

BANNER OF THE LIGHT.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1863.

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Literary Department.

JONATHAN FROCK. OR, THE LIFE STRUGGLE WITH PREJUDICE.

Translated from the German of Kachekko,
by C. W. Williams, expressly for
the Banner of the Light.

CHAPTER VII.

At that moment the Major was heard approaching with Leonora. Josephine hastened toward them, embraced them both, and said with glowing cheeks and inspired face:

"All is now well—all, all!"

"The Lord be praised!" cried the father, as he shook Frook's hand most cordially. "The mischief himself could not guess at such doings! It would have been a misfortune if the little one there had not fallen upon the sensible idea."

"He pointed to Leonora. She was dancing with joy. Springing toward her teacher, she cried:

"You are now fully reconciled, are you not? It is true Josephine did always get strangely with you. But she always thought much of you, I know that. Oh, I am so glad! Come, I must give you a kiss for this! I am as giddy as if I had taken punch!"

And she clung to the neck of the happily reconciled young man, and kissed him with fervent sisterly affection.

The table was set, the tapers lit, and the supper brought in. Leonora and Frook prepared the punch. All were cheerful, yet little was said that was coherent or important. As one in a dream the teacher stood and out of the room, and pressed the limous. Josephine hovered around, her loving eyes ever seeking the beloved one who had thrown light upon the gloom of her heart. Leonora sang, and the sugar, danced about the room, laughing, and exclaimed repeatedly, "I am like a fool for joy!" The old Major smoked his pipe, walked up and down, joining now and then in Leonora's song, and then again storing in his own good-natured way against his Jonathan.

They sat down to the meal. Leonora filled their glasses, and they touched them in sign of roused and eternal friendship. Frook seemed determined to forget his sorrows; to enjoy, in its entire fullness, his present happiness. Nevertheless, he often fell back into his former mood of thoughtfulness. When Leonora observed this, she would lift up her finger warningly and say, "Again!" Then he would pass his hand across his eyes and answer:

"You are right; all must now be forgotten—all, everything! The evil returns of its own accord at its own time."

He gave himself up to the enjoyment of the present. When the simple repast was ended, and the spirit of harmless gaiety appeared to possess them all, while the conversation was progressing cheerfully, the Major drew out his watch to glance at the time. Frook, observing this, started, and suddenly grew stern and silent. Josephine archly shook her head at him, softly placed her hand upon his arm, and said:

"Again as before?"

The touch of the dear hand aroused him from the stupor of thought.

"I was only thinking of my departure," he replied.

"The departure!" cried Leonora indignantly. "Can't the journey be postponed for a few weeks?"

Josephine added her petition also, saying with a pleading smile:

"For a few days only!"

"Children," said the Major, "Jonathan has given up his lodgings in the city, and has his things all packed. He must now go. But him go; he can be as comfortable in the stage coach as at the inn. What must be, must be. Away with him! I dispense with him willingly, now that he remains to us. In a few weeks he will come for us, and we shall go to the promised land."

The thoughts of that "promised land" sufficed to inspire them all; the bohemian that had been formed were again reviewed, and with smiling mien were bewitched anew. The Major spoke of the days of his old age with affecting delight; he lived only for his children, and had been compelled by circumstances to view their future prospects with naught but gloomy anticipations.

"Now I am secured," he said, "and close my eyes without a care; at least we shall not have to struggle with poverty. But one thing is yet wanting, girls: do not forget to rejoice me with that before I take my departure: a pair of sons-in-law, who shall please me well, and be real sons to me, is what I desire."

"Do not trouble yourself about me, father," said Leonora laughingly. "You shall be satisfied with me. And Josephine, over there! Just look how those two are jostling heads and exchanging glances! Have you ever in your life seen the like, father dear? Tell your Jonathan for a son; how glad I shall be of such a brother!"

Josephine blushing drew back her hand from her lover's cheek, and said in mildly embarrassed tones:

"I believe, indeed, child, you have taken too much punch."

"Jonathan, Jonathan," said the Major, "I believe, indeed, child, you have taken too much punch."

smilingly threatened him across the table, "I begin to notice something. What kind of a by-play of hands are you engaged in with Josephine, when for two years you scarcely dared to look at her. Come here at once, here to me! I have just had an idea."

Frook arose and went to the Major.

"Be more candid now, Jonathan, than you were with me this afternoon. You love Josephine?"

The young man took the hand of the Major and pressed it in silence to his heart. Josephine arose from her seat covered with blushes, and glanced from one side to another, and sought to leave the room.

"Stop, my girl; you remain," cried her father; "for you shall explain to me about something you told me this morning. Remain here, for I must have all cleared up; then we will know where we are. I don't like the uncertainty, and you, Jonathan, open your mouth and speak. To the deuce with this diffidence, that for a little more would have plunged us all in misery. You love Josephine? Is not this the cause of your wickedness, that you would not acknowledge, and that threatened to drive you away from us?"

"It is my misfortune!" replied Frook, with gloomy, downcast eyes. "I love her; how could I do otherwise. That is my great sorrow!"

"May the mischief take it, Jonathan! do speak another language at this time. Misfortune! well, you believed beneath you were poor I would not give her to you. Are you not richer than I am? You have thought, because you are only a simple citizen, you dared not aspire to the Prætorian of Tolpelt. The weather! are you not of nobler heart than I? Think of the gold snuff box. Have I ever done as nobly as you have repeatedly? You thought I despised you; wrong idea, that, my young gentleman. This morning I became aware, with terror and joy, how much you are to her. Have almost put the words upon your tongue this afternoon, so that you might demand her of me; I could not force my child upon you. Eh, is it yet a sorrow and a misfortune?"

Frook stood immovable as before. A carriage was heard rapidly approaching; the stage door opened at the door.

"You can wait outside," said the Major, as he arose and embraced his Jonathan and his Josephine. "So all is right, before you leave us. God bless you, my children! Take her, Jonathan; she is your bride; you are my son!"

With panting breast and feeble resistance Frook drew back from the cordial clasp.

"What!" stammered the Major. "What—the matter?"

Josephine gazed upon her lover in alarm.

"Do you not love her?" vehemently inquired her father.

"I dare not!" he replied.

"Dare not? Who forbids?"

"You will. You cannot give me Josephine. She cannot love me. I am no transgressor; but I am—"

He drew a sealed letter from his pocket and cast it upon the table. Josephine was deathly pale; Leonora cried out with fear, not comprehending what was occurring before her.

"Be quiet," bawled the Major; "what the devil is going on here? Jonathan, out with it! Why do you refuse to become my son?"

"Major," said the sorrowfully affected man, he coming at once firm and resolved. "I adore Josephine; I have never loved another maiden. It is not my fault that I cannot obtain the happiness your generosity would award me; neither is fate to blame."

"To the mischief with the preambles!" interrupted the old man. "Speak at once, where is the obstacle?"

"In your prejudices, Major."

"What the deuce—prejudices?"

"I am not a Christian!"

"Jesus Maria!" exclaimed Leonora.

"I was born in the faith of Moses; I am, in two words, a Jew!"

