

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Literary Department.

JONATHAN FROCK.

OR, THE

LIFE STRUGGLE WITH PREJUDICE.

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

CHAPTER III.

And yet Frock had not left the city; he spent one night at an inn, and the next day he rented a room in the house of a widow, and advertised in the newspapers that at No. 1771 in Market street, all sorts of documents would be copied in German or Latin, and translations undertaken from the French; articles and letters would be written promptly, and in confidence, for a moderate compensation.

Thus the young man had chosen a vocation that was to secure him against hunger and want; yet he still searched the papers for a situation as teacher. He was not fortunate in finding one; but the sign hung out by himself with its ornamental letters, attracted attention, and he soon found ample employment for his pen. Learned men carried to him their flimsy manuscripts, that he might prepare them for the press; servant-girls and laboring youths came to him for letters to be written to hard-hearted relatives or faithless lovers. Others wanted translations, and so he earned enough to suffice his frugal needs. As the months sped on his business increased, and his talent and usefulness became known. His strong, retentive memory was a great help to those he wrote letters for, as they often forgot the date and contents of that which had been written. Although his labor was arduous, it was interesting, for it gave him insight into many household mysteries, and enlarged his knowledge of human nature.

He loved this sort of an independence; he felt as if, once leaving the house of the Schwartzs, he had changed an Algerian slavery for the most blissful liberty. But he missed his dearly-loved pupils for a long time. But he strove to overcome that sorrow, and the yet keener pang, that in the wide world he held no kindred soul that he dared call his own. With a feeling of deep abhorrence he entered upon the task of copying some writings he knew to be those of his former task-master, although the pages were brought to him by an entire stranger. He felt as if the form of Herr Von Schwartz, with its repellent and domineering air stood beside him as he wrote.

He seldom went into company for lack of leisure, and also for the want of means; but he often visited the neighborhood with his eyes. He had an excellent telescope of Dollond, and by its aid he passed the review of the adjacent houses. His chamber overlooked a number of gardens, and in the far background appeared the buildings of the suburb, most of them small, poor looking habitations that joined the open fields.

This innocent amusement became a source of real enjoyment, that contented the hopeless recluse for the time. There was no astronomer more assiduous in watching the movements of the heavenly bodies—more intent upon the discovery of a new planet or comet, invisible to the eye alone, than was Jonathan Frock on the discoveries of the humble everyday life revealed to his sight. At last the habit grew so strong upon him, that he stationed himself at the window at appointed times, and no matter what amount of labor lay awaiting him upon the table, or what customers called, both were compelled to wait.

There was a good reason for this, for he had found a star—a new Venus—that arose and set in one of the remote houses of the suburb; the dwelling was small but neat, and he could see the back part of it; the yard with the well in its centre. To this well there came in the summer, at six in the morning, in winter at eight, a well-formed, tidy looking maiden, who filled a bucket with water, carried into it the house, and repeated the process several times. Sometimes this was done also at one o'clock. The occupations of the young girl beside the friendly well were various; sometimes she washed off salad, or herbs, sometimes her own fair face and neck. Whatever she did was done with peculiar and unaffected grace, that would have charmed the beholder, even if her face had not been so beautiful. That the maiden was lovely, our astronomer felt certain; her abundant golden hair that escaped in ringlets from beneath a snow-white cap, her rose-tinted cheek, the finely chiselled nose, and small rose-bud mouth, gave assurance of beauty; he thought that he could read through her blue eyes down to the deepest heart. It must be acknowledged that his faith was strong; for, who ever heard of discoveries having been made in maidens' hearts by the aid of a telescope?

But our friend was positive in his theory. According to it, she thus regarded from the distance was an industrious, home-loving daughter of some humble citizen, who was endowed with earnestness, innocence, and goodness. Only once in two hundred and sixty-four observations he thought he heard her sing—of course, through the telescope; but the melodious voice must have been lost in the distance that separated them. He saw her at her washing, and would gladly have aided her when a pail fell from the line that was stretched between three trees.

By attentive observation of the clothes, he arrived at a just conclusion regarding the members of the family. It was composed of two full grown women, a child, and a man. From the smoke that arose from time to time from a side building, and from glimpses of blue linen and cotton handkerchiefs that were suspended underneath the roof to dry, the silent observer deemed that the father of the household was a dyer. The idea became a moral certainty when he beheld one day an elderly man with blue-dyed hands, standing beside the lovely water-carrier at the well. She smiled very lovingly in his face, and our astronomer was so delighted with the soulful demonstration, that he smiled for sympathy, and continued to wear a smiling face all day.

So time passed on, and what shall I record of that simple, laborious, and joy fraught life? Every day brought back the same old story: he was happy for he loved. He had found a being in the world to which he felt allied. Yet was it strange that he never sought to approach the young girl; that he never strove to attract her attention to himself. That she was being daily admired and beloved through the telescope, she could not imagine even in her dreams; and she would never have thought of seeking a like acquaintance in the same manner with the solitary man in his observatory. He therefore remained unknown to her, and willed it so. Jonathan Frock was a person of peculiar views and strong principles; perhaps, too, he thought that certain beauties must be worshipped only in the distance, and that much that causes our happiness from afar, ceases to do so when brought into closer contact. But even the moderate happiness awarded him did not long remain in his possession.

One evening, at a late hour, there was a knock at his door. He hastily dressed himself, and bade the strange, friendly voice enter that so eagerly demanded admission.

A gentleman in a gray coat entered, a sword by his side, and behind him stood several soldiers under arms.

"Are you Herr Jonathan Frock?" politely inquired the stranger.

"I am, sir," he replied, with much astonishment.

"I am sorry to announce to you that you are arrested by order of the Royal Secret Chief Police Department, and that after delivering up your effects, you must follow me, wherever I may lead you."

The poor half-recluse knew not what to think. He could accuse himself of no wrong, but that of perhaps having too perseveringly continued his observations of the dyer-maiden. But he saw that resistance was useless; two of the police servants helped him to pack, seal, and arrange everything. Jonathan was convinced there was a mistake in the person, and with permission of the police power, he put in his pocket his slender purse and the telescope; for what purpose he took the latter it would be difficult to ascertain. Perhaps he hoped from his prison tower to obtain a more extended view, and to continue from thence the accustomed delightful amusement of his heart.

He went forth in the night with his guards to the destined place. It was a large, high building, with courts between, and intersecting passages. A large, heavily bolted door was unfashioned; he was led into a small room, furnished with a bed that contained a mattress and coverlet; there was a little table and a wooden stool, and this completed the arrangements. He was bidden a good night, the door was closed and belted on the outside, and he was left in the dark alone.

The silence around was not pleasant, but at length sleep came, and toward morning he slept, after many painful thoughts, sweetly and soundly. He was awakened quite late, and his breakfast brought in, which consisted of a nice soup; hitherto he had been accustomed to a frugal first repast of bread and water. The room was pleasing because of its scrupulous cleanliness; but the prospect from the window was discouraging. It overlooked a yard that was surrounded by black, convent-like buildings; the suburb, dyer house, and fair water carrier were gone. He hoped that the mistake would soon be rectified and he would regain his freedom.

At noon a good dinner was served up—bread, meat and vegetables, with fresh water in abundance. He had not lived so well for a long time. In the afternoon he was called up for a hearing. He stood before a table covered with black, at which sat several of the mighty powers of the chief police. After he had been questioned concerning parentage, name, age, residence, occupation, and the like, they placed a printed sheet before him and asked him if he was the author of it. He read it, and the contents did not appear unknown to him; but he answered at once and with firmness that he was not the writer, for never had he published anything he had written. He was seriously recommended to render honor unto truth; he abode by his first statement.

The principal among them drew forth a few written pages, and handing them to Frock, asked if he knew the writing. He answered immediately that it was his own; it was the same copy he had once made of a political article for the Counsellor Von Schwartz. He told without reserve that he had not composed those pages, but had copied them for pay, as that was his business. To the question of who had given him the article to copy, he replied that it was a perfect stranger whose figure and clothing he remembered, but whose name he had never heard.

The judges shook their heads. The accused was on the point of confessing that he had recognized the writing of the Herr Von Schwartz, and then he would be relieved of all further responsibility. But he

thought at the moment of his still beloved pupils, and he was noble enough to refrain from rendering them miserable for the wrongs of their father; he was therefore silent, and was remanded to his prison.

He was called up again for a hearing, and taken back again; for strong suspicion rested upon him that he was either the author himself, or knew the writer well. After he had been in prison three weeks, the guard again appeared, to conduct him to another prison, that was more like a dungeon than the former one. It was a sad change from comparative comfort to a stray bed, with bread, and water in eternal twilight. And yet he rowed in his heart he would not injure the Counsellor. "For," thought he, "if I remain firm, what can they do to me? Do they think by a hard bed and meagre food to compel me to a confession? The gentlemen are mistaken: I shall bear it to the end. At last they must not me free, and I shall have saved my dear pupils from sorrow and from shame."

The very next day he was conducted to a pleasant, cheerful, well furnished room; only the grated windows, the bolts and bars, and the sentinel outside, reminded him that he was yet a prisoner. His food was more choice, and wine was added, and he was permitted to send for writing materials and books. He was told that all this was done at the bidding of a powerful person who took a great interest in his fate. The good Jonathan was well pleased with this unexpected sympathy, but thought that too much honor was paid him.

He was still more surprised when, again called before a commission of the Criminal Court, he found among the Judges the Counsellor Von Schwartz. That enemy thought, doubtless, when he heard of Frock's deportment, that he had not recognized his writing, or had forgotten about it. With scornfully triumphant looks he regarded the innocently accused, and by his cross questioning he endeavored to prove his guilt. The tutor observed this with rising indignation, that for sometime he strove earnestly to subdue. But when Herr Von Schwartz ventured to cast a suspicion upon his honesty with regard to the gold snuff box, Frock could control himself no longer.

"From sympathy and pity toward my former pupils," he said, turning toward him, "I have been silent; but your conduct compels me to say that of which I have not yet been directly questioned. It is true I am not the author of that article, which contains insulting language of the Court, and perhaps State secrets whose revelation are an injury; it is true, also, that I do not know the writer, nor the person who brought me the document to copy. But I recognized and know the handwriting of the original I copied; it was that of the Counsellor, Herr Von Schwartz."

His former employer smiled sarcastically, but yet could not conceal his feeling embarrassment, and this was observed by his colleagues. The President reminded the prisoner that he had uttered an accusation it would be difficult to prove.

"It is possible," he replied, "that the original was destroyed when my copy was finished. But that I recognized the writing of Herr Von Schwartz is proved by my memorandum book, which now, with the rest of my papers, is in possession of the police. I remember that beside the note I had taken of the occurrence of copying an article that bore no caption, I wrote upon the margin, 'H. of C. V. S.', signifying that it was the handwriting of the Counsellor Von Schwartz."

At a sign from the President, Frock's trunk was brought in, and the memorandum book was soon found among the rest. He sought the required note and date, and placed it before the Judges. He was taken back to his confinement.

The next day his approaching freedom was announced to him, and likewise the arrest of his powerful foe. The person who had taken the paper to be copied was found by the police emissaries, and his deposition accorded perfectly with that of our friend; they were confronted, and each acknowledged to the recognition of the other.

That same day another surprise awaited the happy Jonathan. He received a visit from the Major Von Tulpen and a stranger who came in his company. The old soldier was overjoyed to meet with him again, and pressed him to his heart with warm and strong emotion.

"Everything has its good!" he cried. "If you had not been arrested we should never have found you; but your case made a great stir, and we heard of your whereabouts."

"You do not remember me?" said the companion of the Major.

Frock looked at him attentively; then he bowed deferentially and replied:

"Your Highness shows me an unmerited honor."

"Not so unmerited," said the stranger. "If you had not so heroically defended me against your comrades, when I became your prisoner in that skirmish in the Netherlands, I should long since have been in the regions of the dead. You saved my life, and relieved in my defence that soar upon your forehead from the furious *Chasseur* who was resolved upon the taking of my life."

"But how did your Highness learn my name, which I never told you?"

"I heard of it from the Major, and I heard of the Major from the Jeweler to whom you had sold the snuff box I gave you as a keepsake on the battlefield. I was desirous of purchasing far different things of the Jeweler, during my stay here; my astonishment was great to find the box. You disposed of it for so noble a purpose that I felt obliged to return it to you, as a proof of my esteem of your conduct."

The Prince placed the snuff box upon the table, and Frock was told that he was free.

"Now, friend Jonathan Frock, we must see each other often. Here on this card is the number and street of my dwelling. You must come to see me as soon as you leave this. I feared you were lost to me forever. May the mischief take the Counsellor what d'ye call him there! He now sits in your place. That comes of a wrong spot in the heart. He wanted to play a trick upon the Minister of Justice, and has slapped his own face. Servus him right!"

Frock was much refreshed by this pleasant visit; it renewed his faith in humanity; and he deemed the joy of the present well purchased by the terror and sorrows of his imprisonment.

The next morning he was fully and formally acquitted, with many demonstrations of honor and regret. A handsome sum of money was awarded him from the Court, as a compensation for lost time; and in token of respect for the suffering he had undergone. The good and humble Jonathan had not been so rich for a long time; even the box the Prince had returned to him was filled with gold pieces.

CHAPTER IV.

When Frock returned to his lodgings at the widows, he could have wept for joy; and he felt inclined to embrace chairs and table as he would old recovered friends. His first occupation was to station himself at the accustomed place by the window. He greeted the three trees from which again the line with its snowy array of linen was suspended, that seemed like banners and signals of love waving once more to welcome him. But like the lovely dyer-maiden, with the locks of Berenice, she came not to delight his sight.

A strange being was this Frock. He possessed a heart filled with the holiest love of virtue, and in consequence, capable of the tenderest and most exalted friendship; and yet he sought not the intercourse with friends, and preferred to them his mute surroundings. Perhaps he had reasons, worthy of all honor for this singular mode of life. The kindness and gratitude of the Prince had moved him deeply; and yet he thought not of approaching that benefactor by one step nearer. The Prince had invited him to his Court; had spoken to him of a situation in the schools of his dominion; and Frock, who was without prospect for the future, only bowed in silence, and when he spoke, declined the favor. The old Major had most cordially invited him to his house, but the young man made no further use of the hearty invitation. And yet he was no misanthrope; and no very urgent business compelled him to remain at home.

At length the Major called upon him one evening, and said:

"Might have waited till doomsday, friend Jonathan Frock or Trock, before you would come to me. Now come along with me, so that you may find the way to my house. To-day is my birth-day; so much and so many years old. Have the cellar full of Burgundy, and Pontac, and Champagne, that I have been enriched with—a gift from the Prince—what's his name, there; that he gave me for the walk to the Jeweler, and to see you; and for telling him the story of the snuff-box that I have related I do not know how many times for nothing."

