

# BANNER LIGHT.



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## Literary Department.

### LYONEL HARRINGTON.

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

#### CHAPTER I.

##### The Molefactor.

"This little old city is not so bad, with its unravelling labyrinth of streets, that are overhung by a thousand gables and balconies," said one of the two travelers who the night before had arrived at the "Paradise," the best hotel in the city of Baarlingen. Both stood by an open window, and looked down upon the main street. The person who thus gave his opinion was a handsome young man, not yet passed the boundaries of the twenties. His hair was brown and curling; the piercing, lightning flashes of his eye betokened warmth and depth of feeling, besides a keen power of observation; in his manner there was a blending of dignity with careless indolence.

"I reckon there is little to praise. A miserable nest out of the Middle Ages, like almost everything else in this part of the world!" replied his companion, sharply. He was a tall, lean, elderly man, quick and alert in his movements, with a shallow countenance and bald head. The numerous furrows on his brow, the lines on cheek and chin, gave him a very serious, thoughtful aspect, and although a cordial true-heartedness ever beamed from his large, clear eyes, yet when he attempted to be extremely friendly, his lips assumed only a satirical smile.

"Do not spoil your good humor the first thing in the morning, you grumbler!" replied the younger traveler.

"Denote take it! Am content that I did not break my neck last night in the darkness. No lighting up of the streets! Only look at the pavements down there, the holes and puddles, and the rocks between, like the gables of the houses. One can't take a step here without practising gymnastics. The police have done their Christian duty in demonstrating the unpardonable ways of destiny, by the crooked streets of their city."

"Let it be, Arnold; your vexation will not mend matters. Of course that was a wretched fall from your horse, but the surgeon assures us that your bruises will be healed within a week; and the man who is attending your noble beast thinks that at the same time he will be cured of the wounds on his knees."

"Am not speaking of the horse. He and I may limp for a few weeks. I pity you, Mr. Harrington, the most. What will you do with yourself in this miserable nest? 'Gaspodi Pomiloi!' says the Russian, you will yawn yourself to death."

"Do not be troubled on my account. While you both are getting well I will make a few excursions into the neighborhood. In the meantime, my horse can also rest. I have a great desire to load my portmanteau, and seek adventures on foot. One sees and experiences more in that way."

"That is as it happens. For example, your wanderings from Civita Vecchia to Cornato! Poor enjoyment there—blue backs and blows upon the head. The Italian miscreants might have mastered us, and you might have found one of the five hundred Etruscan graves, and adieu to our beautiful Mayrhall!"

"But here we are among honest Germans. But look, Arnold, it is getting very lively on the street: ladies and gentlemen, children, peasants, city people, all crowding together! What can be the meaning of such a throng?"

"I calculate it is some festival day, or market day, or holy procession, to invoke from heaven a better city pavement; or perhaps tight rope dancing somewhere, or—"

The young man ran to the door and pulled the variegated bell-rope. In a few moments mine host of "Paradise," Herr Jeremias Vogel, made his appearance, and asked respectfully:

"What is your gracious pleasure?"

"Whether goes that throng of human beings?"

"Ah!" cried the host of "Paradise" with a joyous countenance, proud to communicate the important news to his guests, "your lordship has not heard?—nothing at all! Oh, you must not miss it, my lord! I thought you had come on purpose for that to our Baarlingen. From twenty miles round about, all that has breath assembles here. Yesterday, already in the Court Gazette was the entire sentence. Such a sight cannot be seen every day. The Moor, Michael, will be executed to-day! You know, his real name is Michael Murg; but they have shortened it to Moor-Michael. At precisely eleven o'clock this morning it will take place."

"What has the poor devil committed, mine host?"

"Yes indeed, poor devil, my lord! Now that the bells will soon toll for the poor sinner, I begin to feel pity for him myself. But in the beginning, when his wickedness came to the light, yes indeed, your lordship, if I had been on the Judge's bench, I would have had him drawn and quartered, and then I would have burnt him alive at the stake! I say it!"

"What crime did he—"

"Excuse me, my lord; not one crime, but a half hundred or more!" interrupted the landlord, "perjury, falsehood, rape, false witness, robbery, murder, what you please. Permit me to bring you the Court Gazette, the newest paper."

"Give yourself no trouble; I would rather you would simply tell me of the affair."

"As your lordship commands. Without doubt there will appear to-day a printed account of the crimes, conversion and execution of the molefactor. I presume it will be a masterpiece of composition by our city pastor, who accompanies Moor-Michael to the block. I shall have the honor to procure the paper, my lord."

"But you were going to relate the story. Please begin at once."

"Well, then, in brief, only so much of the principal part: It may be six months ago—we are at the end of April, to-day is the thirtieth—it was last August—right, nine months since—the forester, Knasereich, a good man, by the way, with three companions, went to work in the Rollenhager woods. He hears a female voice in the distance crying pitifully; then all again is still. He thinks nothing of it, but soon hears other noises, this time the voices of men, from the same direction. Hallo! thinks he, thieves. Come, folks, along with me! They run, have you not, see you not, through the bushes; come to the Rollenhager main road, and find drops of blood. Poachers, of course, thinks my good Knasereich. Sends one of his men right, one left; he runs with the third into the thicket, beholds freshly thrown up earth. They dig, and behold it was the body of a young girl without a head. It was the inn-keeper's daughter from Baachungen. What do you say to this?"

"It is horrible! And the head?"

"Was found a hundred steps from there, dug up likewise. They say it was a beautiful girl. The physician of the district and the constables are fetched; the investigation proves the girl has been robbed, then murdered. She was, according to the statement of her parents, carrying some money to the city. Moor-Michael had talked very pleasantly with her the night before; he could not deny that; he was taken from the main road into custody; the handkerchief of the murdered girl, all stained with blood, was found in his possession; the fool said he had found it on the way, but our Judges have better sense; that must be said of them."

"Did he confess the deed?"

"The stiff-necked, incorrigible sinner was steadfast in his denials from beginning to end, and even swore the blame on two smith-servants, who had left the inn soon after the girl. But he did not seem sure of his case. But he declared the men had left the inn soon after the girl, while he had lingered in several houses with his wares. He is by profession a peddling grocer. The smith-servants were taken in another place, and knew not of the existence of each other when put in prison; but their statements coincided so well that not a doubt remained of their innocence."

"They were set at liberty?"

"Beg pardon, my lord, they are yet held fast, because there is suspicion upon them on account of other unclean stories. But with the dreadful Moor-Michael, we are done forever. The villain said to the poor victim the night before the deed, in the Baachungen inn, 'We will settle the matter to-morrow! That was proved by the smiths, and the landlord, and the servant-girl of the house, all in one. If your lordship thinks of witnessing the execution, permit me the honor of accompanying you to the spot. You must have the most comfortable place.'"

"I accept your proposition. What think you, Arnold? Not the criminal, but the mass of human faces is worth beholding. In the meantime, you will await the visit of the surgeon; he promised to unwind the bandages this morning, and to give your bruised knee another examination."

"Oh, my lord!" cried Jeremias Vogel with a laugh, "we shall find the doctor at the place of execution; he would not miss it for anything. Do you know, your lordship, we do not see such sights, unfortunately, with us, every day."

#### CHAPTER II.

##### The Death Penalty.

The young man, accompanied by the host, followed the human stream of all classes of persons through the narrow streets. Toward the state-house, that was on the market-place, surged the ever-increasing throng from all the points of the city. Still they came, fresh crowds of curious gazers, until it became difficult to find one's way amid the densely packed mass.

"Magnificent! this will be a grand spectacle!" said mine host of the Paradise Inn. "I believe nothing has a more numerous funeral train than our Moor-Michael. Shall we not endeavor to steer a little closer to the state house?"

"What is to be seen there?" inquired the guest.

"To see and to hear! Only think, up there on the platform hung with black, will appear the most distinguished Councillors and the Judges. Thereupon the delinquent will appear, and will be presented to the people. Then the terrible sentence of death will be read to him in a loud and distinct tone. I am anxious to see what kind of a face the poor wretch will put on; but I can imagine it. After this, he will be delivered to the executioner's men. But the executioner is not present. He awaits the prisoner out there by the scaffold, and holds the gleaming sword concealed beneath his red cloak. After that, the procession moves solemnly forward; the poor sinner, with hands tied on his back, two obergymen, right and left at his side, who for his education and consolation, alternate in reciting some splendid prayers. Then follow—"

"By heaven!" interrupted the stranger with, indignant gesture, "I almost believe you are all wild

with joy and delight at the prospect of such human torture! Do you believe that unfortunate man, stunned and bewildered by terror and fear on his way to death, will gather consolation from the wordy prayers of your priests?"

"If it does not take with him, your lordship, no one will suffer for it but the wretch himself. At the dying hour, every honest Christian is inclined to devotion, and no one knows what becomes of him afterwards. Yes, if we only knew! But there is the knot no one can unravel."

"Mine host, I do not wish to behold the dreadful play. If you please, lead me to the spot where the spectacle is to have an end. We can now choose here a convenient standpoint."

"But oh, Jerem! Do look, my lord, what a glorious scene! All around, in all the houses, the windows are filled from top to bottom, head over head; most of them beautiful ladies. I know many of them—the nobility from the neighborhood. Splendid parterre of flowers in all colors! All in full dress!"

"And without doubt, many tender-hearted, gentle souls among them, who cannot behold a drop of blood from a needle puncture without fainting; who weep over romances and tragedies. Let us away, come! The unforgiving little creatures exult in my disgust with their childlike, innocent curiosity."

"As your lordship commands," said the obliging landlord; and he led his guest through a by-street, out of the city to an open space, on which, visible in the distance, was erected the broad wooden scaffold, close to some linden trees; and guarded in a square by a double line of soldiers. The crowd was not so dense there as yet, but in the boughs of the linden clambered, hung, and sat mischievous schoolboys, who played off pranks on each other, laughed and talked loudly. Farmers and city men, and a number of women, walked along the wide field in cheerful conversation, waiting impatiently for the solemn performance. On every face was impressed the eager anxiety to behold the revolting spectacle.

When at last the mournful sound of the so-called "poor sinner's bell" reached the ear from the city, the crowd pressed forward as near as possible to the line of soldiers, anxious in endeavoring each one for himself to obtain the best place. Soon the throng was augmented by gunbelong on the city, that appeared far over the plain, until in the evening mask, might have been seen but the blue heavens above, and the instrument of death before them.

"This is suffocating!" cried the Paradisean host. "The people have no polished manners. Your lordship has got into quite a false position, and is thrust about like any one else. Turn yourself if you possibly can; the scaffold is behind you. You cannot see anything; the platform is already full as it can be. Now Moor-Michael ascends—the executioner too—the obergymen are there—"

"To the devil! hush, you thunder wash-mouth! Do not you see they are praying?" cried a voice behind the zealous talker—and the voice was followed by so powerful a thrust in the ribs, that the host groaned aloud.

His guest remained quietly in the same position; with his face turned from the scaffold, he observed the innumerable heads and the varying physiognomy of the spectators, who, with breathless expectation and staring eyes, were gazing fixedly on the one given point.

Suddenly, the most profound silence reigned; the breath of the multitude was hushed; even their features became rigid. Then from the scaffold proceeded by a piercing cry, resounded the words:

"God have mercy on my judges! They are guilty! I am innocent!"

It was the voice of the condemned. A shudder thrilled the frame of the young foreigner. This last appeal, this prayer for mercy upon his judges brought the great mass to a still better order, prepared them fully for the solemnity of an execution. After a little while the features of the gazers relaxed and resumed their usual expression, and a hushed murmur, "Ah! ha! over! past!"—fell from thousands of lips that moved then voicelessly, as if in silent prayer. After the unobtrusive sermon, nearly an hour long, had been listened to, the drums beat, and with much sound and noise the human skin was unraveled and pursued its way.

"A glorious address! That should be printed!" said mine host, as he was thrust hither and thither, back and forward in the crowd. "Has your lordship ever heard a more splendid—"

The guest heard him not, for behind him they were pressing on, swearing, crying, ejaculating. A lady beside him hastily grasped his hands as if she would snatch something from them; then she turned her head and exclaimed:

"My shawl, my shawl! Thieves, thieves!"

"You cannot think that I have taken it?" inquired the stranger of the fair accuser, as they were being urged forward, side by side by the thronging mass.

"Some one has stolen it!" she replied, weeping. "My heavens! what is this? My knitting-bag!" she added, in alarm, as she lifted up her left hand which held the ribbons that once had been attached to the bag. She clung trembling to her neighbor's arm, and said: "I implore you to protect me; one is not secured in having the very dress torn off one's back."

The young man gladly extended his protection till he had placed the lady in safety beyond the crowd. Herr Jeremias Vogel politely pitied her misfortune, as with loud complaints and still searching in every direction for her lost property, she vanished from their sight.

"Yes, yes," said he, "the little lady is an inexperienced one; she does not know how necessary it is to guard against all sorts of people on such occasions. It needs prudence. Your lordship, dinner awaits you. What is this?—what!"—he added:

"All the demons! my watch! Oh confounded! my watch!" He looked with great haste into all his pockets, but in vain, he investigated every part of his clothing; the lost was not to be found. He looked at his guest with eyes rendered glassy by affliction—as if he would seek for advice or consolation. At length he said, with a deep drawn sigh:

"Real bad people this! It is fortunate that it is only my old silver watch, that stops regularly every night. But after such a heart-touching sermon—after such a strong exhortation! Indeed, men have not one drop of religion in their souls."

The young man could not refrain from smiling at the expressions of his astonished host; but he soon became serious when he thought that perhaps a like mishap had befallen him. He felt for his watch in the accustomed place, then put his fingers in the pocket; it was empty. He sought in the other pockets, even that of the coat, and found that his fine colored silk handkerchief was also missing.

"Be comforted, mine host of Paradise," said he, drily, "my gold repeater has taken the same road as your silver watch; and a handkerchief has gone with it for company. Let us go home to our Eden. I hope all the lovers of capital punishment and the terror theory, may henceforth all take up their quarters with you; then would your loss of to-day be indemnified to you a million of times."

#### CHAPTER III.

##### The Police.

At dinner, the two strangers being seated in their own room, the younger one related his adventures of the morning; but when he told of the loss he had sustained, his companion, throwing down his knife and fork, exclaimed:

"The mischief! not only in New York, Paris, London, and other great cities, thrive these thieves of humanity. Every miserable nest to-day has its *escrocs* and *scamoleurs*, on the place of execution as in the churches. Wherever the opportunity beckons, those beasts of prey have their talons in readiness. But the watch must be restored, sir. You cannot let it go."

"Where will you seek for it, Arnold?"

"Seek for it? Why, there must be a police here, because there are rogues. By the memory of your dear mother, hurry to the police. If you will not, I will limp there on my crutches."

"And what if the police are as limply as yourself?"

"Don't the printing press is quick. Have the robbery announced in all the public papers. The watch is easily described. I calculate it will not fall. If the scamp had stolen a thousand dollar bank-note, we should not, either of us, feel as vexed as we do for the loss of Mistress Harrington's keepsake."

"Be tranquil, Arnold, I will go. The watch is worth every effort I can make to find out the juggler that so skillfully obtained it."

He had himself conducted as soon as dinner was over, to the Director of the police, and waited there patiently for half an hour, until he obtained admission to his presence. The defender of the public safety, his spectacles on his nose, received him somewhat gruffly; and the same reception was awarded him by the spectral secretary. Both remained seated at their writing-desks, and responded to his salutation with a slight nod, and the chief demanded to know his pleasure. He stated his case.

"The device take it, again!" cried the officer, and in his vexation he threw his pen away. "This takes no end. Did it rain pickpockets? What is your name, sir?"

"Lyonel Harrington."

"Harrington? From what country? Where to? From whence?"

"From Tuscaloosa, State of Alabama, planter of Mayrhall."

"I do not understand a word. Speak German. Please to speak intelligibly. Where from?"

"From Tuscaloosa."

"I have never in my life heard of such a name. Where is the place situated?"

"In the State of Alabama."

"Just listen for the sake of Heaven! Where in all the world shall one look for the State of Alabama? Does the gentleman intend having his joke at our expense? Does he think we do not understand Geography in this country?"

"It is possible."

"What?—possible? I ask what kind of a State is that Alabama? Alabama, eh?"

"It is one of the United States in North America; perhaps you have heard or read about that. It is almost as large as your Germany, with its kingdoms and dukedoms."

The police director looked up gloomily and questioned on:

"And what is that Tuscaloosa, or whatever its name is? Hamlet, village, country town, or the like?"

"Capital?"

"Now, too, the Capital!" murmured the disconcerted official, as he drew up his lips sarcastically, and said to his secretary: "The affair grows more and more wonderful. Write it down carefully. I presume it is a Capital with five houses."

"Permit me, at least three times as large as the noble city of Baarlingen. There is there, if it interests you to know, the seat of three of the higher

digitaries of the State, and a good university, at which I myself studied."

"Sir, all this sounds very strange, but of course you carry a passport with you?"

"Certainly; here it is."

The director took the paper, examined its margin and back, and growled:

"It seems all in order, but the description!" He rose from his chair, wiped his glasses, advanced with distrustful men toward the owner of the passport, read again and compared: "Lyonel Harrington—Tuscaloosa—County Tuscaloosa—State of Alabama—land-owner—aged twenty five—slender figure—measures five feet, nine inches—hair, curly, brown—eye brows, dark brown—eyes, blue—nose, middling—teeth, perfect, white—beard, black—chin, round—face, oval, somewhat pale and browned—peculiar marks, none."

The director looked at the man from head to foot once more, and found in the young American a power and intelligence joined to an exterior that might justly have been termed handsome. He was clad in the fashion, but with simplicity; in a grey coat, elegant neither garments, fine linen, his black silk neck tie carelessly thrown around; in his hand he held a straw hat.

"Well, there is nothing to say against all this," said the officer. "It agrees pretty well. Since when arrived?"

"Since yesterday evening, on horseback. My baggage will be sent on from Regensburg."

"You arrived alone?"

"I have my attendant with me; his name is Arnold Jackson, from Kentucky."

"Right; before you depart, Herr von Harrington, I will sign your passport. You lodge?"

"In the Paradise Hotel."

"With my cousin! You will like it there. The miserable thieves have stolen his watch out of his pocket. To get it back will be difficult. Unfortunately, watches all resemble each other. I cannot answer for it that you will get yours, but we shall at least try."

"I promise the discoverer a hundred guilders reward, and will deposit the sum wherever you desire."

"Excellent, Sir Baron! a hundred guilders!" (He was becoming more friendly). "Take a note of it, Mr. Secretary. The sum might tempt the pickpocket himself to return his booty. I presume it is a new and costly piece of workmanship?"

"No; rather old-fashioned, but in good order; a gold repeater."

"And perhaps some peculiar private marks upon it?"

"On the outside, on the case, in chased work, a coat of arms, upheld by two wild men with wreaths around their brows; in the center, an eagle between two serpents; above that, a ducal crown. On the case, inside, are the letters, J. R., a *Genève*, engraved, and the number, 18,756."

The head of the police bowed more deeply than was his usual custom, and with so reverential an air, as if he beheld in the young American a traveling incognito Duke.

"Grant me the favor," he said, as he arose respectfully again from his seat, "to rest assured of my zealous endeavors. I deeply regret that so disagreeable an occurrence should have taken place during your stay in our city. Mr. Secretary, a notice is to be given to all the papers in the land, with particular attention to the marks of the article."

Lyonel, glad to be rid of that part of the business, looked around for the door. The secretary, with a pen behind each ear, and one in his mouth, sprang hastily from his stool to open the door for the distinguished stranger. The director accompanied the great unknown to the street with repeated assurances of his most obedient regard, with many bows and scrapes.

"Arnold," said Harrington, when he returned to the "Paradise" and his faithful servant, "May the Lord forever preserve our country from European police! Rogues can creep on unhindered, while honest people must suffer for them, are arrested, spied after, cross-examined, rudely questioned. If it were not for my coat, or the promised reward, I think the police officers would have taken me for the robber of my own watch, through their spectacles."

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### The Invalid.

The young man found it impossible to content himself for more than forty eight hours in the city of Baarlingen.

"Pack me up a few necessary things in the waterproof valise—enough for a week or two," he said to his companion, on the morning of the second May-day. "By that time, I hope you and the horse will be restored completely; and if I cannot return for you, I will let you know where to find me. But I cannot remain in this Paradise one hour longer; if Adam and Eve had inhabited it, they would voluntarily have forsaken it!"

"But why in such a hurry?" queried Arnold.

"My feet are burning to get away; the weather is inviting for a stroll. What can I meet with, or learn here? I should worry to death, not knowing what to do with my time. I would rather live with savages, than with these city, who are neither ragged pupils of Nature, nor worthy representatives of a well-bred people; they are only stiff and distorted shapes of a pretended civilization, nothing else. They move monotonously up and down within the limits of their city walls, as within the narrow compass of their olden prejudices and accustomed habits, like the bird goes to its food in the cage that impris-



one it. I am pining for fresh air. Among these moldering puppets I should languish in heart and mind. Perhaps my wanderings may lead me as far as the Rhine."

"Better go across the Rhine, Mr. Harrington, on to Havre, and bless the Lord, to New Orleans."

"Where to?"

"Home, home! To our Maryhall, I guess. Think that three years of roaming over the world is enough. You have seen almost all that can be seen. The best of it, as you call it, you have seen across the sea from this half-decayed Europe, a library, such as no professor in Tusculosa can excel. And the best of all, I calculate, you will find among the daughters of America," he added with an arch glance, "a wife, worthy of you, sir—a jewel, such as was 'mistress Mary.'"

"Well, Arnold, we will speak of that another time. Perhaps we shall prepare for our return sooner than you expect. In the meantime, there is no occasion for haste; all goes on well at home."

Mr. Wayne is of course a faithful, clever and punctual steward. I agree to that. But the Germans here have a saying, 'Self-care is the right man.' You understand? Your estates are large. Mr. Wayne announces in every letter that he has given lands to colonists; but he does not know how to speculate, how to distinguish the good from the rubbish that is washed over to us from Europe."

"Let it be, honest soul! When we meet again we will consider the matter. Now go and pack my things. Lend me your watch; do not be cast down; endeavor to pass your time as pleasantly as you can. I will speak to the bird of Paradise, our host."

"A la pitié de l'été!" said Arnold.

Lyonel was soon prepared for a somewhat lengthy excursion. In an hour he stood ready to depart, clad in a green overcoat, his straw hat shading his brown locks, his light valise slung across his back, and stick in hand.

"Farewell, old fellow!" he said to his traveling companion, as he heartily shook his hand. "Take good care of yourself. I will soon return. Wait for our baggage, which must come in a day or two. Remain where you are; do not limp one step after me."

The cheerful wanderer pursued his way with rapid strides, and passing the city gate to the westward, he followed the main road, careless whither it led. He delighted in this uncertainty as to his whereabouts; and, simple in his habits, inured to the hardships inseparable from traveling, he was contented with the coarsest as with the best fare, if he only found sufficient aliment for his spirit and food for observation.

He became almost dissatisfied with his present journey, when, after some days, he found no adventures pleasant or otherwise; although once he had met with an incident that surprised him somewhat. On an old boundary stone he found, almost effaced, a coat of arms that was the same as that engraved upon his watch-case; eagle, serpent, the two savages, the dual crown. But he soon forgot the occurrence; perhaps the article had belonged to a Prince or a Minister. He grieved for its loss, because it had been a keepsake from his beloved mother.

