

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Literary Department.

LYONEL HARRINGTON.

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

CHAPTER XVII.

Scraples of Many Sorts.

The appearance of the American traveler had created a variety of impressions at the Castle. After he had left, there was an almost unanimous opinion expressed in regard to him. The minister found him to be a young gentleman of talent and learning, even possessed of manifold experiences, although, like many of his age, imbued with the mania of reform; of a lofty imagination, that, losing sight of reality, would remodel human nature and the conditions of the world to his ideal. Yet, withal, there was something unconstrained in his manner, that might betoken the educated man of respectable connections, or might as easily belong to an adventurer of the higher classes, as there were so many in our days.

Leonie remarked, he was by all means of a prepossessing exterior and cultivated mind, such as is seldom met with among the young men even at Court. She would—if her brother, the counsellor, had not assured her he was truly an American—never have taken him for one, for he spoke German like a native of the land. His free, proud bearing, his consciousness of being every one's equal, might denote the man of rank, at least, of noble birth, if he did not appear without servants, equipage, or display, with valise on his back, and on foot, like a traveling journeyman. Gabriella listened in quiet thought to the differing judgments, and only uttered her views when asked was said remotely suspicious of the stranger; then she undertook his defence with spirit, and put on quite an indignant mien, when the daughter of the minister, with an arch smile, would cast upon her a significant look, as if she were aware of the existence of a secret.

Seated at the breakfast table, beneath the shade of a leafy temple, on the following morning, Leonie remarked to her father that it would have been more hospitable to have invited Mr. Harrington to take up his quarters at the Castle, than to have allowed him to remain at the inn.

Gabriella was of the same opinion. But the Baron Von Urming deliberately took a pinch from his golden snuff box, and said:

"Ladies, I would say nothing against it, did I know who and what this man is in reality, to what purpose he wanders through this neighborhood, and whether it would be advisable, without compromising oneself, to seek a nearer acquaintance. It is necessary to have caution under such circumstances. He is a little fanciful, at all events. By the aid of the innkeeper, however, under the pretext that the police demanded it, I succeeded, this morning, in looking over his passport."

"Do you then really suspect him?" asked the young Countess, hastily. "Impossible! I have never in my life seen a more open, honest countenance!"

"Permit me, gracious lady, I have nothing to say against the face; although it is well known that the shrewdest adventurers have often the most honest looks. The passport, too, was all in order, everywhere signed correctly; although one knows that even regularly finished passports are not always reliable; they can be obtained in various ways. But setting this aside, this Harrington, as he calls himself, is not a nobleman, and is from America. The former look can be overlooked, for America has no nobility. But whether he is of a family at all respectable, whether it is prudent to introduce him into good society, without thereby incurring risk; for all this we have no evidences of his character or position."

"But the recommendation of his manners, father dear, his tone of good society, his intellectual culture, the fine flower of nature and of education; will not these serve for vindication of his appearance here?" replied Leonie.

"I ask, who is he?" cried the Minister. "That is the principal question. Nature often endows a valet with the graces of kings, and enriches laundresses as well as princesses. Who is he, I ask? He says he has visited Courts, and he runs about with his bundle on his back! I ask, in whose service is he traversing Europe? On his own account, certainly not; he says, to learn of life and the world. Dear heavens! I ask wherefore?—that can be learnt at home, and in the market-place, of itself. It is not necessary to seek another portion of the globe."

"Your Excellency appears to harbor a slight suspicion of the American," observed the Countess. "If I may inquire, what do you in reality take him for?"

"My gracious lady," said the old Baron, as he bowed deferentially, and lightly shrugged his shoulders, "I do not know him; caution is not suspicion. His head is full of brilliant projects, and for all he has a ready-made theory, as is the fashion with the beardless philosophers, poets, and reformers of our day. But he lacks in tact, in knowledge of the world and of business. He can talk agreeably; but to render himself acceptable in conversation, he must not be so contradictory and positive in his views; and besides, he has a tendency to revolutionary ideas."

"No, sir, Minister, you are indeed too severe with the young man," interrupted Gabriella.

"If you had been a witness, my lady, of my conversation with him, you would, perhaps, not be so cruel as to accuse me of undue severity. His favorite theme, that is one that always gives wide scope to the fancy, was the entire and radical change of all existing things. World-transformation, that, I think, is his pass-word. He spoke of the future, and the great events it was to bring about; and prophesied, like the best seer, the strangest, most inconceivable changes."

"Well, dear, good father!" cried Leonie, "do not think of him harshly for that, for he is young, and youth lives chiefly in the future, because there is the widest range. Old men live in the past; for them the longest part of life is there. For that reason, probably, young men are the best poets, and older ones better historians. Remember, father, how Rainer entreated us to receive the American."

"Your brother Rainer, my child," replied the Minister, "is as lightly won by handsome phrases as yourself. What an unpractical, mad, true-American notion—to abolish the death punishment, and place in its stead that of the deprivation of the sight of criminals! And such a proposition to meet with the approval of Rainer, the otherwise so thorough a Judge! But let it be. Send a servant to the inn and invite the stranger, let him be who he will. Since our honored guest, the Countess, has benevolently taken his part with the rest, why, I must give myself a prisoner. Let him have the rooms in the left wing, next to those of Rainer. You know, Leonie, we expect the Count Von Wabern, soon, therefore in the left wing."

Leonie rang a small silver bell; and when the servant-man answered the summons, she gave him her father's orders, which he hastened to obey.

The conversation turned to other topics. Gabriella taking but little interest in it, was looking expectantly toward the gate of the garden, as if she waited the return of the stranger.

The man returned announcing, that "his honor, Herr Von Harrington, had, according to the account of the innkeeper, left that morning—just as he had arrived, with cane and valise. He had not said which road he would take, but had assured them of his probable return in a few days."

The old gentleman heard the announcement with tranquil, almost contented mien. His daughter said, with a frown upon her brow:

"He must have taken us for cold-hearted, inhospitable people!"

The Countess looked down upon her finger ends in silent vexation; then looking up hastily, said, with indignant tone:

"I find it very impolite in him to treat us so," and leaving the table, she took Leonie's hand for a walk in the garden.

The two friends would have passed a wearisome day, had it not been for the return of the Counsellor Rainer. His first question was for Harrington, and he deeply regretted his departure. Contrary to the expectations of his father, and despite of his scruples, he took part with the ladies in defence of the American. This was for them a conquest of the Minister; but a still greater one awaited them that evening, when, accompanied by father and son, they walked in the cool shade toward the village.

On the main road they espied an elegant and convenient traveling carriage, dashing along at full speed with extra horses. Beside the postillion in front, sat a servant clad in a becoming, but simple livery. In the chaise was an elderly gentleman. "Perhaps the Count Von Wabern," cried the Minister, and with those accompanying him, he stood still at one side of the road.

The stranger in the carriage ordered the driver to halt, as they drew near, and politely doffing his straw hat, said:

"Beg pardon, are you from this place?"

The Minister took a step forward, and replied:

"I am. With whom have I the honor of speaking?"

"No honor at all, sir," replied the traveler. "My name is Arnold Jackson; come from Baarlingen; lodged there at the Paradise; am in the service of Mr. Lionel Harrington; and want to know whether he is here, or has taken flight for somewhere else?"

The Minister somewhat abashed, hastily covered his head, and gave the desired information. Mr. Jackson called out:

"Deuce take it! but I thought it would be just so. Must be quiet again. Thank you, sir. Forward, driver," and on they went.

The girls looked at each other. Mirth and mischief dancing in their eyes, they both burst into a ringing laugh.

"That is a genuine Yankee, also," said the counsellor, as he joined in the hearty laughter.

"Do you see, father dear," cried Leonie, "the handsome travelling equipage brings you complete reassurance of the value of our American?"

"And we are in the right, after all," added Gabriella. "He is an eccentric being, that is all."

The Minister bowed before the countess, and said, in a jesting tone:

"When did ladies ever make a mistake in such cases?"

CHAPTER XVIII.

Household Discard.

A few days elapsed before Lionel again became visible. The politely cold reception of the Baron Von Urming, and the stiff ministerial bearing, the air of haughty condescension with which he had entertained him, may have displeased him somewhat.

"The man has retained the forms and manners of his past avocation, and they cling to him as the signs of his trade," he thought; "or his ancient nobility weighs heavily upon his limbs."

To pass the time while awaiting the arrival of his faithful Arnold Jackson, he resolved to return to St. Catharine's Vale, to Farmer Trolle, or rather to pay the expected farewell visit to Sergeant Thork, and behold once more the lovely Cecilia. For he deemed her worthy of being sought, that being so rich in her poverty, so blest in the midst of misfortune! In all probability, she would not so strongly have attracted his sympathy, had he met her for the first time in the assemblies of the great world, decked in the adornments of fashion, aided by the lustre of wealth. As it was, he felt drawn toward her by the power of a secret compassion; and the very wretchedness of her external surroundings and attire served only to heighten her innocent and wondrous beauty.

When at length he reached the entrance of the valley and approached the farmer's dwelling, he was greeted by the harsh sounds of quarrelling, by wild outcries in male and female voices. He sped on hurriedly, and found Mr. Barnabas Trolle in the yard before his house, swearing and cursing with a cherry-red face and deep blue nose, bearing a strong resemblance to an angry and inflated turkey. He swung aloft his cane, and threatened with it a young athletic fellow, who stood opposing him with a face of wildest fury, and a gleaming knife in his hand.

When two savage bull-dogs show their teeth preparatory to a combat, it is customary for the little canine fry to bark and yelp in concert, though at a safe distance. So bawled Frau Isabella, with arms a-kimbo, and cap all awry, showering abusive epithets upon her lord, while her sister Sybilla, a maiden of forty, clenched her unlively hands toward the young house-servant, and with a shrill voice, poured forth reproaches and threats of punishment. But no one listened to the words of the other; they were engrossed by their own overpowering indignation. At some of the windows and stable-doors appeared the faces of the servant-girls, day-laborers, and man-servants, listening eagerly.

Lyonel felt assured, that here was warfare of all against all. The steward cried out to his opponent:

"Out of my house and service! Lie! I rogne! Judas! What! I, I went after the girl? I wanted to speak to the sergeant! What is the girl to me? I know you watch the miserable creature whenever she shows herself. I have warned you a thousand times. Now it is over. Away with you, or I'll break your skull open."

To which the other one responded:

"Try it, miserable villain!—and I'll put this knife between your ribs! Did I not hear the girl scream murder? Did I not see her at the window, threatening you with a pistol, when you tried to burst open the bolted door?"

"Silence, miscreant!" roared the farmer, and anew he raised the cane. "Do you want to turn the hide? I am master in Catharine Vale. I wanted the female to obey. I sought you—you in that disreputable place. I wanted to find you on the spot!"

At the same time that they were thus inveighing against each other, Frau Isabella, bending forwards, shrieked in her husband's ear:

"Do not try to make yourself white, you dissolute fiend, you! I have been watching you for a long time, and saw how you followed that beggarly piece of the soldier cripple! I will apply for a divorce. Do you hear, for a divorce! I'll never again touch a glass that has been put to your lips, and I'll put no spoon in the soup you eat from. Our Lord has punished me in his heavy wrath, in making of me the wife of an adulterer!"

On the other side the spinster with clenched fists and fearfully excited manner paced up and down, threatening the man-servant as if she meditated tearing him to pieces.

"You base, mean fellow," she cried, "to go after such company! Have I deserved this from you, ungrateful, good-for-nothing knave? Don't ever come before my eyes again. There is no good in you! I do not want to see or hear any more of you. That is the reward for being friendly, and kind to such low wretches as you. Go to the hangman; become hangman's servant, and marry her! But never come back here to me! Your eyes and ears ought to be scratched out!"

Lyonel stood there for a long time unnoticed, a silent witness of the scene. As far as he could comprehend, there was an outbreak of universal jealousy; and judging from their coarse expressions, the object they so disgustingly designated with vile epithets, was the niece of Tobias Thork. The brawlers continued to assail each other with a torrent of vulgar abuse, heeding not the presence of the stranger. When at last the farmer raised his cane to strike, and the enraged servant clasped his knife with renewed deadly determination, the women screaming meanwhile with redoubled fury, our American deemed it time to interfere. He sprang forward with his thorn cane outstretched toward them, as in judgment, and thundered:

"Hold! Cease your quarrelling! I command you in the name of your noble lord! If you do not leave each other in peace, I return to Lichtenheim on the instant, and inform the Minister of your behavior!"

This unexpected appearance of the rich American, as they called him, and the threat he uttered, struck them like the lightning flash, and paralyzed their rage. Their arms fell down, and their voices died out so suddenly that they were stayed before the word on their lips was uttered; they gazed at the stranger in utter bewilderment, and the angry fire

in their eyes changed to a deferential and embarrassed glimmer. Mr. Trolle, desirous of appearing polite, endeavored to doff his hat in salutation, forgetting that it had long since left his head. Frau Isabella dropped two curtseys for one, and adjusted her cap. The servant man turned around, and grumbling left the spot; Miss Sybilla followed him at first with her eyes, then slowly her person followed her glances; perhaps she sought the deserter to punish him still further, or it might have been with the object of reconciliation.

"Pray excuse us, honored sir," at length began Barnabas Trolle with a forced unnatural smile. "Je suis bien charmé de vous voir. That fellow, Hinz, is an awkward clown, who loses all the sense of respect. I must set him to rights sometimes. You come from the castle? I beseech you do not tell his Excellency of this little occurrence; *ayes la bonté*; it might result to my disadvantage. The matter is laid aside. I shall send Hinz with his unwashed mouth out of my service. With that, all is settled; is it not so, dear Isabella?"

"You will do us the honor of remaining with us to-day, my lord?" added the farmer's wife. "Your room is awaiting you, and is in the best of order. There are many bad subjects in the world, and therefore there is no lack of scenes, your honor. Your lordship understands that well. What do you command for dinner, your grace? Can I serve you with a glass of something in the meantime? In an establishment like ours there is often cause for chagrin. People of our class have their house-cross. It must be borne with Christian patience. Will you take the trouble to enter the house, my lord?"

Lyonel was undecided for a moment; he felt repelled by the coarse poorties, who, out of fear of the Minister's displeasure, laid such a restraint upon themselves, and feigned a complete concord, believing that the stranger was ignorant of the cause of the dispute. His desire of knowing the entire occurrence was not satisfied with their explanation. He undertook a complete examination, and was told that Hinz, the upper servant, was an otherwise lad of well-to-do parents. That he was looked upon in their house as a son, but that he loved to run after the niece of the sergeant, as young people would, and thereby he neglected his work. So Mr. Trolle sought him, that morning, in Tobias Thork's but, and his suspicions were augmented when Cecilia bolted the door. But Mr. Trolle was mistaken, after all. Hinz came out of the forest, and the foolish fellow imagined that his master came for the purpose of paying a secret visit to the girl. So one misunderstanding brought about another.

Harrington put on a wonderfully wry face on listening to this narration. He thought of Cecilia, with her cultivated mind, the expression of superiority in her features, and then of the young peasant seeking the love of such a maiden.

"Do the young people really entertain an affection for each other?" he inquired.

Frau Isabella took upon herself to reply, before her worthy husband could make the attempt.

