wine and a piece of cake. Then her thoughts wandered to the unhappy bride, to the Lieutenant Sontag, to her own future. She slept the sleep of the healthy and the innocent.

Such was not the case with the majority of the wedding guests, who had paid too freely of the good things provided, and who had to pay the penalty awaiting intemperance. Among the number who were ill on the following day, was the Counsellor, his wife, and their oldest child, a boy of eight years; the physician who attended upon royalty was sent for; and he ordered some nauseous doses, the strictest dieting, and that several days should be spent in bed. The penalty exceeded by far the transitory pleasure. After the Counsellor's lady fully recovered her health, she could not think of oysters, pastry, and other dainties without disgust, and it was long before she returned to their use.

The repeated visits of the physician brought about another and most unexpected result. He came one day when the little five-year old daughter of the lady was being dressed. In astonishment he cried out:

"What do I behold! The child's spine is crooked!"

Those words were a thunder-bolt to the mother, who would rather have seen her child dead than a cripple. The poor little thing from that day was placed in a machine, for hours, and at night, tied upon a straw bed that had various torturing contrivances about it, to which it took a long time to accustom herself.

Rosanna continued to feel as well as the fish in its native element, and she recognized anew the worth of undisturbed good health. "If I had Aladdin's lamp," she reasoned, "and could be served to such rich food, I might be brought to the same condition as my lady. When one seldom eats dainties, they taste all the better, and do no harm. Poor, little Lucy! If she should become a hunchback! Twenty camel-loads of precious stones would do her no good, and would not help to straighten her spine."

One evening, Rosanna sat again by the gleam of her lamp, mending her dresses. The children confided to her care, slept soundly in the nursery. Her mother and wife had gone out, and were not expected until late in the night. Some of the servants were absent; the rest were assembled in the servants' hall. The clock had just struck nine, when Rosanna heard a knocking and stamping on the floor above her head. At first she deemed it of no importance, but as it continued and grew louder and more imperative, she felt uncertain as to what had best be done. She knew that the room above was occupied by an old, single lady, who, with an attendant, rented the upper story. The stamping, however, did not seem to come from the efforts of a woman's foot; it was the sound made by a man's heavy boot. At last Rosanna sprang from her seat, took her lamp, and hastily left the room. Arrived at the upper story, she found all the doors unbolled, and she reached the room from whence a man's voice called loudly for light. As she opened the door, a scene presented itself that might well have brought terror to the heart of the stoutest man. In one corner of the spacious chamber, illuminated only by the lamp held in Rosanna's hand, she saw a large antique bed, and before it stood a man holding the arm of a lady, motionless within. The white curtains and coverlets of the bed were covered with blood, and led to the conclusion that robbers had intruded there and had taken human life.

The lady in the bed seemed to have fainted, or perhaps departed this life, and Rosanna could no longer control her fear and alarm. Screaming, "Murder! help!" she started to leave the room; the voice of the supposed assassin called her back.

"Do not be so foolish!" he cried; "do you think I would have knocked and called for help if I had intended evil? Come here and light this taper, which has been the cause of all this misfortune. This lady went to bed to sleep, and while I was making my preparations she sent her servant-girl to the drug-store, and I was left alone with my patient. When I had opened the vein, the disporting blood from it extinguished the taper, and I placed my hand on her forehead, and she never stirred before. I trust she will remain as such."

She did, and Rosanna became the lady's trusted confidante, receiving the outpourings of a heart that despite of Fortune's arrow, was deprived of earth's choicest happiness.

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lady fainted; and I, a stranger here, knew not which way to turn for assistance. I could not find materials for a light in the dark room, and I dared not leave my patient to go seek for help. I could do no better than to seek for the arm and close the wound by placing my fingers over it, and calling for aid by stamping and knocking with my feet. But this unfortunate occurrence shall serve me as a warning for all future time!"

While the doctor was making this explanation, Rosanna had lighted the taper, and became assured of the truth of his words. The lady's arm was banded, and her consciousness restored. With the thanks of the physician and his patient following her, Rosanna returned to her room; no one had noticed her absence. "My lamp," she pondered, with a happy smile, "is no magical one; but since it came into my hands it has done some good services; at least it has brought me the good will of the lady Amalie—now the Frau Colonel Von Hallberg—and that of the old lady upstairs."

CHAPTER II.

After a time, the always cheerful Rosanna grew abstracted and melancholy; her calm brow was clouded, and her eye lost its expression of arch gaiety and child-like unconcern; her voice forgot its warbling, the joyous ditties poured forth so exultingly from a light heart. The young girl wept often, and retired as much as possible from association with her fellow-servants. Above all she avoided meeting her employer, the Counsellor.

"She is in love," said the servants to each other; "and that is no wonder, for she is pretty as a picture, and attracts old and young."

"The girl has a lover in her head," said the Counsellor's lady to her husband. "Rosanna is like one transformed since a short time. If that does not soon change, I must discharge her, for she will not be capable of taking care of the children."

"Do you suspect any one?" inquired the Counsellor.

"Have you any idea who her chosen one may be?"

"I have not," she replied; "but so many frivolous young dandies come and go here, who would make an honor of it to turn the head of such a young, unsophisticated thing, that I do not feel surprised she should not so. She has grown a pretty girl."

Frau Doneschall, Rosanna's mother, also observed the great change that had taken place in her cheerful belted child.

"What all this, daughter?" she asked her, with a troubled mind; "let your sorrow be what it may, confide it to me. If I cannot help, I can at least advise you; and the advice of a mother has always the merit of being the most well meant and sincere that mortal can give."

Rosanna sought to deny her suffering; but finding it unavailing, she burst into tears, and falling around her mother's neck, she whispered in her ear the cause that had robbed her of her cheerfulness and content.

Frau Doneschall started with surprise, and replied, mournfully:

"The wicked men! Alas! the higher the position, the greater is the lack of principle and right! Have you not presented to him the enormity of the wrong he would inflict upon you, as upon his wedded wife?"

"Oh!" sighed Rosanna, "I dared not speak so to such a great and powerful man! Fear sealed my lips. I could only stammer forth a few words of entreaty, and flee from his presence."

"You must dismiss him firmly and summarily," said the mother. "If so great and powerful a man feels no shame or fear in seeking to lead you to the commission of so great a sin, you need not fear to confront him boldly with the truth. You may even threaten him with disclosing his conduct to his wife. If that has no effect, you may leave your situation. Better without prospects and without bread, than to be deprived of honor and virtue."

"I grieve for you, dear mother, and for the youngest child of my lady," said Rosanna sadly. The little one will let no one but me take care of her, and she loves me as I love her. I was so happy to assist you with my wages; and I fear I shall never again find so good a place in that respect."

"All this must be set aside," replied Frau Doneschall, decidedly. "As much as I love you, I would rather behold you dead before me than to know you dishonored. Our good Heavenly Father will help us in our need, especially when we suffer in the cause of righteousness."

Rosanna promised to obey her mother, and to confront the tempter fearlessly.

"If I had Aladdin's lamp," she said, "I would conjure an inch in length to my nose, or I would make the ministering spirit cause me to equate, or to place a hump on my back. Then I would be safe from the persecutions of my master."

In a few days afterwards, her lady called Rosanna to her presence, and received her with a lowering brow.

"Here are your wages," she said severely, "paid up to this month. You leave this day. You will probably know best wherefore. The large oil-lamp in the ante-chamber will remain as a memorial of your ingratitude."

"I am innocent!" replied Rosanna, pining. "I was obliged to drop my lamp because the gracious Counsellor—"

"Surprised you in company with a low fellow, to whom you had given admission during our absence!" interrupted her mistress.

"That is not true!" cried Rosanna indignantly. "It was the master himself, who—"

"Not another word!" thundered the lady. "Do you dare to accuse my husband of falsehood? to accuse him of attempting familiarity with a low creature like yourself? Away with you! Out of my sight! or I will have you dragged out by the police!"

"But I have committed no wrong, and am justified in demanding a hearing, even if the Counsellor and myself, gracious lady—"

"Impertinent creature!" cried the mistress, and she left the room in a rage.

Rosanna was obliged to follow. As with weeping eyes she entered the ante-chamber, she met the Counsellor's valet, who said to her, shrugging his shoulders:

"You have acted foolishly, my child. Who would have let this lamp stand simply on account of a hump? Do you think our gracious lady would have kept you

in her service, even if she believed your version of the story? Perhaps she knows the truth, for it is not the first time that our master has been found wandering on forbidden paths."

"But it is too wicked in him," said Rosanna weeping. "to spread such shameful falsehoods. As if he ever found a strange fellow in my company! Last night, when he sought to throw his arms around me, I could not defend myself unless I dropped my lamp; and then I gave him a push, which probably sent him tumbling into the oil-pot. If I had been less angry I should have laughed outright when I saw the unwieldy gentleman crouching like a frog on the floor. For this he revenges himself in such a shameful manner, accusing me of what he is himself guilty of."

Once again, and with tears, Rosanna embraced her little favorite, the youngest child of the family, and, taking her bundle of clothes, she left the house. On the stairs she encountered the old lady, the dweller of the rooms above, who had ever since their first meeting been exceedingly friendly.

"You have wept, my child, she said kindly. "What has occurred?"

At first Rosanna hesitated to tell her; but looking upon the sympathetic face of her questioner, she resolved to confide in her, and she told her the full extent of her troubles.

"Be comforted, my child," replied the old lady. "It is better to bear wrong than to inflict it. Your conduct reflects credit upon your heart, and even public opinion will be on your side, for the Counsellor is known as a libertine. I have a large circle of acquaintances, and will endeavor to find you another place. Tell me where you live, and wait patiently."

"Shall I call it a good or a bad service rendered me yesterday by my lamp?" queried Rosanna on her way to her mother's home. "This much is certain: that were it not for the oil spot in the ante-chamber the mistress would never have heard of my quarrel with the master, and I should not have lost my place. I seem now to be like Aladdin after the wicked sorcerer had gained the lamp and had thrown him into misery. Perhaps a time may come for me, too, when fortune shall smile through the effects of the lamp."

Rosanna's mother received her with open arms, and praised her firmness of conduct and principle.

Three days elapsed, and the old lady drove in a carriage to Rosanna's dwelling. She came to take the young girl with her to present her to a new master, who kept an extensive tailoring establishment, and who desired to employ a young girl of some culture as chambermaid.

"Mr. Nagler," said the old lady, "gives twenty-four dollars wages—nine more than you received at the Counsellor's. The place requires less arduous duties, and all the girls who have lived there have married well, or have found still better situations through his recommendation. Mr. Nagler is known as an estimable, just man, and if you please him you will not regret the loss of your place at the Counsellor's."

The gentleman referred to was pleased with the young girl's appearance, and took her at once into his service.

Mr. Nagler gave employment to forty apprentices. He had a book-keeper, and a foreman and cutter. The most fashionable persons were his customers; and he dwelt in the first story of one of the largest houses in the city. Sometimes the work was piled all night, and strangers from all parts of the land patronized the extensive clothing establishment of the celebrated Nagler. The appearance of so pretty and modest a girl failed not to create a strong sensation among the unmarried portion of the daily workers and visitors. Silent and outspoken homage was rendered to her grace and beauty; attentions were lavished upon her, and presents offered to her acceptance. Foremost among all was the cutter, who, possessed of an agreeable exterior, sought by all means in his power to gain her favor. It is a falling among the many following that honorable profession that they seek to put aside the outward marks of their trade, substituting therefor a would be military aspect. Holbeck, the cutter, was as proud of his moustache and whiskers as any young girl is of her Cinderella-feet, her slender figure, her swan-like neck, or luxuriant curls.

But Rosanna's heart was closed to all the declarations of love, and she rejected kindly but firmly the proffered gifts. As is often said, her hour had not come when her love should be given. Mother and employer warned her against a hasty choice, that was usually followed by sure disenchantment. Rosanna was friendly and polite to all, but none could boast of having her preference. So passed several months, and she came to look upon her dismissal from the Counsellor's as a fortunate and opportune occurrence.

Holbeck, nothing daunted by Rosanna's coldness, and flattered by his own vanity, resolved to win her, and made her an earnest offer of his hand, assuring her at the same time that he would soon commence an establishment for himself. He won the good will of Rosanna's mother and her consent, provided he could obtain her daughter's love.

For the first time in her life the young girl differed from her mother, and ventured to remonstrate with her, as her aversion to the young man augmented with her pertinacity. This occurrence troubled her cheerful spirit, and she was reflecting upon the necessity of seeking another situation, when an unexpected event changed the current of her thoughts and resolves.

Mr. Nagler's only son returned from his travels, having visited the principal cities of Europe. He was to take charge of the business, as Papa Nagler designed retiring from all active occupation for the remainder of his days. The young man was worthy of being his father's hope and pride, the idolized of his mother's heart. His appearance was so truly an index of the internal soul, that it won all beholders at the first glance. His disposition was firm, just, mild and benevolent. His mind was cultivated; his spirit bore the stamp of that innate nobility that elevates a man to equality with the highest rank of earth.

Unconscious to herself, the benign feeling of love stole into Rosanna's maiden heart, that throbbed with joy whenever she encountered Otto or heard his voice. It was in accordance with her modest reserve to carefully guard these unnamed feelings from his view. The young man approached her with unvarying politeness and esteem, distant and respectful at all times. The attachment of the unconscious girl knew a

bound, when a few minutes afterwards, the old gentleman invited her to a private conference in his own room, and spoke to her in mild, fatherly tones: "My child, you know that I am fully satisfied with your services, as well as with your exemplary conduct. But an unfortunate occurrence threatens to separate us now. You are aware that I have exerted all my efforts upon the education and culture of my only son; that I have spared no means for that purpose. Otto is our pride and our highest joy. He is soon to take charge of my entire business, and is to marry the daughter of my earliest friend, a young girl long destined to be his bride, so that we can take our rest. This long cherished plan of ours threatens to be destroyed; and the peace of our family is disturbed by you."

By me? interrupted Rosanna, pale as death. "Oh, how can that be? How can it?"

"It is so, my child, unfortunately so!" said Mr. Nagler. "You have unconsciously, as Otto tells me, and as your surprise corroborates, won the affections of our son. Attracted by your graceful exterior, he has observed you closely, and has come to the conclusion that he cannot live happy without you. He confessed this to us this morning, and he entreated our consent to his union with you. Flattering as such an offer must appear to you, you have good sense enough to know that to accept it is impossible. I am not mercenary nor avaricious enough to oppose my son's resolve to marry a poor, or obscure girl; but it would not do to elevate our chambermaid to the station of the lady of the premises; she could not obtain the respect that is her due." Besides, our darling wish of beholding our son united to the bride we have chosen, the child of my dearest friend, would remain unfulfilled. I trust to your sense of honor, that you would not break the bonds of love and concord between parents and son; but that you will avoid all opportunities of meeting with Otto, and look around for another situation. My thanks and gratitude shall compensate you for the sacrifice you make. Go now, and reflect upon what I have told you, and in a few days hence, tell me your determination."

Incapable of uttering a word, Rosanna left the room in a whirl of contending emotions. What she had never dared to dream of, never ventured to hope for, was awarded her—the love of Otto! But alas, this supreme happiness was presented for a fleeting moment only, to be withdrawn forevermore! As she was hastening to her chamber, with lagging steps, and deeply agitated countenance, she suddenly met with Otto, face to face. With fervent love and respectful admiration, he gazed upon her, seized her trembling hand, and said in a faltering voice:

"Read Rosanna, and determine my future—upon my weal or woe!"

Leaving a letter in her grasp, he left her quickly. The letter contained the substance of the conversation addressed to her by the father; in it he again avowed his love, and the resolve he had formed that if he could not gain her affections to remain forever unmarried. He expressed the hope of yet winning his father's consent; he pleaded for Rosanna's speedy answer as for the decision that was to render life a blessing or a bane henceforth.

The hours that followed were hours of conflict and of wretchedness, such as the innocent girl had never known before. Sleep fled from her eyes, and her food was left untasted. Writhing her hands she paced to and fro, weeping and praying with a riven heart. It was a terrible strife between love and duty. She could not go to her mother for advice, for she would speak to her of Hollock's offer, and urge upon her unwilling ear the idea of a union with a man she intuitively despised.

