

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Literary Department.

LYONEL HARRINGTON.

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

CHAPTER XXXII.

Tired of Europe.

"Par Dieu," said Arnold Jackson, as soon as he had made himself comfortable in the cushioned corner beside his master and friend.

"Am pleased to see the road once again under both our feet. Shall we make a long stay in the city? Mr. Josiah Wayne expects you impatiently. We promised in the Spring already that we would soon return to Maryland."

"I think in a week my affairs will be settled," said Lyonel to his companion. "I only desire to find the residence of an old Sergeant of Hussars, Tobias Thork, and his niece, Cecilia Angel. I wish to care for these persons. Perhaps I can find out in the city. You shall aid me all you can. They are the same persons whose house you exclaimed against when your hungry stomach plagued you."

And Lyonel continued giving a description of both to his attentive listener, telling him of their sad condition, their noble modes of thought, their refusal of his proffered help.

"Good! good! Won't be difficult to discover the old fellow," said Arnold. "Let him hide where he will, the chap won't have a new arm growing out of the stump. There are police everywhere. They will aid us. The country is overrun with game-hounds, gendarmes, village watchers, soldiers, toll writers, beggarly bailiffs. The devil as if there were more rogues here than honest people! Am sick of the Old World, or, as they have it in the stranger's book of mine host of Lichtenheim, 'weary of Europe,' that's what I am. Have never read of people wearying of Asia or America! 'Weary of Europe,' that's characteristic!"

"Yet you behold new and remarkable things every day, so much more than at home."

"See what? old cities, and wide extending foot-gardens, covered with the dust and dirt of centuries. People build new old-gothic churches and furnish them with a new Christianity of poor durability. They build columns of honor, and monuments for those to whom they denied bread while living, whom they drove out of the land! Make new fashions, but remain in them the same old figures. Run to the play and set parts themselves. Speak of taxes, rents, duties, excises, stamp-laws, whimper and complain until one's ears are filled; and then shout at casinos, beer cellars, masquerades, balls and parties! All is great boasting, talking in the wind, sir. Venturist, says the Spaniard. Nothing more! I am better pleased at Maryland. I am sick and weary of Europe."

"This is a great change of mind, Arnold; or you are in a bad humor. Your were always delighted at the thought of beholding the wonders of the Old World."

"Wonders or not, don't care if better ones are not growing up. They fetch their best and newest wonders from America; lightning-rods, steam machines, modes for buildings of reform; in short, sir, I feel everywhere, as I did when we were on the Sicilian coast—you remember? There cloud-pictures rose out of the sea, towers, gardens, ships, castles, churches, country houses—all was illusion! *Fata Morgana!* say the Neapolitan. So it seems to me that in Europe, I see the gray spectres advancing from the coasts of antiquity, Sultan's thrones, feudal castles, convents, ruffians in single combat, monks, persecutions of the Jews, discord among the clergy and the schools."

Arnold continued in this vein for sometime before he became aware that no one heard him but the postillion. The monotonous roll of the wheels, the heat of the afternoon, joined to his conversation, had brought sleep to his neighbor. He found it advisable to follow his example, and drawing a black silk night-cap over his bald head, he composed himself in the most comfortable position for a nap. Scarcely, however, had he chosen the better part, as he deemed it, before it was taken away from him.

The carriage stopped to change horses, and Lyonel also awoke, as does the miller when the noises of the mill wheels suddenly cease. The carriage door was approached by an honest-looking man, who mildly requested permission to take a seat behind until the next station. Lyonel took a good look at the man, whose exterior was not displeasing, and bade him take a seat inside, opposite to himself.

He was awkwardly stiff, but exceedingly friendly individual, clad in a black, somewhat shabby coat; his face, marked by the ravages of small pox, was spotted with red, as if indented with hail. They were informed he had walked for six hours that hot day, in order to attend a meeting of friends at the next stopping place, the great market hamlet, Binsenberg. His further conversation revealed that he was a Doctor of Philosophy, of the name of Hercules Strong, and that he held the situations of librarian to a Count, living on his estate.

Arnold, well pleased to have company, was as witty as could be, and expressed his astonishment that a man possessed of knowledge, even a Hercules, should have become a grave-digger. "I am not a grave-digger, but a librarian,"

"O'et Ca!" said honest Jackson, smiling; "are not libraries real burial grounds, where the learned book heroes and their works rest till the day of the last judgment and the last criticism? There they gently repose in the dust that once figured so gloriously; there they decay with their decaying systems and forgotten immortality—friends and foes, peaceably together. The ban-burial Pope beside the triumphant heretic, the Despot and Tell. I like to visit libraries as little as I do churchyards."

"That is charmingly said! *Bene dixisti!*" cried the librarian of the Count. "You are right. I would long since have given up the grave digger's work, if I could obtain another place. You are from America? That beautiful America has been the land of my longings from childhood. Germany does not value men of talent and scientific merit. Here everything is gained only by birth, gold, patronage. I will also remark that I am secretary to the Count, and can wield a tolerable pen. In America I might. My name in our literature may not be wholly unknown to you. I have written seven works that have not been unfavorably received. My last, 'The complete policy of government for great monarchs,' in three volumes, has been reviewed by several critical journals."

"Terrible fate!" said Arnold, "that compels the father to bury his own children! I would not be an author and a librarian at the same time for all the money in the world! And which was your master-work?"

"I would not," modestly replied the learned man, "call any of them a master-work. But I might give as the best, my philosophical investigation upon the design of the Creation of the World."

"The design of the Creation of the World!" cried the old American, as if beside himself with surprise. "Only a philosopher can look the Creator in the cards. Have myself often wondered at the wisdom of Nature, to see how carefully and designedly she puts a large stream before every large city, and gives rivulets to villages."

The philosopher looked at the speaker deprecatingly, not knowing whether he had spoken in jest or earnest; but soon recovering himself, the conversation was continued. He told a great deal about himself, of all that he knew, and much that he did not know; but through all he said, the aim was visible to gain the favor of the American travelers, and to accompany them across the sea.

"That one is tired of Europe, also," growled Jackson now and then.

As he unfolded his ideas, he lost much of the first favorable impression produced; but he amused Lyonel with his commonplaces, beside the droll-dry humor of his faithful attendant. Jackson, with serious face, and very respectfully, made fun of the philosopher; and knew how to evade his questions and praises on America. They talked on uninterruptedly until quite near the hamlet, when Arnold at once cried out:

"Cap Sargent, what the devil! a deserter? Halt! The wheels are running faster into the village than we can follow!" It was so. One of the carriage wheels close by the horses was running along as if for a wager with them. The chaise leaned to one side; they were compelled to stop, and the faithful wheel was fastened on as well as could be done. The travelers then walked on between wooden booths, carts and freight-wagons, to the celebrated village of Binsenberg. The place was crowded with gaping women, children, drunken farmers, trafficking Jews, screaming peddlers, and swearing drivers.

"Here it is permitted," said Hercules Strong, with a smile, and bowing to Harrington. "To quote the words of the singer:

Odio profanum vulgus, et arceo!"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

The Joy of a Country Fair.

It was the time of the Annual Fair in the village, and twilight shadows unfolded the landscape; the peddlers were packing up the remnants of their wares, as the chaise stopped at the post-office, that was at the same time the best inn of the place. But there was not a room empty for the accommodation of the travelers; the sounds of a riotous mirth issued from doors and windows, joined to the rattling of beer jugs; there was quarrelling, singing, and the ring of glasses. All the smiths were applied to for the restoration of the truant wheel, but not one was to be found at his forge and anvil. Arnold went out on a search for better quarters to the different inns, but returned angry and disappointed from the fruitless task.

The busy post-master, his brow bathed in the sweat of the day's labor, robbed his hands together in the strongest embarrassment, as often as he returned to the awaiting Lyonel. He did not wish to lose the wealthy customer; and yet he could offer him no other place, than a miserable little chamber, directly under the roof, that contained two wretched beds, and was the only empty room in the house. At last he ventured to offer it, with a thousand apologies and many bows; and as the guest declared himself contented to accept that sole retreat, he led the way up three flights of wooden stairs.

Waiting for the return of Arnold, who was engaged in bringing the chaise to a secure place, Lyonel stepped to the window that looked out upon the yard and stable-roofs. He could not open the window, and while searching for the clearest panes to see through mid the dim and paper-covered ones, he saw something written on the glass. As in our travels we often cast our eyes upon these mementoes of wandering beings like ourselves, so the young man bent to read the inscription. But he could

scarcely trust his senses as he beheld there, distinctly graven, his own name, "Lyonel Harrington," surrounded by a graceful flourish and with a cross above.

This little surprise caused him to ponder for some time. He knew of no one who bore his name—no one, who thinking of him would have written it, except—he could hardly believe it, and yet he hoped it might be so. He took the ring from his finger to write the name of "Cecilia Angel," beneath his own; but it was too dark, and then he thought, how could the writing have been done by the shepherdess, when a diamond was necessary for the purpose? Although a flint stone might have done the service of the diamond.

While he was considering the question, the hostess and the maids appeared with the linen and mattresses; also Arnold, who was in a state of exceeding ill-humor. Lyonel heard not the invitation to supper, nor the Russian and Turkish invectives of his traveling companion. He minutely questioned the landlady in regard to the persons that had lately occupied that chamber. She could not remember all the journeyman, servants and drivers that had made it their lodging for the night. But as the determined questioner described to her the face and figure of the one-armed Tobias Thork, one of the maids recollected the old man, and the young woman that accompanied him.

Lyonel feared to question more. A loving serenity pervaded his soul; he would not have exchanged the narrow attic for the splendid boudoir of the Princess Gabriella. He followed, with his faithful companion, to the dining-room, vowing in his heart to rob the house of its noblest possession, the pane of glass containing the memorial words and sign.

The not very spacious dining-room was filled with guests, with a number of well-dressed persons, who seemed to be mostly known to each other. In their midst the voice of the philosopher Hercules Strong was distinctly heard; although at first, his figure was hidden from view by the clouds of cigar smoke.

For that party a separate table was spread, at which the two Americans were assigned the head. At another table, covered with full and empty wine bottles and glasses, was assembled a small circle of four or five young officers. As long as the music of the plates and spoons, knives and forks resounded, each seemed unaware of the existence of the other, and but few words were spoken at the largest table, and those were in reference to the vands before them, and in polite attentions to the neighbor. But the sons of Mars were all the noisier. They indulged in loud talk and contradiction, in praise and blame of dogs and horses, in jesting remarks concerning young girls, the chase, and love adventures, with many other like important matters.

As soon, however, as the citizen-world at the other table had satisfied the cravings of hunger, when the wine had unshackled their tongues and inspired their hearts, there arose there, too, the clatter of glasses and the confusion of voices, and at last it became so loud that the warriors gave up all hope of hearing one another's words.

"Enough of political tinkering, sir!" interrupted a broad-shouldered gentleman with a fearful bass voice, "let us leave that to our civic and diplomatics. I love facts. What is there new in the papers? For eight days I have been without knowledge of anything relating to the German Fatherland."

"Newspapers! Fatherland!" replied a small, thin individual, as he shrugged his shoulders. "Who sees and knows his Fatherland behind the hangings cast before it by the censorship of the press? We are everywhere more at home than in our own land. We speak of O'Connell and Berryer, Peel and Guizot, Narvaez and Abd-el-Kader, Espartero and Mehemet Ali. Who takes notice, or knows anything about our inland State heroes? We talk of new poets and new fashions, of railroads, and most obedient State assemblies. Other nations have a national spirit; we Germans have been for centuries cosmopolitans. Our peculiarity is to have no peculiarities at all. What could we not be, what could we not achieve, and how mighty would our rulers be, if they would grant us only a span more of thought and speech—freedom, of faith, press, business, and political liberty!"

"Spoken truly, Mr. Sub-Doctor," said a mouse-tailed neighbor. "The years fourteen and fifteen have proved that, when for our Prince's throne, and our own fireside, we manfully arose against Attila Napoleon. What loving promises were then received by the dear German nation! And what have we gained by the sacrifice of our blood and fortunes? Where is the expected golden age? The high-born families, with their rights and privileges, nobility and priestly treasure boxes, stretched up the fattest morsels of it all."

"Perest the old boxes!" cried the philosopher Hercules, whose face glowed crimson. "The golden age of the nobility and priesthood was over the iron one of the people, and the unborn alone were as well off as the well and high-born. I, therefore, praise Americans and the English!"

"Excuse me," said Lyonel, correcting him, "the Britons honor their nobility more than the Germans. In England, they are included in the public prayers, and the people beseech for them 'not only that God may fill them with his grace, but that they may be endowed with piety and insight.'"

"Good, good! That is splendid!" cried the entire assembly, with loud laughter. "It should be so with us, too. We Germans are all the world's imitators! Let us pray for the nobility!"

enough, you sir, or whatever else you may be!" exclaimed one of the officers, as he indignantly sprang toward the table of the jubilant citizens. "One word more of that sort, and I will have all you Jacobins, in a body, taken to the watch-house! Do you hear?"

A deep silence followed the question. But as soon as the first surprise had been recovered from, one after the other arose from the table; every one desired to speak; every one was eager to resent the officer's interference. Only the two Americans remained silent spectators of the scene. The stentorian voice of the broad-shouldered man sounded above all the rest:

"What is our conversation to you, my pretty sir lieutenant in the whalebone corset? We sit here and enjoy ourselves for our money, at the table, at least with the same rights and duties as yourself. Spare your curses for your recruits; we laugh at them. Stop up your ears, if—"

"Ten thousand!" vociferated the young lieutenant, whose long drawn out oaths we will omit, and he turned to his companions. "Do you hear? I believe the radical, rebellious pack dares to oppose us! Not another impertinent word, you fellows! Do you know who you have before you?"

The broad-shouldered with the bass voice replied: "According to the uniform and haughtiness, a pair or so of the Duke's soldiers; and we, sir lieutenant, are the faithful citizens of the Duke, some of us are in office, and we are not one inch less than yourselves."

"Then we!" cried the enraged officer, and seized his opponent by the breast. "Rascal! Off with him to the watch!"

"Off with him to the guard-house, without further parley! Off with the suspicious scoundrel!" chimed in his comrades, preparing to lay hands upon him.

Like the roar of an infuriated bear, the insulted man called upon his fellow citizens:

"Throw the meddling, haughty fools out of doors!"

Instead, however, of doing so with the lieutenant, he merely gave him a thrust that sent him to the floor with such celerity that, in place of his crimsoned angry visage, naught but the uplifted feet were visible. At the same moment one of the officers drew his sword. It no sooner glinted in the light of the tapers, than a pair of wine glasses, hurled by plebeian hands, smote the face of the warlike nobleman. Then followed loud outcries, hand encounters, fist-cuffs, bottles, candlesticks, plates, and all sorts of missiles flew hither and thither in the battle storm; friend and foe, stroke for stroke, all mingled together. The last light was extinguished. In the darkness the strife became more furious.

Arnold Jackson, carefully taking the hand of Lyonel, said:

"Tut! tut! what a riotous life! It's not comfortable, here. Let us get out, and leave those wild beasts to bite and scratch each other to their heart's content! This is no company for us."

With that he led him to the door, but in the darkness he trod upon a living mass, that cried out pitifully; with tender and benevolent care the two Americans lifted the man and carried him from the room. It was the loftily named Hercules, who had been trodden under foot by friend and enemy; covered with blood and dust, and howling most unphilosophically. The wounded man was given in charge of the tavern keeper.

Mid the noise, health-drinking and singing of the peasants and market-people in the adjoining rooms, the tumult of the skirmish in the more fashionable world, had been unheard. As soon as it became known, men and women hurried thither as peace-makers, though they had not been witnesses of the engagement. But the silence of death reigned on the battle-field; for as soon as the door had been opened the citizens and the nobility had hurried from the scene of action to escape the baptism of wine and blood. So, both armies had compelled each other to fight, which is seldom the case, and probably each of them assumed the victory to themselves, or, at least, the right to the *te deum laudamus*.

But the inn keeper and his wife, as they beheld the destruction that had taken place; commenced a series of unavailing but piercing wails and ear-rending cries, in view of the losses they had sustained. Thus mourn the unhappy farmers, whose fields and gardens have been devastated by the tide of battle, or whose villages have been plundered and burnt; while Kings hold festival and the heroes of war are overwhelmed with honors.

Wary of the misery they looked upon, our Americans sought their quiet chamber.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The Ducal Palace.

As soon as the art of the smith had restored the carriage, the travelers continued their way to the capital, Lyonel having fulfilled his purpose of abstracting the precious pane of glass. Of course, he compensated the landlord for double the amount of its worth, and questioned him anew respecting the sergeant and his niece, promised a handsome reward for the tidings of his whereabouts, to be sent to the Baron von Goldwig, at the capital. The host, who mistook the guests for wealthy Englishmen, solemnly vowed to make it his especial business to find the dwelling-place of the crippled hussar, at the first opportunity. A rich Englishman is, next to the Sovereign of the land, the most revered of all objects to a German innkeeper.

The postillion, no doubt inspired by the same idea, announced Lyonel's arrival in the ducal capital, by

the wildest flourishes of his screeching horn, and drove to the *Hôtel du monde*, the largest one in the city, situated on one of the main streets, and opposite the Palace of the Duke.