"It must be so, of course," said she, "for Hinz is withal a smart lad, and will one day inherit a nice little fortune, and"—here she cast a bitter look at Barnabas—"he never gets drunk like some people do. But it is not at all allowable for a young man, who is the son of honest and wealthy parents, to visit such folks. Hinz can have his choice; he may knock wherever he will; the richest farmer's daughter will not give him the mitten. But the ragged silly thinks, wonders who she is, with her smooth, pug face, and throws her net for all, no matter"—here another sidelong glance at her husband—"whether he is an old fool or a green-beak. That is all the same to the wretched little coquette. Enough, my lord, the creature knows how to ensnare the dunces, and make game of them all. The old Hussar Thork is a ruffian; one must be careful of running against him; he is capable of burning the house over one's head, and laughing at it into the bargain. If he and the female were out of the vale, we should live peacefully as in Heaven. But the Herr Minister is too good, too compassionate. His Excellency will not believe me when I complain. I dare not open my mouth against the rough fellow—the sergeant; his Excellency directly puts on a cross face, and gives a reprimand. And yet I am a respectable woman, and always, as Heaven is my judge, speak the holy truth! I, poor woman, must bear a great deal on account of that pack—" another glance at Mr. Trolle; "I must suffer and endure much. I am to believe everything, and nothing is believed of me."

The more she spoke and pitied herself, the softer she grew; until she burst forth in tears and sobs, thus effectually stemming the tide of her further discourse. The conversation was not at all refreshing to Lyonel; he almost regretted having left the Lichtenheim Inn; the more so when he was informed that the sergeant had gone on a journey in a farmer's wagon, no one knew nor cared wherefore, nor whether he went.

"See to the kitchen, *ma chère*," said in a mild, almost tender tone, the steward, to his wife, who was wiping her brimming eyes, and he held toward her his opened snuff box in a forgiving way. "All will be better; our honored count has walked for two hours, and must have a good appetite. Let bygones alone, chase your grief, my treasure!"

She groaned aloud and cast an appealing look to Heaven; then she dipped two fingers in the snuff-box, took a pinch, and resigned herself to her destiny.

Lyonel felt the strongest desire of running away from the place at the top of his speed; he felt such indignation and contempt for the cringing pair, whose hypocrisy and assumed good will, fawning and deferential homage, proved to him the innate

tyranny of which they would be capable under other circumstances. But he controlled himself; he would not insult those even whom he felt compelled to despise. It would not be productive of good. He allowed himself to be conducted to the room he had occupied before.

CHAPTER XIX.

Change of Mind.

His mood was not a pleasant one, for he was enriched by another disappointment. With far different feelings he had returned to the charming valley that to his imagination was clad in all the beauty of an idyllic dream. He had anticipated the happiness of enjoying life once more in a world of innocence. He paced the floor in vexation of mind; threw himself upon the sofa, and brooded over gloomy thoughts, noting several of them in his diary; he looked out of the window over the quiet vale, but all its magic had fled. At the dinner table the host desired to keep him company, but was politely requested to leave him alone.

"That it is ever so!" he thought; "that where Nature thrives in fullest glory the human being is the worst, and every Paradise has its serpent."

At the recollection of the serpent, came the thought of Eve, then that of Cecilia and the house servant of the farmer. At this association the young peasant with the drawn knife in his hand became still more repulsive, and Cecilia grew no lovelier. He felt nothing like an attack of jealousy, only compassionate sorrow for a young girl that seemed worthy of a scaph's love, and yet could descend to stolen interviews with so coarse a boar. He was vexed with the deception practiced upon him by his imagination, that had compelled him to render a sort of admiring homage to so commonplace a character. He thought he now understood the hitherto enigmatical expressions of the old Hussar.

When he was ready to depart, he intended to return to Lichtenheim at once, and leave the vale forever. The invalid was absent, so he wrote to the old man, whom he held in esteem, a few words of kindly farewell. But as the Trolle family harbored so strong a resentment against Tobias Thork and his niece, he could not hope to find there a messenger for his note. After some internal conflict, he resolved to go himself, but he went with strangely adverse feelings.

When he reached the edge of the forest, and saw the lowly dwelling beneath the birches, he found the windows covered, the door locked, or bolted; he knocked several times, but there was no response. The maiden was not at home, thought the traveler; or she had company, and would not be interrupted. He laid the note upon the threshold, and turned to go, when Cecilia's voice called from within:

"Who is there?"

Lyonel gave his name. The door was opened a few inches; he pushed it gently with his hand, and Cecilia stood before him, barefooted, attired as he had first beheld her, near the ruins by the stream, tending her little flock of goats. But she was another being then; her delicate face was suffused with a rosy lustre; her eyes revealed the signs of weeping, and betrayed surprise and embarrassment. In one hand she held a pistol, with finger on the trigger she gazed on her in astonished silence, after the first salutation, to which, in her confusion, she made no reply. For a few moments she remained thus speechless, then she fell upon her knees, and taking his hand, pressed her lips upon it, and bedewed it with a burning tear. As he endeavored to lift her from the ground, she refused to rise, and entreated weeping:

"Oh, let me remain!"

The young man looked upon her with pity, almost with emotion, and asked:

"Why do you weep, my good child?"

"My joy—my gratitude!" she faltered forth. Then at length controlling her feelings, she rose and cast upon him a look of reverence and humility, that seemed to plead for forgiveness. She wiped away the tears, and led him in silence to the little sitting-room, where, on the table, by the curtained window, stood the embroidery frame with the work not yet completed.

"I should never have taken you for such an Amazon!" said Lyonel, forcing a jesting remark to his lips, as he hung the pistol in its accustomed place. "Almost, I fear you."

"You fear me?" she responded, with singular emphasis on the words, and she raised her dark blue eyes and rested their piercing, questioning glance upon his face.

"But why so armed?" he continued.

"I am alone in the house," she said softly, and sighed.

"And you fear robbers? Is it unsafe in Saint Catharine's Vale?"

"No; but I am in danger of being insulted when I remain alone. There are very bad people in the house of farmer Trolle, and I fear them. Only this morning, they caused me great alarm. And as the master, so is the servant. My uncle ordered me to let no one in, and in case of necessity to defend myself by force. But when I heard your voice, Mr. Harrington, your name—"

Again she cast her eyes to the ground, and was silent.

Lyonel, too, forgot his speech, as, in the delight of gazing upon her, he forgot all besides, in admiration of the timid beauty and humility that stood before him, with folded hands. An entire change of thought, and feeling took possession of him. His former convictions returned; a being like Cecilia—such a res-

elation of saint-like naturalness, could not be guilty of aught derogatory to her sinless soul.

"Can you—will you allow me to remain a few moments?" he asked, after a long pause, that to him, however, had seemed only a second in duration.

"How can you ask?" she smiled, with that fascinating manner that was her rare and special charm. "Then go on with your embroidery; we will talk awhile."

He sat down by the little table; she took the frame upon her lap, and sat down opposite to him. But she did not appear to make rapid progress with her stitches.

"Your uncle, Cecilia, whether he be gone?"

"To the dental residence; to the capital. He has taken some of my work to dispose of there, as he is obliged to go to speak with the physician. My good uncle! The spitting of blood, that causes me so much anxiety, has returned, and he is quite feeble!"

At the request of the traveler, she related the commencement and progress of his illness. Thus the conversation, although on a saddening topic, was continued. She seemed to lose somewhat of her reserve and reserve as she talked. Her voice was very sweet; her conversational powers fine. He listened with increasing interest and sympathy. Questioning her, he gained much information respecting the past life of the worthy Tobias; many a trait characteristic of nobility and goodness, that she was aware of. In all that she spoke was revealed a bright, freed understanding, a greatness and fortitude of soul gained from life-experiences; again, this child of poverty impressed him like a heavenly, an almost supernatural being. When looking away from her, he listened, it was as if he were in the presence of a youthful lady of culture and high refinement. And when he glanced again at the barefooted maiden in her linen sleeves, short, colorless bodice, with the red cotton handkerchief folded over neck and shoulders he could scarce believe it was she who had spoken. Neither did she appear ashamed of her condition, but in every movement she displayed a grace and dignity that had been her dowry from above.

"But, Cecilia, how will it be, when, sooner or later, your uncle will be separated from you by death?" said Lyonel, as the young girl dwelt upon the feeble health of that beloved and only relative. "How then, what prospect remains to you?"

She dropped her head upon her breast, as if a sharp pain had smitten her, and answered with a deep sigh:

"He often speaks of it—too often. He must not die!"

"It is right in him to prepare you for this, Cecilia, that he tells you where to turn. Have you no other even distant relations?"

"My nearest relative is God! I have no other, and he suffices me. He, of a certainty, will never forsake me!"

"Through him, dear child, I, too, am related to thee. But tell me, would you, if uncle Tobias died, resolve to remain, left to yourself, without human advice or aid, in this lonely vale, with such unfriendly neighbors?"

"We have talked about it, and Uncle spoke before his departure, of his intention to remove to a great city, where I can far more easily dispose of my embroidery, and we can live from the proceeds; where we can find more congenial people; where no one knows me, and where, on account of certain occurrences, no one will repel and avoid me; for I was and am guiltless of these things. And, kind sir, your goodness, your benevolence have given us the means, which we lacked, of removing from here. But we will say no more of this. The apprehension of the future is always more terrible than that future when it becomes the present. You have been to us the angel in human form, whom God has sent to our timely help! And we, and the dear God, will not forget you. I pray you, let us speak now of other matters."

CHAPTER XX.

The Wish.

It would have been most agreeable to the American to have continued the subject; the strange expressions of the young girl, "where no one knows me, and where, on account of certain occurrences, no one will repel and avoid me, for I was and am guiltless of these things," seemed to point toward some portion of her past life, which it was necessary to conceal. Perhaps it denoted some crime, in which she had been implicated against her will; or it meant some hidden fault of the mind; some fearful physical disease. He was silent, as if stricken by terror; he was eager to question and ventured not, for fear of giving offense.

As he continued silent, Cecilia artlessly endeavored to turn the conversation into other and more agreeable channels. She spoke of the goodness of heart, the fatherly solicitude, the cheerful spirit of her uncle; related with a childlike confidence his adventures in the past; his campaigns; of distant lands and nations he had seen, interrupting herself sometimes to put a query to her listener, who as one far traveled, might have passed over the same sites. Thus called upon, he would look up and reply in a friendly, but yet abrupt manner.

But when he thus looked up to the bright innocent face, he felt his doubts confusedly mingling with other strange and bewildering feelings. That pure, fresh bloom could never have been breathed upon by sin, by even the poisoned approach of an evil thought. He had thought often, as a pitying witness he gazed upon the uncomplaining sergent and his niece, of ameliorating their condition of bitter privation, by persuading them to emigrate to the Colonies of Alabama; to accompany him to Mary-hall, there to enjoy a freer and a happier life. He could not deny to himself, and that without any selfish motive, that this Cecilia would be the costliest jewel he could transfer from Europe to the banks of his native stream.

And yet she had herself uttered these dreadful words. And they were in accord with the words that had fallen from the lips of the old Hussar. Even so had they spoken in the house of Farmer Trolle; the maiden was set apart from the esteem and friendship of the world; she was an outcast; and no one but the faithful uncle could be her friend and guardian. Even while her beauty was acknowledged, she was mentioned with unfailing abhorrence and disgust.

Again he bent his looks upon her, as if to read from her features the fatal secret that oppressed her, and he saw, that with her arm thrown carelessly across the table, she, too, was regarding him with sorrowful attention. She had ceased speaking for some time, that she might not disturb his reflections; for she soon became aware that he was not listening. Without being able to reach his thought,

she noticed that a cloud, as of melancholy feeling, swept over the erst animated countenance. She cast down her eyes, as she felt the questioning glances of his; a question hovered on the lips of both, that neither expressed in words. At length, Lyonel, regaining composure, said:

"Listen Cecilia, I would—but you do not know me. I wish you knew me well."

Again he stayed his speech.

She smiled, and answered with a warm-hearted truthfulness:

"Why, Mr. Harrington, it seems to me as if I had known you long, almost as well as myself. One cannot be mistaken in you."

"Do you believe it? So much the better. You are without guile, and do not know the world. But rest assured, you shall not be disappointed in me. It would be impossible for me even to attempt it. Will you then give me your entire faith? Will you place full confidence in that which I will tell you?"

"Willingly; faith and confidence as in myself," she replied, in a low voice, and without raising her eyes.

"Then listen to me, dear child. I have large possessions in America. You and your good uncle endure a life of privation. I wish to aid you both."

"Good, kind sir, you have done so already. We need no more; our misery is ended. But we must remain your debtors to all eternity, for how could we ever repay you?"

"Repay me? You can do it; you can fulfil one of my dearest wishes by your confidence, by giving proof of your faith in me. This wish of mine, but you may call me intrusive—"

"No, I shall not call it so, for you can never become that."

"Will you then grant me what I entreat of you?"

"Most willingly, Mr. Harrington; for you will not demand what unreasonable. I pray you tell me wherein I may serve you?"

"Well then, forgive me, Cecilia! I will address to you a single question, one question,—but, Cecilia, answer me freely and openly; I will believe all that you say. You spoke of—"

The voice of the young speaker died away; in the impulse of the moment, or perhaps in order to still further attract her confidence, he had taken her hand, and as that little hand with its slender fingers rested in his own, he forgot his discourse and the wish he was about to utter. His heart throbbed loudly, and all surrounding objects flitted confusedly before his eyes. It was as if, holding that patient hand, her soul had come to him, his had fled to her for refuge; he could have lived thus for an eternity!

At length he cast a timorous look on the young girl, who sat with averted head, low drooping on her breast, in graceful embarrassment and maiden shame. She did not withdraw the hand he held; but her quick coming breath betrayed the unrest and oppression of a heart that did not comprehend its own emotions. She hovered in the benevolent, condescending, rich and handsome traveler, a being of a superior nature of all whom she knew, he was different and excelled them. She deemed herself too unworthy of his attention; and the feeling that so purely glowed within her breast she deemed in humble acknowledgment of her unworthiness, only the response of gratitude that lacked the expression of speech.

Lyonel sought to arouse himself from the wondrous bewilderment; and to return to a sober condition he compelled himself to relinquish Cecilia's hand. Then he called her, low, and in an imploring tone, by name. She turned towards him at the summons; a rosy luster on her cheeks, the glow of inspiration in the violet-blue eyes, over all her features a rapturous expression. She folded her hands, as if in fervent prayer, upon her bosom and cried:

"Yes, sir, yes! You wish to give me a command; I will obey,—obey if I am to die this moment!"

"Tell me, Cecilia," he said in a soft, low tone: "who are you? You are not what you appear to be."

Her hand fell in surprise, she slowly uttered, "I—"

"Do not misunderstand me, you precious child! In my soul there is no doubt of you. But the nearer I come to you, the more inexplicable you seem. How shall I solve the contradiction that exists between the culture of your heart and mind; and permit me to say, your personal loveliness, and the contrasting poverty and lowliness of your life and avocation? How solve the enigma that presents you to me as a pure, religious spirit, in contrast to the evil reports that are spread about you, ay, even the secret repulsion with which you are regarded? Even the expressions of your own Uncle, strike me as singular; and still more so your own, when you spoke of things of which you are innocent. Dear Cecilia, your present lot has not been your former one. Tell me frankly, without reserve, what occurrence, or whose fault brought you to this miserable condition? Yes, beloved soul! I believe it, you are innocent. But, I conjure you, tranquillize me completely by complying with my wish. You have promised it, and I vow, though you have not desired it, the most inviolable silence and secrecy."

