



Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.

HUMAN TRIALS.

A TALE OF REAL LIFE.

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CHAPTER I.

It was a dreary morning in November, the wind howling in that most dolorous strain which is the precursor of a fog storm, and Mrs. Barton, who was sitting alone in her spacious drawing-room, seemed the very impersonation of the day. She was dressed in a wrapper of mourning flannel, with an old shawl thrown over her shoulders, beneath the ample folds of which she sat shivering, too much abstracted to observe that the damp, chilling air from an open window was blowing in upon her.

The room was richly furnished, but wore the same air of neglect which was exhibited in the person of its mistress. Chairs huddled in groups, ottomans and foot-cushions elevated upon the sofas, and the bifurcated of the centre-table arranged in enclosures, for the accommodation of various dilapidated dogs, horses and pigs. Occasionally might be heard, the only cheerful feature amid this desolation—the joyful shouts of children ringing out amid the pines of the wailing wind.

Now a carriage sweeps up the drive, and, without waiting to be announced, a visitor enters—a lady somewhat past middle age, and with a look which might be expressed by the term, expediency. Her eyes first fell upon the open window.

"Why, Jane," she exclaimed, "what's this window open for, on a day like this? People will say that you are crazy, child, if you go on this way?" and the offending sash came down rapidly beneath her strong touch.

"Well, Jane, the winter is almost upon us, and I have come to see you about making arrangements for it. You must know that this establishment cannot be supported. Poor Paul's death cut off two thousand a year from you, and now the only thing that you can do is to come home."

"But, mother, we should make you a great deal of trouble. You and father are so accustomed to quiet living that children would disturb you."

"To be sure, a large family is more trouble than a small one, and, indeed, I could not have my parlors looking as yours do. I shall establish my rules, and see that the boys obey them; and it is high time, on your account, that you were moved, for I never did see children that needed training more! I shall take them in hand immediately. And then, Jane, it's really dreadful for you to mope in this way. You must keep up appearances, child. People must not say, 'There's Jane Barton, all broken down by her husband's death, and as poor as a church mouse!' It was only yesterday that your old beau, George Holman, said to me: 'I saw Mrs. Barton in church last Sunday, and really she is so altered that I hardly knew her.' Know her, indeed! I wonder if he knew Rachel Down, who has been setting her cap for him these five years, and who took her seat just opposite him on purpose to show off her new hat and feather; but she need not set them at flim, though, for it's not forgotten in Jonathan's that her mother was but a milliner's apprentice. But now for our plans: this house must be let; and your father says that, as times are now, we will not bring more than two hundred and fifty dollars a year, which he, of course, must collect for the increased expenses of the family. The boys are small, and won't need to dress much, and when you want anything I shall, of course, see to that. When I have the management of your dress, it will look rather different from what it has done. Let me see; you must wear black for six months yet, and what you have will last you through. Then I shall see that you have something lively. Polly colors are my aversion. Your father says that the furniture had better be sent to the auction room, with the exception of a couple of beds and bedding. You must leave out for the boys—not that four-post bedstead in which they now sleep, but one from the servant's room, as I shall spare for them that low room over the kitchen—the best place for boys, as they can go up and down the back stairs, and save a deal of dirt and noise."

This lady, whom Mrs. Barton called mother, had stood to ward her in that relation from her earliest remembrance, as she had been adopted by her in infancy, at the death of her own mother, whose sister she was, and she had really received from her all the affection which was in her nature to bestow. As soon as she left Mrs. Barton's pent-up feelings found relief in a flood of tears.

"Oh, Paul! Paul!" she exclaimed, wringing her hands, "how can we live without you? You were our summer warmth—our sunshine—our home! Gone—gone! gone forever! No, you are still near us; you love us still, dear, dear husband. There are none in that bright world who can make you forget us. I must have said, and then I shall imbibe your spirit, as I once did, and it will help us in this dark extremity."

With this thought, a degree of peace dawned upon her spirit, and there came to her face something of its old expression, of trusting and joyful love; and with an interest to which she had long been a stranger, she went to seek her children. She found them in the large, cheerful kitchen, where Katie, the indulgent woman of all work, was amusing them with songs and tales of "swate Ireland!"

The beautiful boys! The mother's heart thrilled with joy as she looked upon them. So vigorous! With eyes sparkling, and sweet, kissable lips.

"Indeed, mum, and it's glad I am to see the smile on your face again, and it's tasing me the boys be for songs and stories of old Ireland."

"Oh, mother, mother," interrupted the boys, "Katie has taught us a song. Do n't you want to hear it?"

"Stop, stop, boys," said Katie, who, since her mistress's affliction, had come into much authority, "never be troubling the mother; she'd not care for such blather."

"Indeed, Katie, but I do, and you are very kind to take so much pains with them."

This encouraged, the boys displayed their new acquirement, greatly to their own delight and Katie's, till the old kitchen rang with their vociferous melody. Mrs. Barton yielded to the pleasant influence, and forgot, for the passing moment, the weight upon her heart.

Willie was a child of peculiar organization, full of buoyant life when happily surrounded, and easily yielding to depressing influences. He was so much exhilarated by his mother's unworldly cheerfulness, that he expended himself in the fondest caresses and most jubilant merriment, the latter somewhat to the detriment of Katie's orderly arrangements. These peculiarities had often been observed and reprimanded by Mrs. Dalton, but to his mother they were very endearing, and she desired especially that his outward might ever be as now, the true exponent of the inward. Though ten years of age, he had not yet conquered the mysteries of the multiplication table, and Colburn was his especial aversion, but his cheek would flush and his eye brighten at a beautiful sentiment, and he would repeat, almost without study, verses which pleased him. The beautiful in Nature filled him with inexhaustible gladness; and a rosy sunset, the shadows upon the water, the changing tints of the distant hills, were all commented upon by him, with constant appeals to his mother's sympathy. But beauty of form was his chief attraction, and when taken to the Crystal Palace, he lingered, enraptured by the groups of stately, scarcely attracted by the glittering shows in which children of a larger, as well as smaller growth, chiefly delighted. When he returned home, he made little models in clay, some of which were remarkable for reproducing the sentiments of the original.

Mrs. Barton, without any fixed motive, encouraged Willie in his peculiar tastes, for she had, almost unconsciously to herself, an intense love of the beautiful. She rejoiced with him in any little success—she grieved with him over a disappointment, and was tenderly pained when his plans were thwarted. She had resisted all her mother's entreaties, that he should be sent to a public school, for she felt, instinctively, that his routine would be thoroughly uninteresting to him; "What would he do at mother's?" she murmured, and her heart sank at the thought. In addition to this, came the reflection of the great inconvenience to which Mrs. Dalton would be exposed by such an addition to her family.

Mrs. Dalton was what is called "very particular in her way," and this way she found it sufficiently difficult to impose upon her frequently changing caprice, without the increased labor of reducing two buoyant boys to its routine. Could nothing better be done? Plan after plan suggested itself to Mrs. Barton, only to be rejected. Her education, showy but superficial, would not warrant her in an endeavor to teach. She could not open a boarding-house, for she was deficient in the qualities of a housekeeper. Thus those two chief, and almost only avenues for ladies in reduced circumstances, were closed against her. But for a home, she would make sacrifices—she would sell her furniture, pictures, books, her husband's law library, which he had valued at a thousand dollars; but what would it bring in an auction-room? A new thought strikes her—it should not be sacrificed.

A few days after, accompanied by Willie, Mrs. Barton commenced a long walk. Her destination took her through the business part of the town to a small and somewhat dilapidated cottage, then unoccupied. Furnished with a key, they entered. Its aspect was most uninviting; the ceilings low; the walls dingy; the windows small and many of the panes broken.

Willie discovered an old bench, which he brought for his mother, and placed it by a window into which the sun shone cheerfully. Near by was a friendly well-house.

"Now, mamma, for a splendid drink of water," exclaimed he, and darted through the doorway; he whirled the windlass round rapidly, and soon brought up the old oaken bucket, with its sparkling contents. A rusty dipper, after many rinsings, he filled and brought to his mother. The affectionate attention, so gracefully offered, with the bright smile of the giver, won from her an answering smile in return; and refreshed by the draught, the dreary apartments looked to her as dreary.