"Two rich Englishmen," he whispered to the upper and under waiters, to the servants and grooms of the "World's" host, and the new arrivals were shown into an elegant saloon with adjoining rooms on the first floor.

Lyonel hoped, and consoled his grumbling friend with the thought that the abiding place of the old soldier would soon be found.

"Have patience for a few days, Arnold; then we will go on," he said.

Arnold, like a genuine Yankee, expressed his unbelief by thrusting his tongue in his hollow cheek. He may have had good reasons for his skepticism.

"He seeks the cripple, but he means the girl, I reckon," he growled.

Without delay, as soon as he had dressed himself, Lyonel paid a visit to the upper police office, to commence his search. After waiting for hours, he was told to return on the morrow, as it was necessary to look over the registers. The following day, after turning over a number of leaves in the folios, he was informed that no Tobias Thork had arrived or taken his abode in the city. The Baron Assur could not be applied to, as he was yet absent on his business tour; but he was soon expected to return home.

Thus passed eight, fourteen days in anxious expectation. To console himself, Lyonel gazed at the window pane at morning and at night. Determined not to leave the spot till he should hear from the vanished angel, whom he believed copoeled in some neighboring village, he wandered through the entire neighborhood, sometimes in his carriage, at other times, on foot; but with like fruitless result. At last, under pretext of examining and buying goods, he frequented warehouses, shops and booths of all the lace manufacturers, dress makers and milliners, in order to ascertain whether a certain Miss Cecilia Angel worked for them, or whether a one-armed hussar took their commissions. The labor of the day was in vain.

To banish disappointment, and to divert the mind of his faithful follower, he took him to the various churches, picture galleries, libraries, museums, concerts, casinos and theatres. But he could not dispel his *ennui* and discontent, and yet he would not by both be driven from his post.

Among the remarkable sights of the city, the travelers were surprised only by one, and of the kind that is not counted among the wonders of the sight-seekers. The influential host of the "World's Hotel" had succeeded in gaining for the strangers admittance to the interior of the ducal palace, during the absence of the illustrious inmates, who were visiting at one of their summer residences, to celebrate the betrothal of the Princess Gabriella with the hereditary Prince Louis.

Lyonel and Arnold wandered slowly over the intervening space on the other side of which arose the palace—a large, old-fashioned pile. Through a wide arched gate they entered the inner court-yard, that was overgrown with grass. A melancholy silence reigned there, broken only by the step of the sentry and the murmur of a fountain, around which gods of the sea, nymphs, syrens and dragons threw aloft the golden spray.

An aged and somewhat deaf attendant, in a suit of livery trimmed with silver, white silk stockings and powdered wig, received the strangers with formal politeness, and led them up the broad stairway into a long corridor, which was adorned with a long line of weather-beaten portraits in oil, representing the former counts, princes, and dukes of the land. It is, of course, implied that the oldest ancestor was a warrior in the days of Charles the Great and his cousin Roland.

From thence the visitors were shown into the audience and throne saloon that was laden with tasteless splendor, then into a number of apartments and saloons that had been used by the reigning dukes and their consorts, and that now stood forsaken in all their antique adornments. They were also permitted to enter the apartments and boudoirs of the Princess Gabriella; and there Lyonel paused awhile, although silent and indifferent he had coldly passed by the dead splendors of ancient and modern times.

He felt himself attracted by the poetic and familiar air of the surroundings, and yet repelled into distant deference by the ruling air of acknowledged superiority; and yet there was a womanly charm and grace mingling with it all, even as it existed in the manner of the fair and honored owner. She had rested upon his breast, had almost touched him with her lips; then as soon, amid the ruins of Saint Catherine's Vale, she had received the tender homage of the Prince. It almost seemed to him as if he snared against Cecilia by lingering amid the household surroundings of the Princess. Without the pomp of wealth, luxury and descent, the Duke's daughter, as a maiden of the people, would still remain a loving, pleasing girl, but a commonplace one, such as there are many. Cecilia, whose youthful bloom was vivified by the exalted beauty of the soul, beamed in her coarse attire even as a royal virgin, lending significance and glory to the meanest object that she touched.

Who knows how long the young man would have remained there engrossed in like thoughts, had not Arnold awakened him from his abstraction; and, pointed to the respectful attendant who stood awaiting their pleasure at another open door? Through many finely decorated rooms they were led into the study of the reigning Duke; it was remarkable only for old fashioned ornament and simple arrangement. Lyonel found nothing attractive there except the

books in a glass case. He curiously reviewed the titles of these volumes, to gain from them some idea of the literary bent of the sovereign of the land. He found but a few German works; all the more English ones—Gibbon, Shakespeare, Walter Scott, several church histories, philosophical and theological writings.

"Who is that?" in the meantime inquired Jackson of the attendant. He stood before a small writing-table, with an expression of intense surprise, almost alarm upon his face.

"Who is that?" he repeated, as he had not remarked the shrug of the shoulder wherewith the man replied to him, and expressed his ignorance.

"Rascal!" he uttered between his teeth as he threw him a sidelong, indignant glance; then turning to Lyonel he continued:

"For God's sake, look, sir! I do not know how I feel! Look, look for yourself, sir!"

He pointed to a miniature that in a golden frame, was suspended from the side wall of the writing desk above the Duke's seat. Lyonel gazed upon it in equal astonishment with his faithful servant.

It represented a beautiful and tender face, around which floated the loosened golden curls that partially veiled the alabaster neck and shoulders. The blue eyes expressed the holiest innocence and unconsciousness of sorrow; the rose-bud mouth, a pure and child-like blessedness. Around the picture was wound a wreath as of stars, formed of large and smaller brilliants.

"Who is this?" asked Lyonel, in German, in the loud tone of impatient solicitude.

The old man drew his shoulders up to his ears, and replied:

"In all probability a deceased princess."

"Silly face!" growled Jackson in his own vernacular.

"Have you ever seen a more striking resemblance, Mr. Harrington? Mrs. Mary, as she lived and looked! Like that you never knew her, but just like that she looked in Baltimore, and during the first years of our stay at Maryland, until your father died. You were scarcely eight years old then, and used to gallop about on the rocking-horse in the garden. I recollect very well; seems as if it had happened to-day."

"And I recognize her! Every feature the same!" cried Lyonel. "It is herself! but in youthful form, and with a happier expression. What was the whim of Nature in forming two beings so much alike, in different hemispheres, that so completely resemble each other? Or how could the Duke have obtained a picture of my mother? My beloved mother! for many years the grave has covered this beautiful casket of her immortal soul."

With folded hands and eyes that filled with tears, he looked upon the portrait. Then he turned again to the attendant of the palace.

"Has the Duke ever been in North America?"

"Dug most obediently your pardon," was the reply, "it is hardly possible. But we know that his Highness, when he was yet the hereditary prince, spent several years at various great courts."

"A thousand dollars for a true copy!" cried Lyonel, and he said to the amazed listener: "Can you at least tell me whether any copies of this picture are to be obtained? Or whether the Duke would permit me to have the picture by a good artist?"

Before he could conclude what he would say, the man replied he his own peculiar shrug, and followed it by a smile and long continued shake of the head, as if he had listened to some unintelligible proposition.

"Well, then, sir, we will take our leave," said Lyonel. "Come, Arnold, show him our gratitude; away! I am becoming melancholy." He hastened to the door, casting a longing look upon the picture, and swiftly returned to the hotel.

"I will and must have it! only a copy—and if I have to fall on my knees for it to the Duke!" he said to his friend. "The picture at Maryland is not half as well executed. But what princess or queen could be so wonderfully like my mother? I will, I must know! Do you make inquiry, Arnold—ask of all the world!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"SPRING-TIME."

BY WILFRED WILKES.

The weeks come and go; the sun shines; the warm spring rains refresh and gladden the young verdure; the birds carol amongst the trees, and the humming of the bees is heard amongst the blooming orchards and gardens, just the same as in the spring-times long ago.

How earnestly we waited and watched for the coming of the spring-time! Pent up amid the snowy mountains; chilled by the winter winds, we shivered over our feeble camp fires, and looked longingly away to the South in expectancy of Spring. And now the spring-time has come, and we mind us of the spring of last year. We remember how the news spread through all the hills and vales, and over the broad prairies of the West, that the madmen of the South were preparing to overthrow the Constitution and the government, and trample upon the liberties of the people. We had heard the faint notes of the hostile thunder during the cold days of the winter, and had hoped that the genial sunshine of spring would disperse the malarious clouds of treason, and restore peace to our disturbed political system. But, alas! the thunder-voices of the bombardment of Sumter fell like the claron call of Liberty on the ear of the sturdy freemen of the North, and the springtime was filled with other labors than of the husbandman, and heard other music than the lowing of herds and the humming of bees.

How well we remember the evening the President's call for volunteers was read to us at the corners of the streets—at the post-office—at the depot! And must we then shoulder arms and go to the war? With what trepidation did many of us ask ourselves this question! We could not make it seem that we ought to go; and yet, some one must go. Why not we as well as any? Personal interest! Oh, we had no right to think of that. Our liberties, the common interest of every American citizen, the hopes of every nation of the earth were in danger! Ah, that was the talismanic thought which preserved us from the meaner considerations of personal and private motives.

Enough; we were ready. So, loosing the steers from the plough; casting down the saw and plane; leaving the half-written sermon; closing the volumes of legal lore, and leaving farm and workshop, and pulpit and bar, we thronged to the defense of the right. Ah, how vividly some of us remember the few days of preparation; the parades on the green;

the great crowds of interested friends who thronged the streets to gaze at the new-made soldiers; and last of all, the partings from those dear ones at home; how they went with us to the depot, and, with full hearts and streaming eyes, sobbed a mournful farewell!

One year of toil, of hardship, of danger and death, has passed away, and as we look around and think over the names of our comrades, we sigh to think how many are gone. Some grew weary of the long marches, and laid them down and died, and we buried them on the mountain sides; some, the bravest and best, perhaps, fell, with "back to the field and feet to the foe," amid the wild carnage of the battle; and we, the residue, are still in the field.

With stout hearts and high hopes for the future, we press on through paths thick set with dangers. We are hopeful. We think the cold winter of our national discontent is being melted away by the strong rays from Freedom's own sun. The warm air of Spring, throbbing with new born delight, seems burdened, as it were, with prophetic whisperings of the future. The warm sunshine seems filled with a thousand presences; and with hearts alive to every sympathetic intelligence, we are listening for the thunder of the guns. We are waiting to feel the solid earth tremble beneath the mighty onset of contending forces.

From the West and from the East, we shall hear the vibrations of the mighty tidings, and we shall feel the nation's heart beat again like a crystal fountain unlooked from the Winter's icy chains. How sweet to think that we may soon again sit beneath the dispensation of peace, clad in the garments of our calling. No more rattling of drums and shrieking of fife, no more roll of artillery and musketry, no more gleaming of bayonets; "peace throughout the land to all the inhabitants thereof."

New Market, Va., May 4, 1862.

Written for the Banner of Light.

A DREAM, NOT ALL A DREAM.

BY SAMUEL PHILIPS LEBLAND.

'Twas on a tranquil Summer eve, the soft stars smiled in heaven;

O'er earth there slept a silence—a deep, unbroken silence,

As if Nature paused to listen to the minstrelsy of Even.

The moonbeams bathed the sleeping world, and slept upon the river;

And the flowers courted slumber—a sweet and tranquil slumber,

While the heavens wept soft dew-drops from the fountains of the Giver.

The calm, blue sky, with soft embrace, bent o'er creation sleeping;

While the stars and gentle Luna—the mild, inconstant Luna,

Wore the windows in the zenith where angels watch were keeping.

With pensive thought I mused beneath my favorite garden bowers;

The soft breeze moved so gently—on wings so tireless, gently,

That it seemed to me it stole a kiss in passing from the flowers.

I lay me down beside the flowers, with the midnight bending o'er me,

And my restless soul sought dreaming—sought strange and trance-like dreaming.

While a vision full of strangeness like a phantom passed before me.

I dreamed I was an angel clad in bright tinsel's super-al;

Before me lay an ocean—a boundless, restless ocean—

I dreamed it bore the name of DEATH, and 'twas fixed there external.

I sat me down upon the strand and gazed upon its waters;

A soft breeze swept its bosom—its gently heaving bosom,

And yet methought its waves were tears wept by earth's sons and daughters.

I gazed again. My throbbing heart, with wild, inconstant beating,

Seemed so strange, ethereal—so boundless and ethereal,

That it clasped that restless sea of tears in a deep and yearning greeting.

As I strangely mused and listened, a deeper trance fell o'er me—

The rising waves were swelling—clasped the shore, high swelling,

And each wave changed that touched the strand and in person stood before me.

One after one the pebbly shore they touched in hasty swelling,

When each wave was a human—a strange, dejected human,

Till a multitude before me stood and each their sorrow telling:

One had been wronged, or been enslaved, or robbed of all enduring;

Another disappointed—sorely disappointed;

Another had been threatened death, and died of simply fearing!

Another lost his property; another reputation;

Another died of worship—of patristical worship;

While another, more religious, had died to prove salvation!

One thought himself not worthy life, and died of deep dejection;

And one of melancholy—of painful melancholy;

While ardent lovers beyond count were grieving o'er rejection!

One grieved because he was a MAN, and wished himself a WOMAN!

Another of low station—born in humble station,

Wept in hot tears his life away because he was a human!

Oh! what a world of grief they told, each greater than another;

Each had the worst of sorrow—the keenest, deepest sorrow—

His was so great he could not see the anguish of his brother.

Each one was loaded so with grief he thought no other sorrow—

His was the greatest anguish—the deepest, sorest anguish;

Oh! could he have his brother's woe how bright would be his morrow!

I asked them to exchange their grief, each taking on another's;

And all throw down their trouble—their deep, lamented trouble.

In the ocean altogether and each one take his brother's!

They cast them in the sea of tears, its restless waves were heaving—

Their anguish quickly vanished—sorely, deeply vanished!

And each found what comparing his, he'd been himself deceiving.

The waves returned from the shore and one by one departed;

The multitude all vanished—quickly from me vanished!

I saw each tear that filled the sea was cold, hollow, heartless.

I woke! The full bright orb of day was climbing up the heavens;

The air my cheek was kissing—softly, sweetly kissing.

And I had passed in dream-land o'er from the reveries of even.

I mused upon the vision that had passed so sweet before me—

Thought others might have sorrow—deep and painful sorrow.

Anguish sore and deep, too, that has never brooded o'er me.

Cleveland, Ohio, May, 1862.

Original Essays.

THE SOCIAL RELATIONS OF SPIRITUALISM.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

The universal grasp of Spiritualism has gathered the floating rubbish of the sea of mankind, as well as heaven-born truths. All the restless, reckless charlatans of the age have at convenience taken its name. It has been basely prostituted to purposes of quacks; its sacred name has been used to bring senseless verbosity before the public; the traveling doctor has found his patients increase in number when he claimed that he was healing by spirit-power, or had a clairvoyant with him; the added lecturers on mesmerism or phrenology, finding their audiences growing thin, discovered that they created greater interest by notifying the public that they would speak on Spiritualism, in a normal or abnormal state, as suited their convenience.

I stolen at the black list of abuses which have weighed to earth the Divine Philosophy. Enough, truly, to crush a less truthful system into oblivion. That it has survived seems miraculous, and not only survived, but gathered millions under its standard.

But this debasement to the vile purposes of gain has not sufficed. Charmed by its rapid growth, the supporters of the innumerable hydra-headed isms, have one and all strove to attach themselves to its triumphal car, and thus be drawn into miserable notoriety.

The Land Reformer was sure the spirits were Land Reformers;

The advocate of Woman's Rights was equally sure that they advocated his hobby;

The Reformer whose specialty was the abolition of Capital Punishment was sure the hosts of heaven were on his side;

And the Socialist resented the imputation of their opposing him and his.

So through the interminable catalogue. I neither affirm or deny its support to any or all of these. Wherever a truth exists, it unhesitatingly embodies it, and as it would be impossible for a theory to exist entirely false, some portions of all it supports, but of none makes a specialty.

Of the reforms the last few years have presented, its support or censure is far from vital consequence; in one only can its influence work immeasurable happiness or woe.

The spirit-world may go with labor, or with capital; with the low, or the criminal; with the supporters of woman's rights, or against; the world moves on calm and serene, but when it deigns to lay its finger, however lightly, on our social fabric, society totters to its base. When an immortal agent steps into the domestic circle, bearing the upas branch of enmity between husband and wife, insecurity, instability and social anarchy are at once inaugurated.

A large class of professed Spiritualists have allowed this to occur. They have placed more reliance on the word of a spirit than the tenor of the philosophy, or the voice of reason. I shall not pause to explain how, but will state the fact that strange and chimerical views have slowly crept into the vaguely understood system known as the Spiritual Philosophy. I shall now deal with those opinions only which are related to its social aspect.

One of these vague conceptions is that of "affinity"—that there is only one woman and one man made for each other, and that these two halves can never be happy unless united; that they will be united in heaven, if not here.