"A Jew!" faltered the astonished Major, and his arms sank by his side. Leonora uttered a piercing scream, and rushed toward her sister, who had fallen to the floor. Frook, taking up his mantle and hat, said:

"Read the letter; farewell, my best loved ones; farewell thou, my heaven!"

He rushed out of the house, again the stage-door sounded, the rumbling of the carriage wheels was soon lost in the distance.

The contents of the sealed letter that must be viewed as a continuation of his explanation, were as follows:

"I am a Jew. And with this confession, oh my beloved ones, you have the solution to the mystery of my conduct. What Christian maiden would be willing to confer happiness upon me? Who among them all? What temporal or spiritual authority of your land would tolerate me in public offices, or even in the schools of Christian children? I am a Jew; that signifies, that without ever having committed aught dishonorable, I am silently outlawed, because I am the descendant of a people that from the prejudices of centuries, has been scorned by Christians, Turks, and Heathens; that crushed by the death of the world's weight of contempt, has unfortunately often merited its fate."

I am the son of poor parents in Alsace, who, like thousands others of their persuasion, were condemned by prejudice to trade and traffic and commerce, whereby to obtain life's subsistence. My boyhood's years were passed in the first time of the State changes in France, when it was accorded to the followers of the Jewish faith to accept the rights of men, and to

become citizens of a great country, and not banned and scornfully tolerated beings of another world, as they had been looked upon hitherto. In the whirl of the national storm, I was torn from my home, long before I attained my majority, and made a drummer. I never saw my aged parents again. My youth, my impetuous heartiness, my natural common sense and understanding won me friends. I became the servant of a Colonel, who afterwards gained an honorable name among the French leaders of the field, and he interested himself so much in my behalf, that he pitied me for the camp-life I was compelled to lead. From his own purse he satisfied my thirst for knowledge in the schools of a French frontier city; there I obtained that culture of the mind and heart, that was so early at variance with my future position in the world.

My scientific education remained unfinished; if I had dared to devote myself to the study of medicine, I could perhaps have earned a livelihood in some great city. The Colonel, my benefactor, however, recalled me from my studies, and made me his private secretary. I remained with him, as he rose in dignity, until the fatal bullet reached him. Without a calling, without prospects, I chose the soldier's life; wandered about with the army for some time; I had ample food for observation on the battlefield, of the littleness of the people, and of the great who ruled them; of the surging passions of the earth, with its prejudices; I learned a disconsolate wisdom. I acted everywhere as I should, in order to retain my own self-respect, and I submitted to the outward denial of my worth. The life of Jesus the Christ entered the most ennobling influence upon my soul. He was an Israelite; he remained out. Between heaven and earth there has appeared none greater, than he in wisdom, virtue, and fortitude. Every great man is great only for his century, or in the extreme, for a thousand years; according to circumstances. But Jesus has a greatness that is not dependent upon circumstances, and is not limited to time. But if he were to appear among the Christians of to-day, they would as surely nail him to the cross, as did the Jews of old.

I made it the aim of my life to become like Jesus; for the inner as for the outward, I resolved to equalize the feeling to the sternest, to the aspirations of the spirit the bodily pleasures; the household enjoyments of this life. I have not failed in will, but only in strength and courage. I sickened of the warlike state, my only friend in the world, a youth full of glowing hopes, whose birthplace was Nancy, was killed by a shot, at my side. I could not agree with my wild comrades; those in authority were unjust toward me. I deserted to the enemy, dressed in citizen's clothes, and supported myself by giving lessons in languages; and other branches.

I never remained long in one place, though I never lacked friends. But they were Christian men and women, and if they had known I was a Jew, the most enlightened among them would probably not have resisted the strange, unconquerable disgust that would have involuntarily possessed them. Therefore I guarded myself against the formation of ties it would have been painful to break away from. I feared the approach of friendship, as it could only bring me grief.

I was compelled to deny myself the hope of settlement, appointment, and citizenship in a Christian city. In many places I should not have been tolerated, had I been known as a Jew, even for a single day; in other towns I might have been permitted to live awhile, but I would not have obtained permission to remain; I should not have received the rights of other men. It was always deemed necessary toward any such step to have a certificate of baptism; I had never been baptized; what could I say?

With painful tenacity the religious prejudice took hold upon the minutest details of my life. When the Sabbath-bells pealed forth, and the Christians thronged as one family to their various temples of worship, I was obliged to perform my devotions in the solitude of my chamber. I was an outcast from the great family. Many found fault with me because I did not go to church; others thought I was enlightened after their manner, and lived without religion. I would not feign the one thing, for it would have been hypocritical, nor the other, for I felt ashamed of the company. I was always embarrassed, and with my best feelings always in discord with my surroundings.

At one time I was compelled with the thought of returning to my faith, and of becoming among my people a teacher of the better way, in order to elevate them from their spiritual servitude to the dignity of human worth. But then I remembered that I possessed none of the necessary means. I had forgotten the Hebrew language; knew little or nothing of the customs and usages, precepts and theories of that peculiar belief. I saw the utter impossibility of sweeping away the time-consecrated prejudices of my race by simple appeals to reason, and how thankless a task it would prove to endeavor to gain such a victory over poor, weak, uneducated beings, who had been kept thus by the barbarism of the laws framed by Christian legislators. The Rabbi would have outwitted me, the Jew would have denounced and stoned me. Among Christians and Mohammedans now, battles have arisen, and are still arising, over the influence of the hemisphere, their own seeking may develop this; they will not bear among the Jews of new sects and divisions of faith, the better educated, Israelites are what the enlightened ones are among the Christians—non-believers.

Consequently, by the aid of my former faith, and

impelled by the longing to enjoy my human rights among Europeans, I might with my reverence for Jesus, have become a Christian, and obtained the seal of baptism. Beside the repugnance that I could not overcome of figuring in a public solemnity, there was also this objection. My certificate would have proved that I was not born of Christian parents; that I was a baptized and converted Jew; all within me recoiled against the name. I would rather be an Israelite, and remain one. I need not feel ashamed of the name. Moses was greater than the entire chain of Popes; greater than Luther, and Calvin, and Zwingli. It is very seldom that a Jew embraces the Christian doctrine from conviction; but it is often done through low and mercenary motives. With justice, therefore, there is a suspicion and reproach attached to the converted Jew. A bold believer is worth more than any renegade or Mamaluke.

Stronger than all these scruples was the remaining one, that prevented me from passing over to the Christian faith. I was in doubt, whether with my inner convictions, I could in truth belong to any Church. If Christ were to appear again, would he become a Catholic, a Lutheran, or a Calvinist? One church party feels fault with the other; one defends itself against the other; and this is less the result of conviction than it is of habit, the early instilled prejudices of their belief. How many are strong enough to conquer this?

If I had turned Lutheran; the Reformed and the Catholics would have sought to convert me. If I became a Catholic, the Lutherans and Calvinists would have deemed me in error. Every Church strives to prove the truth of its doctrines from the same book; and by the same passages wherewith the others demonstrate their mistake. This is proof to me that all of them take their own imaginations and human opinions for divine. Of that which Jesus himself gave, they are nearly of one accord. But he gave the spirit; his followers added to it the dead letter. And for this there is strife; what care I for the letter?—for the explanation of things that bear no fruit for my spirit's exaltation? What is the use of the acknowledgement of that which is incomprehensible?—the observance of ceremonies that are voluntary, and in accordance with the point of culture and insight to which a people has arrived; that are in harmony with the soil they inhabit, and that of necessity vary with the point of the compass?