"What a small house, Willie! How do you suppose that people ever lived here?"

"I guess they were short, like you and I, mamma. I'm sure Uncle Joe would bump his head in the doorway," replied Willie, laughing.

"When do you like best, your grandpa's?"

"Why, your grandpa's is very fine—"

"Yes, Willie, we're not money-grubbers, keep our own house, and must not be bothered. Grand-mamma is so kind as to invite us over, 'You love beautiful things, and they have fine furniture and pictures, and vases. Shall we go?'"

"Oh no, mamma, 'tis so cold there! Grand-mamma shuts out the sun, lest it should spoil her curtains; and the fresh air, lest the dust should get in; and she never likes to have Bobby and I step upon the carpets. Why does she ask us? I'm sure she can't want us!"

"She asks us for our own sake, because we must lose our house, and she thinks there is no where else for us to go."

"Then let us stay here, dear mamma, and try?"

"What! in this little room, so old and ugly?"

"But the sunshine is beautiful—the fresh air is sweet, and then it would be all our own; and we can see, and breathe, and play, and sing when we want to. Do let us stay here!"

"We will, darling." And thus it was decided.

But even this humble home could not be secured without an extra effort, and Mrs. Barton resolved, as a first resource, to fit up the front room as a library, and offer her books for sale. She will not follow her through all the trials she encountered, in the opposition of her relatives, to the very peculiar course she had resolved to pursue. Let us rather go with her on the day of her removal. She had previously, with Katie's assistance, mended the broken panes, white-washed the walls, and cleaned the repainted wood-work. For the next day, only had she incurred any expense in having the sun allowed to the walls, and the books, now neatly arranged upon them, made quite an imposing display, for beside the law library, was a

large selection of a miscellaneous character. In the little window were placed all the pretty trifles which had adorned the mantles and tables of the former home.

The room which wore the most familiar aspect, was the kitchen. It was large and roomy, and fitted up with the same tables and chairs to which they had been so long accustomed. Katie's bright face completed the situation. Indeed, the boys, who, since their mother's affliction had been much left to her society, hardly realized the change.

It was evening, and temporary arrangements having been made for the night, Mrs. Barton, thoroughly exhausted, threw herself upon a couch and fell into that deep rest which follows physical exertion. She was soon aroused by the sound of the table-bell, which was followed by Katie's cheerful presence.

"Indeed, mum, I'd waited if I'd known you were sleeping; but maybe it's well for it's time you'd be a ting something, and you'll have to excuse it that the table is laid in the kitchen."

Mrs. Barton resisted the first selfish impulse to make no further exertion for the night, and half aroused and dispirited, followed Katie; but when the kitchen door opened, a really inviting scene burst upon her. The burnished stove with its open grate, through which gleamed the ruddy coals—the polished tin upon the walls, and the table spread with its white cloth and fragrant cakes. The children, clean, merry, and affectionate, eagerly greeted their mother.

The table was laid for three, and Katie burst herself in removing some dishes from the stove to the table. Mrs. Barton's heart swelled, and her eyes filled with tears, as she exclaimed:

"Oh, Katie, my good girl! I did not expect this—and you so weary, too; but there's just one fault here—bring another plate."

"Indeed, mum," commenced Katie—

"Yes, indeed, Katie! I'll not sit down to this table unless you sit with me. You're been to me for a long time not only a servant but a friend—there, I have placed it for you, as you have mine for me, and laying her hand affectionately upon Katie's arm, she drew her to her seat. Never were the boys so happy before.

"How well Katie does!" said Mrs. Barton, as she sat alone after the rest had retired. How unutterable, how orderly, how cheerful, and how successful! I could not hope to rival her in her peculiar sphere. Oh that I may be able to retain her! But if I would sell my books, I must satisfy the table to them. I will write an advertisement; but even that may not be sufficient. I must put up a sign, 'Books to Sell.' But will that do? No; the sign must correspond with the advertisement; 'Mrs. Barton, Bookseller.' How painful to see my own name in large letters over the door; but for the sake of home, home, I must submit to it."

In a few days, the little sign over the door, aided by an advertisement in the daily, did not fail to attract customers. Let us describe the first. Willie, who had been strolling in the little front room—where as well call it store—came rushing out to his mother to say that a gentleman wished to see her. She did shrink for one moment from taking this first step, though she had supposed herself entirely prepared for it. Katie, who saw the flushed cheek and trembling movement, entreated to be permitted to go in her place.

"No! no! Kate," said she, "I am ashamed of this weakness," and hastily stepping to the door, she entered the store.

She there found a gentleman who had been a friend of her husband, and who had spent many a pleasant evening at her house. He greeted her cordially, and said that he had called to wish her success in her undertaking; and to offer her any advice, or assistance she might need. He pronounced the law library valuable, and offered to affix prices to the books. This was truly a favor, and most gratefully accepted. He spent several hours thus employed, and offered to call again the next morning and complete the work. Receiving several volumes, he paid for them a liberal price, professing himself fortunate in being able to procure them. How much this kindness and sympathy aided Mrs. Barton. There was positive hope, too, in the bank bills which filled her purse.

This encouragement in the morning was followed by a drawback in the afternoon. Mrs. Dalton made her appearance, and with a face flushed with anger, she entered the little store, exclaiming:

"Pretty things this, truly! 'Mrs. Barton books and stationery!' Whoer thought of your going on in this way to disgrace all your friends? Everybody staring and talking about it! I'll tell you what—people say that your head is turned—that you never have been straight since Rachel's death. They know, of course, that your father and I expect you to come home. You should have had some regard to our feelings, after the generous offers we made you. But it is not too late yet. Your father says that you'll not have a cent of his property, if you go on in this way—that you must pull down that miserable sign and come home at once; and I've brought Tom to help pack. Here, Tom!"

Tom commenced taking down the things.

"Stop, Tom!" said Mrs. Barton, "your services are not needed here."

"Go on!" said Mrs. Dalton, stamping.

"Mother!" said Mrs. Barton, "I cannot permit this interference. I have chosen my own course, and I must abide by it."

Much more was said on both sides, and when Mrs. Dalton found her assumption unavailing, she resorted to tears and entreaties. These were much more difficult to resist, but they were resisted, for her daughter well knew the penalty of yielding—utter subservience of herself and children, to a most imperious way, and to a tone of thought and habit utterly discordant to her own. It needed all the endearing ways of her children, and Katie's cheerful housekeeping, to do away with the unpleasant influences of this interview.

Mr. Powers the next morning, fulfilled his promise, and although the actual service was great, the kindness and encouragement were for more.

Many were the comments upon Mrs. Barton's conduct; not only by her immediate circle, but many others.

"How odd!" said one; "but then she always did the strangest things. Why, she would sit in the

middle of her pew at church, and give her sewing-woman the head seat; and once, when she had been out making visits, she picked up her washerwoman, laden with a huge basket of broken victuals, and took her home; and now, it is positively asserted that she eats with her cook! I approve of kindness and charity, and all that sort of thing, of course, but such innovations upon the true order of society are dreadful! Her influence as a woman of position was bad, and no doubt her afflictions are a dispensation of Providence on that account. Educated as she was, too, by one so stylish as Mrs. Dalton—it is most astonishing."

"How unfeeling," said another, "is Jane Barton's conduct. Poor Mrs. Dalton's heart is almost broken by it. She and her husband had expected so much enjoyment from the society of Jane and the boys—they are so lonely in that great house, which is half shut up. She says now, that her great fault was in permitting her to marry so young; for Paul always encouraged her odd ways which she had taken so much pains to correct."

"What a mean spirit Jane Barton has," said one, "to be willing to live in that low way; but as water seeks its level, so will people at length sink to their true positions. For my part, I never did think much of her, and always wondered what Paul Barton could see in her to admire."

But there were a few who regarded her course with more favor—who felt that outward freedom was necessary to the growth of the spirit, and that her efforts to obtain it, which in a man would have been regarded as praiseworthy, were in a woman no less so. From these she received the friendship, useful counsels, and all the business patronage which they had to bestow. By them, she was encouraged to persevere in her undertaking, and advised to lay by as much as possible from the receipts of her sales, to replenish her stock, before it should become exhausted.