While he was speaking, the young girl had grown deathly pale. She sought to conceal her face, but her hands sank powerless to her side. She seemed to undergo a terrible internal struggle. After a long pause that Lyonel had not presumed to break, she cast a sorrowful imploring glance upon him, and faltered: "Have pity!" Then she became suddenly composed and resolved, and said, like one in despair but with a firm voice:

"No, I have given you the promise! Be it so. I felt the forbidding; my heaven could not remain to me. I will speak; yes, as I would speak before my God; then I will say farewell; and forever remember you; forever pray for you! But, do not repent of your goodness to me, though you regret that you have ever—"

"Regret? Impossible!" cried Lyonel with profound emotion, and again he put forth his hand to take Cecilia's. But she starting and shuddering, drew quickly back with an air that betokened fear, he knew not whether of herself or him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

There are no such disagreeable people in the world as those who are forever seeking their own improvement, and disquieting themselves about this fault and that; while, on the other hand, there is an unconscious merit which wins more hearts and does more good than all the theoretically virtuous in the wide world—those who seem to be more than to do; who speak of no deficiencies in either themselves or others, but who are necessarily modest, because they only take what their hands find to do, and do it with their might.

Written for the Banner of Light.

A PLEA FOR THE ERRING.

BY SYLVIA L. WOODARD.

"Fallen," say you, "vile" and "degraded."
"Her presence unfit for the pure and the good?"
"Deserves," did you say, "to be shunned and upbraided."

Because the temptation she hath met withalood?"
What was said by our Saviour to one of yore?"
"Neither do I condemn thee, go, sin no more."

Judge not the erring one harshly, my brother—
In her sad fall hast thou borne no part?"
Christ hath commanded us, "Love one another;"

Strive, then, to bind up the poor, wounded heart—
Say to her as was said to thy sister of yore:
"Neither do I condemn thee, go, sin no more."

Speak to the erring one, kindly, O woman!
She is thy sister—in Love thou should'st at live;
Remember 'tis said that 'to err is but human,'"

But, 'tis also said, "'tis Godlike to forgive."
Perhaps thy kind words may the erring restore—
"Neither do I condemn thee, go, sin no more."

Condemn not the erring; thou know'st not the conflict
Which wages, deep hid in the poor, wounded heart!
Issue not lightly thy soul-crushing edict,

But act toward thy sister the Samaritan's part.
These words, like a balm, o'er the bruised heart pour:
"Neither do I condemn thee, go, sin no more."

Scorn not the erring! Judge not till you know
All the sad causes which led her astray!
Though, for a time, in dark paths she may go,

She will rise up redeemed, when love points the way!
Tell her, while thy soul is with love flowing o'er,
"Neither do I condemn thee, go, sin no more."

Be just to the erring—thou hast many faults, too,
Which thou fain would'st not have kindly forgiven.
Judge others as ye would that they should judge you.

And Earth will to thee be a Heaven—
These blessed words will fall sweetly in sorrows dark hour:
"Neither do I condemn thee, go, sin no more."

What though the frail form by adversity driven
Has yielded at last to the tempter's dark power,
Her spirit's as pure as the angel's in heaven,

And love is to it as dew to the flower.
Speak these holy words gently and kindly once more—
"Neither do I condemn thee, go, sin no more."

Flora, N. H., April, 1862.

Original Essays.

BASIS OF RELIGIOUS ORGANIZATION.

BY EDWARD H. FREELAND.

TO A. BRATY.

The points of difference between us are, in my judgment, important and radical. They relate to the essential elements of difference between two opposite classes of the advanced men and practical reformers of the day; and upon their harmonious resolution and adjustment, theoretically and practically, depends the question, whether actual reform shall advance by the "progress of antagonism," or by the progress of cooperation. I purpose to consider these points, therefore, at some length, and to endeavor to point out the method of their reconciliation.

Using the term *Convincement* for all that which is held as true, whether called Science, Knowledge, Belief, Thought, Opinion, Ideas, Feeling, Inspiration, Philosophy, Doctrine, Creed, or by any other name, we may say that all human Convincement divides, radically, into two classes. 1st. That which goes back to, rests upon, and includes, what all men recognize as true. 2d. That which rests upon individual experience only, whether amounting to knowledge, or remaining in the less certain domain of mere belief. The former of these classes is allied with science, and is designated as being demonstrable to all intelligent persons. I shall therefore use the term *Demonstrable* throughout this article, to designate this class of Convincement, as discriminated from the latter class, which I will call the *Undemonstrable*, because it is not, as yet, capable of being proven to all intelligent men, and hence is accepted as *truth* or *knowledge*, by a larger or smaller portion of people only.

All that pertains to the sphere of Religion, as well as all that pertains to the spheres of Government, Political Economy, Morals, Social Harmony and Art, has, up to this time, belonged in the domain of the Undemonstrable. But while this is so; while all our Convincements in relation to Religion have been purely personal, and have been considered, therefore, more or less doubtful, by those whose experience did not include them, they are, to the individual holding them, or the sect, the church, and the unnumbered of verities. Hence the religious convictions of men have been the most powerful of any which they have possessed, and hence the destructive energy which has always characterized religious wars—was in which men fought to vindicate that conviction which was the deepest and most vital, and which, consequently, when denied or opposed, called forth their most violent passions in its favor, and their most strenuous efforts in its defense.

The firm hold which religious Convincement takes of the individual, coupled with this other fact, that such Convincement is not capable of demonstration to one who does not accept it, and who, therefore, generally regards it as erroneous—has been, and is still, the source of the intolerance, bigotry and arrogance which, in the past and up to our own time, have characterized all religious sects. Nor can it be otherwise, so long as religious Convincement rests upon that which is tolerable to the individual alone, or to his sect, and not to the minds of all intelligent men. Intolerance is exactly proportioned to the strength of conviction and the narrowness of perception. In proportion as I have faith in my truth, and do not perceive the efficacy of another's, in that ratio I am intolerant of that which he professes to believe. The old Spanish Inquisitors, who tortured with the utmost cruelty the bodies of heretics, did so, as history is now showing as a matter of fact, just as logic shows as a matter of reason—not because they delighted in torture, but because they never doubted for an instant, that hell was a heretic's everlasting portion, and that any earthly agony was preferable to perpetual damnation. You and I would do the same now, if we had a faith as strong as theirs, and a devotion as overwhelming, coupled with as limited intellectual perception. By which I mean to say that if you or I, or any one, believed that our religion was the only one competent to save men's souls—however we may define that idea—then the measure of our intolerance of every other Religion, the vigor and the constancy with which we fought, even to death, all who opposed us and all who refused to join us, would be the measure of our philanthropy and of our devotion to truth. Elizabeth Barrett Browning, in a remarkable sentence, which I believe I have quoted in a previous article, conveys the same idea. We call the tolerant tolerant, because we believe nothing, or we tolerate nothing because we believe something."

As long, therefore, as Religion rests upon Undemonstrable and individual Convincement only; as long as it is out of the range of Science, which may be loosely defined as Demonstrable Convincement; so long must there be intolerance and exclusiveness, to a greater or less extent. It is only when Religion becomes Science, whose truths are capable of demonstration to all, that tolerance becomes impossible.

As yet, Religion rests upon no such basis; each man believes his own convictions, in that regard, to be the true ones, and his neighbor's, the erroneous ones. And in the ratio in which he thinks it possible that there may be a doubt of the exclusive truth of his own Convincement, in that degree he is tolerant of his neighbor's faith. This position proves itself; for tolerance implies a belief in your own idea, coupled with doubt of another's; yet, still, not entire doubt of some good contained in it. It is this upon the assumption of true devotion to truth in the heart of the tolerator. While Religion rests upon Undemonstrable Convincement only, there is, therefore, no possibility of a broad, harmonious, all-embracing Church or Religious Organization. For, as you very truly remark, in regard to such an organization: "Instead of all the members living in sweet harmony together as one man, having, as it were, one heart and soul, Christ being the living head and inspiration of the whole, we would have many hearts, each man's heart, each man's belief, and each man's will, which is hell."

A believer in Mohammedanism has substituted that name for Christ, in expressing the same sentiment, upon the same subject; a believer in Buddhism that of Buddha; and so in relation to all the religious faiths

of the world—each one of these faiths assuming its own divine origin and consequent superiority over the others.

Now so long as this state of feeling exists, so long there is no possibility of a harmonious organization, which shall include all these various diverse beliefs. For, each sect having precisely the same estimate of its own supreme position, which estimate rests upon precisely the same foundation in each case—the undemonstrable Convincement that it is so—there is no possible ground of harmony, except in the admission of the position, namely, by each, which, of course, is impossible. Unless, therefore, the methods of Science can be carried into the sphere of Religion; unless some new scientific discovery, different from any now known to the world at large, shall plant Religion upon the sure basis of demonstration, no grand organization, no broad basis of harmony is possible. Still further, until religious tenets are placed upon this sure foundation of scientific demonstration, none of us claiming to base our belief upon intellectual conviction from facts, can be manner as that of which we may be convinced. You say: "I cannot believe that a proposition made by another must have truth to [it], because that person believes it. It may be a mistake." But this is a two edged sword. How can you know that your own belief is true? How do you know that it is not a mistake? How do you know that Christianity is the only true, or supremely true Religion? The Mahometan, Buddhist, Brahmin, etc., affirm that, *par excellence*, for their faith, which you claim to be true. How can you be certain that they have not the same right to their erroneous one? Neither your Undemonstrable Convincement, nor mine, nor theirs, settles that question; nor any other. It leaves the whole matter at issue. Nor have we, at present, any reliable method of settling this question, nor can we have any, until the Laws and demonstrations of Science are carried into the region of religious Convincement.

My assertion in relation to the truth of those things which others see, and not apprehend by you, in as fundamental a manner as I intended it should be. I was not dealing with the question at issue in the superficial view of it, and as a mere fact, but in the light of philosophical cause. What I mean is this: That wherever any sane human mind, looking for the truth says: "I perceived such to be truth," there must be some such verity there, or else that mind would not have perceived such. There is no reason why it should be otherwise. The only possible ground of being denied that there was no foundation for the perception is that the mind of the investigator was not healthy or sound. That it was a case of mental delusion, just as in Optics we have optical delusions, caused by unsound eyes. For, if the mind of the one asserting his perception of a truth be regarded as healthy, then there is no way to account for his seeing a verity anywhere, except upon the ground that it was in the place which he affirms it was seen by him.

The dual fact that philosophy leads inevitably to the assumption, by each individual, of the truth of that which he apprehends, and the setting aside of all else as mistake. In religion, each person is strong in the belief of that which appears to him as truth, and in the denial, more or less vehement, of something equally clear to his neighbor, but not to him. Hence, as I have said before, the intolerance, narrow-mindedness, bigotry, of religious sects. And the principle of this is precisely the same, whether the opposition be only active or passive, merely denying the equality of truth of the various opposite beliefs. Hence, also, as I said in my first letter to you, the mistake of men in the past and now, is not in their affirmations, but in their negations; not in asserting the truth of their own perceptions, but in the illogical denial of truth to those of others, whose neutral organizations are equally healthy with their own. For I dismise, as ground not possible to be held by any rational man in this day, the assumption that every man must be of unsound mind who differs from himself.

This mistake of the past has been the result of a false philosophy, which has always, hitherto, pervaded the world—a philosophy which teaches that because one view of a subject is true, therefore a different or opposite view must be erroneous. True Philosophy, founded on science, will show us just the contrary, and will exhibit truth in its highest aspect, as the result of the integration of opposites.

The Philosophy of Integration, or wholeness, as distinguished from all the various systems of philosophy of the past, which have never conceived of the possibility of truth being found in antagonisms, but have always insisted upon either one or the other side, as true, and the opposite side as necessarily false.

You see, then, that I do not deny that mistakes may be made; but, on the contrary, affirm that they are made. Still further, in the absence of science, the mistake is made. For while there is a "basis of truth" in every peculiar aspect of things, as seen from individual standpoints, the relative importance of the shades of truth, thus perceived, the place which they fill in the more comprehensive truth, and the deductions drawn from them, may be erroneously estimated, or the deductions themselves may be incorrect. And this brings me to the statement, that while making this sweeping and all embracing assertion of the fundamental truth of the healthy perceptions relatively to the standpoint of the observer, I just as distinctly affirm the relative difference of all truth as regards its importance or rank, so to speak, and the impossibility of satisfactorily settling this relative rank or importance by individual perception, reflection or observation, upon any method now known to the world at large. In other words, until science shall establish upon its firm and unalterable foundations the relative rank of every basic mental or material fact, there can be no adjustment of the question of the relations of diverse moral, religious, or other laws.

To illustrate the fact that Christ and his religion assume, in your mind, the highest rank among religious things, does not establish them as entitled to that rank. We have as yet no scientific standard by which to measure men, any more than we have one by which to measure truths. The question of the relative highness or lowness of men, in the scale of humanity or divinity, is one for the solution of which we have yet to wait. It involves points upon which various and opposite opinions are held, such as the relative rank of the physical, mental, moral and spiritual nature of man; the question of the preponderance of the one or the other of these in a perfect organization, and the measure of preponderance, the relative importance of the love and the wisdom sides of man, etc., etc. Now my Convincement upon this subject, or yours, or any other, is futile to settle this question. Every man recognizes his ideal, his God, in that which appeals most forcibly to his own nature. It is then merely a question of individual development. If one is in the plane of physically, only the most splendid physique becomes the ideal; if in the plane of intellectuality, the most remarkable mind; if in the religious, the most divine or inspirational, etc. But the question of the position of these planes of development, their relative importance, and consequently that of the individuals who stand representative of them, is still untouched. Nor will any "searching diligently after truth," by persevering inquiries and reflection," bring us to the "exact truth, on any subject within the range of the mind's capacity," be it this or another, so long as our inquiries continue in the realm of undemonstrable Convincement only. Science, exact science alone, is adequate to the exact adjustment and establishment of truth upon a practical working basis.

I am using the word science here, in its broadest and most expansive significance. When I define science as "a series of necessarily dependent and consecutive propositions, which rest upon a certain fundamental proposition," a more exhaustive definition may be given. Exact science is a system or series of truths, relating to the whole universe, or to some department of it, consecutively and necessarily resulting from, and dependent upon, each other, in a definite chain or series, and resting primarily, upon some fundamental truth or truths, so simple and self-evident, that when clearly stated, all men must, by the natural constitution of the human mind, perceive them and recognize them as true.

Now everything which is true, is capable of being shown to be true, or in other words, of being demonstrated. Demonstration is the pointing out of the definite chain or series by which we go from fundamental truths, clearly perceived, up to the particular truth in question. Every man has that in his mind which he knows to be true, the truth of which he cannot deny to himself. It is, therefore, truth to him only; and while it may be, and generally is, the most undoubted of truths to him, it does not take its place among commonly recognized verities. The reason why this Convincement, so plain to him, cannot be demonstrated to others, is either because the fundamental truth upon which this special truth cognized rests, is not known, or because the definite chain or series which leads up to this latter, is not perceived. In other words, because the relation which this special truth bears to those connected with it, fundamentally and collaterally, is not known.

For this same reason, when we consider the relation of the particular truth to those linked with it, is not known—this former is apt to assume proportions not justly its due, and of which it is curtailed, when the whole truth, or the truth of its relations, comes to be understood. A good illustration of this statement is the divinity which ignorant men and races have, in times past, ascribed to those who, by reason of knowledge, were able to do that which was incomprehensible to

their undeveloped minds. The fact that a white man could, by a few marks upon paper, make another man know his thoughts, elevated their train in the estimation of the untutored Indian, into supernatural beings. But the moment the basis upon which the ability to convey ideas by writing rests, becomes known, the fact assumes its proper and legitimate proportion. You will see again from this point of view, how it is perfectly consistent to affirm the basic truth of every individual's mental perceptions, while at the same time admitting and affirming that mistakes are made in regard to their relative value.