Frock made no resistance; they entered a hackney coach, as it was already dusk, and drove off. The Major was talkative and amusing as ever, but when they came near the designated street he commenced fuming and swearing.

"Foolish trick!" he growled. "I drive past the Recorder, what d'ye call him there, and have promised to wait call for him to supper. He is a whole-souled creature; you will be pleased with his acquaintance, Jonathan. Well, I'll sit you down at my house, drive back and bring him along."

The coach stopped. Frock was told to go into the house.

"To the right is the room!" bawled out the Major, as he drove off.

Frock sought in the darkness for the door; knocked, and was told to enter; he saw the neatly set table, the cheerful tapers—and the next moment all darkened before his eyes; for the long sought, daily observed maiden of the telescope stood before him, with her golden hair, and smiling lips, and received him most graciously.

"I have without doubt mistaken the house," he faltered. "I was to wait for the Major Von Tulpen, whose dwelling I sought."

"You are at the right place, sir; my father cannot be absent much longer, please take a seat, and have the goodness to wait a little while," she said, and offered him a chair. A girl of ten years approached, gazed for a moment at the stranger, and then said shyly, but with a pleasant smile:

"Is it not so? You are the gentleman who gave away a gold box for our father?"

"Not gone away. I have it again," he replied, as yet unable to recover from his first confusion and surprise. But his embarrassment increased tenfold as the golden-beked beauty advanced close beside him, and laying her hand upon his arm, said, with deep feeling:

"Oh, sir, how much we owe to you! That box must be to you a sacred relic, as the memorial of two persons you have saved."

"Did you grow so pale in the prison?" Inquired the little girl, as she looked at him with compassionate eyes. "I prayed for you, and I am sure it was of use."

Jonathan understood that he was better known than he at first thought; and to change the conversation he told of the pleasantness of his prison-life.

The sisters thought it very strange that he could have borne the loss of his freedom so calmly, as to have found a degree of pleasantness in his narrow surroundings. "I should cry myself to death in a prison," said the little girl, "if I had to live there, away from father and Josephine."

"I believe you, miss," said Frock, "but if one has no Josephine, and no father to weep for, one can be content with a pure conscience everywhere. The person who, in necessity, himself suffices, views all the external as mere stage transformations; and the smallest room can be to him wide as the world. Whoever is not thus self-reliant and seeks happiness from his surroundings, he will live in bonds in the widest and freest space."

"But to be so all alone, the long, long day!" with a sigh, responded the younger sister.

"Do you know that I was all alone? Was not my past life with me? Was He not with me who is more than all human society? Know you whom I mean?—God!"

The conversation became serious, but no less attractive. Josephine listened in silence, as she bent over the back of a chair. Her little sister, Leonora, had a number of questions to put, and numerous suggestions to make. In the midst of them the Major returned and brought with him a young and handsome man, the Recorder Dorkhardt. This gentleman appeared perfectly at home, and on a friendly and familiar footing with the sisters. Frock had been upon the high road to self-possession, and was becoming rapidly acquainted; but the more unserved the new comer appeared, the more distant and shy became our sensitive friend; he knew not why it was thus. The Major presented him to the "whole-souled" Recorder; the daughters left their guests awhile, and soon returned, bringing in the supper. All sat down to the table; the Recorder beside Josephine, Frock opposite, and the talkative Leonora. Herr Dorkhardt was full of nameless attentions toward his fair neighbor; Jonathan felt embarrassed with his hands and his feet, sometimes even with his eyes; for Josephine, seen thus near, was indeed resplendently beautiful. The expression of her noble countenance delighted and surprised him. These surprises were not at all abated by her father or Leonora, but perhaps were participated in by the "whole-souled" Recorder. Our pale philosopher, gradually joining in the cheerful tones of the company, loved to converse with the quick-witted Leonora; and finding her rather deficient in mental arithmetic, he gave her a few ideas on the subject, which caused her without further parley to entreat him to become her teacher. She promised to take the place of his pupils in the house of Schwartz, by her attention and gratitude: "for they were only boys," said she, "and they forget so soon; and are so wild and flighty."

Frock gave the promise she exacted, to give her lessons every Wednesday and Saturday.

The Major pressed his hand with paternal feeling: "It will be a great service," he said. "Have n't the means, or I should have sent her to a girl's school. The chatterbox will be benefited by learning to sit still."

Frock did not reflect upon the charge he had undertaken; but on the following day he regretted it, as also the accepted invitation to dinner on the next day, which was the Sabbath.

He slept late that morning, having come home late on the night before. The ringing of the bells from all the church towers far and near awakened him. He thought of the past day, and his first occupation was to take up the telescope at the accustomed place. He was about to raise the glass to his eye, when he suddenly put it down, closed the window, and looked out not again that morning, but walked up and down, singing and whistling instead. Toward noon he wrote a letter to the Major, informing him that he could not possibly come that day, as he did not feel well. He sealed the note, and then remembered that he had no one to send it with; but that he would have to be his own messenger. It was growing late, too, and it was against all the rules of politeness to keep them waiting. He tore the letter, and went to the Major's, regretting at every step he took, that he had already taken.

He was received with the same goodness and cordiality, and he felt more at home with the good family than he had done the first time. They all appeared to be in a reverential mood, the little Leonora not excepted. They had just come home from church, and their devotions had left the impress of the prayerful feeling upon their souls, that ennobled and exalted, as it were, their usual friendliness.

"Have you, too, been to church?" asked Leonora.

"Not to day," replied Jonathan.

"If I do not go to church it does not seem to me like Sunday," said the little girl. "The whole week then seems common and not good. Sunday must be among the days like the sun, that gives light to the other days. I can think how people grow wicked, and do wrong when they keep no Sunday."

"Do you not believe, my dear Leonora, that there are good persons who do not keep the Sunday?"

"Oh, there may be, but their goodness is of a common sort, and brings them no help. They may be good from their understanding, but it comes not from the most beautiful."

"What do you call the most beautiful?"

"Oh, you know better than I; I cannot explain it. It is beautiful when I pray and listen in church, and become united with heaven, and when I think that what is in and outside of the church will pass away. And when I know that the best remains imperish-

that all my beloved have been made
and my grandfather, and all the
father tells about, and Jesus Christ and
souls that live in bliss, love me all here
that is the most beautiful. Then I hear the wis-
dom of the praying hearts, and the holy tones of the
voice of the preacher, and yet I hear
not; and everything speaks to my soul, and I un-
derstand it, and yet hear nothing."

Frook smiled as he regarded the varying expres-
sion of her face, while she spoke as if in ecstasy.
He bowed himself toward her as she stood as if ex-
pecting an answer, and kissed the candid forehead of
the child without uttering a word.

"The little maid chatters like a magpie," cried
the Major, "but she often talks things out of my
heart, as I have them there, but as I can never put
them on my tongue."

After dinner a walk was proposed, and the friends
took their way toward the Llysals, a neighboring
wood, about a quarter of an hour's distance from the
houses of the suburb. In the interior of the little
forest there was an inn, romantically situated be-
tween fields and gardens; it was a favorite resort
for the inhabitants of the city. Frook gave an arm
to each of the sisters; the Major walked beside them,
talking rapidly as was his wont. Josephine's con-
versation was as deeply imbued with intellect and
feeling as was her face and form stamped with the
divine impress of beauty.

"It is a beautiful, splendid day!" cried Leonora,
"jumping for joy. 'I am certainly in heaven! I am
in heaven! And if you had been to church, here
Frook, you, too, would now be in heaven.'"

"But I can assure you, my pious Leonora, I am
in heaven this very moment."

"No, you are only taking a walk. But I am
really in heaven. See, all the flowers have deeper
colors, and seem more still and heavenly; and the
leaves are transparent, as if they were green flames;
and the sky has a different robe, and the sun another
gleam. All things have a place, and everything
looks fresh; but I do not understand it quite. But
I shall learn it sometime."

Frook was in heaven, though Leonora sought to
deny it. The world appeared resplendent in new
garbs of beauty while Josephine leaned upon his arm.
He willingly listened to the child's talk, so that he
could have opportunity for silence; for he cared not
for conversation, as he was beguiled by emotions
he could not define nor account for.

They found acquaintances in the Llysals, friends
of the Major and the family; they joined the party.
Frook, as a stranger, stepped back; he appeared to
be searching for plants, and going deeper into the
woods, he returned not to the company.

The Major missed him after an hour had sped on.
They waited for him while they laughed and talked
with the rest. But when it was time to think of re-
turning home, and he had not yet made his appear-
ance, Leonora called forth to seek him. The Major
stormed, and took an opposite direction for the like
purpose. Josephine, remembering in what part of
the forest he had vanished from view, pursued that
path. She soon found him lying in the grass, at the
foot of an oak, his face covered with his hands. She
thought he was asleep, and softly she called his
name. He sprang from the ground with a deathly
pale and agitated countenance, looked at her wildly
for an instant, and then forced his lips to a smile as
he politely demanded pardon for having left the com-
pany. He was surprised to hear that it was
time for their return. He accompanied her, but he
was silent, confused and reserved.

"You look badly," said Josephine, "perhaps you
do not feel well."

"I have not felt well, but I feel stronger now," he
replied.

The rest approached, and were alarmed at his
aspect.

"What is the matter, friend Jonathan?" asked
the Major with a gentle voice. "You have been
crying your eyes red, and they look glassy yet."

Frook smiled, passed his hand over his face, and
said:

"I have notions once in a while."

No one questioned him further. No one presumed
to ask for a reason when, in the days that succeeded,
he often became silent in the midst of cheerful and
genial discourse, or when he changed color without
apparent cause. They respected his secret, and it
was a long time before it was referred to in the
Tulpen family in his absence.

He came regularly every Wednesday and Saturday
to instruct Leonora, and he gave her tuition in many
things besides arithmetic. He related to her the
memorable events of history, and explained to her
many of the phenomena of nature. He spoke well,
clear and distinctly, but never more enthusiastically
than when the subject turned upon the Unseen, and
his religious thoughts were called into expression.
This happened often, and seemed to be a need of his
nature. Josephine so arranged it that all her out-
door employments were concluded when he came, so
that she could sit down with her knitting in the
window-seat and listen. At first she had simply as-
signed Jonathan Frook for his generosity toward
her father, but in the frequent intercourse she learnt
to appreciate him for the nobility of his principles
and the worth of his heart, and to forget what at
first had appeared somewhat repellent in his appear-
ance, the pale face and the strongly contrasting raven-
black wavy hair. She felt a deep friendship for
him, and a compassionate sympathy when, as it
seemed without reason, he became sad and silent in
her presence.

"He conceals a great sorrow in his breast," Jose-
phine often said to Leonora, who was anxious to ask
him its cause. "Be considerate toward him. In the
Counsellor's house they deemed him a criminal
on account of his melancholy; I believe it is occa-
sioned by a noble and praiseworthy cause."

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

POVERTY.—Bulwer says that Poverty is only an
idea, in nine cases out of ten. Some men with ten
thousand dollars a year, suffer more for want of
means than others with three hundred. The reason
is, the richer man has artificial wants. His income
is ten thousand, and by habit he spends twelve or
fifteen thousand, and he suffers from being
deprived for unpaid debts, to kill a sensitive man. A
man who earns a dollar a day and does not run to
debt, is the happiest of the two. Very few people
who have never been rich, will believe this, but it is
as true as God's word. There are people, of course,
who are wealthy, and enjoy their wealth, but there
are thousands upon thousands, with princely in-
comes, who never know a moment's peace, because
they live above their means. There is really more
happiness in the world among working people than
among those who are called rich.

A person asking Widdiford if he had purchased any
flowers lately, was counter-questioned, "If he meant
that as a jest with reference to his own (But-
any")

Written for the Banner of Light
WILLIE, DARLING.

BY ELLIS BURN.

Father, mother, do not weep,
Saying in your anguish deep,
"Willie, darling, 's gone to sleep—
Gone to sleep,

In a cold and dreamless bed,
Where no light is on him shed,
He is sleeping with the dead—
With the dead!

Birds and flowers will come again—
Summer, with her joyous train;
But we'll look for him in vain—
All in vain!

He no more will be our guest,
Sheltered in our sunny nest,
Willie, darling, 's gone to rest—
Gone to rest."

Father, mother, wake no more
Sorrow's low and plaintive lore,
Bibbling, "Willie comes no more—
Comes no more!"

Rather lift the drooping head,
List the words to rapture said,
"Willie, darling, is not dead—
Is not dead!"

Wipe away each starting tear,
Banish every doubt and fear,
For your Willie-bird is near—
Still is near!

Oh beside your chair I stand,
Mid a smiling angel band,
Singing of the "Morning Land"—
"Morning Land!"

Oh I glide with noiseless tread
Round my brothers' lonely bed,
Showering blessings on their head—
On their head!

Though my footsteps on the floor
Wake no echoes as before,
Still I'm often at your door—
At your door!

Through your sunny halls I stray,
Often with my sister play,
Flinging roses on their way—
On their way!

I have only reached the goal,
Waiting for each human soul,
Where our love hath more control—
More control!

Oh! then lift the drooping head,
List the words by angels said:
"Willie, darling, is not dead—
Is not dead!"

Adelphi Institute, Norristown, Pa., 1863.

Original Essays.

ANCIENT AND MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

BY D. B. P.

NUMBER THREE.

It appears that the holy mountains of Israel were
barren of everything, though according to Ezekiel,
the Lord was there and heard the blasphemies of
other mountains. Mount Sinai being a region of
bare rocks, totally destitute of vegetation, some ser-
vants of the Word are staggered in the thought
that the Israelites "about six hundred thousand
men on foot, besides a mixed multitude, with very
much cattle, where the men fit for war assembled
in the wilderness of Sinai, in the second year of
their flight from Mizraim, are said to amount to
six hundred and three thousand, five hundred and
fifty. Adding the women and children, and the Le-
vites, who are not included, these figures represent an
aggregate of at least two million of souls!—the popu-
lation of London and its environs. An incredible
number to travel in a mass from station to station,
without everywhere creating a famine, and peti-
ting for the want of food and shelter; unless we as-
sume a much more frequent miraculous interven-
tion in the supply of provisions, tents, water, and
herbage for cattle, than we had narrated."