He was more interested, one sultry afternoon, by the appearance of an old man with one arm, with a pale, sickly countenance, who wore a soldier-like cap, a short jacket, and a medallion on his breast, which, added to his grey moustache, gave him a military appearance. He sat upon the felled trunk of a nut tree, in the shadow of a miserable farm-house, near the main road. Before the old man stood a beggar, ragged and dirty, who, with uncovered head, was humbly imploring charity. The old soldier put his hand in his waistcoat pocket, and said:

"My good man, if I were as rich in money as in benevolence, you should not want for anything. You should live in a splendid house that should bear the golden inscription, 'House of Industry.' In the meantime, take this kreutzer."

The beggar went his way, and Lyonel, laughing over the idea of the disabled warrior saluted him, with:

"Let me keep you company while you are resting, father. The day is hot, but I presume you have experienced hotter ones; you were, I doubt not, a brave man among your Hussars, until you buried the arm that had sent many an enemy to his grave first. Now you enjoy the sorely earned pension in peace."

The old man looked at the speaker in some astonishment. With a peculiar, almost arch smile, he replied:

"You are quite a young man, but, on my soul, no bad-looking counselor. Take a comfortable seat. Since you know so much, you know also that pensioned bread is coarse and bitter bread, with nothing on it, unsalted and unbuttered. For you, I see, Heaven has spread butter and honey on the loaf."

"Well," replied the American, entering into the tone of his companion; "so that we have food and garments, say the Scriptures, whether white bread or black, honey or salt, velvet or coarse cotton, is it not the same in the end? Heart and spirit have naught to do with it; this all is for the animal body."

"There you are right again, my little man, and you can add, too, that most of the creatures of our kind are animals, have a soul only that it may take care of the body, but not a hand or a foot for the care of the soul."

"Only think! I believe you are a philosopher, Mr. Hussar."

"Not so, Sir Counselor, only a common, discharged sergeant of our second regiment of Hussars. But I view the matter thus: One, two, three, with cheerful breath, through life and toll, to happy death! Do you comprehend that? I mean, one, cheerful and gay, content at all times with oneself; second, to work one's way through thick and thin; thirdly, to a glorious reunion with God!"

"Bravo! old friend, you are a man! And I doubt not, you have had to work your way through the thick and thin of life, and have remained the master."

"Yes, sir, even master of horses; but it was all the same to me. When our Regiment took to flight before the fire of the French—when nearly all of our officers lay dead upon the field; and I, rallying a few comrades, rushed up to the cannon's mouth and stormed the battery; when I, with my companions, cut down the infantry, while my captain came slowly after—why, I remained a private. The captain carried away fame and reward; he was promoted, promoted to the Field Marshal, covered with orders of merit, and so forth."

"You also wear a medal of honor, I see."

"Yes, indeed! I gave my right arm for the honor, and in return received the bit of ribbon and the piece of copper, also a gratuity of five guilders per month. You see, nothing is so cheap as human

deeds. And when we go into battle, not knowing wherefore, and about down we know not who; when thousands lie mangled on the plain, the priests will thank the Lord for the accomplished slaughter, from every pulpit in the land!"

"Sergeant, I find you in a bad humor, or you do not seem to prize your former profession. With us, in America, we think differently. Every citizen there is a soldier, and is so, willingly, for the defence of his native land, its rights and liberties."

"All due respect! but understand me, my young gentleman. In this country one must kill others and be killed one's self for the passions of our rulers, for hereditary enmities, for the brotherhoods, marriages, and loves of the great, and what not besides! All due respect to one's native land! Our class of people have only the ruler's land; in times of peace the citizens and peasants are kept within bounds; in times of war, the enemy is. All due respect! Freedom! Yes, indeed, sir. Viva the corporal's stick and the dog-kennel!"

"Old man, I have never heard a soldier speak so of his trade. I have often thought how a Napoleon must have felt, who falls asleep after a brilliant victory amid trophies and laurels, to awaken among piles of the slain and wounded. War is a bloody game of cards; the subjects are the cards; territory, fame and gold, the stakes; when the play is ended, the conquerors themselves are poor, and are forgotten in their graves. It cannot be avoided—war is a necessary evil."

"You are right again, sir. Necessary evil, like our penitentiaries and drug stores, brandy taverns and disreputable houses. People invent new evils wherewith to cure old ones. I have often pondered on it, and thought—wherefore? Could not understand the matter, so placed it before me, thus: one, two, three. There are unreasoning animals and sensible men—that's one. And animals often are more sensible, more reasonable than human beings—two. I ask among the wild beasts, who has beheld the spectacle, that hundreds of thousands will allow themselves, at the command of one of their equals, to approach each other in armies, gnash their teeth in order, then fall upon each other, tear, mangle, rend and kill, without grounds or reason, without knowing what for?—three!"

Lyonel laughed heartily at the strange conceit of the sergeant of Hussars.

"May I be blamed, but it is true!" he said, and twined his gray moustache, as he thought the young stranger was making himself merry at his expense.

"No, no, my friend, you please me much. If it is convenient, I would like to become better acquainted with you. Where is your home? What is your name?"

"Well then, young sir, I like you too, well enough. At present, I am at home not far from Horben, in St. Catherine's vale, three hours' distance from here. My name is Tobias Thork; but am, my soul! but seldom like good cork that swims at the top. And you, excuse me, from what country and profession?"

When Lyonel had given his reply, he was requested to repeat it.

"Barbarous names!" said the old soldier. "Who can have invented them? I have no hope, whatever, of keeping them in my mind. When I was young, names and figures were to me as water in a sieve; now, old age has closed my memory box and lost for me the key."

"It makes no difference, father; if I come into your neighborhood, I will call upon your hospitality."

"Pleased to see you, Mr. American! bread, cheese, milk and schnapps shall be at your service."

"And a glass of old wine, also; here, take this as an advance payment," said Mr. Harrington, and he took a napoleon d'or out of his purse and put in the hand of the disabled philosopher.

He looked at the gold piece in amazement, laid it down upon the table, and growled out:

"Are you crazy, or do you think I am, sir? Take back your money! We did not bet so. Either you have come honestly to the gold—then you are extravagant, or you have not—and must repent and reform yourself."

No, old gentleman; if you will reproach any one, and if it is of any use, reproach the Goddess Fortune, who is both extravagant and pennurious, often in the wrong place, and at the wrong time. It can be no sin to atone for the errors of this blind dame. I have somewhat more than is necessary for my daily needs; you, somewhat less; you are old and sickly, and good withal. Is it not so, father? And perhaps at home you have a wife and children."

"What nonsense!" cried the invalid with wounded pride, as he arose from his seat. "I am no beggar! Take your money, and march yourself off!"

"You do me an injustice," responded Lyonel, as he likewise arose. "I never take back what I have given. If you do not need it, give it to some one more in want of it than yourself. And now, God be with you!"

The young man hastily pursued his way, but not ere the gray-headed man had noticed the impress of disappointment on his features. He felt sorry, and called on him to return. The American heard him, but did not turn back, but followed with rapid strides the open path.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

**Bedrooms in Spring.**—If two persons are to occupy a bedroom at night, let them step upon weighing scales as they retire, and then again in the morning, and they will find their actual weight is at least a pound less in the morning. Frequently there will be a loss of two or more pounds, and the average loss throughout the year will be more than one pound. That is, during the night there is a loss of a pound of matter, which has gone off from their bodies, partly from their lungs, and partly through the pores of the skin. The escaped material is carbonic acid and decayed animal matter, or poisonous exhalations. This is diffused through the air, in part absorbed by the bed-clothes. If a single ounce of wool or cotton be burned in the room, it will so completely saturate the air with smoke that one can hardly breathe, though there can only be an ounce of foreign matter in the air. If an ounce of cotton be burned in every half-hour during the night, the air will be kept continually saturated with smoke, unless there can be an open door or window for it to escape.

Now the sixteen ounces of smoke thus formed is far less poisonous than the sixteen ounces of exhalation from the lungs and bodies of the two persons who have lost a pound in weight during the night hours of sleeping, for while the dry smoke is mainly taken into the lungs, the damp odors from the body are absorbed both into the lungs and into the pores of the whole body. Need more be said to show the importance of having bedrooms well ventilated, and of thoroughly airing the sheets, coverlets and mattresses, in the morning, before packing them up in the form of a neatly made bed?—*Agri-culturist.*

A fly in a man's butter is decidedly the least pleasant of all kinds of butterflies.

## THE ANCIENT PINE.

—BY BELLE BUSH.

It stands above an ancient rock,  
A dark, majestic Pine,  
That seems amid the tempest's shock  
A voluble spirit-shrine.  
The tones that in soft breezes dwell  
Have played amid its boughs,  
And lingered in their hollow cells,  
Like the whispering of sweet vows—  
Like the whistling of sweet vows at eve,  
When loving hearts o'erflow,  
And dreams their fairy garland wave  
O'er all the scene below.  
It stands alone, a tall dark form,  
A giant wrestler with the storm!  
A hundred years that tree hath seen,  
And still it towers on high,  
And through its coronal of green,  
Looks upward to the sky.

A hundred years! a hundred years!  
Hath it watched the day's return,  
And hid in a thousand cells the tears  
That have dropped from the starry urn,  
A hundred years hath the bright sunlight  
To the heart of that Pine Tree crept,  
And the waving beams of the "noon of night,"  
On its sweeping branches slept.  
A hundred years have the quick winds hung  
Their harps upon its spray,  
Till the leaves have cast a voiceless tongue,  
That plains or sings away.  
It hath a voice and a mournful tone,  
Fearfully wild as a wizard groan,  
And its sigh, when the rising gale hath passed,  
Through its branches reaching low,  
Hath sounded on in the rushing blast,  
Like the very wail of woe.

It stands, the Genius of the flood  
Whose waves beside it flow,  
The relic of an ancient wood,  
That hath fallen long ago.  
Tall, dark and green, thou lordly Pine!  
Prond Monarch of the shore!  
Kings have no richer crown than thine  
That the sunlight floateth o'er.  
There is a mystery in the spells  
Thy wild susurraus wake,  
A pathos in their murmur dwells,  
That all my spirit shakes.  
Thou art no number of the sod,  
Thou voiceless witness of our God!  
The glories that his love unfolds,  
Like a veil are round thee cast,  
And thou guardest in thy secret holds  
The records of the Past.

Strange voices fill thy hollow chest,  
That in their rising swell,  
Like the breathing of a burdened breast,  
Of change and marvels tell.  
I seem to see thee when thy form  
Was not as it is now,  
The scarred veteran of the storm  
That hath centered on thy brow.  
An echo of thy youth returns,  
And the music of thy prime,  
And I see thee when thy bright green turns  
Held not the leaf of time.  
Thou wert then a lisp, breezy Pine,  
And not as now, a mournful shrine!  
Thou hast grown old, and frosts have lain  
On thy massive and gnarled arms,  
And snow and hail, and the sifting rain,  
Have rilled thy early charms.

Dark moths creep round thy base,  
And moths creep round thy base,  
Find on thy trunk a resting place,  
And mantle thy decay.  
The eagle, on thy topmost bough,  
Hath rested from his flight;  
And the boiling owl her solemn vow  
Hath uttered there at night.  
Rude carvings on thy aged side  
Call back the scenes of yore,  
When thou wast the Indian hunter's guide  
In his wanderings on thy shore.  
When the chief came, and the dusky maid,  
To linger in thy calm sweet shade,  
With the voices of the starry hours,  
With the cooling of the doves,  
Like the breathing of young spirit-flowers,  
They mingled here their loves.

Thou hast seen that noble race depart,  
From their own, their native hills,  
And I marvel not thy secret heart  
With a mournful music thrills.  
They have left their old familiar haunts  
Along the brook's green side,  
And the war-cries and their funeral chants,  
With their songs of mirth have died.  
No more beneath thy spreading shade  
Will their dark eyed children play;  
Or in hammocks by their mothers made,  
To the singing breeze sway.  
What marvel, oh, thou voluble Pine,  
That thou art now a mournful shrine!  
Hast thou not won from grief thy moan—  
And the mystery of thy spells,  
Waking a startling undertone  
Unto passionate farewells?

Thou hast! thou hast! this grief is thine!  
That thou alone must stand  
The last of many a kingly line  
That have perished from the land.  
Thou seest no more the startled deer  
Go bounding o'er the lawn;  
No more from shady covert near  
Steals forth the timid fawn.  
The warrior in his birch canoe,  
Moved by the dripping oar,  
No longer cleaves the waters blue,  
To listen to thy lore.  
The red man and the deer have gone,  
A journey toward the setting sun,  
And near thee, in a valley green,  
The white man's cottage stands,  
And his cities and his homes are seen  
O'er all the pleasant lands.

He hath been here, but awe hath crept  
Into the spoiler's heart—  
For a voice that from thy branches swept,  
Seemed bidding him depart.  
And the corner of poetic themes,  
Of the beautiful, the dear,  
Turned from his philosophic schemes,  
Becomes a dreamer here.  
A charm is in thee, ancient Tree!  
From the strength of many years,  
And the music that has haunted thee  
Is subduing me to tears.  
A Mentor in the path of life,  
Thou art warning me of coming strife!  
Heaven shield thee from the lightning's dart,  
And the wrecking midnight storm,  
For a glory and a guide thou art,  
Oh! wild majestic form!

Thou hast a green old age, and long  
Its freshness may endure,  
And many from the busy throng  
Will thy quiet shadows lure.

The stranger to thy shade will stray,  
To listen to thy tones,  
And village children come to play  
With thy hard and russet cones.  
Thou shalt be gazed upon in light,  
By the eyes of human love,  
And held a sacred thing by night  
For the stars to shine above,  
And oft as in the summer even  
We hear the rustling of thy leaves,  
We'll bless within our hearts our God  
For this high, solemn shrine—  
For the waving honors of the sod,  
The strength of the Ancient Pine!  
Addison Institute, Norristown, Pa.

## Original Essay.

### ANCIENT GLIMPSES OF THE SPIRIT-LAND.

NUMBER THIRTY-EIGHT.

The scale of good and evil is always relative and comparative, and as infinite as the character of all things. The law of its manifestation spans the mundane and the transcendental worlds, and this vast chain of being has manifold links beyond the vision of church theologians. While they have put the Devil at the bottom, and the Holy Ghost at the top, they have shut out the measureless range of beings between; and thus have failed to trace the links which bind the highest God-head with the lowest devil. This comes of the old theologians—the setting up of the Persian dualism as the Word of God, and basely bowing the knee to the dark sayings of old time. Possessions, or influences are of every grade of being, mesmerically or spiritually. We see all this daily applicable of spirits in the flesh—how in all relations they are of lighter or darker shades, according to the status of individual or collective presence. We see this in the family, in the state, and in the nation. We live and move within an ocean of being, subject to change, but with law forever tending to equilibrium. In the ratio of our knowledge and light, is this law available to us in all the relations of life, now and in the future. It is available to spirits out of the flesh as well as to spirits in the flesh, though it seems like the wind to blow where it listeth. We may witness collective manifestations which sweep large bodies, as in religions and political whirlwinds, and which sometimes scatter brave armies in the fight of *Somme* *peut*. Of it is epidemic, contagious, and infectious. More or less feeble in the one, stronger in the mass, almighty in the whole, it sweeps the cords of mundane and of transcendental humanity in all the interrelations of the two worlds. It is a conveyance of the various degrees of light or darkness to whatsoever be the plane of receptivity, now manifest as "lying spirits" in the mouths of *Ahas* prophets, but ever truthful in the "good demon" of Heathen Socrates—now "lying with such volubility of tongue as to make truth appear a fool" through the "man after God's own heart," while a Thomas of the Middle Ages had a familiar spirit, who on no occasion would suffer Tom to depart from the truth; which made Tom complain that he was thus "unfitted for the church or the market," in being thus forbidden to walk in oblique and patriarchal ways—the supposed necessities of church, politics and trade.

Our Biblical philosophy is poor indeed, when it shows no further compass than to babble of two engineers, the Lord and the Devil—the one all light, with never a cloud in his heavens—the other one darkness, the Prince of this world and of the power of the air, with never a star in his firmament. Let us rejoice that this classification of extremes intellectual and spiritual poverty is being cast upon the dunghill to be trodden under foot of men.

We saw in our last "Glimpse" how the Abyssinian daniel was freed of her devil in the marketplace by the piper or band of music—not exactly to the fulfillment of the Scriptures, which declare, "We have piped to you, and ye have not danced." Nor does it appear that the Oriental devils are within the category of savages as set forth by one William Shakespeare, for they will not budge till "moved by the concord of sweet sounds," as rolled off from kettle drum, sacbut and dulcimer, and garnished with the shriller notes of the piper, including the "wry-necked fife." The possessed then "trip on the light fantastic toe," and thus prove they "have music in their souls," and, therefore, are not "fit for treasons, statagems and spoils," as per Shakespeare.

Mr. Pearce, who was present at some of these Oriental exorcisms, "had soon afterward a less agreeable opportunity of becoming acquainted with the characteristics of this strange disease. His own wife was seized with some of the most alarming symptoms. 'Being of European civilization,' he thought the application of a whip might be attended with a good effect, and actually had recourse to a few strokes when there was no one present to witness the proceeding. But what was his surprise, when, instead of profiting by his skill, she appeared like a corpse, her joints stiffened, and life seemed to become extinct. Alarmed and grieved at the want of success, he immediately consented to pay for the band, the drink, and the other apparatus used in similar cases, and the result proved a complete reward for his connubial affection." "One day," says he, "I went privately with a companion to see my wife dance, and kept at a short distance, as I was ashamed to go near the crowd. On looking steadfastly upon her while dancing and jumping more like a deer than a human being, I said that it was certainly not my wife; at which my companion burst into a fit of laughter from which he could scarcely refrain all the way home."

Now these are clear cases of mesmerism or spiritual possessions, though ancient and modern Sadducees deny. Take from Christianity its possessions, and you leave a very large breach in its walls. Jesus recognized the truth most fully that spirits out, under fitting conditions could control spirits in the flesh. Mr. Pearce, though he detected Romish monks and priests in the coarse juggleries of making miracles to order, could not escape the fixed fact of the native Abyssinian possessions. It is on these unexplained phenomena of the spirit world, that all the hierarchies or priesthoods have built their theologies; and hence have swayed the dark and superstitious multitudes. Fraud appears to have been greatly added to a basis of truth. This truth the modern unfolding shall "ring out," and thus the mind be opened free.

It will be remembered that Elijah, in old Jewry, on occasions, would call down fire from heaven to consume his enemies—thus proving his God to be "a consuming fire." Pearce finds something of a parallel in Abyssinia. "There was a great Doffor, or priest, who used to travel about the country, and had become rich by deluding the poor and ignorant." He was employed like our Orthodox clergy of the present day, to do the people by making a great ado about the Devil. To prove himself to be regularly ordained, after the manner of Elijah, he would call down fire from heaven as a proof of his miraculous powers. Whether the process of the Hebrew prophet was like that of the Abyssinian, is not recorded in Holy Writ. Of the latter "it is remarked of him that he always commenced his operations in the heat of the sun, when he ordered all fires to be removed, and having taken his seat on a sheltered place near the door, he desired the people to withdraw a little distance while he prayed. Taking advantage of this opportunity, he contrived, by using the bottom of a broken bottle, to set fire to some dry horse-dung with the rays of the sun. He then threw on some frankincense, which caused a great smoke, and rising up with his face toward heaven, he called upon his illiterate audience, telling them in a solemn tone of voice, that God had heard him, and sent down fire from above to destroy all his enemies, visible and invisible." Was the "consuming fire" of Abyssinia after the

Orthodox pattern of that of old Jewry? or is to be considered a strange fire from the Lord, such as Aaron's sons offered and got scorched in the process? For "there went out fire from the Lord, and consumed them, and they died before the Lord." It appears that the Abyssinian fire from heaven rather unmiraculously availed itself of several links in the chain of natural causation, though unperceived by the multitude; while the fire in old Jewry stood not on the order of its coming, but came at once, at the demand of the Man of God, and consumed two fifties and odd men as a manifestation from the Lord.

Nor was the Abyssinian horse more of a link in the chain of fire from heaven than the old Jewry cow which was offered to Ezekiel as a "compromise," when told by the Lord how to cook his breakfast, and the prophet exclaimed, in Babylonish dialect, whose equivalent in English is, "My God! my God! I never made such a breakfast in my life."

The Abyssinian sacrifices are also akin to those of Moses, and of other Jewrydom. Cattle are killed, and blood sprinkled, to propitiate the Lord or "ghost" of the place when a building has been left uninhabited for some time. The Lord, or ghost, then "immediately leaves it in peace." Though they thus sacrifice to the Lord, he is not able wholly to protect them, so "they believe that all diseases come from the Devil."

Ethiopia, like old Jewry, has its poets, or prophets, or improvisateurs. "They are often called to a great distance to grace the funerals of persons of distinction, and receive high pay in cattle, corn or cloth. Mr. Pearce knew a very handsome middle aged lady, who, though she had a large estate, had studied poetry from her youth, and attended gratuitously to all cries of a public nature, for no other purpose than to display her benevolence and her uncommon powers. She was esteemed the best maker of verses in Anihara or Tigre. Many a great man had offered to marry her, but she could never be prevailed on to listen to their proposals; not that she had any predilection for a single life—a very rare choice indeed among the sex in Ethiopia."

Not much can be said for the morals of the Abyssinian nobility, who, "it is admitted, live in state of great licentiousness and debauchery even when married," though "they strictly keep all the fasts," holy days, &c., of the church. It is to be lamented that the clergy fail to check by their example the immoral practices of the people, being themselves more like drunken brawlers than civilized beings," though "the days of abstinence amount to no less than one hundred and sixty-five in the year." These Lords spiritual are exceedingly fond of bloody meat. "The quantity of raw meat they consume, and the ravenous manner in which they devour it, exceed all belief." It would seem from this that their Biblical civilization has not made much progress from the status of three hundred years ago, when it was said of the Abyssinians by Antonius Fernandez, that "they use pictures, but not carved nor graven images. They paint Christ, the Blessed Virgin, and other saints, in black form, as devils and wicked men in white." Thus, on every hand, to the great scandal of Biblical civilization, where the intellectual has not rose above it, Mr. Buckle will make out his case of the incompetency of the Bible of itself to raise man out of the slough of his dark and ignorant submergence. The most prevailing Biblical sentiment, even in our own land, in this year 1861, is intensely wedded to "the sum of all villanies," the enslaving of one race to the might, and not to the right of the other. Nor has such civilization, dominated by the clergy and politicians, preserved the nation from the speedy judgment for the wrong done to the red man and the black, for the almost universal mammon—selfishness, against the poor and struggling white. When we shall rise to the appreciation of causes, we shall see, with the wise heathen of old time, that a wrong done to the least is a wrong done to the whole, and has its avenger in the course of events; and the clairvoyant or far-seeing Jesus also saw and felt that "inasmuch as ye do unto the least of these, ye do unto me." When we take the grosser parts of old Jewry as a "thus saith the Lord," for the present day to perpetuate an undeveloped civilization, with causative intellect in abeyance, as well as the fuller gushing emotions of the better heart, we must take the judgments which consecutively follow the living to such plane. Largest truth—largest freedom—largest right—are the only ways to secure largest happiness, or the commonwealth on earth as it is in heaven.