"Christ is a teacher of Divine love. No Moses, no later prophet, no Rabbi or Pope is higher. I believe as he did; I will live like him. I am his follower. I am his disciple. In this sense I am a Christian, and shall remain one; but I am neither Catholic, Lutheran, Calvinist, Greek, Moravian, Methodist, Baptist, or whatever else you Christians denominate yourselves. And Christ was none of these; he was in his external relations a Jew. I am that also; Christ stands infinitely higher than Moses; and I am more advanced than Moses through Christ. Therefore, the Moslem faith has lost its value for me; as in itself in the present state of the nations and the influence of other climes, it is in contradiction with its surroundings and the times.

This, my beloved, is my confession of faith. I cannot go over to your Church, and become a baptized, still less a converted Jew. None of your monks and worldly priests, preachers or exhorters, bishops, or general superintendents can convert me. I cannot belong to the Grecian, nor Roman Catholic Church; to the Evangelical or Reformed Church, nor to any so-called brotherly community. I am nothing but a pupil of Him whose disciples you all are, whether you have committed to memory the Athanasian or the Augsburg creed. I am no disciple of your Popes, your Luther, or Zwingli; for I dare believe that I know as much of that which belongs to the glory and joy of immortality as they did.

Now judge me, my best loved ones! You cannot condemn me without condemning yourselves. Cast out from the race I am descended from, an alien through my birth, among Christians, I am a stranger with both Jews and Christians. I belong to no home or civil circle of the present day. I am religious, and yet the religious of men persecute me wherever I go. I tremble to admit the sacred feelings of love or friendship; for I foresee that every friend would feel ashamed of the intimacy with a Jew. And if a maiden could love me, would she become the wife of a Jew? I sustain myself amid human beings, while I conceal myself from them. I must avoid their affection, because I will not deceive them. I remain without a home, without bread, deprived of love, because the prejudice of the world upbraid me, and closes upon me the gates of happiness.

I shall love and pity Josephine to my last moment. I shall pity her, for I am innocent of her suffering. I endeavored to avoid the slightest approach of affection in her breast toward me. If I have erred, it is only to myself I have done so. In the weakness that prevented me from not tearing myself away sooner from her presence, from the dearest Leonora, and the truly venerable father. Who can be strong enough, beneath the magic of Josephine's influence, to remain strictly true to those principles? I am heavily expiating my fault. I was happy for a moment, and am therefore wretched for a life-time. I do not now, but with a torn and bleeding heart. Farewell! JONATHAN FROCK."

CHAPTER VIII.

He drove in a perfect fever throughout that winter night, and during the following day, without rest,

from station to station, and on for the second night and the succeeding day; and so without delay until he reached his destination, and entered upon his business duties for the Major. He was determined not to spare himself, and it appeared as if he would have hailed the destruction of his remaining strength. But he achieved a very different object by his continued efforts, and unwearied attention to business; for he was most constantly occupied by the needs and pressing details of the hour; so that it left him scarcely a moment for reflection. Thus the first agony of sorrow had passed, and as the days sped on, left only a quiet sadness in its wake.

With more than usual self-possession and care, he devoted himself to the business of his friend; he visited the claimants of the property, and the persons who were in authority. The right of the Major was so firmly grounded that he could not fail to conquer; and yet it was not so decided, but that it might have given rise to an expensive, tedious lawsuit, which was as eagerly desired by judges, lawyers, and secretaries, as it was by the fortune-seeking rivals of the Major.

Jonathan conversed with them, and his kindness of manner as well as his eloquence, won their hearts. He contented them with the cession of a farm near the city, and entirely separated from the rest of the estate; all that was needed was, the consent of the Major, which he felt sure of obtaining. He had written to him every week concerning the progress of the negotiation, and it took only five days for a letter to reach his friend. Six weeks elapsed, and no answer was received; the good Jonathan suffered the most intense anxiety. A thousand apprehensions for the beloved family besieged him as he thought of the last delightful and sorrowful evening spent in their society. At last he could bear the suspense no longer, and he resolved that if the letter concerning the relinquishment of the farm was not replied to within fourteen days, that he would return to the Capital, let the consequences be what they would.

He was preparing for his departure, when the long looked for letter of the Major was received. With trembling hands he broke the seal, and kissed the characters traced by the dear and honored hand. It contained the following:

"DEAR JONATHAN—We are, thank the Lord, all well. My Josephine is also completely recovered. I thank you for the great trouble you have taken. I have signed the paper concerning the farm, and send it back to you. Now the affairs of the inheritance are at an end. Write to the administrator on the property, and tell him to have things in order. I shall arrive there by the end of this, or the commencement of the coming month, with my daughter Leonora. Josephine is in good health. She wants to go to a convent. I do not know what the girl means to do there. She has the whim, and insists that I and her sister shall accompany her; and she demands the same of you. On the twenty-fifth of this month we must meet in Arxfelden, and we will expect you at the Inn. Do not fail us, or you will cause the death of poor Josephine. It is her express desire that you shall be there. And when we leave the convent, I give you my word of honor that I will not detain you if you are resolved to depart. But if you can remain with me, Jonathan, you will be the joy of my old age. It is a foolish trick—what has passed. Now remember, on the twenty-fifth, in Arxfelden. Do not fail. I have, besides, something very important to confide to you concerning the property. I remain your friend and David, the Major Von Turenne."

Beneath this, and on the next page, Leonora had added these lines:

"Oh, dear Herr Frook, you caused us to pass a terrible night. I would not live to endure such another. But Josephine is again quite well. May you be as calm, as much consoled through your religion as my sister now is; in this the worth of true religion is proved: Josephine has but one wish—to see and speak to you once more. Do not fail for the love of Heaven! If you have ever cared in the least for our friendship and esteem, have much, oh, so much to tell you, but I dare not. You shall know all in Arxfelden. Your true friend, ECKHARD VON TURENNE."

The letter came so late that, in order to reach the spot at the appointed time, not a moment could be delayed. Frook concluded the business arrangements with the claimants and the authorities; and when all had been satisfactorily settled, he started on his journey for the last meeting with his beloved friends.

This journey was even sadder than the first. He comprehended the sufferings of Josephine, and their gloomy influence in her design of renouncing the world. He apprehended a parting far more sorrowful than the first, but he hesitated not an instant in obeying her request; he would have done so had it cost him his life.

The evening was approaching when he arrived at the Inn in Arxfelden. He was informed that the Major with his family had arrived that morning, and all had gone to the pastor of the convent, and there they awaited the Herr Frock. The arrival of that gentleman was to be announced to the Major immediately by a special messenger, who would return with the decision whether the Herr Frock was to visit the convent that evening, or that the Major was to come over to the town.