We must not forget the constant raining of manna,
though "the mists of the Gods rolled slowly." We
may also shed a pitying tear for the children of Is-
rael before the first instalment of this meal from
heaven when they exclaimed, "Would to God we had
died by the hand of the Lord in the land of Egypt,
when we sat by the flesh-pots, when we did eat
bread to the full; for ye have brought us forth into
this wilderness to kill this whole assembly with
hunger." This manna had "the taste of fresh oil,"
and revivified the children of Israel, as castor oil
does modern children. No wonder that on such a
diet the children exclaimed, "We remember the fish
which we did eat in Egypt freely; the cucumbers
and the melons, and the leeks, and the onions and
the garlic. But now our soul is dried away, and
there is nothing at all besides this manna before our
eyes." A flock of quails came to the rescue, for-
warded by express in "a wind from the Lord," but
there appears to have been but very little amend-
ment from the healing qualities of the quails, for
"while the flesh was yet between their teeth, ere it
was chewed, the wrath of the Lord was kindled
against the people, and the Lord smote the people
with a very great plague."

The tremendous scope of "God's Word" in the
way of figures, as well as in other matters, is a rock
of offence, which very much disfigures "the Stone of
Israel" to modern reckoning, presenting dispro-
portions quite impossible to reduce to order. The army
of Jehoshaphat amounted to no less than one million
one hundred and sixty thousand men, in "a coun-
try smaller than Scotland." This and other rook-
ings of like swelling proportions, are very numer-
ous in "God's Word," are quite astounding to the
open vision of modern critics—many cases of old
Jewry reckoning being cited by our author, though
we do not find among them the account of the house
built on the "threshing floor," some thirty feet by
ninety, whose figures amount in "God's Word," to
4,000,000,000 of dollars as cited by Gliddon, in
"Types of Manhood," neither do we find in our
author an account of the magnificent fee of Naaman,
for the cure of his leprosy, amounting to some half
million of dollars, offered to the healing medicine,
Bileam, whose prescription was to wash in the Jor-
dan, though Naaman expected that he would "call
on the Lord his God, and strike his hand over the
place, and recover the leper," as in the memorable or
spiritual process of to day. However, cleanliness
being very close to Godliness, it was well to begin

with the Jordan, and if the spirit of the river should
fall, then to wash it with the hand of the Lord.

Our author appears to think that if the writers of
"God's Word" had drawn less on the imagination for
their facts, so, if the Word had not been sub-
merged in its various meanderings through copy-
ists, its worth would be greatly enhanced to modern
measurement. He says:

The Hebrew records, it is obvious, would greatly
rise in historical value, if we could discover the
means of correcting these and all similar clerical
inaccuracies and misrenderings of the books of the
Old Testament. They unquestionably contain data
of the highest interest on many important subjects
of human inquiry, but which coming down to us ob-
scured by the mists of the middle ages, and errors
such as we have pointed out, philosophical critics
have for the most part neglected, as belonging
wholly to the region of the supernatural. More
reverenced, therefore, than understood, the Bible is,
still comparatively a sealed book. To bring out
fully the information it contains, we want a new
translation; and before such a work can properly
be executed, we want a new Hebrew grammar and
lexicon. The Hebrew of the Massorets, which has
been too imperfectly followed, has as slight a revela-
tion to the Hebrew of Solomon's time, as our
modern English to the language spoken by the an-
cient Britons, and the points they invented help us
to no other meaning in obscure passages than that
which was most favorable to the contracted views
and national prejudices of men, far less as a body,
distinguished for their learning than for their su-
perstition.

The Massorets regarded the Old Testament as a
collection of cabalistic symbols. They noted all ir-
regularities in the form of letters, for the purpose of
discovering their hidden mysteries. They counted
the number of words in every book, and attached a
peculiar talismanic importance to those of the be-
ginning, the middle, and the end. To this supersti-
tion we are indebted to more exact transcripts of the
copies which existed between the fifth and tenth
centuries than could otherwise have been handed
down to us. But our obligations to the Massorets
end here. The text had become greatly corrupted
before they interfered with it, and they were not the
men upon whose judgment or scholarship we ought
to rely for true readings, or the laws of Hebrew con-
struction.

The Greek Septuagint would be a safer guide than
any other of our existing versions, as belonging to
an earlier period, but that, independent of its nu-
merous defects of translation and errors of trans-
cription, which ultimately caused its authority to
be set aside by the fathers, we have now neither the
original text of the Seventy, nor that revised by
Origen in the third century. It cannot, therefore,
be hoped that the most careful collation of existing
manuscripts would restore the books of the Old Testa-
ment to the state in which they were originally
left by their authors, but a much nearer approxima-
tion to it than we now possess is attainable; and a
new translation would have great merit if it gave us
nothing more than a correct reading of Scripture
proper names, verified by the Assyrian cuneiform
inscriptions, which we are beginning to decipher;
and to which, as the more likely source of informa-
tion on such a subject, our attention should now be
directed, rather than to the monuments of the Nile."

By all means let us have a new rendering of
"God's Word" as spoken from the original "Mouth
of God," since the present letter so killeth by its
kinks and twists. Let us avail ourselves of the new
light now bursting forth from long-buried Babylo-
nia. After a burial of twenty-five centuries, the
Word of Nineveh and Babylon is found inscribed
upon their bricks and cherubims, thus making their
Word "a regular brick" in the old theology. We
shall soon be more at large upon this track, to dis-
cover the intimate relation of the Chaldean astro-
logues with the similar mystical bearing in the
Hebrew Word, where the root of the matter is
through all the same, and where Masonic symbols
with scraps of history are blent with all the ancient
religions.

Dunlap, in his "Varrations or Sacred History,"
gives rather a physical aspect to the old "theologies,
but he shows the common origin of the Hebrew God
and Word. At present we shall take note of "THUS
AND FAITH," with its rather scanty references to the
Zodiacal mythology, interlarded with God's Word to
old Jewry. The evidence which connects the first
compilation of the Hebrew records and traditions
with the Babylonian captivity when the Persians
were masters of Assyria gives an interest to the as-
sured books of the Persians called the *Zend-avesta*,
said to signify the "oracles," or "the living Word."
Our first chapters in Genesis appear to have been
later written as a preface to the other parts of the
old Jewry Word, and preface to "the book of the
law," which "Hilkiah the high priest found in the
house of the Lord," of whom he inquired through
the medium Huldah, who was at the college of
prophecy in Jerusalem. In the *Zend-avesta* we find
a cosmogony closely corresponding with that of the
first of Genesis. Ormuzd, the Lord God of the Per-
sian heavens, commences with the creation of six
heavenly spirits, the same, probably, as the "Sons
of God" in Jewrydom who "came in unto the daugh-
ters of men," and begat "giants in the earth," the
mighty men of old, the men of renown—"the same
sons of God, who, in Job, 'came to present them-
selves before the Lord,' as a part of the mystical
drama of the sun, moon and personated constella-
tions."

These six heavenly beings, with Ormuzd (Lord)
himself making seven, are called *Amesha-spendas*, and
are addressed as the seven holy, perfect and immor-
tal spirits of heaven, illustrating another Scripture
reference—that in the book of Revelation to "the
seven spirits which stand before the throne of God."
Chaldæan was far advanced in the science of the
heavens hundreds of years before Moses wrote with
the finger of God from the astro-theological copy of
the pattern on the mount. "The first of Genesis is
that of Ormuzd's visible world, an order entitled to
attention as that of science, and as showing, with
other mythological historians, that some of the deduc-
tions of modern geologists were long ago anticipated
by philosophical observers."

It is to be regretted that Hugh Miller should have
split his head against the rock of offence in the
nineteenth century theology in trying to make the
astrological Sabbath of Jewrydom of equal length
with the geologic day. It was the latter that killed,
for God's Word could not thus be stretched out to
the crack of doom, and so poor Miller himself was
cracked in trying to build the old Word upon a rock.
The "wise man" of four thousand years ago could
have taught him better than our blinded-eyed the-
ology. Our modern week originated in the same as-

tronomical basis which was common at one time to
Egypt, and the whole of Western Asia. There was a
general tendency of ancient creeds to a spiri-
tualization of the yet more ancient astronomi-
cal symbols; a tendency which, in the *Zend-avesta*, we see
carried so far that every star has its representative
angel and demon appointed by Ormuzd in the one
case, or Ahriman in the other. Of these beings the
chief are *Tushtar*, (Sirus), who protects the
East; *Sakrat*, (Saturn), who guards the West; *Manu*,
(a star in the foot of Orion), who watches over the
South; and *Hastergar*, (the polar star) guardian of
the North. The same it may be supposed, with
"the four angels standing on the four corners of
the earth, holding the four winds of the earth," as
witnessed by astrological John in his divine revela-
tions. While reading these revelations, have Dar-
rett's Celestial Maps before you, and you may see
whereunto much of the "Revelations" will grow
as spoken by the mouth of God through one of the
brethren of the prophets unto John. Indeed, the
Spiritualism of the Bible is variously interlarded
with the more ancient astrological worship. The
stars are the eyes of the Lord, as well as of the con-
stellated animals or symbols. "Those seven; they
are the eyes of the Lord, which run to and fro,
through the whole earth." "These things saith he
that hath the seven spirits of God, and the seven
stars. They are the seven lamps of fire burning
before the throne, which are the seven spirits of
God." So, too, the "beasts full of eyes before and
behind." The angel or ghost who showed John
these things, and before whom John was about to
fall down and worship as the Lord, was probably a
spirit of one of the old astrologers, showing John
how to divine by "the eyes of the Lord." We have
had somewhat of such revelations plotted through
our own medium, Mr. Ladd; but as the angel or
Lord wrote in a language which we could not read
—a "kind of Babylonish dialect," so neither could
we understand his hieroglyphic picture Word of the
heavens. A spirit then present declared him, from
what little he could unfold, to be predicting the then
forthcoming rebellion in British India. This was
full sixteen months before the outbreak; nor was
there then, to mortal vision, the slightest shadow of
the coming event, though it came to pass in the num-
ber of months, as announced from the spirit-world.
The same spirit person continues from time to time,
to visit us, even to this day, and write a and pictures
somewhat of the heavens, which we cannot under-
stand. This is to be regretted, as he might instruct
us how Mother Deb in Israel engineered the stars to
fight in their courses against Siscara. John, in his
trance, or spirit, on the Lord's day, had rather the
advantage of us in being able to read the Word of
the prophetic astrologer, while we find it rather dif-
ficult to roll a similar Word as a sweet morsel under
the tongue.

In the Persian Word, "Ormuzd ordaining light be-
tween heaven and earth; the fixed stars, and those
which move in their courses; the moon and sun.
As it is said, 'He in the beginning, created heaven.'
The visible fixed stars were formed into twelve
groups or constellations, the names of which are,
the Lamb, the Bull, the Crab, the Lion, the What-
ever, the Wagon, the Scorpion, the Bow, the Goat,
the Water-bucket, and the Fishes. These 'twelve,' in
various names and dresses, and in various corre-
spondences, abound in old Jewry, as in the pattern
on the Mount, and in other patterns. In likewise
the Divine John had them, in correspondences of
twelve precious stones, 'twelve gates and twelve
pearls'; and as in the nature worship of the old
Chaldeans, John 'saw no temple; for the Lord God
Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it.' From
this it would appear that John was viewing the
heavens when the Sun or Lord was in the zodiacal
sign of the Lamb; and thus in mystical personation
made the Sun and Lamb as one with the temple or
zodiacal belt.

The Persian Ahriman, or Satan, also practices his
seductions, and thus introduces "sin into the
world and all our woe." He not only tripped Eve,
as in old Jewry, but according to John, ran off with
a third part of heaven. The way he did it you may
trace on your maps of the heavens, where you will
find "the great dragon, that old serpent called the
Devil and Satan,"—who has constituted so much of
the stock in trade of our modern churches.

The question is, where this imagery, and the
corresponding imagery of the *Zend-avesta* came
from, and what it embodied. Where it came from
we may see by a glance at the *Hydra*, *Serpens*, and
Draco of our celestial globe, copied from ancient
planispheres; and what it originally embodied was
signs and seasons. Afterwards, the pictorial hiero-
glyphics of the old astronomers became the founda-
tion of innumerable religious allegories. To this
class of ideas belongs the fire worship of the
ancient Persians; but strictly speaking, the Persians
were not worshippers of fire; for fire is mentioned
throughout the *Zend-avesta* only as a divine em-
blem, and, in their reverence for that emblem, the
ancient Persians did not at all differ from the peo-
ple of other contemporary nations. The faith of
the Guebres and Parsees, the names by which we now
distinguish these Western Asiatics, chiefly of Per-
sian extraction, who have not embraced Mahomet-
anism, is in respect to the homage paid by them to
fire and the sun, the same faith which was at one
time the universal creed of early civilization."

We find the counterpart of this in many parts of
old Jewry, as in the "burning bush," "pillar of
fire," "our God a consuming fire," "fire of the Lord,"
and when Joshua tells the sun to stand still he ad-
dresses it as Lord. So, too, in Persia there were
variable names of the Lord, as *Mithra* and *Hum* were
as nearly equivalent to Ormuzd as the interchangeable
relation of Lord and angel of the Lord in Jewry-
dom. When Joshua invoked the sun, it was that the
light of his countenance might shine upon his
slaughters as the invincible Lord, in the same way
that the Persian would say to the Sun-God, the in-
vincible *Mithra*, *Soli Deo innoto Mithrae*. Hence,
those who worshipped in temples were the worshippers
of "false Gods."

We shall find, too, God's Word of old time in the
Zodiacal mythology, where the names of Jacob's
sons are coupled with very distinct allusions to the
Zodiacal constellations. Beginning with Reuben,
we find *Aquarius*, the water-bearer, in the words
"anetab as water, thou shalt not prevail; *Geminis*,
the twins, in Simeon and Levi, are brethren" *Leo*,
the lion, in the passage, "Judah is a lion's whelp;
from the prey, my son, thou art gone up; he stooped
down, he couched as a lion, and as an old lion; who
shall rouse him up?"

The passages which follow appear to refer to the
constellation *Heracles*, or *Orion*, introducing some
less familiar emblems of the vintage season.

"The sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor a

lawgiver from his feet, until Shiloh come;
and unto him shall the gathering of the people be."
Bidding his foot unto the vine, and his ass's colt
unto the stable vine; he waited, his garments in
wine, and his clothes in the blood of grapes.

His eyes shall be red with wine, and his teeth
white with milk."

"The name of some constellation seems also in-
dicated by the metaphorical figure of Isaac, as
"a strong ass couching down between two burdens,"
and *Serpens* may be recognized without difficulty in
the following:

Dan shall be a serpent by the way, an adder in
the path, that biteth the horse's heels, so that his
rider shall fall backward."