The patient husband consoles himself with the reflection, while pined beneath the stormy wrath of his Xantippe, that his beloved and true wife exists somewhere in the world, and in the spirit-world they will inseparably meet. He bides his time—a social martyr. Does he strive to please Xantippe, to improve her turbulent disposition and harmonize her mind with his? Far from that. He is like a western squatter, who has no title deed, and feels duty bound to improve as little as possible. He is not sure but to-morrow he may find his lost mate. If he exerts himself at all, it is in the search of her. If we receive such a conjecture as this, where are we? We are not sure a true marriage exists in the wide world—we never can be sure. To what a depth it leads! Very plausible at first, but woe lies beneath. Plausible, but totally wrong, being neither based on human experience or moral desire, nor supported by a fact.

What is the teaching of common sense? That for every man, thousands of women can be found equally adapted, and vice versa. A young man selects a young woman of congenial qualities. Can it be for a moment supposed that he could not find another equally so? I put this question direct to the heart of every one who inclines to dispute it. It is true, after he has learned to love, others may produce no impression. I do not mean that, but provided the first had not been met. The contrary—that only one exists, if believed, would convert every man into a Quixote, and send him around the world, after his Dulcinea of embodied perfection. If marriage is submitted to under such impressions, it is only as a temporary expedient—a necessary evil. If it be true, how is it that many are married to more than one companion, and are as happy with one as the other?—and that too, after the first has for long years moulded the mind to be mated with the second?

The young man and woman sufficiently alike to develop rational love, are married. There are a thousand others who might as well take the place of each; or might have taken it as well previous to its assumption. But mark: a change occurs here,

They are each educated by each other. They become more and more alike, as can be observed in married people, if all in a quail. Year after year this assimilation goes on, until the two are one. Every year widens the interval between the companions, and those who once might have been as "congenial."

Such I consider the true doctrine of "affinity," which supports the entire system of free love. Its vaunted "affinity" is an idle dream, without existence.

I do not wish to be understood as saying that the present marriage institution is perfect. On the contrary, it is liable to great abuses. I mean it is the best we can now have, and decidedly preferable to any yet proposed. It was never intended to procure the union of the "right halves." Its entire office is to protect the rights of the contracting parties, and those of the offspring. Beyond these, it leaves to the discretion of the parties. It is not the abrogation of marriage, or the universal assumption of the theory of "affinity," that the world demands, but education into the laws of our social nature—a domain as yet untouched, and wholly excluded from the schools. Youths should receive this all-important knowledge with their first lessons, and seek by every means to understand their duties to themselves and the world. Then there would be little ground for complaint against marriage, for its sacredness would not be polluted.

To give this social knowledge, is one of the important labors of the spiritual philosophy. It comes not to disturb the household relations, but to yield knowledge which will render those relations more perfectly harmonious, and home a haven of peace.

FAITH.

BY C. D. GRISWOLD, M. D.

What is Faith? Is it the "assent of the mind to what God hath revealed?" Or, is it a clear consciousness that God hath the power, and therefore will work out through us that for which we pray by thought and deed?

How man has prayed in the past for prosperity, for power, for wealth, and for progress; and how signally have his prayers been answered in this growth of the nation, the extension of its commerce, the spread of knowledge, the accumulation of wealth, and in the vast power which has risen to break the nation asunder. Who can ask for a better warrant for faith? With every prayer for material growth, man has put his hand to the work, and the answer came—not the less from God, though man was the instrument.

Let the world pray for spiritual prosperity, for spiritual power, for the riches of the spiritual kingdom, its knowledge and its progress; let him pray, and do things spiritual, and all that he asks, by thought and deed, will come to him. When man comes to know God—to know that he is an infinite power, measurably dwelling within him—that the portion to each is in accordance with the aspirations, or love of God, or God—then will he begin to have faith, and pray in full expectation of receiving. Conviction must come before faith. The world has been taught to have faith, that conviction might come; but such faith is impotent.

The power of God in man has never yet been fully comprehended, and perhaps never will be in this sphere. Jesus seemed to have a gleam of it—realized it more fully, probably than any other being who ever walked the earth. Certainly, if he believed that nothing would be impossible to them that had faith even as a grain of mustard seed—even to the moving of a mountain—his faith must have been great indeed. In this he showed that he claimed nothing above his disciples, if they by faith could do greater works than he had ever done. True faith is confidence in the power of God, and the God-power in man is in proportion to his faith in the Infinite; hence, the power of man is measured only by his faith. When man comes to know the law, he wields the power.

Is not the progress of the world in every sense in exact accordance with the aspirations of man? When commerce demanded an opening between the East and the West, a canal was built; when this failed to meet the wants of the nation, the railroad was built; when it was necessary to speed intelligence more rapidly, the telegraph came; when the forests failed to furnish fuel, coal was discovered; and when the oily monsters of the deep were becoming extinct, the earth opened its bosom and gave forth its abundance. These were not the creations of man's power altogether, but such as were not come at his bidding. Man prayed with faith and works, and he received what he asked. Who shall say that man has not measurably the power of God within him? Who shall say that the words of Jesus to his disciples were not true, for they had but to put their hands to the work with faith, and in time the mountain would have been moved?

There is a great principle involved in the doctrine of Faith, as a means to ends. Whatever the united voice of the world demands, seems to come, and it is rare, if ever, that anything does come until the want of it is felt. "Necessity is the mother of invention," says the old proverb. We are guided, and often mysteriously, to that which we most need. Nearly all great discoveries have been made apparently by accident, but the need was felt beforehand. How far the aspirations—the prayers of mankind open the way to the result, is the question. If we earnestly desire Divine guidance, do we not get it through ministering angels in a special manner? "Ask, and ye shall receive; knock and it shall be opened unto you," said Jesus; but the door only is opened at which we knock, and we receive only that for which we ask. In this is the secret of man's progress. Man does not grow spiritually by the accumulation of knowledge, but through holy aspirations, therefore that which exalts our conceptions of the Infinite, and causes us to aspire to be like him, leads us in the direct way to heaven. A compulsory observance of the law does man no good. He only finds a reward in following in the path of virtue, who can appreciate its goodness over the ways of vice. Restraint, therefore, is of no avail, only so far as it protects the rights of others. There is no more fatal dogma than that knowledge leads to virtue; it leads simply to vices of a higher order, as man regards them. Moral teachings—such as enlarge our aspirations and give us clearer conceptions of goodness and its power over us—alone develop man spiritually, for by these he comes to have faith in the Infinite, and prays for Divine guidance, which opens the way, and the spirit of the Almighty enters in and dwells with him.

HUMAN HAPPINESS.

The attainment of happiness is the desire and ambition of the world. Each individual of the race is continually engaged in its pursuit, in accordance with his tastes or inclinations, or as he deems the means will best promote the end to be accomplished.

The man of the world seeks it in the accumulation of riches, that wealth may purchase rank and position in society, and supply all the wants that fancy can invent. But too oft there is disappointment in pursuit, dissatisfaction in enjoyment, and uncertainty in possession, to obtain the happiness for which he seeks.

Others seek to find it in the theory of religion. But experience proves that the proposed satisfaction of the soul is not found among its proselytes.

Philosophy has been searched in vain, also, to discover its hidden path.

But where, say some, can it be found, seeing that Religion, Wealth and Philosophy have been tried and found wanting?

The failure of success is owing to one of two things; either there is no rule by which it can be possessed at all, or if there be one, it is not properly understood, through ignorance.

But we are assured by the revelations of the Bible, by the teachings of Christ, by the angel-world in former and present times, that happiness is attainable, and the lives of the followers of Christ, contemporary with him, prove the truth of it.

If this be so, the rule or law on which it is founded, is in existence, and if followed correctly, must be as productive of happiness now as then.

But lamentably for the world, we read, since the time of Christ, errors of faith and practice have made inroads upon the truth, and the unhappiness we see is the just consequence of their embracement.

To relieve ourselves from the embarrassments of these, it is necessary to take the practices and teachings of Christ alone, as the standard and guide of our thoughts, words and actions—to listen to the counsels of the angel-world, the still small voice within, and to profit by the experiences we are subjected to in life.

It must be clear to every mind that a law or rule of conduct is to gain a special object; and that if the law be misunderstood, the object cannot be attained. Take a case. Love is said to be the ruling principle of the universe. God is Love. Now any thought, word or action that produces the contrary of this principle, is said to be opposed to Love, therefore opposed to God. But strictly speaking, this is not so; for all the powers of soul and body are the creations of the Infinite, and if he be good, as all allow, he could not create any others but what is good, and none of a nature to oppose him.

But what is really attempted to be conveyed to the mind, is, a disposition on the part of some not to listen to and practice the requirements the law demands to acquire the promised happiness.

Now Christ teaches "the kingdom of heaven within you" is the highest happiness of which man is capable; this kingdom he affirms consists of "Love, Joy and Peace." Here we have a solution of the mystical rule of happiness.

All our thoughts conceived, all our words uttered, and all our actions manifested, must produce these three qualities. Hence it must be seen, that all conception, utterance and conduct, that produce hate, sorrow, and trouble, are opposed to these, and must create unhappiness in proportion as they are exercised.

It is also clear that in order to accomplish this, it will be necessary to discard many accepted theories, creeds, prejudices and ignorances, and to apply one's self with all one's ability to correct one by one the causes of unhappiness.

Probably the greatest difficulty with which the beginner will have to contend in the commencement is, the fear of poverty and want in this present world. But if the law of happiness is reliant, it must provide for all the contingencies of life. Christ declares this. He says, "Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven, (Love, Joy and Peace) and all these (the necessary things of this world) shall be added unto you." The uniform testimony of the righteous of old, proves the truth of it.

It is apparent that the beginner is required to have a firm and abiding confidence in the Supreme Being, the Author of the law. Unless this happiness, this kingdom of heaven, can be established here, as Christ declares, what hope has mankind to enter heaven beyond in the future?

If we have not merited this present bliss, how can we expect the future? What law in the universe will transfer hell into heaven, the evil in the good, the lowest in the highest, in an instant?

If we would travel from unhappiness to happiness, it must be by pursuing the right course, by slow and steady steps until the end is secured.

WOMAN'S VENERATION.—If women have one weakness more marked than men, it is toward veneration. They are born worshippers—makers of silver shrines for some divinity or other, which, of course, they always think fell straight down from heaven. The first step toward their falling in love with an ordinary mortal is generally to dress him out with all manner of real or fancied superiority; and having made him, they worship him. Now, a truly great man, a man really grand and noble in heart and intellect, has this advantage with women, that he is an idol ready made to hand; and so that very painstaking and ingenious sex have less labor in getting him up, and can be ready to worship him on shorter notice. In particular is this the case where a sacred profession and a moral supremacy are added to the intellectual.

Just think of the career of celebrated preachers and divines in all ages. Have they not stood like the image of a Nebuchadnezzar the king set up, and all womankind, coquettes and divs not excepted, been ready to fall down and worship, even before the sound of cornet, flute, harp, snubbin, and forth? Is not the faithful Paul, with his beautiful face, prostrate in reverence, before poor, old, lean, haggard, dying St. Jerome, in the most splendid painting of the world, an emblem and a sign of woman's eternal power of self-sacrifice to what she deems nobler in man?

Does not old Richard Baxter tell us, with delightful single-heartedness, how his wife fell in love with him first, spite of his long, pale face; and how, after confessed, dear soul, after many years of married life, that she had found him less sour and bitter than she expected. The fact is, women are prejudiced with fealty, faith, reverence, more than they know what to do with; they stand like a hedge of sweet peas, throwing out fluttering tendrils every where for something high and strong to climb up by, and when they find it, be it ever so rough in the bark, they catch upon it. And instances are not wanting of those who have turned away from the flattery of admirers to prostrate themselves at the feet of a genuine hero, who never wooed them, except by heroic deeds and the rhetoric of noble life.—The Minister's Weekly.

Written for the Banner of Light.

MAY.

BY A. P. M'COMBS.

With rosy cheeks and dewy mouth,
Young May, from the soft sunny South,
With her songs, sunshine and showers,
Bursting buds and breathing flowers,
Fills our fields and woodland bowers.

With her rich gushing strain;
Bland, joyous, blushing, laughing, gay,
Oh, welcome! welcome! gentle May!
To warm our hearts again.

When thou spread'st thy blossomy hand,
Scattering fragrance o'er the land,
Hill and vale with gladness wakes,
Each tree and shrub new beauty takes,
And earth in all her fullness breaks

Forth in wild melody;
And fresh, strong hopes around us play,
When thou art here, sweet, blooming May,
Thrice welcome unto thee!

Now, daisy-slipped, violet-drest,
And clover bells within thy crest,
Amid thy dappled white and red,
O'er the sweet scented orchards spread,
Where the quivering sunbeams tread,
Lingering by thy side,

I see young June, so bland and sleek,
Bringing the blushes to thy cheek,
Wooing thee for his bride.

With smiles and sighs the amorous swain,
In the olden way, makes love again;
His pulses throb and his being warms,
As he drinks the beauty of thy charms,
And folds thee fondly to his arms,

A willing captive led;
Then glowing with the bridal kiss
To sip the sweets of wedded bliss
Upon the nuptial bed.

Soon to profligate ripeness grown,
A pensive offspring, sure thine own,
Of luscious fruits, of Summer flowers,
Of humming bees, of golden hours,
Of waving grain and vernal bowers,
Blebe beauty marked with health;

There's none can count thy riches o'er,
Or trace the glories of thy store,
Or paint thy gorgeous wealth.

But still my heart will wander back
To days when o'er my early track,
Thou shed thy smiles and songs of mirth,
That made me feel the whole of earth,
Was surely of celestial birth,
And thou its brightest star;

Thy maiden, open, artless way,
I'll ne'er forget, oh, dearest May!
Though thou be gone afar.

ITINERANT ETCHINGS OF U. CLARK.

EARLY REMINISCENCES—TRYING TO BE POPULAR—NOOK TRIALS—NOW AND THEN—SPIRITUALISM DYING OUT—SELF-GLORIFICATION—WOLVES AND SHEEP—A BRACE OF BOONAL VICTIMS—HOW TO TREAT THE ACCUSED—PRINCIPLES OF REFORM—VILLAGE AND RURAL REFORMS—GALLING—WESTERN NEW YORK—THEMES FOR LECTURES.

It is now seven years the present month, since I started out as one of the pioneers of Spiritualism. I had been waiting three or four years for auspices favorable for my coming out from the ministry, in order that I might take the Spiritual field with an unimpaired reputation. But the longer I waited, the more unfavorable did circumstances and surrounding influences appear; and my reputation, instead of improving, only grew worse and worse, from every day's delay.

While on a salary of \$1000 as pastor of the Second Universalist Church, in Providence, R. I., 1850-51, where I first came out with a series of Sunday evening sermons, favorable to Spiritualism, I was unsophisticated enough to suppose that the liberal denomination to which I belonged, would gladly welcome Spiritualism as in confirmation of the liberal Christianity which was the boast of the sect. But I was soon awakened from this delusion by numerous ministers and laymen, who assured me that the unpopularity of Spiritualism would endanger my reputation, if I dabbled with it, and that it was a dangerous rival power threatening to break up our societies, and overthrow the sect.

Many of the brethren at first, went into Spiritualism, believing it destined to aid our sect, but finding its mission otherwise, they drew back in conservative alarm. My course in the matter drew out various criticisms, suspicions and denunciations, and I was subjected to the most rigid espionage. In endeavoring to be wise, I was tempted to practice policies which only rendered my retribution more terrible in the end. As long as I remained loyal to the sect, a veil of charity was thrown around me, notwithstanding the invidious espionage exercised by a certain class of papal magnates. But when at last I came out from the sect, and was announced in the Spiritual field, the most unqualified denunciations were visited on me. I was exposed to an *ex parte* inquisition in my absence, without any notification, and found myself damned on the ground of random rumors which nobody had dared to put in the shape of tangible charges. I sought for justice, but was informed that my withdrawal from the denomination, precluded me from claiming the right of an impartial hearing; and to this day, there are conservative members of that sect who shrug their shoulders and whisper ominous suspicions wherever I go. It is a singular fact that no man can leave his old sect and come out a Spiritualist, without exposing himself to similar penalties, no matter how pure his motives, or noble his character may be. It should be no longer a matter of sensitiveness with men or women, that they are thus exposed.

I took the Spiritual field with a damaged name, and with friends and the world opposed: I found it was useless to wait for favorable circumstances. True merit is tested only in coming out and facing obstacles. I knew only five or six individuals then devoted to the public advocacy of Spiritualism, and I had heard of not more than twenty places in all the States where public lectures were encouraged. Since that time, the lectures, regular and occasional, have increased to over one thousand, and I have lectured in all the Eastern, Middle and Western States, and in Maryland and Kentucky, and lectured in about twelve hundred different localities.

Since lessons of wisdom may be drawn from the experiences of every laborer, I hope to escape the charge of egotism, if I allude to my individual efforts and affairs. It is strange how little we understand each other, even those who are laboring side by side, and hand in hand in the same great field of reform. We are too wont to deal in accusations, suspicions and invidious comparisons. Some lecturers and

mediums seem to glory in attempting to deprecate others, and extol themselves. Now, all this only reflects on the whole body of workers, and creates a lack of confidence among the people.