Passing from Abyssinian to European civilization in the time of the learned Dr. Henry More, do we find any better knowledge of the spirit-world than a wrathful and jealous God far off in the background, and his ministering spirits the devil and witches?—or what have we in our own day outside the new unfolding, but a barren Biblical soul-world adding dead bodies to rise?—or the North pole of Sadduceism, congealing all the lovelier essences of life? Either this, or the infernal enemy of man, the God-devil or of old theology. Whereas, a proper study and philosophical researches into these phenomena along the boundaries of the two worlds which intersect each other in the medium of the mesmerism aura, would have enabled us to have dispersed the black clouds of the old theologues—to have rent the veil of frightful superstitions, and to have cast out the priesthood who lived, moved, and had their being in the same; nor would ever tolerate, till wrung from them, a free inquiry into devilish or sacred mysteries. Of course, there are always the exceptions of the few who are jailed, stoned, or crucified.

Dr. More relates many cases of spirit presence and action which may be more or less verified with in modern daily experience—many things of a character of which we ourselves have knowledge, and which are perfectly reducible to law and order as in the counterpart presentiments of the yet incarnate plane. With no other light than the Bible, the minds of its worshippers are forever dwarfed and rendered oblique in their receptions of apparitions, who by the Biblical or church rule, must be either Lord or Devil—for the most part the latter, though there are not wanting many proofs that the souls or ghosts, were simply the unfashioned men and women who had left this plane of being for another. Among others, Dr. More relates of one who returned, saying, "I have left behind me my youngest son, James, to whom you are God-father. Now there is at my eldest son Stephen's, a citizen of Jegerdorf, a certain chest wherein I have put four hundred and fifteen florins. This I tell you, that your God-son may not be defrauded of any of them, and it is your duty to look after it, which if you neglect, we be to you. Having said this, the spectre departed; and went up into the upper rooms of the house, where he swagged stoutly that all rattled again, and the roof swagged with his heavy stampings." If it be objected that this was not a very spiritually minded ghost, by caring too much for the four hundred florins, we have only to say that each soul on the other, is the same, in character, as it was on this side of the Jordan. There is room for improvement on both sides, according to our aspirations. The mammon worshiper here carries his measure with him, and the attractive metal may keep him groping considerable length of time along the surface of the earth. Indeed, what we have cited was the very best thing in the character of this ghost, as related of him by Dr. More at much length.

Indeed, it was very much to be wished, that this ghost had nothing worse laid to his character than the especial case of making himself friend of the mammon of unrighteousness, but he had all amount of devilry laid to his charge that would fill any number of Orthodox churches. He threatened to wring the maid's neck if she continued to sleep with his widow. He galloped up and down like a wanton horse in the court of his house; was seen to ride, not only in the streets, but along the valleys of the field and on the mountains, with so strong a trot that he made the very ground flash with fire under him. He tugged all night, with a Jew, tossing him up and down in the lodging where he lay, and appears to have wrestled as powerfully as the ghost who tugged all night with Jacob in old Jewry, and who wonderfully as the ghost who appeared to Menahem and his wife, precedent to the birth of Samson.



But no less to Christian than to Jew, did this Johannes of Silesia, whose ghostly doings commenced as soon as he was unfused; for though at the time of his bodily death, he was "one of the Aldermen of the town, very fair in his carriage and unblemished to men's thinking, in the whole course of his life," yet it would appear that he had been rather a whitened sepulchre of the pharisaical kind. As soon as death had disordered him, he appears to have been clothed in his true character. Even before his body was buried, his ghost was seen walking up and down and to and fro on the earth, as did a similar one among the sons of God in old time, to the sore affliction of Job. Our Silesian goblin did not bring fire from heaven, but rather blasts from hell; for "no sooner was he dead than a great tempest arose, which raged most at his very funeral, there being such impetuous storms of wind with snow, that it made men's bodies quake, and their teeth chatter in their heads. But so soon as he was interred, of a sudden all was calm. This was equal to the great stones which the Lord cast down from heaven," when he killed "more by these stones than the children of Israel slow with the sword"—equal to the day when "the Lord thundered with a great thunder upon the Philistines," as a *quid pro quo* when "Samuel took a snoring lamb and offered it for a burnt offering wholly unto the Lord; and Samuel cried unto the Lord for Israel; and the Lord heard him," and let fly at the Philistines—equal to the Silesian ghost, in physical manifestations as when the Lord spoke out of the whirlwind to Job, and on many other occasions in old Jewry.

Barely was the Silesian Lord or Devil divorced from his body, than he laid siege to a woman as "a spiritus incubus or ophialus." "This happened before he was buried. After his burial, the same spectre awakened one who was sleeping in his dining-room, saying, 'I can scarce withhold myself from beating thee to death.' The voice the same as when uttered through the outer flesh." The watchmen of the town also affirmed that they heard every night great stir in his house, the falling and throwing of things about, the gates standing wide open in the morning, though diligently shut over night; horses were unquiet in the stable; unusual barkings and howlings of dogs—the house shook with violence; the windows were all filled with flashings of light," as fire from heaven, or strange fire from the Lord. Tracks were made in the snow as difficult to classify as the "Natural Selection" of Darwin, or the "What is it?" of Mr. Barnum. The ghost then "dreadfully accosted a waggoner, an old acquaintance of his, while he was busy in the stable, vomiting out fire against him to terrify him, and biting him so cruelly by the foot that he made him lame." This is equal to the "strange fire" from the Lord in old Jewry, when "there went fire out of his mouth and devoured; souls were kindled by it." A "consuming fire" either by this way or by the Abyssinian way of sun glass, "dry horse-dung and frankincense," or the astrological way of the Sun's breathing fire.

After these several exploits, our Silesian Demon embraces "the Parson of the parish, whom this Fury so squeezed and pressed when he was asleep, that, awaking, he found himself utterly spent and his strength quite gone, but could not imagine the reason. But while he lay musing with himself what the matter might be, this spectre returns again to him, and holding him all over so fast that he could not wag a finger, rolled him in his bed backwards and forwards a good many times together." He then beset the Parson's wife, and "so wrong and pulled as if he would have torn her throat out, had not her two daughters come in to help her." This is equal to the Devil who beat black and blue St. Jerome, the eminent Christian Father, which the saint proved by showing the bruised condition of his body when he arose in the morning. Silesian Orthodox, like its counterpart in all ages, was sorely afflicted of the Devil. "He pressed the lips together of one of the theologian's sons, so that they could scarce get them asunder." Thus we see that the manifestation of the spirit was given to the Devil to profit withal; but as none are wholly good, no not one, and as not any one wholly evil, no not one, so the sliding scale of the spirit or mesmerism power of action, includes the Holy Ghost and the Devil in its degrees. The Parson's house was so generally disturbed with this unruly ghost, that the servants were fain to keep together a night in one room, lying upon straw and watching the approaches of this troublesome fiend. But a maid of the house being more courageous than the rest, would needs one night go to bed, and forsake her company. Whereupon the ghost finding her alone, presently assaults her, pulls away the bedding, and would have carried her away with him; but she, hardly escaping, fled to the rest of the family, where she espied him standing by the candle, and straightway after vanishing.

"Another time he came into her master's chamber, making a noise like a hog that eats grains, smacking and grunting very sonorously. They could not chase him away by speaking to him; but ever as they lighted a candle, he would vanish."

"This theologian" was worse beset than the Rev. Dr. Phelps of Connecticut, some ten years ago. The ghost carried to the parson's house the most intolerable stench, the rankest compound that ever offended nostrils, and equal to the "two-and-seventy stinks" that Coleridge found at Cologne. In vain did he commend himself and family by prayer to God. The stink continued to increase even to the increase of the prayer. The spectre is seen to step from the wall, to approach the bed, and to breathe upon Parson and wife "an exceeding cold breath of so intolerable stinking and malignant a scent, as is beyond all imagination and expression." The Parson thereby was made sick in a most putrid manner, as if he had partaken of "the waters of jealousy" of the old Jewry cauldron pot—the "good soil," says Dr. More, having "his face, belly, &c., swelling," equal to anything from the jealous waters which caused "the Jew to swell and the thigh to rot," as par Moses in Jewrydom.

What is omitted would exceed what is related of this troublesome ghost. The horse that he rode, while yet in the flesh, was "a trembling and sweating night and day," from fear of the unfused Johannes, and though the afflicted horse did not succeed, like Balaam's ass, in speaking, he would appear to have met the scripture of Paul by working out his salvation in fear and trembling, "from which he was not free night nor day." This Johannes ghost was rather a quickening spirit of the undeveloped sort. He drank milk, and turned milk into blood. He pulled up posts as deep set in the ground as those which Samson pulled up at Gaza. He strangled old men, and held fast the oracles of children. He beset women with a power equal to the "evil spirit" in Tobit, where seven husbands were laid out. He cared nothing for holy water, but defiled it in the font, and "fouled the altar-cloth with dirty, bloody spots." He brained dogs in the street, sucked dry the cows, and tied up their tails with a facility equal to Samson in the three hundred fox-tails. He devoured poultry and dung-gods into the racks, doubtless including the old Jewry scape goat. He transformed himself into a long staff, equal to the rod of God, or brazen serpent of Moses, transformations, including the staff of Elisha. He laid his hand on a woman "more sold than loe, for washing dishes on a Thursday, and pelted one of the women that washed his corpse, so forcibly that the prints of the clods he hung were to be seen upon the wall."

We have not room to cite more of this spirit, who appears to have united the lower status of both worlds in his being, like those who got possession of flesh and blood in the times of the Apostles, and were sometimes very difficult to dislodge, as when the servants of the chief priest, Sober, dropping the formula of Solomon, and the fish-like process of Tobit, would test the virtue in the name of "Jesus whom Paul preached." To this the evil spirit replied: "Jesus I know, and Paul I know, but who are ye?" and then beat them "so that they fled out of that house, naked and wounded." To put a stop to the mad pranks of the Silesian spirit, it was found necessary to take up his body and burn it. Though it was found as perfectly fresh as when buried, although

all other bodies around had gone to putrefaction. He bled freely, &c. The ghost defended the body to the very last, and with great difficulty was it got to the fire and burnt, when "the spectre never more appeared."

Dr. More concludes his account thus: "I must confess I am as slow-witted, that I cannot so much as imagine what the Atheist will exonerate for a subterfuge from so plain and evident convictions."

The Atheists who have exonerated Moses and the prophets, and do not think that the spirit-world is a "fixed fact," would not find it so difficult "to be persuaded if one rose from the dead," and should perform signs and wonders upon them, with an outstretched arm, as in the Silesian manifestation of the spirit. Thus we behold the uses in the various degrees of spiritual unfolding. Souls unfused may yet be strongly wrought in the earth sphere, in their connections with matter, and, hence, powerfully adapted to work in theurgic signs and wonders, or miracles, and so become Balaamian foundations for the word. He of Silesia, though very much dragged in the horrible pit and miry clay, would yet do yeoman's service in a grapple with Atheism, and even the church might enlarge its vision beyond one Lord, one devil, one baptism, by a further survey of the spirit-land. Dr. More appears to have possessed this vision to a very considerable extent, for his Silesian spirit is not the devil of orthodoxy, but a soul who had cast his outermost body, yet using it as a *punctum saliens* till it was burnt.

This Silesian Johannes, had he been one of the spirits of old times would doubtless have been deluged in bloody sacrifices, and to have been a pillar in the church of a blood theology, as when Hiel sacrificed his two sons to secure the good graces of the *genius loci*, or Lord of the place. "Hiel built Jericho," he laid the foundations thereof in Abiel, his first-born, and set up the gates thereof in his youngest son, Segub, according to the word of the Lord." Yet these victims to the Lord, as Abraham's substitute, Jeptah's daughter, and many others, according to the word of the Lord, were doubtless a progress from the earlier status of cannibalism. Dismissing the fiction of the fall of man, there is an outgrowth of Spiritualism in continuity from the earliest and most barbarous estate of man. The foundations of all spiritualisms, or religions, underlie the ancients; but it is very foolish to suppose that the sub-strata of old Jewry alone contains the Word. It is very foolish to make an idol of this Word in the old Jewry Spiritualism, and to re-plant it by pulpits, parental training and Sunday School, as God's fullest word, for to-day. The tree of life, which was grounded in the earlier bloody foundations, now spans the broader heavens in bud, in blossom, and in fruit, ripening in greater fullness of head for the soul's greater needs.

Let us cease then to think that we can live forever by the old Jewry flesh-pots, nor let us turn in longing looks thereto, lest we become pillars of salt, like Lot's wife, as land-marks in fossilism. The old salt has lost its savor, and cannot now preserve eternal life without further impartations from the heavens. Notwithstanding all the garbishing of the ancients, tombs, as the only true divination in which the Word is to be found; though pulpits, Sunday School and press exclaim, lo, here is the Lord, and lo, there is the Lord yet have they fashioned him so much after the pattern in the mount, that the general mind has become so greatly Thomistic that it cannot believe unless it beholds with modern eyes the manifestation of the spirit, for every one may profit withal, without being confined to what was said by them of old time. True, in the Acts of the Apostles the law is declared to have been given "by the disposition of angels," though Moses declares "it was written with the finger of God." In either case, it is well to test by the modern fan, that will thoroughly purge the floor. We may thus redeem from the old night-shade somewhat which may prove to be not altogether Dead Sea apples, and we may not, like Job, make our bed in darkness, with only the glimmer, that of a tree out down it would sprout again—but of a man, "he giveth up the ghost and where is he?" Had Job met the ghost of Johannes among the sons of God, he could, at least, have answered as the whereabouts of him.

U. B. P.

## THE TEMPLE OF THE SUN.

A Lecture by Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch, at Dodworth's Hall, New York, Sunday Evening, March 9, 1862.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

We are aware that, in venturing upon a theme of this kind, and particularly upon one heretofore unexplored, we expose ourselves to the criticisms, as well of those who, though not full believers, are open to conviction, as of those who remain wilfully blind to truth. But our ideas are based solely upon facts derived from authentic history, and if they should not accord with your own opinions, you must lay the blame on history, and the imperfections of humanity, and not on us.

Of all the ideas connected with the creation, that, unquestionably, is the greatest and highest, which has its origin in the divine conceptions of the human mind; but on traversing the fields of ancient history, and reviewing, one by one, the gradations of humanity, we are astonished that so much of the experience of the past is lost upon the present, and that, from one generation to another, there seems to prevail an entire misapprehension and gross neglect in this respect.

But now, when we venture to pass the threshold of the Great Temple, we demand your closest attention, that you may follow and understand our explanations of its mysteries. Come with us, if you please, across the waters of the broad Atlantic. Leaving civilized Europe, we cross the Mediterranean, and enter the realm of antiquity, and, with all its grandeur and relics of departed glory, spread out before us. Next, Northern and Eastern Africa, with half-buried grandeur, looms up in the horizon, and we enter upon that region which was once the seat of populous cities, of vast empire, of art, science and letters. Here was the supposed centre of the world. On these ancient temples were gathered and consecrated all that humanity had then conceived of erudition and external grandeur. Upon these shrines were laid the highest and purest offerings of the human intellect. There, in all its buried grandeur, lies the secret mystery of ages.

It is often asked, whence was the origin of human religion? We purpose now to answer that question truthfully, leaving it to your own charitable judgments to make such palliation and apology as is possible for the gross errors of the race. Rest assured you will find them needed.

There were two shrines of equal antiquity. One in the East, among the people now called the Chinese, whose empire then extended over the whole of Eastern Asia; the other in Persia, which included the western division of the continent. In these regions, the first being generally known as India, originated all primitive notions of religion, arts, and science. The precise locality of our temple is within the boundaries of what was anciently known as the kingdom of Silesia, including Palestine, and stretching as far as modern Tartary. Here the gods first set their impress upon the brow of humanity, in guiding them to intellectual attainments, and here originated the systematic idea of worship. Here we shall erect our temple, and consecrate it to the visible God of Creation, who seems to rule in the firmament—the Sun. Humanity, in its first stage, understood nothing that was not communicated by their senses. By the laws of Nature and the instinct of self-preservation, they were obliged to observe with the closest attention the appearances and movements of the heavenly bodies. Therefore, the idea of worship was not innate or primary in man. It was an outgrowth of his necessities, as we will proceed to show, and founded upon absolute physical requirements. In their simpler savage state, nothing was needed by human beings save provision for their material wants. When they became more fixed in location, and civilized, and civilized, they were obliged to watch and contrive for the best means of appropriating such provision. The first and principal object of human vision, striking it with all-absorbing and sublime radiance, is the sun. From morn to eve, it seems uniting in its course, the ruler of the material universe; all that the senses can take in seems connected with its radiance; all that is dark and desolate is associated with its absence. The various changes of the year are governed by its influence and aspect. What wonder that uncivilized men should look upon its splendor, and hail it in the God of Creation? The worship of the sun, in all its various departments and shapes, constitutes the key to the whole

theological system of the world; and to this we can trace all religions now existing, with all their multifarious creeds and paraphernalia. Let us see how.

Here we have erected the Temple of the Sun, built of choicest stone; all its walls traced over with various signs and symbols, whose significance baffles the modern intellect to unravel; female heads, on the bodies of animals, and many other grotesque combinations; winged globes, crescents, stars, here a dog, there an ibis, seemingly mingled in unmeaning confusion. Their origin was as follows: The ancients, and especially the primitive inhabitants of Silesia, believed that the sun was the source of all being, the beneficent author of every good thing; that, opposed to him, was another coeval power of darkness and evil; that these two had created the entire creation; that, in an agricultural country it was necessary to watch closely the signs of heaven; and the first astrologers, or astronomers were those persons who were therefore appointed especially to study the stars. They distinguished and gave names to the twelve signs of the zodiac, which to this day remain the standard for every almanac, and constitute the basis of all astronomical calculations, with the exception that the central orb is now the sun, instead of our earth. These signs contain the secret through which the ancients understood the coming and going of the seasons.

Thus, when the vernal season approached, the sun entered a certain constellation called the Ram, because, at that season, the animal in question renewed its spores. Afterwards, when the waters receded, and the desert ground was parched with thirst, the wild bulls came rushing to the river to drink, and hence the name Taurus, given to the sign of that season; and so with the rest of the twelve. They all represented various periods of the year, which the ancients understood that particular processes of agriculture should be followed.

This forms the secret of their worship. They supposed that the sun passed through all these signs, of course considering the earth as a flat surface. The Mediterranean Sea they regarded as the end of the world, at its western extremity, and the Eastern Sea as its opposite boundary. They taught that the earth was either a triangle or a perfect square. The seven planets corresponded to the seven spheres of heaven, which revolved around the earth. These seven spheres we find figured in the New Testament, as the seven golden candlesticks. These signs, therefore, were essentially and positively agricultural in their origin and character, and were dependent upon the amount of information astrologers could impart. Their meaning was well understood by the generation in which they originated. Thus, at the approach of the vernal season, it was said that the Great God, or the Lord, had departed from the region of darkness, and Taurus had resumed his sway; and now behold the Virgin, with her newborn child, Spring, appears.

In process of time the attributes and influence ascribed to these constellations were transferred to earthly objects, after which they were named. Thus the ox of heaven was transformed into the ox of earth, and gradually offerings came to be made to the beasts themselves, as representatives of heavenly powers. But in the establishment of the Egyptian religion, the date far anterior to that to which the settlement of the country is commonly assigned, it assumed a new form. It was supposed that during the Winter season, the sun was obliged to undergo a kind of persecution, attributed to the power of evil, with whom universal empire was thought to be equally divided. When the luminary had passed the Winter equinox, he emerged a conqueror from the regions of darkness, and the power of light and life triumphed over the power of darkness and death. In the one case, through fear, everything that symbolized the reign of evil and the season of storms and inundations, fishes, water-fowls, monsters of the deep, was worshipped, that the adverse influences might be propitiated through their earthly representatives. This religion was gradually introduced into Egypt, after it had prevailed in Eastern Asia—for the former country must have been peopled long after the latter, as is proved by the fact that the soil was deposited by very slow degrees, by successive inundations of the Nile, at a comparatively recent period.

Turning now to the religion of the East, or India, we find that the sun was there supposed to be the principal God. In more northern climes the power of evil, of darkness, and Winter, was supposed to have nearly equal sway. The Mediterranean, in the temperate regions, was regarded as the great outlet, to the land of the living, and the entrance to the world of the departed. The Prince of Evil reigned where the waters of the vast sea poured over into the great abyss. Thence, every Winter, his monsters came forth, and the land was inundated, and its verdure destroyed. Thus to the sun was consecrated everything good, while they propitiated the malignant deities by offerings and sacrifices. These superstitious observances arose from the fact that the early astrologers converted their knowledge into a system of divination, for the purpose of power to those of their kind. They kept the masses in ignorance of principles, and gave them only figurative expressions and symbols. Thus the people acquired the idea of worship. To the sun they were taught to ascribe all glory; to him they built temples. These beasts, these serpents, they said, are our enemies—the powers of tempest and gloom, whom we must appease. They originated oblations and sacrifices to the gods of the good, the Sun—the second to the gods of Winter and Darkness.

It was necessary, in order to accommodate ideas of religion to sensual understanding, to bring them down from Heaven to earth, and so the animals of the Zodiac came to be worshipped; the simple, material science which ministered to the physical wants of shepherds, was transformed into the mysteries of beatitude, and the magicians of the East, and the priests of Egypt, with superstitious, thus, in the primitive requirements of the people—their observation of natural phenomena for purposes of protection, or of gain, originated the gods of evil and darkness; and thus, in the offerings of the faithful on the shrine of the Sun, originated the idea of worship, which has since been understood in an immaterial sense. Egypt, borrowing it from the countries from which she was peopled, was especially adapted to the worship of the sun, inasmuch as the climate of such a country is but a sphere of such rich transparency and a soil of unequalled fertility, why should not Egypt worship the Sun? Accordingly, this deity was represented under the name of Osiris, who divided his empire with his bride, Isis, or the earth; and hence in all Egyptian mythology Osiris was supposed to be the god of creation and of light, and to him was dedicated all that was good. Isis was the goddess of generation, and all things were supposed to have sprung from the marriage of the two. We will now apply this allegory. When we read the pages of Eastern mythology we need not be surprised at the singular exploits and transformations there recorded, if we understand that Osiris is simply the sun who passes through different signs at different seasons, and who, under various names, is represented by all the other deities.

The Persian fire-worshippers, the Japanese and the Chinese, who now adore idols, at first bowed down only to the Sun. Superstition was born of ignorance, and fostered by the priests, for their own purposes. Egypt, the first seat of regular devotion, a land of light, the especial favorite of Heaven, received from Phœnicia many of her ideas of worship, but it was reserved for her to perfect a system which resulted in the most complete mystery, and an entire obliteration of the primitive religion; Egypt, indeed, was the first fountain of all forms of worship which earth has known. The priests concealed the origin of Osiris and Isis, and thus the people, who were called upon to worship them in all their forms of bird or beast. So complete was the veil of mystery which was thrown over the subject, that the people were made to believe that all their movements were directly controlled by divine power, and that worship was due in every act. Every department of life was consecrated either to joyful ovations, or propitiatory sacrifices. A complete form of rites and ceremonies was ordained for every season, and even each day had its special worship.