Twilight had closed in, when the duties of the day over, Rosanna threw herself upon her bed, wearied in body as in mind. The evening advanced, but she could not sleep; midnight struck, and then Rosanna's determination was taken. She arose and lit her Aladdin lamp, and sat down to write. She acknowledged her love, but announced her unalterable resolve of renunciation of the happiness he offered her. As duty forbade her intrusion between father and son—and she would not be the means of tempting him from that filial duty—that she was resolved to leave the house to prevent all future discord.

The letter was written with an aching heart, and accompanied by streaming tears. She strengthened herself by prayer for its final completion, and when sealed and directed, arose to carry it herself to its destination. She knew that Otto, having taken the book-keeper's place for a while, was the first at his post in the morning, and on his desk she designed placing the letter.

Taking off her shoes, she stole softly from her chamber, carrying her lamp in one hand, and without meeting any hindrance, she reached the opened room containing Otto Nagler's writing-desk. For a few moments she stood before it trembling and uncertain; then she laid the letter upon the green cloth-covering. As she passed the threshold again, a cry of terror escaped her lips!

There stood before her a man with blackened face, who started at her appearance in almost like alarm. The next moment the fellow threateningly upraised the hand that was armed with some iron implement, toward her. Instinctively she hurled the lamp in his face, and then uttered shriek upon shriek, as she escaped from the detaining hold of the ruffian, in the thick darkness.

In a few moments all the inmates of the house were assembled. It was found that the thief had attempted to rob the iron cash box, which showed marks of violence. The manner of his escape from the house gave evidence of his acquaintance with its situation. The policeman who were called in hoped to identify the robber by the marks probably made upon his person by the blow with the heavy lamp, or by the oil stains on his clothing. The lamp, which was intended in several places by the fall, was taken possession of by the police.

With the break of day, arrived the employees of the establishment, most of whom lodged elsewhere. All testified their surprise as well as horror when told of the night's adventure. The outter, Hollock, came later than usual that morning; it would have been better for him had he not come at all, or had he sought safety by flight. Not only had he arranged his thick black hair low down upon his forehead, but he wore his summer clothing, although the autumn day was chilly in the extreme, and that the day before he had complained of cold, and had worn warmer clothing. The detectives noticed this, and it rendered their service light. An examination of his person discovered under his hair and over his left eye a considerable bruised spot; that he declared was caused by running against an unseen open door. On the garments he had worn the previous day, large oil stains were found that he had vainly essayed to wash out, and otherwise efface. A small pot filled with soot, and a linen handkerchief bearing soot-marks were also found in his lodgings. With these evidences against him, after repeated denials, Hollock at length confessed that he had designed robbing the cash-box, so that with its proceeds he could add to his own gains for the establishment of a business of his own.

During the hours of confusion, that followed upon the midnight adventure, Rosanna had forgotten all about her letter, and her resolve to leave the house to go to her. But Otto had found the letter, had read it, and then placed it in his father's and mother's hands for their perusal. The stern integrity with which the young girl renounced a brilliant lot for the

fulfillment of duty, impressed them with a sense of her nobility of character; and as this was added her courageous resistance to the attempted robbery. A seeming trifle completed the change in old Mr. Nagler's ideas, and led him to offer no further opposition to the continued entreaties of his son for the hand of the beloved maiden. This trifle was the lamp, which, returned by the policeman, was curiously inspected by Mr. Nagler, as the instrumentality that had saved him from serious loss.

"This lamp," he said, "is of a strange form and fashion, and should be dearly prized. Shall I try to straighten the dents it has received, or leave them as memorials of a fortunate time? But, what is this? Ha! This lamp is an old family piece of my grandmother's! Here is her entire name engraved upon it: 'Johanna Rosine Taubert, 1763.' Say, Rosanna, how came you to the possession of this article?"

"Johanna Rosine Taubert," replied Rosanna, joyously, was the only sister of my mother's grandmother, my great aunt, therefore."

"If that is so," said Mr. Nagler, observing, "you, my child are related to me, and it would be wrong for me to deny your wishes any longer. Now, my children, love and marry!—God's name. I heard last night that my friend's daughter, Otto's heretofore destined bride, loved another better than my son; so I do not deem myself bound to my promise. Kiss me, my dear Rosanna, and kiss your future mother-in-law, my good wife. And if any one should remember that you have served as chambermaid in this house, and should fall to show you the respect due to the mistress, why we will send him or her to the dogs! We can get people in plenty. Well, Otto, my son, are you content with me? Why do you stand there like a man of stone? Salute your bride, and say with me: 'Viva the lamp, that with its smothering oil stream found the way to my father-heart!'"

There was not one who found fault with the master's choice. With the exception of Hollock, who expiated his thievish attempt, for years in the Penitentiary, all wished the young couple joy, and uttered fervent wishes for their future happiness.

In a short time the marriage of Otto and Rosanna took place, amid great rejoicings. As the young wife drove home from church by the side of her happy husband, the wedding-carriage encountered the equipage of her former employer, the Counsellor. Recognizing in the elegantly attired, lovely bride, his former nursery maid, the nobleman made a wry face, as if swallowing a most unpalatable pill. Muttering something about "tailor luck," he gazed with envious eyes upon the wedding train, and sped on his way in the worst of ill humors.

Rosanna's lamp was no magical one, possessed of wonderful powers, like that of Aladdin; but it had served the designs of Providence, and had brought about effects more true and lasting than those of its fabled counterpart.

SKELETON LEAVES.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MRS. WM. R. DROWN.

BY ELLIE RUSH.

Oh! fairy-like, delicate, beautiful leaves,
That the magic of art with dexterity weaves,
I have gazed on your forms and remembered them long.
Till I feel in my heart the quick pulse of a song,
That leaps into life like a musical rill,
Which winds down the slope of a neighboring hill,
Now over rough rocks set it eddies and whirls;
Thus thoughts to my soul come like clustering pearls,
And dissolved into music, go gliding along,
Flinging light o'er the tracemarks of sorrow and wrong.

Delicate leaves! beautiful leaves!
A new inspiration my spirit receives,
In the joy of your presence, oh, skeleton leaves!

There's the leaf of a maple, that fluttered and swayed
On a spray where the wild squirrels chattered and played;
There's the ghost of a thistle, that toyed with the breeze,
And nodded its head to its lovers, the bees,
Then, blushing, looked up to the giants of trees,
In whose boughs piped the winds that sweep over the seas;

Here the fern and the willow their graces combine,
And the laurel and crape myrtle sweetly entwine;
Though dead, yet in beauty they rise to my view,
Still perfect in all save their emerald hue.

Delicate leaves! beautiful leaves!
All sounds that disturb me, or discord that grieves,
Are hushed in your presence, oh, skeleton leaves!

Emblems of purity, gemmae forms,
Light hath not made you, but darkness and storms,
For ne'er in the smiles of the summer alone
Could ye to such marvelous beauty have grown;
Wild winds have rocked you, and death and decay
Have mournfully said to you, "Passing away!"

Ye have withered and faded, and languished in gloom,
But up from the shades that envelop the tomb,
Ye have risen again to a newness of life,
Whose whiteness was won from the waters of strife.

Delicate leaves! beautiful leaves!
A new aspiration my spirit receives,
In the light of your presence, oh, skeleton leaves!

It is to be like you, while here upon earth,
Like you in giving forth lessons of worth,
But ah! while I ask it with faltering breath,
And pray to be like you in life and in death,
A voice of response seems to rise from the vase,
From each leaf that is saying, in beauty and grace,

"Oh, spirit, if we, in our limited sphere,
In such wonderful brightness and bloom may appear,
Oh, what may not thou, the immortal, become,
In the radiant bowers of an infinite home?"

Delicate leaves! beautiful leaves!
A lesson of wisdom my spirit receives,
In the light of your presence, oh, skeleton leaves!

Like you we must fade, if like you we would abide,
Nor fear to be wounded or torn from the vine,
For our souls must be bleached by the winds and the storms,
And made white with the truth, like your beautiful forms.

Ah! then when the fountains of grief overflow,
And we know that the flowers of our love lie below,
Let us hope, while in darkness and death they remain,
They may lose every trace of mortality's stain,
And rise to a life that fresh beauty receives
From the waters of strife, like the skeleton leaves!

Delicate leaves! beautiful leaves!
Bright are the lessons my spirit receives,
In the light of your presence, oh, skeleton leaves!

Three things that never grow rusty: the money of the
benevolent, the shape of the butcher's bone, and a
woman's tongue.

ORIGINAL ESSAY.

NEBULAR HYPOTHESIS.

ORIGIN OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

For a long time it was maintained that all nebulae were clusters of stars. This opinion was rendered the more probable by every accession to the powers of the telescope revealing nebulae previously considered masses of celestial vapor. Herschel for a long time held this opinion, but after a series of unexplained recurrences, he finally concluded that he was mistaken, and that these were nebulae, formed of celestial vapor uncondensed into stars. Many astronomers, however, still maintain the premises he rejected. They consider all nebulae stellar clusters, remoteness alone concealing their component numbers, and the theological philosophers have eagerly seized the opportunity, and with much self-sufficiency, drawn the conclusion that the nebular hypothesis has been overturned.

Granting that the first idea of the nebular theory of creation originated in observations made on nebulae, it does not follow that it is disproved when it is proved that nebulae masses do not exist, so that the theory is yet safe, admitting what these philosophers claimed. The theory rests on observations made on the structure of our globe; of the moon and planets and the Milky Way, and not on the existence or non-existence of nebulae. The fact that nebulae masses exist in space—matter uncondensed and unformed into worlds—is only one of the many supports of the theory, and if disproved, all the other facts remain as they were, uninvalidated.

We cannot reasonably expect to find nebulae uncondensed, as the same cause which operated in condensing one must have done so in another; but far from granting the reasonableness of all nebulae, the revelations of the largest telescopes appear to prove the reverse. There are many peculiarities in relation to nebulae not sufficiently understood, and entirely overlooked so far, in the discussion of this subject. THEY ARE NOT AS DISTANT AS MANY STELLAR CLUSTERS, BUT RELATED TO THE MILKY WAY.

That they are not placed in the heavens by chance, is proved by the testimony of ARAGO, and his words equally prove their relation to our own stellar system:

"The spaces which precede or which follow simple nebulae, and, *à fortiori*, groups of nebulae, contain generally, *for stars*, a density and this rule to be observed. Thus over time that, during a short interval, no star approached; in the virtue of the diurnal motion, to place itself in the field of his motionless telescope, he was accustomed to say to the Secretary, 'Prepare to write: nebulae are about to arrive.'"

Can any fact render it more certain that nebulae are not remote stellar clusters, or that they are related to our system? If a single nebula was so placed, the coincidence would be strange; if two should be so placed, it would become almost a certainty that it was not the result of chance; but when thousands are found thus arranged, the fact is reduced to certainty. "The poorest regions in stars are the richest in nebulae," not only holds good, but a law governs the distribution of nebulae. Scarcely any nebula lie along the Milky Way, but the greater number lie *ground* *poles*. Can this distribution be coincidence? Calculated by the problem of probabilities, there would be infinite chances against three nebulae being thus placed. What then are the improbabilities against thousands?

To prove the vast space-penetrating power of his colossal telescope, Herschel states that he saw nebulae through it by light which departed from them millions of years before. He supposes that the distance of these is so great that it dwarfs the distance of Sirius, as that vast space-dwarf, the distance of the earth, from the sun, so that, as the observer placed at Sirius, would confound the earth with the sun, so if placed on one of these nebulae, it would project Sirius and the sun as a single luminous point. Now observe the consequences of this statement, a wild one, though from a justly venerated source: The distance of Sirius from the sun is a million times the distance of the earth from that luminary, and these nebulae are supposed to be a million times the distance of Sirius.

Our own stellar cluster, or Milky Way, is estimated to be, through its largest diameter, seven or eight hundred times the distance of Sirius, and through its minor, one hundred and fifty times the distance of Sirius. Now, since our sun is placed near the centre of this star-cluster, its external border cannot be but four hundred times the distance of Sirius; but the highest power yet attained wholly fails to reach through this incomprehensible distance, and reveals stars there located. But Herschel claims that his instrument, wholly incapable of revealing four hundred times the distance of Sirius, can plainly reveal objects one million times that distance. Be their nature what it may, they cannot be further from us than the extremes of our stellar system.

Again, suppose the distance of the stars in proportion to their apparent size? The same generally applies to nebulae. We cannot consider all the small nebulae near, and the large ones far off, or the opposite. They are scattered without reference to size, and hence some of the larger, as well as the smaller, must be near, and others far from us. As the largest are the nearest, they should, if composed of stars, be the most readily resolvable, and the smallest, the most difficult; and the smallest, most distant ones, must be altogether irresolvable. The reverse of this is found true. The largest and irregular nebulae are wholly or in part irresolvable, under the highest powers of the telescope, while the smallest regular nebulae are resolved into stars by comparatively low magnifying powers.

The stars of a nebula only eight minutes in diameter are seen with sufficient distinctness to be counted; that of one covering an area five hundred times greater, reveals not a point of light.

In utter contradiction to himself, Herschel states that irresolvable nebulae, and stars of the eighth magnitude, exist in the starry spaces of the southern hemisphere, amidst celestial clouds, at what he successfully proves to be the same distance from us.

What more proof than this is wanted? Positively we know that the irresolvable nebulae exist at less distance than the remotest stars of our stellar cluster. We must admit that they are not bodies of remote space, but like the stars of the galaxy, members of our system.

The earth is suspended in the ocean of space, the temperature of which is estimated very low, and the degree of heat of its surface varies with the position of the sun. This temperature is quite distinct from the internal. Its effects are not felt below a depth of fifty-nine to sixty-four feet in the temperate zone, and at thirty feet below the surface the temperature of the thermometer between winter and summer, is not more than half a degree, and in the torrid zone, this invariable stratum is not one foot below the surface. But when we penetrate the earth below this depth, as in mines, the temperature slowly increases; the mean of a great number of experiments being one degree of Fahr. for every 42 feet. If this increase holds good to moderate distances toward the centre, it reveals the startling fact, that as a depth of twenty-one miles, granite must exist in a state of fusion.

Seizing this fact, and supporting it with other drawn from different sources; the theory has been promulgated, that the earth was once in a melted condition, and the strata on which we stand are layers of the cooled crust. A hypothesis, however, which is not without its counter-fact, the surface of the earth being

layer of molten mass, whose temperature is so low the cooling process, mercury, the loss of this normal heat must be rapid, and the contraction of the crust, by reducing the volume of the earth, would increase its rotatory velocity, and thereby shorten its day; whereas, for 2000 years the length of the day has not diminished the 1306th of a degree Fahrenheit; and there is no proof that it has at all.

We should remember that 2000 years is a very limited period to confine observations, and that at a time when a thick non-conducting crust has formed over the interior molten mass. This objection is superficial, and wholly unanswerable by the non-conductibility of the crust.

The telescope reveals in the constitution of the moon a perfect analogy of physical structure, as will be seen by referring to the description of that orb. The constitution of our planet shows that it was once in a fluid condition, that of nebula; that it existed as vapor.

Having arose from these facts to this sublime generalization, we will seek, by the synthetical method, to show how the universe was evolved, out of this vaporous matter.

* The article will soon appear.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE HEALING POWER.—DR. J. R. NEWTON.

LETTER FROM HENRY T. CHILD, M. D., TO THE LONDON SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE.

The article in the March number of the Spiritual Magazine, giving an account of the wonderful cures made by the excellent curative of Arnica, finds a parallel to-day in our country, and I presume in England also, in persons of strong physical and magnetic powers, especially when refined and elevated by pure morals, and a proper observance of the physical laws. I have met with several whose experiences are exceedingly interesting, as illustrating the laws of life and health, and the wonderful power which one human being exercises over another. One of the most remarkable of these persons is Dr. J. R. Newton, of Newport, Rhode Island; his history would furnish a most interesting biography. The doctor was born in Newport, in 1810; his early education was limited, but he was noted for possessing strong mental and physical powers. He engaged early in life in mercantile pursuits, and was successful in acquiring, and equally so, as he declares, in losing considerable fortunes at three different times.

Being naturally of a benevolent character, he was led to seek to relieve suffering, and thus he discovered that he possessed a peculiar power for removing pain and curing disease.