Now, as I have already affirmed, all our religious Convincements are to-day particular truths known to the individual, but not demonstrable. The fundamental truth upon which they rest, is not clearly perceived, or the definite chain or series which leads up to the special aspect of truth is not known. We have no science of religion known to the world. We have, therefore, to-day, no way of showing the truth of that which we know, nor of knowing the truth of that which we verify, connected with it, simply because we do not sufficiently apprehend the laws which govern and distribute truth which appertains to religion. Yet until these laws are thoroughly and commonly understood and recognized as the basis of action, all our knowledge will be of no avail for practical cooperative organization. I cannot act upon that which is not veritable to me, however clear it may be to you. You cannot act upon that which I know, unless I can prove it to you. So that knowledge, I repeat, is not practically valuable to-day in religious affairs, because the laws of this knowledge are to the world at large, unknown. Until, therefore, the world does know the laws, or what is the same, the science of religious knowledge, we must remain in the unsatisfactory state of inharmonious antagonism, isolation, bigotry, and assumptive arrogance, which ever has characterized and ever must characterize knowledge which is that of personal Convincement only.

But when the laws which lie at the base of, and constitute the science of religious truth shall be commonly known, religion, in its intellectual or truth-knowing side, will become matter of study, the same as are to-day Astronomy, Geology, Geometry; the exact value of each aspect of truth will be known, the rank or relative importance of various principles will be correctly estimated, and hence the rank of persons representative of various principles, by the same exact method by which we now discover the laws of planetary revolution, or a problem in Euclid. Opinion, conjectures, theory, belief, personal knowledge merely, will then vanish in the clear light of unerring demonstration, and the great and predominant cause of intolerance, antagonism, inharmonious, which hitherto has necessarily existed, will be swept into the fading twilight of the past, before the clear radiance of the risen sun. When such a science becomes the basis of organization, though "my platform bind together persons with antagonistic principles," yet will there be "sweet harmony" among them, resulting from the magnificent knowledge that all truth, instead of being simple, is compound, and that the practical truth is everywhere, the result of the interblending of "antagonistic principles," producing the composite, living, vital laws of being in every sphere and department of existence.

An illustration may make clearer this not easily made clear subject. Suppose, fifty persons to live at equal distance from each other, around the base of a hill, each one ignorant of his neighbor's position and of the aspect which the hill presented to him, and each one supposing that what he saw of the hill was all there was of it. Now each of these persons will give an entirely different account of the nature of that hill. Each one will know certainly the truth of the aspect which he has invariably seen, and will regard as mistake the equally positive statement of the others in relation to the respective aspects which they have invariably seen. Now, what is the integral truth in relation to these points of difference? Simply, that every man of them was right! Every man of them did know the truth which he affirmed. Yet every man of them was wrong! He denied truth just as real as his own, because it affirmed a side the opposite of his, and, therefore, he thought it must be a mistake. The whole or integral truth was, that the hill, instead of having one aspect only, and that one that which presented itself to each individual's eye, had an infinitely number of aspects, which, taken together, or integrated, made its composite, inclusive, aspherical presentation, as seen from all possible stand-points.

Precisely this state of things exists to-day in regard to religious truth. Each individual sees that portion of the integral truth which presents itself to his mental organization, and believing it to be the only aspect of that truth, denies the accuracy of the appearance, and the reality of the aspects which he does not directly organized in mind, see different sides of the truth. Just as soon as religionists come to perceive, as in the case of the dwellers around the hill, that they have been surrounding and aspeeting different sides, opposite aspects of the same great unity of truth, where

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole," There will be no difficulty in gathering ourselves into one all-embracing, harmonious organization, including in itself the representatives of every most opposite and diverse aspect of the one grand truth.

Returning again to our illustration, it will be readily perceived that while each of the fifty can easily satisfy himself of the truth of every one of the diverse aspects presented by the hill, no two of these aspects can, by any possibility, be present to his vision at one and the same time. For, as he goes around the hill, one view fades as another presents itself. Now the fact to which I desire to call special attention, is this. That while personal observation, and even the most accurate aspect of truth to be true at one time, reflection integrates various aspects of truth, and demonstrates to the intellect that these are all true at the same time; as one journeying around the hill sees but one given aspect of it at any one time, yet knows, by reflection, that, at the same time, various other and opposite aspects of it are equally true to those occupying positions, formerly his own stand-points, in the course of his journey.

Our individual views of religious truth must be corrected by the same faculty which corrects our personal observations in the physical world; by the reflective faculty. In the religious sphere we are to-day in the position of the dwellers around the hill, before they knew anything of it, except that which appeared to their own vision. We have no conception that truth is a unit, and that all our seemingly contradictory views of truth are, in reality, different aspects of the great truth, as seen from different stand-points, and are all equally true. Each one, therefore, is denying the validity of his own view of the truth, and is setting aside as mistakes, those views which do not coincide with his own. When the relations of these various views of truth shall become generally known, and the laws which govern them, as also the fundamental basis upon which they rest; when, in other words, the science of religious truths shall become known to the world, through the instrumentality of the reflective faculty, we shall be able mentally to posit ourselves at various angles of observation, and see, intellectually, truth as it appears from other stand-points than our own. While we shall not then be able, *mentally*, to perceive more than one aspect of truth at any one time, any more than we are able so to do in relation to physical observation; yet, as in the case already given, we shall know by means of the reflective faculty, that all these different mental views are true, at the same time, just as were all the different aspects of the hill, a new fact, as I have stated, in a previous article, and one that had been recently discovered, of immense scope and importance. This discovery is about to throw new light into all departments of human activity, and through this science we are about to enter upon the most tremendous revolution in science, in government, in theology, in political economy, in art, in practical life, which the world has ever witnessed. It will carry the sure methods of demonstration into the department of observation, and link all the various and diverse spheres of existence in one harmonious whole. A brief statement of the nature of this discovery will not be out of place here.

UNIVERSAL SCIENCE is the science of the universe, as a whole, and of the correlation of its parts and principles, in the same precise sense as that in which Geometry is the science of the measurement of extension, and form, or Astronomy, of the relations of celestial bodies. It is the science of the laws which govern the universe, and universal principles in the nature of things, which are everywhere suspected, as it were, to exist, but which have never been heretofore scientifically discovered and proven; principles which have given rise to dreamy, misty theories of

THE LESSONS OF SPIRITUALISM.

An Address by H. B. Storor, at Lyceum Hall, Boston, Sunday Afternoon, April 13th, 1862.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

The distinguished scholar and orator who addressed the spiritualists today, spoke to a crowded house from the following text:

"But when they shall lead you, and deliver you up, take no thought beforehand what ye shall speak, neither do ye premeditate; but whatsoever shall be given you in that hour, that speak ye; for it is not ye that speak, but the Holy Spirit." (Mark 13: 11.)

This was one of the promises made by Christ to his disciples; and he told them, further, by way of encouragement, that they should be despised, grieved up, and become a by-word of reproach among all people, and every species of obloquy should be thrust upon them; while their reward should be the faith within them. But had nothing to hope from the world, but all was based upon the unseen but actual spirit life. All promises must rest upon immutable, eternal principles, and be based upon immutable law. If, then, Jesus, walking the plains of Judea, scattering his seeds of thought among his followers and pupils, felt he had the power to make the authoritative inspiration; and he felt that they trusted as he trusted, in no case should they be disappointed. And this promise is a certain now among all followers of Truth, as it was then among the followers of the Nazarene. You will observe the promise is based upon certain conditions. It is made to those who put their trust in God—in the goodness and righteousness of the cause which they serve. They feel weak and feeble of themselves, and must depend upon a being all powerful and all-wise, whose essence permeates every avenue and channel of existence; and when they are delivered up, and their names have become a by-word of reproach among all people, they should feel the strength of their humortality, and rely upon the higher spirit of existence.

So when you are delivered up unto all the circumstances of temptation and trial, you will be strengthened, and the spirit of the Father shall work within you. There can be no doubt with the fervent soul and the quickened spirit. All disappointments belong to the external plane of life. The spirit, controlled and measured by the power of all wisdom, can never be disappointed, but it hopes meet with full fruition. Come not with carnal and harsh judgment, expecting to find what God has not promised any man.

This subject is one worthy of being vitally understood by every human spirit. You need the clear eye of Faith to look upon the source whence all this discipline proceeds. You and every human spirit need to recognize the passage through a series of disciplinary experiments. The soul carries with it the vital force of all experience; and when you go into the spirit world, you find you have gained the very kernel, the grain of this earthly experience, and it shall be competent to supply the needs of life forevermore.

You are to-day readers and promoters of each other. Some of you are stimulants to good, and some to evil. You are to help each other, and to kill thoughts. Some lift the soul up, and bid it pulse its wings heavenward; and others shed that gross magnetism which simply awakens the lower passions of the nature, which feed, always produce inharmonious of the nature. There are many externally refined, who are within like a cage of unclean birds; and it should be the effort of all to bring out the hidden nature in all its nakedness, and show it as it is; and again, to make the light of the dormant soul shine out through the solid mass of externality. When Spiritualism is worthy of human being, it is to reveal himself to himself and to others. Do not assume a virtue if you have it not, but strive to cultivate that you have not; and no matter what low and filthy places there are in your nature, it is better to know them, and to guard against, or remove them, than to keep them hidden from yourself. It is better they should be thrown to the surface, like any violent disease, that it may be the better cured.

Take your stand upon the eternal principle of truth, and be faithful to it, and no power on earth can do you harm. You recognize the hand of the Father, and you acknowledge his power. Be strong in this thought, and no contumely nor censure can harm you; for they will be but the chastenings of the Almighty by the hand of your enemies; and you will be so armored in your trust and confidence in the Father's goodness, and in consequent purity and charity, that malice and envy will drop harmless from you. You are called upon to give up the idols of life. The money which men have molded into a God has melted, and they have been left without a God. Others of you have bent in reverence to the idol of reputation, and it has been stripped from you. Oh, Reputation was a beautiful garment, and all envied you when you wore it; yet there was a hand stretched out which stripped it off, and you were left naked to the world's scrutiny. Look within and see if you have a cleaner left; if you have it, but not all the refinements which may hang upon your back, which even a zephyr may blow away. Be sure your own character builds up a reputation for you. Reputation avails nothing in the sight of the spirit world, save as it is an index of the working soul within you. If you have got nothing better than the things of earth to embellish your soul, you have made little progress in spiritual things. It is not worth while for you to accept the Saviour's promises, since the world alone satisfy your yearnings—since you can approach, can realize nothing higher. It would be well for such if the future were a myth, for they, alas! will be poorly prepared to enter upon its mysteries. But there are those who have had their eyes opened—can understand what God has written in the heavens above, and in the hearts of his human creatures. We do not claim that such are able to harmonize all things, for the world is full of ideas, and upon all minds, and ideas are not always worthy the name of thoughts; but by and by, all these conflicting ideas will assume their place in Nature's economical classification.

Now there is a true science of life; and no matter what men think in relation to that science, God has different means of development, and from his hands all things proceed. We have heard it said that such men must become unclean unto him, and make it a duty to learn that law, and its connection with principles that had existence in Nature before he was born. He must measure his being by universal nature, and accept the laws of Deity as written everywhere; and till he does, he must reap bitter experiences, and meet disappointments all the way along. Have the best opinion you can have, but do not in haste to throw away the useful old till the new and better comes to you. Open your heart, and make it a temple for the living God; take up his abode in—and it cannot be big enough for God till it is big enough for all his children. If you are really in earnest to live right lives, you must desire strength. If mistakes lie in your way, let them be from ignorance rather than insincerity. Your mistakes are often because you have attempted to live out another nature than your own. You have only to be true to yourself, and make the act the child of the thought, and the emotion, and true thus to your interior promptings, and you then find the hidden keys the angels touch. So long as God be true to you, it matters little if others be false.

There are those waiting for God's own good time; but this is a state of inaction we cannot but disparage, being, as it is, the parent of perfect indolence. They sit till their bodies drop off their spirits, and then sit and wait till some instrumentality or agent comes along, to compel them to work out their own salvation. But no man can wait on God till he is master of himself. Make the occasion serve you. Master circumstances, and make them work out your purposes for you.

This leads us to present the thought that men are individuals growing up in the divine likeness, each the proper feature in the proper place, and each incomplete without all the rest, as great links around the earth, through which the heart of the Almighty throbs its electric life, changing all with the essence of his being! So, then, the well-being of one is dependent upon the well-being of every other. Others may not be happy till you are, and suffering souls around you bind your soul down to misery, and clip the wings of your aspiring spirit. As one rises, others are lifted up. They who seek remission by the lamb, will find the lamb a very poor beast of burden. Every man is his own saviour, and it was a poor, dimly seen which set up the death of poor Jesus as the salvation of the world. Salvation, like all great ends, is achieved through the bloody sweat of effort.

We are not to awaken fear. It never yet aided a single spirit's progression, but oftener prompted a feeling of chilling despair. We would awaken hope and confidence. You may perchance feel alone in the world—feel that there are none to sympathize with you. But this idea is not God-taught. You are born to be blessed and you cannot be miserable unless you choose to be. Everything in life is for you; and more is discouraged. Remember the angel helpers of humanity, anxiously waiting to be called to the service of the loved on earth. As soon as you come into the atmosphere of hope, all will be yours, and your heart filled

to the brim and running over with love and kindness, will drop its fragrant blessings into thousands of other waiting and yearning hearts, no so high up as you are on the ladder of progression.

But it was not intended you should accomplish all at once. There are rugged mountains and flinty paths between the dark valleys of life and the bright sunrise of spirituality, and every step must be taken. Life's lessons must be learned one at a time. Not to clutter the lumber room of your nature, you must take spiritual truths sparingly, as you do your daily food. You may load your table with all the dainties, but the stomach can receive and take care of only so much, and keep its health right. Now there are spiritual necessities as well as physical ones. How many we have seen so full of God's bounties that they cannot digest, that they feel morose and sullen, and have become spiritually unhealthy.

Rest assured there is one element strong enough to serve you—the divine spark in your own mind—the element of universal consciousness in your spirit. Remember this; and remember, too, that it is capable of expanding, even as the seed of the tree, and producing untold results.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1862.

OFFICE, 168 WASHINGTON STREET.

ROOM NO. 8, UP STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE, ISAAC B. RICH, LUTHER COLBY, CHARLES H. CROWELL, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

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The Morals of Taxation.

If a man, or a nation, has a debt to discharge, the inference is fair enough that it is in requital of some value already received and enjoyed. It is not always the worst thing in the world to carry around a burden of pecuniary responsibility, for it may often supply the place of needful ballast, whether for a man or people. The English have long labored with a heavy load of obligations of this character, and are really becoming nationally greater and stronger in consequence. In their case, it is simply the Government's owing the people; the latter, therefore, are many times more interested in upholding and making stable the Government, while the Government, on the other hand is more directly responsible than it could in any other way be to the people. The debt due the people by the Government is styled a "funded debt;" that is, it is never intended that the Government shall repay the principal, but it is promised that the interest shall be paid with promptness and regularity. Thus a new sort of stocks are created, which are bought and sold like tangible and real property; the property itself consisting, after all, in nothing but certificates of indebtedness issued by the Government, on which certificates the Government pays interest to the holder at stated intervals.

Of all the ingenious modes of helping the Government of a great nation out of its difficulties, this has been found, from long practice, to be the most successful and sensible, while, on the very face of it, it is plain that it is capable of indefinite expansion. It is highly proper that a Government should apply to its own citizens for aid when it needs it, instead of to foreign capitalists, for it thereby continues to hold the control of its destinies in its own hands, and is exempt from the reach of those exactions and crippling conditions which foreign interests and influence might be led to interpose.