Osiris was identical with the Sun-god of the Persians and Indians. Twelve other deities shared with him the heavens, under names which it would be useless to repeat. They represented the signs of the Zodiac, and thus figured the control which the constellations were supposed to exercise over the seasons. These were divided into lesser powers, each of which had a special department of the year. The priests of Egypt concealed most artfully the true significance of their worship. Instead of the sun, they adored Osiris; instead of the light of day, Isis, the more mysterious workings of nature beneath the earth's surface. The Egyptians endured every day, and almost every hour, with some divine rite or ceremonial. The ram, in their mythology, represented the vernal season; the hippopotamus, the summer, and the crocodile, the autumn. We find the divinities of Egypt divided into separate classes, viz.:

Those representing, First—The civil power. Second—Worldly, material dominion. Third—Spiritual influence.

To each of these was dedicated a city. Memphis, the seat of the civil government, was the chief city of Egypt, and was the city of Heliopolis, or On (Heliopolis, which held the Temple of the Sun). All these were filled with the symbols of their special worship, and all their arts and sciences were centered in them. Thither were brought their most precious treasures and

the trophies of every country, and all was consecrated to Osiris, the god of light. The Egyptians were led to believe that the powers of light and darkness together ruled the globe, having been produced from a primitive being, and being always jealous, and seeking to overthrow each other's empire.

How strangely does this coincide with the leading features in the Jewish faith! God is the principal of light and beneficence; Satan the adverse power of darkness and evil, and the angels, on either side, may be taken for the various subordinate deities of the Egyptians. How singular that on the basis of a few simple, physical phenomena, there should have been erected such a vast structure of superstition! It cannot be directly proved by historical records, but we believe it may be fairly inferred from our knowledge of the Egyptians, that fifteen thousand years before the birth of the Christian era, Egypt was densely inhabited, and had attained to a high social order. And before Egypt came upon the stage, India had cultivated the sciences, and, to a great extent, had formed her religious system. That this is true with regard to Egypt, is proved by astronomical laws, applied to the zodiacal representations on her monuments. Altogether, we are fully justified in assuming that the arts and sciences were practised in Asia thousands of years before sufficient alluvial soil had been accumulated in the delta of the Nile to fit the land for human habitation. That this accumulation is an actual process, is shown by the fact that the remains of ancient Egyptian cities are now found far from the shore, which are known to have been once situated at the mouth of the Nile, and possessed of spacious and excellent harbors. Again, the frequency of inundations, in the earlier period of Egypt, may have rendered it uninhabitable; and from these, we may remark, in passing, above the idea of a great deluge, the treasures of European scholars have established that the Japanese and Chinese, as well as the Hindoo Brahmins, worship what is simply an emblem of the sun. Even the savage tribes of Africa adore the same under the forms of various wild beasts, without knowing why. This will be readily accounted for when we understand that all these nations got the idea from the same source. But to return. We find in Egypt immense pyramids. These mysterious structures have formed the subject of endless controversies among scholars, and we are almost lost in the multitude of conjectures concerning them.

It may be said, however, that no one has hitherto succeeded in explaining the purpose, date, or mode, of their erection. Some suppose them to have been raised in honor of some God; others, that they were dedicated to the monarchs who built them; others, that they are the tombs of those princes, &c. Our own opinion is, that their shape was derived from the triangle, the primary form of all natural emblem of Deity, which represented also, the Past, Present and Future, and was embodied in the unpronounceable name of the Hebrew Jehovah. It is found among the symbols of Freemasonry, together with the All-seeing eye. All have their origin in the Egyptian theology. It is not for us to reveal the secrets of that ancient order, but those present who are initiated will assent, when we say that the Eye is but the Sun; the triangle, but the earth; and the square, but the human body. The elements of all geometrical calculations, and of the deductions of the higher mathematics.

We find, then, that all the ancient religions were first derived from the principles of physical nature, and the elements of physical observation. It remains to show how these have been transmitted and preserved in the existing systems of worship. We have led you to the Temple of the Sun, situated many thousands of years in the past, the world's highest civilization on the banks of the Nile. It has been estimated by architects and historians, that the building of one of the pyramids must have required thirty thousand years' labor, by three millions of workmen. They could not therefore have been intended as the tombs of a single generation of kings. But the Egyptians had a great aversion to their bodies being subject to the ordinary process of dissolution. Hence their practice of mummification. The deceased were conveyed by crocodiles up the Nile, and buried in the desert sands, and hence arose the ideas of the stream of death and the grim ferryman who conveys the souls into an unknown land.

Those whose friends could not pay for their embalment and passage, were thrown out to be devoured by wild beasts, and hence the popular ideas on the subjects of salvation and condemnation. It was also supposed that the souls of the departed, who formed the boundaries of the world, at the judgment of the departed spirits, who ordained the happiness or misery of their future existence; and here we see the germ of the doctrine of the Last Judgment. Now the pyramids originated in this dread of bodily decay and destruction, and were designed to protect the sacred forms of the kings from the effects of the great catastrophe, to which the earth was supposed to be destined at the end of a cycle of years. In these massive monuments were deposited the records and most precious treasures of the land, such as might serve to give the generation who should re-occupy the earth, after the dread visitation, some evidences of the greatness to which Egypt had attained.

The stones of which the pyramids are built, are supposed to be of great size, and indeed such is apparently the case, on a superficial examination. These stones, it is said, were brought down the river from the quarries in which they were hewn, and the question occurs, how was it possible to raise them to such heights? Two theories have been advanced on the subject. By some, the apparent size of the stones is attributed to the cement with which they were covered, and by which the seams are so closely and accurately joined, that, when dried and consolidated, it assumed the appearance of a single mass of enormous stones. This is a plausible explanation. Others suppose that the ancient Egyptians were not ignorant of any of the mechanical arts, and that hydraulics would easily enable them to raise their largest blocks to the height of the tallest pyramid—it being well established that this science has hardly advanced a step during thousands of years.

This, too, does not seem improbable. Our own opinion is, that the stones were raised down the Nile in boats, and that the pyramids were built by the waters of the Nile, which were filled in by smaller triangular pieces; and the whole was joined by a peculiar kind of cement, the knowledge of whose composition has been lost, but which is evidently alluded to in several passages of the Old Testament. The lapse of countless ages has been sufficient to harden this cement, and unite it with the stone, into gigantic masses. It is also probable, that the top of a pyramid was built first, and the lower stones gradually introduced beneath it.

We now come to the existing forms of worship.

1st. The Hindoo religion, whose principal deities are called Brahma, Vishnu and Siva, and which prevails throughout Eastern Asia.

2d. Mahometanism, seated in Central Asia, upper Africa, and part of Europe.

3d. Christianity, extending over Western Europe and America.

Besides these chief creeds, there are in Europe the Jews, and Asia the followers of Zoroaster, who received nearly the same relative positions; being alike considered as outcasts and infidels, by the adherents of the prevailing religions.

Finally, we have various forms of Heathen worship in Eastern Asia, and the isles of the sea. The Hindoo or Brahminical faith recognizes three principal divinities, viz: Brahma, the Creator, in the Past; Vishnu, the Preserver, in the Present; and Siva, the Destroyer, in the Future. Here again we trace a likeness to the Sacred Triangle of the ancient Egyptians.

The sacred books of the Hindoos were three in number. They reveal all the mysteries of that religion, and clearly show that, in common with every other ancient mythological system, it merely reproduces in new and complicated forms, the simple, primitive ideas which the Egyptians were the first to symbolize in the conflict between the Gods of Light and Darkness, under various names and metamorphoses, corresponding to the divisions in the calendar.

The same may be said of the Persian religion, as expounded in the Zend-Avesta—a religion which returned more nearly to the Egyptian, to the simple and spiritual type of belief.

We now come to Christianity. This is borrowed, first from Moses, who adapted to his own purposes what the Hebrews had derived from the Egyptians during the period of their bondage. The Jews were a tribe of Syrians under the rule of those Hyksos, or Shepherd-Kings, who invaded and conquered Lower Egypt, and gave it a succession of monarchs, until driven out by one of the Pharaohs, who retained the Jews in captivity. During some generations, the latter grew up in the worship of their masters, and Moses, especially, is said to have been carefully trained in all the learning of the Egyptian religion, and the ceremonies, orations, and sacrifices of the Egyptians. These were plagiarisms, with some interpolations from the Egyptians. The very word Jehovah, is but an expression of the sacred Triangle of the latter—Jo, denoting the Past; He, the Present, and Vah, the Future; or, that which creates, preserves and destroys. Thus this original belief, simple as it is, has become the whole earth in mystery and darkness. The serpent which tempted Eve is but the serpent in the Zodiac, which, when the Sun entered it, was supposed to have destroyed the Virgin, who is pictured in Egyptian hieroglyphs as holding a babe in her arms and drawing after her the God of Light.

The fruit is also pictured which the Virgin was supposed to have given the Sun, and thus tempted him into those regions of darkness. We find the Virgin again appearing when darkness is dispelled; there she represents regeneration, or the re-appearance of the kingdom; and this, by the Hebrews, was interpreted to denote the coming of an actual king, who should restore their prosperity.

We now arrive at the latest system, that of Mahomet, which was spread so rapidly by fire and sword that it now numbers more followers than either of the others. It is a combination of the Persian and Jewish religions, and hence is only indirectly traceable to the older forms. It owns Mahomet as the chief prophet, instead of Jesus, and also indicates the oneness of the Deity, in contradiction to the notion of a Trinity, or Sacred Triangle. This is owing to Mahomet's having borrowed from the Sun worship of the Persians, instead of from the Egyptians.

Mahometanism, as we have said, mainly owes the rapidity of its propagation to the power of the sword, and hence bloodshed and devastation have everywhere marked its progress. We are sorry to say that Christianity has done little better. The Virgin which was to bring forth the Saviour of the Jews, is but the celestial virgin of the ancient Egyptian calendar, who ushered in the Year, and was the mother of the new-born Spring. To the same source we may trace the story of her lying in a manger, and of her father Joseph. The idea of Christ, and his mission is taken from the Persian and Egyptian mythologies; and, though we are ready to admit that some one, born of Joseph and Mary, believed himself divinely endowed, still, his name and mythical character are borrowed from the ancient worship of the Sun. This position is corroborated by considering the rites and ceremonies of the Romish Church, whose Chief Pontiff will not disclose their hidden meaning, though they take rank at once in the mythology of Greece and Rome, whose various gods are but deities of Egypt under other names.

The labors of Hercules, for instance, denote the passage of the Sun through the signs of the Zodiac; so we might trace the same astronomical ideas through all the characters of Grecian or Roman mythology which have since been transformed into Christian saints and prophets.

We find, moreover, that the history and teachings of Jesus Christ correspond remarkably to those of a certain prophet, called Gola, who appeared as a Saviour in the far east of Asia, some two thousand years before our era. He was said to have died at about the same age, after performing similar miraculous cures, and to have been transported in like manner to the celestial regions. Christians would do well to consider this parallel, the book of Revelation, that pious and apocalyptic of theologians and commentators, is a mere repetition, with some additional ornaments, of the old allegorical fables to which we have so often referred.

But let us return once more to the Temple of the Sun. Enter it, and pay your devotions; for through myriads of years, under varying forms, the worship of the great luminary has been handed down to the present generation; and yet, to-day, there is not one man in whom this true and legitimate origin of their religion has been recognized. Yet still, each morning, the source of light sheds his resplendent smiles on the rejoicing earth; each evening he sinks all gorgeous into his lowly tabernacle; still, each season comes and goes, and brings the seed time and the harvest, the tempest and the calm. All of life and motion, each form of beauty and of use upon the earth's surface, is due to the energy imparted by this marvellous luminary. Every day he raises up a new creation; every return of winter witnesses a regenerated world; and still man, blinded by superstition, refuses his homage to the simple elements—the soul of universal life—and chooses rather to adore the work of his own hands, or the creatures of his perverted imagination. For ever the Mahometan worship is essentially idolatrous, and Christianity itself has received a large infusion of the spirit of idolatry.

Without the Sun, there were neither light, nor beauty, nor intelligence, yet we turn from him, and heed him not, though during countless ages he received the worship of wise and mighty nations. Strange infatuation, that leads man to grope wearily through infinite space beyond him, for that which is within and around him, and adore a dim abstraction, instead of the power whose essence stirs in the bosom of the world, and whose life is the life of the universe. Every day he raises up a new creation; every return of winter witnesses a regenerated world; and still man, blinded by superstition, refuses his homage to the simple elements—the soul of universal life—and chooses rather to adore the work of his own hands, or the creatures of his perverted imagination. For ever the Mahometan worship is essentially idolatrous, and Christianity itself has received a large infusion of the spirit of idolatry.

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We do not ask you to lay aside your Bibles, to deny the principles of Truth, or pay less reverence to goodness, but we do ask of sensible and enlightened men that they perceive this gross infatuation, and tear away the cloak in which they have been so long enshrouded. Why, we can trace the cherished form in your rites of baptism and priestly consecration—the laying on of hands—to the ancient worship of Mithras, or the Sun. But neither your time nor patience would allow us to dwell on these and kindred topics. We must call your attention to the leading truths which we have indicated; we can but point out to you, as you pass through the Temple of the Sun, the numberless revelations which flash upon you, from dome to floor, and all along its lofty aisles. Understand that it was reared in remotest antiquity, and the ideas to which it was first consecrated have been borne down to us by history and tradition. And yet priests and their dupes tell you that eighteen hundred short years ago, religion was born anew in the person of the sole Redeemer! But to-day, enlightenment and truth may be your guides; history unfolds her pages, and science is revealing the records of Creation. The storehouses of knowledge have been opened; so that, were the pyramids riddled of their treasures of Egyptian lore, were the great library of Alexandria now in existence, perhaps they would avail but little. Worship the principle of life, which is the fountain of your being, and whose crowning perfection is in the endowments of humanity; worship the Saviour, under whatever name, beneath whatever skies he walked his earthly course, who has refined and exalted your conceptions of morality; worship above all, that latest manifestation which, lifting you above former ideas of death and rebirth, has furnished you with positive evidence of the continued existence and undying energies of the human mind.

Written for the Banner of Light.

ANNIVERSARY.

BY ENOLA.

"T was just such a night as this  
Not a thousand winters ago,  
I sat in this very parlor dim,  
Watching the moonbeams flickering in,  
And the firelight's steadier glow.

And there was another here—  
Oh, memory full of pain!  
And the words he whispered so low in my ear,  
I fancied the angels might smile to hear,  
While the old clock throbb'd a refrain.

He asked, "Will my Annie walk  
By my side through our coming life?  
Will you lay your beautiful hands in mine  
Through the winter's chill and the summer's shine,  
And be my bride—my wife?"

With never a thought of fear,  
I answered him rober and true:  
"Life is lonely and dark and drear,  
Love is sweet and friends are dear—  
Alone, I'll go with you."

Then he placed on my finger white  
My blue betrothal ring,  
And bade me wear it until my life  
Was merged in his—his bride—his wife—  
Whatever Fate might bring.

Oh, ring, in thy velvet case,  
With diamond eyes gleaming still!  
Oh, cruel



MRS. FANNIE B. FELTON, AT LYCEUM  
HALL, BOSTON.  
Sunday, March 16, 1862.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

The lecturer said, in the afternoon: If God is wisdom, and God is love, we should say, prepare ye the way of the Lord, and make his paths straight. We propose to discuss with you his path the pathway of the Lord has been made straight or not. Eighteen hundred years ago these words were uttered by one second only to Delly himself, and they teach a lesson to those inside and outside the church.

What position has the church taken during the present rebellion? The founder of the church taught you that he came to inaugurate a reign of peace; you have been taught that if smitten on one cheek, you should turn the other also, and if your cloak is taken from you, you should give up your coat. We presume to ask what will be the effect of this struggle upon the church, at the present and in time to come? Man must have harmony; and if the church has taught harmony through peace and forgiveness, when there was no need of doing otherwise, when the church changes its course, is it not time to stop and criticize? Man has yielded up his reason for his faith. Is there not a want of consistency and harmony among those who teach peace, and practice otherwise? Years ago, the church has taught war as of Satan, while peace was of God—ay, and so zealous were they in asserting their practice, that they carried on their creed through bloody warfare! And now what is the course pursued by the church in the present reasonable rebellion? Do not charge us with a spirit of fault-finding—God forbid! We are with all who fight the good fight for the country, and rejoice that the soldier of the cross is to-day keeping step in the serried ranks with the soldiers of the Union. But how about the consistency of the church, when patriotism overrides it in such wide surges as we have witnessed in the last few months?

The church has commanded us to "remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy." Any deed of charity done on that day, if done by mortals outside the church, is warped of its good purpose, and is a sacrifice. Yet even on Sabbath days, as on any other, our Christian chaplains invoke God's blessing to rest on the soldierly rallied in battle-ranks in defence of the principles of Liberty and Union perpetuated. The followers of the church are commanded by their Delly to "have no other Gods before me;" yet at the call of the President, hundreds of thousands of men responded, and the clergy were found with them, to urge the lagging and solace the falling. What will be the result of all this? When treason is subdued, and traitors scattered; when men return again to their vocations and customary duties; when they begin to reflect how they have been deceived and misled, there will be a religious rebellion as thorough in its effects as any civil one can ever be. It will not, of course, be characterized by blood-hed and slaughter, but the effect will be no less severe upon old institutions. No bones will be broken nor bodies bruised, but ill blood will be aroused and reputations will be mangled and ruined. Then man will have learned to interpret revelation in harmony and consistency with his own ideas of right and justice, and his mind will grow stronger, and his soul braver. Old forms and teachings are not easily broken up. Man still clings to them. He was educated into them, and they have become a part of himself. So the battle will be long, tenacious and severe; yet truth and justice will triumph in the end.

It is not for us to say all those things have not been necessary in the past; and this admission is the best evidence of their usefulness in the future when man has overgrown them. You can learn a lesson from the action the clergy took when the science of Geology was first established. The clergy conceived it their duty to dwarf the mind so far as might be, yet the human mind only grew the faster by and by.

Spiritualism is to be the great working power in all classes and circles of being. We never believed in a Spiritualist's Regiment or Brigade, rather preferring that Spiritualists should be sprinkled through the whole army, thus being the heaven that shall leave the whole land; even as your counsels and houses of legislation and all social circles now feel their influence. By some strange ruling of Delly, America has been chosen as the nursery bed of this great light, and from hence it radiates over the whole globe. It is, perhaps, because of the free institutions which are inherent to our country being favorable to the birth of the Nineteenth Century Nazarene—as Spiritualism may safely be called. England sends over to us the Macedonian cry, and our best mediums have responded to the call. And their influence is being felt, and, not only attracting but demanding the attention of the learned all over Europe. Perhaps the savans of America may yet learn by compulsion what they have been so slow to learn by choice. There is a power that overrules all human intentions. What was once low and despicable, shall yet fill the place of the honored. What once seemed mean and commonplace, shall become exalted. We must build the foundation before the dome; and when the whole structure is complete, that which was insignificant before, will become glorious in its place.

In the evening, Mrs. Felton continued her remarks from the afternoon, dwelling chiefly upon the uses of Spiritualism, and the nobleness of its manifestation. What are the uses of Spiritualism? First, it proves to man that there is a life beyond the grave. Secondly, it develops his affectional nature. Thirdly, it educates him to love all humanity. And lastly, it demonstrates his continued existence. No spirit can say all men shall live forever, for no man has lived forever, and forever has never come. Yet it teaches man to live here, and also the law of spiritual and material progression. This dispensation teaches man that this idea is founded on truth, inasmuch as it gives evidence that the mind possesses the faculties that it did on earth, and can demonstrate them through another form. This is the best evidence we have of immortality. How glorious is the thought that all the desires of the soul shall be satisfied—that in the hereafter there shall be no offering of a stone for bread, or a serpent for meat! All shall ask, and all shall have their wants supplied.

There is much trash and twaddle in the literature of Spiritualism. Yet how is it to be wondered at, when we consider the equal facilities afforded to high and low to use the spiritual telegraph for the transmission of their thought? Inquire the age of Spiritualism, and reflect if in a child so young, you should look for perfection. The tendency of Spiritualism is to make mankind better, and it will yet reach him in a governmental way. You may ask if Spiritualism is always harmonious. By no means—it is human nature, and not Spiritualism that lies in the way, as in the churches. Spiritualism is not alone a belief in the fact of Spiritual control, but it teaches a deeper lesson. It bids those who are open to its truths to live out a principle of broad, comprehensive human nature. It opens the eyes to the divinity of all things in nature. Yet these very teachings will assist the power of spirit control. In the past, credulities and errors have been inevitable, yet even these will be made to serve as landmarks of your progress. If there were no discordant jars to come up in contrast, you would never know the merit of your beautiful belief. Let each one believe what common sense teaches, and if the path is not broad enough to walk in without jostling, then go Indian file, remembering the race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong.

Both discourses were thickly interstudded with interesting practical illustrations of her ideas, as conveyed in tests through her mediumship. At the close of the evening lecture, the medium claimed "to be influenced by the spirit of 'Red Jacket,'" who came with some words and significant gestures to prove his identity to his brother Delly—a very interesting episode.

## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1862.

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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

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### Volume Eleven.

With this number, we commence the Eleventh Volume of the BANNER OF LIGHT.

For five years the BANNER has been in the field, performing service as a Spiritual newspaper; proclaiming with freedom, and demonstrating with all the aids placed at its disposal, the truth and measureless importance of the doctrine of spirit-communication; advocating liberal views and generous sentiments on the fundamental questions relating to the social state and the destiny of man; defending with the whole of its resources and ability the undying cause of real religion; publishing continual proofs of that communion which is hourly taking place between spirits disembodied and spirits in the flesh; stirring to activity the religious sentiment of this unparalleled age; cheering on every effort, whether individual or organized, that looks to the amelioration and elevation of the race; and offering counsel, sympathy and aid in every serious and sincere way, to all who are found aspiring and struggling either for their own advancement or that of the community in which they dwell.

Very soon after the BANNER began its career, the "hard times" of 1857 came on, that sent so many gallant projects and purposes in the world of business to the bottom; but our good sheet was enabled, with the assistance of men and angels, to weather the storm, and, as we shall ever be happy to believe, exerted a happy influence over the minds of thousands, who, at so peculiar a crisis, were open to the reception and improvement of its teachings. We never could believe that the BANNER was established a day too soon, or that its influence was not so timely over other distressed and distracted minds as to be thought "providential." The spirits above were pleased to work their own perfect work through its willing mediumship, and have been using it to further their own benevolent ends ever since.

As the BANNER went through that crisis of our commercial, so is it now passing through a still more trying crisis of our national history. None of our readers need be told that these are really historic times—days like of which our beloved Republic has never been called on to pass through before, whose parallel no future generation of men may live to see. And for such a crisis the superior spiritual intelligences inform us this paper has been preserved. When other papers all around have given up existence for lack of support, to wield an influence such as has the purely political press, or even the so-called family press, does not exert; to open the discussion of present and living questions from new and higher points of view; to assist in the work, all the time going forward, of liberalizing men's thoughts, and freeing them from the dwarfing and cramping limitations of superstition and dogmatic belief; and to form one of the couriers that are heralding the certain and speedy dawn of that day when all sects shall be synonymous with charity, and all creeds stand for professions of a faith never afraid of its own enlargement.