The long and cold winter which was now setting in, required to be met, with many household arrangements, and to such cares Mrs. Barton was so unaccustomed that they cost her great effort, and some expenditure of money. Before they were completed, winter clothing for the children became an imperative necessity. This she could not afford to hire made, and must therefore herself endeavor to accomplish. But alas! how intricate is the mystery of socks, jackets and pants, to one unaccustomed to their construction! She commenced by dissecting old garments, which she endeavored to imitate. Her first feat was a jacket for Bobby, which, when completed, she held up with an air of great exultation.

"See, Bobby!" said she, "what a nice warm jacket mamma has made for you! Come and let us put it on!" and he, greatly delighted, was soon induced into it and buttoned up to the chin. He felt the thick texture, explored the pockets, and danced about in great delight, but alas! that emotion was all on his side, for its ill proportion so marred the harmony of his erect, and graceful little figure, that his mother was in despair.

"Come here, darling! and let me take it off. I think it needs a little altering."

"Oh no, mamma, it's a beauty, and so warm! Do let me wear it!"

Mrs. B. yielded, for she had little faith in her power of improving, but it was with a sad heart, and greatly diminished courage, that she contemplated the remaining articles.

In the midst of her despair, and Bobby's glory, Katie announced a visitor—Miss Rachel Downe. She had been an old schoolmate of Mrs. B.'s, and always kept up an intimacy.

"Now what has happened?" she exclaimed, seeing her friend's woe-begone face.

"Oh, not much, was the reply, accompanied by the ghost of a smile; "but do look at poor Bobby."

The latter, in his extreme complacency, was upon the point of attracting attention to his new jacket, but turned about, greatly bewildered by his mother's doleful tones.

The effect was really comical, and Rachel burst into uncontrollable laughter. Bobby laughed in childish sympathy, but the case was really too tragic for his mother, as was evidenced by the dropping of some positive tears.

"Oh Jane!" exclaimed Rachel, instantly checked by the sight; "do forgive me! I should not have laughed, if the case had been irreparable; but you must let me assist you. I have a positive genius for fitting. This would not be so bad, after all, if—"

and the lurking fun at the corners of her mouth, threatened again to overcome her. But she conquered.

"If it were taken in in the back. Now, Bobby, take it off, and let us see it for a while."

Bobby was very reluctant, but at last consented, and Rachel, with the freedom of old friendship, gleefully examined herself of hat and garment, and commenced her attack upon the unlucky garment. Under her skilful fingers it soon assumed a comely shape. She insisted that Mrs. Barton should not spoil the remainder of her cloth, but allow her to come in and cut it out for her. This she cordially offered, and frankly accepted, drew the friends nearer together than ever before, and Mrs. B. fortunately discovered the means of prolonging the intercourse which both found so pleasant.

Miss Downe had accepted, for the coming Spring, the place of assistant teacher in a neighboring academy, and in the meantime was desirous of improving her knowledge of the French language. Mrs. Barton was thoroughly competent to assist her, and each day found her in the little front room, where in her friend's absence she waited upon customers, for customers there were, and many a costly volume had been transferred from her shelves to those of others.

CHAPTER II.

One unusually bright morning in the latter part of November, Mrs. Barton had been tempted to take a longer walk than usual, and on her return found George Holman in earnest conversation with Rachel. Remembering that their names had been often coupled together, she made a hasty excuse, and passing through the store, left them alone. Pleasantly exhibited by her walk, she was in a mood to interpret everything favorably.

"An answer, without doubt," thought she, "Margaret—a pleasant home for my dear Rachel," and she went on, waving in her own mind a thousand

fancies, all hanging upon this interview. Thus glided away a half hour, when Rachel came out suddenly to say that customers required her presence in the store. She looked up somewhat surprised at the request, and saw that her friend was in tears.

"Rachel! what does this mean?" said she, taking both her hands.

"Oh, do not ask me, Jane. I am so unhappy. Go—go," and she gently pushed her away.

Mrs. Barton entered the store and stirred her customer, seemingly engrossed with a periodical. Her toilers; Mr. Holman in the meantime standing at a feelings were greatly excited against him as she thought of her gentle and suffering friend, and without deigning him a look even, she left the room to seek her, but she had gone. She heard Holman walking backward and forward in the store with quick, impatient steps, and at length he slightly opened the door, and calling her name, begged to speak with her. She ventured, with no very friendly feelings, toward him. He commenced:

"Mrs. Barton, you have seen Rachel?"

"Yes, Mr. Holman, I have seen her as I hope I shall never see her again. If there is anything especially odious, it is to wound the affections of another, to trifles, as I may say, for years; to use every personal and accidental advantage to excite an interest which is afterward treated with contempt," and the exalted speaker dashed the blinding tears from her eyes.

"Dear Mrs. Barton, how thoroughly you express my feelings," said her interested auditor.

She gave him a look of contempt.

"But, dear madam, though your sentiments are so correct, you have a strange want of sympathy with a poor fellow who is exactly in the situation you describe."

"Sympathy with a trifler! one who has coqueted with false smiles and pretended sympathy, who has dallied for years with a faithful heart, and would now scold himself under some kind of sentimental pretext—I know not what."

"Dear Mrs. Barton," interrupted the gentleman, "I admire your indignation, while I cannot but feel desirous that the deserving object should receive the benefit of it. I assure you it is not me. You look surprised, but must believe me when I tell you that it is not your friend Rachel but myself who is the scorned and slighted one; that I have loved her these five years, and proposed to her nearly as many times. Yes, indeed, your description suits her excellently—smiles, personal advantages, and all that used to delude a poor fellow, and then very coolly talk of want of sympathy, and the denuce know what! If she could have offered one reasonable objection, I would have given her up long ago; but, by Jove, the longer she talks the more I'm bewildered, and am just as far from understanding her as I was five years ago. If I could not offer her a handsome income, she'd have a right to say no. If I was sick, and needed nursing, she'd be a fool to have me. If I was cross-grained and sour-ripped, I would not blame her. But as you see, Mrs. Barton," (and he cast a look of complacency at the little mirror opposite, which reflected back his very handsome face), none of these objections exist, and her persistency in rejecting me is utterly unaccountable. No doubt she will come round at last, but I'm tired of waiting. Now, dear madam, as you must clearly see that her interest and happiness depend upon it, I beg you will use your influence to bring her to reason."

"Indeed, Mr. Holman, as Rachel has had five years to think of this, and has not in all that time changed her mind, as a friend, I would advise you to give her up."

"As a friend, Mrs. Barton, you could advise me to no such thing. My highest idea of married happiness is to be united to a gentle, yielding and sweet tempered woman; and there is not in all Jonathanville one to compare with Rachel in this respect. Why, my dear madam, she never could have come down upon a poor fellow as you did upon me just now; though no offence, I assure you. Indeed, the only inconsistent thing she ever did is to persist in refusing me. She'll have to repent of it by-and-by. You're a sensible woman, Mrs. Barton; you surely see it in the same light in which I do."

"Whether I do or not, I see that it is very desirable to have it settled. I appreciate your kind intentions, and will lay them faithfully before her."

This was a point gained, and it put Mr. Holman in exceedingly good humor. Expressing his thanks most abundantly, he left.

After she had dined, Mrs. Barton dispatched Willie with a note to her friend, begging her to come to her, as she could not herself leave the store. Rachel pleaded a headache, and promised to go in the morning. This did not satisfy Mrs. Barton, and therefore immediately after tea, taking Willie for company, she went round to Mr. Andrews, the brother-in-law of Rachel. She was invited to her own little room, and greeted most affectionately.

"Dear Rachel, it was almost unkind of you to leave me so suddenly. You must have known that when you and me in tears, I should have been unhappy until I saw you again."

"Oh, don't do n't, do n't speak of it!"

"I would not for my own sake, but I really think you'd be happier to have this matter settled. I have no doubt that you are entirely right, and you need not disturb yourself on George Holman's account, for he is not a man to die of a broken heart. If you can make him understand that your mind cannot be changed, he will retire; though I really wish that you could like him—he has a kind heart."

"So he has, and I really do like him."

"Well, truly, you are verifying his words, that the only inconsistent thing which you ever did is to refuse him."