With the sending and coming, more than an hour sped on, and Jonathan trembled as with an ague fit. The messenger returned with the invitation to follow immediately to Saint Mary's.

Frook entered the carriage. How wildly throbbed his heart as he heard the far stretching walls and

BANNER OF LIGHT

labor; nothing is ever to be attained without
 A telegraph station has been opened in Saragossa.
 A stock exchange will be established there next.

HORACE DRESSER'S LETTER TO MR. SEWARD.

Let us look at the argument. The Colonists held slaves, therefore they had a right to hold slaves. The absurdity of this is so palpable, that we need not spend time upon it. As well might he say

SAWYER'S RECONSTRUCTION OF BIBLE
THEORIES DEFENDED AGAINST THE
EDINBURGH REVIEW, BY THE AUTHOR.

Infidelity is a rejection of the truth, not a reception of it. The new view is proposed as the truth, in the place of errors that have heretofore been accepted as true. Can the reception of truth

of their own. They are all loyal as far as they know, and would be more patriotic than the whites, if they had an even chance. If the rebels are subdued, this class will, of course, be freed from servitude to them, and I know not why they should

the dumb writers whose names we all delight to honor now, that they had golden ingots, which, in the privacy of home, they could convert into cash, bearing an impress that would ensure universal acceptance; but they could not, on the spur of the moment produce the farthing equivalent in the market.

place.

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FOR TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION SEE SEVENTH PAGE.

LETTERS COLLECTED.

EDITOR.

I cannot believe that civilization in its journey with the world will sink into endless night to gratify the ambition of a few leaders of this revolt, who seek to

Wade through slaughter to a throne
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind
To choke the road to brighter vision before my eyes
As they have but a vision, but I still cherish it. I see one vast confederation stretching from the frozen north in one unbroken line to the glowing south, and from the wild billows of the Atlantic westward to the calmer 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 banner of freedom and refuge for the oppressed of every race and of every time.—Extract from John Bright's Speech on American Affairs, delivered at Birmingham, England.

The Good of the War.

Yes, what is the good of it? anxiously asks more than one. Why could we not have got along just as well without it?

Human nature being what it is, it must needs get discipline and experience in its own way. A few of us readily enough understand how much better justice and charity and fraternal feeling and peace would be than war; but until the great mass so appreciate and understand it likewise, they will have to go through the terrible trials of a state of warfare in order to reach the only conviction which is both true and abiding. In other words, war seems as much a part of the education of a nation as peace itself; playing its own part, chaotic as its immediate results appear to be; uprooting the old and making ready for the new; compelling men's thoughts into channels totally untried by them before; awakening the profoundest sympathies; by reason of a common danger.

It has been said with singular truth, that had his government of ours been any other than it is, had it been founded in a strong and overpowering central principle, had not the various members entered practically such a state of complete independence as to almost disregard, in their separate localities, the commands of the General Government in many particulars, and especially in this matter of slavery, it would have been impossible to start a discussion of the merits of the opposite social and industrial conditions which has been suffered to be kept up between the two sections. Had the central government undertaken to move in this great question, it would have been opposed and hindered in all parts of the land alike—the Free States as well as the Slave. But, as it was, the States of the North were left perfectly untrammelled to say what they thought, and say it when they chose—and the States of the South concluded of no restraint in doing the same, no strong central power interposing any kind of check upon the freest and widest discussion, or even offering to interpose to keep the peace between the discordant sections—the result chiefly to be desired was reached much more surely than it could have been hoped for in any other way.

Thus came about the war itself, and thus will come about the results which all patriots and men of true progress ardently desire. If the discussion led to blows, it only proves that it was something which ought in no way to be avoided; the blows will strike new fire for both sides; having finally joined upon one point, all related points will inevitably come in for settlement at the same time. Secession was the pretext, but Slavery was the cause; and the war will give a final solution to the problem involved in each. It will be decided now, if, in the course of the world, a people of intelligence and virtue will permit a dismemberment of their nationality for the sake of the proposed establishment of a Slave Republic on their borders. It will be seen, whether the people whose fathers were courageous enough to withstand both the blandishment and terrors of the strongest power on earth, are themselves possessed of sufficient virtue and resolution to defend their inheritance in their integrity. This question does not rest upon Slavery and Anti-Slavery; it is for its foundation other and far more comprehensive ideas; but if Slavery, or anything else, is relied on by rebellious conspirators as a powerful lever by which they expect to destroy the nation, then let their institution go down along with them, and Justice will be all the better satisfied that the result is a double one.

Not only is the war working for good in these respects—it is doing good and thorough service in weeding out the social conceits, the empty professions, the shallow reputations that stand for character, and all the other elements of a national life that has come forward till this time unpruned of its excrescences. We are all becoming simpler and more sincere. Even army contractors are doing good service in ousting us of many evils, for we hear none allude to their corruption and extortionate accompaniments save with disgust and unaffected contempt. This fire will all burn out in due time; it never would have kindled, had not the fuel been plentiful for its feeding. When the fuel is gone, then we may expect to see the flames die out and universal peace shed a very different light over the landscape.

The High Price of Paper.

It is a burning shame that paper dealers should monopolize the market as they do at the present time, when newspapers are taxed so heavily by Government. If measures are not soon adopted to bring down the price of paper stock, we predict that ere the expiration of one year, nearly half the newspapers in the United States will be obliged to suspend altogether, or advance their prices of subscription to a higher figure. We see that the Herald of Progress has already advanced its price per annum from \$2.00 to \$2.50. We shall be compelled to follow suit, unless the price of paper is reduced soon, which we see no prospect of at present, in order to sustain ourselves. Due notice will be given ere we raise the price of subscription.

Quit Withdrawn.

We understand that the city authorities of Danvers have withdrawn the suit pending in the District Court, Feb. 26th, against Rev. Dr. Barrett, for not taking out a license to exhibit Spiritual Manifestations in that place last fall, and pay all costs. There was but one dissenting vote in the movement. Justice is slow, but sure.

Editorial Difficulties.

We find the following article, with the above caption, in the columns of the Boston Independent of Feb. 18th. Mr. Seaver will please receive our warmest thanks for the very able manner in which he has pointed out the difficulties with which editors of newspapers are continually obliged to contend. The closing sentences of the article in particular, contain excellent advice; which, if editors would more generally follow, they would soon cease to be annoyed by the critical scribbles whose pedantic productions fill the "waste baskets" of nearly every newspaper establishment in the country.

Next to poverty, delinquent subscribers, and dullness, to which most editors are subject, the greatest difficulty is to please the public. For so great is the variety of public taste and feeling, that had the conductor of a periodical paper as many heads and as many pens as his paper has readers, he could never hope to please all; for they cannot please themselves. Does he speak out in language plain and simple? It is more common place; the taste of the learned is not gratified; it is fit only for the vulgar. Does he aspire to elegance, the unlearned cannot understand; and the learned regard him as a pedantic fellow, dabbler in what he has no pretensions to. Does he show his powers and boldly contend for his ground? He is too severe. If he hides himself beneath a mass of equivocal matter, he is temporizing. If he publishes extracts better than he can write, he has no talent of his own to display; and if he fills his paper with original matter, he might have given something better from the works of others. If he attempts to philosophize, it is dull and uninteresting; and if he writes on plain and familiar subjects, everybody knew them before. Does he attempt to instruct? He needs to be instructed. Does he use his endeavors to amuse? It is light and trifling.