In Naphthali, as a hind let loose, the reference
is apparently to the same sign as our *Capricornus*,
the goat; and in Joseph, as a fruitful bough, and
one whom the "arbores have shot at," but whose
"bow shall be strength." *IUSPH* and *IEUSPHE*.
The *SPH* are variously construed as belonging to dif-
ferent words, signifying a branch, grain, a bow, in-
crease, &c. We incline to read Joseph, *Isoph*, a re-
spected scribe. We see allusions to the sign of *Sagitta*,
the arrow, and to the wheat-ear and tree of
life of the *Zend-avesta*. "Benjamin, who shall
ravin as a wolf; in the morning devouring his prey,
and at night dividing the spoil, clearly points to the
wolf of Egyptian planispheres, one of the forms un-
der which Typhon was frequently represented."

It is impossible to fix the identities of the old per-
sonated heavens. There was change of name and
rehabilitation through times and seasons and after
important eras. These varying phases are common
to Biblical and Gentile mythologies. All certain
historic, scientific and spiritual truths, though con-
cealed as significant mysteries of the Lord. These
were more or less understood in their day according
to the degrees of the initiated, from the entered ap-
prentice to the high priest who alone was permitted
to engineer the holy of holies. There is change of
dress, as well as change of name, with the old sym-
bolic persons in the heavenly drama, so that in pass-
ing through the mystical chambers of old time, we
have to play "Puss, puss in the corner" with pa-
triarachs, ghosts, lords and stars—the "angels stand-
ing on the four corners of the earth, holding the four
winds," so that Gabriel could n't "blow by and-by"—
thus making a breach of promise through the
double sense of the Word.

SYMPATHY VERSUS SPIRITUALITY.

Mankind are accused of moving like pendulums,
from an extreme notion in one direction to its ex-
treme opposite in the reverse. I am reminded of
this frequently when I see Spiritualist brethren
hostilely overboard the Church—rites, creeds, spiri-
tual experiences, all and singular thereto belonging—
because, in its rejection of the charms and besoon-
lights of progressive science, it has well nigh wrecked
on the sands and rocks of superstition and fanat-
icism. Is this right? Is there no good in the Church
worth saving? Even if as Bro. Drury in a late
number of the *Banner* says, that the clergy do
"hold their sway and make their proselytes" by
"the power of sympathy," that power which has re-
volutionized the world, &c. Allow that the clergy is
the psychologist, and the young convert the subject;
is the principle of sympathy necessarily a bad prin-
ciple? Or if bad, or good, amounting to intention, has
it, on the whole, been put to bad use in the Church?
Or, if it even has been, need it be, if the Church will
open its eyes to the light of true science?

But what shocks Bro. Drury's sense of propriety
particularly, perhaps, is the fact that the preten-
sions or belief of these professed followers of Jesus,
to wit: that they are particularly favored of God,
who grants them certain graces, feelings and enjoy-
ments, &c., in consequence of "their belief in the
efficacy of the blood and sufferings of Christ as an
atonement for sin," are unfounded in truth, the
whole thing being shown by the harmonial philoso-
phy to be nothing but the effect of the magnetism
of the preacher and prayer circle. This is, no doubt,
true in some cases, and probably to some extent in all
cases where the conversion, so called, takes place
under the administrations of the "preacher and
prayer circle." But when it is claimed that this
spiritual phenomena, as well as its consequences, is
all and away from that source, we, as Spiritualists
and harmonial philosophers, cannot grant the claim.

Rejecting the Atonement, with all its legitimate
adjuncts, and viewing man, in the light of his origin
and destiny only, does it not appear that, somewhere
in his upward progress, a radical spiritual change
or experience is a natural necessity?

If man is a two-fold being—externally animal,
human, and internally divine—the one to subserve
earthly, and, comparatively, primary purposes, and
then fade away; and the other to increase in power
and use, from infancy to its highest destiny; and
if, in infancy and childhood, while the outer man is
perfecting its normal organization, the instinctual
and animal rules over the spiritual and divine, then
there necessarily comes a time when the former has
mainly fulfilled its mission, when the latter in its
turn begins to quicken into active life, calls for its
natural food, and asserts its nativity and high pre-
rogative.

There is now a struggle between the two. The
falsities and corruptions of earth, with, perhaps the
natural allies on the other side of the veil, take sides
with the animal and earthly man, while, whatever
supernal agencies are permitted so to do, shed down
their magnetism upon the staggering divinity with-
in. Which shall rule? At what point of its on-
ward journey shall the man be "born again"—born
of the spirit, and begin life on the higher plane?

Answer: When all circumstances combined, heredi-
tary organization, physical, moral and spiritual
surroundings, permit, one in childhood, one in ad-
hood, one in old age, one at, or soon after death, but
one after months, years, or ages have elapsed, in
the spirit-world.

Should not all heaven be interested in man,
as far as consistent, this spirit-birth and rule?
If so, and if, as Bro. Drury believes, there is sym-
pathetic communication between spirits in the body,
and, as all Spiritualists believe, still stronger com-
munion between us and disembodied spirits, then
why should not the most powerful organizations be
formed above, to communicate with and through
similar ones below, to carry on the good work?
And, if such combinations do exist, the best and
most powerful organs of Heaven are at hand, and
and, as the brother also admits, the example of
Jesus is the object on record, after Jesus is likely
to be one of the most, if not the most powerful lead-
er in the resurrection army of the heavens.

And finally, if desire, or prayer, or faith, are
most powerfully promotive of sympathetic commu-

tion, then the soul, which, sick of the world, the flesh, and the devil, hunger and thirst for spiritual food and rest, and looks up in desire and faith to God, to Jesus, to heaven, individually or collectively, will surely receive in his soul "joy unspeakable and full of glory," be born again, and enter into rest. Then also, by the same means, may the Church below open, and keep open, communications with the Church above, with Jesus at his head, and receive and dispense powerful streams of heavenly magnetism for the good of those who will receive.

Now what matters it, when I am heart sick and my groans and calls bring the physician with his healing magnetism to my relief, if I had believed in my soul, that it could not possibly have been done, had not a fellow-man been sacrificed to make it so? I am healed, and the physician did it, but I have since discovered that the man died because he had a mortal enemy that took his life, and with a reference to my case.

Know the length of this; though I would say much more on this important subject if I felt better qualified.

Jan. 18th, 1863.

CROSSING THE LINE.

BY WARREN CHASE.

Philosophers have belted the earth with an imaginary line round its centre, and through the atmosphere teach the people that the sun crosses it twice in each year; but as the line is imaginary, of course, the crossing is also, and yet both answer all practical geographical purposes. There is another line also imaginary—the middle line of a century, and, although the people had much trouble to locate it some years ago on the centre of 1800, yet I have no trouble to find one on this 5th day of January, 1863, when, if we have kept our reckoning correctly, I cross the middle line of a century.

Until the last few years, my road of life run over a slippery, thorny, miry, and rocky route, and if any one would like to pursue a narrative of its turnings and twistings, its long and short-comings, he or she will find forty-seven years of it in the life-line of the "Lone One," which can be had of me for 75 cents; or for \$1.00, and twenty cents for postage, that and my other two works, "Fugitive Wife," and "American Crisis," sent by mail.

I shall not attempt to narrate or even generalize my experiences, or the oft-repeated doubts and despair of my darker years—nor recall the misery and suffering of poverty, sickness and sorrow which hung over all my early life like a monsoon over an African desert, but as I approached the equator, and came within the last ten degrees, the clouds parted, and angel faces began to smile on me from the spirit-world; at first, only for a moment—fleeting glances from happy hearts, but more and more, till they become permanent and constant, and I knew and recognize them as the spirits of those whose bodies have gone to the bone-yard; many of whom have gone out of great tribulation, and whose robes are white, but not washed in the blood of any Lamb, or Man, or God. Since these blessed souls have come to comfort and cheer me, and have made a halo of light around my head by day and night, and warmed my heart with the electric love of the soul, I have also found scores, nay, hundreds, of earthly friends, who also contribute all they can to make my life happy and joyous in its closing years; and my enemies, no longer able to irritate or provoke me; and wearied of their unsuccessful efforts to make me appear what I am not, and never was, seem to have retired or fallen on other prey for victims.

I hope, trust, and expect in the few remaining years I have to stay in this world, I shall be able to say and to write some words of hope and encouragement for the poor, the oppressed, the outcast, and the down-trodden of my race. With those who are happy, I have little time to spare, and few words to say.

If I have a mission it is to the suffering, whether in palace or hovel, for they are to be found in both. I have no gospel of Jesus to offer for consolation, but a gospel of Nature, of reason, and of spirits and the encouraging word of compensation for all the trials of life and the assurance that there is "time enough for gladness" when every sorrow shall depart, and the heart overflow with unspeakable joy. To me it is given to hold out the bow of promise to the most deeply afflicted and most destitute here, and to me it is given to know that the terrible damnations of Orthodoxy are not in the spirit-world, nor in the economy of God, nor in his universe, except in the heads and hearts of those who teach and preach them.

But I have strayed from my subject and birthday. The vital currents flow strongly and smoothly in my system yet, but the years and sorrows have bleached my locks and are stealing over my frame, sitting it for its destiny, and my soul is nearly ripe for its exit, and since I know where I am going, the when and how are of but little account. I should be glad to give my life for my country if it could be made most useful thus; but I have not seen the way open, save as I can serve it by tongue and pen. My father lost his life in a battle for our country, and my son has perished here, and is still at a post of danger where his life may be taken any hour. England took my father's life, slavery may take my son's, and popular theology would have taken mine long ago if it had had the power it once had.

All the wars against tyranny are wars of death and destruction, but they all pay, and so does life. I have proved it to be so, even in the pauper and the outcast. To all it is better to live than not to live. It is good to be born, and good to live, even in trouble and trials, to the middle line of a century; but how the slope is from that equatorial line, I do not know. Should I pass a decade on the slope I may be able to tell more about it; but if I should step over sooner, I shall only precede many dear friends, who will be welcomed by me to my spirit home, if I have one, of which I am quite sure.

I have been shown the rough way of life, and now for the smooth. I wonder how anybody can endure life without our Spiritual Philosophy. I am sure if they know it as I do, they could not; but if ignorance is bliss, it may be folly to be wise. To me it was not so.

Hope my suffering brothers and sisters. The day-star shall yet arise for you, and sunshine yet gladden your path.

Providence, R. I., Jan. 5, 1863.

A paralytic barber happening to be called upon to shave a considerable wit, asked him, "What shall I shave you, sir?" "In silence," was the reply.

TO THE FLAG OF OUR COUNTRY.

BY JOSEPH D. STILES.

Floating high, thou ensign of the brave, o'er mountain, dale and sea,
And let no ruthless tongue or pen o'er dare to slander thee;
Let not a single star which has thy folds of beauty graced,
By foes within or foes without be from thee e'er erased!

The enemies of Liberty their guilty hands may raise
To dim the lustre of thy stars—the glory of thy blaze;
But Arnold's black and fearful fate, of Rome's loathed Catalano,
Will surely be the fate of those who touch a star of thine.

Thou art our glory and our strength, our nation's hope and pride,
For thee our fathers bravely fought, for thee they nobly died;
Through years of toil, through seas of blood, they marched to plant thee high,
That thy translucent orbs of gold might kiss the very sky.

Oh, symbolized eagle of the skies! within thy talons hold
Most firmly this dear legacy, bequeathed by Sires of old;
Let not its precious folds be torn from Freedom's lofty height,
Let not a single star go down in Treason's dismal night.

So long as time to us shall be—so long as earth shall live—
So long as sun, and moon, and stars their varied light shall give—
So long we'll guard thee, precious flag, thou Season of our Law,
And die, if needs be, to maintain the justice of thy cause.

And palmed over be the longest, accursed be the hand,
Which strives, by either word or act, our stately ship to strand;
Upon her deck have we embarked our highest hopes—our all—
And with her, bearer of our fate, we either rise or fall.

Dear, saintly Washington! and souls of all the good and great,
Still guide, with thy protecting arms, the good old Ship of State;
From traitors' rude and blood-stained grasp its precious helm release,
And lead it safely back again to ancient ports of Peace.

And Thou, our Father and our Friend, stretch forth thy mighty hand,
Disperse the fiery waves of war which surge our native land;
From off the nation's sky roll back the fearful thunder-cloud,
Which wraps its brightest destinies in one funeral shroud!

And chastened thus by fire and sword, may we united rise
To those conditions where our souls thy gifts shall better prize;
To worship thee, with truer zeal, as Thou, oh God! I shouldst be,
And bow before thy shrine of Truth, in soul and body free.

"HAUNTED HOUSES,"

IN FICTION AND FACT.

Mr. Editor—Though long silent from press of personal business, I am not unmindful of your ever welcome paper, nor the interests thereof. With the array of phenomenal facts which Spiritualism has brought to light, the Spiritual and Secular journals not unaptly illustrate the facts and fictions of man's spiritual warfare, and as we of the spiritual ranks have hitherto had fully sufficient of the wild and wonderful in *facts* to satisfy the most exorbitant, of marvel-seeking appetites, I am not a little mortified to see your excellent sheet perverted to the enemy's use, and retailing the unnecessary garbage of secular fictions.

In your issue of January 31st, appears an article, entitled, "Remarkable Spiritual Manifestations in 27th street, New York." That you should copy anything on the subject of Spiritualism from the New York press with the assumption of its truth, implies an amount of innocence more worthy of the golden age than is to be a thousand years hence, than that of the nineteenth century, and a press to match. Perhaps you deem the name of the noble sheet appended to your article, as authority, a sufficient guarantee against the chance of any readers placing the least reliance upon its statements—but in that case, why quote "the Sunday Mercury" at all? Would not Baron Munchausen, or the Arabian Knights have furnished your readers with some pleasanter fictions or the realities of spiritual existence, with some more astounding truths? Not for the purpose of setting right any one who can credit the assertions of the New York press upon Spiritualism, (for to such, I should presume truth to be a contraband article,) but in answer to very numerous inquiries on the part of kind correspondents of my own, I beg to offer a few brief statements concerning certain "houses haunted" in New York City, which may interest your truth-seeking readers, and spare your humble correspondent a quire of foolscap in private responses.

In a certain portion of 27th street, New York City, known as West 27th, certain honorable house-proprietors, find a profitable source of revenue from letting their houses for the purpose of midnight assignations. Now as the scandal of these establishments began to grow in the neighborhood, the respectable inhabitants of the block cast about to see how they could break up the nuisance—had this concerned the female part of the obnoxious transaction only, the thing would soon have been decided—to turn them out, trample them into the gutter, spit upon them, hunt them out of every decent refuge in this life, and preach them into eternal condemnation in the next, would have been the most popular, easy, and rapid mode of disposing of the whole affair, and at once ridding the neighborhood of impure women. But unfortunately, women in this instance were not the only offenders. The presence of impure women necessitated the presence of impure men; and how to kick at the one without injury to the other, was a problem difficult to solve, and requiring the most careful and delicate treatment. It was and is a widely different thing to refuse to let me a house wherein I might reform these wo-

men (a refusal which greets me on an average about once in every third day,) and object to the occupation of a house devoted to the perpetration of the infamy needing reform.