We are just about entering a similar experiment. In our own national affairs. Fortunately for the experiment, if not indeed for ourselves, we found the cold shoulder turned toward us when we first became involved in our troubles, and so were obliged to look to our own resources for the help we needed so much. We began, therefore, to borrow of our own citizens. Government stocks, or securities—as they are called—hardly become of the highest quotable value at once, for men were plunged into such a maze of confusion and doubt as not to be able to see their way over any road of apparent safety, or even to allow themselves to cherish their usual faith in the perpetuity of popular institutions. But time has strengthened that slightly impaired faith, even as it has continued to improve our circumstances; and it is now confident, I predicted that Government securities are to be the favorite investment for private wealth, in the future, and will be readily sought for by capitalists abroad. We heartily trust it may all be so.

The reflection now occurs to us, as it doubtless occurs to every mind, that, after all is said and done, a national debt is a good, rather than a bad thing. Everybody will admit, and did admit before the present troubles came upon us, that we were, as a people, purse-proud and greedy of accumulation; we had become actually riotous in our haste and scramble after money; the finer feelings and sentiments had been kept down by our vulgar love of display, and our gross desire of going before one another in appearance; what we had fallen into the habit of styling culture, was not culture at all, but only a something that was to stand for it—a temporary and shallow shift—a scarecrow of an affair, without realness or worth at all; our society was no better than a pastboard show, painted and gilded for outward effect, and fit material for the merciless satire it was continually receiving even at our own hands; men were accounted men, not at all for the truly many qualities they could show, but by virtue of their having succeeded in the game of politics or the scramble for money; in fine, we were fast approaching the brink of social, and therefore of national, destruction, because our entire social state had become corrupted with the notions that prevailed respecting personal worth and character.

A change was needed, and a radical one. We were in want of a social tonic. To save our politics, we required to have our society saved first. The superstitions of the churches had received a pretty thorough overhauling, in one way and another, for years before. The prime importance people had been both forced and taught to attach to the mere possession of money, obtained no matter how, it was highly necessary to displace with ideas of a different character. Manhood and real nobleness needed to be brought into the foreground, and property and belongings to

be ordered to the rear, where they more properly belonged.

And the work was suddenly, and as by a mystery, begun. It went forward so fast, and all the time with such earnestness, that the boasters and pretenders and money-bag people shrank and collapsed, all at once, admitting, in a variety of ways which all their custom and ingenuity could not help them to conceal, that they were not of the account they had heretofore set themselves up for. True, the harpies still gathered around the national board, ready to pick up the remains of the great feast that was laid for other and better uses; yet the general tone and temper of the public mind underwent almost instant change, and the single year that has just passed has witnessed the successful beginning of a greater revolution than soldiers or politicians, statesmen or generals, at present have any idea of.

The debt in which we have all become necessarily involved, for the sake of saving our beloved country from anarchy, corruption, and the whole train of diseases to which rapidly thriving communities are subject, will prove our surest salvation, after all. It will first serve to relieve us of our egotism and vanity, and develop a little more sense and reflection in their stead. It will make us steady, in place of the flightiness to which we were so inordinately given. As we said before, it will serve for needed ballast on board our fast-sailing ship, and help keep us right and steady on the course we have chosen over the vast national seas. We really needed this; we needed to have the vanity mortified that was in our composition to so large a degree. Nothing could be better, or more wholly healthy for us in the end, as will be seen before the great experiment is fairly over.

Spring.

Poets and painters are accustomed to invest the Seasons with the attribute of personality, and the enchanting season of Spring is represented by a virgin clothed in light robes and possessing all the charms of youth and beauty. The conception is extremely agreeable, and we certainly know of no young woman whose lovers are more numerous or more constant. They often sigh for her sweet presence while she is afar off. She neither comes too soon to please them, nor does she remain too long. She is a modest maid whose blush is reflected in every flower that follows in her train, while she clothes the naked trees with her own soft mantle. When Spring appears there is "music in the air;" and the song of an English painter is not too ardent to express the satisfaction of her lovers when she comes:

With the sunshine and the swallows, and the flowers,
She is coming, my beloved, or 'er she goes,
And I sit alone and count the weary hours,
Till she cometh in her beauty back to me;
And my heart will not be quiet,
But in a "put me in" she'll put me in,
Keeps ever madly beating
At the thought of that sweet meeting,
When she cometh with the summer of the sea,
All the sweetness of the South,
On the roses of her mouth,
All the fervor of its skies
In her gentle loving eyes,
As she cometh, my beloved, home to me.

The sweet season of germination is here! The pulses of the great life beat again in the cold bosom of Nature, and vital tides flow in all the plants and trees. From the humble lichen, that clings to the rugged rocks, on the cliffs and by the sea, to fruitful orchards and mountains clad with the glory of Lebanon, there is fresh inspiration and the revelation of new forms of life. All nature wakes to greet the Spring! Even the hearts that were chilled by disappointment and the world's neglect are more hopeful when this inspiring season comes to them with its warmth of life and its wealth of beauty. The winter has been one of peculiar trial and oppressive gloom to many. The Arctic storms are not so terrible as those that desolate the home of the affections. The winter of the outward world is mild and not half so dreary as the cold season that builds up its glaciers around the heart and leaves it alone in its desolation.

Come, O Spring, to the poor and neglected—those who silently suffer and have great need of a season of rest and fruitfulness. The world is affluent in all things that supply sustenance and minister to the gratification of our rational desires. May those who have abundance remember those who possess little or nothing. It is in their power to carry Spring to many a deserted hearth, giving strength to such as are bowed down by the heavy burden of toil and care and sorrow. Here is an object worth living for. The man who constantly labors with a wise reference to the happiness of his fellow men, is a living sacrifice for Humanity, holy and acceptable before Heaven. The sun rises in his soul, causing flowers of hope to bloom at the cottage-door of the humble and along the dusty highways of the poor.

How earnestly do those who write beneath the heel of the oppressor, still wait for the coming Spring-time when they may enjoy the fruit of their own labor! To toil and sweat from year to year, at the behest of an arbitrary master, and feel that life has nothing more nor better this side the grave, is a thankless task and unwelcome thought. In human affairs, as in the changes of the years, all seasons come in their order, and Spring shall yet visit the down-trodden races and enslaved peoples of every land. How will they rejoice when the wintry despotisms of the world shall have completed their cruel reign, and the tree of LIBERTY bloom over their forgotten graves!

All invoke the presence of Spring. The sickly child pines for the brookside and the meadows; the old man leans on his staff, above the grave of his generation, and prays for the restoration of the season that shall return to him with rejuvenating power; and the mourner bedews the ashes of the dead with his tears, while he waits in faith for the realization of the immortal Spring-time of the soul. All pray for the return of the season that is fragrant with many living forms of use and beauty, and we can but join in the universal prayer. Come, O Spring, with gentle power in the teeming earth; come in the sunshine and the shade; come in the balmy air and the living waters; come in the open fields and the fragrant flowers—in the blue of morning and the music of the birds; come to the care-worn and the weary ones; come to the wanderer in foreign lands, and to the captive in his chains; come to the deserted home and the desolate heart; come especially to the sick and the dying; come, O come, to us all; in the sweet ministry of returning PEACE, in the opening germs of divine affections, and in the everlasting joys of Heaven.

B. B. B.

Aid for the Gloucester Sufferers.

We acknowledge the receipt of ten dollars from "G. T." of Philadelphia, Pa., in aid of the destitute families of the fishermen laid at sea in the severe gales of Feb. 24th and 25th, 1862. More money is wanted, although the benevolent in various parts of the country have responded nobly. Any money entrusted to our care will be placed in proper hands for distribution among the most needy of the destitute widows and orphans, without delay.

Since penning the above, we have received four dollars, also from Philadelphia, which we take this method to acknowledge, agreeably to the desire of "Y. B.," the donor.

Arcana of Nature.

A new edition of this invaluable work has just been issued by us, revised and corrected by the author. We are prepared to supply the trade on reasonable terms. Sent by mail everywhere. See advertisement for price, contents, &c.

An Earnest Voice.

There are comparatively few men, engaged in commercial pursuits and daily occupied by the cares of business, who have much to do with the commerce of ideas, or can find leisure for a critical observation of "the signs of the times." There are, however, occasional exceptions, and Mr. Sinclair Toussy (firm of Ross & Toussy, the great new agents of New York) is conspicuous among them. Notwithstanding the protracted indisposition of his partner—which has long rendered him incapable of giving his personal attention to business—Mr. Toussy finds time to observe the progress of events, and to write occasionally for the daily press and the magazines. Some time since, he contributed a paper to the *Knickerbocker*, on "Emancipation," which elicited the slow blood of its conservative readers, and excited some discussion in the papers. Mr. Toussy is a gentleman of great frankness, and, when he has anything to say, is accustomed to speak out loud, without the slightest regard to latitudinal considerations, or the velvet slippered servants of the Van Winkle family. We are bound to respect every man who respects the rights and interests of all men. Mr. Toussy appears to be such a man, who dares to strike at Wrong, whether it be concealed beneath the mitre or behind a throne.

From a late issue of the *New York Daily Times*, we extract the following earnest and unstudied exhortation to the free men of the North:

NORTHERN, TAKE COURAGE.

The world moves. The Star of Freedom is rising higher and higher, to be eclipsed only by the more glorious rays of the Sun of Universal Liberty, whose bright light will soon illuminate our whole political hemisphere. The civilization of Freedom is crushing out the great barbarism of Slavery. The moral atmosphere is being purified by the storms of agitation. As tides keep oceans pure, so do great thoughts and just principles purify the political and social pools of human stagnation, human wrongs. From the far-off shores of the Pacific (significant of peace) come great tornadoes of pure air. From the North, land of snow and ice, (emblematic of purity and strength) come great torrents of clear waters. These Western winds and Northern waters are sweeping down toward the Gulf, in one grand, sublime current of onward power for good, for Freedom, for civilization.

NORTHERN, BE HOPFUL. With your hopes blend watchfulness. True to-day than ever before is it, that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." The homes of Freedom must be guarded by the "watch-dress that never goes out." The West, North and Northwest winds and waters have carried traitorous Senators from the "inner chamber," have borne luke-warm-rebels sympathizing Generals from command; have swept imperious unjust correspondents into prison; have carried contumacious witnesses into congressional lock-ups. Northern! see that these movements go on. Put the broad shoulders of honest workers to the car-wheels now rolling on to freedom. Let the hard hands that "break" the strong greenwoods of the Western prairies grow harder in "breaking" the yoke of the bondage. Let the East men and the West men and the North men, join hand in hand in rolling on the chariot-wheels of a free American liberty, till our Flag shall in truth wave over "the land of the free," undimmed by the presence of a single slave. Northern! be workers, be agitators; be to the moral atmosphere what the winds are to the natural. Let your commotions purify. Discuss, educate, enlighten. Be missionaries of liberty; be apostles of freedom; be the flag-bearers of civilization. Encourage your Congressional representatives in their deeds for freedom; encourage them if they falter. Be bold for the right; be cowardly only in wrong. Be strong for justice; be weak only when unjust. Demand justice for all; allow injustice to none. Let your motto be "one freedom, one country, one flag, one people," knowing no distinction but that of merit. Be thankful for the past, trustful of the present, hope and watch for the future; and as you act in this great crisis, so will be your lot in the time that is coming. SINCLAIR TOUSSY.

If it be in order, we respectfully move that Bro. Toussy's name be entered on the list of "licensed exhorters" in our political Zion.

Physical Education.

Our people are waking up to the necessity of it, and it cannot be many years before a perfect gymnastic system will become a part and parcel of even our common-school education. No single people that ever lived were as renowned for manly grace, strength and beauty, as the Greeks; they regularly celebrated their games and festivals, and instituted religious games in honor of the gods, whom they thought to partake of the nature of man in a very large degree. On these occasions, all sorts of physical combats were introduced; and, as a result, the successful athletes at the renowned Olympic Games were held almost in a state of popular adoration. Their persevering practice in the gymnasia, before these games and festivals were held—which was but once in a number of years—was sufficient to betray the profound interest taken in the same by their population. There was not a Greek town or city that was without at least one of these valuable schools of exercise: Athens had three of them; and they were places for the schoolboy to go and practise at his daily task, the young man about town to lounge an hour or more in, and the scholar to frequent with the design of hearing his favorite teacher discourse upon philosophy. That wise people did not believe in sound minds, unless bodies were sound likewise. They cared for both. And the result was a race of men of whom the world of that age was justly proud, and to which the later ages have furnished no parallel. It is hopeful to see that America has taken time, in her turn, to bestow a little thought on this matter.

Sketches on a Gravel Train.

The city dailies tell of the sudden and unaccountable death of a young American, named Constance Smith, who fell from his seat on the last car of one of the gravel trains that are engaged in filling up our Back Bay Lands. There were no contusions on his skull, and no hurts on his body; only one of his wrists appeared to be broken. The item that excited an interest even more than this, was that in his pocket was found a sketch-book, containing some very fine sketches of various objects he had been in the habit of passing daily on the train. Young, married, and temperate. We run over, in imagination, the many pleasant days he had passed—up and down the line of the temporary road, seated on the platform of his open-air car, engaged in securing for his own future enjoyment the pretty scenes his eyes were in the habit of resting upon. Only a stroke or two of his pencil at any one time, but each one an addition to his treasure. What glowing, dancing, joyous thoughts his must have been, riding at so swift a rate over the country, exposed to the winds and the rains, the suns and the mists! There is a volume of sentiment bound up in the simple statement that a sketch-book was found in his pocket.

Panorama of the War.

A panorama of the exciting scenes of the present war, we understand, will be unrolled at Allston Hall, next Monday evening. It is pronounced a fine work of art. Mr. John Davies, formerly of the Boston Museum, is to be the lecturer and delineator. Mr. D. is an eloquent speaker and possessed of fine descriptive powers, and will undoubtedly add much to the merit of the entertainment.

The Fifth Edition

OF THE HARBINGER OF HEALTH has just been issued. Back orders for this work, which have been accumulating for several weeks, will be filled immediately. All orders will be carefully attended to by us with promptness.

A B C of Life.

The second edition of this work by Dr. A. B. Child, has just been issued from the press. It may be had on application to us, wholesale and retail.

Well Said.

The Universalist trumpet gives the following plain spoken paragraph from a sermon preached by Elder Mark Fernald, formerly of Kittery, Me., some years ago. Our readers will readily see wherein theology stands in the way of an enlarged humanitarian view of the Deity, in the minds of the rigid evangelists of the past generation.

"I observed the impropriety of speaking of God's love being unbounded. If it is so, wicked men, devils and fallen angels must all be included. It must extend to every word, deed and action, however wicked; for unbounded love includes the whole; sin and holiness are all one, or in fact, there can be neither. But God loved the world, not with an unbounded love, but just so much as to give his Son to save man, if he will accept the provision. The bounds of God's love fall inside of sin."

The good old elder has "passed on," and his new home affords ample opportunity for an enlarged idea of the Almighty; and that he has taken advantage of it, he has two or three times returned to our Seances to testify. Verily, it is "through a glass darkly," that the Christian world has been compelled by its unripe theology, to look upon the things of the eternal world; but Spiritualism is the crystal lens which enables man to stand face to face with his Deity, and see through the shammy disguises which have made of natural things the untold and dreaded mysteries of godliness.

A Gentleman.

The discussion of what this character really is, is silently going on in the popular mind pretty nearly all the while. Ruskin has written upon it, too, and what he says is of especial interest; because he writes from the truly artistic standpoint, and is better able to see just what are the elements required for filling up and fitting up the character. He asserts that the "lower classes" insist that no gentleman can live unless he works; in other words, that a gentleman is not above work, and is not addicted to idleness; and that there is as much in Wood as in anything else. "Blood tells," then, and no mistake about it. Ruskin says that from both errors the people must finally awake; "gentlemen have to learn," says he, "that it is no part of their duty or privilege to live on other people's toil;" and, on the other hand, he says, the lower orders, and all orders, have yet to learn that every vicious habit and chronic disease communicates itself by descent, and that, by the purity of the birth, the entire system of the human body may be gradually elevated, or, by recklessness of birth, degraded, until there shall be as much difference between the well-bred and ill-bred human creature, as between a wolfhound and the vilest mongrel cur.