In 1835 he was induced to devote most of his time and attention to the subject of healing. He found that many things which were done by the medical profession were injurious, and he says that sometimes it is only necessary to reverse their practice in order to obtain success. Thus, for instance, in rubbing the limbs they are cooled, and the system is made to contract; the extremities he invariably reverses this, especially in cases of weakness and paralysis, and gives as a reason that the circulation is already feeble, and that by the former process you impede it still more, whilst by friction toward the body the venous and capillary circulation may be much accelerated. Instead of applying cold to the head and other parts of the body, he usually directs warm applications.

I find, on an examination of his system, and witnessing the efforts as applied to more than a thousand patients, that he embodies three systems that are more or less common: first, psychology, or the influence of the mind over the body and other physical substances; second, magnetism, which he possesses in a very great degree; and third, the system of Ling, of Sweden, known as the Movement Cure. The doctor is a graduate of the Penna Medical College, of Philadelphia; he has been practicing in several of our large cities, and in little more than four years has treated more than seventy thousand patients.

It is not the peculiar system alone of any physician that gives success—a man may have all the learning in the world, he may have graduated with the highest honors, and still fail at the bedside. All successful practitioners become more or less routineists; they find that certain simple remedies in their hands are adapted to a large class of cases. It is not the medicine alone, but the man, and the manner in which he uses it, that is the secret of success.

Dr. Newton has been peculiarly successful among those cases which seemed to be incurable, such as paralysis, curved spine, hip-joint disease, dropsy, &c. Everywhere his rooms are crowded with patients, eager to receive his treatment. He has in his office several hundred crutches, a great number of old spectacles, and splints and bandages of various kinds; that have been left with him by those whom he has cured.

The doctor is a short, stout man, with a large and strong voice, and a kindly, unassuming manner, and well developed muscular system; and he manifests great energy and activity, combined with a high degree of sensitiveness. He has a peculiarity of being able to detect many diseases as soon as he comes into the presence of a patient, and in these cases he will tell both the disease and the peculiar habits of the individual. A singular instance of this occurred a short time since, in this city. A poor woman brought to him a child afflicted with epilepsy. Before laying his hands upon it, he remarked to her, "I perceive that a child has had something to do with this child's disease, before its birth." The mother burst into tears, and said, "That is true. Just before my poor child was born, I went down to the cellar, and was very much alarmed by a chicken which had got there; it flew at me, and I was so frightened that I fainted away; and when this child was born, it was deformed as you see. It has a very narrow chest, and it has always had fits, in which it moves about very much like the fluttering of a chicken." The woman was a Quaker, and she had been told that this child was a witch, and was much relieved by his treatment.

The doctor has received many testimonials from his patients. I send herewith a few cases that I know of, and his photograph. HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.
634 Race street, Philadelphia,
March, 1863.

Dr. Newton is located for the present, in this city. He has taken house No. 75 Boylston street, (opposite the west entrance of the Common) formerly the residence of Dr. Winslow Lewis, where he receives patients. We copy the following

TESTIMONIALS.

FROM E. A. S. CONSON.—The undersigned affirms that for the last two years he has been under the medical treatment of three different physicians for dropsy on the head, dropsy, epine disease, and internal weakness, without receiving any benefit therefrom. Since January 1st, 1862, I suffered greatly, could not use any exertion without being worse, the greater part of the time confined to the house and bed; could not ride a mile or walk two squares without suffering intense pain. On September 1st, 1862, I with great difficulty succeeded in seeing Dr. J. R. Newton. I went into the operating room scarcely able to walk and suffering much from the treatment by Dr. Newton, of not more than five minutes, all pain and anxiety left me, and I felt perfectly well. That day I walked to the depot, and rode seven miles in a carriage; the next day I rode twenty miles in a carriage, and was on my feet for three or four hours without any return of the pain. I still feel entirely relieved of all the diseases for which Dr. Newton treated me. E. A. S. CONSON.

FROM GARDNER ROWSE, Central Village, Conn.—I, Gardner Rowse, depose and say, that having been for the last thirty years afflicted with an occasional eruption, or breaking out, of humors in my leg; and for the last two years previous to the 1st of May last, a continual eruption, or running, attended with great heat and irritation, amounting to that I was obliged to resort to cold water baths frequently in the night, to enable me to secure my peaceful sleep to sustain life.

Having consulted many doctors to no effect, and as life was becoming intolerable, I was induced, in May last, with no faith whatever, but as a last resort, to visit Dr. J. R. Newton. To my agreeable surprise and disappointment, after consulting him and receiving his treatment, in less than three days my leg was entirely healed, and has continued to remain so ever since. And I stand pledged for five dollars to run or jump with any man of my age and weight that can be provided without any exceptions being taken for the same time. (Signed), G. A. ROWSE.

FROM THOMAS T. HOLMES, Freshfield, N. Y.—I was afflicted for many years with a skin disease, and was treated by Dr. J. R. Newton, who by his treatment, without pain, in five minutes, and was perfectly cured, and has never had the least return of it since. THOMAS HOLMES.

THE ORPHAN CHILD.

(From the Atlantic Monthly Magazine.)

Beelde a river's rushing tide
A poor young maiden woe;
From her blue eyes and sad did glide,
And down her cheeks they sped.

"Orphan! wilt thou be a orphan,
And dwell in the night,
'Father! I am here! I am here!
And come, thou brother good!"

A wealthy man, who pined that way
And saw the orphan's grief;
Did melting sympathy display,
And sought to give relief.

"What wilt thou, maiden, young and fair?
Why dost thou weep and wail?
Consume to the very bone of care!
I'll aid you if I can!"

"Ah, my good sir!" said she with fear
And trouble in her look;
"You see an orphan maiden here,
By all but God forsaken!"

Behold that little gray-haired hand!
It is my mother's grave;
And ah! 'twas here my father sank
Beneath the whelming wave!

The rushing stream bore him away;
My brother saw and wept;
To rescue him; alas the day!
Him, also, Death has reaped!

"Now I am in the 'Orphan's Home,'
And, on each day of rest,
I seek me where these woe-stricken
And learn to love my breast."

"No longer shall thou weep, dear child;
I will thy father be!
Thy heart is good, and pure, and mild,
And thou shalt live with me."

He took her to his home and hearth,
That good and wealthy man;
And changed the orphan's tears to mirth,
As love and bounty can.

At his own table did she sit,
And from his cup she drank;
And that kind rich man, for this feat,
Did all good people thank.

Woe.—This popular Flemish ballad, well known under the name of "The Orphan Maiden," is much sung by the peasantry of Belgium. The air is tenderly sad, but full of melody.

Proceedings of the Society of Progressive Spiritualists at Greenboro, N. C.

A three days' quarterly meeting was held in both H. H. Shaw's free Hall, Greenboro, on the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd days of May.

Mrs. Laura Cappy, of Dayton, Ohio, trance speaker, and Miss Mary Thomas, of Cincinnati, inspirational speaker, were engaged for the evening. Also, Mr. Harris, of Dublin, Va., and Mr. Thomas, of Dayton, Ohio, attended, and added greatly to the interest of the meeting.

The proceedings commenced on Friday, May 1st, at 7 P. M. Dr. Hill, of Knightstown, President, Mary Thomas, of Cincinnati, Secretary.

Lecture, by Mary Thomas. "The Ideas and Words of one Generation are embodied in the acts and events of the next."

On Saturday morning lecture, by Laura Cappy. "The Promised Land." To do justice to this lecture the whole should be given. The old Biblical allegory was run parallel with progressive experience. Many questions were asked by the audience and answered by the controlling spirit.

Saturday afternoon conference, the following resolutions offered by Dr. Hill, were taken up and discussed:

Resolved, That salaries in Government, and the general unequal distribution of wealth, tend to produce an aristocracy, instead of promoting the good of the promotion of wealth.

Resolved, Therefore, That it is the duty of reformers to show the world the best means by which the producer himself may be benefited by the use and product of his or her own labor.

Dr. Mason, of Connerville, Mr. Pratt, and Mrs. Cappy, spoke on this subject. An Indian language, operating through Miss Thomas, spoke concerning things wherein he thought civilization was behind his time and people.

Sunday evening lecture—"Man and his Teachers." The Sunday morning lecture was given by Mrs. Laura Cappy. "To be carnally minded is death." The speaker touched lightly on the orthodox idea of dwelling on—denying it. She is an agent in your development—you have to contend with an imperfect organization. She is imperfect. The Bible is full of allegories. The first man of the earth, earthy; the second, the Lord from heaven, are one. Man has too much in the back of his head. He goes up stairs sometimes into the spiritual upper brain, but down he comes again into the lower. Where do your passions carry you? Why to a material plane, to death.

Resolved, That the speaker should be a reformer, to show the world the best means by which the producer himself may be benefited by the use and product of his or her own labor.

In answer to questions asked by the audience, the controlling spirit said: "The only hell is sin in ourselves. Let the divine within you assert itself. Work out your own salvation." The spirit further remarked: "God is of you say. 'What is the problem? What is the remedy that follows his course?' Why? 'It is death! Jesus cast out the money changers that are bartering away your spiritual heaven. When you tire of the first man, you are ready to receive the second man 'from heaven.'"

The question was asked: "Do spirits see God in spirit-life?" The answer was: "Spirits see God in each other, as men see God in each other. Man is the highest representative of God on earth. Spirit, the highest in heaven."

Something was said of the absurdities of Spiritualism, in answer to the question asked by Mrs. Cappy. She said: "Bring up one absurdity of Spiritualism, and we will produce you two from the Church and the Bible, and we hereby throw down the glove to the Bible narrative of Jacob's wrestling with an angel, and going lame all the rest of his life, as a great deal of sport has been made of Jodge Elmore, because he said he saw buttermilk in the spirit-world. But as you not remember the account of Peter, when he says a sheet was let down from heaven, it was all kind of beach, and it was taken up by angels, and all? Perhaps it was from one of these down the Judge got the buttermilk!"

Sunday afternoon a lecture was delivered by Mary Thomas. "The sting of death is sin." Love is the fulfilling of the Law."

Those who have heard the clear and concise matter in which questions are answered through Miss Cappy, must agree with us that it is in this part of her work that she most excels.

Mary Thomas made an appeal in behalf of the "Western Reformers," showing the great wrong that had been done them and their posterity, and earnestly begging the audience to remember, these poor brothers and sisters of a common humanity.

The Future of America.
 A Lecture by Mrs. C. M. T. Hatch, before
 the Boston Society of Spiritualists, in
 the City Hall, Boston, Sunday,
 May 10, 1863.
 (Photographically Reported for the Banner or Lion, by
 J. B. Fessenden.)

INVOCATION.
 Our Father and our Mother God, thou art our
 strength and shield, a spirit of Infinite Love: We
 come to thee, in love and trust, so do we come to thee.
 We look up to thee, our Father, the greatest of all
 souls, for strength and counsel. As a child comes to
 its parent in love and trust, so do we come to thee.
 As Nature comes to thee with her heart filled with
 bursting beauty and bloom, so do we bring our offer-
 ing of praise. "Often have we lain upon the altar of
 thy spirit our devotions. Often have our souls led us
 high in solemn invocation. Often have we wept and
 rejoiced to come in thy presence, Infinite God. And
 we come to praise thee ever as before. Oh God, our
 souls beam with consciousness of thy being, and our
 spirits grow strong with the consciousness of thy
 strength in truth. We have never faltered, nor do we
 tremble now; for the light of thine Infinite love is up-
 on us, and though the nation's heart is bleeding, thy
 strength is justice, and thy sword is truth. Oh God,
 receive thou the offerings of the nation, those offerings
 which are laid upon the battle fields, which are found
 by freedom, which are seen in graveyards. Receive
 thou the offerings of souls whose tears of anguish and
 cries of sorrow come up to thee for life and salvation.
 And receive thou the great offering of thy children,
 whose souls have been in bondage, whose chains have
 been stricken away. The manacles have fallen from
 their limbs, and their hearts are rejoicing. Oh God,
 we praise thee for this, for the hour of conflict, for the
 consciousness of war, for the great strides of human
 liberty, for the thoughts and feelings which the na-
 tion's throes have produced, for the light of liberty
 that is born again into the world. We praise thee for
 it, and though tears are shed, and sighs fill the air,
 we know that they are tears which shall be changed
 to gems of light, and that thy spirit worketh all.
 Sad men, wicked men, those that have trifled with
 human truth and liberty, may oppress and reap the
 rewards of their folly; but we know that thy justice
 is unflinching, that thy retribution is terrible. There-
 fore do we praise thee, oh God. Receive our offerings,
 our devotions, our thanks; for we know that above
 every storm of war, above every nation's darkness,
 above all oppression and sin, thy truth and light
 prevail, and thy love reigneth forever. Therefore
 do we praise and bless thy name, and sanctify to thee
 our utterance and our deeds. Strengthen the nation's
 army, and the nation which is in a state of war.
 Strengthen the souls of those who fight on battle-
 fields of earthly right, where stronger weapons than
 swords and cannon are used, and where greater dan-
 gers than artillery are known. But, oh God, let us
 know that before the light of thy justice, and thy
 truth, all human governments shall fade away; and
 that one eternal law of justice and truth shall forever
 be maintained, and we shall praise thee, Spirit of In-
 finite Light, and give to thee our offerings for ever
 and ever. Let these, thy children, remember thy presence
 within their souls. Let them feel in the glad con-
 sciousness of Eternal Light the spirit of thy undying
 love. Amen.

Parents—for among you, my hearers, I recognize
 many who are my friends—the sound of my voice may
 not be familiar to you, nor may you recognize in this
 form one who has stood among you, and whose hours
 have passed. I will not ask pardon for my emotions;
 they are the natural impulses of the spirit, and even
 in my new existence my heart is filled with human sym-
 pathy. Many of you are dear to me as my own chil-
 dren, and many have seen me in my darkest and my
 brightest days; and now I appear in a strange garb,
 but the light of my soul is not dimmed, and I come to
 add but one more testimony to the glad truth of im-
 mortal being. Would to heaven that it were in my
 power so to appear, that every doubting mind might
 believe, and that every spirit might understand the
 truths which I feel understood when among you. But
 the soul has burst its barriers; the prison no longer
 binds me, and now, called from the atmosphere of its
 existence, I am no longer confined to the chains of
 material form.

I have chosen for my theme to-day one which was
 nearer and dearer to me than all others, save the great
 general theme of humanity. And I wish to be known,
 that no one else may be responsible for my ideas, or
 what I may express; therefore I wish you expressly to
 understand who I am and what is my name, that you
 may attribute to me every fallacy. My name was
 THEODORE PARKER. And I can but feel to express to
 you the grateful, heartfelt feelings of my soul that I
 am permitted by the immortal soul of God to appear
 among you, even in this form. My theme is the Fu-
 ture of America.