In the one case the women alone are injured; and who cares for them, or what becomes of them? In the other, their gentlemanly seducers may be offended, or, at most, annoyed by some little exposure, &c., &c., and though this is not much to be sure, still it is enough to hurt their feelings, and we all know the feelings of a gentleman are of infinitely more account than the life of a score of Magdalens!

In this dilemma, then, admire the liberality of the 27th street moralists, when at last they hit upon the following expedient—

Certain members of the Metropolitan Force were detailed to patrol before the objectionable houses after dark, and by suddenly turning the full glare of their masked lanterns on the persons of all the evening visitors, to hurt their feelings so considerably, as to induce them to seek a more convenient locality for their gentlemanly, though erratic visitations. Now, when all things are considered, to wit, the nightly patrol of these guardians of the public peace in a secluded, quiet and "fashionable locality," the outrage of exposure on the gentlemanly sinner, perpetrated by a sudden and luminous revelation of their identity, the scandal of the neighborhood, the arraignment of the victims, together with the of course necessary mystery attendant upon these proceedings, who will be surprised to find that it wanted but one thing more to fasten upon this fashionable resort the mystic reputation so kindly bestowed upon it by the New York Press, doubtless in tender care of the reputations which might have been injured by the impertinent truth. That one thing needful was a good excuse for fastening any other fume than that of a house of assignation on this 27th street property, and as Providence ever visits on the sinner (provided it be a female one,) its first retributive justice, and in converse of the picture she holds the male with its protecting arm of "good luck," so good luck in this instance "wisely ordained" that in this very city, within two miles of that very locality, and in a street whose sobriquet bears so striking a resemblance to "West 27th street," that there needs but one word altered to make the name complete—I say the kind protecting genius of male infamy actually ordained that a real bona fide haunted house should exist, and that in such fortunate proximity to the locality aforesaid, that the one has accidentally, or it may be purposely been mistaken for the other, and the hauntings of the unclean and filthy spirits still in the form, have been by the usual candor and clear-sightedness of the New York Press, mistaken or twisted into a yet more strange, though thank heaven, far less diabolical haunting of a spirit, who is no longer a tenant of the mortal clay.

As this involves the facts of the case, rarely so welcome as the fictions, I shall be brief, simply stating that which I know by personal investigation. In an unfashionable part of a certain street in New York, is a brick house, small within, unpresuming without, inhabited by a very quiet, highly respectable, and industrious family. The lower portion of the house—only is in use by the family, the second and third floors being rented as day-schools, with simple furniture, adapted to the purpose. On my first introduction to the house, I visited it at the suggestion of a gentleman with whom I had a simple business acquaintance, in the course of which I had frequently heard him express strong dislike of, and unbelief in Spiritualism. His suggestion for my visit was made, therefore, to my very great surprise, on the ground that the family, of whom he was and is a kind personal friend, had been greatly afflicted with most mysterious noises and sights, coinciding with what is generally called "ghost-hauntings." One of the ladies of the family in particular suffered cruelly from this unaccountable cause; indeed, her health and spirits were so much affected, that our mutual acquaintance was at a loss how to deal with her case.

Previous to this acknowledgment to me, this gentleman (as candid and honorable as he had been before skeptical in regard to spiritual phenomena) had at last, though reluctantly, determined to consult some of the leading Spiritualists of the city, asking their opinions, and accepting their proffer of aid in conducting his investigations. In accordance with this rational and truly candid procedure, several mediums were invited to visit the house, but always separately, and under circumstances that precluded the probability of their having communicated with each other. I have been present on many occasions of this kind, and in company with several different mediums, all excellent in their way, and unknown to each other. Similar results and a similar history of the spirit, his appearance, purpose, &c., &c., have been uniformly given by all the mediums.

The details I cannot here relate, but the sum of the history is this: The spirit of a man holds possession of that house, lives there, and regards the place as his own. He finds the present tenants susceptible to his influence, especially one lady of the family. At first the manifestations of his presence were violent, noisy, terrible in some instances, and accompanied by angry intemperance. Several different members of the family met him at times about the house, and all heard him come and go like one of the household. Distressing sounds and sights were thrust upon them at times, and his presence was an object of terror and repulsion to them. More than one spirit has been seen there, although there is over this one, who seems especially prominent. I do not know that I can serve the cause of truth by relating the particulars of this man's appearance and acts any further, and whatever opinions I may entertain concerning his attachment to that particular house, are of present more theories of my own and others, and are not, I think, resolvable into demonstrable philosophy.

I beg to add, that this article may be seen by some of the parties concerned, and as I know their earnest desire has been to avoid publicity, I take this opportunity of reminding them that, although the utmost precaution may be and has been used in enforcing silence on the invited visitors, they have been too numerous to expect the same prudence from all. Surely, then, it is too much to require that a mystery confined to the keeping of at least a dozen persons, and each one's particular circle of confidants should long remain a secret.

In respect to the wish of the parties to avoid obnoxious publicity, I forbear to enter further into detail, although there are many curiously interesting features in the case; but since the affair is already so widely known as to render secrecy simply impossible, it seems to me that the interests of truth can be better served than by suffering this really philosophical problem to be used as a mask to conceal the infamies of New York Upper Tandomism, or pandering to the purulent appetites of New York Journal readers.

I am, dear friends of the BANNER, with the ever earnest wishes for the success of the facts of Spiritualism and the downfall of its fictions,
Yours faithfully,
EMMA HARDING.
Leicester Avenue,
2d door above 63d street, New York.

From Vermont.

Although you have had nothing from my pen for several months, Mr. Editor, yet I have not been idle. Among the Green Mountains, which are now white with snow, in one of the quietest, coolest dwellings of these warm-hearted, intelligent people, I am enjoying a brief respite from labor, and a daily proof that the thermometer is no criterion by which to judge of the temperature of human souls.

Coming into New England last autumn, a comparative stranger, I have met with much of cordial kindness, cultivated and refined intelligence, and true sympathy and affection. "The gloomy month of November" was brightened and blessed by pleasant friends, and appreciative audiences in Moodus, and Somers, Conn. The bitter blasts of December could scarcely find me, snugly ensconced as I was; at the base of the hills that form a part of the beautiful city of Providence, R. I. There I spoke four Sundays to continually increasing numbers, and found many choice souls, flourishing and unfolding most beautifully, in the sunlight of our glorious philosophy.

From thence I took a long, and rather cold ride to the Green Mountains of this State. Our good friend, Dr. Dutton, says I was at the Convention at Bridgewater. But I surely could not rectify any mistakes; but he surely could not have heard me say anything there. However, I have spoken in Woodstock, South Woodstock, Folsville and Rockingham, to good and intelligent congregations, and find the cause of a free, enlightened religion to have taken deep root in the minds of the wisest and best of these children of the mountains.

People come here in the summer season to gather inspiration from the sublime and romantic scenery, and strength from the invigorating atmosphere, the health-giving breath of these stalwart giants of earth. It is all well; but they are little aware of the peculiar beauties of the same landscape, now. It is worth a visit to Vermont, even in the month of January, only to witness how gracefully she wears her robe of white, folded so artistically over hill and mountain, clinging to the steep roofs of the buildings, rolling itself in brilliant balls on every twig and tree-top, and making a smooth path for the prancing steeds, as they gaily bound along to the merry music of sleigh-bells, while conveying belles yet more merry and musical, on their errands of business or pleasure.

Patriotism is active here, and balls, tableaux-

vivants, and concerts are the means by which money is obtained, to relieve the wants of our sick and wounded soldiers. The "ashored loo" of the whirling purling brook, over which the now emerald water glances swiftly, reminds one of the cold, sterling qualities of the people. Rooted and grounded are they, like the everlasting hills among which they dwell in pure principles, upright lives and lofty aspirations. God bless the noble children of the Green Mountain State. Yours for the truth.

R. A. KINGSBURY.

Rockingham, Vt., Feb. 1863.

Correspondence.

Notes of a Short Tour West.

From Centerville Convention, we journeyed three or four hundred miles west, visiting several towns where we pioneered four years ago; some of which we have visited annually, some semi-annually, and some quarterly annually, since our breaking-in. We found the "cause" doing well in nearly all of the old, and left fair prospects for a good harvest in each of the new openings made this time through.

As I have promised again some of your readers "Notes by the Way," they shall have a brief outline. Gave two lectures in Ward, two in West Almond, two in Cuba, two in New Hudson, Allegany Co., N. Y. Ward and Cuba friends are doing but little now, practically, outside of "holding on" to their belief, scarcely furnishing themselves with spiritual reading matter, giving little or no encouragement to the laborers in the public field, excepting a good "turn out." There are these, however, in these places who are doing all they possibly can.

As media, Mrs. L. Scott, (mother of Mrs. C. L. V. Hatch,) Dr. N. R. Miller and companion, of North Cuba, are constantly at work. Mr. Miller is a good healing medium, and speaks some times; Mrs. C. Miller is as well developed an impersonating medium as the writer has ever become acquainted with. Many others, with him, can testify to the fact, that their own spirit-friends have identified themselves through her instrumentality—not in a "guess" way, but positively. Mrs. Scott I am told to be a good trance-medium.

"Found the few friends in West Almond as wide awake as ever, with their hands to the plow, looking not backwards. They are alive to spiritual things; are not sectarian in their belief, but grasp after good, or truth, come from what source it may. Were they blessed with means, would do unapologetically to promulgate wholesome, liberal sentiments. My companion and myself have alone done the itinerant labor there.

Visited New Hudson for the first time; found a liberal community inquiring for higher truths. Next at Olean: Mrs. Hatch had given two lectures there, and at Cuba, on her westward way, to good acceptance. Our lectures were in the Westonsville, two miles east, and the first ever given there. Had a crowd of attentive hearers. Three evenings at Billcoctville. In the two select circles, tents were given, which brought heavy sighs and big tears from those who had opposed us on former occasions with an unmitigated skepticism and contempt.

Mrs. M. was made to get up, after pointing out the relatives of the spirit, and shake hands, in a manner so peculiar to the spirit herself, with a mother, father, sister, aunt and husband, and an uncle and his wife, that they each recognized the spirit immediately. Afterwards, other matters were given, concluding with a perfect description of the spirit, confirming and making the whole thing satisfactory with the spirit's friends. This was brought about by a statement made in public the first evening, that Mrs. M. would clairvoyantly give a perfect diagnosis of the disease of any person who might see fit to call for that purpose, without asking any questions or previously knowing aught of the conditions of the patient. The next morning the above mentioned aunt came, accompanied by the other relatives, quite unexpectedly, for an examination, which was readily and accurately given, and interested them so much that they staid for a circle in the evening. In this way, many, in our travels, have been converted from a skepticism to a belief in spirit communion with mortals.

(Mrs. Miller, as a medical clairvoyant and as clairvoyant and clairaudient for seeing, describing and conversing with spirits, has been remarkably successful, say those who have been benefited by the use of these "best gifts.")

Mrs. Miller was warmly greeted by the friends in Lottsville, to a goodly concourse, to whom she gave a political oration, which was well received. Some select circles, as usual, and then away to meet her companion, as per agreement.

His separate tour was not a successful one, in a spiritual point of view, excepting in one evening's discussion with three opponents, who thought that to ridicule the subject would gain an easy victory for themselves; they soon learned their mistake, however, and drew off into another channel and subsided.

From Columbus we went "joined hand in hand," "unpunished," to Corry, where we had good circles, in which a number of excellent tests were given. Had two good public meetings, the first ever held in that place. Though it is a new place and but few friends, yet we were glad to visit there.

Now turning ourselves, we retraced our course to Cuba, Elmira, and again into Bradford County, Pa., whence I shall give you notes in my next.

With a sincere desire for your well-being, dear readers, and continued efforts in circulating the esteemed BANNER and similar publications, I am, as ever, with respect, thine for light and truth,
Pagebrook, N. Y., Jan. 10. H. M. MILLER.

Letter from Dr. Harlow.

A few stray lines from an old correspondent away from home and kindred to aid, in his feeble might, and strengthen the arm of those engaged in putting down this unhalloved rebellion, may not be uninteresting, therefore I will devote a few moments in apprising the readers of the patriotic BANNER of our present movements.

A fleet consisting of twenty-one boats is now being rapidly laden with men and munitions of war, designed, probably, for the Cumberland. Our brigade consists of the 75th Illinois, 93rd, 113th, 124th and 125th O. V. M., commanded by General Gilbert. Our splendid steamer St. Patrick, carrying the gallant 113th, is honored with the colors. Several iron-clads are to be in advance and rear to protect our imposing naval armament against rebel guns that may be found disputing our passage up the Cumberland. We go to reinforce General Rosecrans's division, now menaced with the immense reinforcements from Richmond. Many troops have gone up the Cumberland, and but little doubt remains of our victorious advance into the very heart and backbone of Secession. God grant that a death-blow may

be dealt to the rebellion.

Yours for the truth,
H. M. MILLER.

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to this wicked rebellion. Strong and
must be struck in rapid succession,
monster will be long give his last
kick. Our commanding general and staff
momentarily expected aboard, and then we shall
off, exhibiting the most grand and imposing
scene in this part of the country since the
begin.

A. HARLOW, M. D.
Portland, Me., Jan. 29th, 1863.

"SET THY HOUSE IN ORDER."

A Lecture by Mr. N. B. Greenleaf, before the
Lyceum Society of Portland, in Ly-
ceum Hall, Boston, Feb. 8, 1863.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

Mr. N. B. Greenleaf, of Lowell, lectured before this
Society, on Sunday, for the first time. He is a
trance speaker, and has a clear, full voice, which
strikes pleasantly upon the ear. He gave two ex-
cellent discourses to large audiences, who appeared
to enjoy the spiritual food he offered them. Below
we give a synopsis:

In the afternoon, he gave for a text the injunc-
tion of Isaiah: "Set thy house in order." When we
reflect for a moment, we find within the human or-
ganization a passion stronger than all others which
prompt the individual to provide for himself a habi-
tation—an abiding place—a home. All races
possess this same inherent quality—this love of home.
And it is one of the most natural impulses of their
natures to put forth their best energies to protect
that home from any invasion of whatever nature.
But still we find in this love of home other quali-
ties mingled with it.

In every man's nature there is a strong, control-
ling, religious element—a devotional feeling—which
is constantly working within him a feeling of un-
rest, a longing desire to gain possession of a more
positive knowledge of man's immortality than his
teachings have yet been able to impress upon his
mind, or instill into his soul. Hence this desire is
constantly working itself in all the various stages
of human existence.