"He never can understand me; but you can—must. I like him for his kind heart. I respect him for his integrity, I admire his handsome person, and appreciate the advantages of his wealth and social position, yet I could not do a more fatal thing than to marry him. His will is very strong, and so is his love of ease, and he is chiefly desirous of my yielding disposition. It is the consciousness of this weakness which arms me against him. Woman's highest duty, in his eyes, is housekeeping; and he would require from a wife, the most solemn attention to the execution of a sinner. If he should say to me, 'Rachel, this

From it, as a centre, can be traced all of the orders of vegetable life, and the animal up to man, the crowning type. This question is discussed with much candor and abun- of philosophy in the "Banner."
"3." To show how the kingdoms, divisions, classes and species of the living world originated by the influence of conditions operating on the primordial elements. The most sublime lesson taught by Nature is the law of conditions. To accomplish any great result, the laws must be known in order to satisfy the conditions necessary to develop the desired result. In the laboratory the chemist makes use of his knowledge of the principles which govern the experiments he may exhibit. In all of the known sciences the laws of conditions are always consulted. Then, as we step forth from the arena of science on to the broad fields of Nature, shall we deny that conditions of surrounding elements of earth and air have no effect upon animals and man? Shall we deny that the conditions have the effect of making man ignorant and sluggish? Yet, when aroused, fierce and barbarous? Most certainly the most common observer must mark the difference between the animals and man of the different zones. In this case, conditions govern. But to show more clearly and pointedly the effect of condition, let us transplant an animal from one zone to the other, and by crossing the blood, we establish two new conditions—one of blood, and the other of climate. Behold the result of the amalgamation! It will differ most essentially from anything known in the animal kingdom. Continuing this series of inter-mixings, the law of condition will be more and more manifested.

"4." To show how man originated from the animal world, and to detail the history of his primitive state? That man is an animal is clearly shown from many circumstances of his physical nature. In him are concentrated all the elements of the lower order of animal, and of the higher endowments of spirituality, mentality and reason. In him are represented the gophyrie, the reptile and mammal. His embryonic conception proves this in an unmistakable manner. Man commences at the foot of the scale, and advances over the whole vast interval that life has traversed since its early dawn. Man at first is a gophyrie. The embryo is a confused gelatinous body, without the least appearance of different organs. Gradually this primordial model is transformed; first to the rank of the fish, not agreeing in external form, it is true, but in the organization of its brain, its nervous and circulating systems—relations of vital importance. It next ascends to the rank of reptiles, then to that of mammals, and lastly, its brain is still further developed, and it rises to the grade of a human being. Thus it passes through all the grades of life, from the lowest to the highest. This law of embryonic growth happily illustrates the numerous cases of monstrosity which occur almost daily. As the Arcana says, "the laws of embryonic growth act impudently, the human fetus grows out of the lower stages; but if impeded, it retains a trace of its transition, or remains permanently at some lower stage, which should be only temporary in man, but permanent in the animal."
Our space will not permit us to make further extracts upon this most interesting part of our subject. We leave the reader to consult the Arcana at his leisure.

"5." To show how mind originates and is governed by fixed laws. The theory that mind was dependent upon the organization of the brain, and that when the brain is destroyed, mind is annihilated, never was successfully refuted till the science of spiritual philosophy established the fact that man's body was a dual being, consequently there must be two brains—the physical, and corresponding to it, the spiritual. The material world has always been thrown in confusion at every dart thrown by such Infidels as Voltaire and Hume, simply because it has depended upon a flimsy faith for the proof of the immortality of the soul. Ignoring science, it has been sorely goaded by its discolors. Had not science been wielded by spiritual hands, ere this the mere hope of a future world would have been lost in gloom, and a race of infidels would have been prominent above all others. Then let us be thankful for the new light that now shines from the celestial spheres for our knowledge of immortality.

"6." To prove man an immortal being, and that his immortal state is controlled by as immutable laws as his physical state. The first part of this proposition is fully discussed in the preceding paragraph; the latter it will be proper to notice. The future condition of man has been the theme of speculations in theology from the earliest dawn of the historic period. One theory after another has passed away, till now the latest revision has not the remotest semblance to the ancient superstition. John Calvin had a hell burning with fire and brimstone, while a wall of fire ascended up from the bottomless pit, from souls damned to be damned, and from millions of infants—How a rational being could predicate a faith upon such an infamous, horrid doctrine is wholly beyond the benevolent mind to comprehend. Few clergymen dare speak of hell as a local place now-a-days, but slide to it as a state or condition which can never be changed through the endless days of eternity. Their next step will be that there is a hell, or a state of discord, from which man may progress on to the highest state of happiness, but not through the merits of Christ, but on their own inherent worth. These slimy doctrines pass away like mist before the sunshine, when the stern logic of the Arcana is brought to bear upon them. The first volume most conclusively illustrates the immortality of the soul; while it is left for the second volume, not yet issued, to teach the laws governing spirits in the other world, and the manner of communicating with the earth-life. Let all who desire a clear, rational view of the claims of Spiritualism, possess both volumes. In them are gems of wisdom inspired from angels.

MAN'S DEPENDENCE.

BY GEO. W. NICHOLS.

As the flower, the shrub, or the tree is dependent, for its life and perfect development upon its connection with congenial earth and atmosphere; and as the animal is dependent for its life and perfect development upon the presence of surroundings congenial to its varied nature; so, likewise, is man dependent for his physical and mental life and consciousness, and for his perfect development upon the enjoyment of congenial surroundings.

A FABLE.

FROM THE ORISMAN—FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

A Crow, so vain, as would appear in plumes Peacocks used to wear, Tricked herself out in the array, And sought the Peacocks' ground one day. With measured step and practiced grace She mingled with that splendid race. The Peacocks took her flimsy guise, And soon the crowd they recognized. With one consent they fell to pecking, And stripped her of her false beakings. "Cease now," she cried, "upon your own, My shining plumes must be restored." The Peacocks plucked them from her side; "Peace, miserable fool!" they cried, "Such vanity deserves a check." "Behold me now," she said, "I am a Peacock, and you are all my flock. They hear in the Valley of the Nile no voice but that of me, and such is the power of my charms, that I never so sweetly.

SOUL-LAWS.

My hinged soul I wherever thou may'st be, Thousands of ocean leagues 'twixt thee and me— By intervening mobilities kept apart, Yet ever constant to my present heart; Communing with the world, I speak to thee Of life, of love, of immortality!

Unseen, unknown as yet in mortal form, Living 'mid outer conflict and the storm, Now waging feebly in the battle-line, My spirit's consolatory peace with thee abides, And finds thy likeness where'er the sign Or symbol greets mine eye of love divine.

I need to set apart no hour of rest From earthly labor for my spirit's quest; For Nature, home-toll, prayer and song of thee, Unfold the perfect, graceful ministry Of the pervading love that fills thy soul. The music-waves of poetry that roll

Athwart thy hallowed temple's inner face, Repeat for me the heavenly sweet refrain; For me, afar, the pilgrim sad and still, Waiting the mandate of our Father's Will.

The sadness for world-wrongs that dims thine eye, Fold o'er my heart its tenderest sympathy; The brave resolves that arm thy soul anew To battle for the Beautiful and True, Thrills with its high behest thy loved and lone, As could no summons from earth's mightiest throne!

I kneel beside thee at the shrine of Prayer, Thou art in all my visions, pure and fair, Of this and other worlds; my light supreme, My guiding star of thought; my angel-dream! Thou hast no world-love offerings for me— I have no dower of earthly gifts for thee.

Perhaps in spirit-life we twain shall meet, White star-flower blossom 'neath the aurora's feet, Perhaps, some day of earth, in sweet surprise, My kindred soul before me shall appear, With souls of welcome fond, with beckoning gleam, The glory and fulfillment of life's dream!

It matters not; the question is of time, Somewhere, in this, or in the summer, clime Of deathless lands, illumined by God's grace, I shall behold my promised angel's face, And dwell within the sacred, inner shrine, Of consecrated Love and the divine.

The love thou givest me no change can mar; Over it sweep in vain the clouds of war; The terror-glooms of poverty and ill, The beacon-light beams steadfast, upward still; The tempest and the zephyr bear to thee My trusting soul-voles of fidelity.