It is lamentably true that there are some men and women who ought not to be encouraged as public teachers, because they are rank impostors, swindlers, vagabonds, dangerous and degenerating in their influences or wholly inefficient in their labors. These are easily detected and guarded against by all intelligent, discriminating Spiritualists. It is impossible for the spiritual press, or for the believers as a body to adopt anything like a sectarian inquisition, by which these objectionable individuals shall be personally pointed out and branded with infamy. If they carry the mark of Cain, they will be known.

We do not believe in dealing out any unqualified damnation against even the most degenerate. Redeeming elements are found even in those whom we deem the worst. It is easy enough to find out whether an individual is safe and efficient or not. No vague rumors may be heeded, nor even opinions which may be current among many good men and women, for nothing is easier than to scatter false reports of the most plausible nature, until even the best persons are foully abused. An illustration is at hand: The wife of one of our metropolitan editors recently wrote a lecturing sister, in central New York, saying she had been informed that the said sister was authentically reported as a rank and dangerous free-lover, of the sensual type. The report was utterly groundless, for a nobler, purer woman never lived. Another case: A Boston editor wrote, inquiring about one of our public laborers, stating that he had been informed on the best authority that said laborer had cruelly and without cause, abandoned an angelic wife for the purpose of taking an "affinity" was loose and licentious, and prodigal, reckless and dishonest in his finances; all of which proved to be substantially false; the man having come to an honorable understanding and separation with his former companion on grounds perfectly justifiable before any jury of impartial men and women, without impeaching either him or his wife with anything criminal; he was proved chaste and reserved in his relations with women; he was an advocate of monogamous marriage, and rather conservative on social questions, and as to his finances, he had been honestly laboring for years, for a bare subsistence; never prodigal nor reckless, never rigid nor avaricious in his demands, and open to the charge of dishonesty only on the ground of having been so poor and oppressed as to be unable to meet some small debts contracted under the pressure of overwhelming embarrassment and misfortune.

Now, in case a man or woman is accused of anything unbecoming a Spiritual reformer, our only safe rule is to seek out parties who claim to be personally aggrieved or injured. If no such parties can be found, then let all reports pass as the idle wind, no matter who the reporters are. Make the reporters responsible, or let them take back their slander. If injured parties can be found, let them make specific charges and adduce their evidences; their facts, their witnesses, their positive grievances; no hear-says, no mere rumors nor suspicions. Then let the accused be heard. Hear all sides. If the accused is proved palpably guilty, then let reparation and reformation ensue. If the guilty refuse to attempt any recompense, or take a reformed course, then let him carry the mark of Cain, and the world take warning according to its own intuitions. I know of no other course to be pursued. The principles involved in this course are the principles which lie at the basis of all human progress. If we ignore these principles of justice and humanity, we must fall back on the old conventional plane of society, and "deal damnation round the land on all we deem our foes," or all who fail, in the least appearance, to come up to the standard of blinded suspicions, corrupt imaginations, random rumors, rampant reports, bigoted Pharisees, sordid slanders, croaking conservatives, jealous-eyed monsters, invidious rogues, prurish pimps, petty popes, mimic Joves, and groaning grumpy Grundies. Good Lord, deliver us!

Since my last writing the BANNER, my labors have been confined to Central and Western New York, where the signs continue to appear more and more encouraging, especially to laborers who take the pains to visit small villages and rural districts, instead of skipping from one large place to another, and stopping only where they are sure of receiving the most financial encouragement. My course is to fill up every evening in the week, except Saturday, and visit every place where a door is opened, if there are friends who will assume the responsibility of making arrangements and do the best they can in the way of remuneration. It is astonishing to find how many places are open to those who have the faculty of making all due inquiries. I have lately marked out a tour through Cattaraugus and Chautauque Counties, N. Y., and find almost every village ready to welcome the Spiritual lecturer with large and eager audiences. Lyman C. Howe, Libbie Lowe and some others have done good service in this region, and hundreds of the noblest and most progressive souls are ready to second the efforts of efficient pioneers. But the people all over the country have had about enough of the "mission" of a certain class of loungers, loafers, spongers, who "propose" to do some marvelous things which are never done.

I find the people becoming more and more in need of hearing Spiritualism applied to the common relations of life, as well as to civil and religious relations. The more practical and radical, the better, if wisdom is exercised. My invariable course now is, to give at least two or three, if not more lectures, in every place, and do something more than to startle with the novelty of an hour. My themes are: The New Era of Spiritualism; Its New Phases, Its Sentiments, Philosophy, Religion and Reform; Signs and Revelations of the Times; Civil, Social and Religious Conflicts; Uprising of the People; New Opening of the Heavens; Coming Pentecost; Re-inauguration of Christianity; Laws of Life, Health and Healing; True Love, Conjugality and Fraternity; True Freedom; Spiritual Culture and Mediumship; Objections and Slanders Answered; Immortality Demonstrated; Old Theories and Subterfuges Exploded; Errorists, Traitors and Demagogues alarmed; but Humanity hopeful.

Where there is a demand, I give my public test examinations of strangers selected by the audience, closing my eyes, and never failing to describe past incidents, accidents, diseases and events, and give accurate delineations of character; demonstrating the existence of interior powers capable of revealing the innermost secrets of life and nature, and likewise the presence of intelligences whose vision extends beyond the external senses. The time is coming when these spiritual gifts will become more generally cultivated and exercised, and then we shall

"see as we are seen," and the kingdom of heaven will be opened in souls now dark and desolate. On the Wing, May 18, 1862.

Life in the Tented Field.

EDITOR BANNER OF LIGHT.—Thinking that a pen picture drawn from the great field of war may be acceptable to your readers, I hide myself away in my canvas quarters to talk awhile with the many dear ones who read the BANNER whom I have known amidst scenes more genial, and with whom I have often held converse from the abode of peace and comfort. The night is damp and chilly, for rain has fallen almost constantly for four days and nights. A small fire of sticks in the centre of my tent yields some warmth and much smoke, which is not more healthful than pleasant, and gives me, just now, a morelachrymose appearance than any sorrowful emotion of the heart would warrant. Any one who could witness the scenes of horrible war that I have the last ten days—whose ears could listen to the groans and prayers of the suffering and dying by the hundred, day and night, and be called upon for words of hope, that life may be spared until the dear ones at home may again be clasped in living arms—any one who has passed through such a terrible ordeal as this, would gladly feel that there is comfort even in such quarters as these. Shut out measurably from the storm of the elements that beats upon my canvas roof, and from the sight though not from the sound of the more pitiless storm of human strife, and the rough clangor of war, I feel measurably the repose of happier days coming back to me; and a sweet communion with the dearly loved in the form, and out of it, steals over me, driving the natural sadnesses of the heart away, and making me feel that I am not alone, though no loving soul that I ever knew before ministers to my happiness in the form here in this land of devastation and death.

For three days and nights I assisted in ministering to the needs of the wounded at Pittsburg Landing, as they were brought in from the field. The chief duties in the care of nearly four hundred received on one boat (the Hannibal) fell to me and one other surgeon, the surgeons from the field being much exhausted, and, for the most part, seeking rest. On the fourth day, their wounds being dressed, and made as comfortable as circumstances would admit, they were transferred to a transport boat, and conveyed to hospitals on the Ohio river. Such has been the method by which at least seven thousand wounded and sick men have been conveyed from the field of the late great battle, while from fifteen hundred to two thousand have been buried hastily beneath the soil on which their blood was poured out.

On being ordered to this place, but eight miles below Pittsburg Landing, I was assigned to duty in charge of a temporary hospital, where there is neither room or comfort equal to my taste, such as I have described in the tent which is all my own, and where, as night comes, I hide away from the outer world, to commune in thought and with the pen with those toward whom the heart goes out in love and cherished memory.

It is horrible to see men die, or suffer the fear of death, who have been educated under the old theology of hell and eternal damnation. Somehow those thus suffering often appeal to me for words of hope, and I never neglect the opportunity to disabuse their minds of the abominable ideas of God inculcated by the church. I have often found my words to give peace and comfort even in the misery of pain, and sometimes, when uttering a few hearty words in answer to such appeals, I have heard those around respond, "That's the doctrine," from which I inferred that Spiritualism has its disciples even in the combatant ranks of unrighteous war.

I am now visiting daily a wounded colonel, who anticipates almost everything I have to suggest in the treatment of his case, by the instruction of spirits who communicate with him clairaudiently. Within a few minutes after I first learned of his reliance in spirits, he described to me two spirit intelligences with whom I have held converse through other media for years, one of whom was a professional friend. The colonel has a son with him, who is also a medium in seeing spirits. The night after Gov. Harvey, of Wisconsin, was drowned, the son informed me that he saw his spirit very distinctly, though he is not altogether satisfied himself of the reality of such appearances, not having known much of such experiences, except within himself.

If death is the greatest of calamities, as I have always been taught, I should find it hard to reconcile war as a measure in the plans of Infinite Wisdom; but that such is the fact, I have long since ceased to believe. The spirit world is populating rapidly with revolutionary minds, and what their influence will be upon the coming destiny of this country, it is difficult to determine, but it may be safely concluded that ultimate good will be the result. A balance of power is rapidly being developed, favorable to an entire new order of things in the management of human affairs in this world. The old systems in church and state are rotting and crumbling into perishable fragments, and upon their debris this republic will find a new foundation for a more perfect structure, but the form is by no means yet apparent to my comprehension, at least, in detail. One thing however is clear, the interests of this material life that have heretofore held a predominant influence over mankind must give way to spiritual, the perception of which is growing daily more and more clear to human comprehension. This last and greatest effort on the part of unprincipled demagogues to grasp the reins of power, will prove such a signal failure that perhaps never again will men be found to undertake the like, and the lesson of terrible experience that awaits the leaders must teach them the consequences resulting from efforts at ascendancy based upon a system of human aggression and subjugation.

C. D. Gaisworn,
Savannah, Tenn., April 22. Surgeon U. S. A.

A MOTHER'S GNAVE.—Earth has some sacred spots where we feel like loosening the shoes from our feet, and treading with holy reverence; where common words of pleasure are unfitting; places where friendship's hands have lingered in each other's, where vows have been pledged, prayers offered, and tears of parting shed. Oh, how the thoughts hover around such places, and travel back through immemorial space to visit them. But of all the spots on the green earth, none is so sacred as that where rests, awaiting the resurrection, those we once cherished and loved. Hence, in all ages, the better portion of mankind have chosen the loved spots for the burial of their dead, and in those spots they have loved to wander at evening to meditate and weep. But among all the charnel houses of the dead, if there is one spot more sacred than all the rest, it is a mother's grave. There alone the mother of our race—the guide of our youth—the comforter of our riper years—our friend when others desert us—she whose heart was a stranger to other people's feelings but love; and who could always find excuses for us when we could find none for ourselves. There she sleeps, and we love the very earth for her sake.

THE HUMAN MIND—ITS ALLIANCE TO GOD.

A Lecture by Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch, at Dodworth's Hall, New York, Sunday Evening, May 3, 1862.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

INVOCATION.

Our Father, God, we turn to thee in joy and thankfulness. Receive our praise for the innumerable blessings of thy Providence which continually surrounds us. Father, thou who art infinite, omnipotent and all-wise, whose majesty we cannot comprehend, who art all of life and all of eternity, we bring to thee our heartfelt praises, not alone the utterances of our minds, for they are nought, nor the prayers thou art accustomed to hear, but the feeling of devotion out-gushing from the depths of the soul. Infinite Being! we know that thou requitest not our praises, that our words fall upon thine ears without effect and void; but still we know that when we praise thee with our hearts, when our souls gush forth with tenderness and love, and we turn to thee with simplicity and trust, thou hearest and hast compassions. Oh God, thy being and the grandeur of thy power, which has filled the universe with glory, we cannot comprehend, but we are endowed with a living consciousness, a power which thou hast bestowed; an immortality of being, a knowledge of thy love, which all the universe cannot take from us. Oh God, we praise thee for this, no less than for all material blessings and all the results of thy power and goodness; for the richness and beauty of earth and its productions, for the associations of human life, and the intelligence by which we measure the things thou hast ordained. For all these we praise thee; yet, when our hearts are filled with gratitude, we still remember that something more was given than even these—the consciousness of thy life; the conception of our relations with thee, and that thou art God, within and round about us. Oh, all thou with thine all-pervading blessing, this assembly. May we know thou art here, and our hearts unfold to thy presence as flowers display their petals to the morning sun, acknowledging thee forevermore our leader and our guide. Amen.

Our subject, on this occasion, is man's relations to God. Though we have heretofore frequently expressed our ideas on this topic, it is as inexhaustible as the fountain whence it emanates. No other question, outside the realm of physical being, can present such an infinite interest in every direction, as belongs to this. In all varieties of creed, whichever way we turn, we find the necessity of solving—first, the problem—is there a God? and, secondly, if so, what are man's relations to that being?

In this enlightened age, it might appear almost an insult to an intelligent audience were we to entertain the question as to the existence of a Being whose presence and power are so universally acknowledged. That there is an omnipotent Being, who wrought order from chaos, and from confusion brought forth infinite perfection, every mind must acknowledge. Whether it worships at the shrine of self, or of mere material power, it matters not—in its inmost heart every reasonable being must believe in God.

The next question which interests humanity is, what are the relations of earth's children to this all-wise and great being? We perceive, in the structure of the universe, such gigantic proportions, such an infinitude of space, filled with orbs, any one of which, perchance, would outweigh a hundred worlds like this—such magnitude of scope; such untold wonders—that, to the physical sense, it seems almost impossible that a being who could fashion these overwhelming marvels, should devote any share of his attention to such a motley as this little globe of yours; and yet, when we come to earth, we find, instead of a rude and unattractive surface, that it is decorated with many thousand forms of beauty; covered with green and beautiful trees, and plants of every description; flowers which rival the hues of heaven, and of forms innumerable, and all these not beautiful in general aspect and design only, but in the minutest insect, we find every part and organ finished with a delicate perfection which puts to shame the most ingenious workmanship of human hands. Such are the perceptible workings of the Divine Spirit. The human mind understands all this, and takes in at a glance the symmetry and harmony of Nature; conceives an idea of the great creating power, and comprehends the significance which belongs to material things; it perceives, in part, its own relation to the latter; but when we come to the soul, the diviner essence which constitutes the human being, there the mind has no resting-place; it knows not, and dares not question, what are its relations to the invisible world.

The human mind is forced to conceive of Deity from the influence of three causes:

First and foremost—its own being, by which is meant, not only its physical organization, but its capacity of thought.

Second—The material universe.

Third—The necessity of something superior to itself.

Now, if there were no other proof of the existence of a Deity than this, it were all-sufficient, viz.: The human mind knows it did not create itself; that it did not create any of the things by which it is surrounded; but it is able to analyze and compare them, to arrive at the laws which govern them, and estimate the forces which control their activity; therefore, the mind says: "Here is no power superior to myself—nothing which I cannot understand and grasp." The mere material understanding can advance no further; for God, being that which created the mind, the latter cannot analyze or understand him.

Now, the relation of the mind to Deity, has been the study of all ages, the origin of all religion, and constitutes the present basis of the hope of immortality, the predicate of everything which ennobles humanity and gives it aspirations above the grosser things of earth. The conception of laws originating in a sphere above humanity—that God is an infinite and divine being—that he must be self-existent, and, therefore, not governed by necessity, and is the arbiter of material things—constitutes the chief charm by which religion has attracted and retained her votaries. The necessity of worship is felt because mankind must have something superior to itself to which it may assign the origin of its existence. Now the human mind conceives of wondrous manifestations of its own power, during all the ages of the past. From infancy it has been poured into your willing ear, that man is an epitome of the universe—the last and noblest work of God—a combination of all that is great, wise and good; and yet, while claiming this position, we find him reproaching his own nature, loading himself with condemnation, and humbling himself before a higher Power.

But, were he gifted with no higher faculty than understanding, and did his mind derive its origin solely from natural laws, man, instead of recognizing a Deity, would worship himself, and himself alone—as even now he often does in thought, and selfishness would not only furnish the sole motive-power of his being, but would ever be the cause of that being. To such an extent does this idea of inferiority and dependence pervade the human mind, that, notwithstanding we are educated to claim for humanity the right of superiority over all creation, there is no individual but turns instinctively to an unseen God upon whose perfection he can rely with implicit confidence.

We have now reached that portion of our subject which demands an analysis of the construction of the human mind; that we may determine its relations, direct and indirect, to that invisible Power whose existence we have assumed.

The human mind, may be presumed to possess a three-fold nature, distinguished as follows:

1st. The material, or instinctive mind, which is related to the material world, and the supply of animal wants. This might exist without conscious intelligence, as in the lower animals, who are prompted by their sensations, without making rational deductions therefrom.

2d. The reasoning faculty, or logical understanding, by which man is raised one degree higher than brutes in the scale of creation. This is the offspring of sensation, and, secondly, of something beyond the sphere of material sense, and which forms the avenue of communication between the seen and the unseen. It is this faculty which provides for the growth of the soul, which, by combining experiences, makes up the judgment of mature years.

3d. A still more distinctive endowment than either the instinctive impulse, or the matured conceptions of reason—a holier attribute, known as the religious sentiment.