People generally are fond of being praised, and one would suppose this might satisfy them, but let an editor try the experiment, and he soon will find out his mistake. For such is the power of envy, that no one will thank him for praising him, and every body will hate him for praising others. Some people are fond of bearing their neighbors slandered; but if you attempt to point out either the vice or follies of mankind, every one will find something applicable to himself; and here again you encounter the whole mass. Every person can tell you how to conduct a paper to please him; and of course to offend every one else. These things being born facts, there is no alternative but for an editor to please himself if he can, and hazard the consequences. If he does this, he will be certain of satisfying one, which is more than he can say if he tries to please all.

God's Hand rests Heavily upon Us.

Hon. H. Y. Johnson, of Georgia, the lifelong friend of Douglas, and colleague with him on the Democratic ticket in 1860, has recently been elected to the Confederate Senate. In a recent speech one of the Southern papers reports him as saying:

"When is this struggle to end? Shall we conquer the North? No, we have no desire to do this. Shall the North conquer us? Forbid it, Heaven! But I tell you that this war never will be ended till we are all conquered by the chastening hand of Providence, and we are brought back to the virtues of our forefathers. Almost every man and woman is bathed in tears and cast down with sorrow at the loss of some friend or kinsman most dear. Every heart is rent of its enjoyments by mourning, and the waste of resources is held all over the land. This is the chastisement of God, inflicted upon us for a departure from the paths of virtue. This is the lesson of the hour. Then let us return with humility to the practice of those great virtues which our fathers cherished, and without which our liberties cannot be maintained."

These words are the pure logic from the mind of a good man's mind, and are as applicable to our side as his. How fully we feel with him that our national iniquity has been overcome, and our national pride and arrogance have compelled us all to eat the dust and ashes of humiliation, and drink the bitter tears of sorrow. A morbid public sentiment, leaguely ignorance and passion against the rights of millions of our fellow creatures, is not the only crime Columbia must expiate with her richest blood. The very dome of the heavens is resonant to-day with the imprecations of millions of red men, robbed, embroiled and murdered under the name of advancing civilization. As they were faithful in friendship, so their wrath follows their wrongs like the blasting curse of Cain. We are truly in a fearful state. We are to-day walking blindfolded on the brink of anarchy and ruin. God pity us all, and, if it be His will, let the cup pass from us.

Noble men North and South are despondent and in despair. They vainly grasp one another's hand as if in true brotherly love, but both wings of our country are permeated by the insane power "that takes the reason prisoner," and all kindly feeling falls before the vampire god of the day—the demon War. We have suffered much, but must suffer more. The evil days have fallen on our nation like a pall. God pity us all!

A New Temperance Movement.

It is with small degree of pleasure that we place upon record a movement favorable to the temperance cause, now working silently but with powerful effect upon the public mind in this vicinity. In East Boston, the best men of all classes and vocations seem to have been spontaneously moved with a like spirit to combine against the further incursions of intemperance. The same spirit pervades the citizens of the adjoining town of Somerville. There are no menaces connected with this new movement; nobody feels his fears appealed to; nobody is dragged into it; no liquor seller is threatened if he does not promise to respect the law; but a widespread resolution has silently broken over the dykes of long restraint, and men in great numbers are unitedly engaging to put this great social evil behind them, and to do all they can to discountenance its existence in their midst. We have the fullest faith that this style of reform will succeed.

The Rising Tide.

The Tide is a Spiritual paper, published in Independence, Iowa, at the low price of 75 cents per year. While we appeal to all the friends to see to it that the BANNER is amply supported, we are not selfish enough to refrain from saying an encouraging word for *The Rising Tide*. Those who would like to subscribe also to that paper, may remit to us for the purpose, if it should be more convenient to do so than sending direct to the publisher.

Spiritualism is increasing rapidly in our midst at this time, and a corresponding increase of names on the subscription lists of the Spiritualistic journals should be made as speedily as possible. This can most assuredly be accomplished, if every old subscriber will use his or her efforts to induce those of the friends who are not, to become subscribers at once. Ours is a living faith, and it should have living exponents.

Farming Corporation.

We are requested by Dr. Child to say that those who are intending to take shares in the Farming Corporation near Kidder, Missouri, and have desired to be notified before they are all sold, are now requested to do so soon, as there is a prospect that the whole number, thirty-two, will soon be disposed of. None but Spiritualists will be expected to apply. All the shares sold have been bought by true, faithful, honest Spiritualists. The success of this new and humanitarian enterprise in considering the state of our country, in every way most promising.

The Spirit Photographs.

When the subject of Spirit Photography was first mooted in this city, we can assure our friends and the public not to be too sanguine in regard to what purported to be a new phase of spirit power. As we considered it a matter of great moment, if true, and an unpardonable deception, if untrue—and accordingly advised them to scrutinize carefully the *modus operandi* of taking these pictures. Subsequently we received what we considered reliable evidence of the genuineness of several of the *cartes de visite* produced by Mr. Mumler—which evidence is before the public.

Since then, Spiritualists and others have investigated the phenomenon, to the best of their ability without detecting the least fraud on the part of the artist. But recently the gentlemen whose names are appended to the subjoined articles, and other parties, have expressed themselves that several of these photographs are not genuine spirit portraits; and in justice to ourselves and the community at large, we are in duty bound to open our columns to their statements, hoping that the whole truth may be arrived at thereby.

We fully endorse Dr. Gardner, wherein he expresses the opinion that Mr. Mumler has produced spirit pictures, that are genuine, notwithstanding the evidence to the contrary which is given below.

DR. H. P. GARDNER'S STATEMENT.

MR. EDITOR—Please allow me a small space in your columns to say to the many friends who have written me upon the subject of spirit photographs, as produced by Mr. W. H. Mumler, that while I am fully of the belief that genuine spirit likenesses have been produced through his mediumship, evidence of deception in two cases, at least, has been furnished me, which is perfectly conclusive. I have, during all my investigations of the subject of spirit photography, been forced by the accumulating evidence into the belief that genuine spirit likenesses were produced, and have frankly and openly so stated at all times and under all circumstances, and I deeply regret the necessity that compels me, through irrefragable evidence, to state with equal frankness that I am satisfied, beyond a doubt, that in the instances above referred to, Mr. Mumler, or some person connected with him, Stuart's rooms, have been guilty of deception in palming off as genuine spirit likenesses, pictures of a person who is now living in this city.

Yours for the truth,
H. P. GARDNER, M. D.
Boston, Feb. 20, 1868.

MR. JOHN LATHAM'S STATEMENT.