I am glad that I live, even though not in the material
 form; glad that I have seen, with spiritual vision,
 the carnage that has raged; glad the tides of blood
 have been poured on countless battle-fields; glad that
 the clashing of arms, and the roar of booming cannon
 have heralded to the world the fulfillment of my day-
 dream; glad, for we have seen the child of liberty
 dwarfed and in its swaddling clothes many a year.
 We have seen it clinging fearful and trembling to its
 mother's side; not daring to walk forth—without one
 thought or impulse of moral action; and, as if in a
 day we see that child bursting into manhood with the
 full radiance of glorious maturity, with the strength
 of manhood upon its brow, and the strong armor of
 war upon its manly form. We see the sword and the
 bayonet by his side, and we know it means strength
 and truth. Talk not to me of battle fields; talk not
 to me of mourning hearts and desolate homes. God
 knows I pity the widow and the fatherless, but I pity
 more the child that has been so long in darkness. I pity
 more a nation that has been so long in darkness. I
 pity more a people that have lain under the impen-
 sation of falsehood and sin; and though I weep with
 those that weep, I rejoice with exceeding great joy
 that the war tide has come upon you. For behold
 now the strong man who has been borne through the
 trials and struggles of the last three years, who has
 stepped forth into the arena of life, hitherforth never
 more to be dwarfed; who has risen from countless
 battle-fields, as if the strength of the living who had
 walked upon every plain, and by every river, and in
 every situation, which the broad armies of our na-
 tion have known—and his name is Undying Truth, and
 Justice, and Liberty. We know but too well of the
 truth on this subject. I know very well of its past.
 You have heard me speak often of its corruption. You
 have seen the point of pollution—thank God, I
 never was one—in scorn. You have seen me looking
 to the halls of legislation with wondering gaze,
 waiting for the spirit of Truth and Liberty to come
 forth. You have seen me waiting with anxious, earnest
 eyes for the death-blowing cannon which your nation
 has heard, and I must say that I longed for it to come.
 I did not tremble at its approach; that I did not
 feel my manhood grow pale; no, the strength of my
 spirit quail before the approaching tide of war; that I
 felt the deep, ungodly groans and I was only shocked
 when the first artillery of the war came to my still

clear senses. For, believe me, the nation has groaned
 with corruption. You know it now, but you did not
 believe it long since, when I told you so. You are
 aware of it today, when the tide of war has brought
 forth this corruption; but then you turned in mockery
 away, and cried, "Anathema!" because I knew that it was
 true. We know what this war has been, and we
 know that the delay has not been caused by the failure
 of this or that particular General, but because of the
 delay of truth and justice; because when the war com-
 menced, the nation's government was not made aware
 of the true issue at stake; because they did not dare
 to take the only step that would insure peace; because
 they did not dare to strike a vital blow, but cried out,
 "The nation is in danger." Why, friends, the nation
 has been in danger ever since you and I were born.
 The nation has been in danger from the time of its ex-
 istence, and we have known its danger, though we
 closed our eyes willfully and cried, "It is safe." We
 have set up for an idol before the eyes of the nation a
 Constitution whose very fabric was a failure. We have
 set up an idol to Liberty and Justice, which has not
 been cosmopolitan, and the result is that the country
 has always been in danger, which is but the natural
 consequence of the case. We have known for twenty-
 five years, nay, for thirty years, that it required but
 the faintest breath of discord to fan into a flame the
 living coals that were burning on the altar of the na-
 tion. We have known that it required but the probing
 hand of some good national physician to find the
 heart which was corrupt and rotten to the core. We
 have known that our political fabric stood upon a base-
 ment of selfish men, of men who would pollute the
 holiest sanctuaries under heaven for the paltry gains
 and emoluments of political office. We have known
 that our national halls have been filled with all kinds
 of corruption; that the national treasury has been
 robbed. We have known that senators and members
 of the Legislatures of the different States have spent
 their time in selfish, petty schemes, while the heart
 of the nation has been losing its health and vitality.
 We have known that bad enactments have been passed
 in Congress, which were not intended to destroy an
 evil, but to render it still greater, and postpone the
 day of conflict. We have known that a slavery of body,
 mind, and intellect, was in our midst, and we have
 known that the ship of State was fast drifting into the
 maelstrom of war, and yet we rose not, as a body, to
 apply our hands to prevent it. The cry of a few was
 heard, but not heeded; and to-day, in your disaster,
 is their triumph. It is not a triumph of revenge; it is
 not a triumph of malice; but it is a triumph of that
 perfect truth, which, under all circumstances, will
 come, and which every nation, which permits injustice
 and oppression, must surely suffer for.

We hear men crying out against the war; we hear
 them saying that the war is dreadful, that the suffer-
 ing is terrible, that the sons and the fathers have been
 lost to no purpose. We would ask these men why they
 heeded not the warning before war came? We would
 ask these men why it was not terrible when mourning
 sons and fathers were perishing? We would ask these
 men why it was not dreadful in the time of the na-
 tion's deepest anguish, before the battle came so near?

We hear men speaking now of the Constitution, of
 the rights of States, who never read a letter of its sacred
 pages (?) until the war commenced, and who could not
 tell you a clause or a phrase contained in it. We hear
 men speaking of peace now who were in bitterness in times
 of peace. Surely there is inconsistency here, and we
 know that war is the result of this same inconsistency
 that has made our country suspected and caused liberty
 to blush every day.

I have stood on foreign shores when this war-tide
 was coming on, and I have seen with shame that my
 native country was mocked, that liberty was regarded
 as a name for contumely and scorn; and when asked
 what was my native land, I have said "America;" but I
 was very sure to say that it was not the Southern part
 of the United States, and was very sure to be particu-
 lar in defining the particular portion of the country
 from which I came, for I must say that I feel proud
 of the State in which I lived, and yet I am ashamed, even
 to-day as I stand among you, of many of its people.
 I am ashamed of much of their conduct in the past,
 and I do assure you that but for the prevailing senti-
 ment which has for the last few years been in favor
 of liberty and justice, I should be ashamed of them
 altogether, and should have said I was a cosmopolitan,
 and not an American.

But now I have no fear of this kind. That truth
 which was my holiest ambition, seems still more ap-
 parent to my mind to-day, and I come to give to you,
 my fellow countrymen, my brethren and sisters, and
 my friends, the vision of what I see, and what I feel,
 with reference to our country. To-day, perhaps, the
 tide of warfare in its flow presents you the hopes of a
 brighter dawn. To-day there is a flush of hope for
 conquest. When war is dragged along for three full
 years a nation feels its patriotic impulses waning;
 feels the strong tide of war upon its strength, upon its
 power and resources; feels that it has lost something
 and gained little; feels in the mismanagement and use-
 less expeditions and defeats, that conquest is afar
 off, and that perhaps the day of victory is not at
 hand; but still, when in the fluctuation of the tide of
 war, there chances to be a ray of hope, we see our
 people grow mad with the first delight. Take warn-
 ing from me. Victory is not yours—not that victory
 which is lasting and true, not that victory which will
 bring the much coveted peace, not that conquest which
 shall set the nation's heart at ease, and tell the world
 that the experiment of a Republican Government is
 not lost, and a failure. There is no such record yet;
 and do not let the first tidings of success cause you to
 lose for one moment the balance of your minds,
 through the flattering hope of another triumph.

The success of this war is in an idea, in a principle,
 and not in the force of arms, or in any single govern-
 mental act. The power of your country is not in the
 power of an individual, but of the nation. It does
 not belong to a distinctive triumph; but to the preva-
 lence of the entire idea; and until that prevalence oc-
 curs, peace is not yours. You may have the best military
 rulers and leaders, your countless heroes may be led to
 numerous battle-fields successfully, and may return with
 laurels upon their brows; but to come back again into
 just the same troubles. You have had, since this war
 commenced, generals and leaders in abundance. You
 have had legislation in any degree. You have had any
 amount of conflicting plans, propositions and strategies.
 But the only effective proposition has been that which
 has been embodied in a principle. Until a nation, when
 it is at war, knows what it is fighting for, there is no
 need of battles or leaders. Thus, had poured to the
 battle-fields one half a million of men in martial array,
 and gained no victories, because they did not know
 the purpose nor the object of the fight. One half a
 million of men have been called forth, and the result
 is a division in councils, and the various plans of dis-
 position with reference to one sacred subject that must
 not be touched, have been so numerous, that all the
 treasure, life and military power has been wasted in
 useless division of strength, and there has been no
 concentrated, concerted movement.

But now, since the new year has dawned, we hear the
 government speaking a word about freedom. We have
 heard a voice that has sounded like liberty to the slave.
 We have heard the proclamation which has gone forth
 from the Executive Department of your Government,
 concerning the relation of this war to the bondage in
 the South; but it has been a conditional one. It has
 been an open reference to the rebellion; where there
 cannot be any reference to the power of liberty unless
 gained by force of arms. We hear nothing about the
 liberty of the slave in the States of Kentucky or Tennessee,
 where the rebellion is not known humanity to exist.

We hear nothing about an unconditional proclamation
 of freedom; but we see the country divided into three
 sections instead of two—the North, which has no
 slaves; the Border States, which have and may have
 slaves; and the South, which has her slaves, except
 where the power of the Government penetrates and
 can take them by force of arms. We have three separate
 interests and sections instead of two; an interest so
 strongly against slavery as to make its adherents consid-
 ered as enemies of the United States; and the interest of
 the Border States, so divided that it threatens the sub-
 division of the various parts of the Union; and the in-
 terest in the South, so direct with reference to slavery
 that it shall require the strongest efforts to suppress it.
 Surely, this is far from union; this is very far from con-
 cord of action and unity of purpose; this is very far
 from the consummation of freedom. And yet, with all
 the diversity of human councils, Freedom and Justice
 march straight ahead, through battle-fields, through
 every legislative hall, and seem to mow their way
 through the tides of human beings that go forth to
 meet them.

Liberty and Justice are strong in their own strength,
 and are partly on the side of the North, and partly on
 the side of the South, and you do not know, and I do
 not know how far the Southern army is on the side of
 Justice. I pray God as much for their success in bat-
 tle as I do for yours, as I do not know which will con-
 tribute to freedom and justice. I pray to God for that
 side to win, or neither, which will best answer
 the purposes of justice. I have no prayers to offer to
 God with reference to the success of the nation's army.
 I have no words to speak to you with reference to their
 success. I have observed that when Liberty and Truth
 have been fortunate enough to be on the side of the
 stronger army, that side generally prevailed; and
 it has always appeared to me in my obtuse spirit-
 uality, that God was on the strongest side, and
 that those who had the best plans in the military
 action, generally succeeded; while those who have di-
 versity and confusion, whether in conflict or council,
 generally are defeated. And I have noticed that in this
 conflict, while the North has had the strongest force,
 the South has had the best Generals; that while the
 North has had the best resources, the South has had
 the most unity in council. I have noticed that while
 your armies have been scattered, theirs have been
 concentrated, and military men tell me that this is best.
 I have noticed that while your armies have been sent
 on fruitless expeditions to sandbars and deserted
 places, theirs have been concentrated where it was
 necessary to defeat the advancing tide that was pour-
 ing in upon them. I have noticed that there was a
 defensive, and yours an offensive position, and thus
 they have had the advantage. But still, with all these
 advantages, whichever is strongest in right—which
 ever have the great banner of the world, perhaps not
 for this nation alone, you and I should be content.

It is for your interest as individuals, perhaps for
 your purses, perhaps for your position, perhaps for
 your ambition, that the Northern army should suc-
 ceed; but let us consider what is for the interest of
 the world, of the nation, of all the leaders, and then
 we shall be better prepared for any result, while we
 need not hopelessly mourn at any defeat.

The nation has struggled on for three years. I would
 ask you, who are versed in military schemes, if it ever
 has been known that a million and a half of human
 beings have been arrayed against each other in one
 campaign, and that campaign lasting for a period of
 three years? If it was ever known with Alexander,
 Caesar, or Napoleon, that half a million of men did
 not succeed in three years in obtaining a single vic-
 tory as an army? If it was ever known that in that
 period of time results were not accomplished greater
 than those accomplished by your armies? And if it
 is not entirely the effect of a cause deeper than that
 which you can penetrate, lying behind the greatest
 schemes of military leaders, far above the comprehen-
 sion of humanity? I would like to ask, also, if it has
 ever been known in the history of a nation's warfare,
 that so many leaders have been made and unmade? If
 the Government has ever spent so much time and
 strength in experiments upon human life? If there
 has ever been in the history of military campaigns, so
 much boy's-play, and so little manly strength? If
 there ever was in a nation that claimed to be great,
 and had the elements of the greatest warriors, so fruit-
 less and fruitless attempts at victory? Surely a child,
 Napoleon, playing with toys that represent armies,
 could better station his army, and has done so, to
 achieve the objects desired to be obtained—could bet-
 ter govern its officers, and station the leaders of the
 army to surround the rebels and conquer them.

We have seen expeditions that have been successful.
 But of what avail are expeditions to portions of the
 Southern Confederacy, that are not available? Of
 what use are expeditions where there are no rebels,
 no traitors to conquer, and none to resist the approach
 of the Union army? Of what use are expeditions in
 directions where the rebels have no concentrated
 movement, and no central power? And of what use
 are long military campaigns that prove more dan-
 gerous to the attacking forces than to those attacked?
 Surely to my limited comprehension, it seems worse
 than child's play. But it seems also as if there was
 some power behind, that has stayed the progress of
 this conflict—until what? Until the nation should
 know what it is fighting for. Until there should be
 some principle, some power of truth to inspire the
 hosts of freemen that have marched toward the
 Southern shores, until there should be some unity
 of purpose, that we should grasp the banner of free-
 dom, and understand the meaning of the word, and
 hear with conquering sword and uplifted bayonet its
 bright wreath upon every field; until there should be
 some inspiring voice, some truth and power that
 should nerve the nation's strength, and give force to
 power that has been expended; until the treasure that
 has been expended should be spent for some purpose;
 and the lives that have been lost should not have been
 given in vain; and the broad armaments marching to
 the battle-field should understand the power and pur-
 pose which guides them thither.

Perhaps this debt is dear; but I do not think so.
 It seems to me that to-day America, while near to
 truth, perhaps, is farther away from peace. I would
 not discountage you as individuals, but I would not have
 you close your eyes to the possibilities and even the
 probabilities of this conflict. There are not the elements
 of peace in your nation to-day. A firebrand may with
 more impunity be thrown into a powder-magazine
 than a word thrown among the people of the United
 States. Why, you could easily kindle them into a
 flame. In every part of the United States there is a
 feeling of revolution, and this portends not peace, but
 war. There are conflicting elements in your very
 midst. What are they? Let me tell you directly, and
 then you may say, or not, that it is true. There are con-
 flicting elements in your very midst. There are those
 who live of this war. We know who they are. They
 are those who in times of peace are ready for war, and
 who in times of war are ready for peace. There are
 those whose interest is adverse to war, who have some-
 thing to lose in the wagers on, who feel the danger,
 perhaps, of being obliged to carry their themselves.
 There are those who live of the war on humane prin-
 ciples; who have been folly and mismanagement so
 long; and believe that anything is better than a pro-
 longation of the struggle.

But there are things which are worse than war. There
 are many things that could come upon this nation, to-
 day, that would be more terrible than the most
 terrible calamity that has yet happened in this conflict;
 far more terrible than the loss of two hundred thousand
 lives; far more terrible than the loss of the great gains of
 the war; than the loss that go up from the thousands

of heartbroken mothers, more dreadful than all the desolation
 that war has brought upon us. Shall I tell you what
 it is? It is surely that which surely follows a
 speedy peace before the end is gained; that which is
 sure to overtake a nation unless it is victorious, and
 especially a Republic.

We have learned too well, from the history of Re-
 publican, that their only safety when they enter a con-
 flict is in certain, entire and effective victory pro-
 tected upon the principles on which they fought, a
 victory which is born of Liberty and Justice, and is a
 blessing to the people in every condition. I pray
 Heaven that the war will last until political corrup-
 tion shall be rooted out of Northern places; until
 Northern legislatures shall have learned the lessons
 which liberty brings; until you as freemen who have
 been enslaved body and soul, feeling a cruel bond-
 age, shall have learned the meaning of liberty and
 freedom; until Northern houses of corruption, known
 as legislative halls, shall be purified; until Northern
 sympathizers with worse than Southern slavery shall
 have learned freedom; until men who make laws
 and administer laws shall have learned—the himself
 being one of the people and the world—the mean-
 ing of Justice and Liberty; until your legislative
 halls, instead of charnel houses, shall be changed
 into halls of justice, where good men shall not
 be ashamed to enter, and where your wives and
 children shall not be ashamed to have you go.
 Until all that belongs to the nation shall become pure
 and uncorrupt, I pray that the scourge of war may
 rage, and the light flash of artillery leap across the
 waters and the rivers and plains of all your Southern
 and Border States; and, if needs be, that in your
 very midst you feel the shock and know the purifying
 storm is near. It would do me good—if the innocent
 were removed—to see this very city torn asunder by
 the conflict of raging war. It would do some men
 good, and would teach the people a lesson. It is very
 well to say that we have an interest in the conflict that
 is raging when it does not touch our loved ones, nor
 our houses, nor ourselves, nor anything that belongs
 to us; but it would teach us better lessons if we
 were where the conflict is raging. If Northern dough-
 faces—as I sometimes used to call them—were to hear
 the loud note of war near their own firesides, and have
 some of the burden of the war which they have en-
 couraged. It might do them some good to be placed
 in the position of the Union men in the Border States,
 where both armies fasten upon them, one calling them
 secessionists and the other Yankees.

It would be well for some of you, who sit in your
 comfortable parlors on a Sunday morning, to be within
 sound of the cannon's mouth, and hear the march of
 the enemy approaching your very firesides. You would
 think, then, that there was something in war, and
 that it meant more than the pastime of the moment,
 and the ease and luxury of the dining-room and li-
 brary. You would think that it meant something
 more than prating about Southern rights in public
 places. You would think it meant something more
 than idle talk in halls of legislation. And Liberty,
 and Justice, and Freedom, you would think meant some-
 thing more, when your wives and your children were
 taken from you. Could you suffer the scourge and
 death because of your free sentiments?