In the five years of our existence as a newspaper, we have passed through trials, and encountered reverses, that should have thrown much stronger structures than ours to the ground, had they not been founded on the faith that "is delivered to the saints." But, with direct spirit aid and countenance, we have kept on our way unharmed, albeit we were conscious all the while that the trials and tribulations were for our good; and out of these afflictions the BANNER has come, as through fire, till it stands to-day on an eminence where it can contemplate the past with conscious satisfaction, and feel that it is established on a basis at once broad and permanent beyond even the first conception of its conductors. It will live many years now, to do what service it can to the cause of liberty, of justice, and of humanity—to bring down the full measure of blessings from the heavens on the race of man.

Men of thought all take courage now. The axe is laid to the root of many a tree of evil, whose place, where it has so long lumbered the ground, will speedily give way to a growth of a better sort. Reflecting minds readily discern, in these present difficulties and overturns, the opening of new and better chances for the rapid spread of truth. War has its own ends to subserve; this war cannot be without a grand result, or series of results, rather. The noble truths that are conveyed to the receptive mind by Spiritualism will, in consequence of this present compulsion of new modes and combinations of thought, be made serviceable in ways we dream not now of, to disenchant and redeem the nation. The political revolution is with arms, and the bejoking of murderous cannon; our revolution is in silence, with reading and calm thought, with aspiration and after prayers unutterable. The past is at our back; a future such as no nation ever knew is just before us.

It is just on the threshold of that future that we are now standing, uttering these few serious words to our readers everywhere. Be it ours to work with the higher powers in the furtherance of their aims and purposes; and be it the part of our thousands of readers to cooperate in ways and seasons without number, pressing on in the race has been set before us to run. We shall all rejoice, hereafter, to reflect that we have been permitted to bear a part in the work of so wide a regeneration.

### Annual Festival.

The Spiritualists of Putnam, Conn., will hold their Annual Festival on Wednesday evening, March 26th, at Central Hall. A table of refreshments for the body, and speaking for the mind, will be provided for the occasion. A good time is expected. Admission free, to defray expenses.

### The Martyrs of the Union.

The patriot's devotion to his country implies his respect for government; his love of kindred and friends; and his interest in all the sacred associations that cluster about the "sweet home" of childhood, and the graves of his sires. And here, especially, in this "land of the free," it comprehends more, ay, much more. The stirring memories of great deeds in the struggle for LIBERTY; the determination to preserve our republican institutions for the sake of posterity; the promise and the progress of a better civilization; and faith in the great mission of America, among the nations of the earth.

Every great cause presents its scenes of intense and dramatic interest; days of solemn darkness and fearful warning; deeds of self-denying virtue and noble daring; fields of terrible strife, covered with melancholy ruins; the fallen, and the broken emblems of their earthly strength; the conquerors, and the symbols of victory. Thus in the noble strife—whether we contend for the triumph of a better religion; for the promotion of civil liberty; for the preservation of a powerful nationality; or for the promise of a great Future, fraught with universal blessing to mankind—some must fall in defence of the Right, that all these priceless interests may be preserved. In the order of Providence our own country is now before the tribunal that sooner or later summons all nations to judgment. We humbly trust that she will be found worthy to survive the present trial. While our enlightened civilization and our merciful religion alike reject the Pagan custom of human sacrifices offered to the gods, we are, nevertheless, compelled to recognize the fact that, in a certain sense, Heaven demands such a sacrifice at our hands. The gigantic iniquities that have grown up in our midst, and been nursed in the lap of American institutions, are now to be blotted out in blood. Happy shall we be as a people if the mournful offering is accepted as an atonement, and this fiery ordeal shall result in the purification and the perpetuity of our institutions.

It is not strange that multitudes worship the MAN of Nazareth, since there was so much of divinity in his natural and spiritual beauty. In attestation of his principles, he died for the equal benefit of mankind, and hence he is honored as the "Saviour of the World." We respect that instinct in human nature that prompts this reverence; nor do we care to stifle its expression by a cold inspection and logical restrictions. It is true, at least in some qualified sense, that the world has many saviours. Everywhere those who either live to exemplify the truth, or die in reverent attestation of its claims, toll and endure with similar patience, and a Christ-like devotion. The martyrs of Liberty, in all ages and countries; the heroes who march with firm nerves to the battle; who utter words of cheer in the hour of their immolation; and whose smiles of triumph remain in the transfiguration of death—these all live and die to strengthen the weak and to rebuke the unworthy. They are illustrious examples whose earnest words and heroic deeds inspire the common mind and heart of the people. Honor to all such, and an imperishable mausoleum in the heart of the great Republic!

We have no servile reverence for the titled classes in society; but we respect the nobility of Nature. The men who are first and last to stand between their country and her enemies—those who come to waste our substance, to blast our hopes of individual and national prosperity, and who, with supercilious mien, threaten our very existence as a people—these men who resist the foe, and are ready to be offered on the altar of their country, are kingly natures, whose right it is to command our respect. The great national debt is due to these brave defenders of rational liberty and constitutional government. We honor the men who steadily uphold the national ensign in the face of proud and treasonable conspirators. They drive out the vandals from the capital; they make of their bodies a shield for the sacred interests of law and order, for civilization and the imperilled rights of Humanity.

We can not name and we may not number the Martyrs of the Union. No sculptured marbles mark the places where they rest. Some sleep beneath the wave, like the intrepid spirits of the Cumberland, who, with their country's flag unfurled—gave the enemy a parting salute from their guns as the blue waves closed over them. Many repose along the banks of the Western rivers, in the valleys and on the hill-sides, far from their desolated homes. To all those brave defenders of their country, life was a blessing and a joy; and to their surviving friends the consciousness that they will visibly return no more is a better thing. And here the deep shadows of the picture are painfully apparent. The light of loving eyes is extinguished, and the music of many voices is hushed. The father and the mother who gave up their son, may lean on his strong arm no more; the fond wife may no longer kneel above the grave of her buried hopes; and the little child that patiently waits for "papa" to come, and calls for him in the morning or remembers him in the evening prayer, awakens no response on earth. Alas for the little child when the father's lips are sealed, and the mournful silence of the household is only broken by the stifled sobs of bereaved affection!

THE MARTYRS OF THE UNION! It was no selfish ambition that nerved their arms, and kindled to a quenchless flame the sublime enthusiasm that fired their souls. They have given the last and highest evidence of their courage and patriotism; and it is the law of our common nature to speak reverently of those who, in their great unselfishness, were faithful unto death. We all owe something to such heroic souls as Ward and Lyon, Baker and Lander, McCrea and De Montell, and the young braves Ellsworth and ———, who, on the water or in the field, freely gave themselves to their country in her hour of peril. If the value of life is to be determined by its deeds and its aims, then life was doubly precious to those fallen heroes. Each found the world attractive, and his own country a wide field for noble effort and honorable distinction. They lived with a view to such issues as crown human life with blessing, and we may trust that they have not died in vain. A nation delivered from the coil of the serpent, and purified from political corruption, shall tenderly cherish their memory; and the victims of despotism, who come from other lands in search of freedom, shall speak their names with reverence, and with tears of grateful joy above the ashes their souls have consecrated.

The mourner loves to cherish the solemn memories that make him weep. Now that Winter retires and Spring, like the Angel of the resurrection, comes to wake the dead, how many will go out to plant flowers on the graves of departed heroes. May each hear in his own soul the Divine Voice, saying, "BE NOT MOURNERS; BE RISEN." The fallen defenders of the Union have gone up to fraternize with the illustrious Martyrs, who planted the tree of LIBERTY and watered it with their blood. We find abiding consolation and a solemn joy in this assurance; and immortal Hope sets her radiant bow over against the black cloud of our grief. We know that the seed is cast into the earth to perish, that it may be quickened and flourish anew with enlarged life and more abundant fruitfulness. The order of Nature and the providence of God are one. Flowers spring up from the dust, and the influence of departed souls shall surely come to us, warm and inspiring as summer sunshine, yet soft as the fragrant breath of Spring.

"Sowing rich beauty over dens and tombs,  
And rocky peaks and dismal solitudes."  
S. B. B.

Everything throughout the expanse of creation is in constant motion, manufacturing the elements of higher forms, and composing the ever ascending steps in the scale of infinite progress. (—Z. P. Amherst.)

### Outcast Women.

Under this head the N.Y. Sunday Times notices Miss Harding's lecture in New York City, recently, in behalf of her favorite scheme of amelioration. The article speaks of the method she proposes as the best yet named for the accomplishment of her purpose. There are numbers of charitable institutions already in existence in that city as well as in this, having in view the re-education of female virtue; but, to quote the language of the Boston Express, they have failed because the phariseism and canting piety which govern them have made them "a retreat without home sympathies, cheerful countenances, pleasant employments, encouraging examples; and where untimely and unseasonable reflections on the course of life a patient is striving to abandon, would make the retreat a house of remorse and of unavailing regrets, to fly from which is a natural and instinctive impulse."

The Times goes on to say:  
"It seems, too, that more can be done for this species of crime by prevention than cure. It is one of those moral cancerous disorders which corrupt the entire system, and for which a remedy can rarely be found. Had half the efforts been spent on preserving young women from the temptations of poverty, on providing them with lucrative and honorable employment, on securing to them means for culture and social enjoyment, which have been expended in fruitless endeavors to rescue them from the evils into which degradation has plunged them, the record to-day would have been a far different one. There is little use in providing homes and asylums of any kind for discharged outcasts, so long as society considers labor on the part of women a degradation, and the very women who are engaged in reformatory movements refuse to countenance good and virtuous girls who work for a living, while they receive into their families the very men who perpetuate the evils which they deplore."

We would not be understood as placing an obstacle in the way of any undertaking which has for its object the physical and moral improvement of any portion of humanity, much less a class of women whose guilt always brings immeasurable suffering. But we see little use in striking off here and there a few leaves from this deadly upstart tree, while its great broad roots flourish deep down in the earth, and supply the nourishment which keeps alive its withering, blighting power. We have already half a dozen societies in this city, maintained by benevolent, kind-hearted women, but among them all there is not one for affording social protection, encouragement, and support to virtuous, intelligent, industrious young girls, whose hard experience has divided between the harsh necessity for earning their daily bread and the dark discomfort of a poor, poverty-stricken home. Such lives are a daily martyrdom, for which there is no pity, so long as it is patiently borne."

Our readers will agree with us that every word here is true as holy writ. We must begin at the root to carry out a true work of reformation. While poor sewing girls are compelled to work from early morning to late in the night, in order to earn from twelve to thirty cents a day—as we know there are thousands doing in our own city—who shall be surprised that they choose the pathway of an easier life, as it seems to them, though a shorter one? Where is the premium on female virtue, when employers can use it to keep their operatives down at almost starvation prices?

This disposition on the part of many firms in our large cities has grown more intolerant than ever before; and if contractors are to be allowed to accumulate wealth from the muscles and nerves of our shop girls, bending hour after hour over their work, that they may pay their board and procure decent clothing, and which labor, without exercise, is plunging them into all sorts of diseases, what, pray, are we to hope for in the future? How many of our readers have daughters who are compelled to submit to this awful slavery of capital over skill? How many of our readers are young men, who, one of these days, will look for their wives, for mothers of their children, among the industrious and intelligent shop girls of our country? Every one has an interest here, and all should think upon this subject, and act, so far as they can, to suppress this gigantic evil.

It is a truism that "corporations have no souls." Appeals to them are in vain. Yet there is one power strong enough to reach them, provided the voters of our country are strong enough to reach that power. Let it be made the subject of legislation. Law has enforced the ten hour system in most of the Northern States of our country, and it can just as easily compel all employers to pay equal or proportionate wages for equal labor performed by either sex. When this is done, labor is made honorable, women will be maintained on a ground of self-respect; and the fruitful channels of female prostitution and, therefore, of male debauchery, will be closed up—and then Miss Harding will have an opportunity to work in a field which is not being continually enlarged, and where she can better hope to succeed in finally accomplishing her purpose.

The old party issues are now dead. Free trade and tariff are settled; know-nothingism is dead—dead—dead; old hunkerism is dead, or only walks in its bones; while the present condition of the country has made the sentiment of Republicanism almost universal. Voters of our country, you who read this page, let not another election day pass till you have prepared yourselves to strike a blow in favor of the elevation of your daughters, sisters, wives and sweethearts, and the blow you, the laboring men of America, strike in union for this cause, will do more to elevate the nation than anything the past has ever called on you to do!

### Low Rents for Cities.

Philadelphia is a queen of a city in more senses than one; for they have clean streets there, and houses that refined and cultivated families can rent without fear of touching the bottom of their purses before they begin on ordinary living expenses. A man may readily hire a nice, neat dwelling house in an eligible quarter of that city, where any man of the most particular tastes and sentiments would be perfectly willing to take his wife and children, and not be obliged to pay a cent over one hundred and fifty dollars. By this means, the better part—because the substantial part—of the active men of the city are retained as permanent residents of the city, and add immensely to its character, wealth, taxes and population. The policy of such a plan is of the wisest; for, besides the fact that men in mechanical and other branches of business are greatly accommodated by being kept near to their daily business, the population does not degenerate into that of a "floating" character, and the wealth that is produced within the limits of the city is mostly spent there, which is the wisest policy.

We have an exactly different policy in Boston from this—one which has been steadily driving out, for years, just the population which the best interests and permanent welfare of the city demand should be kept with its limits as residents and tax-payers, instead of being sent away to build up thriving villages along the lines of the various railways that concentrate here. A man can hardly obtain a passable residence, in a respectable locality, for much less than three hundred and fifty dollars; and, until very lately, four hundred and fifty, and five hundred dollars was much nearer the standard mark. Now it is plain enough that these prices drive out of the city the very class of residents whom it is for the city's interests to retain; instead of giving them over to those who are not really the artists of the city's wealth and greatness, but exist within its limits for very different ends and purposes. Cities, we suppose, like men, learn by experience; and we shall be glad to see the day when it will be as possible for a man to keep his family in town, if he chooses, as anywhere in the suburbs.

### Messages from J. Q. Adams.

We fear our readers are not fully aware of the intrinsic merits of this volume; otherwise it would sell more rapidly. We shall give a complete list of its contents in our next paper.

### Important Suggestions.

L. PAINTER, of Breedsville, Mich., writes us that about half of the people of that place are either believers in Spiritualism, or inclined in that direction; that the friends of liberal and spiritual views are disposed to establish a Sabbath School, and desire to know whether we have books adapted to promote the object they have in view, which is the proper instruction of their children. L. P. very properly remarks, that many Spiritualists and Reformers may be neglecting their children, in not providing them with proper means and opportunities for instruction, in reference to the great principles which they so earnestly cherish and defend, and in leaving them ignorant of the high duties and the divine life to which those principles legitimately lead the true believer.

We have to inform our correspondent that Spiritualism, as a rational philosophy of human nature and relations, and as a separate religious movement, is of so recent an origin that it has not yet produced the class of books to which he refers, its writers having hitherto been chiefly employed in the elucidation of its phenomena, and the discussion of its essential principles. That it will, in due time, produce works of a more practical character, we have little reason to doubt. In the mean time, we need not wholly neglect the rising generation, since many valuable works may be selected from the catalogues of American and European publishers of miscellaneous books. Indeed, if some critical reader, of clear perception and reliable judgment in such matters, would make a proper selection of books for the use of Spiritual Societies and Associations of Reformers, he would render an important service. There may be but few persons in our ranks who are, in all respects, fitted to perform this delicate duty; and it is more than probable that those who are best qualified for the task will be quite likely to distrust their own abilities. However, there appears to be a growing necessity for some action on this subject, and we wait for some one to meet the public demand.

One correspondent also suggests the publication of a small monthly paper or magazine, for the special benefit of the young folks. Such a periodical would render an important service, if intrusted to proper hands, and the Old Folks could be induced to support it. We venture to suggest that the way to obtain such a paper is for three thousand readers of the BANNER to send in their names, with the assurance that they will each pay ONE DOLLAR—subscription for one year—on the delivery of the first number of such a publication, and we will undertake to say that the work will speedily make its appearance. The way to have a respectable literature which shall feed the universal mind, elevate the popular taste, and meet the varied wants of all our people, is to regard the same as a prime necessity, to be procured at any reasonable cost, and to be paid for as freely as we pay for the grocer's supplies that sustain the life of the body. Our correspondent appears to be in earnest, and he would doubtless make every necessary personal sacrifice to promote the proper education of those to whom we shall soon resign our places. But how many others are likewise minded, is the question that waits a practical solution. We here leave the suggestions of L. P., together with our own observations, to the judgment of our readers, with a single additional remark—The work of reformation, in its most comprehensive sense, must begin with the proper education of the young.

### New Publications.

PATHOLOGY OF THE REPRODUCTIVE ORGANS, by R. T. Trall, M. D.: THE SEXUAL ORGANISM, and its HEALTHFUL MANAGEMENT, by James C. Jackson, M. D. Boston: B. Leverett Emerson.

This double volume is, we venture to say, one of the books most needed in these times. Dr. Trall and Dr. Jackson are men of science and reputation, and know the ground they go upon. The topics are very plainly and properly treated, though they are what a great many indelicate persons insist on calling "delicate" ones. Certain it is, the human family, at this day, needs light on this subject more than on any other; the amount of disease, suffering, and general misery proceeding from current ignorance of it, is almost incalculable. We believe that men are going to be made temperate and clean and whole, by being first informed of what they have hitherto remained ignorant of. All appeals to their purely moral faculties, while their intelligence on the topics appealed about is so low, must be more or less idle ways. Dr. Trall is a man of large experience in the practical treatment of the subjects discussed in this book, and is an enthusiast in his writing, while he is nowise heated beyond the limits of his actual knowledge. We can say, as a whole, that the perusal of this volume by men and women, old and young, would result—it could not well be otherwise—in the prevention of a great deal of wretchedness to the human family, and the securing of a vast amount of happiness.

A BOOK ABOUT DOCTORS: By J. C. Jefferson, author of "Novels and Novellists," &c. New York: Carleton. For sale in Boston by A. Williams & Co.

This is an elegant reprint of an English work, with a copy of Hogarth's famous engraving, entitled "The Undertaker's Arms," for an appropriate frontispiece. It is a highly amusing collection of anecdotes and narratives on physicians, rich and poor; on fees; on doctors' quarrels and duels; on nervous and imaginative patients; on female physicians and literary physicians; on apothecaries and hospitals; on quacks; and on every topic and matter in any way relating to the profession. It is elegantly printed, and presents a most attractive appearance to the eye.

A POPULAR TREATISE ON DRAPERY: Its Causes and Prevention. By Drs. Lighthill, Illustrated. New York: Carleton. Publisher. For sale in Boston by A. Williams & Co.

There are enough who have suffered from affections of the ear, to welcome this book with hearty goodwill. Its several illustrations will best convey to the reader an idea of the delicate organ so liable to be disordered, and serve to enlighten afflicted ones in relation to the best modes of cure, or at least of alleviation. Carleton publishes good and useful books, and this is "one of 'em."

HARRIS', for April, contains an illustrated fairy tale of the Malays, entitled "Pambokat;" another clever article, on Caricatures and Caricaturists—profusely illustrated. "The Building of the Ship"—ditto. For sale by A. Williams & Co., 100 Washington street, Boston.

Howe's United States Regulation Drum and Rifle Instructor for the use of the Army and Navy, we have received from the publisher, Elias Howe, agent, 81 Cornhill. Price 50 cents. This work is exceedingly apropos, at this time, and is thoroughly and carefully prepared.

### Editors and Essayists.

Many writers think they would make capital editors. They try it, and fail. The reasons set forth below, from an article in the Placeville News, embody our views upon this subject exactly:

"There are multitudes of people who can write well for a newspaper, but not many who can edit one. Many mistake the business of an essayist for that of a journalist, believing that the merits of a newspaper increase in proportion with the longitude and number of original articles. They thrust before the public the details which reveal the worst of the newspaper as little more than a vehicle for the writer's peculiar views. This would be well enough if the writer were always capable of instructing, originating great thoughts and marking out the future course of exploring mind; otherwise, it is of little more significance than the babbling garrulity of a young crow. First-class editors are hardly more numerous than effective writers, and excellent poets or great painters."



## A Tribute.

Since the publication of the sweet but powerful Elegy, in honor of "BOY BRITAIN," we have received the following lines from a contributor. The admiration, respect and sorrow which prompted this additional tribute, found forcible public expression on the occasion of the funeral. The obsequies of HON. WILLIAM PENNINGTON occurred on the same day, and the people associated the names of the venerable Ex-Governor of New Jersey, and late Speaker of the House of Representatives, with that of the brave youth who fell beneath the stars and stripes at Fort Henry, in the same testimony of grateful respect. A large flag was stretched across the main avenue at North Orange, in the centre of which, surrounded by the emblems of mourning, were the names—

PENNINGTON AND BRITAIN.

The Newark Journal, in a notice of the funeral solemnities of Mr. Brittan, says: "When the mournful cortege passed through Orange, the bells of the several Churches were tolled, and numerous flags were run up at half-mast out of respect to the memory of the dead."

TO THE MEMORY OF S. B. BRITTON, JR., U. S. N.,  
Late of the U. S. Gunboat Essex.

BY A. L. RITCHIE.

A chaplet of Fame for the fair, young brow!  
Royal in death, he lies sleeping!  
Dim gleams the light of each glory-dream now:  
What is left to dull Earth?

A form laid low,  
And saddened hearts in their weeping!

Dead! dead!  
In his pride, the boy-hero gone!  
Fling laurel-wreaths down on his grave!  
Drape our country's flag! for each star that shone,  
Each stripe, that loyalty-blazoned thereon,  
He died, in his boyhood, to save!

'Mid the fiery shower of shell and shot  
That thickly around him fell,  
The youth gallantly stood, wavering not;  
With the true and noble casting his lot,  
And unheeding his own death-knell!

Flushed the cheek and brow, with victory won,  
As forth the conquering were led;  
Saw—the star-gem'd flag!

Ah! pallid and wan,  
Sad soul sit apart, grief-stricken, forlorn,  
Bewailing their beautiful dead!

Bidding heart-throbs for sweet Liberty's sake,  
And that of an agonized love;  
Praying, the sacrifice one must here make,  
May atonement find, when earth-ties shall break,  
And "the lost" be greeted above!

For the spirit fled, thorough our country's call,  
Ring out peans, not a sad knell!  
With the Stars and Stripes, our hearts drape thy pall!  
Heaven-crowned, earth-loved, o'er mourning thy fall,  
Young hero! Boy-martyr!—farewell!

Portsmouth, N. H.

## Lecturers.

Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith will speak in Lyceum Hall, in this city, on Sunday next, March 30th—afternoon and evening. These meetings are free to the public.

Miss Lizzie Doten speaks in Charlestown, on Sunday, March 30th.

Miss Emma Houston and Mrs. Fannie B. Felton, are announced to address the Spiritualists of New Bedford, next Sunday.

Mrs. M. S. Townsend speaks in Taunton, Sunday, March 30th.

Mrs. M. M. Wood is announced to speak in Quincy, next Sabbath.

Mrs. Augusta A. Carrier will speak in Portland, Me., next Sunday.

Mrs. M. B. Kenney speaks in Putnam, Conn., on Sunday next, March 30th.

Miss Emma Harding having closed her engagement in Philadelphia, will speak in Lowell, the two first Sundays in April.

Mrs. A. P. Thompson is lecturing in New Hampshire, and Mr. W. K. Ripley in Maine.