MR. EDITOR—I give you the following facts, leaving you free to make such use of them as you may deem the public good demands:

On the 12th day of February, being present at the BANNER office on a matter of business, I saw displayed several of the so-called "spirit photographs," upon which I asked Mr. Rich, of the BANNER, if they had received anything that was really satisfactory as proof of their genuineness. He replied that there had just come to their knowledge one of the best proofs yet developed. A Mrs. Eliza Blossom, of Washington Co., N. Y., had sat for a picture, and had received, in addition to her own, a shadowy or spirit form, which she recognized as her mother, an account of which was to appear in the next number of the BANNER, accompanied by a written statement from Mrs. Blossom to that effect. I expressed myself as heartily glad to hear of it.

In a few minutes Mr. Rich laid before me a card photograph, showing the result of Mrs. Blossom's sitting. He also had a locket, in which was a picture of her mother. He requested me to compare them and see if there was not a likeness between the shadowy form which appeared on the card, and that contained in the locket. There was a general resemblance, or rather they were neither of them so clearly defined as to immediately reveal the points of difference. The picture in the locket was small and dim, but when closely examined, I was not impressed with the identity of the "spirit" with the locket-picture. There was one thing, however, that did strike me forcibly, and I remarked to Mr. Rich that I had seen the same form of spirit on another card. He requested that I should produce it. I told him that I would bring it in on the following morning.

Here let me add that some three months prior, Mr. W. E. Pollock, of this city, showed me the result of a sitting with Mr. Wm. H. Mumler, on which appeared the form of an elderly lady, quite distinct, but not at the time recognized by him, or any of his friends. This form distinctly impressed itself on my mind, and while looking at that which appeared on the card of Mrs. Blossom, I was irresistibly impressed that they were one and the same.

That day I called on Mr. Pollock, requesting a loan of one of the photographs on which the "spirit" had appeared. I did not find him at home. I made known my business to his wife. She informed me that being dissatisfied with his pictures, and believing that he had been swindled, he had put the pictures out of sight; she did not know where; she would inform him of my desire on his return.

That afternoon Mr. Pollock called at my office, and brought the photograph in question. I compared the "spirit" upon his, with that upon the photograph of Mrs. Blossom, and saw as I had conjectured, identical, unmistakably proved from the same negative. This circumstance was suspicious, for it was hardly to be expected that the same spirit would appear to utter strangers at sittings three months apart, with the body adjusted in precisely the same position, cap, strings and bow, without the least variation of outline—but this in itself might have been possible.

That evening, I again called at the residence of Mr. Pollock, met there Mr. George Blaney, also of this city, who informed me that in showing one of Mr. Pollock's spirit photographs to a lady friend, the "spirit" was recognized as the person of Mrs. Elizabeth Peabody, now alive, and a resident of Boston; he kindly volunteered to learn her address. The next day he called at her residence, saw the lady, showed her one of the photographs, and asked her if she recognized the "spirit." She immediately declared it to be herself; desired to know where he got it, and how it came there. Was highly indignant at the use which had been made of her picture. "To think," she said, "that they should pretend that I am a spirit, when I am still in the body."

Going to her, she produced a photograph card of herself, with the name of Mrs. Blaney on the back of it. Said it was taken sometime in May, 1867.

This certainly appears to be the root of the matter. At least there is little doubt but what the two "spirits" referred to are traceable to the sitting of Mrs. Elizabeth Peabody, in May last.

I send you the three photographs, Mr. Editor, on which you will perceive the same features, light spot on top of the head, identical outline of cap, peculiar line of strings, and position of bow, hands holding a handkerchief, the outline of which is identical with the "spirit," which Mrs. Blossom mistook to be her mother. On the cards of Mr. Pollock, the form of the spirit was not developed low enough to reveal the hands and handkerchief, otherwise it was the same.

Dr. Gardner, Dr. Child, and about one hundred others, have seen them, including some of the best photographers of Boston, and they all agree in saying that deception has unquestionably been practiced in these two cases.

Mrs. Blossom's picture has been taken recently; Mr. Pollock was one of the earliest sitters.

JOHN LATHAM.
Feb. 20, 1868.

The Visible Ghost.

The Haunted House of this city is just beginning to be a serious spiritual fact. The world's people have investigated, and they are at length satisfied that the ghost is no impostor. This result is what we have all along anticipated. It is the more gratifying to Spiritualists, because transpiring among the "outside" and "respectable" folks of the city. The *Sunday Press* and one of the daily papers have blunderingly mixed up the "Haunted House" with midnight revels in other and very different premises, but in the same part of the city. Of course the city press is fearful of being too far committed to facts calculated to demonstrate man's future existence. But the "spirits" are haunting them, and they will not cease.—Herald of Progress.

Lycium Hall Meetings.

Laura De-Force Gordon lectures before the Spiritualists in this city, on Sunday next. Mrs. Gordon starts for the West on a lecturing tour, on the first of April.

Mr. D. D. Home.

We learn from a late number of the London Spiritual Magazine, that Mr. Home, (or Home) has nearly completed his forthcoming Memoir, "Incidents of my Life," and that it will be published in a few days, by Messrs. Longman & Co., London. It will, no doubt, have a considerable sale, says the *Spiritual Magazine*, and if he has stated only a small part even of his remarkable experiences, it will certainly be received by the outside public and the press with a storm of incredulity and abuse. This, however, will be nothing new for Mr. Home, or for any one who has allowed his name to be connected with the marvellous phenomena of modern Spiritualism; and we have no doubt that he has well calculated the cost of this unreasoning mode of reception.

Perhaps there is no living man who has been more vilified and calumniated, and who had more false statements invented to his prejudice than Mr. Home. The press, which assumes the place and the duty of telling the public what it ought to believe, and what it ought to disbelieve, has, in his instance, given a notable example of how little it is to be depended upon for an honest statement of facts, and how little it is fitted for its self-imposed duty.

One of its most persistent falsehoods has been, that it was all very well for Mr. Home to be in England, and to show here the surprising phenomena which occur in his presence, but that in France he had been publicly detected, and that his character there was so bad and so notorious, that he dare not show his face again in that country, for fear of imprisonment, and that he would be no longer received in any good society. All this and more we have heard a hundred times repeated, and that the Emperor and Empress of the French would have no more to do with him, nor allow him to approach them.

Those who best know Mr. Home, have had no need to be warned against such silly calumnies, and they have known their falsity throughout. In the hope, however, of its proving a caution to those who, in their intense hatred of inconvenient facts, are reduced to invent such statements, we beg to announce that Mr. Home arrived in Paris, from London, on the 20th of January last, and that he was received at the Tuilleries on the following day, and has since attended there on several occasions. We see his name also as having been present at the grand ball given by the Empress, on the 25th of January, and he has been, of course, equally well received amongst the highest nobility of France.

Mr. Home's book is being published in France and America, simultaneously with the English publication.

Poor Moses.

In the Advent Herald of January 27th, we find the sequel to the late discussion on Spiritualism, in Paw Paw, Michigan, between the Rev. Moses Hull, an Adventist clergyman, and Mr. W. F. Jamieson, Spiritualist, (a synopsis of which we published in our paper two weeks since) in the form of a letter from the Reverend gentleman, apologizing to his Advent brethren for allowing himself to be so far brought under the controlling influence of the spirits, as to make partial concessions of his belief in the Advent doctrine. Do not be discouraged, Bro. Hull, for after one more such discussion, perhaps the scales will drop entirely from your eyes.