Friends, war is no trifle; and yet were I among
 you, and competent to bear arms, and knew what
 the nation was fighting for, I would fight on the
 side of Liberty and Justice. Maybe I should some-
 times fight on the side of the South, and sometimes on
 the side of the North; for there be things even in the
 Southern army which make me feel that their cause
 is human, and in the Northern army that make me
 feel that there is no cause whatever. Between the
 two, somehow or other, God, the Spirit of Justice,
 will make out a victory. Between the two mar-
 tial hosts the Spirit of Truth will gain a conquest.
 You may suffer; they may suffer; but God will guide
 the world aright, and Nature can never defeat the
 Infinite Mind. It is not in the power of victorious
 armies to gain a conquest over Him. Therefore I am
 sure that whatever may be the disaster which may
 come upon you, upon your city, your State, or your
 broad nation, the world will gain a victory, and angels
 will rejoice. They will bind up the broken-hearted,
 and gather the tears of mothers and orphans; but they
 will not flinch from rejoicing that Freedom and Justice
 have gained a triumph, and that to the world is added
 a new and brighter fame. It seems to me that the
 question of victory is only one of time; that the bal-
 ance of truth is on the side of the National force, be-
 cause here is the balance of love and liberty. And it
 seems to me that this is only a matter of time; but be-
 fore the time arrives, such a victory will have to be
 gained in the North as will insure one, two and three
 points.

First, a victory over politicians, which would be
 more of a triumph than conquering rebels and enter-
 ing Richmond, Charleston, or the strongest of the
 Southern cities. If I could see my fellow countrymen
 those that have been fighting and those that have
 not—gain a conquest over a kind of politicians that I
 know of, I should regard it a greater victory than the
 capture of strongholds over which Jeff Davis and his
 comrades have command. When this victory takes
 place, there must be new appointments made; and I pray
 you will be very careful in the selection. I pray that
 good men may not be wanting. There has been a day
 when I was ashamed to go to the polls and deposit my
 vote; when I saw men proposed for office that I knew
 did not understand at all the meaning of liberty;
 when I have seen drunkenness and heard blasphemy
 at every corner; and I did not believe that the inter-
 ests of my country would be advanced by these per-
 sons.

Another point must be gained before any effective
 victory can be achieved. The Border States, and the
 Northern States—especially Northern counting-rooms
 must be purified of everything like slavery. There
 must be no provision made in any proclamation after
 this manner: If you will be a good boy now, and not
 align against the nation, you may have your slaves, but
 if you take up arms your slaves are forfeited. Why,
 you might as well bribe Satan at once, and let him
 into your hearts, saying that if he would be good he
 might dwell there. I think it would beguile as well
 if the President should issue a proclamation that if
 Massachusetts would be good, she, too, might have a
 few slaves. The Border States, which have suffered
 longest and most from this institution of slavery,
 must not be allowed to retain it because they have
 not rebelled against the Government; but those that
 have rebelled must be relieved, for it is certainly a re-
 lief to have done away with that institution that has
 bound them down, body and soul. We say to a man
 that is intemperate, You may continue drinking, if
 you will not drink publicly and show your depravity
 in the open streets. But I do not believe in this pol-
 icy. South Carolina and other States should be re-
 lieved, and the Border States, which have been
 scourged on the one hand by freemen who would free
 their slaves, and on the other hand by men who would
 defend them away. Surely the institution is doomed there,
 without the issue of any proclamation. But I know
 of times when proclamations are made which are
 stronger than those, and they are enforced without
 the aid of a Northern or Southern army. I am just
 as sure of their enforcement as I am that to-morrow
 will bring another sunrise. So it matters not. The
 President is well in his place. There are some men
 who are easily controlled by counsel, and do not know
 the reason for what they do, as we sometimes employ
 machinery to best accomplish our purposes, and we are
 thankful sometimes for weak minds in high places, as
 well as great minds, for they have their own work to
 perform.

But there are other difficulties for this country to
 meet. At this hour the Government is maintaining
 and rearing up a class of persons that will be some-
 what unmanageable hereafter. I mean the officers and
 soldiers of the American army. I mean that great
 military power that keeps guard for the nation. By
 and-by, when they come back, when the war is over,
 when victory or defeat crowns the national arms, when
 peace rests over our country, and when the nation
 will, as I believe, exist in some form, then these per-
 sons will ask for rewards. There will be perhaps
 eight or ten hundred thousand, and perhaps more than
 that, who are unfitted forever for any active life.
 There will be at least eight hundred thousand who
 will regard the country as forever indebted to them
 for its salvation. These, perhaps, will feel so just-
 ly. But there will be another class, known as offi-
 cers, who will be a kind of pensioners upon the
 Government for their favors, and who will regard the
 highest emoluments and offices as only too mean to re-
 ward them for their patriotic services. This will be
 the nation's greatest evil; for I would rather have an
 enemy of three times the strength of my own army, than
 have a returned army sitting idle without occupation.
 It may be that there will be something found for them
 to do. It may be that Liberty and Justice will require
 their activity in other places. Do not misunderstand
 me. I mean no disparagement to the army, which I
 know is composed from the noblest and best of your
 sons; but you know from experience, and I know from
 what I have heard, that those who serve as soldiers for
 several years are never fit for any other occupation;
 and that they will, in the absence of anything to fight,
 create some mischief at home. We have many dan-
 gers about us, and therefore we should not close our
 eyes yet. The Government will have something to do
 to take care of two-thirds of a million of men who
 will return from battle—for there can be but one third
 destroyed. So we must look out for that element
 of trouble and danger, and make provision for it.

Perhaps, like the French Government, we may have
 an expedition to Mexico, only it will be in a different
 direction. Or we may have some neutrality to main-
 tain with reference to foreign wars. Or, it, indeed,
 —but such a thing is not probable, for Great Britain
 is our friend (and if Great Britain's neutrality should
 take a different turn, we might have something to do
 in that direction. The position of neutrality affects
 different nations in different ways, as far as I can
 judge. I am very anxious about Great Britain, and
 it seems to me to be necessary to be guarded with re-
 ference to that disease which affects her in regard to our
 own nation. Yet we should be dutiful children, not
 being unkind, however, of her ways in some of her
 moods. It would be well for some of the physicians
 of the Government to look out for her safety.

With this prospect in the future, it must be the re-
 sult of our nation—I say our nation, because my
 physical home was here—that our nation will be the
 nucleus of that combination of human energies for
 the destruction of tyranny upon the earth. I rejoice
 that the process of purification has commenced at
 home. I wish it had been done long ago. I am glad
 it is to be done now, for we can then justly attack
 other people for their misdoings. But we should not
 do so until we are secure ourselves, and then perhaps
 we may give an example for Christian Europe. We
 should avoid collision as much as possible, but there
 is a time when the cause of Christianity claims de-
 cisive measures; for Christ in the temple did not spare
 the money changers. And it seems to me that he has
 not supported us in all our doings, but has encouraged
 us when we have defiled the temple as did the Jews in
 olden times.

Now let us see what will be the result of all this. I
 know very well, from the causes which we have men-
 tioned, so numerous and so diverse, that there can be
 no immediate peace—I mean that kind of peace that is
 sure, that peace which protects Justice and Liberty,
 and is perfect and entire. We cannot have peace,
 therefore, until Northern minds are free; until there
 is less corruption politically; until all that belongs to
 Justice shall be known. We cannot have peace until
 all the scourging tides of the present conflict shall be
 swept away. We cannot have permanent peace until
 every element of discord and contention is crushed,
 and men so willing to serve their nation for their own
 sake, shall represent the people for the people's sake.
 You may not have peace so long as what is truth re-
 mains in disguise—so long as interest and policy con-
 trol the Government. I am told by politicians that
 human governments must act upon human interest
 and human policy. I know by a lifetime of ex-
 perience that individual beings need not do so.
 But if individual beings in any Government, who
 are the representatives of the people, are not obliged
 to do so, we are told that it is necessary to be dis-
 honest for policy's sake. We know that is not true.
 We are told that it is necessary for Governments to
 deal wrongly in order to exist, but I have never known
 a Government to exist which did so. We know that
 every Government which the world has known has
 dealt wrong, and has ceased to exist. We therefore
 know that the more right and justice a nation pos-
 sesses, the more does it become like the Infinite Gov-
 ernment, permanent and true; and that the more wrong
 it encourages and nourishes within its bosom, the
 more does it become corruptible, and contain the ele-
 ments of decay. I pray you then, remember that Truth
 and Justice are the only safeguards of a nation; that
 policy and political treachery belong only to those
 Governments that are to fall. I know that your Gov-
 ernment will not always exist. I know that it does
 not exist to-day, de facto, as it was. You know it is
 useless to deny the fact, but you are very well aware
 that the nation is not as it was, and it never can be.
 You may as well talk of the child that has burst into
 manhood, going back again to the leading strings of
 babyhood, as to say that this Government can be
 what it was. We hear politicians crying out for the
 "Union as it was." Heaven forbid! It never will
 be such again. We hear them say, the Constitution
 as it was. The Constitution exists

away; but the result shall be freedom and liberty to future generations. The present is mother to that which is to come, and her throes and agony and pain are but the birth throes of a nation that shall thank you for the conflict that is now raging. Therefore weep not, fond mother, whose son lies mouldering on battle fields in a Southern clime—whose fond eyes will not meet your own again for all time. Remember, you have laid upon the altar of Liberty your choicest and best treasures; and, as in the past those that have thus laid their souls-treasures upon the altar of truth have found them again twofold in the future, thus shall reap where thou hast sown. The blood that has fallen upon Southern soil shall enrich it for the harvest of peace that shall come; and you shall gather your treasures in the immortal world to your own bosom, and never more that the cannon's mouth has swept them away. Think that every tear that is shed shall be in the future a treasure of joy; and the nation shall lay its treasures at your feet when you are far removed from earth. Therefore, weep not, even if it suits your spirit to cry out for those that return no more to receive your blessing; but rather let them perish, than that the nation should die, and that the world should lose the bright star of truth. We know that this sacrifice must be made; for we know that the world can live without them. We give our treasures to nourish our bodies, our lives, and keep them in existence; but we must give our hearts' blood to nourish future generations. Our children must lie upon the altar, that Freedom's tree may blossom in the future.

I have done; for the time is long since spent. But my spirit lingers with you and around you; and as often as possible will I come to speak to you. My blessing and prayers are yours, but my greatest blessing and my highest prayers are for the world. I love you as my own, but I love humanity in its deep anguish more. May heaven, which is around you and within you, bless you; and may the God which ruleth all determine this conflict as Justice and Liberty dictate. You and I must be content, and our immortal souls will rejoice, even if we should shed tears, and the throes of anguish pierce our very souls.

God, Spirit of Endless Light, we praise thee for thy blessings and thy power, for as much of thy love as we can perceive, for as much of thy truth as we can comprehend. Let us know that thou art above all battles, the ruler of all things, of all nations and every clime; that thy sceptre is Truth, that thine implements of war are Eternal Justice, and thy peace Eternal Love. And we shall praise thee, God, our Father and our Mother, forever. Amen.

Mr. Home's New Book.

It is gratifying to perceive that the daily press is assuming a more considerate and just tone in reference to the Spiritual Philosophy of the present day. They feel it is a growing power not to be contemned. We expect the anathemas of the Church will still be launched against us; but as our beautiful Philosophy is based on Truth, we fear not their shafts. All free minds will sooner or later join our ranks. The tone of the public press in our behalf is indeed a gratifying evidence that the heaven is working. Hear what our neighbors say of Mr. Home's book, just issued. One year ago they would not have dared print such notices:

Carleton, New York, publishes a volume that must command great attention. It is entitled, *Incidents in My Life*, by D. D. Home, with an Introduction by Judge Edmonds. Mr. Home is known as the most distinguished of all the Spiritualists, and the high character and eminent talents of Judge Edmonds entitle all that he says on the subject of Spiritualism to the profoundest respect; and the introduction which he here furnishes to Mr. Home's Memoirs is remarkably able and ingenious, the work of a man who may be mistaken in his views, but whose integrity and sincerity cannot be called in question. A curious passage occurs toward the close of the Introduction, in which Judge Edmonds says:—"The last time I lectured to the Spiritualists in New York, which was in May, 1861, I read two papers, one given about eleven years and the other about five years ago, in which our present civil war was foretold—in one of the papers somewhat blindly, until the events made it clear—but in the other more explicitly and distinctly." Mr. Home's account of himself, and of the extraordinary incidents of his career, is well told, in terse language, and without any attempt to create what is known as a "sensational." The impression which the reading of his autobiography creates is this: that he is a man of strange gifts and experiences, and that he is perfectly honest. The time has gone by when it was possible to treat Spiritualism with contempt. We may not understand it; but, surely, it is most unphilosophical to denounce it as "humbog," and its votaries as impostors, because we cannot account for what lies beyond the limited range of our daily life.

Spiritualism and its friends and supporters are entitled to that fair hearing which is the just claim of all things and all men; and the best way to secure that hearing is for men of intellect and character to publish their experiences in Spiritualism. This is what Mr. Home and Judge Edmonds have done in this extraordinary work, which one has only to read—and it is a very entertaining production—to be convinced that there is much in the manifestation to entitle it to respectful consideration. "If the book does no more than merely work conviction in some minds, of the reality of communion with the departed," Judge Edmonds truthfully says, "it will be of some value, for it will carry consolation to many a heart now suffering under a load of doubt or affliction. But if it goes further, and leads intelligent and instructed minds into an investigation of the higher truths connected with the subject, it will be a great good indeed."—*Denton Transcript*.

A most noteworthy book just published is *Incidents in My Life*, by D. D. Home—the autobiography of the most famous "spiritual medium" known on the other side of the water. Whatever opinion one may entertain of the phenomena called spiritual, there is no doubt that Daniel Home is an exceptional organization. Indeed, he was introduced to public notice originally by an intelligent gentleman of Rochester, Connecticut, where he lived as a boy. This gentleman called the attention of a philosophical physician to his case as one that would repay study, on account of the singular nervous conditions to which he was liable. All who saw him at this time recognized a singular being; he was poor, ignorant, and an invalid. A few months passed, and he was the boon companion of emperors, the guest of world-renowned monarchs, the protégé of princes; Eugene sent for his sister, and undertook her education; Alexander Dumas went to St. Petersburg, to assist at his marriage; the Czar gave him diamonds, and Count Napoleon made him his home at the Tuileries. Stranger than fiction is such a career; and this account thereof will be regarded as marvelous and interesting, even for its outward details and personal adventure, whatever estimate may be formed of its spiritual prophecies.—*Denton Transcript*.

Home's Book, lately published by Carleton, entitled *Incidents in My Life*, is as full of marvels as an Arabian Tale. It is well-written, though the best passages are from the pen of people who were spectators of the scenes. Among other wonderful powers, the author claims to possess the "second sight," so firmly believed in by many of his Scottish countrymen.—*Denton Post*.

We are selling this interesting work rapidly. All orders by mail attended to promptly. For price, etc., see our advertisement in another column.

"I see some comments on 'True Civilization' in the BANNER of May 10th, which show that the writer has not read it, or has read it to very little purpose, and I should despair of correcting him by the few words which must limit a communication of this kind; after having failed to meet his understanding in one hundred and eighty-six pages of illustrations, I can only request the public not to form any opinions on the work without first having read it, each for himself, and reflected carefully upon it. AUTHOR.

A loving heart and a pleasant countenance are commodities which a man should never fail to take home with him. They will best season his food and soften his pillow. It was a great thing for a man that his wife and children could truly say of him: 'He never brought a trace of unhappiness across his threshold.'

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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 beat the gates of mercy on mankind
But I have a far other, and far brighter vision before my gaze. It may be but a vision, but I cherish it. I see one vast Confederation 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.*

The Spirit of Reverence.

It had been observed, long before the present political troubles culminated, that in nothing were our people more lamentably deficient than in a genuine spirit of reverence. We do not, of course, mean superstition, nor anything like it. Reverence is based on faith; but superstition is blind of both eyes. This lack showed itself everywhere; among all classes and conditions; in all grades of society, and in every calling and profession. Young persons fell into a way of thinking that whatever had age was therefore worthless. Older persons actually began to fear that they might come to be stoned in the streets. It was entirely out of the fashion to speak deferentially, or even respectfully, of those whose experience and wisdom might at least be entitled to a hearing; and calling such names as "old fogy," "behind the times," "moss coated," and the like, was the favorite method of signifying the prevalent impatience with what was stable and good.