Wherever you may go, and in whatever direction history furnishes a record, you will find this sentiment developed among the most savage, as well as the most cultivated nations—the same in its essential features, however varying in origin and symbolic expression. Now this intuition of worship, or reverence, is conclusive evidence of an alliance, more or less intimate, between man and the all-pervading, all powerful being called God. Intellect, as before stated, deals only with experience; but the soul, possesses also, intuitive power, which governs both the reason and judgment, and the whole combined, make up the human being, in his spiritual aspect. This being cannot be the result of simple experience—part of it can have no other origin but the diviner, subtler principle, termed intuition, and which forms the capacity of all knowledge.

The mind may be likened to a camera-obscure, such as is used in the photographic process, and which may stand and reflect an object for years, to no purpose, if the sensitive surface of the prepared plate is not there to receive the impression; and the soul resembles such a plate in its relations to sensational experiences.

In short, that the human mind does not derive all its impressions from experience, is as clear as any purely mental proposition. The mind receives impressions, but the soul measures and compares them. Consequently, God must have caused the human soul to partake, in some degree, of his own nature, and the soul is related to God as a drop of water to the ocean, as a ray of light to the sun, as an atom to the universe. That it contains in such a proportion, the attributes of Deity, is intimated in that passage in Genesis, which says that God made man in his own image.

In a physical sense this cannot be true; if only means that the substance of the soul is the same as that which exists with and in God, who is infinite in comparison. The idea of this relationship is not only conveyed in the expressive terms—Creator and created, Father and child—but God and humanity mean something more, viz., the eternity of which the soul is the exact type and symbol. God, of which the soul is the miniature representative; ubiquity, which the soul possesses; omnipresence, which the soul also possesses; omnipotence, which the soul can conceive of; infinitude, which the soul can likewise understand; all that is boundless, perfect, divine, self-existent, and which the soul of man can understand and measure, relatively, as far as God himself.

The relations between particles of matter depend on the attraction of like to like. Nature, in the material sense, is removed from God; it is only through the agency of laws, elaborate and complicated to external apprehension, that Deity is connected with matter, but, between God and the human soul, not even the shadow of a film is interposed. This soul, according to our conception, is not removed from Deity; it exists but in him and with him, and is like him, and, therefore, is a type of himself. Were it otherwise, the soul, or thought, would never be capable of its loftier attainments—its powers would never be exercised outside of the material brain, it would take no thought but for the sustenance of bodily life, it would entertain no aspirations or conceptions beyond. It is no evidence of the being of a God that man desires immortality, nor can our relations to the Infinite be inferred from our moral endowments, for these are as necessary to mere earthly progress and enjoyment as food and clothing; but the very fact of this conception of a future existence, outside of bodily requirements, of thoughts existing in themselves, is sufficient proof of our relations to the Supreme Power, though other arguments might be needed to establish the immortality of the soul. Nor is it necessary to this end that religion, in its various types, be taken into consideration. The existence of God and his relations to the soul, would probably remain equally clear, were every trace of religious revelation, together with every moral theory, and every distinct conception of immortality, obliterated from the mind of humanity. We do not believe that the human mind would ever doubt these great spiritual truths, after they had been spontaneously evolved and tested in the crucible of reason.

The soul is related to God, indirectly through Nature, directly, through that avenue we have called intuition. We know that intuition is not derived from Nature—has not its origin in the material life, and, therefore, its birth must be attributed to the being we term God, and God himself must evidently be like the thoughts which spring from intuition. Therefore, intuition, when acting in conjunction with reason, is never found wanting—weighed in the balance, is never found insufficient—when fairly tested, is never found defective. When measured by the highest standard, unbiased by prejudice, its teachings are never found inconsistent with human happiness. A thing so perfect in itself must be perfect in all its workings, and while human beings cannot apply it, in every instance, to daily life, owing to the imperfection of their material natures, still its indications must be universally admitted to be true and correct.

The relations, therefore, of the soul to God are as intimate as those of the seed to the tree from whence it came—the ray of light to the solar orb—as intimate as the connection of pulsations of the heart with the heart itself, or as that of the respirations of the animal with its lungs—as that of any thought of the human being with the brain which creates it. The mind looks afar off for Deity, locates him in infinite space, desires to scan the universe and find out where he dwells, but never can fix or circumscribe his existence, because that God of which the soul conceives, is felt within the soul, and is the soul, and, therefore, his habitation cannot be localized. Were the human mind simply narrowed down to the limits of material experience, all this lifting of the thoughts to the stary heavens, this searching for an unseen God, this exploring of creation for the author of our being, would never have occurred.

If all thought arose from material being, there would be no desire or utterance beyond the satisfaction of material wants; but so far from this being the case, the grandest and loftiest of minds are those the sphere of whose activity is furthest removed from practical experience, and all that constitutes the beauty of religion itself is in that divine influence which draws the mind away from material things and concentrates it upon that spiritual, divine being, God. The grand mistake of humanity has lain in looking too far and analyzing Deity as if it were a part of earth—in measuring the distances of being as if they were the distances of planets. It is not to be done in this way. The soul itself is the type of God, is his interpreter; and, as the soul is God to the extent in which it possesses, in a finite degree, what belongs to God in an infinite degree, if you look within you will find there all which constitutes Deity. And it has not been placed there in vain, as a toy or plaything, but that the human mind may understand and apprehend the purposes of its own existence. So simple, clear and distinct is this relationship, in every day life with you now, that it does not require to be recognized by stated forms of worship, by offerings, or ceremonies; but only by the constant worship of good within. So well defined is this spirit, that God cares nothing on his own account, for the uttered praises of humanity. It is that disposition of the soul which praises generate—the deeds which are prompted by true devotion; it is the offering of living and burning truths on the altar of the heart, that he regards. Humanity can never, by hymns or supplications, make God greater, or wiser, change his decrees, or happier, him.

with a warmer love, but they may become more perfect by habitually recognizing his divinity, not only in religious observances, as fully established, but in every noble effort, and in all that makes up human happiness and wisdom.

Not alone to day, or all days and years, but even every hour or moment which bears us onward to eternity, is but a partial revelation in the great eternal cycle of being, which changes continually, like the forms in a kaleidoscope, but ever returns, like them, in the same combinations. God is as near to your every thought as the pulsations of your own life. God is the atmosphere which the spirit breathes. As we stated, the relation of man to deity is constant inspiration, and were it not for that spirit and power, we could no more exist than we could breathe without an atmosphere, or see without the light of the sun. So infinite is this relationship, and so simple in its nature, that, as in the case of all great truths, men start in search of it armed cap-a-pie, prepared to encounter all kinds of "gorgons and chimeras dire," and even to torture and persecute themselves, to attain an object so precious. God requires no such sacrifices. His lesson is simple, clear and plain. First find God within yourselves, and you will be sure to find him outside. Find the spirit of good within, and you will be sure to find it without. Find truth and mercy and justice in your own hearts, and you will find them throughout all creation. Get true knowledge, or wisdom, and you will have that God for which men have searched so long. You will find the principles of power, knowledge and reason within the soul, and not in any far-off corner of the universe.

We have thus tried to explain how, in this connection, deity is brought home to every conception, and how each mind, however ignorant, can understand and measure the workings of the spirit. Further, it is not necessary to possess great wealth of knowledge, but a clear, calm condition of the mind, which shall secure you from going astray under the guidance of reason. The source and origin of thought will always direct you aright. Cultivate the power of intuition. Simple in origin, perfect in conception, it cannot and will not be obscured by the external prejudices of superficial reason, but sees with the eye of Divinity all causes and all effects, and can form judgments and conclusions perfectly.

Rely, then, upon the voice of intuition. Understand that God is God everywhere, and wherever you wander, whether dark or bright your pathway. Even sin cannot stain the purity of his divinity. The soul in itself, having inherent divinity, cannot be marred, but the human nature is made to suffer the penalty of imperfections. This essential purity, simplicity and perfection, belongs to the Infinite—that which makes it infinite, and beyond the possibility of change or corruption; no human thought can render it more perfect, no analysis can penetrate or apprehend it; everywhere active, though invisible, and remaining ever the same all-wise, all-disposing God within you and round about you. Such is God, and such is man.

Our Father! thou who art above all things, Creator, whose Divine life is the fountain of our being—whose essential attributes constitute all we know of perfection, and whose being is perfection itself, we praise and bless thee for thy kindness, for thy love within our souls, for thy life, which is our life, and for that conception of immortality which renders us forever conscious that we are allied to thee, and our souls types of thine infinitude; and to thy name, oh God, who art, forever, Creator and Ruler, shall be thanks and unceasing praise, forever.

Mr. C. H. Foster.

This gentleman, who is one of the most extraordinary mediums we have any knowledge of, has just returned from England to his home in Salem, Mass. He has spent about five months in London, where he has given the most satisfactory and convincing evidence of actual, tangible, spirit communion.

What is called the higher classes of London, have been Mr. Foster's chief visitors. Most of his visitors have been convinced of the truth of actual spirit communion, and those who have not, have gone away in wonder and amazement at the unaccountable cause of the marvellous exhibitions given through his medium powers. He has been treated with marked kindness and attention by the nobility, and by a majority of the English people he has met, he has been treated with respect and generosity. The Spiritualist Magazine, after the first week of his visit in London, treated him, for some cause, with silence, while other London journals, both secular and sectarian, have published accounts of the manifestations given through him, some, as they stupidly think, to please their patrons with ridicule, while others, more faithful to veracity, have commented upon them as being unaccountable, if not what they are claimed to be, real spirit manifestations. Mr. DeLaine, one of the editors of the London Times, published a fair report of the spirit manifestations that he witnessed through Mr. Foster's medium powers, but in his closing remarks he evidently concludes that his readers demand a little ridicule—so he makes his own conclusions ridiculous by attempting to throw ridicule upon the subject before him.

Among Mr. Foster's visitors were Robert Chambers, the noted publisher; Dr. Ashburner, the celebrated medical writer; Dr. Carpenter, the physiologist; Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, and a host of other men of science. During Mr. Foster's short stay in London, he received many valuable presents from his visitors, among which was one diamond ring, valued at five hundred dollars, and a splendid gold watch, with a handsome, heavy chain of pure gold.

Some reformers told Mr. Foster, when he arrived in London, that he must not smoke, and, if he smoked, he must not spit, for if he did it would injure the cause of Spiritualism, and he could not go into the best society. Mr. Foster replied, that if he desired, he should "smoke and spit" that he would not "injure the cause of Spiritualism," and that he would go into the "best society." Mr. Foster thinks there is no serious opposition to Spiritualism in England; but there is a great want of knowledge about it. Many are afraid of it—thinking that to commune with spirits is something like the ancient idea of seeing and talking to a ghost. One gentleman came into Mr. Foster's presence, holding up a letter, saying: "This letter, sealed, contains the name of one who has been dead forty years. How long will it take to call him up?" Mr. Foster immediately replied, pronouncing the name in full held in the sealed envelope. "This spirit is already up, and says he needs not to be called. He tells me that he is your son." The old gentleman answered: "The name is correct! Very extraordinary! You are very clever, sir."

Debate on Spiritualism.

The Herald of Progress contains the first portion of the interesting debate between Bro. F. L. Wadsworth and Rev. Moses Hull, Adventist, which took place at Battle Creek, Mich., in March last (15th, 18th, 19th and 20th). We quote from Bro. Wadsworth's remarks the following truthful and beautiful passages:

"The divine spark in man is of itself pure; therefore it cannot be defiled upon. It has to manifest itself through a physical body, and though the germ cannot be adulterated, it can be retarded in its manifestations. Go to the sea-shore and scatter diamonds on the sand. Then bury them beneath the surface. Travellers may pass that way and see not the gems beneath their feet; but the waves of the ocean roll and move, one by one, the grains of sand that cover them, and they come forth at last as all their worth and prize. Many a bright soul is entirely covered in the rubbish of circumstantial relations; but the waves of time are more sure than the waves of the ocean, changing one by one our circumstances and surroundings; and he who seems to have no divinity within, may yet shine with almost infinite light and love."

"It is a lottery, in which every customer may expect to draw a sword."

THE ROSICRUCIANS.

The Lecture by Miss Emma Hardinge, at Lyceum Hall Sunday Evening, May 12th, 1862.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

Previous to the discourse, Miss Hardinge read an extract from a work on the Antiquities of Masonry, etc., by General Ethan Allen Hitchcock, of St. Louis. The choir then chanted the last verses of Ecclesiastes, set to music by the lecturer of the evening. The air was sung by Mrs. Newell, with thrilling effect.

The lecturer commenced by speaking of man's natural proneness toward association. In past times, to bring out, by the unity of energies, new truths in religion or new developments in science. The Rosicrucians were one of this type, and representative of many of the rest. In the world's old day, God spoke. "Let there be light," and light came in obedience to the call of God; and man responds to the cry to-day. "Let there be light." Centuries ago, when men first strove to comprehend the mysteries of the astronomical religion, they organized a society—banded themselves together, for the purpose of better elucidating the hidden mysteries of the universe; and through them we find the great secrets preserved among men. They also organized for self-protection; for strength to resist aggression and war. In order to render unto Caesar, that which was Caesar's, and unto God that which was God's; also to mark the changes on the face of Nature, and note the phases of the panorama of the skies. And men learned through all the changes and aspects of Nature, the inevitable lesson of a God. They called attention to the power of the heavenly bodies, and their influence upon the beings who stood beneath their power. So Astrology, the science, or the religion of the stars, grew out of the astronomical religion of the world's early days—since reduced to a system by the Swedish Seer in his doctrine of Correspondences.

So long as the people are ignorant, the priest's power is a miracle, though to the educated mind, science gives the key which unlocks all mysteries. So, in the olden times, the people were most deluded and warped. It was deemed unsafe to trust the people with the mysteries the priests had the ability to understand, and hence the association. Who comprised the association? The priests resolved themselves into associations, then, and the people regarded them as more than human, because of the power which seemed to rest upon them. The people did not understand the science, nor did the priest desire them to; and so they claimed there was no secret, but only an outward sign of the inward sense. In process of time the people sank into superstition and the most fabulous idolatry, and the worship of the external sign became the worship of the grossest images ever designed. The Biblical Apocalypse, which many claim as the work of John, was but the record of this astronomical religion.

Let us now look at the association called Alchemists. Some seven hundred years after the death of Jesus, there were vague rumors concerning a new science. It was said that all matter was formed from two sources—the boreal, or condensative, whose power is attraction, and the astral, or rarificative, which is repulsive, so fully known to you as the two modes by which all the works of nature are carried out; that of these or their material representatives, all things in Nature are compounded.

It was the effort of the scholars of this age and sect to discover the philosopher's stone. It was thought there was a third power wanting, and he who could find this was the fortunate one who could give to the world the philosopher's stone—possessed of fabulous power. To find this was the struggle of hundreds and thousands of lives. We have no important account of their success, till in the ninth or tenth century, when this sect acquired great celebrity, aided by the discoveries of one Paracelsus, and from him a new era in the science was dated. He claimed to have discovered for himself the philosopher's stone. He had imprisoned the spirit in a stone, and fitted it into his sword-belt; and by virtue to the spirit, and its obedience to the conditions of its being, he could cause to decay living matter, and bring health from disease. There were marvelous stories of a wondrous rock somewhere in mid-ocean, whereon ships were drawn by an uncontrollable force, the iron drawn from their hulls, and upon which whole navies went to pieces. This same spirit was imprisoned in the hilt of his sword, and through its magnetism he performed wonderful cures. He said, My hand is so charged with this invisible power that I can introvert the human soul, intensify its faculties, and cause man to have superhuman power.

We have heard of those who went in search of the Alchemists elixir of life—the pure water of eternal youth, by which the period of man's life may be prolonged almost indefinitely. Thousands of lives were spent in the search for this fabled fountain, and finally Paracelsus reappeared in the form of one Mesmer. Next we come to the brothers of the Rosy Cross, who from one of their number derived new power, long sought, and which was a new era in the wisdom of the world. One Christian Rosenkrocz, claimed to have found a wonderful secret; and, fearing to trust it to the world, lest he should be hailed to the cross, as good men had been before, who came to bless their race, he ventured, a little at a time, to reveal his mystery to a secret order—the Rosicrucians. The order was founded upon a spiritual origin; and the founder claimed to have discovered the philosopher's stone, in the power to read men's thoughts, to become invisible, and to be in the company of others, seeing, but unseen.

These three societies have been the great secret organizations of the world, and the world is much indebted to them. Remember, to the Astrologers you are indebted for the knowledge of the stars, their effects upon mortals, and upon the tides and agricultural powers of earth; the Alchemists discovered in their search for the philosopher's stone, the great truths of chemistry; remember that the Rosicrucians have taught you of the principles of life, of clairvoyance and psychology. Though the labor of all might have been selfish, God's providence has turned all to eternal good. Now, with the unfoldments of modern Spiritualism, you behold the perfect blending of all the purposes of the past, in the economy of nature, as so many steps in the march up to deified life. You have learned that one law governs all nature, and each is unfolded in its time—as the world can assimilate the knowledge, and profit by its coming. The demon of Paracelsus has stood at the elbow of every unfoldment, and the power compacted in Paracelsus's sword-belt, streamed in luminous power from Mesmer's fingers. This is the inspiration of the philosopher's stone; and the elixir vitae, the water of life, is found in the science of clairvoyance, in the power of magnetism, which unravels the scroll of the heavens and the earth as your feet. All things are resolvable into gases and back again; and thus is the truth of the ancients verified to-day.