## Cotton and the Blockade.

Just as soon as circumstances will any way warrant—and that would seem to be pretty soon now—cotton must find an outlet to the Atlantic shore and to Europe. A Southern paper tells us that no cotton will be raised in the Gulf States this year, which may, or may not, be true. If it should prove to be so, then of a certainty we may count on the fibres going up, whether or no. But as soon as New Orleans falls into the Federal hands, and then Charleston and Savannah, we may as well admit that cotton will begin to come out once more. The threats we hear so much of, about burning it rather than permit it to fall into the hands of the Federal troops, we count to be not much better than "gammon," for just as soon as the Southern people see that all we want is to establish order and open the avenues of trade, and that they can go on with their buying and selling just as they used to do, there will be a party raised up that will advocate a restoration of the old order of things, and then we shall once more see peace and prosperity.

## To Correspondents.

P. C. FAIRBANKS, N. Y.—We send the book, "Dealings with the Dead," post paid, to any part of the United States for 75 cents.

H. K. SALINE, Mich.—Your club expires with No. 5, Vol. 11. You ask if you can have the paper for six months at half the amount you pay for one year, at club rates. Yes.

D. M. G. LANCASTER, O.—Not rejected.

P. C. SOUTH SHAMSBURY, VT.—Such delays are of common occurrence. He is obliged to wait until he is influenced to answer.

S. S. L. OTIS, Mich.—You will find an answer to your question in another column.

A. H. R. SALINE, Mich.—We do not know where the Spirit Dial can be purchased. Would it not be well for its inventor to advertise it in the BANNER?

## From the Seat of War.

We have just received a call from our old friend, Lieut. N. Frank White, of the United States Balloon Corps. He has been located at Cloud's Mills, Va., in company with La Motte, and Bro. W. being an experienced draughtsman, it has been his speciality to sketch from an airy height over the enemy's ground, the various details of their fortifications, an entrenchment, and to ascertain the number of men in their camp. The duty he was detailed to perform being about accomplished, Bro. White proposes to doff the regimentals which become him so well, and return to his old occupation as a lecturer in the field of Spiritualism. See his notice in another column.

## New Music.

Horace Waters, 481 Broadway, New York, has just issued the following fine productions: "Why have my loved ones gone?" ballad, words and music by Stephen O. Foster. "Lizzie Dies to-night," ballad, music by the same author; poetry by Mary Byron Reese. "The Spirit Polka," composed by Mrs. E. A. Parkhurst, and dedicated to Mrs. Henry Hill, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

## ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE FOR THE BANNER BY LIGHT. We commence in this number a magnificent story, from the German of Zschokke, translated expressly for us by Miss Cora Wilbur, of Philadelphia, with whose translations of the same author our readers are already familiar. We shall print extra editions in order to supply back numbers.

Do not miss reading the fine poem by BELLS DUSH, in another column. It contains the true ring of poetic genius.

THE HARBINGER OF HEALTH.—We have wondered for years that some one versed in medical science did not get up a work similar to A. J. Davis's HARBINGER OF HEALTH. It fills a blank in the household long existing. It will do much good in many ways. It will prevent nervous people from resorting to quack medicines, advertisements of which fill the papers of the day. Many people die prematurely from taking them, while the quacks get rich out of a too credulous public. Don't take quack medicines, then; but buy Davis's book. It contains recipes ad infinitum, for the cure of a great variety of diseases. Any apothecary can put up the medicine for you. Be your own doctor. Don't guzzle down quack medicines. We'll send you the book by mail, Mr. and Mrs. Public, for one dollar, post paid. We feel interested in getting this book into the hands of the public for moral reasons, above all others. It will prevent people from being humbugged to death by quack nostrums.

BIDE YOUR TIME.—Some young men grow too fast mentally as well as physically. They in consequence come to know more than those who have had great experience in the world. They cannot bide their time. The result is, they, like a field-piece in unskillful hands, prematurely explode—and are heard of no more forever. Discipline yourselves, young gentlemen, a la General Banks, and then, if the right stuff is in you, you will shine without rubbing, and be known by good judges at a glance.

The subject of Cora Hatch's last lecture is "THE SACRED TRIANGLE." A full report will appear in our next.

We are continuing to receive letters in regard to the mediumship of Mr. Fay—the last from Philadelphia—stating that he is an impostor, &c. Others write that he is not. Last year we were flooded with just such letters. We have not the space for such correspondence. No doubt both parties are sincere in their statements; but we have not the ability to decide this matter, never having witnessed Mr. Fay's "manifestations." One writer says he ought to be "wiped out;" another remarks, "give him a fair show," &c. If he is truthful, opposition will not put him down. If otherwise, he will ere long cease to do harm.

A man advertises for "competent persons to undertake the sale of a new medicine," and adds that "it will be profitable to the undertaker." No doubt of it.

An Irishman describes metaphysics as follows: "Two men are talking together, and one of them is trying to explain something he don't know anything about, and the other can't understand him."

Be kind and forgiving to the erring, and aid them to unfold the moral and intellectual powers of their being. Instruct the ignorant, redeem the degraded, and lift up the bowed down.

A ticket-seller at one of our theatres, recently had occasion to him for a ticket, a bogus half dollar. He examined it carefully a moment, then passing it back, dryly observed, "You do n't think that I can be lead to take that, do you?" The sharper "did n't see it in that light."

It is written, that when the Prophet decided a controversy between the two sparrows concerning a grain of rice, his wife Fatima said to him, "Doth the mission of Allah well to bestow his time in distributing justice on a matter so slight, and between such despicable litigants?" "Know, woman," answered the Prophet, "that the sparrows and the grain of rice are the creation of Allah. They are not worth more than thou hast spoken; but justice is a treasure of inestimable price, and it must be imparted by him who holdeth power to all who require it at his hand."

We acknowledge the receipt of pub. docs. from Hon. Chas. Sumner.

In the poem of Belle Bueh, on our second page, read in the eleventh line from the top, wease, instead of "wave," as misprinted.

The sweetest, the most clinging affection is often shared by the slightest breath of unkindness, as the delicate rinks and tendrils of the vine are agitated by the faintest air that blows in Summer.

O weary hearts! O slumbering eyes!  
O drooping souls, whose destinies  
Are fraught with fear and pain,  
Ye shall be loved again!

No one is so accused by fate,  
No one so utterly desolate,  
But some heart, though unknown,  
Responds unto his own.

Responds—as if, with unsevering strings;  
An angel touched its quivering strings;  
And whisp'ers, in its song,  
"Where hast thou stay'd so long."

Longfellow.

Mansfield's Wild Forest Balm, for diseases of the lungs, is a capital article. It is said. He will not prepare his Blood Tincture for the market until his arrival in California.

At an evening meeting recently in one of the back towns of Maine, where a noted revivalist is frightening the people, especially the young and thoughtless, out of their senses, while the minister was vehemently picturing the awful doom of the sinner, and contrasting God's children with the devil's, a young lady had occasion to go out; but before she reached the door, the minister stopped short and exclaimed, "There goes one of the devil's children!" Upon which the lady turned round and said, "Good night, father."

The other day we saw a gentleman stop and give a poor woman a kind word, and money sufficient to purchase a pair of shoes to protect her feet. We saw the same man on the cars two years ago, and have not met him since till last week. About two years since we were on the train, and there was aboard a poor woman with not money enough to pay her fare. The conductor was about to put her off the cars between the stations, when the gentleman alluded to, ordered the conductor to desist, inquired the amount he wanted, and paid the woman's fare. She tried to thank him, but he begged her not to think of it, "For," said he, "I charge all such little accounts to God. He and I have a long running account."—Exchange.

A dark colored man once went to Portland, Me., and attended church. He went into a good pew, when the next neighbor to the man who owned it, said, "What do you put a nigger in your pew for?" "Nigger," he is no nigger—he's a Haytian." "Can't help that, he's black as the ace of spades." "Why, sir, he is a correspondent of mine." "Can't help that, I tell you he's black." "But he's worth a million of dollars." "Is he, though?—Introduce me!"

The policy of the United States is set forth in a few golden sentences, which Mr. Seward writes to Mr. Harper Twillitree, who lately presided at a London meeting of congratulation over the settlement of the dispute between the two countries: "The policy of the American people, sir, is a policy of peace at home, peace abroad, with all nations—a policy of freedom

for themselves, of freedom in their extending empire, and a policy hopeful of, and conducive to, the ultimate freedom of all classes and conditions of men. Who ever shall wage war against the American people will find themselves obliged, not only to commit the first wrong, but to become, when they enter the contest, the enemies, not only of order, peace and progress on this continent, but of human nature itself."

"A person" says the Paris Sport, "who looks at the world in somewhat gloomy colors, recently complained in M. Aubry's presence how hard it was that people must grow old. 'Hard as it is,' said the veteran composer, 'it seems to be the only means yet discovered of enjoying long life.'"

Rev. John Pierpont's letter to the New York mass meeting of the enemies of slavery was as follows: "Since I cannot spirit my body so far, I embody my spirit in these few lines, which may read to the meeting, instead of a longer, but not a stronger, speech from me."

Your obedient servant,  
JOHN PIERPONT.

This fratricidal war  
Grows on the poisonous tree  
That God and men abhor—  
Accursed Slavery.  
And God ordains that we  
Shall eat this deadly fruit,  
Till we dig up the tree,  
And burn its every root.

Adam had a great advantage over all other married couples—an advantage which has been lost to us with Paradise—he had no mother-in-law.

A Merchant's Macbethian Dread.—The ghost of Bank-ow!

The best thinkers are those who are not only thinkers but actors.

A four year old of our acquaintance, being asked by his parent if he had said his prayers every night during his absence from home, replied, "No, but I counted a hundred!"

Sum.—A figurative expression.

Quarterly Meeting.  
The friends of Progress will hold a Quarterly Meeting at Greenmore, Henry County, Indiana, in Seth Hinchman's Free Hall, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, 11th, 12th and 13th of April. Frank L. Wadsworth and Mary Thomas will be present to speak to the people. Other speakers are cordially invited.

Come all who can and let us have a feast of good things. By order of the Committee.  
BETH HINDSHAW, AGNES COOK,  
DR. HILL, VALENTINE NICHOLSON.

American Steel Pens.  
We have been using these pens for some time, and find they are not only better, but cheaper than foreign manufactures. We also learn that Snow's Pens have been adopted by the Board of Education of the City of New York. All persons who want good pens at low prices, will consult their own interest by addressing a line to J. P. Snow, Hartford, Conn., or 355 Broadway, New York, and getting terms, prices, &c. By enclosing \$1, you will get one hundred and forty-four samples, by return of mail.

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

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.  
LYCEUM HALL, TREMONT STREET, (opposite head of School street.)—The regular course of lectures will continue through the winter, and services will commence at 2:45 and 7:15 o'clock. P. M. Admission Free. Lecturers engaged: Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, March 30; H. B. Storer, April 6 and 13; Miss Lizzie Doten, April 20 and 27; Miss Emma Harding in May; Rev. J. B. Loveland, June 3 and 10.

CONFERENCE HALL, No. 14 BROMFIELD STREET, BOSTON.—The Spiritual Conference meets every Wednesday evening, at 7:15 o'clock. The subject for next evening is: "Christy."

CHALMERS' HALL.—Sunday meetings are held at Central Hall at 8 o'clock, afternoon and evening. Speakers engaged: Miss Lizzie Doten, March 30; Miss Emma Houston, April 6 and 13; N. B. Greenleaf, April 20 and 27; M. B. Kenney, May 4 and 11.

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

FOXBORO.—Meetings in the Town Hall. Speakers engaged: Miss Lizzie Doten, April 6; Mrs. M. M. Macomber Wood, April 13 and 20.

LOWELL.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings on Sundays, at Greenmore, in Wallace's Hall. Speakers engaged:—Miss Emma Harding, April 6 and 13; Mrs. Augusta A. Carrier, April 20 and 27 and May 4 and 11; Mrs. Fannie B. Felton, May 11; Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, during June.

NEW BEDFORD.—Music Hall has been hired by the Spiritualists. Conference Meetings held Sunday morning and speaking by mediums, afternoon and evening. Speakers engaged: Miss Emma Houston, March 30; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, April 6 and 13; Miss Lizzie Doten, April 20 and 27; W. L. Wadsworth, during July.

PORTLAND, ME.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every Sunday in Sons of Temperance Hall, on Congress, between Oak and Green streets. Conference in the forenoon. Lectures afternoon and evening, at 2:45 and 7:15 o'clock. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. A. Carrier, the last two Sundays in March; Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, April 6 and 13; Mrs. Emma Harding, two last Sabbaths in April; Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith for May; Mrs. M. M. Macomber Wood for June.

PROVIDENCE.—Speakers engaged:—Prof. Clarence Butler, during March; Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, in April; Frank L. Wadsworth in May; Mrs. M. B. Townsend in June.

NEW YORK.—At Lamartine Hall, corner 6th Avenue and 60th street, meetings are held every Sunday at 10:15 A. M., 8 P. M., 7:15 P. M. Dr. H. Dresser is Chairman of the Association.

At Dodworth's Hall, 808 Broadway, Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch will lecture every Sunday, morning and evening.

WILMINGTON, WIS.—Lectures every Sunday at Bowman's Hall, Milwaukee street, commencing at 2:15 and 7:15 P. M. Lecturers desiring engagements please address Albert Morton.

St. Louis, Mo.—Meetings are held in Mercantile Library Hall every Sunday at 10:15 o'clock A. M. and 7:15 P. M.

WADSWORTH.—Tasmanian Hotel, Portland, Colony of Victoria, Australia. March 16.

HOGAN'S AUSTRALIAN, EUROPEAN, AND AMERICAN GENERAL AGENCY OFFICE AND Universal News-Room.

Mr. ISAAC B. RICH, one of the Publishers of the "Banner of Light," is hereby appointed my authorized agent. Inquiries for missing friends and other information sought through the advertising columns of this Journal, will have immediate attention. Newspapers and Periodicals received from all towns and cities, and regularly filed at my News-Rooms in Australia, Europe, America, &c.

JOHN HOGAN, Sole Proprietor,  
Wadsworth-Tasmanian Hotel, Portland, Colony of Victoria, Australia. March 16.

TWELVE MESSAGES  
FROM THE SPIRIT OF  
JOHN QUINCY ADAMS,

THROUGH JOSEPH D. STILLER, MEDIUM,  
JOSEPH BRIGHAM, OF QUINCY.

CONTENTS: Message I.—The Past and Mode of Spirit Telegraphy. II.—The Last of Earth and First of Heaven. III.—The Reconciliation. IV.—Addresses and Scenes in the Spheres. V.—Spiritualism. VI.—Temple of Peace and Good Will. VII.—Napoleon. VIII.—Home of the Just made Perfect. IX.—Washington. X.—Peter Whitney. XI.—Closing Scene of the Reception Meeting. XII.—Sphere of Prejudice and Error.

This volume is embellished with fac-simile engravings of the handwriting of John Quincy Adams, Abigail Adams, George Washington, Alexander Hamilton, Richard Henry Lee, Stephen Hopkins, Thomas Jefferson, Samuel Adams, Lafayette, Melancthon, Columbus, Cromwell, Jackson, and others, written through the hand of the medium.

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MANFIELD'S  
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THE wonderful potency of this compound is without a parallel in the history of Therapeutics at the present day. The virtues of a remedial agent peculiarly adapted to disease of the surfaces on all the interior organs of the structure, opens at once a new and interesting feature in the Science of Medicine, especially when presented by a Band of eminent Physicians of the higher sphere, ministering through this agent effects and results which carry to the suffering in this life "Naxos's Own Cure." Facts of a remarkable character, clear, satisfactory and conclusive will be made public, but that which, when realized, will be sustained by the extraordinary effects of this simple yet efficient and harmless compound. Much time and care have been employed to prepare and direct the preparation of a restorative, alike healing and cleansing, soothing and invigorating to every irritated surface, thus allaying pain and removing disease and nervous debility in a manner scarcely creditable—only as singular irritations. It is valuable as well as its singular effects, it is valuable as a restorative, alike healing and cleansing, soothing and invigorating to every irritated surface, thus allaying pain and removing disease and nervous debility in a manner scarcely creditable—only as singular irritations. It is valuable as well as its singular effects, it is valuable as a restorative, alike healing and cleansing, soothing and invigorating to every irritated surface, thus allaying pain and removing disease and nervous debility in a manner scarcely creditable—only as singular irritations. 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## Message Department.

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

These messages go to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earth life to that beyond—whether good or evil.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his reason. Each expresses so much of truth as he perceives—no more.

Our Circles.—The circles at which these communications are given, are held at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, No. 128 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 5, (up stairs) every Monday, Tuesday and Thursday afternoon, and are free to the public. The doors are closed precisely at three o'clock, and none are admitted after that time.

### MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

The communications given by the following named spirits will be published in regular course:

Tuesday, Feb. 25.—Invocation: "The origin and cure of Consumption as incident to the human body." Charlotte Shaw, to her sister Anna, Boston, Mass.; Patrick Daly, Dublin to his uncle Patrick Daly; Julia Austin, Fredericktown, Penn.

Thursday, Feb. 27.—Invocation: "The Resurrection and the Judgment—not that spoken of in the ancient records, but that of the ever present and the ever-future." Is the doctrine of the Trinity true or false—and from whence did it originate? Lewis Flynn, Sacramento, Cal.; Susan Coffin, New Bedford, Mass.

Monday, March 5.—Invocation: Miscellaneous Questions: Daniel Russell, to his father in Michigan; Charlotte S. Hope, wife of Captain John Hope of New York City.

Tuesday, March 4.—Invocation: Miscellaneous Questions: Ellen McGuire, Cambridge, Mass., to her husband, Michael McGuire; Clarence Harter Wilson, Troy, N. Y.; Edith Burt, Memphis, Tenn., to her father, Alexander Burt, (published in No. 25)

### Invocation.

Thou great Eternal One whom men call God, thou spirit of Infinite Love and Wisdom, we would draw nigh unto thee through prayer, and would offer unto thee an acceptable offering—the desire of thy children who are assembled here. Oh, our Father, we know every desire that cometh up to thee from the hearts of thy children is sacred and holy unto thee; therefore, our Father, we feel we do not only our duty unto thee when we ask thee to remember us as thou wilt. Oh, answer their desires according to the necessities of each individual, and unto thee, our Father and our Mother, shall ascend a song of thanksgiving and joy. Feb. 6.

### Magnetism and Electricity.

Have the friends a question to propose to us? We purpose to occupy the next few minutes in answering any such that may be offered to us.

The following questions were answered in order: Quæ.—Please explain what is the difference between magnetism and electricity?

Ans.—Relatively speaking, there is a difference, because one is the positive and the other the negative. The magnetism is positive, and the electricity the negative; but when spiritually considered, they are one and the same thing. Magnetism and electricity are the vitalizing forces of life—the forces by which you live, move and have your being; and as there never was a one-sided thing, but all are parts and portions of the same thing, so are positive magnetism and negative electricity parts of the same great law. And again, there are as many kinds of magnetism and electricity as there are individual forms of life, each having its own place, condition and use; and to understand all is to stand beyond and above all, and be able to look down upon and through all the universe. Electricity, again we say, may be called the mother of the universe, and magnetism the father.

Q.—If magnetism attracts and solidifies, does electricity dissipate or scatter?

A.—Under certain conditions, this is so; under certain other conditions, it is quite opposite. Sometimes the magnetic element attracts and sometimes it dissipates, or dissolves; sometimes again, electricity is made to attract, and again, to scatter, just according to the relation and condition of each part of the combined element.

Q.—Is it the electric action on the first kingdoms of solids and fluids that produces our atmosphere?

A.—The harmonious action of the magnetic and electrical powers, produce motion; from motion comes change; from change, new forms.

Q.—Is there not a more pure magnetic or electric belt around this earth than our atmosphere? If so, is it more solidified?

A.—There is, but it is not more solidified, but on the contrary, more atmospheric and invisible. That which is invisible to mortal, and sensible only to immortal vision, certainly contains the most power. That which you can realize, can feel and see, and is apparent to your external senses, when compared with that which is invisible to all these, is devoid of power.

Q.—Is there any condition in which an electrical body may be placed, by which it may be positive to a magnetic body?

A.—Yes, the surroundings of mind may so far act upon the body, as to render it for the time being, positive; and again may so act as to render it negative. Each and every form of life, visible or invisible, is connected to all others, and thus is capable of being acted upon by every other form and part of the allied with it. We may perceive before us a spirit possessed of all that which creates a positive element or kingdom in itself; and when we subject it to certain conditions, influences, intelligences, or forms of life, that may be attracted to that form, there comes a change, and instead of one condition we behold another. This would be positive proof that none of you are independent beings, but each are independent upon every other, and all things upon everything else, for existence and perfection. Feb. 6.

### Alexander McDonald.

It is sometimes hard to do what we feel to be our duty, to do. Duty is before us, and the cross is before us, too; and to do the one is sometimes to bear the other. I wish, by the power of Almighty God, to speak, if possible, to my son and daughter, Alexander and Mary McDonald. My own name was Alexander.

It is now high upon fourteen years since I went from my children and my home on earth, and I feel like a stranger, wandering in a strange country, to come back here, and to find myself clothed upon with a body so utterly unlike the one I once called my own.

Previous to my departure from earth, I made some statements regarding that which was called mine, but which is now theirs. I thought my views were good, and proper, and acceptable to God—and so they were to the God who served me then; but to Him who is my servant now, (for God is the servant of all) I find they are not acceptable, because devoid of wisdom, charity and love—such as we ought to be led by in this civilized age, but such as we do not often find.

I have a brother James, who was, I thought, not hardly right when I stood on earth with him, but who, I now see, was no more to blame for it than I was myself. I now find him struggling hard with the adverse affairs of life, and I desire not only to lift his soul, but to lift him out of the present troubles, for, by so doing, I will do good to him in other ways, and to others as well. Now I desire my children to give me the opportunity of presenting myself to them, and then I will do what may be done toward making the wrong right.

My disease, I am told, was erysipelas; my years numbered sixty when here. I believed in the God of the Presbyterians Church. Now I believe in the God of Truth, such as is found everywhere—not only in the church, but everywhere. I resided in Philadelphia. Am I not there now? I understood it was there, but did not know. I am unable to take cognizance of places not spiritual. My children are not in Philadelphia. I forget they are in New York. I

supposed I was in Philadelphia, and was not told the contrary till I came here.

I am glad you spoke, for I see it was necessary to give my place of residence; and my birth-place, if you please, was Glasgow, Scotland. At between twelve and thirteen years of age, I left my home with my uncle, and went to reside in Portsmouth, England. On entering manhood, I came to this country. I married one Nancy Fabens, I believe a native of Philadelphia. You ask for these things, and so I give them. I suppose I might be called a machinist—I believe that is what you term a certain class of your mechanics in these days. I was not over rich in the things of this world, but I am sorry to say I had more than I wish I had, for sometimes the idol gold and silver draws us back to earth, and makes unwilling hearts of us. We do not always know the right, but when we do, we are anxious to do right. Some prefer to do wrong; and my brother will think I did all wrong, and nothing right. I will, if possible, convince my brother I desire to do right, and there is only one way of doing that, and that is to give me an opportunity to come to him through the proper means.

You understand me to ask to commune with my children. Feb. 3.