Before Yorktown.

Many of the incidents of camp-life and war are touching in the last degree. The correspondent of the *New York World*, writing from before Yorktown, says that the men are not appalled in view of the terrific struggle before them, but make the evening air vocal with their pathetic and patriotic songs. The enemy's camp fires are in plain sight. Our soldiers stand around their own, with loaded muskets, singing—and waving the currents of song toward the foe—the "Star-Spangled Banner," and the "Red, White and Blue;" while amid it all, the cherished ones at home are not forgotten, for they sing likewise, turning their faces homeward, "Do they Miss me at Home," and "Let me Kiss him for his Mother," breathing silent prayers that the fortunes of war may permit them to mingle at last with their friends in the enjoyments of Peace. How many poor fellows will never realize that prayer! Death has made himself ready for multitudes of them. And hundreds will return again but to linger along through painful lives, and have the green turf laid over them lovingly at last, to be remembered with speechless gratitude to the latest posterity.

F. L. Wadsworth.

We see by the last Herald of Progress that the friends at Battle Creek, Mich., have been giving Bro. Wadsworth a pretty strong "manifestation" of their appreciation of him as a man and a lecturer. At the close of his engagement there, the following resolution was offered and adopted:

Resolved, That we have listened with great pleasure and profit to the lectures and teachings of Bro. F. L. Wadsworth, during the six months he has labored with us. By his genial nature and kindly feelings he has gained our entire confidence and friendship, while by the depth, soundness, and practical bearing of his addresses, he has won admiration and respect. We sincerely bid him God-speed in his future efforts to reform and bless the world. May God and his angels ever watch over and bless him in his journeyings through life.

R. B. MERRITT,

E. C. MANCHESTER,

ALBERT A. WHITNEY,

Trustees.

This is truly encouraging. It will be the means of impelling others on to do the work set before them, thoroughly, notwithstanding the many drawbacks they are inevitably obliged to meet with in their journeyings.

New Publications.

LECTURES ON SOBERNESS, POLITICS, MORALS, AND SOCIETY. By Edward Lawton, M. D., St. Louis: J. M. Crawford. For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT Office, Boston.

A very neat little volume of popular Lectures, by a progressive man, on topics of daily interest to all who think and feel. He styles it but "an appeal to the good sense of the American public, to take a step forward in the education of their children, especially in the political, moral and social spheres of life, and to promote in the youth of the country a taste for a higher degree of literary excellence, and a more extended moral and political education than has hitherto characterized the scholars of our schools and academies." The author, in his pithy little compendium before us, has carefully and skillfully arranged the most useful and entertaining knowledge relating to these subjects, and has aimed to present it in the most attractive form possible for the study and perusal of old and young. The book is worthy every one's purchase and perusal.

THE PHRASE BOOK. By Benn Pitman, Phonographic Institute, Cincinnati, Ohio.

This is one of those publications tending to simplify the science of phonograph reporting, for which Mr. Pitman is famous. We know of no one person who has done more to spread a knowledge of this science, and make it universal, than Mr. Pitman. He is a brother to the inventor of the system, and has devoted his life thus far to its promulgation. The volume before us is elegantly printed from plates of stone, and ornamented to the art. It is, as its title signifies, a vocabulary of commonest phrases, from one to six words long, and though sometimes arbitrary, it must be of great advantage to the phonographer. He sends the volume to all who desire, postpaid, for 75 cents.

Prince's Nurseries.

We have just received Mr. Prince's annual catalogue of strawberries, hundreds of varieties, at his gardens at Flushing, Long Island. A word of advice to our readers: Let all interested in the culture of this most delicious of all fruits, write to J. R. Prince, Flushing, L. I., for a copy of this catalogue, with prices annexed, and they will no doubt appreciate the information they receive.

Agency.

BRO. MARK A. BARTLETT is the authorized agent to receive subscriptions for the BANNER OF LIGHT in Bangor, Maine.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

Read Bro. Leo Miller's very timely suggestions which will be found on the sixth page of this issue. The **BANNER** would have double the circulation it now has, were Bro. Miller's plan carried into effect in every country town where a periodical depot is established. Try the experiment, friends. Sow the good seed, and the fruit thereof shall in due time spread all over the land.

There is nothing like a fixed, steady aim; it dignifies your nature, and insures success. *The World's Crisis*. Just so. That's the reason our soldiers whip the rebels on every battlefield.

Winter still lingers in the lap of Spring, according to our country exchanges; but the snow is beginning to travel at "double-quick time."

Too much preciseness and solemnity in pronouncing what one says in common conversation, as if one was preaching, is generally taken as an indication of self-conceit.

No one has more enemies in the world than an upright and sensible man, disposed to take persons and things for what they really are, and not for what they are not.

Much of the Champagne wine in the market is a spurious article. Jersey cider and sugar of lead are the ingredients composing the noxious beverage, it is said, which makes him who drinks it have a pain in the head—and that is no sham.

To those who use FLUID LAMPS.—The following cure for burns is recommended, especially to parents of children. Factory muslin, dipped in strong alum water, the application to be renewed every ten minutes.

PRETENSION.—An ignorant man who "stands upon his dignity," is like the fellow who tried to elevate himself by standing on a piece of brown paper.

It is astonishing how "toddery" promotes independence. An old Philadelphia "brick," lying, a day or two since, in a loose manner, was advised in a friendly way to economize, as "flour was going up." "Let it go," said old bottle-nose, "I kin git as high as flour kin any day."

Young Nimrod, being asked by a lady for his photograph, pleaded that his hunting did not give him time to sit for it. On which the lady naively answered, "I fear, sir, you are putting the horse before the cart."

The Louisville Journal says the same week in which Gen. Buell occupied Nashville, the common schools were reopened, after having been closed for months by the rebels. What eloquent arguments are presented in the rebuilding of destroyed light-houses, and the reopening of public schools, to enforce the idea that national prosperity and individual happiness equally demand the restoration of our unity as a government!

COFFEE FOR THE TABLE.—The roasted berries should not be ground until a few minutes before you wish to make the liquid coffee. The coffee-pot should be heated previously to putting in the coffee, which may be done by means of boiling water. The common custom of boiling coffee is unnecessary, as all the flavor is extracted by boiling hot water. Should it, however, be placed on the fire, it should be only just a minute. To clarify the coffee, add a dash of isinglass, a small piece of sole or eel skin, or a spoonful of the white of an egg.

PRETTY GOOD JOKE.—A London (O.) paper tells a pretty good one on an old bachelor of that place, who was present at a Butter Fair, recently held in that town: A lady who enjoys a joke highly, asked him if he would like to see the milking-machine, one of which was on exhibition. The gentleman, of course, signified his assent, when Mrs. conducted him to a far corner of the room, where a very young person was drawing sustenance from the maternal font, and, pointing to the cherub, Mrs. said that that was one of the most perfect arrangements for the use in question ever invented. Such a roar of laughter followed as was likely to bring down the plastering.

The Herald of Progress says: "We publish all thoughts which are sincerely and fairly expressed with a view to enlighten mankind." You must keep an extra number of paper-mills constantly employed, Brother Davis, turning out paper, we opine, in order to do such an extensive publishing business as the paragraph quoted above implies. Glad to hear you are ranging ahead so rapidly.

THE DISCUSSION OF SPIRITUALISM, between Dr. A. Morron, opponent, and Rev. U. Clark, advocate, will open in Brigham Hall on Monday evening, the 14th. The reputation of Dr. Morron as a scientific lecturer and an anti-spiritualist representative of Orthodox Christianity, and the notoriety of Mr. Clark, as editor of the *Spiritual Clarion*, and an alleged champion of Spiritualism, together with the importance and novelty of the theme, will render this discussion one of unusual interest and excitement. *—Binghamton (N. Y.) Republican.*

The adjectives "paper uses"—"reputation" on the one side, and "notoriety" on the other—in the above paragraph, show the proclivities of the editor. One little word some times, thus expressed, makes transparent a man's whole character. The time will come when editors will be more just to Spiritualists. And that time is not far distant, either.

A writer in the *London Times* states that he knows of a drug called "drel," which, once brought in contact with living flesh, begins to throw out filaments which choke up the passages, and in about three weeks causes death, while, as the filaments decompose, no trace of the poison is left.

Some one says that a lobster is a posthumous work of creation, for it is only red after death.

I put outside my window a large box, filled it with mould, and sowed it with seed. What do you think came up? Wheat, barley, or oats? No; a policeman, who ordered me to remove it. *—Digby.*

When some women get to talking together, they club all their husbands' faults for the general entertainment, just as children club their cakes and apples to make a common feast for the whole set.

UMBRELLAS have been recognized as property at last, and are to be taxed for the benefit of the government five cents each. As the tax is to be paid by the party in possession, we may expect to see a sudden return of borrowed umbrellas when the collector is expected.

It is becoming very cloudy all around the war-horizon. Ere many days, thunder will be heard from earth's artillery sending forth peals for universal liberty.

A ducking in cold water destroys the temper of hot steel, but increases that of a fiery woman.

Children are generally very noisy, but we must except the children of the brain, which do not often make so much noise in the world as their fond parents desire.

Some people are ever dull when perfectly sober; like a wafer, they must be well wetted to be good for anything.

The number of chaplains officially reported is four hundred and twenty-seven of whom belong to the New York regiments. The chaplains cost the government more than a million of dollars a year, and we mean no disrespect to the clergy, when we say we do not believe they have saved a life or a soul since the rebellion commenced. War and religion are not exactly compatible, and in view of the cost, we are inclined to the opinion that the office of chaplain in the army should be abolished. Music and prayers are costly luxuries in a large army, and the finances of the country do not admit such extensive indulgence in them. *—N. Y. Atlas.*

Slavery in Maryland.

The Baltimore American, a paper of the first respectability, has a significant article on the situation and prospects of slavery in Maryland. It affirms that the mad course of the cotton States has virtually ruined the interest of the slaveholders in Maryland, as, in consequence of their action, the value of slaves has been reduced to a nominal sum; as negroes, who a year ago, were worth fifteen hundred dollars, now sell for three hundred; and the American suggests that it is time for the State to save what it can of this species of property. It adds:

"That the loyal men of the nation will longer tolerate slavery as a 'political hobby' is not possible. It has to go to the wall, 'peaceably, if it will—forcibly, if it must,' and those who debate its merits in future, even here in Maryland, will have to confine themselves to its pecuniary aspects. The 'precipitators' have pretty nearly precipitated it; have dragged it at last to the brow of a precipice, and it is idle to disguise the truth. So far as the Constitution can be appealed to for its safety, it is for the present safe. But we hazard nothing in warning the people of Maryland to lose no time in considering the question presented by the President in his late message, and again presented from a high source in the letter we have given. Those most deeply interested as its defenders—the believers in the doctrines put forward by South Carolina, by Stevens and Yancy—may now, after the mischief is done here, fold their arms, throw themselves back on their dignity on their 'reserved rights'—and ignore what is impending; but the nation is aroused by an unprovoked war, the civilized world is aroused—according to the late declarations of Mr. Yancy himself—and none here need attempt to ignore facts so full of meaning."

Lecturers.

Miss Lizzie Doten will speak in Lyceum Hall, in this city, on Sunday next, April 27th—afternoon and evening.

Mr. N. S. Greenleaf will address the Spiritualists of Charlestown next Sunday.

Mrs. M. B. Kenney speaks in Taunton next Sunday.

Mr. H. P. Fairfield will speak in Quincy next Sunday.

Mrs. Augusta A. Currier will speak in Lowell, April 27th.

Mrs. M. M. Wood is announced to speak in Foxboro' next Sunday.

Leo Miller, Esq., speaks in Chicopee next Sabbath.

Miss Emma Harding will speak in Portland, Me., next Sunday, April 27th.

Mr. W. K. Ripley will lecture in Kennebec, Me., next Sunday, the 27th.

Miss Emma Houston speaks in Manchester, N. H., next Sunday.

Charles H. Hayden, of Maine, will speak in Portsmouth, N. H. the next two Sundays.

Mrs. M. S. Townsend speaks in Willimantic, Conn., Sunday, 27th inst.

Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith is announced to speak in Providence, R. I., next Sabbath.

Dr. James Cooper is to commence a lecturing tour through Indiana, in May; the particulars will be found in our column of Lecturers' movements, on seventh page.

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

Mrs. C. C. F. Bluffton, Ind.—Your letter has been duly forwarded to Prof. Anderson, the Spiritualist.

W. K. R.—Your obituary notice of Bro. L. P. Rand, as you will see by reference to the proper column, has been anticipated by another correspondent—otherwise it would have appeared.

J. H. T., Aurora, Ill.—We cannot, just at this time give the light you so much desire. We do know, however, that Dr. Newton, of New York, has cured rheumatic complaints; but his process of doing the business it would be better that you consult him about. We give no credence to rumors. Facts tell their own story.

ALICE EGO, SHREVE, MASS.—Will examine the poem, and reply in our next.

WE'RE HAPPIER DAYS IN STORE.

I got shall see you smile again

As you were wont to smile

Before the heart was crushed by pain.

The spirit how he toll

On that pale cheek I yet shall see

Life's roses as of yore.

Those eyes resume their brilliancy

We've happier days in store!

Though with the monster grim Despair

Tooth and compass to cope,

Shall we forget that angel form

Whose heavenly name is Hope?

Who sweetly whispers 'midst our grief,

'Take courage, sigh no more,'

And bids us on her anchor lean

We've happier days in store!

Married.

In Le Roy, on the 28th of March, by J. M. Foreman, Esq., PROF. J. EDWIN CHURCHILL, of Washington, D. C., to Miss JENNIE PRESTON, of Batavia, N. Y.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

LYCEUM HALL, TREMONT STREET, (opposite head of School street).—The regular course of lectures will continue through the season, and services will commence at 8:45 and 7:15 o'clock, p. m. Admission free. Lecturers engaged: Miss Lizzie Doten, April 27; Miss Emma Harding, June 1; Rev. J. S. Loveland, June 1 and 8; Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, June 22 and 29.

CONVENTION HALL, No. 14 BROADFIELD STREET, BOSTON.—The Spiritualist Conference meets every Wednesday evening, at 7:15 o'clock.

Spiritual meetings are held every Sunday; trance speaking at 10:15 a. m.; Conference meeting at 2:15 p. m.

CHARLESTOWN.—Sunday meetings are held at Central Hall at 8 and 10 o'clock, afternoon and evening. Speakers engaged: Dr. S. Greenleaf, April 27; Mrs. M. B. Kenney, May 1 and 8.

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

FOXBORO'.—Meetings in the Town Hall. Speakers engaged: Mrs. M. M. Wood, April 27; H. P. Fairfield, May 1 and 8; Miss Emma Harding, July 6; Miss Lizzie Doten, July 15.

TAKESON.—Meetings are held in the Town Hall, every Sabbath afternoon and evening. The following speakers are engaged: Mrs. M. B. Kenney, April 27; Frank L. Wadsworth, June 1 and 8; Rev. Amos Ballou, June 15; Miss Emma Harding, June 22 and 29; Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, July 6 and 13; N. Frank White, Sept. 21 and 28; Hon. Warren Chase, in December.