Spiritualism comes, as the philosopher's stone, not to transmute the vulgar metals into gold, but to transmute vice, ignorance, and crime, moral, physical or spiritual, into the gold of wisdom, intellect, virtue and purity. Such a mission is for each and every one of us. This is the lesson taught us in all the varied cypher language of Nature. "Let there be light," said the great Master Mason of the Universe, and the age to-day has not ceased obeying the call.

We thank the Astronomer for their truth, the Alchemists for what they have taught us, and the Rosicrucians for what they have unfolded, as so many voices responding to the call of the Deity. "Let there be light."

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1862.

OFFICE, 158 WASHINGTON STREET.

ROOM NO. 3, UP STAIRS.
WILLIAM WHITE, ISAAC B. RICH,
LUTHER COLBY, CHARLES H. CROWELL,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

FOR TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION SEE EIGHTH PAGE.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

The "Man on Horseback."

The Boston Courier has got into trouble. That is nothing particularly new, for "hot water" is as closely connected with its existence as any other sort known. It appears that in an article of not long ago, it used language relative to the present Congress something after this strain—that unless the members of that national body exercised a little more care in the expression of their sentiments, and were rather more given to legislation for the benefit of the country, rather than of party, there would be a loud call for military intervention, and such a step would virtually be the necessary one to take. In other words, it came out for the establishment of a military dictatorship, unless the present state of things at Washington was soon mended?

On being overhauled for the expression of this kind of sentiments, it attempted a defense; but it was in words only. It talks thus:

"We suggested in regard to the army, only that it should do just what it is now doing, in support of the Constitution. It is in the field for that very professed purpose, and as much one of the regularly constituted authorities of the United States, under the provisions of the Constitution, as Congress is. In case Congress should undertake to overturn the Constitution by passing acts of emancipation in violation of that charter of our rights and liberties, then we say the appeal must be made to the American people, whose instrument and means of reestablishing the Constitution the army would be. And in such an event, when Congress shall have so shown itself utterly unworthy of the trust reposed in it, there will be no safety for the American people, except in its loyal and patriotic army, under the direction of the Executive, as its Constitutional Commander-in-Chief. By what other means, we should be glad to learn, could the disease be reached and the remedy applied?"

This bold and desperate scheme, entertained by men who call themselves strict Constitutionalists of the Constitution, would at once subvert the spirit and forms of public liberty, and set up the power of the army instead. The latter would not be employed as now, as an instrument in the hands of the laws for the execution of its will, but would instantly supplant the powers of legislation, and become itself imperial and irresponsible. Thus did Rome fall, and thus have fallen at last all nations—great and small—that trusted their liberties with the keeping of military hands.

When these are the ideas put forward by the press, it is time they were repelled at all points, and without delay. It is not less than treason to liberty, to be found calling for the military power to step in over Congress, and take control. In this particular have we found reason to confide in the President from the beginning—that he has held the military power all the while with a firm hand, letting both friend and foe understand that he was Commander-in-Chief on behalf of Congress and the people.

The Journal of this city, flitting took up the reply to the Courier, lashing its conductors for giving loose to such heretical doctrines in a free government. We extract as follows:

"There is no authority of the Constitution by which the army can be employed to resist the legislation of Congress. If any act of that body is unconstitutional, the redress lays with the Supreme Court. If Congress does not properly represent its constituents, the remedy is in the hands of the people, and they can readily apply it without resorting to the army as the 'instrument and means.' These are truisms which every advanced school boy understands."

The Courier would now have us infer that the army should be employed to overturn the legislation of Congress, under the direction of the Executive, as its Constitutional Commander-in-Chief. Did it not occur to our correspondents that the Executive has a veto over the legislation of Congress which supersedes any necessity for a resort to the army, even if the President has power to employ this branch of the public service to nullify the acts of a coordinate branch of the government?

But the Courier and its sympathizers are not satisfied with Constitutional means to remedy fancied evils. They sigh for a military rule which will override the legislation of Congress and put down the free sentiment of the North. To use the language of Senator Davis, which is fully endorsed by the Courier, they are willing to "submit all these issues to the arms of a day." They would invoke a power which history shows can never be arrayed against the legislative branch of the government without overwhelming the liberties of the people, and which, if it once breaks over the restraints that surround it, will initiate a military despotism. That is the position of the Courier, and it represents the opinion of a considerable number of people, we should indeed despair of retaining our democratic institutions. But the sympathizers with such doctrines are few, and they are impotent for mischief.

Calumny.

The New York correspondent of the London Herald makes the absurd statement that both General McClellan and his wife are zealous Spiritualists, and that the operations of the army are directed in conformity with alleged Spiritual manifestations. We learn from an intimate friend of General McClellan, who was an officer upon the Illinois road with the general before he was promoted to the position of General, and since had frequent occasions to meet him, that there is not the slightest basis for the statement that he is a believer in Spiritualism.

We clip the above from the Boston Traveler. It must be put to great straits indeed, if it can do no better than this for an item, expecting it is going to interest its readers. If, then, the New York correspondent did make the statement to the London Herald above given, it is "absurd." Is it? Why, Mr. Traveler? Who told you so? What tangible reason have you for thinking so? And if you do not know it to be so, what honesty and truthfulness can you lay claim to in saying it is so? Ah! your ready answer is—"We learn from an intimate friend of General McClellan," who was an officer upon the Illinois road with him before he went into the army, that "there is not the slightest basis for the statement that he is a believer in Spiritualism." Then of course this friend of his professes to know all of the general's thoughts and feelings, and has dived down into the recesses of his heart more deeply than any other man ever went before. Well, let it be granted that it is so; what then? Does the pious Traveler suppose that McClellan is, or could be, any better General for not being a Spiritualist? or any worse one for being a Spiritualist? Out upon such foolish bigotry! When so many of the first and best men of this and other lands accept in full the consolatory and profitable doctrine of spirit-communion, what consummate nonsense it is, at so late a day as this, to declare, in the columns of a paper pretending to intelligence, that it is "absurd" for a man like McClellan to be suspected even of entertaining a similar belief!

Miss Hardinge's Lectures.

It was our intention to have given full reports of Miss Emma Hardinge's lectures in Boston, but circumstances beyond our control have prevented. We hope to give our readers a verbatim report of at least one or two of her Sabbath discourses here, however. We consider Miss Hardinge one of the very best of our Spiritual lecturers, and extremely regret our inability to give all her productions a world-wide circulation.

How the South Feels.

From such evidences as the newspapers of the leading Southern cities furnish us, we should say that the state of feeling there, especially among the leaders and directors of this rebellious movement, was that of sultriness and ill-concealed hatred toward the Government whose power they have at last been made to feel. The press of New Orleans betrayed this to the largest degree, signifying simply that they submitted because they had to, but there was no chance for proselyting to the cause of the Union in that entire locality. Perhaps not; and still the New Orleans papers and writers cannot say exactly how it is going to be, from the way it happens to be now. As some people would phrase it, human nature is a mighty uncertain concern. Just let the popular mind of New Orleans up from the oppression of rebel rule, and we do not believe that the sharpest editors that ever lived can pretend to say which way it will or will not jump.

The Richmond papers, on their part, seem to think the Government has done all it can do, when it has captured the Southern ports and held them with its naval vessels. It has much to say about its "second parallel of defence," upon which it is proposed to fall back as soon as the first—as at Yorktown—has been entirely abandoned. "We now retire," says the Richmond Whig, "within our second parallel of defence. We withdraw troops from untenable positions; the enemy detaches troops to occupy them. We can concentrate our columns with comparatively short marches; the enemy must advance with weakened columns and increased labor. We withdraw from the reach of their fleet, scarcely less formidable than their army, and then compel the enemy to cope with us where his admitted advantages are reduced nearer to equality. We have fought the enemy on his own grounds; let him now meet us on ours. Let him conquer the vast spaces of the Confederacy." Get as much consolation out of unwelcome facts as you can, good friend. How long is money, how long are arms, munitions of war, and men, to last you, with this steady and terrific pressure of the Federal armies around the very throat of your gigantic conspiracy?

How to Live.

We must quote from the Springfield Republican again, because it has been saying exactly what we have been wanting to say ourselves, in our own way. Thus sensibly it moralizes on the notions that get a hearing, on this side and that, respecting Life and its enjoyments:

"Life is real! its enjoyments are as real as its duties, and more real than most of its sorrows. It is a morbid melancholy—black bile, and too much of it—that makes it seem otherwise to many of us. But with most of those who talk and write otherwise, the deprecation of 'worldly happiness' is mere cant and affectation. They do enjoy a pleasant prospect, a good dinner, the inspiring countenance of a friend, the sweet kiss of wife, sweetheart and child—or any other of the immeasurable good things that make the daily lives of all of us so blessed. And they profess dissatisfaction with God's earthly gifts only because they have a vague notion that it is somehow wrong to cultivate or gratify any human faculty that is not wholly spiritual, and that it is a sign of great heavenly-mindedness to consider all the pleasures of this world insipid and valueless."

The world ought to be heartily sick of cant, by this time. This eating humble-pie before others, when the heart is full of dissatisfaction, rebellion, pride, and even revenge, is too bad to be tolerated; and it is harder yet to bear, when those who do it step forward and tell us that their conception of God and our relations to him are the true ones, and that if we dare to doubt it, we are to be crucified in all our social feelings and affections, our business broken up, our chances for public service upset, our articles in the Magazines to be run down, and even our faith mistated and ridiculed.

The Way It Is.

The London Spiritualist Magazine, speaking of the feeling of the Times in relation to its editor's sitting with a medium from America, lets us into the secret style in which Spiritualist advertisements, notices, &c., are treated in the office of the latter, as follows: "To show how sensitive the Times has been in the interval, we need only mention that, on a recent occasion, on sending an advertisement of Mr. Coleman's 'Notes of Spiritualism in America' to the Times office, the following dialogue took place: 'Of course this is against Spiritualism?' 'Well, no; it's rather in favor of it.' 'Oh, is that case, we can't take it in without considering it. You had better call again.' That is the way they do it at the office of the London Times, and at many other newspaper offices beside. Prejudice against some particular medium is made to stand directly in the light of the facts actually demonstrated, and the facts themselves are disbelieved. The Times feels as if it had been cheated somewhere, somehow, by somebody, and nothing short of a total and thorough condemnation alike of every Spiritualist manifestation and law will answer. So we go. Men get their eyes open at last, however; and they do on this matter, as on all others."

The Wood Work Done.

Henceforth, no more wood work for naval defences. This war has revolutionized all the old ideas respecting the science of naval architecture, and from steps in to take the place of the old material. No more calking and caulking; no more copper-bottoming; no more eating up of Government funds with the worms, or consumption of it with dry-rot; no more erecting forts of stone, those sightless monuments of masonry which future generations will ramble around and gaze at with fruitless wonder. These very improvements, however, both in the field of defence and the science of destructiveness, will do more to preserve the peace of the world than anything else could do; for every nation can supply itself with sufficiently strong iron vessels for defence, and one power will thus become as strong to repel invasion as another. It may finally lead to all parties agreeing, as America and England have agreed in the case of Lake Erie, to reduce the common defences to a single ship, or a single set of ships, and so leave out all future national differences to arbitration, instead of to war.

A Home for Sale.

How much we dislike to read so sad an announcement in the advertising department of the papers! Not a house and grounds only, but all the long-cherished memories and tender associations of the place, that enrich it with a wealth beyond the computation of business men, the traders in homesteads and other classes of real estate. It is a sorry day for a man—and the more so for a family—when he is obliged to give up his home and go drifting again over the world. No experience like this so shocks the sensitive heart. All gone—all deserted! The lights shining no more in the windows. The familiar faces no longer pressed against the panes. The fires dead and gone out. The smokers no more curling from the chimneys. The dear voices will not be heard there again, though the man passes and repass the house, daily. Ah, there is indeed no desolation of a sort like this. His must be a hard and undeveloped nature that can contemplate such a scene without the deepest emotion. To lose one's home, is to lose nearly all that earth has to offer of happiness to man.

Doctor and Mrs. Spence.

It will be seen by their advertisement in the BANNER, that this gentleman and his estimable lady have taken rooms at No. 52 Bond street, New York, where they may be consulted for the treatment of mental or physical diseases.

Slavery as Connected with Rebellion.

In his inaugural, Gov. Buckingham of Connecticut, takes the following position in relation to Slavery as connected with Rebellion:

"In the execution of the high responsibilities committed to our charge, we need not be careful to take counsel of our enemies, or be guided by their opinions. If plighted faith restrains us from interfering with slavery, we are under no obligations to strengthen and uphold that institution."

Slavery has forced us into a civil war, but insists that we have no right to use the war power against her interests.

Slavery has repudiated her obligations to the Constitution, and yet claims protection by virtue of its provisions.

Let us not be deceived by such fallacy: The Constitution was adopted for the mutual interest of the citizen on the one part, and the public on the other. He who refuses to obey its requirements must not expect its benefits.

Slavery, by denying her obligations to the Constitution, has opened the door for the operation of principles of righteousness and justice, which dictated to their legitimate results, slavery shall be determined and perished, let us rejoice that the life of the suicide is of no importance to enlarged and universal liberty."

Distress in England.

All the late advices concur in the statement that the distress in the manufacturing localities of Great Britain is beyond calculation, and even in excess of what was anticipated by many when the war in this country first broke out. Alarming apprehensions are consequently excited there for the future. The lower stratum of English society is volcanic in its character, and may be suddenly thrown to the top by almost any convulsion of circumstances. That catastrophe is just what is feared now. Owing to the great falling off of trade with this country, and to the blockade of the Southern ports, a state of things has been brought about there of which even their greatest croakers did not dream. Will they meddle with our affairs here? That is the question. There is talk of it just now; yet we cannot see upon what pretext, so long as the President is declaring the Southern ports open to trade as fast as they can be taken by the Union forces.

The Frequent Fires.

The air has seemed to be full of fires of late. We have reports of the immense destruction by fire in Troy, when eight hundred buildings were devoted to the flames; in this city, where the strange occurrence took place of a large store falling upon another and crushing it and its contents level with the ground; in Charleston, attended with loss of life; on Long Island, where several villages were skirted with the furious flames that ran along for miles and miles; in Maine, consuming the best part of a whole town; and in the woods almost anywhere one would choose to think of. Fire is a tough element to fight; but its rapid devastations are the most fearful of all things to contemplate. Water is comparatively slow, progressing with its work rather by inches; but fire swoops down and laps all up with a single hot breath, and the desolation left behind is sickening and sad to the heart of the beholder.

England on the Sea.

The London Times admits their forlorn condition, since the iron-clad revolution has set in. It says, in a melancholy tone, that of all that vast fleet whose sails and smoke-pipes have been visible at one and the same moment, in every sea, if they were all drawn up now in order of battle, there are half a dozen ships in the world which would run them down and riddle them with shot, and smash them utterly, without allowing them a chance of resistance. So fall away the boasts of Britannia? She will, of course, make her position good again among naval powers, but it is going to take time; and meanwhile, she is under bonds to at least this extent, to keep the peace of the world. If Napoleon really has any evil designs on her greatness, now is his chance; but if he does not meddle, pray let England award him some little credit for honor and honesty, when she resumes her place again upon the ocean.

"Japan Tommy."

The ladies of America have lost sight of Tommy, in a sort of late years, and many of them really thought him dead, and felt seriously disposed to go into mourning on his account. But Tommy has turned up again. He declares he has "left his heart in America," however, and refuses to be consoled by any of the ordinary methods. Poor Tommy! His is not the first susceptible nature that has been entangled in the meshes of love. The object of the tawny Japanese youth's affection does not herself say much of the affair, if, indeed, she would care to have his unwelcome preference known. Whom she may be, we know not. But it ought to make any girl feel serious, however, to know that the impression she has made on another is so lasting that even the entire waters of the briny ocean cannot suffice to wash it out again.

Ericsson Abroad.

It is said that a late letter from Capt. Ericsson to a gentleman of Boston was not at all to the taste of the English press, but that they growl and grumble about it beyond account. John Bull does not like to be told by a Swedish-American, even in the course of a brief and informal letter, that he has that in his own brain which will set the Bull aforesaid at defiance as long as he pleases to try to the contrary. But the French look at the matter in a little different light. The Paris Press has an article of a rather admiring stamp, which it concludes in this form: "Although but a simple citizen, Ericsson has none the less addressed to England a sort of defiance. The American Archimedes has held toward the first maritime power of the world a language, the boldness of which has astonished the whole world."

Is it True?

The New York Times informs us that the newly-appointed collector for the port of New Orleans, Mr. Lathrop, did not long enjoy his Federal honors; for the "powers that be" seemed to be as expeditious in their efforts to get rid of him, as they had been, at Collector Barney and Sec'y Chase's earnest request, to appoint him. But why? Mr. L.'s friends, it is said, labored to elevate him because he was an eminent Spiritualist, and the authorities, discovering that fact, dispossessed him for the same reason. If the administration pursues with a bigoted, selfish policy as this, it will find itself, ere long, in a minority, so infinitely small, that there won't be a grease spot left in less than four years from this time. Progress is the watchword of our people to-day—not Persecution.