No outer influences o'er our lives can shed The baleful woe of doubt; afar has fled From our communing souls the invading strife, The jealous turmoil, and the fear of life, For the old serpent at our feet is crushed, And Passion's tempting voice forever hushed.

Nought of this world, nor of the realms above, Can cloud the blessedness of perfect love; Peace, inspiration, beauty, wisdom dwell, Inspired in true Love's harmony; the spell Of happiness is there, forever found, Where Love, the Beautiful, is vestal-crowned. Peru, Ill., March 4, 1863.

Correspondence.

Spiritualism and its Future. In your excellent paper of the 18th inst., Mr. Editor, I read with much interest a communication from Bro. J. M. Peebles, of Battle Creek, Mich., on the great moral army of Spiritualists and its future. There are many ideas advanced, therein which I can and do heartily concur in, and yet there are some few other important ones wherein I think our brother errs in arriving at his conclusions. He says: "At the call of the death-angel our pioneers are passing to the other side of Jordan," and then asks, "Where are the new recruits and the youth ready and waiting to fill their places?" He then seeks to answer the question by telling the readers of the BANNER, and Spiritualists in particular, that they must throw away their selfhood as a body, and go to seeking the Catholic and other Orthodox denominations to get converts—that is, Spiritualists must, organize, (which I do not object to,) build "costly cathedrals," have "chiming bells," "orchestral music," "fine paintings," "flowers," and last, though not least, allow no lecturers in the field, or once to speak, unless they be "cultured" and able to give "scholarly productions from the rostrum." What is this, I ask, but making concessions to old theology, virtually saying that their old system is more acceptable than our new? I, for one, dear BANNER, beg leave to differ with our brother on this point, and in doing so shall presume to point out the cause which I think is the reason why there are no more zealous accessions to the ranks of Spiritualists.

Our brother seems to carry the idea that what is most desired is to get up some attractive influences in the shape of "costly churches" and "deep-toned organs," &c., to attract our children thither, and then teach them and bring them up to a mere *strut* in Spiritualism. And what does *ditto* signify? Nothing! The time has come when mankind demand something more than belief. They demand knowledge, positive and indisputable.

From the time of the Mosaic dispensation, all the way down to the Christian Era and to the present time, humanity have either reasoned from apparent observation, or from the writings of legendary lore and the traditions of mythology, and the result has been that they have instituted an "innumerable number of beliefs, all having an ultimatum in a vague and unsatisfactory faith. Now belief and faith are synonymous terms, the only difference there is here: Faith is but a number of minor beliefs rounded together, making one grand, big belief—all of which are equivalent to the common Yankee expression of "I guess," or the more fashionable one of "I think so-and-so"—nothing more, nothing less.

What I wish to imply is, that we must cease talking so much about *beliefs*, and be satisfied in telling what we know. It is an indisputable fact that all those who accept the teachings of Spiritualism are those who have been converted to a knowledge of the truth through the physical manifestations of spirits, and it is these manifestations that we need, to-day, in order to create an interest and gain accessions to our ranks from the hosts of seers, doubting Thomases after truth. These Slippart impostors, and impressional and trance-speaking mediums are doing but very little good in the way of teaching humanity a knowledge of immortality, compared to those mediums through whom astounding physical manifestations are wrought, among whom are the Davenport boys, Harry Blads, Apple Lord Chamberlain, Mr. Foster, and numerous others, who are making the hearts of thousands rejoice, because, through these *white spirit* friends, intuitive and compassed souls are receiving *impressions* that they will live, and verifying to their friends the question that, "Death is but a brief sleep, and those who sleep with no selfish hand will be awakened to a door, to show as those we love."

Bro. H. Blads, of Jackson, Mich., on one occasion told me that the physical manifestations wrought out through him by the spirits had been the means of converting, on an average, seventy persons a month to a positive knowledge of immortality. Now I would ask Bro. Peebles if he supposes that "the church edifices," with "deep-toned organs," brass and stringed instruments," grand and melodious singing and "chiming bells," and "cultured speakers" that can give us "scholarly productions from the rostrum," would ever bring one "lost sheep of the fold" to a positive knowledge of immortality? No, never! In preference to this, give me Nature as my God, its realm for my Church, its laws for my Creed, its scriptures for my Bible, its philosophy for my Religion, and the combined thoughts and reasonings of all spirits and men blended with my own experience and reason for my Preachers, and then will my soul be in harmony with everything that is good and lovely, that I shall not need "elegant buildings," "towering domes and spires," "cultured speakers" to "lift me into the realms of the inspirational," and aid the souls—*ah!* souls—in their efforts to attain the mountain heights of the true and the beautiful." G. F. KIRKMAN. Saginaw City, Mich., April 20th, 1863.

Places and Persons.—No. 1.

It was a stormy April day when the hack-driver called out: "Baggage aboard!" I drew on my gloves, and glided softly into the room to say good-by to two sisters, one on her sixth week of fever, the other a patient watcher. I kissed "our little girl," and sent my blessing to their father, a prisoner in Rebelem. At the cars friendly hands were shaken, adieu said, baggage stowed away, and with the word of command, the king of the rail drew us out of sight and sound of Coldwater, Mich. I could not read, and would not think, because my spirit seemed disposed to dwell in desolate places. Some one said, "Read the world in the car." I did read a chapter, in the seat in front of me. The seat contained a young, weak-minded, gawky bedecked woman and a rake, the proprietor of a finely-trimmed moustache and a suit of broadcloth. The gentleman (?) amused himself and his sallow by low jests and coarse compliments to ladies. The lady simpered and giggled, and tried to blush. I pray for the time when all men everywhere will learn that woman is not a sky-rocket, waiting for some masculine spark to present her to the world just to blaze and dazzle and die; and for the time, too, when woman will repel her traducer, however sugared-coated his words may be.

"Middlebury, Indiana," said the conductor, putting me off the cars.

"Can you take me to the Centre?" I asked the proprietor of a faded horse.

"I reckon," was the reply.

"Beckon," I translated into yes, and prepared for a cold drive. The ribs and joints of that poor beast cannot me now like the shadow of an ascending angel. I treat the doctrine of transmigration of souls as a myth, also I fear some unfortunate human soul was paying penance for the sins of another life, by putting me over five miles of ground.

But a change came to me, as it comes to all—a change from the chill night air to the comforts of a cozy cottage—my Hooper escort for my "little sister," and our good conduct. But in these times there are no homes devoid of darkness, no cup unmixed with bitterness. Sorrow and death have made fearful traces in the home of my friends. The strongest and bravest of that little household (two brothers) went forth to battle for liberty. Both have returned. They came in charge of Cousin Mary. One (all that is mortal) came in a box, on iron—his uniform abroad; the other upon a bed of blankets. "Such is war-life!"

Southward was my destination; so, after a day's rest, I turned from genial spirits to meet strange faces. An agree shake—an old stand-by—hinted that I might as well stay over night at the "Crossing." The name is all I know of the town—and even that I do not know. But I do know that it contained a hotel, and with a little extra packing, three lodgers were accommodated. We then breakfasted together. One was a garrulous old gentleman, the other a splendid looking young man in uniform. His pleasant face bore no traces of sorrow; his eyes were as bright and joyous as if they had never witnessed scenes of carnage. But, at his call, a strong man approached and bow the captain away in his arms. I then learned that the captain had lost both limbs, and was home-bound. At evening of that day I reached Indianapolis, Ind. I have a friend there born in the shadow of my own Grange hill. Of course, I did not pass her by; but stayed so long to sing "Auld Lang Syne."

A letter reached me there containing a sermon to me upon the risks and disadvantages of marriage. The sermon was a capital thing. It would be a good beacon-light to some one—to many, perhaps; but as for me I have no need to be warned off the shoals, sandbars, and whirlpools so often found upon the stormy, choppy sea. That good, long letter was designed for other eyes than mine—quite a mistake Mr. Somebody made in his writings to me.

Well, here I am at last, and by the Railroad Guide find where I am—Evansville, Ind., on the Ohio, midway between Louisville and Cairo. It is an extensive shipping port; is the southern terminus of the Wabash and Erie Canal, and of several important railroads. With Lanesboro adjoining it on the east, it has a population of 15,000.