LOWELL.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings on Sundays, forenoon and afternoon, in Wells's Hall. Speakers engaged: Mrs. Augusta A. Currier, April 27; Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, May 15; Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, during June.

CHICOPPEE, MASS.—Music Hall has been hired by the Spiritualists. Meetings will be held Sundays, afternoon and evening. Speakers engaged: Leo Miller for April; Mrs. A. A. Currier, June 1 and 8; Mrs. Anne M. Middlebrook, June 15 and 22, and July 6; Miss Emma Harding, July 13, 20 and 27; Miss Laura DeForest, during August; F. L. Wadsworth, during October.

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 Lizzie Doten, June 1 and 8; F. L. Wadsworth, during July; Miss Emma Houston, Sept. 21 and 28.

PORTLAND, ME.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every Sunday in Sons of Temperance Hall, on Congress, between Oak and Commercial streets. Conference in the forenoon. Lectures afternoon and evening, at 2:15 and 7 o'clock. Speakers engaged: Miss Emma Harding, April 27; Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith for May; Mrs. M. M. Macomber Wood for June.

PROVIDENCE.—Speakers engaged: Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, during April; Frank L. Wadsworth in May; Mrs. M. S. Townsend in June.

NEW YORK.—At Lamartine Hall, corner 8th Avenue and 20th street, meetings are held every Sunday at 10:15 a. m., 3 p. m., 7:15 p. m. Dr. H. Dresser is Chairman of the Association.

At Dedworth's Hall, 806 Broadway, Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch will lecture every Sunday, morning and evening.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—Lectures every Sunday at Bowman's Hall, Milwaukee street, commencing at 1:30 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.

Convention at East Randolph, N. Y.

The undersigned Committee hereby extend a cordial invitation to all Spiritualist Lecturers, Mediums, believers, reformers, and inquirers after truth, to assemble in conference, at East Randolph, N. Y., on Friday, April 25, 1862, at 10 o'clock A. M., and continue a series of meetings on Saturday and Sunday, the 26th and 27th. Accommodations will be provided for all speakers, mediums, and as many others as possible. A small fee will be taken at the door, at one of the sessions each day, to help needy speakers who may favor the convention with desirable services. The platform will be open for free discussion by all classes of persons in harmony with such rules as the Convention may adopt.

AMSEL BURNELL, AMY MORGAN,
MARY I. HUNTINGTON, THOMAS TUTTLE,
J. E. WHEEDEN.

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FARMING AND FARMING CORPORATIONS.

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THIS BOOK clearly shows the advantages of Farming over Trade, both morally and financially. It tells where the best place is for successful farming. It shows the practicability of Farming Corporations, or Partnerships. It gives some account of a Corporation in the form of a new township adjoining Kinderhook, Mo., with suggestions to those who think favorably of such schemes. And, also, has reports from Henry D. Hutton and Charles E. Caneby, who are now residing at Kinderhook, Mo., and are the agents of the Corporation now beginning and will act as agents for other corporations desiring to locate in that vicinity.

The whole book is valuable for every one to read, for it is filled with useful suggestions that pertain to our daily wants, to our earthly well-being. It is a straight-forward, unselfish record of fact and suggestion.

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ARCANA OF NATURE.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

SECOND EDITION—THIS DAY ISSUED!

CAREFULLY REVISED AND CORRECTED
BY THE AUTHOR.

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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. COWAN, while in a condition called the Trance. They are not published on account of literary merit, but as tokens of spirit communion to those friends who may recognize them.

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

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

Our Circles.—The circles at which these communications are given, are held at the BANNER or LIONESS OFFICE, No. 128 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 3, (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, April 1.—Invocation: Miscellaneous Questions; Mary Augusta Rollins to her parents in Buffalo, N. Y.; Benjamin G. G. to his father, Danvers, Mass.

Monday, April 7.—Invocation: Miscellaneous Questions; Mary Lucille Taylor to her mother in Augusta, Me.; Oliver Plympton, Co. C, 2nd Regt. N. Y. Cavalry, to his wife in Hydeville, Me.; Henry T. Washburn to Dr. Kinley, St. Louis, Mo.

Tuesday, April 8.—Invocation: Miscellaneous Questions; Alois Zollender, a rebel General; Mary Louise Hawkins to her children, in New York City; Helen O'Brien, to her father, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Thursday, April 10.—Invocation: Miscellaneous Questions; Joshua Whitman, Bucksport, Me.; Charlie Highland, New York City; Sarah Adelaide W., New York City, to her mother.

Monday, April 14.—Invocation: Miscellaneous Questions; Flavia Lacy, New York City; David Wiceloff, Nashville, Tenn., to his wife in St. Charles, Texas; Bridget Maloney, to her children in Gloucester, N. H.

Tuesday, April 15.—Invocation: Miscellaneous Questions; Samuel Merritt, Gloucester, Mass.; Thomas S. Skilton, Montgomery, Ala., to his uncle, Caleb Brown, Cleveland, Ohio.

Invocation.

Thou mighty spirit, whom men call God, thou loving Father and tender Mother, unto thee we commend these, thy children. Send unto each individual spirit a guardian angel, who shall minister unto thy children and walk with them through life. Oh Father, give to each and all a knowledge of thee, not as thou art known in the celestial spheres, but even as thou art known here upon earth. Oh Lord, our God, may each one of thy children turn within the holy temple—self—and there hold communion with thee. Our Father, again we commend these thy children unto thee. We know that thou wilt care for them; but, inasmuch as thou hast implanted a spirit of prayer within each human heart, we know that thou wilt gladly accept these spontaneous offerings of thine earthly children. Oh Lord, our God, we adore thee, we worship thee, we render unto thee the divine jewels given us, and know that thou wilt bless us for rendering them again unto thee. March 25.

Memory.

Quiza.—The philosophy of life's memories and experiences; where and how are they retained?

Ans.—Upon the tablet of the soul, the mirror of life. Each and all are engraved upon its surface, and reflected according to the character and condition of each individual. Memory is eternal. All things are immortal, whether invisible or not. The spirit retains all that has been engraved upon it. It loses nothing in passing through the cycles of eternity. The philosophy of memory is that of God, deep and high as the philosophy of Infinity. March 25.

Ann Shields.

In 1817 I lived in such a body as the one I now use. I was in my twenty-first year when I died. I was born in Newcastle, England—not here in America. My father was a cooper-smith, and we lived in Corsdon Alley.

I was visited by what you in America call spirits, but what we in England called ghosts. I was many months seriously tormented, and at last sent to London and placed under the care of a physician. I believe he attributed my disease, as he called it, to some wild excitement that I had been under in childhood, and the reading of wild stories, and other strange things. I know that he has no faith in the power of spirits to visit the earth. Sometimes they would seem to anticipate my going to a place, and would tell me so, and I at last learned to talk with them, and without fear, too. [What appeared to be the object of this class of spirits?] They had none, only to try the powers I seemed gifted with. This class of spirits seemed only desirous of making their presence known to me. I never remember being thrown into any unconscious state, it was only the sounds and noises that seemed to follow me. [Do you remember the physician's name under whose treatment you were placed?] Yes, his name was Benjamin Rhodes. The Doctor is an old man—upwards of eighty years of age—and is almost ready to step into the kingdom. He has relatives here in America, and, if I remember right, he has a younger brother somewhere in your Western country. [Did you ever find out who the spirits were that followed you?] One was a sister, but I never learned that she had any definite object, except to make herself known to me, which she never succeeded in doing. I feared to believe that the sounds and movements were produced by my departed friends; if I had not, I should have investigated the matter, and gone into the spirit world a different being from what I did.

[Will you please give us your name?] It was Ann Shields. They said if I would come here I should be able to send a letter of thoughts to those who know me, and in that way reach them, and talk with them as I do here. Is it so? [Yes, your letter will go to London.] If the Doctor gets my letter he'll send it to my father, I know. [I'll send him a paper.] You may, if you will. I can't give you the number of his residence, but I can give you the name of the square in which he lives. [That will do.] It is Newburgh Square. [Can you tell what disease caused your death?] I believe it was called a general breaking up of the body, and an entire prostration of the nervous system, but I never was satisfied as to the nature of the disease myself. I've heard it said here that my death was caused by the indiscriminate use of my magnetic powers by the spirits, who came to use me, but I don't know whether it was so or not. March 25.

Jane McDermot.

Good afternoon, lassie. I'm coming here to talk with me mither, who is far far away. The time is most four years since I went away from earth. Lassie, will you write to me mither in Glasgow? [Certainly.] I live, I can speak, I can see and come nigh to me mither and all friends when I find a body like this to come through. Me mither hear sounds far, far away, about the angels coming, and its all along the way that I come here that I might speak peace to her soul. Lassie, write that Jane McDermot comes here to-day. That she bairn sixteen years on earth and four years in spirit. Me mither and two brothers live in Glasgow; me father is with me. That's all, lassie. March 25.

Daniel Thomas.

I am conscious of my inability to do justice even to myself, to say nothing about those I come to. I made certain promises to this effect before death, that if this coming back business was a reality, and if I happened to die before this Spiritualism died out, that I would come back and satisfy my friends of the truth of it. Now I am conscious of my own existence and of that of my friends, but I'm not competent to define that existence.

Two weeks since I left my own body, and I left it under hard circumstances—circumstances, too, that I could not control; but I see since I come here to the spirit-world, that it makes no difference about the nature of the sin committed while upon earth, for if you sin, you've got to take the penalty of it. It's a mighty hard law, but it's a just one!

Five friends in New York, Lowell, Boston, and various other places. I believe I owe the fulfillment of a promise to some of them. I can come here and tell who I am, and identify myself as far as I'm able. I know that I'm dead, and that I'm here speaking.

If they'll meet me anywhere where I can speak to them, as I do here, I'll be happy to tell them all I know about this place, which is hell as yet. This much I'll tell them now; if they want to avoid my experience since I've been free from my body, they had better avoid it while upon this side. Let the wine-cup alone, for one thing. When they do that, I'll come back and give them some more advice. I know I'm not fit to tell them what ought to be done while upon earth, but perhaps the knowledge of my experience in the spirit-world may be of some use to those who were known as my boon companions upon earth.

[Will you please give your name?] Daniel Thomas, and a hatter by trade. They say I died up here to the Washingtonian Home. I do n't know about it! As far as my own consciousness is concerned, I should say no; but the spirit-friends who attended me, say that I did, and I suppose they do n't lie.

Mr. Chairman, I'm in a bad way. [What can I do for you?] Nothing at all. I know something about this business before I died, but I did n't pay much attention to it. Do you know Bush up there, the hatter? [Yes.] Then you know me, I suppose.

Some gentleman present here asked—"Do you know Theodore Stearns?" The spirit replied:

Yes, does he know me? [Yes.] Have I told a lie or the truth? [The truth, I should say.] You are a Spiritualist. [I believe I am called so by my friends. I was present at your funeral.] Good God, you were!

The Chairman then asked, "Was there anything peculiar about that funeral?" The spirit replied: I do n't know anything about it. I was taking a nap about that time.

Well, I've come back according to promise, and if I have n't done what is right, I'll try and do better next time. [Can you give us your age?] I suppose I was forty-two. What did the plate say, Stearns, or did n't they give me one? [I did n't notice, I was so much occupied in looking at theasket.] How did I look? [I thought you made a very good appearance.] Well, it's all over. [Were you born in Boston?] No. I'm a New Yorker.

Mr. Stearns then said, "how 's the family—your family?"

The two children? My God, I do n't know. I ought to be here, taking care of them. Well, this is no place for me. I get the horrors when I'm round here. So by your leave, Mr. Chairman, I'll go. March 25.

Invocation.

Oh Life, Life, thou Almighty King of Kings and Lord of Lords, we would worship thee, as thou presentest thyself, through myriads of forms to our vision. Therefore, oh Life, everything shall be fit for our homage, everything shall be an offering worthy of thy acceptance. Oh God of Gods, we know that thou art present in our midst, to-day as for ever. Whether we walk in heaven or hell, we shall find thee there, for thou art Omnipresent. In all created things, we see thy loved image. As we stand gazing upon the rough granite block, we behold thee there, and worship thee there. When we behold the beautiful and wondrous mechanism of the human form, we recognize thy master hand, thy creative genius, and worship thee in thy counterpart, man. As we turn our gaze heavenward, and behold the glorious stars studious the firmament, in each twinkling star we see thy face reflected, and lost in holy admiration, we fall down and worship thee, oh God. Whatever conditions of life may be ours, we shall fear no evil, for we know that thy enrolling arms form a bulwark of defence, which even the strongest of thine earthly children have no power to break down. Oh Life, men here below tell us of death, but we know no death. Though we have walked through the valley of the shadow of death, yet have we known no death, for thou didst walk with us, carefully leading us out of the darkness into the light. For lo! thou fillest all space, mighty Jehovah. Thou art present, past and future. Oh Life, we acknowledge thee as our only King, and as such, will pay thee homage through coming ages. March 27.

The Lord's Prayer.

We propose to speak briefly upon the subject of the Lord's Prayer, inasmuch as we have been desired many times to do so—the Lord's Prayer, or a form of prayer said to have been set up, or given by one Jesus Christ. We will not presume to deny that the prayer in question was given by Jesus of Nazareth, nor will we pretend to declare that it was given by him. We stand neutral in this affair.

But of the origin—the material and spiritual origin—of the Lord's Prayer, a good brother of the Jewish faith has often demanded an explanation. Tell us, ye invisible spirits, if the Lord's Prayer as recorded in the New Testament of Protestant use, was not derived from the Jewish Church? If we speak the truth, we must say it was most certainly. Now we well know that this prayer has been held sacred by all Christianity, since the time of our Saviour. It has been worshipped and held sacred even by men of the present age, as the ancients revered their gods. Noting this fact, it may not be amiss to show you at this time the internal physique of this idol.

The disciples of Christ—or his chosen followers—were believers in his divine origin and Godlike wisdom, and it is not strange that, seeing him engaged in prayer in a certain place, that when he had ceased, one of his disciples, as the record is written, said unto his Divine Master, "Lord, teach us to pray, as John also taught his disciples." Now, then, as Jesus was called upon by the apostles to give them a form of prayer, we are to suppose that he would answer the call in a natural way. We suppose the record to be true, because it was given by Jesus in a natural way to his disciples.

He says you shall pray in this way: "Our Father who art in heaven." He might have said, Our Father, who dwelleth in Hevris, the Jewish name for the Christian world, heaven. Hevris, or the seat of the gods, is a term which belongs to the Jewish Church. This was a faith peculiar to the ancient Jews, who believed in a holy place, or heaven, called Hevris, known as the abode of the gods, and which, in every respect, corresponds to the Christian heaven. So far, then, the Christian idol and Jewish idol are essentially the same thing.

"Hallowed be thy name." The ancient Jews were wont to bring their religious acts and ceremonies into all their conditions of life, thus mingling as it were, their theology with the practicalities of every day business life. They would say, we do thus and so, in the name of the gods, or in the name of Jehovah, thus forever hallowing the name of their gods.

"Hallowed be thy name." Here you will perceive again the Jewish extraction of this portion of the Lord's Prayer.

"Thy Kingdom come; thy will be done, on earth as in heaven," or, in other words, as in the Jewish Hevris. Here, again, is a direct appeal to the Jewish faith.

"Give us this day our daily bread." The inhabitants of Jerusalem were accustomed to go each morning, at the rising of the sun, to the temple, for a portion of the holy or blessed bread, which was daily distributed to them by their priests. If denied them, for any breach of good conduct, they were excluded from society for a time, their name was held in public contempt, and the brand of ignominy was stamped upon their brow. Your capital punishment, as administered to criminals, was not to be compared to the refusal of holy bread to any of the populace. In this illustration of a common Jewish custom, you will find the key to the supplication, "Give us this day our daily bread"—words which were transmitted by Christ to his disciples, and by them to all modern Christians.