Bro. Wm. H. W. writes:—I see that reports are going the rounds that I have renounced Adventism, and am preaching some say Universalism, others say Spiritualism and Infidelity. These false reports I wish to silence, and ask the privilege to correct them through the Review.

It is true that I held a discussion in the village of Paw Paw, Mich., with a true speaker, or rather, with some demon, professing to be the spirit of Mr. Downing, speaking through W. F. Jamieson. I now doubt the propriety of discussing with such spirits. It is also true that I went to engage in that discussion without the counsel of my preaching brethren; that I went alone, and too much in my own strength, into a community where we have no Church, but where Spiritualism has a strong hold. This I now regard as very important in my mind. My Spirit was guided, and I was left in a measure to fall under the power of the Devil, and the seducing charms of Spiritualism. There was not only an unseen intelligence speaking through Mr. Jamieson, but there was an influence over the audience, and I am now satisfied, over myself, such as I had never before witnessed; the power of which was so strong that for several days I was not only bewildered, but was really not myself. I imagined that I was outgrowing my Advent clothes; that I was getting upon higher ground than that occupied by my brethren. In this state of mind, I made some concessions to certain friends of Spiritualism, which I now much regret. I now believe in my own unfortunate experience the power of the deceptive power of Spiritualism, which I have warned others against from God's word for the past five years, and can better warn others to beware of it. The arguments given through Mr. Jamieson, were no stronger than those used by normal speakers, with whom I have debated, but the influence I was not prepared to resist. I hope to profit by the things I have suffered, and hereafter not be ignorant of the devices of Satan.

I am well again recovered from the snare of the Devil, and am now as firm as ever. Since the discussion referred to, I have had great freedom in presenting the claims of Christianity, and have been happy to see several infidels soundly converted. MOSES HULL.
Battle Creek, Mich., Jan. 21, 1868.

Death of Col. Wm. Brown.

A good man has just "gone home." Col. William Brown, for more than twelve years connected with the Adjutant General's office of this State, breathed his life away calmly and sweetly, last Monday afternoon. Not only upon the battle-field does the Death Angel mark the victim for his holocausts. Ever since the war broke out, Col. Brown has been indefatigable in his place as Assistant Adjutant General, in his labor for the Volunteers and the State, and to him more than any body else belongs the credit which the Old Bay State has always received for her promptness in furnishing troops for the national defense. He was an ardent lover of the military, and opportunity happily seconded his choice. We are free to say that he taught more than one Adjutant General of the Commonwealth his duties. While others resped emolument and honors, on him devolved the great labor of the department, whilst in the two or three later years, he became Herculean, and finally he broke down under the intense application, virtually "dying in the traces." His well ordered mind was not only a lexicon of military science, but a compendium of all the labor of the office. He was honest, patriotic, social and incorruptible. Few men loved friends with a firmer love, or had that love tested by sterner trials; yet his duty was always paramount.

He was an Odd Fellow, and none outside of the broken domestic circle, can mist him more than the little band of brothers with whom he so often met in fraternal intercourse. He was a printer, and hence his sound judgment and practical, disciplined mind. He was a Spiritualist, and so went down the valley of death—dark to so many—with eyes open to its glories, and ears (sooner catching the welcome harmonies of the blest departed.

The Sealed Letter Matter.

We promised in our last to make a statement concerning a certain sealed letter sent to a medium in our care, to be answered, by Mr. L. B. Denton, of Quebec, C. E., and which, he claims in the Herald of Progress of Feb. 14th, "was out at the end, and repaired with gum" of in other words, opened and read by the medium. Now we remember distinctly the letter when it first came into our hands. It was a "mourning envelope," neatly sealed, and marked with five black wax stamps, with L. B. Denton thereon. When it came back from the medium, we showed it to a gentleman who was present at the time, and observed that its writer had taken good precautions against deception; and after examining it, we both decided that it had not been tampered with in any way. The gentleman, anxious to be doubly assured of this, took up the black bordered letter by its side edges, and pressed it, at each end, and then looked carefully at each seal. He examined it so thoroughly, that he is willing, he says, to give his oath that the letter could not possibly have been opened in any way.

This investigation of the sealed envelope was a unusual occurrence with us, but it seems this special instance had a purpose, for since the medium is openly charged with deception in the matter, we have the power to prove the contrary. We are sure, if the letter was tampered with in any way, that it was done after it left our hands, and we directed the return letter to Mr. B. ourselves, and put it in the Post Office.

None are more anxious to get at the plain, simple truth, than we; none hate fraud and cheat with a firmer hatred. But in this matter of sealed letters, we have acted gingerly—for the pecuniary good of the poor, hard-laboring and suffering, but honest and conscientious female medium, and for the spiritual good of the public. That our labor has been appreciated, we subjoin the following unsought testimonials in proof against the hasty and ill-tempered letter of Mr. Berthoff, and have many others of a like character, which we might print were not our columns otherwise made a cesspool.

DEAR BANNER—Having observed your advertisement in regard to "sealed letters," and feeling that truth, though strong, is not to be compared with knowledge, I wrote, on the first day of December, a letter to my little daughter, Mary, recently departed from us. This letter I sealed very strongly and carefully all around, no writing being visible on the outside, and applying a test by which it could be absolutely certain, on receiving it back, whether it had or had not been opened. I enclosed it in an envelope, also strongly sealed, and directed "To the Spirit-Land." I said not a word of the matter to any living person until the answer came. On the 27th of December, I received an envelope containing my original letter, entirely intact, and a reply which was perfectly satisfactory upon all points mentioned in my communication, and containing also several of the strongest possible tests of the identity of our little daughter, by allusions to things not referred to in mine, and some which could not possibly have proceeded from any but a member of the family. We believed before, but now we know that she still lives and awaits our coming. Yours fraternally, and with best wishes for your continued success.
W. H. PRATT.
Davenport, Iowa, Jan. 8, 1868.

E. Rich, of 1347 North Front street, Philadelphia, in sending a second letter for answer, says:

"Dear Sir—Please endeavor to obtain an answer to this sealed note. The last one received was entirely satisfactory."

J. Langdon, of Monmouth, Ill., who had a sealed letter answered, says:

"I will repeat here that I have received more satisfaction in answers received through your medium than ever before in the eight years I have been investigating."

Mr. M. Kenn, of Louisville, Ky., says:

"The sealed letter sent to your medium last November, was promptly and satisfactorily answered in all its details."

J. B. Furman writes:

"My letter was received with the answer all correct, and gave good satisfaction in every respect. I would like to have the chronology a little plainer; but I suppose you cannot control that part of the business. I shall write another soon, and so will others."

Personal.