The theology of the past has pictured Heaven as
a beautiful, far-off city, whose streets are paved with
gold, where God sits upon a great white throne, be-
fore whom the angels kneel and the redeemed ones
of earth sing praises eternally, and at whose will the
poorly creatures are opened to let the light of celestial
glory shine down upon the children of earth. But
notwithstanding this glowing picture of celestial
harmony, there was still the condition of unrest,
an unsatisfied want for something more reliable—
for the soul is not satisfied with anything short of
truth. No vague and uncertain theories in regard
to the future condition of the soul, will answer the
craving of man's nature. He wants to find an abid-
ing place more congenial to his nature; where kin-
dred meet kindred, and friends meet friends, and
where all his sympathies could go out to the whole
human family.

Old forms could not go out like a consumed can-
dle, but they hung on, doing their work in but a
partial manner, consequently the condition of unrest
was a necessity, religiously and politically. In order
that the soul might grow and expand—for it must
ever progress. Spiritualism, which came to direct
it in its search, has given the only proof of the im-
mortality of the soul; and it has wrought a mighty
revolution in the religious and political ideas of the
human race.

While the sun shines out this bright day, to glad-
den and bless the earth, and the people gather in
their respective places to worship God for his man-
ifold blessings, there comes up the cry of war in the
land. The fearful horrors of which are yet unreal-
ized by us. Yet there is lurking in the minds of the
New Englanders, a fear that our freedoms are in
danger.

While husbands, brothers and friends are on the
battle field to outwork a divine decree, your hearts
are throbbing with intensest interest and concern-
ment, lest this danger should come upon you, and
your institutions, and liberty be destroyed. It is
necessary that you should feel this anxiety, in order
that you may do your share in the great work that
is before you. He who would take part in a glo-
rious obsequy, must not be idle, for the watch-
word of the times is, work! work!

The institutions of the past have done their work;
they have been protected with all their faults. The
demands of the nation of freedom and progression
were so insistent, that there came a period when for-
bearance ceased to be a virtue.

When we come to look upon America—call along
her vast shores, traverse her broad domains from
east to west, view her expanding prairies, dotted all
over with cities and villages, and pass up through
the mountain gorges, over the rugged hills and down
the valleys of New England, all teeming with life, an-
imation and industry, steadily moving on in the
march of progression and improvement, we are led
to exclaim, What if it were possible for the rebels to
succeed in committing your Constitution to the flames
and overthrowing your Government? Such a condi-
tion of things could not last, for the genius of the
American people would rise superior to the emer-
gency, and a new government would be created,
whose institutions would be in keeping with the pro-
gressed state of the times, and under the new order
of things civilization and human rights would attain
a higher position than has yet been witnessed by the
civilized world.

The American people possess more genius and a
greater love of liberty than any other people, hence
they will never remain passive under any form of
government than one based upon the most liberal
and advanced ideas.

It is true the soil has not produced such an array
of sculptors and workers in the fine arts as the Old
World; but in her supply of the invaluable and
more useful arts which meet the immediate demands
of the human race, it stands preeminent.

When you look upon the tinted fields, and behold
the thousands of patriotic hearts, bent on the ac-
complishment of great ends, and see the prepara-
tions for human destruction, or visit the hospitals,
and there witness the distress and weeping away of
precious lives, does not the injunction, "Set thy
house in order," come home to your souls with fear-
ful earnestness? No nation is so pregnant with
mighty and important events as years at the present
time, and most significant indeed is the warning
which, if properly heeded, will soon bring about a
most humanitarian order of things.

The outbreaks of the external are but the mani-
festations or outcroppings of the internal. You are
all interested in these upheavals, these evidences of
the unrest of the human intellect and soul. You all

have a vital interest in the present condition of the
country. No one can shrink from the responsibility
which rests upon him. No one can fold his arms
and say, "I have no part nor lot in the matter," but
all must unite and bear their share of the burden,
with an earnest and determined will that the right
shall triumph. This must be done before you can
achieve the end so anxiously desired. You are all
interested in your government. Your country is
your home—there you have an abiding place. There
is a necessity, then, for a strong government—one
that is able to protect you in all your rights. Then
with one united effort lead your energies to advance
the great work which is before you; then shall you
move on and continue to exist, working out the pro-
blem of your national existence. Success or failure,
God knows the future. But all depends upon your
own efforts. The mighty hosts of the spirit-world
are working with you for the establishment of jus-
tice and peace on the earth. Take courage and
work, for no great reform was ever effected without
an earnest and united effort.

When you come to fully understand the past, and
note how gradually civilization and the liberties of
the people have gained strength to combat with
wrong and oppression, you will see that all has been
best for the good of humanity; yet it was attained
only through earnest struggles. Revolution has been
the watchword for the past ages, and we have been
so used to the word, that we now think no great re-
forms can come but through war.

The genius of liberty—the outworking and ex-
panding power of the soul—has overthrown the tot-
tering pyramids of the past, which now lie moulder-
ing away. It was this genius that caused Rome to
fall. It never can be stayed in its onward march.
Our hearts should take courage and be cheered for the
future. The natural condition to which things
are tending is freedom. The immutable love of God
declares that freedom shall be the guiding star for
the whole human family.

The aspirations of the human soul are naturally
religious. No matter how infidel you may have
been, the first demand of your soul is for religion,
and you are not satisfied till you have learned more
of God and the hereafter. Your religious nature
is ever sending forth the cry, "Come over and help
us," to all who can give you light. The cry is
heard by those beyond the veil, and the spirit-world
is now answering your earnest prayers. They are
kindling the mighty flames which are to burn up
all your irreligious ideas, and free your souls from
the slavery of creeds and dogmas and superstitious
bigotry, and are urging and guiding you on to a
sublimar appreciation of the divine truths of the liv-
ing God.

He who goes to the battle-field to fight for the re-
construction of old institutions, old forms, wars, as
it were, against the Gods, for it can never be done.
The age is far advancing, too far and too fast for
any such superstitious ideas. It rests with you
now, as a progressive people, to "set your house in
order." See to it that you do not harbor slavery in
your borders. Remember that you have a great work
before you in establishing a glorious government for
the future; and if you are not victorious in all your
efforts, do not think that God has left you. You
have already paid the price for future greatness.
Then, struggle on undismayed in the divine mission
you are engaged in. You are now in the crucible
which is to purify you for that future greatness.

There are human hearts, to-day, writhing and
bleeding at their own freights from the anxiety they
feel to know the condition in the other world of their
kindred who have fallen on the battle-field in this
terrible struggle, those loved ones who had gone
forth in the defence of their rights and human lib-
erty, many of whom were exemplary members of
society and the Church; but now the startling re-
velation comes up, "What is the condition of my
partner, my son, or my brother? Perhaps they have
taken the life of a fellow being—oh, who can tell
us of their condition?" Spiritualism comes to solve
the problem. It brings the answer direct from the
departed ones. And thus comes a mightier revolution,
through this war, than all the religious element has
effected in three centuries. Through it
future existence must write its history. Tell on,
then, and "set your house in order," that you may
participate in the great and glorious work of the
salvation of the races. Be true to yourselves, and do
not enslave others, but let liberty be inscribed on
your banner. And as you are true and just to others,
so shall your God be just and true to you.

In the evening the subject for the lecture was
handed in by a person from the audience. It was
as follows: "How far does human responsibility ex-
tend? Or, how far is a human being responsible
for every act of his human life?" The speaker pro-
ceeded to elucidate the subject in an able, clear, and
forcible manner, showing conclusively that every in-
dividual is mainly responsible for his own acts; that
there is no atonement for any transgression except by
and through the transgressor.

Miss Anna Dickinson of Philadelphia, occupied
the desk on Sunday, Feb. 1st. Her subject was
"The Present and Future of America."

Miss Dickinson is a fine speaker, forcible and elo-
quent. Her feeling and sympathy is rich and full
for what she likes, but condemnatory and sarcastic
for what she does not like. She claimed that the
present war was a great conflict between Liberty
and Despotism, and that Liberty would not come
till the whole great heart of the North should speak
out in thunder tones, "Give us Liberty for the whole
Human Race!" The guns of Fort Sumter thundered
Despotism! The guns of the North shall echo
back Freedom, Liberty, Equality! Four hundred
thousand Southern men cannot govern eight hun-
dred thousand Northern men. Victor Hugo says:
"Slavery makes deathless in the soul." Let the
North unitedly declare that slavery shall nowhere
exist in the land, and the arms of the North shall
be triumphant. The North must be just, by grant-
ing liberty to the slave, or the "stars which the
builders refused" will fall upon it, and by it be
ground to powder.

Boston Spiritual Conference.

The subject—"The Preexistence of the Soul"—
has been the theme of the Conference for the last two
weeks. For the most part the ground has been
taken by the speakers that the soul is prior and su-
perior to the physical body; that the soul produces
the physical body, instead of the old belief, that the
physical body, in its development, produces the soul.
The subject for the next Conference is *Soul Agency*.
Jacob Edson will make the introductory re-
marks.

This Paper is issued every Monday, for the
week ending on date.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1863.

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LETTERS COLLECTED BY EDITOR.

"I cannot believe that civilization in its journey with the
sun will wait long to gratify the ambition of the
leaders of the revolt, who seek to

"Wade through slaughter to a throne
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind";

but I have a far other, and far brighter vision before my gaze.
It may be but a vision, but I still cherish it. I see one vast
Confederation stretching from the frozen north in one un-
broken line to the glowing south, and from the wild billows
of the Atlantic westward to the palm waters of the Pacific,
and I see one people, and one law, and one language, and one
faith, and over all that vast Continent, the home of freedom
and refuge for the oppressed of every race and of every
clime."—Extract from John Bright's speech on American
Affairs, delivered at Birmingham, England.

Conservative.

Hasty thinkers, and they who are satisfied to take
their ideas, principles and notions at hearsay, are
the very ones whom we oftentimes hear speaking in
terms of roundest condemnation of what is old and
past; and, as a general matter, their most potent
reasons for so doing, if indeed they have any to of-
fer, are such as these—"Oh, we are done with all
that; it is entirely gone by!"—"Or, 'Do not call up
what dead men have to say—let us talk as if we
were living persons!'"—"Or, 'What is the use of al-
lowing ourselves to become overruled over with masses,
and rusted with age, when there is such a glorious
future for us?'"

It appears as if some of these over-wise dogma-
tists, these philosophers without reflection, these
practical men without experience, really believed
that the world's existence up to date had been to no
purpose at all! They would seem to hold that,
for all the ends of progress and growth and exalta-
tion, the world might just as well have been made
new this morning as a good many ages ago; that
experience ripened no fruits for the human family;
that the soul was a sort of balloon, freshly inflated
for a pleasure excursion into the upper air of an
unknown future, and freighted and ballasted with
no weights out of the past, and scarce a single sug-
gestion from the present.

It has become fashionable, with the socialists, and
immature dreamers, and inexperienced dogmatists,
and wanderers in the forests of verbiage, who pro-
fess the calling of progressives, to sneer and curl the
lip when the word conservative is spoken, or a reflection
on the past is introduced, or caution and prudence
are suggested as aids in counsel and action. They
cannot bear such things. Their future is a so much
better and brighter future than any past ever was,
that he who even ventures to quote from that past
is set down as the baster of his race. Their love of
progress has become fanatical, merely from their
willful refusal to stand on this solid rock of the pre-
sent, and survey the past and the future on either
side.

Has the world lived till now for naught? Is it
proof of a hatred of human progress that we point
to the sure, though always slow, progress which the
race has made in the past? How can there be a
future, without something like a Previous for it to
rest upon? If that future is destined to be peopled
with beings like ourselves, what will the habitation
and inheritance itself be worth if it is entered upon
by infants in experience and embryon in knowledge?
Here is a world for us—a solid, substantial sphere
of existence? Because there is still another and a
nobler world, or sphere of existence beyond, shall we
not the acquaintance of this, and spend our days in
planning for the joys of the other, to which we are not
even trying to earn a title? And just as with the
future—is it what we dream and imagine it to be,
unless we go to it enlarged and enriched with what
we have learned, experienced, and acquired in the
past? How can it be possible?

And this true and well-balanced regard for all the
riches of the past years, this constant reference of
present theories to bygone experiences, these palpi-
tating impulses of the hour which are the growth of
seemingly principles implanted by the past—all this
is what we hear and see derided as Conservative!
It is "Old Fogy!" Young America cannot tolerate
its presence: as for its influence, that is entirely
out of the question. And in this manner we are all
sundering judgment and sense to the babble and
rhetoric of young blood alone, subordinating
wisdom to shallowness and experience to bare pre-
sumption, until we shall wake up some fine morning
to discover that our dreams are but dreams, and our
wild theories become monsters ready to manacle our
limbs.

There are two halves to all things. Nature is
dual, from beginning to end. We actually know
only a present; but it is ever to be enlarged, en-
riched, and expanded to the largest limit possible by
the vast volume of the past, and illuminated, extend-
ed, made poetic and glorious, by the lights which
stream down across it from the future. Here is our
stand, and this is the nature of our Conservatism.

The Happy Ones.

It's an ill wind that blows no one good—says the
proverb. Another saw declares that what is one
man's meat is another man's poison. The old
weather pinches many persons, but it is very accept-
able to some few. To coal dealers and ice cutters it
has proved a real and unmitigated godsend. Coal
has gone up immensely at an unprecedented rate,
since the mercury went down the tube; and ice-men
have rubbed their hands with delight—and let us
hope with gratitude—at the thought of solid cakes
forming on the ponds a good foot and a half thick.
These two classes form the only really happy
classes we remember to have met with, on and after
the breaking forth of this local climate from the
bowels of our previous spring-like temperature.

Our Cause.

We have assurances from the friends in various
sections of the country that Spiritualism is rapidly
on the increase. This is indeed cheering news to
the laborers in our cause. It shows that the seed
sown by them is springing up, giving promise of a
glorious harvest in the immediate future. This
should stimulate all the friends to renewed efforts
to promulgate the heaven-born truths of the Spirit-
ual Philosophy.

Beecher on New England.

Henry Ward Beecher has recently lectured in Bos-
ton again, discarding of New England. And some
of his stanzas and verses and contrasts were so
sharp and bright, we cannot resist the temptation to
make an agreeable jumble of them for the pleasure
of our readers everywhere. He locates New Eng-
land on this wise: "There lies between the St. Law-
rence and the Atlantic Ocean a little strip of land,
a few hundred miles wide and long, that seems to have
been made up of the fragments and leavings, after
the rest of the continent was made. Its ribs stick
out beyond all covering; it has sand enough to scour
all creation; there are no large rivers, but there are
many nimble little ones, that seem to have been
brought down the flood in taking exercise over rifts and
ruts. Its indigenous productions were ice, Indians,
and trees; its wild fruits are whortleberries and
choystrines."