### Stephen Gwinn.

Who am I to talk to, sir? My father is a dealer in teas and coffees, in Hamilton, Canada West. He is not a believer in anything; but he wishes, if there is any truth in what he read in the London Spiritual Magazine, I, his son, Stephen Gwinn, will come here and give him something to make him believe that spirits can come back and communicate.

I was fourteen years of age; have been in spirit world little over three months; died of dropsy in the chest. I was sick, in all, I suppose, some months before I died, but cannot tell how long, sir, exactly. He wished me to give something that he could recognize me by if I could come. I will say I am here in Boston; in the State of Massachusetts, and as near as I can tell, within fifty rods of the house where my father and myself stopped some four years ago. Yes, sir. I can tell you—it was the Tremont House. I came here with my father to have an operation performed on my eye. I do not think you'll know anything about that, Mister, and if he will stop and think a moment, he'll see I've done the best I could; and if he comes this way again, if he'll let me, I'll talk to him myself.

My mother I have seen only twice since I came here. She died when I was born—died, the folks say; 'tis n't died, after all!

What'll I pay you, sir? Where I live, they say you Yankees charge for everything. I's born in Canada, but do n't think my father was—do n't know. He's about forty-five, I think, I'm not sure, sir. He lives, I expect, on Trenton street, in Hamilton. Do you allow folks to go out, sir—with this body, I mean? Do they allow you to come again? Feb. 6.

### Louise Durand.

Last night I communicated with my sister and some friends in New Orleans. I promised, if I could, I would visit this place to-day, so that there could be no possibility of collusion of any mortal kind; but my friends know not what they ask for, they expect so much of us. They desire us to turn the world fairly around to answer their curiosity and prove to them that we can return and communicate with them under favorable circumstances. We only can come under favorable circumstances; and often when our friends desire us the most, the very desire creates those conditions which prevent our coming. But no matter; I am here to-day, and my promise is redeemed.

My name is Louise Durand. I was an actress by profession. I spoke of my sister Charlotte, to whom I communed last night. I told her, foolishly, too, though I told her the truth—that she had but two months to live on earth. I say foolishly, because we ought not to give our friends any wisdom that is going to tend to their discomfiture for one moment; and I see it has had the effect to make poor Charlotte miserable. She says: "I do n't believe Louise can come back." All the world says the same thing, yet in one way and another it gives the most positive assurances of its belief.

I died of consumption, only a few weeks since. Last night I told my sister I was happy and contented with my lot, and so I am in one way, and in another I am not, for I now see many mistakes I made on earth, and some, too, which put me behind. But no matter; there is one pathway of life before us, and it is open to all.

I last night asked my sister to make certain appeals to my uncle. She hesitates, fearing it would be in vain. I do not think so, and still advise her to make her appeal to our uncle, and if she does, he'll help her, and relieve her, and smooth her path through mortal life, and I'll receive her when she enters the spirit world.

You will be particular in dating my poor letter, for much depends upon that. I was with my sister last night; and if you date my letter correctly to day, I shall have done all I promised to; if not, I shall seem to have failed. Feb. 6.

### A. Jane Root.

Written: My dear children, you have called for me, and I should have come in answer long ago, had I had the power to do so. Yes, I feel you have suffered, and much, in many ways. Yes, sit often, and one or both may be used to write. Yes, Julia has the dropsy, but the discharge will do no harm. I am often with you, and will always come to you at all times when I shall find power to do so.

Your loving mother, A. JANE ROOT.

### Laura S. Mercer.

Written: Sophia will answer you when she can. Why did you not go to see the medium she sent you to? Feb. 6.

### Invocation.

Infinite Father, Spirit of all spirit, Soul of all soul, we would gather up the desires of thy children and offer them unto thee as a living sacrifice. And, oh Father, thou hast sent us hither to-day, that we may commune with thee in spirit. Mighty Spirit of all things—Thou who art always the same as to-day—we would soar unto the highest mountain peaks of wisdom, and there view thee face to face. But oh, most Holy One, we ask thee to fold the mantle of thy divine knowledge around each child of thine, that their hearts may be filled with that heavenly truth of which thou art the type. And lo, there comes unto the spirit land a voice of warning and despair: "What shall we do to be saved?" But well we know that thy children have wandered from thee; that in the midst of their prosperity their eyes failed to behold thy glory, their hearts to acknowledge thy loving kindness. Oh God, our Father and Mother, need we ask thee to remember thy children, the American people, at this hour, thou who art ever extending thy kindness unto them? Shall we pray, oh Divine One, for speedy deliverance to come unto this nation? But give, oh God of justice, strength to such of thy children as are forced to drink of this bitter cup, that they faint not by the wayside. Be near, we pray thee, unto each manly heart that has gone forth to engage in this holy war, that, conscious of thy presence, they may be enabled to perform deeds of Christian valor that will speedily deliver us from the hands of our enemies. And oh God, we beseech thee to do with all of us as seemeth good unto thee, and through endless ages we will chant praises unto thy name. Feb. 20.

### Miscellaneous Questions.

Quæ.—Did General McClellan really have such a dream as was recently published in the BANNER?

Ans.—The question is a proper one, and is easily answered. Such a vision, or foreboding, was indeed given to the Commander-in-Chief of the Federal army. The Almighty lives, and the same power which aided you, the American people, to achieve

your independence years ago, hath interposed in your behalf to-day. There is nothing strange or unnatural in the dream you speak of. It is a plain matter of fact, and although it has received a coloring from the individual who gave it to you, it is nevertheless true. General McClellan is acting in accordance with the dictates of his spirit-guide, who gives him the information spoken of. Weak mortals are not able to follow the dictates of immortality, but, so far as we are enabled to judge, we firmly believe that General McClellan—like our beloved Washington, whose memory we still cherish—has been sent by God as a second Saviour unto this oppressed nation.

Q.—Was such a map given to General McClellan?

A.—Those things which are termed literal, objective, or tangible, by mortals, are not always classed under the same head by us. We are not disposed to declare whether such a map was given upon paper to General McClellan, but we do declare that one was given him mentally.

Q.—Will general emancipation result from this war?

A.—The question has been asked many times, and is continually coming up to the spirit-land—our fathers, where are they? Do they take an active part in this contest? The spirits of your fathers were born and nurtured by the very power which is in your midst to-day. Know, then, by virtue of these natural conditions, that they must return and take part in the conflict that is going on to-day. Previous to the coming into office of General McClellan, your spirit-fathers perceived that there was a death among you. You knew not which way to move aright. At each step you took, new difficulties arose in your path. Traitors were among you—yes, lodged beneath the very walls of the Capitol—who secretly watched your slightest movements, only to report them to your enemies. Disappointed, perplexed and betrayed by those who had publicly sworn to aid and defend you, in that momentous hour, you sank weary and despairingly to the earth, crying like the brave Spartacus of old, "There are no Gods in heaven!" But even then, the while you were mourning at the decrees of Providence, the Father of all Mercies was diligently searching each city, hamlet and village throughout the North, to find one who should be fitted to accomplish the great work of salvation for this oppressed country. At last out of the very heart of your nation, a man was found, of a mediocrity nature, and possessed of superior military talents, to whom this mighty charge was given. And we may well say that General McClellan was appointed by God, as a Saviour to the people of our fallen, but hitherto glorious Republic. Let not your faith in the discretion and valor of this newly appointed Washington falter for a moment, for though the very jaws of death open around him, yet shall no harm come to him, for there is about him a shield more mighty and tangible than human minds can conceive of! You have each a great work to perform, in carrying on the grand work of redemption. You send out your emotions for good or for evil every hour of your lives, therefore see to it that nothing is sent forth by you into the future that will not return to you bearing of the good fruit of a hundred fold. Send up your aid to God, I pray you, for the great Eternal has need of you all, and could not do without every one of you. Secession has struck the death-blow to slavery, and ere long the dark stain of bondage, which has lain like a foul blot upon the surface of our beloved country, shall be wiped out forevermore, by angel hands; while, throughout this glorious land, the song of thanksgiving shall be raised to Him who hath granted the precious birthright of freedom to each one of his oppressed children. Feb. 20.

### Joseph White.

Mr. Chairman, I'm as green as a pine bough about these things. It's all very well for people who have n't lost their all in this infernal civil war, to talk about everything's being right; but to those who have, you'll allow there's been a deuced blunder committed somewhere.

I suppose I was sent over, or killed, in what they termed the battle of Fall's Church. There's a piece of Irish ignorance! Excuse me, Mr. Chairman, but when I think of it, I feel just like calling somebody pretty hard names. I was a private in Baker's regiment. My name is Joseph White, and I was a private in Company C. Now I don't want to blame anybody in particular, but I believe I must, if I say anything at all. You see it was like this: Owen's regiment was coming down toward us; it was pretty dark, and I rather think there was some mistake, for the infernal folks kept up a hard firing upon us for several minutes, before the error was discovered by our Captain.

Now, Mr. Chairman, I want to know who's accountable for that blunder? I want to know why the General Government put officers in the field that don't know their business, and have never had any experience in the war line? I do n't blame anybody here, of course; but I think Government is mighty at fault. Yes, it was an infernal mistake. You thought because you had always lived in peace, that you always would. [Were you near Colonel Baker when he was killed?] Yes, about as near as Joe Paschall, who was in Company H.

I hail from California. My folks are there, and some of them are cursing and lamenting about this war, but I'm done scolding about it myself. I lived in Sacramento City. I was born in Massachusetts, but I went from Michigan to California. Most of the folks I care about talking with live in California. My age was between thirty-three and thirty-four. Joe was twenty-one. They tell us there are mediums all over the world who give us the privilege of conversing with our friends; if that's so, I'll ask for a chance. [You shall have it.] Thank you. [Do you remember what killed you?] I could not tell what bit me. One moment I was on the dead run, nobody seemed to know where, and the next instant I was aloft. Is there no way, Mr. Chairman, in which we can be furnished with a body, which we can keep and hold until we die naturally? [None.] Well Mr. Chairman, say to my folks upon this side, I'm alive, well, and as happy as I can be under the circumstances. Good by. Feb. 20.

### Martha Wise.

My name is Martha Wise. I was eleven years old when I died. I was born in Machias, Maine. My father is a sea-captain. I've only been dead a few months. I died of sore throat and fever. I have two brothers left on earth, both older than myself. They do n't know anything about my coming back. But God lets us come, that we may do good. There are so many soldiers here, anybody else can't hardly come. There's crowds here, and every one of them wants to come, and we that have got permission to come, can't hardly come, if we have. My grandfather Wise has helped me ever since I died, and he wants me to get so I can talk with my father. He says he was in the war of 1812, and he knows all about it, and he pities the poor soldiers that get sent out of the world without a moment's warning. My grandfather was a farmer, and lived in Maine. My father is at sea, and I want you to print my letter, so he'll get it when he returns. Tell him I've been here, and I want to come to him, but he must send some one for me to come through; that's for him to do. Feb. 20.

### Jeremiah Connelly.

I've got the priest's mouth to close, and the whole church to hold, before I can speak. It's the church that points us to God, and its church that takes the God away. I've been a spirit in all about seven months. When I was here, I thought I was a good Catholic, and I thought I was right, but since I've been in the other world, I know I was wrong. Now if I come to my folks and say I'm no Catholic at all, I'll shut the door on myself. There's many ways, and all ways of getting at the same thing, and faith, I do n't see the way. The priest'll say I do n't come and I'm the only one that says I do. Now what'll I do to tell the truth.

Now to come right down about myself. My name is Jeremiah Connelly. Me age, marm, as nigh as I

can tell, is thirty-one, but maybe I'm thirty-two. I was in New York City. I suppose I'll call myself a teamster. Now, I have four brothers, two sisters; some uncles, aunts, cousins, and a wife and three children. Now I ain't particular to who I come, but I am particular what I say. I'd like to talk to me brother Peter; he's about as liberal as any one I know, and that's not saying much. I was born in Glenmore county, Ireland, and am what the Corkonians call a far-downer. The Corkonians will say we are a poor, ignorant set, pads, bog-trotters. I've been in this country some time. I learn much of your ways. I hear something about coming back; faith, I believe in it myself. Me brother Peter's liberal. If you should meet him, and tell him you had no faith in the Catholic religion, he would n't pitch into you, and faith, I can't say that of all my people.

I suppose I took a hard cold, settled all around me. I went into fever, and that's the cause of me death.

Well, Mr. Priest, Cardinal, Bishop, or whatever you are, I'll say this much, whatever you can do for me, I'll remember to make square. Everybody's all turned into people. It's all the good they get while they are on earth, but when they come up here, I do n't see that they look much better than myself. It's not for me to say, however, who has a good or a bad cloak on, but stripped of their fine cloaks, they do n't look any better than other people. At least, I'm much obliged to you, Mr. Chairman, and to all who have helped me to come here. Faith, I've a memory as long as an Irishman's, and that's a long enough. I hope I'll go out here easier than I did last time. Feb. 20.

### Amelia Davis Train.

Mother, I will do your bidding when God shall let me. Your loving daughter in spirit, Feb. 20. AMELIA DAVIS TRAIN, of New York.

### Invocation.

Oh, thou who art alone infinite in wisdom, thou mighty heart of all things, once more we would rend the veil that hides thee from us. Once more we would come to thee in the form of worship, feeling confident that thou wilt cheerfully receive the humble offerings of thy erring children. Oh, thou spirit of infinite truth, while darkness seems to hang like a thick veil over our bleeding country, we beseech thee to dissipate the gloom which enshrouds us, and to shed new light upon the history of this great people. Oh, our Divine Father and Mother, we ask that thou wilt fold in thy loving arms all who sorrow this hour. Bind up their wounds, and pour into their bereaved hearts the oil of consolation, that through thee they may once more be made whole and strong. Through all the changing scenes of mortality send thy angels to guide and direct us. And unto thee, through all ages, be endless praises spoken forever. Feb. 24.

### The Use of Prayer.

We propose to speak for a few moments upon the use of prayer. Is it of any use at all? asks one among you mortals. Can prayer avail us anything? One of the able exponents of the spiritual doctrine, declares he has no faith in prayer, or only such as comes through the use of the hands and feet. We pity such an one, for he has failed to analyze prayer beyond the external. We pity him, again we say, because we know that he will, sooner or later, be obliged to tear down the false structure that he has built up, and rear a new edifice, ere he can hope to live in harmony with God and man. Is it good to pray? We declare it is good, ay, more than that, necessary, that you may come into direct communion with others stronger than yourself. Around each spirit is a magnetic body. Perhaps that body has been rendered dark and dense by sin. Such a spirit is, therefore, encased in a living tomb, and has no communion with those above him. Now when such a magnetic body has been formed around a spirit, that spirit feels as if it would like to tear down its prison walls. How, then, shall it be done, except by prayer? The moment the spirit sends forth its arrows of truth, it comes into contact with a class of spirits stronger than itself, and through direct communion with them finds its own spiritual powers strengthened and increased.

To prove that we speak the truth, we have only to refer you to one who went frequently away from those he loved, that he might commune with his Divine parent. At night in the garden of Gethsemane, he sank upon bended knee, and lifting up his voice in prayer, said: "Father, all things are possible unto thee; take away this cup from me; nevertheless, not what I will, but what thou wilt." Returning to his beloved disciples, he found them asleep, and addressing himself unto Peter, he said, "What could ye not watch with me one hour? Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation; the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak." Through prayer Christ drew to himself a legion of angels, who supported him in his anguish, even when nailed upon the cross.

How was it with Washington—he whom the American people call Saviour—when fearful odds were against him; when no one with him could truly say, "I believe you will conquer?" Alone he lifted up his voice in prayer to the Father of all mercies. And who is there amongst you to-day—remembering his miraculous escapes upon the battle-field—that dare deny God heard and answered that prayer, and that through heavenly aid the independence of the American colonies was first achieved? None, I trust. A legion of strong spirits was then, as now, drawn to your country's aid through virtue of prayer.

Now, then, you may conceive that prayer is of some use. You cannot any of you see how much power lies slumbering in one single drop of water, and yet, in God's hands, that tiny drop of water has power enough to flood your city, sweep away your bridges, and strow upon your beaches a long line of wrecks. Oh, then, seek to understand the spiritual things of life, and as fast as you do this you will ascend the ladder of prayer. What can prayer bring to man? All the power of the angel-world. You need not go back eighteen hundred years in the world's history to know that prayer is of great use to humanity. Nay, you need not go beyond the present hour, for a knowledge of this truth; and if it does not prove to you its use, its priceless worth to weak mortality, then you may well say there is no light, no intelligence, among mankind.

Quæ.—Will you explain the philosophy of prayer? What is its natural expression?

Ans.—We may say it is the key that unlocks the door of the prison house, outside which the guardian angel of each individual stands asking for admittance. Prayer is a divine element; a something implanted in human nature, by the Divine himself, and is, in fact, a part and portion of the Divine One. When a man exercises that faculty, it goes direct to God, even before the expression of the thought has escaped the human lips. The poet says that prayer is "the motion of the human fire that dwells within the breast," a something we cannot comprehend, because we do not know our God. It brings man into rapport with those elements that harmonize the soul. Your martyrs passed through prayer to the spirit-world, and yet all of them will return and tell you that in death they suffered no physical pain, because the spiritual triumphed over the physical, and all the pains incident to dying mortality were taken away. Feb. 24.

### Pamela Conway.

The philosophy of prayer, to me, is the taking off of the garments of death, and the putting on of the garments of eternal life. By the bonds of human affection we are bound to earth; by the bonds of spiritual love we are bound to heaven. And, if we would receive aid from the higher world, we must obey the laws of the celestial kingdom—that is, we must be loyal to that kingdom, ere the spirits can come to us.

I lived upon earth thirty-two years. The last twenty years of my life I believe I tried to serve God in an acceptable manner, and, although I made

many mistakes, and often fell far short of doing what I knew to be right, yet what I did offer to God, I firmly believe was accepted by him, because of my strong desire to fulfill his commands.

My name was Pamela Conway. I was born in the town of Haverhill, Massachusetts. I died in Philadelphia, nine years ago. I left three little children, a husband, and many dear friends; and the same love and sympathy that bound me to them while on earth, now brings me back to them to-day. I would not teach them that religion is better than nothing, or that one denomination is better than another, as many upon earth believe, for we are taught here in the spirit spheres, that there are as many different kinds of religion as there are different kinds of spirits. But the higher and the better we should always seek after, for the glorious truths of immortality are accessible to all persons. And who desire to tread the pathway of heaven, should suffer no call to remain unanswered; for whatever appeals to your conscience must purify and exalt your soul.

Oh, my children! my children! I am sometimes wrapt in gloom when I think of the temptations which lay in your path, for it is not all sunshine, peace and happiness, even with those who have passed to the spirit-land. That which gives us joy, gives us sorrow as well. The same power that enables us to watch over those we love upon earth, sometimes closes around us a prison-house more terrible, by far, than the tomb. And it is this very prison-house that separates us from our friends, and shuts us out from the hearts of those beloved ones, who, until death, had never denied us entrance. This stern and joy barrier which refuses to grant us communion with those who are dear to us, upon earth, and which engenders the thought of eternal separation, is found chiefly in society. Oh, society, you know not what you are doing! Children of this enlightened age, you should begin at home the work of reformation, and tear down, at once the barriers that separate us from God's

Many tell us, as we journey through life, that there is no sin here. When we view it from a spiritual standpoint, we think that there is none, but when we return to earth, we see through spirit eyes no longer blinded by the glories of heaven, that there is much more of sin upon earth than mortal eyes could ever hope to discover. There is sin in the hearts of men and women, that the eyes of their fellow-creatures cannot discern—sin, hidden beneath a fair exterior, which only God and his angels have power to behold.

My husband—he whose counsel is to guide my children to some extent in their life journey—oh, I fear for him, for I know the bells of earth are closing around him, and that he is living in continued enmity with his own feelings. Oh, I call upon him from this sacred place, to listen to the voice of reason, if not to God. Come, and turn from your wine-cup and associates, except so far as you can help them, while strength is yet left you to reform. Come to the spirit world, that the angels now in tears may rejoice over the return of one of God's lambs to the fold from which it had strayed. Leave, I beseech you, the haunts of sin and temptation which now entice your wandering steps, and use the one talent of immortality which has been entrusted to your charge, for God who gave it. Strangers and the world cannot understand my appeal, but with those for whom it is intended, the understanding falls not short. Feb. 24.

### John L. Tiverton.

I am from Chester, near Liverpool, across the Atlantic. My name is John L. Tiverton. My years numbered eighty-seven. I was born and died in Chester. 'T was some months prior to my change from an earthly to a spiritual mode of life, that I was in the habit of reading a Spiritual Magazine, published in London, and through whose pages I learned of this place, and made up my mind that when I came to die, I would return, if possible, to convince those friends whose interests were always dear to my heart, of my power to watch over and guide them, even while in the spirit world.

I feel very sensibly the inconvenience of the small form, so unlike my own body, but as I can speak, that is all that is necessary, and I am determined to do my work well. I cannot say that I had a firm belief in the grand doctrine of Spiritualism, previous to my death, but as my friends never heard me declare my belief in the Divine Creed, they could not in any way have known of my interest in what may well be called the new religion.

God gave me five sons, and two daughters, who, with one exception, are all still upon earth. I have living in Chester, ten grand-children, and I have one brother, who is now as near the spirit-world as he is the mortal, and before my letter reaches your columns, he may have come to me in the spirit-world. I see that those who come to this place with the light of spiritual things in their souls, are much better off than those who know nothing of it.

As I want my friends to know something of the spirit-world, I have planned something like this. I have learned that there are places in London called circles, or conferences, where people may be put in communion with their spirit-friends, but I have seen none so well adapted to the requirements of my earthly friends, as the one situated in Lombard street. A few hours' ride will bring them there. I've nothing to say about money. The affairs of the world I've left behind me. I care nothing about them, but if I can help them spiritually, I am willing to do so.

I left my body in the morning, about the rising of the sun, and found my spirit entirely free from the body, about noon. I speak of this, because there seemed to be a lingering of the spirit near the body, even after death. May the love of God and the blessing of the whole Triumphant Church, be with all I love—and I love all humanity—is my prayer through all ages!

From Chester, England, madam; you'll not make any mistake. Feb. 24.

### Fidelia Hoberg.

My name is Fidelia Hoberg. I was eleven years old. I had the fever and was sick eight days. [Will you please speak a little louder?] I do n't wait anybody but her to hear. [The reporter.] My mother's in Georgetown, and my father's in Washington. I want you to write a letter to them about me. My mother wished I'd come back and show myself to her, but I can't, because she has n't got what you take away from folks to make light with. [Magnetism.] I have n't been here long enough to know much about coming back, but when I've been here long enough, and grown stronger and larger, I shall be able to explain many things I can't do now. Tell her I like her, and we're never sick, never







## Poetry.

For the Banner of Light.

## HYMN OF THE NIGHT.

FROM THE FRENCH OF LAMARTINE.

Day from the highest hill-top flies!  
Oh, earth, where my weary footsteps stay—  
When will ye, alas! when will ye my eyes  
Salute the splendor of a day  
Whose beauty never dies?

Are they opening for darkness  
Those changing clouds of the day?  
From this light, oh, night! to thy funeral shadows  
Why pass they thus daily away?  
My soul wears not of admiring  
These works of Almighty art.  
This ecstasy from a bosom coloring  
Has never exhausted my heart.