Even our older men and women lent their countenance to this pernicious and destroying practice. They were, in a degree, willing to turn their backs on what they really believed in, for the sake of a little popularity with the younger ones, whom they should rather have influenced and led. In point of fact, there had ensued such a confused state of notions and feelings concerning what was stable and what fleeting, what was of value and what worthless, and the public mind was become so unable to discriminate between what was real and what mere show and sham, that the general social tone was exceedingly lowered in consequence, and there was no standard in general to which any one could safely refer either his actions or his faith. The most of this was due to the wonderful rapidity with which wealth was accumulated in our country. We threw seed at the soil, and the harvest overshadowed everything, burying our granaries at the gathering. We ventured into the deep and broad waters of commerce, and immediately our laps were filled with the wealth of the world. We were better fed, better clothed, and better housed, as a people, than any other nation on the face of the earth. We believed that we were above all common laws, and quite out of the reach of modern criticism.

Nothing stepped in more naturally, therefore, than this spirit of irreverence. It manifested itself by the way which formed the most popular form of our speech. We were coarse and vulgar in our dress, and our manners were the most indifferent of those of any civilized people known. As Hawthorne remarks, in a late magazine article, we furnished examples of both the worst and the best manners known. We ceased to pay that respect to age, to tried opinions, to sacred observances, and to associations, which they naturally deserved; and were wanting in due attention to those ancient and simple virtues which sweeten and preserve all that is worth saving in the body of the state. In a word, we were riotous and rampant, like wild weeds, over the material prosperity with which we had been visited. We believed in not much more than ourselves, and had not the least patience to bear what anybody else might very properly say about us.

Was it not high time that this alarming puerility of morals and manners should be checked? Perhaps some trial less than the present war would have been sufficient to work the cure demanded, but it is certain that this is doing it, at all events. We are becoming sobered; forced to habits of reflection; driven to see how hollow were the old deities by which we kept ourselves up, and how great was the need of something more substantial and permanent to sustain us. We shall be taught a great deal of what we considered beneath us, long before we get out of the sea of our present national afflictions. Let us hope, at any rate, that we shall learn to reflect, and acquire a habit of patience, that we may thus be helped to appreciate those sublime and simple principles which we have scooped so freely, and to pay them a share of the reverence to which their real value is everywhere entitled.

The Polish Matter.

It was thought, at one time, that the Poles were effectually quiescent; but subsequent intelligence goes to assure us that the insurrection has gained ground, instead of losing it, and the Russians have been repeatedly defeated in fair engagements. The European Powers have separately addressed notes to the Czar on the Polish troubles, and the Czar acknowledges them courteously. He proposes to treat the whole matter on the basis of the 1815 treaties. The Czar's reply is not generally considered satisfactory. The London Times thinks the Czar runs of a notion that the Western Powers will never seriously interfere with anything that occurs within the frontiers of his empire, and that Poland will be left to stand or fall by her own strength; and hence, that Russia may be permitted to use an independent, if not a naughty, tone toward the nations that have presumed to lecture her on the error of her ways and the necessity of a reform in them. Napoleon is anything but satisfied; but he will not move until he knows whether he is to be backed by England or not. He must advance, however; to recede, or even to stand still, is his ruin. We expect to see Europe well engaged in this question very soon.

Capture of Jackson.

Gen. Grant, finding it difficult task to take Vicksburg by way of the river, after having sent down a sufficient force of gunboats and transports past the batteries, crossed the river himself with the main body of his troops, pass southwardly on the other side of the Mississippi till he reached a point where he could again cross, and land below Vicksburg. After capturing Grand Gulf, he ascended the Big Black river, fought the rebels at the railroad-bridge—where the road running east from Vicksburg to Jackson—pushed on to Raymond, where there was another fight and another victory—had a pitched battle at Jackson, resulting in the defeat of the rebel forces and the capture of the State Capital. A later account says Gen. Grant, after leaving Jackson, encountered the main body of the rebel army, under Gen. Joe Johnson and Tishman, and after a severe battle of five hours, completely routed the rebels, killing Gen. Tishman, and capturing a large number of the rebels, guns, &c.

Physical Manifestations.

By referring to our last issue (34 page) the reader will find that from Judge Edmonds to the London Spiritual Magazine, on the department of Spiritualism known as the physical manifestations.

The morning on which we received the Magazine we had business at the rooms of our medium, Mrs. Conant, when we incidentally mentioned the fact of having just perused the letters alluded to, and observed that the Judge had given the English investigators to understand that phenomenal Spiritualism had nearly died out in this country.

In this connection, in order to give the reader who may not have access to our files, an idea of the Judge's remarks, we quote the following:—"The time has somewhat gone by with us for accounts of more physical phenomena; ten or twelve years ago we had very many. They told their work. Since then we have had so many mediums, and hundreds of thousands of our people have had the opportunity of witnessing such manifestations, that they became an old story. Hence there is not now one hundredth part of the desire to witness phenomena that there was ten or twelve years ago, and there is still less desire to read of them."

A few moments after the conversation alluded to above, the medium was entranced, and one of our invisible friends took up the subject, and discussed it at some length. During the conversation, we observed that other prominent Spiritualists were of the same opinion as Judge Edmonds, and that several had written in the BANNER against the continuation of the physical manifestations.

The spirit answered, that that was decidedly wrong. Because we have outgrown our infancy, and no longer need the alphabet, that is no reason why it should be blotted out, thereby preventing our children, and those who come into the ranks of Spiritualism after us, from reaping the same advantages we have derived from it. In this light the speaker considered the physical manifestations—that there are just as many children in spiritual knowledge now as there were twelve or fifteen years ago.

We suggested that the spirit speak on the subject at our public circle on the first favorable opportunity. On Monday, May 19th, he did so, and the report is as follows:—"We have chosen for our theme, this afternoon, the origin, use and abuse of that class of spiritual phenomena commonly called Physical Manifestations."

There are a certain class of minds, who have outgrown the babyhood of Spiritualism, who tell us that these Physical Manifestations are now of no further use to humanity. Furthermore, they tell us that, very soon they will become obsolete. We can but believe that these persons, although they may be very excellent judges of other matters, have judged in this case from superficial observation; therefore it is that we cannot place entire confidence in their assumption.

When we desire to know the object of a condition, and the ultimate of that condition, we of necessity are obliged to make ourselves acquainted somewhat with the origin of it. To know of the end, we must know of the beginning; therefore it is that we propose to seek for the origin of these Physical Manifestations. We propose, also, to make our observations from Nature's Observatory, but we may form correct opinion, or at least be able to give natural judgment in the case, as we have judged from a natural standpoint.

The human mind has ever been accustomed to weigh and measure all manifestations of life by the senses; consequently, whatever manifestation of life the human mind is unable to weigh and measure by the senses, is straightway labelled as one of the mysteries of God, and abandoned.

We believe that this class of spiritual phenomena was born of the sensitive nature of man. We believe, furthermore, that it was conceived in that nature, inasmuch as man, by relative condition, demanded this condition of life; or, inasmuch as the demand for this condition of life existed in man's sensitive nature, so the supply existed also. Nature never institutes a demand or necessity that she does not also furnish a supply for the same. We find, too, that where the necessity exists in one department of man's nature, there the supply exists also; for they are naturally inseparable. Therefore, as the necessity for these manifestations existed in humanity, so the power by which they were born must have existed there also. Here, then, in the sensitive nature of humanity, do we find the origin of the so-called Physical Manifestations.

What is the use of these manifestations? How shall we employ them? Let us see. We conceive them to be the alphabet of spiritual things, or, in other words, the mighty staircase whose base rests with earthly conditions, and whose summit is beyond time. Each one is a step in this wondrous staircase, and all are necessary, all are for use, and for good—for Nature never makes a demand, never furnishes any condition of life that is not necessary, that is not useful to man in some way. Therefore we are to suppose that Physical Manifestations—the opinion of all earthly judges to the contrary—are good for use, not only for the use of man's physical nature, but for the use of his spiritual nature as well.

When shall these manifestations cease to exist? When will the finale come? Not in your day, oh child of the present generation, for the present generation lives too much in the sensual world, is too prone to measure the conditions of Eternity by the senses, and will receive the alphabet of spirit life in no other way. And yet the time shall come when these manifestations will be no longer necessary, when the human mind shall live only in the spiritual, and shall have ceased to measure the conditions of eternity by the senses. When the human mind shall have learned to measure the conditions of eternity by the spirit, then these Physical Manifestations will be no longer needed, for the sensitive nature of man will no longer demand that by which it can measure the things of eternity.

It should be understood that each separate department of these existing physical manifestations is produced from a special department of sensitive life, to wit: do we desire to appeal to you by electrical conceptions, known as raps, we shall extract from the sensitive part of your nature certain elements from your electrical sense of hearing, by and through which to appeal to your inner nature through the sense of hearing. Do we wish to appeal to you by the sense of sight, in the moving of light or ponderous bodies, we shall extract certain elements from the electrical sense of sight of your being, by which to produce such manifestations satisfactorily; for we could not do so in any other way, since to move ponderous bodies we must always appeal to your sense of sight. Do we wish to appeal to your inner nature through the sense of touch or feeling, we have only to extract certain properties from certain elements containing the nerves of sensation.

Thus you see that these things are born of your sensitive nature, and so long as the demand exists with you, so long will Nature supply it. It were the extreme of folly for one who has outlived the babyhood of Spiritualism, to declare that humanity, as a whole, are no longer in need of it. As well might you say that your English alphabet was no longer necessary to the compounding of your English orthography, because you have learned the nature of it, and that all other nations are familiar with it. You would perceive that to argue from such a standpoint were a very foolish one, because there is nothing in Nature to substantiate it.

Oh, masters and scholars in life, learn to read the Book of Nature! Turn her pages leaf by leaf, and instead of becoming judges from artificial standpoints, learn to measure from Nature's standpoint, and your mistakes will be less frequent, your journey toward knowledge more rapid.

Haunted.

Not only certain localities and crime-dainted chambers are haunted by lingering ghosts; but hearts and brains are visited by the fearful spectres of the past. There are kept the records of great wrongs, such as, day hap, the world inscribes not on its catalogues of evil. Many walk the streets to-day who are pursued by phantoms for misdeeds the cold world smiles upon, and custom grants absolution for. The accusing face and wasted form of many a legal victim stands in the transgressor's path, and reminds him of his secret sins. Many a respected husband shrinks from the Nemesis standing ever by his side with warning, uplifted finger. The public cannot condemn him, for he raised no weapon against her life, though in the sight of God and angels he is her murderer! For with abuse and grossness, with degradation of her woman's purity, he led her to the grave; by slow degrees of torture he stole the life-blood from her cheek, and drained it from her broken heart. With the cares of an undisciplined maternity, he weighed down the once elastic spirit, and changed to gall and bitterness the daily drouth of life. He is haunted by the gliding spectres of Remorse and Shame.

The pure, proud, influential man, tossing wearily upon his sumptuous couch, is visited by stern and threatening phantoms; for in his chase for gold, he has trampled under foot the sacred rights of humanity; he has stolen the orphan's portion, and has feasted on the widow's little all. He has been a hard taskmaster to the poor, a tyrant to the needy, yet he is respected for his pelf, envied for his wealth, extolled for his public and ostentatious charity. In the silence of his chamber he is haunted by reproachful, dying eyes, by pale and wasted hands, by the vain appeals of mothers, the frantic cries of little children. The solitary hours are seasons of torture, which no opiate can remove.

The envied, fashionable woman, exulting by the beauty of her face and figure, the brilliancy of her conversation, the splendor of her dress and entertainments, is haunted by memories that rack her proud heart, and despite of every effort, bows her queenly head in anguish to the dust. For a gilded slavery she has sold her woman's birthright of freedom; she has crushed out the pure, humble, holy love that would have beautified life, that she might reign in grandeur a leader of the era. She has fearfully expiated that soul-crime of her youth, for satiety, disgust, indifference, a misery that dare not be revealed, has been her return for the barter made. The worm of an undying agony is gnawing near the damask roses of her cheek; a serpent's coil is round her wretched, weary heart.

The usurer, the monopolist, the hypocrite, the deceiver, all are haunted, though they wear so bold a front, and speak so vauntingly. Nature avenges fully the transgressions against her Divine laws. To outrage Nature, is to reap a plentiful harvest of misery; therefore, suffering awaits the glutton and the inebriate, the libertine and the fast liver.

We can be haunted if we choose to live aright by loving angels, who will come to sustain and console, never to frighten our souls. We can hear celestial melodies flowing from the life-springs of the spirit, singing sweetly of the peace obtained. We can see white hands beckoning from the sunrise shores of Eternity, and catch bright glimpses of the beautified faces of our beloved. In the stillness of the dawn, and amid the solemn hush of twilight, we can feel the inspirations of the better world, settling upon our spirits with a calm divine. We can people our solitude with beautiful visitors from the heart-realm, and adorn the recesses of the spirit with retrospective pictures of grace and loveliness. There need be no oppress there; for with a soul devoted to truth, we shall plant roses everywhere, and lingering not by graves, seek for the departed among the blest and purified of the Father's boundless words of love and wisdom.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch's Lectures.

There is a continued interest manifested to hear the lectures given by Mrs. Hatch, as the crowded audience which assembles at each lecture in Lyceum Hall testifies. At the close of the lecture on the "Future of America," the controlling influence, which purported to be Theodore Parker, announced that he should speak on the following Sabbath afternoon on "Peace and War—their Effects upon Civilization." In accordance with that announcement, on Sunday, the 17th, we had a discourse upon that subject. It was an able production, and came fully up to the expectations of the audience, and was characteristic of PARKER, as many of his admirers assert. We shall give the entire address in our next issue, phonographically reported by Mr. Yarrinton.

In the evening, at the request of the speaker, the subject was furnished by the audience, who appointed a committee to report a suitable theme to be spoken upon. After deliberation, the committee reported: "The Soul: its Origin and its Destiny," as the subject—which was read while the medium was in the trance state—and she immediately proceeded to give one of the most lucid arguments in elucidation of the subject probably ever listened to. We will not mar its beauties by any attempt to give a synopsis—for it was an instruction so complete and connected, it would be unfair to give it in parts.

Mrs. Hatch lectures in Milford next Sunday.

About Bees.

On another page will be found the advertisement of K. P. Kidder, of Burlington, Vt., the apiculturist, who seems destined to revolutionize the present system of bee culture, illustrating that man is master of the insect world, at least this one in particular. For centuries the bee has gathered nectar from the flowers, and to profit by its labor man has deviled at most every form of hive his imagination could invent. Yet there has never been a dread of these little insects, (especially when irritated,) on account of their stings. To overcome this has been the study of Mr. Kidder for years; the object he has accomplished, and now, like a public benefactor, goes forth giving free entertainments, where he handles bees without any protection whatever, holding them up by handfuls, and then tossing them like so many flies amongst the audience, without injury or harm to either; and in appreciation of his system of management, hundreds of his improved movable frame hives are used all over the country, one of which we intend having in operation in the BANNER office soon.

The Future of America.

We publish on the third page of the BANNER a photographic report of the remarks of THEODORE PARKER, given through the organism of Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch, in Lyceum Hall, Boston, on Sunday afternoon, May 10th. The discourse created a great sensation at the time of its delivery, and the public will peruse it with increased interest.

Prof. Denton in Lyceum Hall.

We are pleased to announce that Prof. Wm. Denton is to occupy the desk of Lyceum Hall, in this city, on Sunday, May 31st, afternoon and evening. Our friends may expect a rich repast from this talented gentleman. The meetings are free.

Miss Emma Hardinge in the West.

Miss Hardinge proposes to spend the Fall and Winter of this year in the West, and will be happy to receive applications from Spiritualist Societies as early as possible. All letters will be answered as soon as the tour is arranged. Address: Boston, Delano R. O., Burlington Co., New Jersey.

New Publications.