"Forgive us our trespasses." These words were but the natural expression of feeling upon the part of penitent Jews, when imploring forgiveness of their sins from their priests. "Forgive us our trespasses," says Jesus, a perfect fac simile of the words employed by the ancient Jews when seeking redemption from sin.

"Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil." The ancient Jewish Delly was a trine God, or a being possessed of one body, and three distinct heads, called respectively Wisdom, Justice and Power. The God of Power was said to be continually employed in leading people into temptation. "But deliver us from all evil, for thine is the power, and the glory, forever. Amen."

The Jews, even those of the present day, will tell you that they have no faith in your Christ, because he stole his ideas from their Jewish faith. They will tell you that he was a thief, a liar and an impostor, and that they will prove the truth of their assertions to you beyond the possibility of a rational doubt. But there is another side to look upon in this matter, before justifying the truth of such a remark. This Christ, whose memory we all love and revere, was born under peculiar conditions, in the Dark Ages, at a time when men knew little of their own souls, and still less of the great Author of those souls. Ignorance and superstition enshroued their souls, and made them jealous of a new king, who declared himself to be chosen of God.

So, then, this Jesus—whom the Jews so cruelly put to death—could have been but one remove from Paganism, from Heathenism, or from Jewish ideas. If he had been further removed, who would have countenanced either him or his acts? who would have understood his mission? None, not even his beloved followers.

Nature, or God, knows best how to fashion all things, and it is not for us to rise up and say that Christ, or any one of us, had not a mission to perform upon earth. There is a Supreme Judge placed in the centre of the universe. We call him Wisdom, and we will bring all the things we cannot comprehend unto his holy temple, and there lay them upon the altar, well knowing that they will return to us made plain in after years. March 27.

Ruth Browne.

The following communication was given by a dumb spirit, whose language was interpreted by signs, made upon the fingers of the medium:

I was born in Conway Valley, New Hampshire. My name was Ruth Browne. I was seventeen years of age when I died. I have a mother living in Wabash, Illinois. Tell her I come. I lost my speech when two years old, by fever. I died in Wabash. My mother's name is Ruth Browne. March 27.

Philip Gregg.

The emotions of the returning soldier, who has yielded up his life upon the battle-field, can be scarcely imagined. A thousand wishes crowd upon the brain we borrow, and it is almost impossible, as in my case, to fashion ever one perfectly framed thought.

My father was a Massachusetts man, and one in all respects loyal, I believe, to the Union and the Constitution; but for myself, I can say but little. I've resided for thirty years in Kentucky, and, of course, have adopted, in that time, many ideas, and things that are not what you at the North would call exactly right. But notwithstanding I fought against you, and lost my life in fighting against you, I believe if I stand true to myself, I must say, that, united, you all stand, live and are recognized as a people; but, divided, you fall, you die, North and South. I feared this might be so before death; I know it will be so, now. In dissolving the Union, there comes death—moral, political, religious death. If I were here in my own body, I'd fight for the Union, for with it there comes mighty and glorious results, peace and prosperity; without it, poverty and despair.

My name is Philip Gregg. If it be possible for me to send even one embodied thought to the friends I have left behind me, I would say to them, do whatever you may be able to do toward crushing rebellion, and saving the Union; for, in dissolving it, I see only death to both North and South, as a people. If I find an opportunity of communicating with any of my friends privately, I'll do so. I have been, as high as I can reckon time, in the spirit-world about three months; but I know not whether I'm right as regards time, but I suppose I met my death at Blooming Gap. To-day I meet one of my murderers, face to face; to-day I shake hands with and forgive him, for he thought he was right, as well as myself.

I was a Lieutenant in the Confederate Army. I suppose there are no means of communication yet open with the seceded States? [Communication is no longer out off, with either Kentucky, Tennessee, or Missouri. The rebels are all driven out of Tennessee.] Are you sure you are right? [There may be a few in Memphis.] If I am not very much mistaken, I have a brother there, and with stronger rebel principles too, than ever I had. [Will you give his name?] Charles C. Gregg, of Memphis, Tennessee.

I have a wife and family in Louisville, Kentucky. I know not what power I am possessed of, but if I find myself capable of meeting them and watching over them, I should like to do so. I have sought to reach my family, even as a spirit, but I've not been able to do so. [Spirits sometimes come here first, and then find it easier to reach their friends afterwards. This may be the case with yourself.] What I would say to my family the world has no right to hear. You will excuse me, then, if I send them no message but a remembrance. March 27.

Josephine Bright.

I do n't know who to talk to! I want to talk to my father. [Is he here?] No, he lives in Washington City, District of Columbia. His name is Benjamin Bright. My name was Josephine. I was eleven years old when I died. I've only been gone three weeks. [What do you wish to say to your father?] I want to tell him it was my brother that came for me, just before I died. And my mother, too, I want to tell her I've seen my grandmother, and that I've seen a great many folks that I used to know here, and some folks who used to know my father and mother that I did n't know at all; and I want to go back home and talk. [I guess you can do so, after leaving here.] I don't know what to do to go. [Inquire for Dr. Fisher; he'll go with you.] He did n't tend me while I was sick; Dr. Winthrop did, and he is n't dead! [No matter, Dr. Fisher will take you to your father.] Well, I want to talk to my father and mother. [Well, you can, sometime; we'll print your letter in the paper, and send it to them, and perhaps they'll call you to them.] Well, say I'm alive, and that I'm with my brother George, and I would n't come back and live here on the earth again if I could, and that I want to talk to my mother and father.

They thought I did n't see my brother before I died, but it was him. I did see him. I was n't sick but a little while, of sore throat. [Did you see the soldiers when you lived in Washington?] Yes, every day on Pennsylvania avenue you could see a plenty of them. [Are you Senator Bright's daughter?] My father is n't a Senator! He don't like them wire-pullers. He says they'll pull any wire you want them to for eight dollars a day. [Is your father a Union man?] Yes. [What kind of a place do you live in?] I live in a nice place now. [What does it look like?] I don't know. I never saw anything like it here; so if I were to tell you, you would n't know. [Is it a house?] It ain't like houses here; they ain't made of brick, wood and stone, like those on earth. March 27.

Death to a good man is the coming of the heart to its blossoming time. Do we call it dying when the bud bursts into flower?

Naturalists tell us that "wild boars" are become extinct in the land. What a capital thing if "tame boars" were to follow the example!

Written for the Banner of Light.

SWEET WILLIAM.

Affectionately inscribed to her who will understand it.

BY MILTON H. MARBLE.

In smiling, gladsome May-time, the month of genial showers,
The month of fair sweet-williams, and hosts of other flowers,
With my Sweet William wandered I, with heart so gay and light,
And I decked him o'er with flowers—with flowers, oh, so bright—
With sweet-williams—my Sweet William!

They spoke him, oh, so gallant, and gallant sure was he!
Where was one half so gallant, so daring, bold, and free?

The softly whisp'ring breezes it seemed were far more gay,
As I gathered the sweet-williams, on that fair and lovely day—
The sweet-williams, with Sweet William!

For no other flowers cared I but sweet-williams, fair and bright,
Of no other person dreamed I but Sweet William, by the night;
E'en the zephyrs seemed to whisper, as they hurried by so free,
The name so fondly cherished with a mellow voice to me—
Of Sweet William, my Sweet William!

I pressed some bright sweet-williams, that they ever might be near;
And my darling, hold Sweet William, my Sweet William, oh! so dear.

Is upon life's pleasant journey ever wandering by my side,
And (please to never tell it!) I am now the cherished bride
Of Sweet William—MY SWEET WILLIAM!

Joan City, Iowa, March, 1862.

Correspondence.

Sensible Suggestions.

Allow me to say a few words through the columns of your excellent paper, to the friends of Spiritualism, on a subject concerning us all, as well as the dearest interests of human progress. I allude to the support and circulation of our Spiritualistic Journals.

For the past year I have adopted a plan, which, it seems to me, if our public lecturers and teachers would employ, and all others who feel an interest in the spread of an intelligent Spiritualism, might easily double the circulation of invaluable papers like the BANNER OF LIGHT, and Herald of Progress.

There are thousands who would be glad to read these papers and profit by them, who do not feel able, and especially in these times, to pay two dollars in advance for a year's subscription. They never find themselves just ready and able to enclose that amount in a letter, and commit it to the tender mercies of Uncle Sam's mail agents for safe delivery at the publishers' counting room. Now, if that sum could be divided into fifty-two equal parts, payable weekly, such persons would gladly avail themselves of the spiritual food, at an expense of only four cents a week, without ever realizing any perceptible diminution in their cash account, or in their daily ration of bread and butter. This can be easily done.

In every village of four or five hundred inhabitants, may be found a newsdealer, who will supply these papers for four cents a copy, thereby saving to the purchaser the postage.

I know that a little effort in this direction will secure many additional readers of our spiritual papers; and, though the lecturer may not receive, directly, any pecuniary reward for his or her work, yet a little unselfish labor often brings with it a far greater blessing than the hard-earned wages of selfish toil.

My usual plan has been to ascertain the name of some newsdealer, and then draw up a subscription paper, pledging the "undersigned" to purchase of said newsman, say twelve consecutive numbers of the paper set over their names; placing the words "Banner of Light," and "Herald of Progress" at the head of the list, on the opposite sides of a perpendicular line drawn through the centre of the paper.

In many places where it would have been impossible for me to have persuaded one person to pay for a year's subscription in advance, I can get ten, twenty or thirty individuals to take twelve copies in this way; and when their subscription expires, half of them, at least, will continue to order the paper till the end of the volume, if not till the end of their earthly eye-sight.

I would suggest the adoption of this plan by our public teachers and all active friends of spiritual progress, for their good, for the good of truth, and last, though not least, for the good of those who are so nobly bending every energy to publish these journals in the midst of commercial and political convulsions, such as our country has never before known.

Come, fellow-laborers, let us help to hold up the hands of those who need help now more than ever. You can get long lists of names in the way I have proposed, which will benefit the publisher just as much as if you sent the money directly to him. When you have made up your subscription, hand the list to the newsman, and he will order the papers without further trouble.

It is no more than due of us that we put forth this slight effort at this time to support the evangelists and defenders of newly revealed truth. They are indeed BANNERS OF LIGHT and Herald of Progress, before whose triumphal march error, darkness and oppression must forever flee.

Before closing this article, dear reader, let me say a word concerning myself. For four years I have been constantly in the field as a public advocate of the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism; the last two years and a half of which I have spoken every Sunday, principally in the New England States.

One more Sabbath in this place, and then I must bid my dear friends in the East an adieu for several months. A "Cincinnati farm," lying on the shore of the placid waters of Lake Ontario, in the village of Pultneyville, N. Y., invites my hands to the culture of fruits, flowers, and vegetables, "for the service of man." On it stands a little cottage; large enough, however, to shelter the material forms of the writer, his wife, two bright-eyed children, and the houseless wanderer, whether stranger or friend, who may chance that way. Like the famous omnibus, we shall always be able to make room enough in it for one more.

But do not think I am going to retire from the lecture field and bury myself in four acres of dirt. O no; I still live, and am going there to stir up

the physical elements of earth during the six unholy (?) days in the week, and on the holy seventh, which is the first, shall employ my humble talents, the region round about, in the "agitation of thought."

When the leaves on the trees of another summer begin to fade and fall with the ripeness of time, and the products of the soil are gathered into cellar and granary for winter use, then will I go forth again to the great world to proclaim the glad tidings of truth which flow down from the realms of infinite wisdom, light and love. LEO MILLER.

Chicopee, Mass., April 10, 1862.

From Philadelphia.

DEAR BANNER—I may, I think, communicate a few lines to you regarding Spiritualists, and the good cause of Spiritualism in this city, my present home. It is with mingled feelings of sadness and regret that I now feel it a duty I owe to our noble cause, to speak thus. Nevertheless, I feel as keenly as any one the truths I am about to utter.

Since my residence here, I have sought to find the true loving principles of Christianity, "viz., Spiritualism," but alas I have almost given up in despair. Circle after circle, meetings and gatherings appertaining to our cause—all these I have visited, but have, on searching, found not the hidden treasure. I have adopted another plan—found those who had served as mediums, broken down physically, unable to serve themselves; troubles of course follow. I naturally supposed in such a vast multitude of Spiritualists, to find the Christ principles of love developed far enough as to enable them to assist those who had aided them to reap the many enjoyments Spiritualism affords. But no; I find the Spiritualist yet clings too lovingly to the sectarianism of former days, too closely clad in the armor of selfishness, to allow the noble bursting of the heart free from all thralldom. I grieve to find it so. Our class of enlightenment is losing day after day; those who have set at our council fires, begin to grow drowsy; others have become so little interested as to leave us altogether, although in the quiet of the domestic circle, they still hold sweet communion with the departed. I love to know they are still holding intercourse with our future bright home, but, dear BANNER, I do not love them to thus place their light under the bushel. No poor inquiring mind can see its penetrating light, or feel its holy influence.

I do wish, if we are willing to acknowledge ourselves as Spiritualists, that we do so to all the world, and by thus acknowledging it, practice all that which it may require of us, thereby showing to the world that we are truly what we profess to be—spirits in form, reaping on earth a crown in heaven. If we could but bring our minds to do this, how much might we do for the cause; whereas, now very many are losing their interest in our regular Sunday meetings, and, unable to feel pleasant and happy in all the remarks which they may hear put forth from time to time, begin to stay away. What is to be done? Are we to fall from our pedestal of hope, or are we to be sustained in these our failings, by the abiding spirits hovering around us? I hope the bright loving band will support and sustain us in the hour of trouble. Let all true Spiritualists rally around the standard of the cause, and renew and strengthen their support of the glorious Banner of Light and freedom. 'Tis there we may find much to improve us, and much to make us wise and true Christians.

I also would like to say a few words in regard to the remarks of Brother Mandell, in his criticisms in the BANNER of the 11th of January, of Paul Fry. I think him rather too severe in said criticisms as regards snuff. I have, while being in an unconscious state of entrancement, been frequently influenced by a spirit purporting to be my grandmother. She having died while I was an infant, of course I knew nothing of her personally, and losing my mother at a very early age, I knew nothing from her concerning her. When in the trance state, she invariably uses my nostrils for pleasure, or amusement, whichever it may be to her, by using snuff, which I have in the house for plants. I am, as far as myself is concerned, perfectly disgusted with snuff and snuff-takers, and I can assure Brother Mandell, that I do not feel very pleasant about it after I come to my senses; and on one or two occasions, have secreted it from those in the house. But in vain; when the old lady comes, she is sure to find it. Thus I for one, am positively convinced that spirits do use us, even for snuff taking, sometimes.

And now, kind BANNER, one thing more ere I close. I have but lately recovered from the effects of a brain fever, and my object in speaking of it, is to show what spirits can and will do for us, while laboring under insanity. The fever raging through me with fury, my hand was seized with nervous twitching, so much so, as to incite the fears of my friends that I wished to injure myself with a knife. They gave me everything they could think I wanted, until I cast all from me. When, instantly, one gave me a pencil, and in the state I was in I wrote my own prescriptions; and so I kept on, the pencil in hand, while others held the paper, that I might tell them what to do for me; and I can truly say, Mr. Editor, that it was a successful thing. Since I have been able to be entranced, my old physician told me I had had five weeks, sickness in two, and, save the loss of flesh and strength, I can say I have indeed escaped a long fearful sickness, unattended, and to the spirits do I offer my heartfelt thanks for thus saving me. Yours, respectfully, Mrs C. A. FROM.

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