Few days since I was in a miniature snow-drift. Here the gardens are rejoicing in their spring glory; the peach-trees are out in gay postures; the willow and maple invite us to the woods. Verily, it seems as if we had taken a leap from January to June. I am lecturing here in the Theatre. Some one said a Hall was engaged, but the proprietor, in a spasm of piety, broke his engagement. Truly,

H. F. M. BROWN. Evansville, Ind., April 10, 1863.

Influence of Spirits.

Peeling it a duty as well as a pleasure, Mr. Editor, I contribute \$1.00 toward your Free Circles—my mile—for there is no one who enjoys the perusal of that page from the spirits better than myself. I have never been a subscriber to your paper, yet a constant reader from the first time I ever saw the BANNER, which was at the commencement of the third volume. I do not mean that I've been reading a borrowed paper, for I have bought it at the office. I cannot express the pleasure and happiness I have experienced in its perusal. I would sooner do without my food, except just enough to support nature, than to do without my paper. It is indeed food and drink for the hungry and thirsty soul.

Ten years ago some one sent me two Spiritual papers, "The New Era." I think I had heard of Spiritism, but thought it all a humbug; as many others do. I read a page or two. It seemed so strange, and then it coincided with my views somewhat. I thought all would be happy immediately after death, so I threw this among other old papers, without a reading, and thought no more of it. Two or three years from that time one of my daughters was developed at a writing medium, very suddenly and unexpectedly. She answered questions mentally, and foretold events which happened precisely as had been written. This was a surprise. I had no idea of it. My predictions flew away, and I began to think and read and investigate. My old papers were hunted up, and read and re-read, with a longing desire for more. I had not time to read the New Era, which I had bought, which I took till I saw the BANNER, which suited my

family better, and since that I've not been without it. I have another daughter, now a resident of Boston, who has since been developed as a willing medium, and many are the texts and excellent messages I have received from my spirit-friends on the "other side."

At the time the war commenced I was very much excited, as were others, and could not be reconciled to see a Christian nation engaged in a civil war. I never was interested in politics much; therefore my sympathies were for the South, for I thought the Abolitionists had made all the trouble. I was also, very apt to speak my mind freely; never could bear to be longed, and it was getting to be rather dangerous about here to express any sympathy for the South. One day I had been very much excited, and went to my room alone for contemplation. I thought, Why do I allow myself to feel so excited? I cannot make one hair black or white by talking so much. I will keep calm. I will write to my daughter, and request her to get the opinion of my spirit friends.

Before I had time to write, the answer came. She was sitting at work, when her hand was controlled very suddenly, and so powerfully, she had to get her pencil and paper, and then wrote the following communication from my spirit-daughter, who has been in the spirit-land thirty-six years:

"Oh, my blessed mother! relieve your heart of its sad burden of grief, for your spirit-daughter's life is on your brow and her soothing words shall give you comfort. Dear, dear mother, it is not you to foresee the glorious events this strife among brethren will call forth. Along through the vista of years, we, as spirits, see the end, the joy, the glory of the bright path this war will open for the feet of Liberty to tread. Mother, bid me your tongue—you cannot make one hair black or white by words, and of what avail is the exclamation of your spirit? Oh, no, dear mother, bid me clear me about, 'Hail, hail, our glorious Stars and Stripes!' Dear mother, let thy feelings be hushed; sweet and peaceful as an infant's smile, let thy heart be at ease, for Maria, your spirit-daughter, is watching over you, and wherever your sons and daughters may be called, good spirits will ever be their protectors. Yours ever DAUGHTER."

It is about two years since the above was written, and I've been calm and resigned since, looking forward in hope to a better time coming.

A sister in the faith. M. A. WINTA. Sandwich, Mass., April 6, 1863.

Amo Lord Chamberlain's Seances.

I am aware, Mr. Editor, that you require your communications to be made short, comprehensive, &c., and will endeavor to comply as far as my ability will permit.

Of this vicinity have been for the past winter luxuriating on Spirit Phenomena, through the famous Musical Medium, Mrs. Annie Lord Chamberlain, much to the astonishment, and no little to the chagrin of church members and old fogies in general. But the seed has been sown, and I trust some in good soil, whereby may an one of this interesting class in the course of time will be forced to acknowledge that the spirit does more. All candid and observing persons who have been present at the circles, do admit that there is no deception on the part of the medium. Your correspondent having had superior opportunities for detecting, does hereby assert that he knows there can be none.

The manifestations consist of a musical performance, apparently by a band of spirits. The instruments used are: bass drum, bass viol, guitar, tamborine, accordion, and four bells. The circle all join hands, and remain so during the performance. One man plays a violin not connected with the circle. The instruments all play in perfect time and tone with it, going round and about the room like lightning, beating time on the heads of the persons composing the circle. At the same time a hand is felt patting them on the head, face, &c., &c.

I have read of these phenomena for years, but all descriptions have been tame, when compared with the reality. The music must be heard to be appreciated.

I have not short much in this communication that would be interesting, for which brevity must answer. Yours for truth, J. C. MERRIAM. Rochester, N. H., April 17, 1863.

Among the Spirits.

The world tales wherewith the people of medium ages were wont to while away the evening hours, are more than realized in this age of oft-recurring miracle. From Homer down to Milton, from the insupportable night when the phantom alarmed the slumbering Brutus, to the premonition of defeat at Philippi, from the hour that the crowd of Constantine named lord and threatening in the heavens, to the ushering in of modern Spiritualism, the idea has been universally incalculated and generally received, that spirits do commune with mortals, and that their influence sensibly affects the whole tenor of their lives.

However this may be, none who have witnessed the performances of the Davenport Boys, and other celebrated mediums, can dispute the fact, that they are clothed with a mystery, which the closest investigations of eminent scientific men have failed to fathom. Those who were present at the exhibitions of the Davenport boys in this place recently, and particularly those who were fortunate enough to obtain a seat in the box with the mediums, were witnesses of demonstrations at once startling and sublime, far surpassing anything hitherto accomplished by the votaries of the black art. How unlike trickery the whole performance. The closest investigation is invited. There is no attempt at concealment. The mediums are tied by a chosen committee, one at each end of the box, and the several instruments of music are placed midway between them: the doors are closed, and instantly the instruments yield sweet sounds, all harmonizing in the doors are described, the mediums are tied the same as the committee tied them; but the instruments have all been moved, and are lying around in disorder. What agency has been at work? Human? If so, we are fast losing faith in the miracles!

But let us enter the inner temple, and if possible obtain a clearer conception of this wonderful power. We enter the box and take a seat between the mediums, who are still secretly fastened; the doors are closed, and we are alone with the mystery! Instantly we feel the pressure of hands on our face, arms and breast; instrumental hands are gliding all over us, and we become conscious of forms moving about us; we feel their breath upon our cheek, and we strive to catch a view of the moving phantoms, but we peer unavailingly into the gloaming gloom. During all this time it was silent as the grave. Not a word was spoken, and the mediums were motionless as statues. A feeling of awe crept over us. Were we in the midst of disembodied spirits? Were visitors, benign in presence and loving in deed, touching our hands and our foreheads? Did we hear the rustle of unfurling wings and the rattle of ethereal garments?

Scarcely had these things withdrawn, and the instruments taken from our face, when they were placed when we opened the box. The guitar was poised upon our head, and at our request assumed any desired position; the violin was lifted up and borne about, at the same time playing music which a Paganini might have envied; and the bell and tamborine joined the choral harmony. And still not a movement was made by any of the occupants of the box. With our hands upon the mediums, it was as if they were spirit-friends for whom to move would have been a disgrace. They may have produced the strange phenomena we have described, but the mediums are tied the same as the committee tied them; they could not escape from the net-work of ropes in which their limbs were entangled, and which held them firmly in their seat, without sufficient effort to expose the trick. There was no concealment, everything being done much more rapidly and skilfully than we could have done it in any way. We have no opinion in offering the reader to form his own conclusions.—Anti-C. Ledger.

A Telegraphing Story.