The Puritan he describes as an individual who
never was popular, and never can be. He was not
"liked" in England;—they disliked, while they re-
spected, him in Holland; and he has accumulated no
graces of character or manners since he came over
the seas. From the sad-eyed, stern and sedate Puritan
is lineally descended the Yankee. The Yankee
has gone everywhere over the continent, and ever
will continue to go. He cannot be sent up, because
ideas cannot be confined. The West dislikes him—
save in its more northern settlements—and the South
hates him;—even a plous old negro in a slave
cabin was once overheard praying for the "d—d
Yankees." Mr. Beecher saying that the poor fellow
believed it was their Christian name! But however
they may hate us, they cannot resist us; they are
not able to entirely shut us out. The Southern man
will fight the Yankee brother, but marry the sister;
yet a Yankee woman is twice as much a Yankee as
her husband or brother.

Yankees are charged with being meddlesome, and
they are compelled to plead guilty to the charge.
They will arrogate their ideas; and these ideas de-
mand the largest possible liberty of thought and
life. You can no more shut up, or shut out, New
England, than you can shut out the light and the
air of heaven. Railing and accusation form no bar-
riers or obstructions. Ideas can never be smothered
by such as these. New England—and even Mr.
Cathcart said as much—was the teacher of political
philosophy, or democracy, for this continent. Her
political doctrines are very simple, but very radical.
She is to-day on trial for holding so firmly to her
ideas and principles, and to her instinctive love of
liberty.

Williamsburg.

The old town down on the Peninsula, which has
gone by the above name for a term of years whereof
the memory of no living man runs to the contrary,
the town before which was fought the first real bat-
tle under McClellan and his brave commanders, and
fully as sharp a battle as any that followed, even if
not so bloody and destructive—that same town has
quite a history, and an interesting one, too. There
used to be much wealth there, and the inhabitants
lived like born aristocrats. The famous William
and Mary's College is located there, the same at
which so many noted and noble Virginians have re-
ceived their early training and discipline, and whose
honored name was derived from the reigning King
and Queen of England at the time of its establish-
ment. The Bishop of London was its first Chan-
cellor.

The Episcopal Church of the town was built long
and long before the Revolutionary War, and still
stands intact. William and Mary's College was
established in 1693, just before Queen Mary's death.
The original deed of transfer of land and appur-
tenances to the College is still preserved in the
College library, and is composed on fourteen illu-
minated sheets of parchment. During the summer
previous to the Revolutionary struggle of Yorktown,
the village was occupied by British and French
troops alternately, as recently by rebels and loyal
troops. Gen. Washington was made Chancellor of
the College in 1788, and his letter of acceptance is
preserved in the library. The library is filled with
antiquarian lore. In the vaults of the chapel lies
the dust of Sir John Randolph, his son, John Ran-
dolph, Peyton Randolph, the first President of the
American Congress—which assembled in Septem-
ber, 1774—Lord Botetourt, Bishop Madison, and
Chancellor Nelson.

Among the "visitors" elected since the year 1763,
occur the names of the Earl of Dunmore, Benja-
min Harrison, father of the President, Thomas Jef-
ferson, James Madison, Richard Henry Lee, M.
George Tucker, John Tyler, first Governor of Vir-
ginia of that name; John Tyler, second Governor of
Virginia, of same name, and President of the United
States, William Wirt, and others of more or less
repute. The daily life of the inhabitants indicated
a high state of culture, and nowhere could a more
truly Arcadian place be found in which to pass
one's days in study and meditation.

The French Minister.

From revelations made by the publication, in
Paris, of the diplomatic correspondence of the
French Minister to the United States, some strange
developments strike the mind of the observer. The
plain story is, that M. Morier was rather urged to
go to Richmond, last summer, by Mr. Seward, and
did so with a fair understanding of the case by the
British and Russian ministers. Before he left, he
says Mr. Seward impressed it upon his mind to give
the Confederate leaders to understand most distinct-
ly, that the North was actuated by no sentiments
of revenge, and that great satisfaction would be
afforded to the inhabitants by the sight of such sen-
sors as the South might consent to send." M. Mor-
ier went to see how the leaders felt about reconstruc-
tion, and the whole burden of his story is to let
neither man, woman, or child, would ever consent
to live with the North again on terms of political
equality and fraternity. No doubt Benjamin and
the other rebels took infinite pains to make these
sentiments stick fast in his mind, trusting to time
to find the fruits making themselves apparent. But
the entire correspondence demonstrates that France
is ready and anxious to mediate in our affairs, and
we are more and more settled in our opinion that
she will do so just as soon as the convenient op-
portunity presents itself.

The Cause in Marblehead.

Mrs. M. R. Townsend writes under date of Feb.
2d: "Yesterday I was to Marblehead, and I can
assure you that our cause is not dead there, unless
the present manifestations are from the spirit of
Spiritualism resurrected, which seems almost cer-
tain. In the evening the hall was crowded, with-
standing an admittance fee was taken at the door."

Exposure of H. Melville Fay.

The good people of Tinsbury, Pa., and Jamstown,
N. Y., have been somewhat "provoked" of late, ac-
cording to the *Jamstown Journal*, in regard to the
alleged deceptions practiced by Fay. The evidence
seems to be very strong against him. Mr. Jonathan
Watson, Esq., of Tinsbury, a firm Spiritualist, ac-
cused Fay, and he exhibited himself two days there.
Subsequent developments were made by Rev. A. S.
Dobbs, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, of Tins-
bury, and it was resolved to follow Fay to Jam-
stown, and expose him. Several interested parties
accordingly did so, among whom was Mr. Watson.
They here tested Mr. Fay's mediumship again, and
came to the conclusion that he had imposed upon
them. We quote from the *Jamstown Journal*:

"Mr. Dobbs, who ferreted out this imposition, was
very honorable, and gentlemanly as were all the
party from Tinsbury. Mr. Fay had humbugged them
aggravatedly, and they vowed to follow him until he
was exposed and confounded. After the trial, Mr.
Watson rose and denounced Fay as an impostor and a
cheat, and at the same time announced his firm be-
lief in Spiritualism. The discovery of this trick re-
flects great credit on Mr. Dobbs' acumen and investi-
gating powers, and the prompt arrest of the quack is
creditable to the energy and fidelity to justice of him-
self and the other gentlemen."

Mr. Fay held seances in Boston some time since,
for a short period, but several of the Spiritual-
ists here suspected him of trickery, and he left be-
fore a thorough investigation could be had. Our
partner was present at one of these seances, was
dissatisfied with Fay's *modus operandi*, and requested
that Fay hold a seance at this office, where we could
investigate thoroughly. Fay assented, but never kept
his word. His agent informed us that the spirit had
sent him out of town for a short time; but that
when he returned, he would fulfill his promise to us.
But he never came back, to our knowledge.

New, in justice, to all parties concerned, we will
state what our spirit-friends say in regard to the
mediumship of Mr. Fay, viz.: That he is a medium
for physical manifestations there is no doubt; but
that, when the conditions are such that the labo-
rers are unable to use his organism magi-
cally to secure power by which to do the unifying,
do, Mr. F. "assumes the responsibility," and endeav-
ors to do the work himself—and fails. Hence his ex-
posure in various parts of the country. When me-
diums are not conscientious and truthful, they must
take the consequences.

Emma Hardinge and the New York Ghost Story.

On our third page will be found a letter from Miss
Emma Hardinge, in reference to the Twenty-seventh
street Ghost Story. As our lady correspondent at-
tempts to rap us over the knuckles for publishing
the statement of the *Sunday Mercury*, it is due to
our "innocence" to state that the "Influence"
prompting us to transfer the article to our columns
was of one as deeply interested in the "success of
the facts of Spiritualism and the downfall of its
fictions" as our estimable correspondent, and one of
the opposite sex, whose name has been as widely, as
long, and as prominently known as her own in the
field of spiritual reform.

The article in question, which we were at first
prone to discredit, was called to our attention by
highly responsible parties, and the testimony of its
truth was so evident and clear, that we cared not to
cavil at the narration, but concluded to give it to our
readers. If we are misled, however, we are glad to
let the world know it, and rejoice in the result, since
it has called from the "friend of her sex" such a
scathing and just rebuke on that public sentiment
which seeks its ends in the degradation and out-
raged of woman. As long as such haunted houses ex-
ist, we pray let there be just such redeemers of the
fallen, realists such as Emma Hardinge.

Change in the Weather.

Even the fiercest New Englanders must have been
satisfied with the late "cold snap." How the mer-
cury went down! How the pumps froze up! How
the noses blue, like any old blue bag that used
to hang at the kitchen fireplace of our grandmothers!
How ears tugged, and toes were nipped! How
people muffled, and bundled, and buried themselves
up in their clothes, as if seeking to care if they ever
got out of their cocoon again or not! Yet, the
"old boy" himself appeared to be after us all,
so lively did the weather make us step. The ther-
mometer indicating a temperature of eight, sixteen,
twenty-four, even thirty degrees below zero!—
and bland spring mornings and evenings at the
door only a few days before! We candidly believe
we have had as cold weather as we ever knew. Will
it kill the sleeping germs of the buried, yet exposed,
winter wheat? Will it destroy fruit buds, and tree
rods, and vines, and all manner of shrubbery?
There is an answer yet to be made to these ques-
tions, and we almost dread to hear what it will be.

The Word Home.

Going Home! How it warms the heart of the ab-
sent one to think of it! Who has not tasted the
pains and pangs of home-sickness? The old pro-
verb is—"Home is home, be it never so homely." The
word is derived originally from the German *heim*—
the same stout old Teutonic stock from which we
came ourselves. But the modern Germans have lost
the use of it, save as an attachment or adverb. As
for the French, they have no word corresponding
with it; neither have they what the English know
and love as Home. From them we derive what we
know and love as home. Home, in truth, is a pos-
sible word and place. None of the Continental
nations of Europe have anything that corresponds to
it. It betrays a distinct mode of living on their
part, from our own ways—other habits and modes
of thought. With the Anglo-Saxons, the world over,
it is bound up with their history, and their senti-
ments. No other single word exercises such an in-
fluence over them, unless it is the expressive word
—mother.

Chills and Fevers.

These matters, we conclude, go together. In
cases. Not merely when the Western malaria lakes
hold of an unfortunate settler on low and wet lands,
but when the cold winds of Winter are blowing and
howling about the windows and the chimneys! The
wintry chills bring wintry fevers too. The pluck of
the frost is soon succeeded by the rage of the heat.
We are cold, and soon we become feverish. We
shiver and make wry faces—and we perspire with
the feverishness of our heat. Now we shiver now
plagues, and again our imaginations are inflamed
with sketches of summery glories and endurances.
It is with the wind much as it is with the weather,
or with the Western sickness—the chills and fevers
succeed one another with regularity. We relapse
from one to the other as quick as we can tell the
story of it.

Physical Manifestations.

As many of the physical manifestations of spiritism in different parts of the country, through the agency of various media, have been pronounced "gross deceptions," etc., by the skeptical world—although the proof in most cases has been lacking—there is a chance for those so disposed to investigate further. We allude to the activity of persons tightly bound with cords through spirit agency.

Below we give the plain statement of the father of the medium, who assures us that he can produce, if necessary, the affidavits of many respectable people who have witnessed the whole operation, that it is true in every particular. Mr. Leighton is well known in Pepperell as a worthy and reliable man.

In accordance with my promise, I now proceed to give you an account of the tying of my son, a lad, who at the time it was first done—about two years since—was thirteen years old.

His mother, in his presence and that of a younger brother, remarked that a boy in a neighboring town had been tied securely with a long line, and unbound by spirits. My son was instantly influenced to say, "You may try this medium. I guess I can untie him. I will try."

I will here say that he nor any of our family had never seen anything of the kind done.

His mother took a line about two yards long and tied his wrists together, and then left him alone. In a few minutes the cord was taken off. She had tried the experiment two or three times, when I came in, and she told me what had been done. I said I thought I could tie him so that he could not get away. I then proceeded to tie him in such a manner that I was satisfied he could not get loose without help; but the result was the same—he was quickly untied.

After trying the experiment several times with a small line, I proposed tying him with a long cord, to which he at once assented. I accordingly went to a store near by, and procured a common clothes line sixty-five feet long; and he having seated himself in a common kitchen chair, I proceeded to bind him to the same in the following manner:

I divided the line about midway (not, however, by cutting the cord, but for the convenience of using one half at a time), and tied his arms to the back of the chair, and then secured his legs and, body firmly to the chair, tying many knots, and drawing the cord each time I passed it round as tight as I could without injury to his body. I then proceeded in like manner with the other half of the line, and having used up all the cord, except a few feet of each end, I passed it tightly round his body, and secured it with a square knot at the bottom of the chair behind. He was then left in a room by himself, and we anxiously awaited the result; but we did not have to wait long. In twenty minutes he came out with the cord coiled up nearly as well as when it first came from the store. How long it took to loosen the cord so as to release him; I cannot say; but the cord was sixty-five feet long, the knots numerous, and it was done up as I have stated.

So fully convinced were we that there was no deception in the case, that we at once invited any one who wished to try the experiment. Many have done so, with the privilege of tying him themselves, in any way or manner they pleased, and others can have the same opportunity. All who have witnessed the performance have expressed their satisfaction that there was no collusion in the matter, and that he was so secured that it was not possible for him to be released without some assistance, and that, under the circumstances, there could have been no visible aid rendered.

We have tried it but once in public, and then under the following circumstances:

It was at the close of a lecture by Mrs. Sawyer, on Spiritualism. There were, I should think, about seventy-five persons present, nearly all of whom were skeptics. At the close of the lecture a few proposed going to my house to see the experiment repeated. At once offered to have it tried before the whole audience, and proposed that they should choose a committee to tie him, which they did.

The committee was composed of three persons, all skeptics, and they were furnished with a chair and the sixty-five feet line, and told to do their best to tie him in as secure a manner as possible, without injury to the person. After they had secured him in the chair, the audience examined the cord, and expressed themselves satisfied that he could not get out without help. They then looked him into a small entry, and the committee kept the key. The result was a perfect success. He soon rapped for the door to be opened, and came in with the cord done up as usual.