ANCIENT AND MODERN SPIRITUALISM. By Hudson Tuttle. Vol. II. Boston: William White & Co. This second volume of Mr. Tuttle is the natural and necessary sequence of the former one. It extends the philosophy of the first from a deeper and more mythical domain. The author frankly says to the reader, "If he is profited by the perusal of these papers, let him praise the real authors, and not the labors of one who, like himself, is taught by them." To attempt anything like a critical judgment on this volume would be an impossibility at this time; we must wait for its thoughtful and studious perusal to pass into the being, before we can begin to estimate its force and worth. It is divided into chapters, under each of which is treated a variety of topics of the first importance to the spiritual man. We will enumerate a few only: Evidence of Man's Immortality, drawn from history—Spiritualism of the Nations; Evidence of Man's Immortality drawn from Modern Spiritualism; Objects of Modern Spiritualism; Imponderable Agents as manifested in Living Beings; Animal Magnetism; Philosophy of Change and Death; Spirit, its Origin, Faculties, and Power; A Clairvoyant's View of the Spirit Sphere; Philosophy of the Spirit-World; Spirit Life.

From scanning these general contents, and realizing that they are furnished by superior powers through the brain of Hudson Tuttle, it is easy to understand that they are in no sense criticisable from the merely literary, which is at best but the material plane; we are to receive them simply as manifestations of spirit, imparting knowledge which it is not in our power to dispute or question, but which we can only assimilate.

The profoundly interesting nature of the topics involved will draw readers and students to this volume from all classes and every direction. Every one who feels even impulsively and irregularly the consciousness of a spirit of his own, who has at times but a faint flash of thought pass across his being in relation to life and now the life that is to come, must be led to the pages of the "Aromas" as a hungry man goes to a feast. The famishing souls of mortals will never be satisfied with husks; they want the living waters to drink, and the true manna which falls from heaven to eat. Who that once in a while year realizes the small fraction of his life, but is overwhelmed with the great thoughts that come in upon his being at flood-tide? How shall such thoughts be disposed of? What is their meaning—their connection—their tendency? Who can tell any of us these things? The spirit stoop to earth to comfort and console us in the midst of these indescribable experiences, and we become tranquil. We are at once put in possession by them of the magical thread whose windings will lead us safely out of all this labyrinth.

All thoughtful, aspiring, praying, truly spiritual persons, at whatever stage of experience, will seek for this new and profound volume, written through the hand of Hudson Tuttle, and find on its pages the chart that is to conduct them through the confusion of their present experiences. The soul will be made to pause and take a deeper and freer inspiration, while the grand truths herein enunciated are perceived and pondered upon. There is here just what all persons object to want to know. The learning will satisfy the scholar, the philosophy the thinker, and the tone and spirit the person of spiritual development. We have not read so thorough, so profound, so clear and simple, and so entirely eloquent and beautiful a book, in many and many a year.

It may be ordered of the publishers of the BANNER or LIGHT, at \$1.50 copy; postage, 10 cents.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY FOR JUNE is the last number of the Eleventh Volume, and is as fresh and inviting as any of the most attractive books of the season. The list of articles—THE CONQUEST OF ATLANTIS, Ship, Agassiz, Mitchell, Dio Lewis and others; contribute excellent articles. Dr. Lewis gives the record of a good leading paper illustrated, on the care and curability of the breathing apparatus; it is full of priceless suggestions. The Atlantic is crammed with gift and high strong with nerve. Each number seems an improvement on its predecessor. For sale at all bookstores and periodical depots.

HARPER'S MONTHLY offers a good share of varied reading, with and without illustrations, tales and essays, poems and reviews. The opening paper, illustrated, contains a history of the dreadful Indian massacres in Minnesota, last year. Another illustrated article is on the Quicksilver Mines of New Almaden. It likewise gives a story entitled the "Spirit Photograph." Harper's current account of events at home and abroad is always reliable and in demand. For sale by A. Williams & Co., Boston.

Hopkins' Escape.

It was said that Gen. Hooker had a narrow escape from death at Falmouth. In the first place, he received a severe shock from the cannon ball which struck the pillar of the piazza on which he was standing at Chancellorsville, on one of the earlier days of the fight. He was leaning against the pillar when the ball struck it, and was knocked to the ground, remaining senseless for some half an hour. It was thought he did not sufficiently recover to be able to take charge of the arrangements again, as at the first. Still feeling weak and dizzy, he left the command temporarily with Gen. Couch, and lay down in his tent, giving orders to be called in any emergency. Presently he began to feel a nausea at his stomach, and faint and oppressed with the hot air of his tent, and he went out to see if fresh air would relieve him. Not more than twenty minutes after he left, a shell from the enemy's guns passed through the tent, struck the mattress on which he had been lying, and tore it into shreds. Could it have been a more accident that led him to leave his tent as he did, or were there other powers at work, combining various circumstances, in order to remove him out of the way of the danger which they could see threatening?

A Cavalry Performance.

The famous ride of Col. Grierson, with a cavalry brigade of one thousand seven hundred men, through the entire length of Mississippi, beginning with the 17th of April, is one of the most daring and romantic episodes of the whole war. It was necessary that what he has done should be done in order to make more effective the plans of Gen. Grant on his approach from the south of Vicksburg. Grierson cut every railroad in the State, and thus destroyed effectively all communication between the rebels at Vicksburg, and their friends to the East and Northwest. He captured hundreds of prisoners, hundreds of negroes, and thousands of horses; visited villages, where the inhabitants could not have been greater if so many horsemen had come down out of the sky; got a good look at the most of things in the rebel dominions; and, with his army swept away in a Southwesterly direction, into the State of Louisiana, reaching New Orleans in safety. The rebel papers themselves are astounded that such a thing could be done, and have nothing but words of wonder to employ over it.

A New Story.

We shall commence the publication of a new story in our next, written expressly for our readers by Miss SARAH A. BOWEN, whose writings are already familiar to the readers of the BANNER. The story is entitled, CONSTANCE LAMONT, OR, MR. GORDON'S SECRET. Mr. L. E. Conroy will speak in Washington Hall, Cambridgeport, May 31st, at 8 and 10 o'clock, P. M.

Message Department.

The Seances at which the communications under this heading are given, are held at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, No. 138 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 2, (up stairs), on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS, and are

Free to the Public.

The doors are closed at precisely three o'clock, and no person admitted after that time.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT is spoken by the Spirit whose name it bears, through the instrumentality of

Mr. J. H. Conway.

while in an abnormal condition called the trance. The Messages with no names attached, were given, as per dates, by the Spirit-guides of the circle—all reported verbatim.

These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether for good or evil. But those who leave the earth-sphere in an undeveloped state, eventually progress into a higher condition.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by Spirits in these columns that does not comport with his own reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

Sustain the Free Circles.

We are fully aware that much good to the cause has been accomplished by our Free Circles, as many persons who first attended them as skeptics, now believe in the Spiritual Philosophy, and are made happy in mind thereby; hence we hope to be sustained in our efforts to promulgate the great truths which are pouring in upon us from the spirit-world for the benefit of humanity. Donations gratefully received and promptly acknowledged.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Tuesday, April 21.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Katie Johnson, wife of Rev. Malcolm Johnson, to her brother, Robert Johnson, of New York City; Michael Kelly, killed at Fair Oaks; Katie Barnard, of Boston.

Thursday, April 23.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Amanda Jones Gragg, to her mother, in Memphis, Tenn.; Augustus Head, late of the 6th Mass. Reg., Co. B; Francis P. Howard, late of the 6th Mass. Reg., Co. B; Louis Paul Derringer, to Peter Derringer, of Richmond, Va.

Monday, April 24.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Henry S. Oregan, killed at Fort Sumter, to his parents; Charles O. Otis, late of the 25th Mass. Reg., Co. B, to his parents, in Duxbury, Mass.; John Willy, late of the 16th Mass. Reg., to his wife, in New Bedford, Mass.

Monday, May 1.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Doty Tuckerman, to Mrs. William Tuckerman, of Boston, Mass.; Tom Allen, to Dr. Smith, of Boston, Mass.; Carrie Louise Taylor, of Memphis, Tenn., to her father.

Tuesday, May 2.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Abigail Olden, to her brother, T. P. Olden; Patrick Noonan, to his wife, in Fall River, Mass.; Percie Wayland, to her father, Addison Wayland, of Cincinnati, O.

Thursday, May 4.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; J. C. Brown, of Mansfield, Mass.; Daniel Fowler, to his mother, in New York City; Daniel Fowler, to his mother; Alice Rawlin, to her mother, in Chamber street, New York.

Friday, May 5.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Edward Priddy, of Michigan, to his family; Michael Kelly, to his wife, in New York City; Agnes Keniston, of London, Eng., to her uncle, a minister in London.

Tuesday, May 9.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Malinda Allen, of Utah; Alfred Kimball, of Brownville, Ill.; Oliver Gaines, of Cincinnati, O., to his parents.

Thursday, May 11.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Charles Herbert Johnson, of Jackson, Miss.; Louis Colonel Kimball; Geo. W. Allen, to his father, in St. Louis, Mo.

Monday, May 14.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Gen. T. H. Jackson, to the Confederate Army, to his friends; Charles Graves, to his mother, Deborah Graves, of Boonville, Wis.; Eda Mason, to her parents, in New York.

Tuesday, May 16.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Charles Green, to Phoebe Green, of Fredericktown, Md.; Ellen Maria Berlin, to her parents in New Orleans; Patrick Leary, to his wife, in Lawrence, Mass.

Invocation.

Oh, thou who art the Father and Mother of the falling rain-drop, the Great I Am of Universal Life, we have entered thy holy temple of humanity to worship thee, not with blind idol-worship, but with the worship of the soul. We come to thee with offerings all spiritual and divine, with the full assurance of the reward of the faithful, and thy blessing forever.

The Origin and Mission of Hope.

"The origin and mission of hope." By request, this subject will form the foundation for a few remarks this afternoon.

"The origin and mission of hope." What is hope? Is it a something belonging particularly to the human, the outward, or external of life, or is it a something belonging to the internal or spiritual, an attribute of the divine, a child of immortality?

It is conceived by many that hope is a something born of a certain organ of the brain, or a propagation of certain brain qualities—a something that exists only by and through the existence of a certain form of organic life. We believe that our questioner takes this stand: He believes that certain humans are endowed with a large amount of hope, or a large organ of hope, while certain others of the human family are totally devoid of hope.

We shall beg leave to differ from our questioner upon this point, for to our mind hope is not the production of a certain form of organic life, but of the internal, the immortal, an attribute of the divine, and a something that all immortals are possessed of. We have ever told our friends in mortal that the internal or the soul of man was ever perfect in itself, that it was subject to no contamination, dependent upon no physical or external conditions for its purity or perfection, and dependent only for its manifestation to the outward world.

Thus hope, which we conceive to be a production of the internal, exists alike in all; and they who seem to be entirely devoid of hope have quite as much of it as those who seem to be largely possessed of it. The defect or want is not in hope itself, but in its manifestation through organic life. Nature, or the great law whom we call God, ever manifests itself through her own creations; and at each unfolding of life, the attributes of the soul are dependent upon certain organs, not for perfection, but for the personification or identification of the internal to the outward world. This you will perceive in the mineral, vegetable, animal and spiritual kingdoms, for Nature is very exact in her demands, and order, perfect order, is heaven's first and grandest law.

"The origin of hope." We believe hope originated in the bosom of the infinite, and as you are all children of the infinite, you must all, every one of you, be endowed with this attribute of immortality, else the Great Former and Fashioner of human life has made a mistake.

"The mission of hope." For what was it given? How shall it assist you? Hope is ever stretching out its forces through the human to attain the divine; ever teaching mortality that there is an immortal part, ever desiring for a something better.

Hope! It is the grand stairway over which mortality must pass to the spirit-world. Hope prophesies of the future, grand, glorious and everlasting. Hope speaks of the possibilities of the human, and it tells that human that it is immortal. Without hope you would be devoid of immortality, for it is one of the grand connecting links between the soul of man and the spirit-world. You hope to endure forever, to be happy in the hereafter; you hope to meet your loved ones on the celestial plains of the beautiful kingdom, and do you think that God has endowed you with this divine attribute for nought? Does he mean to mock your capabilities? No, oh no. Nature answers no, and the human soul between Nature's reply. Thus hope, as it has been born of the internal, must carry with it the soul of man to the spirit-world. Oh, hope! It is not a chariot into which the human form may step, and be borne upward to things higher and grander than those it hath yet attained.

Questions and Answers.

Q.—Why are we unprogressed spirits obliged to return to earth for instruction?

A.—All imperfection belongs to the things of this, the fleeting portions of life. The unprogressed spirit is unprogressed because he or she has failed to fulfill or outlive those conditions that are requisite to perfection. And inasmuch as they have lost or parted with their own physical form, by and through which they should have fulfilled their mission, they are obliged, by virtue of law, to return, and by contact with some form nearly like their own, to outwork that which would have been their mission had they dwelt longer upon the earth.

Q.—Do you suppose there is any difference in the intellectual capabilities manifested through the dark races from those manifested by the white races of men?

A.—We do not, certainly. The Great Infinite has made of one blood, or soul principle, all the nations of the earth, and whether black or white, red or copper-colored, the capabilities of soul are the same. Do you understand us?

Q.—Why do we not find the same intellectual qualities flowing from the colored races as from the white ones?

A.—Simply because they are differently organically constituted. We have told you that the internal or soul of man was ever perfect in itself. Now if the internal finds those requisites in the black man that will enable it to unfold itself in all its perfectness to the outward world, then the manifestation of that internal, or soul, is equal to an Anglo-Saxon. If it finds it not, then it must for the time be dependent upon the external or physical form of the black man for its manifestation or unfolding. If the soul-principle were not the same in the black man as in the white man, then we should call our God a nothing.

Q.—Do you not conceive that the soul element in all of our complexity, that it is a unit everywhere?

A.—Then we find soul cannot manifest itself as perfectly in the negro as in the white man.

Q.—The color makes no difference, not the slightest. Do you understand us?

A.—Yes; but I see connected with color is the peculiarity of complexion.

Q.—We do not understand you. Please put your question in a clearer form.

Q.—Do you find that the intellectual manifestation is as great through the dark complexioned races as through the white or lighter ones?

A.—We find that there is a deficiency in the organic unfolding of the dark races generally, yet we find, also, that there are many forms or specimens of minds among the dark races, that manifest themselves with quite as much vigor and perfection as among the lighter. Have you given the darker or colored race of your time the same privileges you claim for yourselves? Have you sought to unfold the souls of your darker brethren? Have you sharpened their intellects, tried their intellectual capacities? We think you have not.

Q.—Is there as much emanation of Deity in one individual as in another?

A.—The manifestations may differ, but the Bushman, the Hottentot, the wild Negro, and the fair Anglo-Saxon all contain an equal amount of Deity.

Q.—Will man forever hold his identity?

A.—He will; but that identity is not dependent upon the human form.

Q.—Then he must necessarily retain it.

A.—Inasmuch as he is a whole within himself, he must forever retain an individualized life.

Q.—And ever has?

A.—And ever has, we believe. April 16.

Henry Roxby.

Humph! what a magnificent stage this spirit-world is, with its millions of actors, and each performing their part; and who shall say they do not perform their parts well? Certainly not I, Mr. Prompter. I shall need a little assistance, I think, for I am poorly accustomed to this style of action, not used to donning the female garb, at any rate not in this way. Again, the body is so very much unlike my own that I feel a little uneasy—do not hardly know how to act myself, but with a little prompting I think I shall get along.

Now allow me to ask what are your demands? [We only wish to aid you.] Do you know me? Do you know anything about what I may utter, whether it's true or false? [No; but we presume you intend to tell the truth.] I so intend—shall try to. The first that is necessary, I presume, is the name and age; next, the occupation, place of residence, time of death, and all those things. [Also any incident of your past life.] As to that, I had so many that I can hardly select from them.

Well, I am, or was—is that right?—[Either.]—Henry Roxby; by profession, a low comedian; my age, sixty-seven; time of death, first of February last; location, London, Russell Square. Now, my friend, I desire to make a communication to my friends, and my brother William in particular; that is what brings me here.

I cannot say that I found this new country what I expected, and I think I shall make up quite a pleasant little story to relate to my friends. Now I have a large circle of friends in London with whom I should be much pleased to talk upon subjects that would interest them, but could be of no possible interest to any one here. If I understand it, I come here to say to you I am, and to give them those points of character that will enable my friends to recognize me.