A writer on the facts of telegraphing, in the February number of Harper's Magazine, tells the following capital story respecting a couple of reporters for rival New York journals, who had taken possession of the telegraph station on a certain Sabbath night, at Niagara Falls. It was at the time of the Prince of Wales' visit there, and, of course, each paper was eager to outdo the other in the date and character of its dispatches relative to the Prince's tour. One of these special reporters for a New York paper had ordered the telegraph line to be kept open, one Sunday evening, when the offices were usually closed, and had engaged to pay the operators liberally for their extra work. Before he had finished telegraphing his usual reports, along came the reporter of another New York journal, who, having obtained some exclusive news, and finding the line in the working order, asserted his right to have his dispatches transmitted to New York also. Reporter the first retorted. Reporter the second insisted. Reporter the first appealed to the telegraph operators, and after a great deal of conversation between the Niagara and Rochester offices, the operators decided that both reports must be telegraphed. Reporter the second was calmly triumphant, and coolly prepared his notes. Reporter the first attempted to bribe the operators, and finding them incorruptible, began a long and desultory argument over the wires in order to kill time and crowd out his opponent. Reporter the second thereupon obtained an interview with the Hon. John Rose, the Premier of Canada, who sent down a message to the operators that he was, or had been, President, Vice-President, or a Director—be really could not tell which—of the Telegraph Company, and that, by virtue of this authority, he ordered both dispatches to be telegraphed immediately. This order added fuel to the fire of indignation which glowed in the bosom of Reporter the first. A Canadian official dictate to an American Reporter! never!

Meanwhile, the moments slipped hurriedly away, and the hour was approaching when it would be useless to attempt to send a dispatch to New York in time for publication in the morning papers. Observing this, Reporter the first suddenly recovered his self-control, and referred all the parties concerned to the standard rule of the Telegraph Company, that "dispatches must be sent in the order in which they were received," and that "no dispatch must be withheld before another could be transmitted." This rule was acknowledged to be telegraphic law. Reporter the first then claimed priority for his report. This point was also conceded. The Reporter then briefly but eloquently informed the bystanders that they might as well go to bed, as his report could never be concluded while a chance of a dispatch reaching New York that night remained to his competitor. Immediately he set to work to telegraph against time. His original report having been dispatched, he jotted down every item worth sending, and ransacked his brain for any little incident of the Prince's doings which might possibly have been forgotten. His pencil flew over the paper like lightning. Click—click—click—the operator hurried off page after page, almost as rapidly as the reporter could indite them. Reporter the second stalked gloomily up and down the office despairing but unconquered. To him the minute-hand of the clock moved with terrible swiftness. To Reporter the first the moments seemed abed with lead. Every item being exhausted, a description of Niagara Falls, carefully reserved to be sent by mail, was handed to the operator and flashed over the line at a cost of six or eight cents a word. This done, there was a moment's pause. Reporter the first reflected. Reporter the second breathed more freely, and even ventured to smile hopefully and nervously finger his detached dispatches. Alas! Reporter the first writes again—this time a note to the Rochester operator: "Which would you prefer to telegraph, a chapter of the Bible, or a chapter of Claude Duval, the highwayman? These are the only two books I can find in the hotel." The lightning flashes off with the query, and returns with the answer: "It is quite immaterial which you send."

The reporter seizes the Bible; transcribes the first chapter of Matthew, with all its hard, genealogical names; adds this to his previous dispatches; tucks portions of the twenty-first chapter of Revelations, describing the various precious stones; to the incongruous report; hands it all to the operator; sends his blessing and an injunction to be careful of the spelling to the Rochester office; and gleefully awaits the result with his eyes on the clock. Before this Scriptural news is fully transmitted, the hour arrived when no more telegrams could be sent. Reporter the first retired in glory; but although his telegrams reached New York safely, the Biblical portions were unfortunately never published! Reporter the second telegraphed his news and his indignation the next morning, and then good-naturedly acknowledged his defeat.

Old Men.

"Where are all the old men?" Inquired one clergyman of another, both of them having become tolerably well advanced in years; "I don't seem to see as many of them around as I used to." "Ask the boys!" was the sententious reply of the other sage. How kind it is of Heaven, to be sure, to so graduate our descent of the bill of life that we are hardly conscious of the changes which are every day coming over us. Were we more self-conscious than we are in respect of these matters, we should have time only to indulge in vain regrets over the flight of years, and should pass the greater portion of our lives in a sort of debilitating melancholy. If we strive to make our lives beautiful and true, as we go along, there is little danger that we shall be as happy and handsome in old age as we should have the luck to reach it—as we ever were in our youth; yes, and a good deal more so, for the beauty of age is something real and visible, while that of youth is as yet "without form and void," and not to be seen of every penetrating soul. Life is full of blessings, if we will take them. We pay a heavier tax to vanity and envy than we are ever called on to pay to all the virtues and graces counted together.

PRAYER.—It has been objected to the doctrine of natural law, that its tendency is to abolish the necessity of devotion and prayer. But this is not much of an objection. The opinion that God rules by general and immutable laws, and that our prayers have no effect upon him, has been maintained, not merely by the advocates of natural religion, but by some of the most eminent divines.

It is clear that God stands in no need of worship from us for his own personal gratification; the form of adoration which reason indicates as adapted to such a Being, is that which will best cultivate our moral and intellectual powers. Now what is the form of service to be rendered to man's deity, if he is like man? He is answered, that although by natural theology man is taught that his incumbent on him to perform right his duties, yet how could he discover what those duties were until he became acquainted with himself and Nature? He had not learned to read the record, and was therefore ignorant of the precepts which it contained.—Inquirer.

It is hard to believe that in the heart of an scorp is enclosed the germ of a giant oak, which shall baffle the storms of a century; but no harder than to believe that in all men lies the germ of an angel.

If you wish a thing done, go; if not, send.

Messages Department

The responses at which the communications... The messages to which no names are attached... We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits...

Sustain the Free Circles

We are fully aware that much good to the cause has been accomplished by our Free Circles... Donations gratefully received and promptly acknowledged.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED

Monday, March 30—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Alice Grover, to her brother, Gen. Grover, of South Carolina... Tuesday, March 31—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Dr. Lewis Theobald, to Dr. E. K. Johnson, of Albany, N. Y.

Invocation

Oh, Soul of Wisdom, do thou encircle us with the arms of thy power while we talk of thee. March 17.

The Atonement

Do you believe in the doctrine of the Atonement? If you do not, by what authority do you question the doctrine of the New Testament?

These are the questions we have received from a certain class of religionists who worship not far from this place.

Do you believe in the doctrine of the Atonement? First, we will declare our entire unbelief in the doctrine of the Atonement, for we know that it originated in ancient heathenism.

All who are acquainted with Profane History know that the book called the New Testament was compiled by a certain sect of priests, for the purpose of making stronger their temple of priesthood...

What evidence have we that the Bible is the word of God, the infallible word of Deity? What evidence have we of this? We have none; not the slightest.

By what authority do you question the doctrine of the New Testament? Again we say, by the authority of common sense, and sure this is strong enough, if we had nothing else to depend upon.

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epistles to me, as I am now where I cannot receive them; and by a certain had movement upon the part of some officers, those letters—two, at least—have fallen into the hands of the Federals.

They know nothing of the power of the dead to return. I wish to teach them; is it wrong? [No, sir.] I am under obligations to you for your kindness and the loan of your mouth-piece.

There is a quiet between the two great armies. I hear you are not taking such long steps as you hoped to. I am told your enemies are still unconquered. Why don't you whip them? [On account of various reasons, as you will learn by and-by.]

James K. Briggs

I have not much power. I used to be James K. Briggs, of New Bedford, Massachusetts. I was a member of Company H, of the Second Massachusetts Cavalry.

I wish to say only a few words to my friends. You will all be most woefully mistaken when you get to the spirit-world, for instead of finding a heaven such as we've been told of, you'll find no such place; not such a hell, either.

Hannah K. Pierce

I was insane here. [On earth?] Yes, they said so, and I suppose I was. This is Boston, they say? [It is.] I died in Utica, N. Y.

I need to call myself Dorcas; you know, she who made the garments in olden times. I fancied that I was that person, so I told people that that was my name.

I'm not insane. I don't want you to think I am insane now, for I am not. If I were, your superintendant would not have allowed me to come here.