Some of the more skeptical then expressed the idea that the cord was so long, and had so many knots and windings, that perhaps the boy, by twisting and straining, might secure sufficient slack in the rope to enable him to untie it. At this, I must confess, I felt somewhat indignant. I knew also that the boy would feel very sensitive on that point, being noted, from a child, for his candor and honesty, and that he always utterly detested anything like deception. From the experience I had had, I however felt the utmost confidence that the same power that had before succeeded, would under no circumstances fail. I therefore produced a tight cord, about two yards long, and challenged any one in the audience to tie him, either with the long or short line, so that he would not be released in a short time. As no one seemed disposed to do the tying, I told them I thought I could tie him stronger than any one else would be likely to, and requested all to observe closely how it was done.

I then took the small cord, and tied it once round one wrist, then brought the two wrists close together, and tied with a hard knot round the other; I then tied both wrists close together, and passed one end of the line between the two wrists, and the other between the two hands, and tied with a hard knot round the cord between the two wrists, drawing it tight. I then drew his hands back close to his breast, passed the line round his body, drew it tight, and tied the same in a hard knot behind. He was then placed in the entry as before, under charge of the committee, and in a very few minutes returned, as before, entirely free.

All who have witnessed the above, will testify that I have stated the facts fairly and honestly, and that it could be neither a feat of strength nor ingenuity. How it was done, I leave to those who can explain.

Pepperell, Mass.

There are pretended patriots who will hold anything except their tongues; keep anything "among their words; and lose nothing patiently except their consciences."

I AM THINKING.

Written for the Banner of Light.

I am thinking, thinking, thinking.

I'm thinking all the day.

Will my thinker ever think when my body turns to clay.

I am wishing, wishing, wishing.

And wonder why I wish

To live in worlds beyond this sphere,

If I must end with this.

I am hoping, hoping, hoping.

I shall not hope in vain.

That loving friends now dead and gone

Will with me live again.

I am longing, longing, longing.

With constant joy and fear,

To meet again those dearest ones

Who used to love me here.

I am feeling, feeling, feeling.

And yet I know not why.

That every need my life demands

Is prompted by supply.

Then let me think, and wish, and hope.

And long, and feel the more.

That all these strong desires for life

Are shadows cast before.

Why should we mourn departed days,

Or fear for those to come?

The sun sends forth its brightest rays

To light the meanest home.

Then rouse, my soul, and look beyond

This world with care oppress.

There is a home in every heart

Where each may snugly rest.

Correspondence in Brief.

A. W. Ogilvie, writing from Montreal, says:

"Ma. Eboron—Enclosed you will find two dollars. One to pay for the book called 'The Wildfire Club,' which you will please send by post to me. The other dollar is a small tribute, like the 'widow's mite,' from me for the support of your Free Circles. I had the pleasure of going to one of those meetings, last October, while in your city, and I shall never forget it. I can assure you that I would not do without your paper for ten times the cost of it. Do not stop the circles; and if it is necessary, I will send you a regular annual subscription for their support."

Annie Lord Chamberlain writes from Campton, N. H., that she has been lecturing with great success in New Hampshire. She says:

"Spiritualism will progress, in spite of all opposition. In fact, we need opposition to spur us on and make us more active in the cause of truth."

A subscriber writes from Wyandotte, Ky., as follows:

"If some good lecturer and test medium would come here, they would accomplish a great work in this State, and reap a rich spiritual and pecuniary benefit therefrom. Wishing you success, I remain yours, etc.,

LEWIS J. B. HARRINGTON.

A subscriber writing from Plymouth, Mass., says:

"May God and the angel-world prosper your efforts to enrich, by spiritual knowledge, the race now slumbering in theological darkness and superstition, is the hearty wish of,

JOHANN CARVER.

A soldier writes from Suffolk, Va.:

"I have enlisted for three years in the Infantry, Company B, 112th Regiment, N. Y. S. V., and had the honor of introducing the first BANNER OF LIGHT to our regiment, and I am happy to say that it has many anxious readers. I hope to see it well circulated here, for I know of no place where reform is more needed than in our army. My heart, head, and hand are with you in the good work, and what little I can do is done most cheerfully.

MORGAN PHILLIPS.

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

W. L. J. COVINGTON, Ohio.—Yes, sir!

"Cousin BENJA" will be heard, of course.

L. B. QUEBEC, C. E.—Your letter shall be answered. It would have been ere this late date had it not been mislaid.

"LIKE ONE" is informed that we are unable to discover anything in his communication of sufficient importance to print—and hence decline inserting it in our paper. The remittance is subject to his order.

A. H. W., LAWRENCE, MASS.—We should be pleased to receive a specimen. "Good" poetry is always acceptable.

W. F. G., LAKE CITY, MINN.—In our opinion it is an outgrowth of free-loveism. Have nothing to do with it.

Review Spirit.

We have received the *Review Spirit* for January, published in Paris by Allan Kardec. Its contents are:—Study upon the Obsessions of Morzine, (second article); The Servants; Boulden upon the Thousandth Representation of the "Woman in White"; Letter upon Spiritualism; A few Words upon Spiritualism; Reply to a Question upon Spiritualism; A religious point of view; Identity of an Ignorant Spirit; Barbituric in Spiritualism; Spirit Disasters; Bibliography; Subscription in favor of the Workmen of Rouen.

Spiritual Convention.

The Report of the Spiritual Convention, held in Bangor, Me., Jan. 30th, 31st and Feb. 1st, came to hand too late for this issue of the BANNER. It will appear in our next. We are under obligations to Bro. Henry Gale for a synopsis of the proceedings. In a note to us he says: "If we gain as fast for five years to come as we have for the past five years, no two houses in old Penobscot would hold one of our Conventions. We are drawing in some of the best minds in this part of the country."

Personal.

Robert Dale Owen has been appointed to a clerkship in the War Department.

By direction of the President, Hospital Chaplain C. W. Denison, having left this country for Europe, is dropped from the rolls of the army.

Mrs. E. A. Bliss, a correspondent informs us, has been lecturing in Troy, N. Y., for four or five weeks, and that "she is doing a noble work in that place."

Mrs. M. M. Wood lectures in Somers, Conn., next Sunday, Feb. 15th.

Miss Emma Houston lectures in Portland the next four Sundays.

"Two sweet pledges of affection," said the nurse, addressing the anxious Smithers from the head of the stairs. "Ah! I signed Smithers, contemplating, 'one would have sufficed: I was prepared for a pledge, but not for the duplicate.'"

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

Lecturers and others who have business connected with the editorial department of this paper, are requested to address their communications to the editor, and no one else. We feel fully competent to manage our own affairs, as "penny-a-liners" to the contrary notwithstanding.

"The Age of Vinzou," by George Stearns, Esq. The fifteenth paper, entitled "The National of Human Agency in its Evolution," will appear in our next issue.

Some will please send along some more of his excellent steel-pens immediately. We cannot do without his pens, anyhow. They are the best the market affords.

Black, the photographer—whose establishment is nearly opposite our office—has produced a splendid picture of Gen. McClellan. It is a "fixed fact" that Black thoroughly understands his business.

Victious pursuits may yield a few scattered pleasures, but virtue will make our whole life happy.

THE AMERICAN ODD FELLOW for February is as usual—replete with interesting matter, both to the members of the fraternity and the general reader. It contains an address from S. B. Britton, P. G. R. (Past Grand Representative to the Grand Lodge of the United States,) written in his usual high and polished tone.

The "new banner," which the spirit alluded to, friend Criss, as the banner of Liberty, was Mr. Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation.

Pure gold is never used as a circulating medium. The same may be said of unadulterated truth.

We received a letter some time since, covered with a profuse amount of sealing-wax, which we sent to a medium for answer. It came back unanswered. As we have not the address of the writer, we are unable to return it. He will please notify us where he may be addressed.

EXTREMES.—February 5th and 6th will be memorable for the extreme changes of temperature in the weather. Early on the morning of the 5th, the thermometer indicated thirteen degrees below zero in this city, and in other parts thereof. On the 6th, there was a southwest wind, accompanied with rain, with the thermometer at fifty degrees above zero.

When an army is unfit for fighting or moving, they say now it is *maladvised*; and the reason, probably, why the Post calls McClellan "Little Mac," is because he has done so little toward putting down the rebellion.

We present our readers with a grand paper this week—running all over with good things. We direct their attention especially to a message on our sixth page, headed, "THIS PATROISME OR TROUVER?" It will set some of them to thinking of things they have not probably before thought of.

Our friend, Dr. William B. White, 4 Jefferson place, Boston, has had remarkable success in curing cases that have been pronounced incurable by the old school physicians. On Wednesday of each week the poor are admitted free of charge.

THE COLONIZATION OF REBEL STATES.—Hon. Eli Thayer has been invited by prominent citizens of New York, without distinction of party, to deliver an address in the Cooper Institute, in exposition of his plan for the social and political reconstruction of Florida and other rebel States, by the aid of organized immigration from the Northern States and from Europe. Mr. Thayer has accepted the invitation.

THE PUBLIC UNION SOCIABLES at Lyceum Hall, Tremont street, are held every Wednesday evening. These Sociables, we understand, have been well attended during the winter thus far, in consequence of the managers' striving to make them as agreeable as any similar parties in the city.

The San Jose Mercury is one of the ablest conducted papers in California.

Women who are charming to men are common enough; it is a rare test of beauty of character that a woman is admired and loved by women.

Old Maid.—"What! nine months old and cannot walk yet? Why, when I was a baby, I went alone even at six months." Young and indignant mother, (muttering to herself): "Humph! guess you 've been alone ever since!"

Gillett's cigars are puffed by everybody.

The Post of this city is only "biting its own nose off" by its continual flings at Spiritualism. There are more Spiritualists in Massachusetts than the Post is aware of, who will remember these slurs for a long time to come. "Curse, like chickens, will come home to roost."

A LETTER-WRITING ARMY.—The last steamer from Newbern brought 65,279 letters.

The New York City Government, spite of the mayor's veto, has voted to issue three million dollars in ship-plasters. "What a shame and a nuisance, now the General Government is giving us enough, and everybody is seeking to drive out all else."

J. N. Moffit, the commander of the rebel pirate steamer *Orto*, is a son of the celebrated revival preacher of that name, who figured extensively in this vicinity some twenty or more years ago.

Marriage must be favorable to longevity: an old maid never lives to be more than thirty!

The Newburyport Herald, talking about the plan of reconstructing the Union, with New England left out, says it would be like a man's knocking off the top of his head to improve his intellect.

The only silent sounds we know of are those that belong to a codfish.

American silver is such a drug and nuisance in Canada that the Ottawa board of trade has fixed eight per cent. discount as the rate of taking it in that community. Large sums are being returned to the United States and sold and hoarded.

Words, like the rest of the air, are capable of great condensation.

A GOOD SIGN.—A sign of recognition by a mounted man when you are "dead broke."

Three Regiments of Colored Soldiers at New Orleans, have requested to be placed in front, where they will bear the brunt of battle.

About twenty-two thousand emigrants have landed in Quebec during the past year. This is a large excess over former years.

Ah! when shall all men's good be each man's, and universal peace be like a beam of light across the land, And like a lane of beams shew the way Through all the circle of the golden year!

The Charleston Mercury says the Yankees love the negro. Prentice says the complexion of a large portion of the servile population of the South is a pretty strong indication that the chivalry love the negro.

A cake was lately presented to Mr. Spurgeon, the famous London preacher, but it seems he looked faith, had the confection analyzed, and found it to contain poison enough to kill six men.

Fractional shipplasters are going out of date rapidly in this city—all except "Uncle Sam's."

About War.

Friendship lessons suffering, and sympathy a vide-grief.

When a man were with folly, he is himself on the plane of folly. No man can war with sin that is not a sinner. He who does not sin, can see sin's usefulness.

Wise men are reckless of fashion. Verdant men support it. Wise men may be bent. Verdant men may be broken.

Always praise your enemy's good qualities, and you will soon be without enemies. Bury faults, and virtues will spring up therefrom.

How many people there are who are only interested in conversation about their own goodness and others' wrongs.

How dull people are in learning how they appear to others.

How slow people are to study the tastes and desires of others.

There would be a great deal more harmony in this life, if every one would try to make themselves more agreeable to each other in conversation, in manners, in dealings, in morality, in religion, and in all deeds.

When people shall learn to think well, speak well, and act well, "times" will be better, and lives will be happier.

No cannot bear praise who cannot bear condemnation. Both are ingredients of war. Neither are needed in heaven.

There is greater power than the world credits in meekness, gentleness, kindness and forgiveness; and also there is less power than the world credits, in pride, inflexibility, and the claims for "just" acts and dealings. The spirit of seventy-six is less potent than is the spirit of Christ. One stands up for "my rights," the other stands up for the rights of all men. Concession is stronger than concession; non-resistance is stronger than resistance; peace is mightier than war.

To the heart that is full of kindness, every other heart beats in kindness.

The atmosphere of meekness mellow the unripe fruit of human pride and haughtiness.

Deeds of kindness call forth the return of deeds of kindness.

Forgiveness shall be rewarded by forgiveness tenfold.

Every offence forgiven, is a power given the of fender against the recommission of the same offence. Every throb of sympathy is answered back by sympathy.

Eyes that see loveliness everywhere, always appear lovely. So to lovely eyes everybody looks lovely.

A. B. O.

Spiritual Meetings in Portland, Me.

At a meeting of the Association of Spiritualists of this city, held on the first Sunday in January, the following named persons were elected to constitute a Board of Government for the Association for one year from that time, viz:

James Furbish, President; Daniel Winslow, Vice President; Thomas F. Cummings, Treasurer; M. A. Blanchard, Secretary.

Hon. Joseph B. Hall, Robert I. Robinson, Asa Hanson, Mrs. Nath'l Warren, Mrs. H. R. Humphrey, Directors.

At a subsequent meeting of the Board of Government, the following resolution was unanimously passed:

Resolved, That the Platform of the Portland Spiritual Association shall be free for the discussion of all the liberal and progressive ideas agitated by Spiritualists and other reformers of the day.

The Board of Government constitute a Lecture Committee, and after having selected by vote a list of speakers, from which the Secretary may select, instructed him not to add thereto without consent of the Board. The list chosen embraces all shades of opinion, and is as liberal, not to say radical, as any can desire.

Miss Emma Houston lectures before the Society the next four Sundays.

M. A. BLANCHARD, Secretary.

Lyceum Hall Meetings.

Leo Miller, Esq., is to occupy the desk next Sunday. Mr. M.'s abilities as a lecturer are too well known to our citizens to need further notice. We wish all our friends might hear him.

The hours of meeting are changed to 2:34 and 7:14 o'clock P. M.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

As this paper circulates largely in all parts of the country, it is a capital medium through which advertisers can reach customers. Our terms are ten cents per line for the first and eight cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Payment invariably in Advance.

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Feb. 14

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