About four months—I think it was—previous to my change, I had a conversation with a friend who had seen some of these manifestations, or heard of them. He says to me, "Roxby, you're most played out here. Now if you can come back from over the river Jordan, and shake hands with me, I want you to do it." Ha, ha, said I, if I am played out here, I think I shall be played out everywhere. However, if it be possible for me to return and speak with you, I will do so. I am here for the purpose of making an effort to fulfill my promise—that is right, is it not? [Yes.]

I had no knowledge of this spiritual philosophy. It was new to me, but I think I was ready to receive light, for I could not remain as I see seem to do, in a state of repose or inactivity. I was too active, and I got up such a steam here that I think it must have helped me across. I can't rest, can't rest, I would not be content to dwell in the seven-by-nine heaven they used to picture to me. I like singing, for music was a part of my life, but I think if I were to hear it continually, I should weary of it. So I'm better satisfied with the heaven I've made for myself in the spirit-world.

Well, Mr. Prompter, I've not done much, but I suppose I take my first step on the grand stage of God's life now, and simple, feeble, and faltering as it may be, yet I suppose God gives me strength, or something we call God. I've not seen the person yet. I suppose it is a soul-principle. They tell me so here, and I am bound to believe it.

Well, will you do this much for me?—direct my few thoughts to William Roxby, Scene Painter, Russell Square, London, and he'll get my message. [We will do so with pleasure.] April 16.

Rebecca Thompson.

I am from Salt Lake City. I come here to send wishes to my sister, to my child. Can I send? [Oh, yes.] You are aware that the Mormons hold little or no communion with the world's people, are you not? [Yes.] Then how can you aid me? [We exchange with the Desert News.] Ah, do you? [Yes; and we can send a paper direct to any one you may desire to reach.] I am free now, and can speak; there's no one to say you must not speak.

I was born in New Jersey, in the year 1820. My father's name was Benjamin Noyes, my mother's,

Theodosia. They both died when I was little young, and I was left with my sister and a brother, without home or friends. When nineteen years of age I married Alexander Puffer, and removed to the western wilds of Michigan. After living there five or six years, I don't remember when, we went into Ohio, and after living there some years, I do not know how long, I was left a widow with two children. One has since died; the other is now in Salt Lake City.

Shortly after my husband's death I became acquainted with one who I may hereafter speak to—one whom I married, and with whom I removed to Salt Lake City. His name, Abraham Thompson. My name was Rebecca.

I've nothing to say against Mormonism, any further than to say it is to me the culmination of all the evils of the world. Whoever wishes to drink of the dregs of life, let them go to Salt Lake City, and participate in the forms, the customs and ceremonies of Mormon life. I speak no untruth, but of that I have seen—that which I know.

They will tell you I committed suicide, and so am classed with the undeveloped and unperfected. Much as I have to regret the act of my last moments, still my accusers have more to regret. They will see that the fate of the suicide is not the worst that can be taken upon oneself. The Mormon lives outside of the laws of the Government of the United States in every sense of the word. The Mormon sets up a rule of his own, and he is a despot in every sense of a ruler; and Government, with the weakness of an idiot, fears to take him in hand and deal with the Mormon as he deserves.

I do not wonder that you have civil war with you; I may say I expected it; for a government that is so slow to redress wrongs, and so fast to gather to itself the imperfections of life, must sooner or later fall. Oh, but you will say that Government is fast righting all wrongs. I deny it. If Government has any power at all, it has power to control these things; if it has none at all, it's no Government, and ought to die. The Mormon defies the arm of the law, and laughs you to scorn, when you tell him that you will seek redress for wrongs in the Federal Government. And is this right? That power that was organized to protect the weak, does it do its duty, if it fails to protect them?—If it fails to fold to its protecting bosom all who come within compass of its limits?

Oh, your Government is sadly at fault. God has seen it, and the angels have seen it, and I do not wonder that civil war is with you, and it is no wonder that your Government is about to fall—yes, fall, that it may rise again in a more beautiful form.

Tell Abraham Thompson that I await for him on the other side; that we will there talk of wrongs and rights; we will talk of freedom in the spirit-world; for in that world there is no distinction between the soul of a woman and the soul of a man.

A word to my child, my daughter. Tell her to follow her impressions to the letter, and her mother will free her from the shackles of Mormonism. I have done, sir; not with this great subject, but with the time they have given me. If you please, you may direct to Abraham Thompson, of Salt Lake City.

Peter Connelly.

Major General, what are you going to do for me? [Anything I can.] It's all now business to me. I do not know much about it. I come back for the purpose of talking with you folks, if I could. It's only a short time I been here; at any rate, it seems only a short time. I do not know how it is about that.

I lost my life at Bull Run. [In the first battle of Bull Run?] No, sir, the last; that is, I suppose the last; the last I know anything about. [We have had two at that place.] Yes, I know. Major General, I'm from New York. I've got folks there that I think would be glad to hear from me from one side, and there may be something better way; I can't tell.

I joined myself to the great company of father Abraham, to do what I could to free me adopted country. [Do you remember what regiment you went out to war in?] Faith, I do. I was in the New Jersey 10th. [What company?] I was the letter 'C', yes, that's it. My occupation! I was a tailor, and could get you up as nice a fit as the next one, if I was an Irishman. I think I could handle the needle and a goose much better than the musket, though I got pretty well drilled while I was at war; however, of the two I'd take the needle and the goose, I think.

Major General, my name was Peter Connelly. Government does nothing for dead folks, they tell me. Is that so? [It can hardly take care of the living.] Faith, I suppose so. Well, suppose we come back and say we've not been fairly dealt with here, who's to believe us? They'll say, "Ah, he's dead; he's gone; to the devil with him." We can't afford to be paying for the dead." Well, if we did not find fault we'd never get justice done now.

Now you see I've got a family who are without the means of support; for I gave all I had to me adopted country; so you see I took from them to give to the cause I thought was right. Well, I suppose in one sense of the word it was right for me to do so. Now, all I want is to be able to help my family. I left all me magnetism here; that's so, Major General. I left it with me family, and I'm thinking of them all the time, and how I can return and make them better off. And so long as I'm prevented from doing this I can't feel at ease, and I really believe if the Angel Gabriel, or St. Peter, should say to me, "Here, Peter Connelly, come up here, or I'll lock the door of heaven on you." I should say, "I can't go with you; I can't ready to go, because I got something to look after on the earth, and I think I've got something to do on the earth."

Now I would like to send a little message to Columbia Court, New York City. It's a very near the Bowery. You said like this: you wanted me wife's name, Mary Ann Connelly. Faith, I do not see any reason why she'd not get the message. [Were the hopes numbered in the court where your family lived?] Faith, they were; but I've not got the number straight in me head, and I'm afraid to give it, for fear I give that is not right.

I like to say something about times on the battlefield, but I'll spare that, I think, for those who know more about it than I do. Well, Major General, present your bill when you come to the spirit-world, and I'll settle it. I like to throw off all my obligations. [You'll settle it before I get there, I dare say.] I've not got that with me—the money, I mean—to settle it with now. [I do not see money; but you can do a favor for me.] Ah, that's it; it comes in the way of favors.

Invocation.

Oh thou Wondrous Presence, by whose power we exist, we would kneel in the midst of thy Human Temple and claim thy blessing. We would ask to be baptized with Love and Power, for the one shall give us the Word of Truth, the other the Mantle of Mercy. With these weapons, O our Father, we know that we can overcome all the shadows of Life, and thereby find an easy access to thy Celestial Kingdom. Oh Soul of Universal Life, there is mourning, there is weeping upon the earth. The clouds are heavy, the storm is wild, and midnight seems brooding over the land. But Oh Soul of Reform, we know thou art here; we feel thy presence; we will rest secure with thee.

April 20.

Do we Grow Old in the Spirit-World?

The question we propose to consider, this afternoon is—Do we grow old in the Spirit-World?

All immortal beings are possessed of three distinct

natures. The first is received through the experiences of earth; these experiences have their foundation or take their rise prior to the birth of the human being. Therefore, to a very large extent, the parents of the human being are accountable for the manifestations of the man and the woman—the first or material nature. The experiences of earth-life, again, we say, take their rise prior to the birth of the human being. These experiences are stamped upon the forthcoming or first nature of the human being, long ere that he man is ushered into the physical world.

The personality of age belongs entirely to the physical or man's first nature. It is a result of the experiences of mundane life, and corresponds to those experiences, and has nothing to do with man's spiritual or celestial nature. Therefore you cannot by any possibility grow old in the spirit-world, for age, understand us to say, as a personality, belongs entirely to the experiences of earth-life, and affects the physical only.

Man's second nature is an outgrowth, in one sense, of the experiences of earth-life, yet in another it is entirely separate from those experiences. When you enter upon the intermediate realm of life, or when you shall cast off the physical form and shall dwell in those spheres that are near akin to earth-life, you will then become fully unfolded in your second nature, and will take on those requisites of spirit-life; and those requisites do not produce old age, for that, we again declare, belongs entirely to man's physical, or first nature, and is the result of the experiences of mundane life.

Man's third, or highest nature, is the Divine; that which ever has been, and ever will be, which can by no possible means be measured by Time, except by the rolling cycles of eternity. It has ever been perfect, and will ever remain so. These manifestations of inner life, or soul-life, are like so many glowing stars that have been sent off from the bosom of the glowing Sun, or Great Centre of Light. When you have become fully unfolded in your third, or highest nature, you are the Divine, or the Beautiful, and from this time you may date your individuality.

Human beings have an innate love of the beautiful. They stretch out certain qualities of their being after beauty, which is a gift of the infinite, and desire, if they have once obtained it, to retain it in their possession forever. Thus the human being dreads to grow old. But Nature marks them with decay here. One after another of their physical charms she takes away, and makes stern demands on that physical, continually, until the physique is old, and decay stamps itself upon every lineament of the human form.

Thus the old in mortal form long to enter the spirit-world, that they may there perchance enjoy the reality of the beautiful again. So man desires for youth. He feels that the Great Author of Life who gave him youth, gave him beauty while in the physical form, and will restore that which Nature deprived him of on the earth, when he enters the spirit-world. The soul, we say, immediately feels this, for it is a truth, and truth ever makes direct appeal to the soul.

You need have no fear of growing old in the spirit-world, for that land is a land of beauty, and all these imperfections that are visible in the material world, are born of the experiences of mundane life; and when you have passed through those experiences, then all of beauty that was ever yours, will be yours again.

April 20.

Questions and Answers.

Ques.—Is purity or goodness a test of power in the spirit-world?

A.—It is most certainly, for those who are truly good are possessed of great power; for goodness, although it may not so appear to be, is always in the ascendant.

Q.—Would it not be better if allied to wisdom also?

A.—It is ever allied to wisdom. The two are inseparable; for if you are truly good, you are truly wise; and again, if you are truly wise, you must be truly good. You cannot possess the one without the other.

April 20.

Captain Timothy Welton.

My friends, notwithstanding I left my blood upon Southern soil, notwithstanding I fell in the service of the Confederacy, I feel you are my friends. I took up arms against the Federal Government because I felt that we at the South had been outraged, that our interests had been trampled upon, and our homes were in danger. I was conscientious in entering the service of the Confederacy, and I feel that I am exonerated from blame.

But I feel also that there is much that both my friends of the South and North have left undone, and that should they ever expect to live in peace again, ever expect to enjoy the blessings of peace, they will have to do what they have not done yet, and that is, to throw all the energies of the soul—man's better nature—into the scale. God will decide the contest then very soon. But so long as you fight simply with the sword, simply with implements of warfare that are intended for the destruction of those who are arrayed against, so long I think you will suffer, so long you will drink the very heart's blood of your dearest ones.

Oh my God! my God! I had a thousand lives. I would give them all for what? To restore the Constitution as it was? No, never; to restore it, that rational men and women may enjoy the blessings of Liberty! Yes, black and white; for I would give the black man his liberty, and his master the white man, his liberty. Oh my God! my God! I see slavery everywhere. Everywhere I turn my gaze I behold it; if it is not in one form, we see it in another. Why is it that slavery is with you? It is because you do not know yourselves; because you have ever been seeking to know somebody else, and have never made the slightest progress toward understanding self.

I have a family living in East Prattville, Alabama. I would commune with that family if it were possible for me to do so, and I believe it is. I would point out to them a way and means by which they may obtain more happiness in the future than they enjoy at present. I would tell them of my existence beyond the battlefield, of the reality of that misty world, that spirit-world that one hears so much about when on earth, but knows so little of.

I have two brothers in the Confederate service, who have thrown their all into the scale. One will sell his life as dearly as I have. I would speak with that brother, if possible, before he comes to me. The other will live to regret the course he has taken. Why he will regret it may be best known to himself. I would speak with him also; not because I hope to benefit myself, but because I would benefit him, because I want to do my duty; because I feel that I have left undone many things I should have done.

My good Northern friend, they tell me you use a certain power by which you assist the discomfited to meet and commune with the embodied. Have I been rightly informed? [Yes, we publish the thoughts of those who speak at this place in our paper and send it all over the country.] Will you say that Timothy Welton, Captain in the 2nd Alabama Cavalry, from Prattville, comes to you through your medium and desires to commune with his friends, his brothers particularly? [We will.] My age you wish for? [Yes.] Thirty-nine, perhaps near forty. [Will you give your brothers' names?] Alexander and Philip. My body rests on your Bull Run battlefield. With thanks, farewell.

April 20.

Anthony Inchausti.

You speak to the public what we speak here. [Yes.] I've a hard story to tell, will you publish it? I shall ask you if you will promise to publish it.

Just what I tell you? [Of course.] I don't seem to have caused to be revenged. [No; no; God forbid!] I come because I think I ought to come, for others who are left. I care not at all for myself, now I am away, but for others I come. God gives me the power to come. I shall tell you that truth—I shall tell you the truth. [That is all we ask.]

My name was Anthony Inchausti, called Inchausti; I call it Inchausti. I was born in Finland, a small town near Liabon, Portugal, in 1822. I comes to this country, twenty-two years ago. I left ship in New York. Since that time I have many fortunes—many misfortunes. I seem much—I have much—I lose much.

Above six months I have been in this beautiful land. I lost my body about six months ago. Misfortune takes me to the island, to the House of Industry. [Where?] Here in Boston. Twenty-two years ago I lands in New York. I been in many difficulties then, but the last year or two I drink some good much. I become what you call a vagabond. I am sometimes—and I never sleep, but I am good for nothing, was not fit to take care of myself, so I sent to the House of Industry, a place for vagabonds, persons what nobody cares for, you see.

I was an old man, you see. I have feeble health, I like to smoke my pipe. I like to take my glass of whiskey. I come as much as I want to before I go to the island. But the Superintendent tells us you have no tobacco, no whiskey. I care nothing about the whiskey, but I like my pipe. I takes my pipe, I seizes it, and once in a while, when I can, I takes it out and smokes it.

One day I was smoking my pipe, and the Superintendent's son, a lad of about eighteen or nineteen years, saw me. He said, "You vagabond, it's against the rules of the institution to smoke. Give me that pipe." "No, I won't!" said I. "I'm proud of your vagabondage, either." He says, "You give me that pipe." I says, "I won't!" He comes to me; he knocks me down; he kicks me in the stomach many times. I feels very bad; all night I suffer. I threaten to tell his father of him. He says, "You tell my father and the officers of the institution if you like, but they won't believe you."

What was I to do? Oh, bless the good God! he takes me away from the earth. Now I comes back here to tell the truth, not because I want him sent to the spirit-world, for he'd be worse off than he is now, and the angels ain't ready to take him. Oh, I come to ask your public authorities to see that they have humane souls to take charge of your institutions. Now you promise to publish it? You will not break your word with me—if you do, I never believe anything you tells me again.

You see the Press was against him; he was taken away from the institution, but he was not punished. He got no conscience—He got no conscience. Now what that boy comes to? What he be when years are over his head? If he be bad now, he be worse then. Oh, this poor old man the angels have helped to come back to earth to-day. Let that boy come and talk to me, and I will take his soul upon him, the sin that surrounds it, and make him see the angels looking at him all the time. When he knows the angels are looking at him, he won't do wrong any more. I's old vagabond I not in the eyes of the angels. He was the sinner. But I plies him, and I forgives him. The great God tells me, and your good Book also, that things what are done in secret comes on the home-top. That time's come, bless the good God! that time's come, now. God has taken away the veil, and all the evil of the world is being brought to light; and all may return to earth again, poor vagabonds as well as the greatest prince. Oh I bless the good God for that!

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