God of the Day! God of the Night! God of all hours!  
To thee on these burning rays, oh, let me take my flight!  
Where to the west hasten thy bright cloud of vermillion?  
Oh, hasten it not to veil the threshold of thy holy habitation.  
Where the eye knows no longer of Day or of Night?

These glittering choirs by thy finger conducted alone—  
This ocean of azure into which sparkling diamonds are  
reaching,  
These lanterns from distance to distance illuming;  
This star which advances—that shooting and down—  
I read them, oh, Lord! all chant, all instruct me  
That the abyss is overflowing with thy magnificence.  
That the Heavens are living—and that thy Providence  
Fills all with thy presence, emanating all from thee!

These clouds of gold, azure and light,  
These nebulous worlds which the eye cannot see;  
Oh, my God! 'tis but dust in thy sight  
Which raiseth itself in thy footsteps forever!

Oh, Night! unroll in silence  
The pages of the Book of Heaven;  
Stars gravitate in cadence  
In their harmonious circles.  
North-wind, re-fold your wings,  
Earth, suppress your echoes;  
Hear break upon the shore thy surges,  
Oh, sea! and gently rock the images of him  
Who thy waves hath given thee!

Knowest thou this name? Nature  
Joins in vain its hundred voices—  
Star unto star still murmurs  
What God one law imposes;  
Wave of wave demandeth:  
Who 's he that us doth curb?  
Thunder to Aquilon shouteth:  
Knowest thou that name superb?  
But stars, nor earth, nor Man,  
Can e'er achieve that name!

The ocean plays

At the feet of All-Might.

The wind-whirls shakes

Its wings in affright.

The thunder praises

And combats for thee!

The lightning, the tempest,

With triple rays crown thee.

These Aurora adorns

Thee the Day inspires;

The Night inhales thee,

And the Earth expires

With love at thy name!

And I strive to praise thee—God of the Sun! What am I!

Atom in immensity!

Minute in eternity!

A passing shadow, which has itself no substance—

Is it not a miracle that thou hearest me?

Ah—the miracle is thy Good Providence!

I am nothing, oh, God! but thy thirst devours me!

Man is nothing, my God—but this nothing adores thee.

It raiseth itself by thy love;

Thou wilt not despise the insect that honors;

Thou wilt not repulse the voice that implores.

And even humbly soareth above

When the shadows flit away.

And Aurora awaketh

With the evening, still sigheth

And is reborn with the Day!

ESTHER MARLOWE.

## Anderson, the Spirit Artist.

FRIENDS AND READERS—Fifteen March is passing on in alternate moods of sunshine and gloom. Snow, rain, bleak winds, blue skies and halcyon days, like unto the changes of our human life, are presented to us in this month of all weathers. And as from afar come the sweet breathings of the approaching flower-time, so, to the spirit, are borne the holy consolatory messages from the near and distant lands of soul. For the fanatics of long incorporated with the name and fame of Spiritualism are dying slowly but surely out! The tricksters and impostors in our midst are becoming known, and are shunned as they should be; the base counterfeit of spirit-communication cannot much longer be offered in place of the genuine soul-voice of truth. Divested of the wild speculations, erratic theories and insane practices that have gained credence, under the borrowed name of Spiritualism, the truth, sublimity and holiness of spirit teachings shall be made manifest, so that even the bitterest opponents shall yield the homage of respect at the shrine of the world-old faith, newly presented, under the name of modern Spiritualism. But this will be when the false has been swept into oblivion, and the true shall reign triumphant.

Professor Anderson, now in our city, has done and is doing a great work in the cause of a true Spiritualism, by giving correct likenesses of departed relatives and friends. Even skeptics the most inveterate are compelled to acknowledge the existence of a power transcending the human. And while the undoubted identity of the departed friend or child is established, a universal tribute is rendered to the holiness of the medium—that rare and so essential quality to the success of spiritual revelation. With the tried and just and philanthropic instrumentalities of good, this worthy brother holds his place; and, in saying this to the public, I render an act of simple justice to one whose merits are not half appreciated by Spiritualists, or by the inquirers after truth. I copy for your personal and benefit, a letter sent to Mr. Anderson by our well-known friend, Dr. H. T. Child, of this city.

Philadelphia, March 10, 1862.

PAUL ANDERSON: Dear Friend—I received a letter from the lady to whom we sent the picture, and am happy to inform you that it is entirely satisfactory. The little boy died at Suspension Bridge, New York, in September last, at the age of six months; the parents had never obtained any picture of him, and after his death this was an additional source of painful regret. They wrote several times to me, desiring me to aid them in getting a picture. I called upon you, and you succeeded in getting a sketch, which was satisfactory to an uncle of the little boy. The picture was then finished and forwarded. The mother says: "My heart is filled with contending emotions of gratitude and joy. For now I may daily gaze on those loved features, the loss of which I had mourned so much. Never was there a more perfect likeness of any one than this is of my own loved little Henry, from the pencil of Mr. Anderson. The picture was readily recognized by our youngest child, now about two years and a half old. She woke up, and seeing the picture, exclaimed, without a word being spoken by any of us—'little brother.' It has also been recog-

nized by several of our neighbors, one of whom sends a certificate as follows: "I have known Mrs. Carey's child from the hour of its birth till its death, was with him when he died, and clothed his little form for its final rest, after the spirit was free, and I never saw a more perfect likeness of any one than this picture." ELIZA CLINE.

The mother continues: "I give most sincere thanks to Mr. Anderson, and none but a mother can know how much I thank God who has made him the instrument of bringing this great joy to my heart." SEMANTINE C. CAREY.

You are at liberty to use this note in any way that you may feel inclined. In conclusion, permit me to say that I am very glad to have this opportunity of expressing my appreciation of your talents and kindness. Sincerely yours, HENRY T. CHILD, M. D., 631 Race Street.

Professor Anderson has many callers, and when I have collected some more of the facts relating to his mediumship, I will place them before you. Boston and its vicinity should give the services of this unequalled spirit-painter.

Miss Emma Hardinge is giving a series of her most excellent lectures, and, as is always the case with this unsurpassed and polished speaker, she has large and appreciative audiences. Yours for truth, CORA WILBURN.

Philadelphia, March 10, 1862.

## THE PROTESTANT REFORMATION.

BY S. P. LELAND.

Men will make almost any sacrifice for the sake of their religion. The Mahometan, impelled by a blind devotion to his creed, will go long miles, on his hands and knees, over the burning sands of Arabia, to kiss the sods that cover his prophet's tomb. Friends are forgotten; kindred are unknown; and the joys that cluster around the domestic hearth, and make of earth a paradise, fall into insignificance when the soul is stirred, or the heart quickened by emotions of religious zeal. The mother can feed her first-born babe to the crocodile in the Ganges; and the strong man bow beneath the car of Juggernaut, and give to an unknown god his hand, or limb, or head, unknown to a reproach.

The world's great revolutions have begun and ended in religious agitation. This has shaken the firm pillars of empires, overthrown despots, inaugurated reigns of tyranny, crowned Pontiffs and imprisoned Popes. It has stirred the hearts of nations, and quickened the blood of mankind, giving weakness to the strong arm, and power to the weak. It has blessed, and it has cursed. It has softened Alpine rocks for reluctant feet to tread, and with a sympathetic hand wiped many a fever-drop from brow and furrow with a restless discontent. It has brooded, too, over the destinies of the world like a midnight pall, shutting away the sun of truth, to break all at once like summer clouds away, and chaos end in light.

There is a period in history known as the Dark Ages, stretching from 755 to 1517—a period of nearly eight hundred years—in which religious fanaticism saw, perhaps its greatest days. In the year 755 the Pope of the Roman Church was raised to the rank of temporal prince, by Pepin, King of France, who conferred on him the Administration of Ravenna. Being thus a ruler over Church and State, he bowed to him disgracefully low, and made religion but another name for imposture, fanaticism and fraud. Popery flourished in its rank luxuriance. The convents, monasteries and nunneries were established anew; and pilgrimages, crusades and canonizations, together with the senseless wranglings of religious bigots, were popularized, and even imposed as a duty.

During most of this period, the Pope was "Master of the World." Kings and kingdoms bowed to his behests. If a sovereign offended him, his whole kingdom was laid under an interdict, the churches closed, worship suspended, and the dead buried in the highways without funeral rites. One of the Popes, Gregory VII. (Hildebrand), excommunicated Henry IV, Emperor of Germany, and compelled him to stand three whole days and nights, during winter, with his head and feet bare, at the Papal threshold, waiting for absolution. The secular clergy were ignorant, not half of whom could read or write; and many of the bishops, during the twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, never saw a copy of the Bible.

Thus a midnight hour over a waiting world, sitting in its gloomy discontent, and watching for the dawn of a promise, the spirit of the age personated itself in the Waldenses of Piedmont, and the Albigenses in the south of France, who made deep inroads on popish tyranny, and paved the way for the Protestant Reformation then about to dawn. John Wickliffe molded the minds of England, by bravely attacking the prevailing corruptions of the Roman Church; translated the Scriptures into English, giving numerous followers among the eminent and wealthy. At the beginning of the sixteenth century, (about 1510), John Huskins and Jerome of Prague took a bold stand against the errors of the times; enlisted the sympathy of their (afterward) renowned collaborer, Zisca, and with their followers in Bohemia, took up arms in defence of their religion.

Light now began to break all over Europe. England was illumined. Germany saw the blaze of its glory, and France, Switzerland, Spain, Italy, Hungary, and the Netherlands stood on tip-toe to catch its beacon beams. Zuinglius threw the magnetism of his thoughts over Switzerland, and, by his eloquence, controlled the Diet at Worms. John Calvin spoke his words in Geneva, that echoed over Sweden and Denmark, and roused the people to action and to thought. The learned Melancthon threw the mild tenderness of his disposition over the Diet at Augsburg, in 1530, and presented his celebrated Confession of Faith, that yielded such potent power on the thoughts of the world. Martin Luther, Professor of Divinity in the University of Wittenberg, in Saxony, and the leading spirit of the reformation, translated the Scriptures into German, with copious notes, manifesting the unconquerable zeal and undaunted courage of his extraordinary and varied talents, and in his sermons disclaimed against indulgences and the vices of the monks with vehement indignation. The unwearied labors of Knox revolutionized Scotland, and Cranmer, in England, founded a society of Protestants, which, in 1533, refused to recognize the Pope's authority and embrace the principles of the reformed doctrines, thus permanently establishing them in that kingdom.

Swiftly swept the words of earnest men, and, at the touch of their electric thoughts, churches crumbled, tyrannies vanished, monasteries, convents and inquisitions hid their horrid forms, and priestcraft, with its gloated visage, sought refuge amid the crumbling ruins of Popish fraud and folly. Alas, how changed the spirit that bore the fathers up, crushed beneath its feet their infant sons. They wrested power from the Catholic Church and conferred it on the Protestant; they took from it the Bible, which the priests did not allow the laity to read, but demanded a belief in it without a knowledge; gave it to the mass, told them to read it, but if they did not believe it, they should be damned. They burned Michael Servetus in the streets of Geneva, in 1553, for writing against the Trinity. They beheaded John King, and murdered Jerome of Prague. They joined hands with the descendants of Peter the Hermit, Pope Clement III, Count de Lion, Philip Augustus, and Urban II, to prosecute the unfinished "Holy War." They bowed before the shrine of the Ptolemies, and kissed the sceptre of St. Louis IX. They bestowed unequal praise upon the Councils of Placentia and Clermont, and danced on the ashes of the yet smoldering Nice, Edessa, and Antioch. The memories of Godfrey, Conrad and St. Bernard they resurrected from the tombs of infamy, and made them idols in Constantinople.

They imposed religious tenets upon the people, and demanded adherence to them on pain of death. They abrogated the power of the Pope, but instituted a Bishop's Legate, only differing in name and magnitude of power. They made the Protestant Reformation, once promising so much, an idle mockery, by means by which tyrants could subvert their selfish ends. Involving France and Germany were made to bleed, and the tyrant aristocrats of Great Britain and Ireland played their dramas of usurpation on the grave of slaughtered Justice. The French Revolution of 1699 they have written in letters of blood; the world knows its history by heart, nor will it soon forget. Spain, Portugal and Italy have written their histories, plain as stars on the evening sky—and prophecies of their destinies. Smith-Cleland and the revived spirit of the Crusades, tell their own story. Hindostan, Hungary, Turkey and Bulgaria point to the graves of their venerated dead—their histories are there.

But amid all these abuses and revolutions, one false star has remained undimmed, shedding its beacon light, to which the angel, Hore, has pointed in the world's darkest hours. 'Tis the Star of Progression, on which the timidity of Heaven hangs, and from whose orbored paradise the angel of Justice smiles.

MAYLE RABBIT, NICH.

## THE PENTACOSTAL SEASON.

AT THE BINGHAMTON CONVENTION.

The Spiritual Convention at Binghamton, N. Y., March 7th, 8th and 9th, was successful beyond the most sanguine expectations. Though the speakers were not as numerous as anticipated, there was no lack of the right kind of material for a season of unusual interest. Among the regular speakers in attendance were Mrs. S. S. Chappell, Hastings, N. Y.; Miss F. Washburn, Bradford, Pa.; J. H. W. Tooley, New York; Ulfah Clark, M. A. Hunter, Rochester, N. Y.; Lyman C. Howe, New Albion, N. Y.; and A. Bushnell, Napoli, N. Y.

The Convention opened informally on Friday morning, and several speakers felt moved to give in their testimony as to the harmonious influences pervading the meeting, and giving promise of a Pentecost, Lieut. James G. Clark, the inimitable poet and vocalist, made his appearance, and his vocal and instrumental melody added to the Convention an interest and attraction more than compensating for the absence of other speakers.

On Friday afternoon the following officers were elected: J. R. Durfee, Carbondale, Pa., President. A. Bushnell, Napoli, N. Y.; Mrs. S. S. Chappell, Penn Yan, Vice Presidents. U. Clark, Miss Olive H. Fraser, Elmira, N. Y., Secretaries. M. A. Hunter, L. C. Howe, U. Clark, J. H. W. Tooley, Mrs. S. S. Chappell, Mrs. E. L. Spaulding of Marcellus, N. Y.; S. A. Sedgwick and J. L. Randall of Binghamton, N. Y., Executive and Financial Committee.

The Committee reported that three sessions, two hours each, should be held during each day; the morning session to be devoted to voluntary speeches not to exceed ten minutes; the afternoon and evening sessions to be opened by selected speakers, to be followed by volunteer speakers, and each session opened and closed with music and song by James G. Clark.

On Friday evening the attendance was largely increased, and a deeper interest became manifest. The meeting was opened by a solid address from M. A. Hunter—an earnest, radical, pioneer worker. He drew a parallel between Christianity and Spiritualism; insisted on the need of reform in every department. He well many were unnecessarily alarmed at what Spiritualism proposed. He alluded to the social question, said Spiritualists were not opposed to marriage, as opponents had represented; we were most strenuous advocates of true marriage; it was nothing but the abuses of marriage that we opposed.

Mr. Hunter was followed by J. H. W. Tooley, Mrs. Chappell and U. Clark, when the meeting closed with a song by J. G. Clark.

The session on Saturday morning was highly interesting. A. Bushnell, J. H. W. Tooley, U. Clark, Miss Washburn, Mrs. Chappell, L. C. Howe, J. R. Durfee, and M. A. Hunter, speaking.

A stirring letter to the Convention, written by Geo. H. Jackson, now in the army, was read and duly appreciated.

Saturday afternoon's session was opened with a profound discourse by J. H. W. Tooley. He presented a statistical view of various evils, and demonstrated the inefficiency of existing humanitarian agencies. The address evinced deep research, clear thought, thorough philanthropy, some parts thrilling the audience with heroic appeals, and others moving with irresistible power and pathos.

In the evening, Mrs. Chappell was called to the platform, and spoke with inspirations chaining the auditors with unbroken interest. Our young brother, Lyman C. Howe, followed, and for an hour he spoke with an eloquence and power seldom surpassed.

On Sunday morning the large Binghamton Hall was well filled, and the interest continued to increase. The time was mainly occupied by Bushnell, Tooley, Hunter, Mrs. Chappell and U. Clark. In the afternoon the large Hall was crowded. U. Clark discoursed, and the audience listened with earnest heed.

The Hall was crowded again on Sunday evening; the last session. Mrs. Chappell began the speaking, and her inspirations were unusually deep, earnest and eloquent. The remaining evening was occupied by J. H. W. Tooley, who held the eager multitude almost breathless with attention, for about one hour. He prefaced his lecture by reading the following:

"Whereas, The experiences of the race demonstrate the imperfection, partiality and impracticability of many of the teachings of seers, prophets and theological Saviours, past and present; and

Whereas, The theologian, the metaphysician, the lawyer, and the doctor represent differing, and, in many of the essential departments of life and human society, each conflicting opinions of what is fundamental in nature—right and wrong in principle; and

Whereas, The opinions of modern mediums and Spiritualists are oftentimes conflicting; therefore,

Resolved, That Science, in classifying knowledge and demonstrating the laws of life, proves that it is fundamental to physical, mental, moral, social and spiritual well-being, uniting in Nature, the material and the spiritual, and therefore should be considered the property of all who seek to make goodness useful, cheerfulness practical, society harmonious and its members 'healthy, wealthy and wise.'

Resolved, That this necessary and fundamental study should be the one thing altogether lovely, and the chief among ten thousand, to the wise teacher and practical reformer.

Resolved, That true Spiritualism is the offspring of progress, the friend of science, and the real 'Saviour of the world.'

At the close, U. Clark offered brief congratulatory remarks, and presented the following:

Resolved, That the thanks of this Convention be rendered to the liberal citizens of Binghamton, and others in attendance, for the respectful and earnest attention given to the inspirations of the various speakers, and the free and fraternal influences they have contributed toward rendering all our sessions exceedingly happy and harmonious.

Resolved, That we, the visitors at this Convention, who have been so cordially entertained by the Binghamton friends, should hereby render the most grateful acknowledgments for the genial and hospitable manner in which we have been welcomed, hoping that the blessings mutually enjoyed will afford an adequate recompense and prove a bond of lasting union.

Taking all things into consideration, this was the most profitable and harmonious Convention we ever attended. The unanimity and cordiality with which the Binghamton friends invited the Convention to meet in their magnificent city, were alike apparent in their attendance and the hospitality extended to visitors. The visitors from abroad were quite numerous, and we believed that the desired entertainment was provided with comfortable homes, and were welcomed with warm hearts. During all the sessions, entire harmony prevailed, and not a word fell from the lips of either friend or opponent calculated to produce discord. The Convention was indicative of the condition of the cause of Spiritualism in Binghamton and through the whole country. Opponents are continually representing the cause of spiritual reform on the decline, and the patriots and heroes of Southern battle-fields, and with those who have already 'attacked their white tents for the morning march of eternity.'

U. CLARK, Senior Secretary.

## Bro. Ambler in Providence.

A letter from Providence in the *Trumpet*, says:—"Our brother, Rev. R. P. Ambler, who was recently restored to the Fellowship of our Fraternity, at his own request, and by the action of the Committee of Fellowship of our State, delivered an able Lecture in Providence, on the 'Light and Shadows of Modern Spiritualism as viewed in their relations to the Christian System.' The lecture was listened to with great attention by a large audience, and was well received. It was neither denunciatory in tone, nor provocative of discussion; but seemed to be the earnest utterance of a heart which not only knew whereof it affirmed, but which desired to do good to others; and I am confident that its repetition, in other localities would prove advantageous."

A soul, like an instrument of music, should be well tuned to meet the various strains the hand of destiny may call from its thrilling chords; firmly, yet sweetly,

should its tones ring out of whatever character they are: strong, but sweet music still, should a God-strengthened spirit yield beneath the touch of sorrow or adversity, as sweet, though it may be sadder, as in its days of brightest power.

## Obituary Notices.

Passed to a Higher Life, at West Point, Ky., Feb. 23, 1862, E. W. WHEELER, aged 18 years. His parents reside in Lyons, Ionia County, Michigan, from whom he went, last fall, a soldier, to Kentucky. Having naturally a frail constitution, exposure and hardship attendant on camp life caused a fever which soon swept him to an untimely grave. His funeral was held at Lyons, on Sunday afternoon, March 3rd. The funeral discourse was given by S. Phelps Leland, Cleveland, Ohio.

The following touching lines were written, as a tribute to his memory, by Mrs. Keziah Ingalls, of Lyons—a medium of much promise, and one likely, at sometime, to make a mark in the world of mind.

A soldier boy, with a speechless lip,  
Lay low on his couch of pain,  
While thoughts of home, and loved ones there,  
Passed wildly through his brain.

How he longed for some loving heart to read  
The thoughts of his inner soul!  
And pen them down for the cherished ones,  
Ere in death his form grew cold!

All vain! Not a heart could read his own;  
To none the key was given.  
Then calmly he settled him down to die—  
His only hope was Heaven.

His constant prayer for the last three hours,  
That the 'boanman pale' might come,  
With his Emma, dear, from her Eden bowers,  
And bear his spirit home.

Oh, trusting boy! thy heart in death  
Looked out by sea of pain,  
To the time when in spirit thou wouldst be free  
To return to thy home again!

And just as the evening shades came on,  
The veil from his vision fell,  
Revealing the forms of an angel band  
Two of whom he knew full well.

No more did he feel the pangs of death  
As they shot through his fever veins;  
Gently he sank as a babe to rest  
Entranced by their magic strains.

Sweetly he rose from his prison-house,  
Like a flower from the miser earth,  
While angels were chanting the thrilling song,  
"He's passing the Second Birth!"

The mother woke and thought of her child  
As a flower from the miser earth,  
Ah! little she dreamed what called out those thoughts  
Was the voice of her angel son!

Mr. E. P. COOLIDGE, of Boston, aged 37, departed this life March 24, 1862.

Mr. C.'s disease was typhoid fever of about three weeks' duration. He was a believer in the beautiful doctrine of Spiritualism; was a worthy man, and kind husband. He left an excellent wife to mourn his loss, who is also a true Spiritualist. In the last moments of his earthly life, Spiritualism was a great consolation to him, as it now is to his wife in her bereavement. While a door Spiritualism is the most lovely of all doctrines.

"For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,  
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;  
No children run to lip their sire's return,  
Or climb his knees, the envious kiss to share."

We are called upon to chronicle the death of DAVID HULL, Esq., of Union, Me. Bro. Hull was among the first to embrace Spiritualism, and has ever since been its ardent advocate. Being a man of high intellectual endowments, his researches proved of great value to his many friends, who now mourn his loss as one eminent in the sciences, and a friend to the advancement of mankind. But he has now passed to the Spirit-land, and will no longer battle with the stern realities of life; and while those whose hearts have throbbled together through many changeable years, follow him to his earthly home, will remember his many virtues, and the living monument will reflect his many noble deeds, and the blessings which shall hover around the spiritual circle of remaining friends. "Dust must return to dust and the spirit to God who gave it." May he sleep in calm repose. J. O.

Died, in Wabasha county, Minnesota, Sunday, March 9th, 1862, Mrs. OMER CORWIN, wife of Henry Corwin, aged fifty-six years and six months. "She was a devoted Spiritualist, and was much respected by all who knew her." She has left a kind husband and several affectionate children and relatives, who are mostly Spiritualists.

Died, in Cambridgeport, Wednesday, March 12th, ELIA MARIA, eldest daughter of Andrew and Lizzie A. Hastings, aged 7 years and 7 months.

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