I could tell a story—a long story—concerning Insane Asylums; but I'm not going to tell it now. You think, I suppose, that they're good institutions; but did you ever know any one who had been confined in them to give a good account of them?

I used to tell the physician who had charge of my ward, that he didn't know so much as the plank he walked on. I told the truth, too, for the planks were natural, and he was wholly artificial.

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Contrary to the belief of certain professors of the medical faculty of the present day, we believe that the spleen fills an important position, both as regards the physical and spiritual of man.

You are all aware, or should be at least, that you are surrounded by a world of magnetic and electric forces; or, a world of imponderable currents. These imponderable currents are used by all forms of life, both animate and inanimate.

So it is with regard to the human structure. There must be some portion of the human body that serves as a laboratory where the chemical action takes place upon the magnetic and electric currents surrounding the human body.

Thus, in this sense, the spleen may be called the stomach of the imponderable forces, or the point to which these imponderable forces are first attracted.

When the spleen is submitted to spiritual view, it presents the form of a compass. The clairvoyant will perceive that the centre of power, or the grand centre in which the attractive power is generated, is composed of an innumerable variety of radiations of magnetic and electric points.

We are told, by certain professors, that there have been bodies created without the organ of spleen. We are told, also, that they have lived to a good old age, and have enjoyed very fair health.

The spleen acts a very prominent part at the time of death, quite as important a part as is acted by the brain, though it may not so seem to you, who still dwell in mortal.

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I lost my body at Fredericksburg. I was engaged into action, I told an intimate friend that I expected to meet death, for I had seen my father in a dream, and he had told me as much as to say I should soon be with him.

My friend says, "General, I hope you're not going to turn Spiritualist on the battle-field." "Oh, no," said I, "not at all. I have told you the truth, and have given you my honest conviction that I shall this day meet death."

I am so thoroughly overwhelmed with an intense desire to speak elsewhere, that I can scarce command myself here, as you will see. I was informed, by your very good attendant, that it would be necessary for me to give that which was entirely true in speaking here to-day.

When I first awoke to consciousness, I was filled with intense hatred, a desire to overcome my enemies; but find that that feeling no longer exists within me, and I would be kind to all who stand in the relation of enemies to me.

Say that these few imperfect thoughts you received from General Gregg. I am thankful for your kindness. March 19.

Charles P. Crocker

Rebel aristocracy stooping to ask favors of the Yankee! All right, I suppose, Well, friend, how are you? [Quite well.]

I lost my body. I've got one now that is an apology for one, though I should judge this 'n't to be mine for a very long time.

Well, my name is Charles P. Crocker. I'm from the 7th Massachusetts Regiment, and not a friend to rebellion either. I don't know whether he did it to soft soap you, when he said he'd get so he could think pretty well of us Yankees.

Well, friend, I should like to send some word to my friends in Fitchburg, any way. Do n't know anything about this thing, you know. [Did you ever hear of the BANNER OF LIGHT before you went away?]

I was the youngest of four brothers. I had one sister, but she died long time ago; though I've not met her in the spirit-world.

I don't like to go on. There's my brother, I'd like to send him to. I should like to put him in the front ranks, too. I go for folks having courage.

Well, I lived here most thirty-five years, and did n't learn much as regards spiritual things. You could take it all and put it in a teacup, you could put it all in your eye and see clear then.

Well, I guess I'll ask my brothers to hunt me up a body something like this one, that I can write or speak through. If they're afraid of ghosts, tell them I ain't one.

Well, friend, what do you ask? [It's free here.] It's free? Free, that means welcome on charity. [All we ask of you is that you do all the good you can.]

I am somewhat ignorant of your requirements, [We merely wish you to give such facts of your life as will identify you to your friends on earth.]

Well, friend, what do you ask? [It's free here.] It's free? Free, that means welcome on charity. [All we ask of you is that you do all the good you can.]

It's not to be done before you can come to a time up. Good-by to you. March 19.

Isaac Dunham

I would like to send a few thoughts to my father; Reverend Isaac Dunham, of Westport, Massachusetts; was a member of Company A., 7th Massachusetts Regiment, and was discharged a short time ago, on account of ill-health.

I find things here so entirely different from what I had been taught to expect by my good father and friends, that I've hastened back with the hope to overcome their prejudices and establish a system of Truth in the midst of Error.

I lived twenty years on earth. When I was passing on, they thought I was unconscious and did not know what was taking place around me. They were mistaken. I never was more fully conscious than when dying.

Ask my father to meet me where I can speak or write to him, and I will show him more truth than he's learned in all his sojourn through life. Isaac Dunham. March 19.

Written for the Banner of Light.

JOSEPH HOAG.

BY DAVID THORNTON.

Joseph Hoag was a member of the Society of Friends. He was for many years distinguished for the power which enabled him to tell, when he entered into a place—no matter how much of a stranger to the people—what the Society of Friends had been doing, and whether all things in the Church moved on harmoniously or not.

Joseph Hoag was born in Dutchess County, N. Y., April the 22d, 1762. About the year 1790, he and his family removed to Charlotte, Vermont.

He received but a slender book education, but still, with care, he was enabled to express himself in sufficiently clear English to make his writings easily intelligible. I will now give some account of his spiritual experiences.

He says: "Very early in life I was favored with Divine visitations." He speaks of a little meeting of Friends, consisting of five men and four women; the heads of families, to which meeting Joseph was taken, and soon loved to go.

He says: "I had not passed my tenth year, when I was led into the following night-visions, I fancied in my sleep that I went to meeting with my little brothers on 4th day. [Wednesday.] It being our meeting-day; and I beheld that my father and the few friends of that meeting came in and sat down together as usual.

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Pearls.

And quoth Oden, and let's the words long.
That on the stretched fore-dog of all time
Sparkle forever.

It is better to sow a young heart with generous thoughts...

NEVER AGAIN. Broken the golden chord, Severed the silken tie!

BE NO SCOTCHMAN. Stand up, man! Stand! God made us all!

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Our New York medium is himself a curious corroborator of the foregoing theory as to his vocation.

What's the Matter? Mr. Brown—a constant reader of your paper, and one whose hopes and interests are identical with the truths and beauties of Spiritualism.

of development... By this we learned that, whilst such forms of mediumship have their use, particularly for the purpose of introducing Spiritualism to the world's notice, they are not the highest form.

About New Ideas. A new thought—a fresh idea, gets a kick of opposition from everybody at first. If all that is said in a lecture or a sermon meets the approval of a congregation, you may be quite sure that nothing has been said which that congregation did not know before.

Ordinary Notices. Departed on the 10th of March, 1865, by her bright spirit-borne in the heavenly spheres, our dear friend and sister, Mrs. Constance Staples, of Grand Rapids, Mich.

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the north and west. Throw all your independence—let us all throw our entire influence into the scales in favor of justice, humanity, country and union; and if we fail—which God forbid—we will go down in the wreck, conscious that we have done our duty, and our children will bless our memories.

Since the alleged fraudulent spirit photographs have been on the carpet, it seems that many are staggered as to the genuineness of any of the physical manifestations.

Original ideas have been further between in sermons and lectures than angels visit were in the past. Tell the people what they know, and they will respond with approving smiles.

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Announcing Special Letters. We have made arrangements with a competent medium to answer Special Letters. The terms are One Dollar for each letter so answered, including postage and return.

The Quarterly Meeting of the Friends of Progress will be held in Greenboro, Henry County, Indiana, on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, the 1st, 2d and 3d days of May next.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS. SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, LYCEUM HALL, TOWN HALL, Springfield, Mass. Meetings are held every Sunday by the Society of Spiritualists, at 7 o'clock.

LECTURERS' APPOINTMENTS. We desire to keep this list perfectly reliable, and in order to do so it is necessary that speakers notify us promptly of their appointments to lecture.

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Falls one quarter mile, and at Jacksonville, Vt., the remaining quarter mile will speak to those attending on week days, if required.

ADDRESSES OF MEDIUMS AND LECTURERS. [Under this heading we shall insert the names and place of residence of Mediums and Lecturers, at the low price of twenty-five cents per line for three months.]

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500 Acres of Uncultivated Land. 500 Acres of Uncultivated Land, situated in the town of Fall River, on the north side of Long Island, containing a view of the ocean.