A President in the Field.

Mr. Lincoln is the second of our list of Presidents who has personally taken the field in the time of war. Madison was the other. The Commercial Advertiser, of New York, referring to the recent sortie of the President against the rebels at Norfolk and vicinity, and his directing operations there himself, remarks that: "Although Washington, Monroe, Jackson and Taylor were under the same before their elections, to the Presidential chair, and Jefferson, once left, Monticello in hot haste to escape a troop of British dragoons, Madison was the only President who had in any way seen or directed a military movement, until Mr. Lincoln appeared at Fortress Monroe and saw the capture of Norfolk."

Good.

F. W. PLAINFIELD, N. J.—Our columns are not open for neighborhood "browls." Blessed are the "peace-makers." Herald of Progress.

A Beard. Generally speaking, more or less beard is becoming to all human faces. But how much and in what shape it shall be permitted to grow is a point not so often attended to. May a long, thin face wear a beard under the chin, and not elsewhere? May a fat, moon-faced man wear whiskers of magnitude on either cheek? Shall a man with a full, square chin wear the goatee, and the man with the receding chin do without altogether? Will you cultivate red whiskers as well as black? All these are very important questions, and demand plain and distinct answers. For there is a law—the law of physiognomy and taste—about these things, and it is just as well to respect it. Because you see whiskers on another man that strike you as really becoming, and adding in all bringing out his expression, will add to your facial expression; on the contrary, it might work exactly the opposite way. Taste—not imitation—is the rule in this, as in other things. We like to see a beard; but better none than one that is a positive burlesque on the features it tries to frame in.

At Newport.

The last year's season was very dull at the several watering-places of the country, but we hear that the tide will turn this year. Newport—that famous old town where Berkeley dwelt, and where hundreds of fashionable people come every year to kill time and spend money—is said to be looking up already, for the many engagements now making for residences there during the summer. It is reported that many families have arrived there already, and that—probably in consequence of the removal of the naval school from Annapolis there—Baltimore will be more largely represented there than ever before. Many cottages have been spoken for, and families are coming in that never made a summer residence there before.

Lecturers.

Miss Emma Hardinge will speak in Lyceum Hall, in this city, on Sunday next, May 25th—afternoon and evening, which, we regret, closes her engagement here. Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes will address the Spiritualists of Charleston next Sunday. Mrs. M. B. Kenney speaks in Worcester, on Sunday, May 25th. Miss Lizzie Doten speaks in Springfield next Sunday. Charles H. Hayden will speak in Portland, Maine, next Sunday. Frank L. Wadsworth concludes his lectures in Providence, R. I., next Sunday.

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

"A CONSTANT READER," ANDOVER, MASS.—We do not know Prof. Anderson's terms for taking spirit portraits, &c., &c. Wait patiently and you will know all about the matter, as the Professor will be in this city soon.

"F. W. E.," MOUNT LEBANON, N. Y.—Forward the letters, if you please. We will conform to your terms.

"A. W. S.," PLYMOUTH, VT.—Your favors came too late for this number of the BANNER. They will receive early attention.

Bulwer's Strange Story

Is having a great run. Orders for the work sent to this office will be attended to promptly.

Sunday School Class-Book.

This book, of which a review will be found in our present issue, is now ready, and will be sent, post paid, single copies for twenty-five cents, and five copies for one dollar. It is handsomely got up on fine, tinted paper, substantially bound, and contains fifty-four pages.

Spirit-Communion.

MR. EDITOR—Having noticed the advertisement of Dr. Farnsworth in the BANNER, in regard to giving Spiritual communications, I called on him, at No. 75 Beach street, Boston, having previously written a letter to my spirit wife; and to my entire satisfaction, the letter was fully answered in my presence—the spirit controlling Dr. F.'s hand to write. The following copy of the letter and answer—as it is positive proof to me of spirit-communion—I send to you to insert in the columns of your paper, that others, as well as myself, shall be made happy by the knowledge that our spirit-friends do return to earth.

Yours, truly,
H. A. ADAMS.
Philadelphia, Pa., 1862.

SPIRIT-LETTER.

MR. DEAR WIFE—If you can control the medium, Dr. L. L. Farnsworth, will you answer me the following questions: 1. Have you met our children in spirit-life? 2. Are they constantly with you? 3. Do you often come to me? and can you tell me what I was doing just before I commenced writing this letter? If you can communicate any incident of your earth life, to satisfy me that you can return from your present abode, and communicate with mortals, it will be a great consolation to me.

Your loving husband,
H. A. ADAMS.

SPIRIT-ANSWER.

MR. DEAR HENRY—I am glad to be permitted this opportunity of communicating to you. I am ever with our dear little ones, Henry and Blanche. I often linger near you. You were reading my letter that I wrote you, a few weeks before my departure from earth. There are times that I am conscious of what you are doing. With pleasure I will give you an incident which you will remember, and will satisfy you that I am communicating to you. Do you remember of my finding your ring in the garden, and of your great surprise in my handing it to you?

My dear husband, if these facts fail to satisfy you, I can give you more through this medium. Be happy. Mourn not for me. I am happy. Be assured of my constant affection for you.

From your loving spirit-wife,
CLARA.

FAVOR.—From present indications and from the intimations of fruit-growers, there is likely to be a good crop of apples, peaches, and cherries, where last year there were none. The spurs are putting forth favorably; and there are indications that the yield will be abundant in this vicinity. So far as we can learn, the peach trees that have survived the late severe winters, are also likely to do well this season. If we do not have any more chilly weather, or remarkable changes from warm to cold, it is safe to say that the season will be the reverse of last year in the product of fruit. At this time strawberries are also quite forward and looking promising.

A PAINTER BOY IN BATTLE.—In the battle of Pittsburg Landing, young Martin Beck, of Alton, Illinois, scarcely eighteen years old, was sergeant in the 13th Missouri, having entered the regiment as a private. On that fatal Sunday the color-bearer was shot down at his side; he caught up the flag and carried it through the day, and slept that night with it folds around him. The next morning his captain appointed him a second lieutenant pro tempore. The first volley killed the first lieutenant, and Martin took his place. Soon after the lieutenant colonel fell, and the captain of Martin's company acted as major, leaving this young hero to command the company through the battle, which he did most gallantly, and escaped unhurt. Young Martin Beck was in a printing office when the war broke out.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

"THE HUMAN MIND—ITS ALLEGIANCE TO GOD."—A lecture by Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch, delivered May 24, 1862, at Dodworth's Hall, New York, will be found on our third page. Everybody should read it.

A letter to Secretary Seward—"THE VIEW OF THE CONSTITUTION"—will appear in our forthcoming issue. By Horace Dresser, Esq., of New York.

A correspondent sends us a good test of the reliability of Dr. Farnsworth's mediumship. It will be found in this issue.

DR. CHARLES MAIN, who has done a successful business in this city for several years past, has sold out his establishment, we understand, to another party. Wishing to pay a visit to his native land, and to recuperate his wasted energies, is the sole cause of the Doctor's giving up a lucrative practice. He leaves with the good wishes of numerous friends here and elsewhere.

The *Spiritual Magazine* for May, published in London, England, has just been received. It is brim-full of good things. In its notes to correspondents, we find the following: "Many of our friends will be glad to learn that Mr. P. B. Randolph, who visited London some four or five years since, is again in London, for a short time previous to his departure for the East. His present address is 6 Prince street, Tottenham Court Road." Bro. Randolph has promised to write to the BANNER a series of letters from the East.

J. DUNHAM, Magnetic physician, has taken rooms at 75 Beach street. He comes to Boston well recommended. He renders his services to the public gratuitously for two weeks, we understand; after which time, should he give satisfaction, he will charge the usual remuneration fee.

Subscribers often write to us to have their names changed from one town to another, but forget to state where the paper is mailed, which subjects our clerks to much useless trouble to find the town's name, in order to make the alteration. It is like "hunting after a needle in a haystack," amongst thousands of names on our books. Be a little more particular, if you please, BANNER subscribers who are on the "move."

Curious stories are told in regard to Major-General Butler, by the invalid soldiers just arrived here, on their way to Wisconsin, from Ship Island. We do not think it would suit the friends of the General very well did we put their statements in print. No doubt, the Wisconsin papers will do that soon enough. Some of the "yarns" are almost too tough to believe.

We shall prune our List of Lecturers next week. Send in additions and alterations early.

The London papers contain graphic details of the opening of the great international art exhibition in London, which passed off with perfect success.

If it became necessary for us to punish our enemies, and we had the full power to do so, we should sentence them to edit a newspaper five years! This would be all the punishment we should desire to inflict.

Wendell Phillips, in alluding to the North American Review, in its recent attack on the policy of the Emancipationists, says: "On a careful examination of the North American, I find that, barking at the heels of onward men as it always has, this has been uniformly true: take any idea it attacks, wait twenty years, and that idea is a statute."

THE POETRY OF FIGHTING.—Commodore Porter had the masts of his mortar fleet in "verdure clad" to conceal the vessels from the enemy. The rebels probably thought another "Bismarck wood" had come to Dunelm.

"Imagine (says an eye witness) the pleasantly peculiar appearance of the schooners in their leafy dresses. 'Eighteen of them converted into shady bowers! A tree leashed to each masthead, intertwining its branches and boughs beneath, laced to the rigging on either side, jutting a refreshing shade. They looked prepared for a festival instead of for war."

True glory is said to be doing what deserves to be written, writing what deserves to be read, thinking what is fit to be spoken at, all times, and speaking words that flow only from a true and generous heart.

Alas! how fleeting is all earthly bliss! Did you ever meet a man who greatly cared for turtle-soup after the fourth plate full?

A large and powerful dog, belonging to Andrew Whitton, of Stafford Springs, caught in his mouth the reins attached to a runaway horse, while the animal was under full speed, and held him firmly until secured. Don't this prove that dogs think, as well as men?

The laws of changeless justice bind Oppressor and oppressed; And like to sin and suffering joined We march to fate abreast.

MINISTERS, AND MINISTER'S SONS IN THE WAR.—The Independent publishes about one hundred and fifty names of ministers and minister's sons who are in the war, saying that this number is only about one-tenth of this "splendid church militant."

It is said by chemists that there is iron enough in the blood of forty-two men to make a ploughshare weighing twenty-four pounds.

Flattery often makes men flatter than they are.

"When shall I be a man?" is the poetry of childhood. "When I was young!" is the poetry of old age.

I love I and into angel land With starry glimpses peer! I drink in beauty heaven-like wine, When one is smiling near! And there's a rainbow round my soul For every falling tear.

There has been some regret that Com. Farragut has not a more euphonious name. A gentleman with slight German proclivities, says it is not to be complained of—that it is, in truth, "ferry good!"

Capt. Boggs, of the Varuna, who fought so heroically at New Orleans, has been ordered to the command of the new sloop-of-war Junata, at Philadelphia.

The new iron-clad war steamer Ironsides was launched at Philadelphia last week. Lieut. Worden, who commanded the Monitor, is to have command of her. He is fast recovering from his injury.

Archaeologists interested in Greece, have just had a new sensation in the discovery at Athens, by an English architect, of the ancient theatre of Bacchus, on the southern slope of the Acropolis.

LARGE FIRE.—At the recent conflagration in Troy, N. Y., over five hundred dwellings, houses, besides public buildings, stores, bridges, &c., were destroyed. The loss is estimated to be nearly three millions, with only an insurance of about one million.

A wit says that the successes of our navy on the Southern coast will soon enable the President to be hospitable enough to open a little port almost every day after dinner.

Timothy Webster, the Union man who was hanged at Richmond on the 29th, formerly belonged to the New York Police Department. Dr. Hoge, who officiated as clergyman at the execution, is the traitor who was formerly assistant to Rev. Dr. Spring, of the brick church, New York.

The San Jose (Cal.) Mercury informs us that spiritual believers in Mariposa are rapidly increasing.

Notice.
The retail price will be paid at this office for the following numbers of the BANNER OF LIGHT: Vol. 1—entire; Vol. 2—Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26; Vol. 3—Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26.

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Pearls.

And quoted often, and jewels five words long.
That on the stretched forefinger of all time
Sparkle forever.

SPIRITS AND ANGELS.

Lonely musing in the twilight,
When the lengthening shadows fall,
Spirits bright and holy angels
Come obedient to my call.
Lost and loved ones gone before me—
Phantoms fair from memory won.
Seem to flit before my fancy.
Midway to the setting sun.

I can see them, robed in beauty,
Some rejoicing, some forlorn,
Friendly all, and sent to guide me
Out of darkness into morn.
On the chimera I hear their voices
Whispering solace from the skies;
Holy angels hover near me—
Fit my soul for Paradise!—[Charles Mackay.]

If it is a good thing to honor dead saints and the
heroism of our fathers, it is a better thing to honor the
saints of to-day, the live heroism of men who do the
battle when the battle is all around us.—[Parker.]

A WISH, FOR A YOUNG GIRL.

Twelve years before thee through life I must run,
Dearest! O, would I might counsel the hours,
Saying, "Keep back your best sunshine for one
That is coming behind me, and spare her the showers."
Fain would I stop to remove from thy way
Stones that have bruised me, and thorns that have
grieved;
Set my errors for waymarks, to say—
"Here I was wounded, ensnared, or deceived!"
Vain is my wishing! In lines of our own
We must traverse the pathway marked out from above:
Life is a sorrowful teacher, alone
We must learn its deep lessons—unsaid by Love,
Yet where I journey waste places among,
I will scatter a seed by the wayside, and say
Soft to myself as I hasten along—
"It may be a flower when she comes this way."

MELANCHOLY.

All things are touched with melancholy,
Born of the secret soul's mistrust.
To feel her fair, ethereal wings
Weighed down with vile degraded dust;
Even the bright extremes of joy
Bring on conclusions of disgust.
Like the sweet blossoms of the May,
Whose fragrance ends in dust.
Oh! give her then her tribute just,
Her sighs and tears and musings holy.
There is no music in the life
That sounds with idiot laughter solely:
There's not a string attuned to mirth
But has its chord in melancholy.—[T. Hood.]

I would rather it should be said that no such person
as Plato ever existed, than that he was a wicked man.
Better deny the existence of God, than make him a
vengeful, cruel Being.—[Plato.]

If the spirit, and example, and precepts of Jesus
Christ have not taught us to love our fellow-creatures,
we have no title whatever to the name and hope of
Christians.—[Channing.]

RESERVE—ITS USES.

BY A. M. NEWTON.

There are people who are all frankness and open-
ness—who have no secrets, no sacrednesses. What-
ever they think or feel, and especially whatever they
know, they are unable to retain, but are anxious at
once to impart to all around them.

Much as we may admire such generous natures,
and selfishly love to feed upon them, we all know
that too great frankness is an element of weakness.
Those who give themselves out too freely, are not
only liable to "give that which is holy unto dogs,"
and to "cast pearls before swine," which will turn
again and rend them; but they dissipate their own
vital forces more rapidly than these have time to
condense and crystallize into the best and most po-
tential forms. By too hastily expressing every new
thought, they are continually plucking the fruit be-
fore it has ripened; or, taking off the blossoms be-
fore the fruit has appeared; or, indeed, diffusing the
vital fluid before it has had time to produce either
fruit or blossom. Hence, such persons fail to at-
tain that strength and solidity of character neces-
sary to make them centers of influence in a com-
munity; and they accomplish but little in life, sim-
ply for the lack of reserve.

True, there is an opposite extreme of secretiveness,
which is equally undesirable; but between these two
there is a golden mean where every wise man and
woman will seek to cultivate.

A proper reserve leads persons to carefully con-
sider and mature opinions before broaching them;
to avoid a constant dribbling from the tongue; to
condense and concentrate the spiritual forces within
them to the highest degree of potency, so that when
they do speak, it is with power; and it also leads
them to choose the best times and the proper per-
sons to whom to impart what they have to give.
They will impart their most sacred and precious
things only to such as have earned the right to pos-
sess them—such as will not use these pearls either
to their own or other's injury. Incontinence is a
most pernicious vice.

The same principle applies to societies as to in-
dividuals. No doubt out of a perception of this ne-
cessity of judicious reserve have grown many of the
various secret institutions which have existed in all
ages—such of them at least as have contemplated
at their outset, useful and beneficent ends. And it
is clear that, whatever perversions may have crept
into such institutions in the lapse of time, the world
is vastly indebted to them for the preservation of
its historic records, the perpetuation of religious
ideas, the discovery of scientific truths, and the de-
velopment of spiritual facts, of momentous value to
the thinker and worker of today.

The Magi of the East, the Egyptian and Jewish
Priesthood, the ancient Masons, the Alchemists, the
Druids, the primitive Christians, the Rosicrucians,
the Jesuits and other secret organizations, have all
performed most important uses in preparing the
way for modern civilization. They have in fact
been the secret organs of the general body of hu-
manity—gathering and holding the experience, the
learning, the religion, the spiritual forces of the
races, and using these to sway the destinies of na-
tions, and to shape the course of events.

It may surprise some to see the primitive Chris-
tians set down as among the secret bodies of their
time. Yet all readers of ecclesiastical history know

that for centuries before the reign of Constantine
the Christian Church was a most sacredly secret in-
stitution. Says Coleman, in his "Christian Anti-
quities," page 35:

"It became customary to celebrate the sacrament
with an air of the most profound mystery, and in-
deed to administer baptism, and to perform most of
the appropriate rites of religion with cautious se-
crecy. Not only were unbelievers of every descrip-
tion excluded from the view of these rites, but cate-
chumens also, and all who were not fully initiated
into the Church, and entitled to a participation in
its ordinances. From all else, the time, and place,
and manner of administering the sacred rites were
concealed, and the import of each rite was a profound
mystery, which none was at liberty to divulge or ex-
plain."

The catacombs of Rome no doubt the lodge-
rooms in which the Christians held their secret as-
semblies; and it was by the aid of the power gained
through secrecy, or reserve, that they at length sup-
planted heathenism and established a higher religion
in the Roman Empire.

No business man, or house, can succeed, that does
not practice reserve. If all plans and methods are
opened to everybody who chooses to inquire, power
of execution is lost, and interested parties know
just how to lay counter-plans to defeat and circum-
vent the loose-tongued merchant.

An army must of necessity be a secret institu-
tion; and the soldier, from the Commander-in-Chief
to the humblest private, who has not learned the vir-
tues of reserve, as well as obedience, has not learned
his first duty. The history of the last year's war
in this country furnishes instructive lessons on this
point, and also illustrates the difficulty of teaching
both these virtues to a nation of democrats.

Secret societies no doubt help to cultivate this vir-
tue of mental continence, if they do no other good;
and when they have any worthy purpose in view—
any secrets worth keeping—they may do much to
round out, solidify and strengthen the individual
characters of their members. Association is a power-
ful aid in all such matters.

Of course, the objects of a secret society—the mo-
tives for which reserve is maintained—determine the
worthiness or unworthiness of the institution. If
formed for the purpose of withholding knowledge
from the people—of subserving the selfish inter-
ests of the members, to the damage of others—of
grasping power to be used for the exclusive benefit
of a few—such societies are dangerous and damna-
ble. But if constituted and used solely for noble
ends—for the gathering and wise distribution of
light and universal beneficence—for the overthrow
of tyranny and the displacement of bad institutions
by the introduction of better—such societies may be
worthy of all commendation, and be a mighty in-
strumentality for good.

Thoughtless and suspicious people sometimes con-
sider privacy as *prima facie* evidence of guilt.
"Wherever there is secrecy, there is something
wrong," they say. "Why conceal, unless you are
ashamed?" This is no more true of societies than
of individuals. There is no man or womanly
woman but has some secrets and sacrednesses. To
be without them is to be a brute or a wanton. Any
company of men or women who have a noble
purpose in view—whether it be to build a railroad,
establish a steamship line, or reform the wrongs of
society—have the right—nay, it is their duty, to use
just so much of privacy in their plans and methods
as may be necessary to accomplish the end, with in-
jury to no one.

The "Army of Reform," both as individuals and
as a body, will do well to cultivate the uses of Re-
serve.

Organization.

The time has evidently arrived for the organiza-
tion of societies of Spiritualists, to secure many ad-
vantages which cannot be secured without. But the
time has not yet come for the single, or central or-
ganization of the cause in which we are engaged.
No central power, however delegated, or restricted,
could control or direct the movement, nor could one
be now formed that would not meet an outside oppo-
sition stronger than itself. With the present variety
of shades, angularities, eccentricities, frailties, ab-
surdities, and Christianities contained in modern
Spiritualism, it would not be possible to organize it
with all its philosophy, virtue and religion, and it
has more of these than Catholicism, or Protestantism,
and one of them was organized in the dark ages and
maintained by power, and the other could not be or-
ganized singly, more than Spiritualism.

Notwithstanding all this, the time has come when
we must have more system and order, and by com-
bined efforts support meetings and speakers, build,
purchase and hold many more halls and houses for
meetings, furnish more and better support to papers,
establish and maintain libraries, Sunday Schools
and week day Schools. We must soon purchase the
old, or build new colleges and academies, and direct
the education, leaving out the superstition now so
profusely mixed in it, and let in females on equal
terms with males in all schools. We must open all
the professions, the banks, stores, offices, &c., to fe-
males, as we have our pulpits.

Many other progressive steps the people are
nearly prepared to adopt, but which cannot be ac-
complished without some kind of organic or concert-
ed action. If we attempt one organization, we shall
be weak as Methodists. But if we have many, we
shall be strong as Protestants. If we organize on
articles of belief, we shall fail and fall—as all soci-
eties must, that attempt to control by authority, the
involuntary action of the human mind, and to put
a stop to change and progress in opinions, while
science is continually making discoveries to change
them. If we organize on character, we have no
standard and no power, or manner to select a com-
petent tribunal, and should soon find as most politi-
cal and religious organizations have, that

"Often have the better men
Through guile of worse supplanted been."

for both politics and religion have long since proved
that often the best churches are excluded and the
worse supported.

If we organize on reputation, it is the most frail
and flimsy of all, and as it is not created by, but for,
the person, it is either a smoke or an illumination,
as the public prejudice or favor makes it. If we at-
tempt to organize on principles, not half of those
who are ready for the cooperation know what prin-
ciples are, as in the churches where many were
trained they were not required to know that, and
much else, but only to say they believed, &c., and
with us the acceptance and rejection of principles is
so varied that we can never make them a basis for
a popular organization. If we reject all the old
bases of organizations, even the property basis, we
may still find a new and better one, in due time, for
a central or pivotal, when it is required, and we

need not look it up before, nor prophecy of it, for
prophecies have not proved to be blessings, and are
often false than true.

Why not have a thousand organizations, and let
each fix its own basis, and one suitable for its pur-
poses? In some States more is required of an or-
ganization to enable it to hold property than in oth-
ers. In every town, or ward, or city, where there
are ten or more free minds who are able, by coopera-
tion, to purchase or build a house for lectures, or to
start a library, or to get up a club for papers, or to
have two or more lectures each year, there is mate-
rial sufficient for an organization and cooperation; and
if they will let each other alone, in those departments
of life that are personal, and over which there is no
right of criticism or censorship, such efforts could
be not only successful but highly beneficial, and
thousands might be warmed and improved, that are
now standing out in the cold, useless to themselves
and the world, and who could often be very useful
in society; and as a good government would guard
and protect all its inhabitants, good, bad, or indiffer-
ent, so a proper organization should take in all who
will aid its objects and contribute to its support,
and never fear error while "truth is left free to com-
bat it." Let all who will pay the door fee come in and
share its benefits, and not do as our churches do—
fasten them out till converted, and then fasten them
in—but take them in and convert and leave them
free to go out or in. More anon.

WARREN CHASE.

Battle Creek, Mich., May 7, 1862.

A Company for the Salvation of Souls.

As we were passing the other day through one of
the great pious and charitable establishments in
Paris, several papers were pressed into our hands by
zealous tract distributors, and among them a pro-
spectus, in four pages, of a Company (association)
which has been formed "for the deliverance of souls
from purgatory." The origin of this Company is
told in a few words. A poor servant, who had saved
a little money from her wages resolved to give it,
with her services for the rest of her life, to the Catho-
lic Church, for the relief and deliverance of souls in
purgatory. Her example excited emulation—so, at
least, we are told in the prospectus—and suggested
the idea of this Company, which was formed in 1847,
and if any of our readers are desirous of obtaining
shares, we can recommend them to the central bu-
reau, 95 Rue de Sévres, Paris. We are assured in
the prospectus that the shareholders incur no lia-
bility beyond their subscriptions—and we do not very
clearly see what liability they are likely to incur,
unless it be to the poor, unfortunate souls. The sub-
scription itself is moderate enough, being only three
francs—half a crown—per annum. Any individual
who wishes may become a life shareholder, by pay-
ing a composition of one hundred francs (\$4); and a
dead man may become a shareholder forever, by pay-
ing fifty francs (\$2). Shareholders belonging to
this latter class are called foundationists.

The funds of the company are to be employed for
the following purposes. In the first place, on the
first day of every month, a mass is to be said for all
the souls in purgatory. Secondly, on every Monday
throughout the year a mass is to be celebrated for
"the most neglected souls" in purgatory; by which
we presume we are to understand that the Romish
Church has not an equal care for the souls of all who
die within its bosom, but that some receive more at-
tention than others (of course heretics never get into
purgatory at all, but go directly into perdition, with-
out any intermediate). Thirdly, three masses are to
be said for each shareholder immediately after his
decease, if he die being a shareholder; if he should
not have kept up his subscription, of course he loses
these three posthumous masses, with all other benefits
of the company. Fourthly, all the other masses as well
as the alms (for one-third of the money, it should be
stated, is to be expended in alms) are to be applied
equally and forever—First, to the most neglected souls
in purgatory; second, to the defunct relatives of the
shareholders; third, to the shareholders who have
died while they were shareholders.

Let nobody suppose that this is a bad investment
for the money, for the company guarantees to the
shareholders a minimum dividend of "nine masses a
day!" When we read a document like this we can
hardly believe that we are living in the nineteenth
century; but we suspect that the whole affair admits
of some explanation, from the circumstance that the
central bureau of the company for the deliverance of
souls from purgatory is one of the establishments of
the Jesuits in Paris, and the ingenuity of the Jesuits
in practices for raising money, even from the poorest
of the people, is notorious. But in this transaction
the Church of Christ is not only made a common
market, but it is literally turned into a stock ex-
change. Yet the brethren of the Society of Jesus
might have gone a step further. Why not start a
spiritual lottery, each prize being so many souls
saved out of purgatory, the names to be filled up at
the will of the subscribers who gain the prizes? It
would no doubt be a profitable speculation. The
prospectus of this limited liability company is tricked
out with all the attractions which are employed by
traders to captivate the attention of the public. A
nicely executed engraving in front represents a mul-
titude on their knees before the altar, while the
priest, in this case, a director, is performing mass;
in the clouds above are angels approving, and in a
vault under the church are a vast number of souls
in the fire of purgatory, who are gradually rising out
of the flames in consequence of the "nine masses a
day," and one of whom one of the said angels is drag-
ging out in consequence of the prayers "as above."

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

LYONS HALL, TANKERSWORTH STREET, (opposite head of School
street).—The regular course of lectures will continue through-
out the season, and services will commence at 2:45 and 7:15
o'clock, P. M. Admission Free. Lecturers engaged:—
Miss Emma Harding May 25; Rev. J. B. Loveland, June 1
and 8; Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, June 22 and 29.

CONGRESS HALL, No. 14 BROADWAY, BOSTON.—
The Social Conference meets every Wednesday eve-
ning, at 7:15 o'clock.

Spiritual meetings are held every Sunday; trance speak-
ing at 10:15 A. M.; Conference meeting at 2:15 P. M.
CHALMERS HALL.—Sunday meetings are held at Central Hall
at 8 and 10 o'clock, afternoon and evening. Speakers en-
gaged:—Mrs. S. A. Byrne, June 1 and 8; N. S. Greenleaf, June 1
and 8; Miss Lizette Doten, June 15 and 22; Mrs. M. B. Town-
send, during August.

MADENHALL.—Meetings are held in Bassett's new hall,
Speakers engaged:—F. L. Wadsworth, last three Sunday
evenings.

TOXON.—Meetings in the Town Hall. Speakers engaged:
Miss Emma Harding, July 8; Miss Lizette Doten, July 15.

TRAYTON.—Meetings are held in the Town Hall every Sab-
bath afternoon and evening. The following speakers are en-
gaged:—Frank L. Wadsworth, June 1 and 8; Rev. Adin Bal-
low, 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.

PORTLAND, ME.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular
meetings every Sunday in Sons of Temperance Hall, on Con-
gress, between Oak and Green streets. Conference in the
evening, by medium, afternoon and evening. Speakers en-
gaged:—Miss Lizette Doten, June 15 and 22, and July 6
and 13; Miss Emma Harding, July 15, 22 and 29; Miss Laura De-
Force, during August; F. L. Wadsworth, during October.

NEW BEDFORD.—Musio Hall has been hired by the Spiritu-
alists. Conference Meetings held Sunday mornings, and
afternoon, by medium, afternoon and evening. Speakers en-
gaged:—Miss Lizette Doten, June 15 and 22, and July 6
and 13; Miss Emma Harding, July 15, 22 and 29; Miss Laura De-
Force, during August; F. L. Wadsworth, during October.

PROVIDENCE.—Speakers engaged:—Frank L. Wadsworth
in May; Mrs. M. S. Townsend in June.

NEW YORK.—At Lamartine Hall, corner 8th Avenue and
9th street, meetings are held every Sunday at 10:15 A. M.
& 7:15 P. M. Dr. H. Dresser is Chairman of the Associa-
tion. At Dodworth's Hall, 808 Broadway, Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch
will lecture every Sunday, morning and evening.

Obituary Notices.

Passed to the Summer shore, RUFUS C., eldest son
of PETER and SARAH HOLBROOK, aged 25 years and 1
day.

His life that needs no praise to perpetuate its mem-
ory, came to its earthly close on the 13th of April.
But little less than a year ago, he left us to rise
life in defense of our country, and it is thought that
he was a victim to disease taken at that time. He was
a young man of superior musical talents, and in the
society of our village, he will be missed, as well as at
home. To his parents, to his brothers, who are now
absent in their country's service, and to his sisters and
remaining brothers, he will be the ever remembered
star, whose gentle beams will live in memory, to guide
them in sunshine, or when in life's storms, they grow
heart-weary, to bless them with his presence. He was
ever mild, gentle, and nobly good.

During his life there was no complaining, but his
characteristic patience and gentleness were with him
in his darkest hours; but at last there came—
"A shadow on those features fair and thin,
And softly from that hushed and darkened room,
Two angels issued, where but one went in."

The writer was called to attend the funeral, and
though the traveling was almost impossible, yet the
house was filled with sympathizing friends; and I judge
that many heard for the first time, our beautiful theory
of life and its consequent changes.

Rufus has left many friends who will long sorrow for
his passing, and yet may not be able to call him dead,
for they know that he was called, as the Spring calls
the flower, forth from the gloom of its earthly winter
existence. And still do we feel that he will return to
us, for while our yearning hearts would follow him, a
voice within our souls, says, "he is with you still."

His form may sleep beneath the flowers,
And silent he of heaven,
And yet we feel he still is ours,
Love's fond chord is not given.

And when this dream of life is fled,
Beyond the storm-clouds driven—
We'll meet him where no flower is dead,
And endless life is given.

JACKSONVILLE, VI., April 24, 1862. NELLIE J. TEMPLE.

Passed from his earthly residence in Oneida, Knox
Co., Ill., to a home in heaven, WASHINGTON T. LADD,
on the 31st day of March, 1862, in the 39th year of his
age.

Our belief in the beautiful philosophy of im-
mortality has taught him to feel for his soul the mes-
senger of change found him ready to test its realities. Al-
though coming silently and swiftly in the terrible
form of diphtheria, we have every reason to believe
that our brother had no fear, for the loved companion
of his youth, with a little white robed angel who now
calls him father, had passed down through the valley
before him, and disclosed themselves, radiant with the
sunlight of their spirit-love, to his believing soul.

He leaves with us a young and lovely wife, to whom
he was tenderly attached. We feel for her as one
deeply and tenderly beloved. But when we look upon
her calm and almost happy face, and listen to her ex-
pressions of trust and confidence in those to whom she
has confided her beloved, we are rebuked, and can but
wonder at the marvelous power which the angels have
of bestowing consolation upon the afflicted.

To attempt to eulogize the departed would be indeed
a mockery, for words would be as empty air when ap-
plied to his life, which was ever the working out of
a great, deep and earnest purpose, viz: to do right.
One of the workers of the altar, a trance speaker of
this place, attended the funeral services in the Congrega-
tional church.

Passed to a higher life, on Monday, May 5, 1862, MRS.
SUSAN W. BROWN, wife of Amos Brown, in the 34th
year of her age.

She was an earnest believer in the truths taught by
modern Spiritualism; and being somewhat mediatic,
was frequently conscious of the presence of the
inhabitants of the other world. In her departure, the
theologians of the other world, each jealous to claim
the credit of her soul, have been engaged in a
rivalry of order, so much dreaded by the Orthodox world.
She was, in spirit, present at her own funeral, and
evidently heard the beautiful and appropriate dis-
course, delivered through the organism of S. H. Paine,
a blind medium.

VINCENNES, N. J., May 8, 1862. JOSHUA S. BURN.

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CONTRIBUTORS.
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HON. WARREN CHASE, of Battle Creek, Mich.
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THE HUMAN SOUL: ITS MIGRATIONS AND ITS
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BY P. B. RANDOLPH.

SYNOPSIS:

A dying woman makes a promise that, "if possible, she will
come back after death, and reveal the mysteries of the land
beyond the grave. She keeps her promise, and the second part
of the work relates the experiences of a man, who for a time
was completely disintegrated by his body. An interesting
phenomenon. Two souls in one body. "How dead people
live, and where! The Blending! How a living person thinks
a dead one's thoughts. The invisible beings, with human char-
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