The eloquent and serviceable lecturer on Spiritualism, Mr. Frank White, well known to nearly if not quite all the readers of the BANNER, has just accepted an appointment on the staff of Col. D. M. Fox, of the 27th Michigan regiment, and will proceed at once to the seat of war down the Mississippi, with his regiment. This step he has felt moved to take from purely conscientious motives, as one might know from the fact that he could easily have made lucrative engagements for six months ahead. Col. Fox is a contributing factor of long standing to the columns of the BANNER, and a Spiritualist of the generous and comprehensive stamp. His influence in command must be vastly greater than that wielded by common colonels. Our friend, Mr. White, was last spring and summer a member of LaMontaine's Balloon Corps, on the Potomac, and rendered most valuable service to the army in that memorable campaign. We wish both him and his noble Col. all the success which ought to go with such men in such a glorious cause.

The correspondent of the Traveller in New Orleans states that the Rev. Mr. Hewitt, of this city, Chaplain of the Mass. 47th, has resigned that position, having been appointed First Lieutenant of the Louisiana Volunteers, colored company, and attached to the staff of General Banks.

Rev. Perez Mason, for many years City Missionary, died in this city on 19th inst., aged 66 years. He leaves a widow and nine children.

Miss Lizzie M. A. Carley lectures before the Spiritualists of Fitchburg, on Sunday, March 1st.

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

M. M. D., INDEPENDENCE, IOWA.—Thank you for your good will. A few thoughts from your pen would be acceptable, of course.

AL. K., LOUISVILLE, KY.—The letters were mailed to your address Feb. 16th.

W. D. H., WAUKESHA, WIS.—The spirits control the circle exclusively. We have no knowledge who are to communicate until they announce themselves. We should be as much gratified as yourself did your spirit friends respond to your call. The Waterbury should be represented as well as other portions of the country. We hope in due time you will hear from them.

M. W. LAWRENCE, ILL.—If you will scan the messages carefully, you will ascertain that all grades of spirits, no matter what their political sentiments may be, are allowed a hearing at our circle, and express themselves as they please—which communications are published verbatim. Those of them who differ from us in political matters, express their satisfaction at our liberality in this respect.

J. G. F., ANTIETAM, MICH.—Money received. Papers will be sent to Silver Creek, Mich.

Men of the noblest dispositions think themselves happiest when others share their happiness with them. You will be glad to see the BANNER.

New Publications.

HACKETT'S NOTES AND COMMENTS ON SHAKESPEARE. By James Henry Hackett. New York: Carleton, Publisher. For sale in Boston by Crosby & Nichols. This volume would consult the critical opinions of an author, and would be a great aid to the student who has given a life of study, will purchase these notes from the pen of the greatest delineator of Shakespeare who has lived. They are a storehouse of personal history and reminiscence, too, that they are thus made all the more delightful. Mr. Hackett, in the course of his discourse, brings in quotations from many men of mark in literature, such as John Quincy Adams and Washington Irving, obtained from a mass of free and familiar correspondence. The student of Shakespeare will desire ardently to peruse these suggestive pages; the general reader will be drawn to them and held there; and every individual who ever saw, felt, admired, and knew the incomparable Hackett in his character of Sir John, for the first time made real, and thus immortal, by his truthful acting, will wish to see what their favorite has to say and suggest concerning the characters which will live as long as the world. We have not space to enter upon any detailed enumeration of the many attractive points of this handsome book, but must content ourselves with simply telling the reader that it is the fruit, in short hand, of Hackett's long years of study, practice, and acute observation of other delineators. An interesting sketch of the author's life is appended.

THE GREAT CONSUMPTION. By Dr. Cumming. New York: Carleton, Publisher. For sale in Boston by Crosby & Nichols.

The popularity of Dr. Cumming's religious writings makes it unnecessary to speak of them orally except in the lump. They relate to a particular field in which human thought and feeling has been more profoundly, as well as feverishly, exercised than in any other. He knows very well how to address the average reader on the topics which, by education and habit, he has learned to regard as of prime importance in the spiritual economy of the universe, and to address him so that he generally secures his suffrages for every volume he chooses to write and offer him. Dr. Cumming is worth reading; however, even by those who are nowise moved by his imaginations. He is a kind of *Moffet* in covers, and carries, for the time, all before him. Carleton has undoubtedly made "a good thing" out of his enterprise—at least, he ought to have done so, as the world has been going.

GARRET VAN HORN; OR, THE BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK. By John S. Garret. New York: Carleton, Publisher. For sale in Boston by Crosby & Nichols. Here is a new novel, whose plot is planted on the marshes, plate and covers around the New York of twenty-five years ago, and whose opening chapters show all the quiet humor and delicious sentiment of Irving, beguiling the reader along into a tale as knobby with original characters as any of the many of Dickens. The book opens in a style that makes one feel, in reading it, as if he were gently borne along in a sail-boat on a still afternoon in summer. Whoever begins must finish Garret Van Horn. It is Dutch, burlesque, Teniers-like, from title-page to colophon, and will excite the admiration and delight of numbers.

THE GARDNER OF KERN PARADISE. Second series. New York: Carleton, Publisher. For sale in Boston by Crosby & Nichols. These "papers," originally published in the New York Sunday Mercury, so full of humor and exaggerated, so over-descriptive of the men and things of the day, so unctuous with a humor that becomes convulsive in its operations, are come to their second series. They were good in their original appearance, and good in their reproduced shape; and this present continuation of them ought to be received with a delight equal to the first volume. Not every author can repeat upon himself to the extent of a second volume; if the first is a "hit," a second is more apt to be a "miss," even if intrinsically better than the first; but Orpheus C. Kerr, as an American critic in the line of exaggerated humor, is amenable to no known law or standard. We can laugh all day with him.

SKETCHES AND SKETCHES. By Henry Morford. New York: Carleton, Publisher. For sale in Boston by Crosby & Nichols.

These readable sketches were written for a New York weekly of reputation. The author is a well-known litterateur, and has achieved a name and fame that stands him in good stead in his own bailiwick. The sub-title of his book betrays its nature and intent better than that which we have given above—namely, "Droll Recollections of Town and Country." Some of the sketches may be best described as Acts in the legislature are read, "by their title: thus—'Billy Burton's Boisterousness,' 'The Long Branch Murders,' 'Extra Drumming at the Old Broadway,' 'The Two-Forty Funeral,' 'Sam Brown's Mop,' &c. &c. The contents of this neat paper-covered publication of Carleton are as varied as it is possible to imagine. One can find all the episodes here that he wants, in the reading time, and exactly of the kind to suit him. For a railway car, it is a top reading matter, and a long day with it will make the reading traveler long to go and thank his entertaining author in person.

EXORDIUM: OR CUPID IN SHOULDER STRAPS. New York: Carleton, Publisher. For sale in Boston by Crosby & Nichols.

Still another of the prolific Carleton's publications. Of course this is a love story, and of course its characters are mixed up pretty well with the military movements and regulations of the day. It is, in fact, a real West Point story, and told with great freshness. The plot is ingenious, and its incidents capital and capriciously sprinkled in. We have variety of character, in both sexes; and the sharp contrasts of Love and War—of Cupid and Mars—are seen in the foreground of our day and generation, and are made to improve our views as well as to excite our relish for humor and fun.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY FOR MARCH is come to hand, fuller than usual of excellent poetry, and replete with fine original essays and tales. There is a biographical sketch of "Mr. North," a prompt poem of to-day, with the caption, "Choose you this day whom ye will serve;" a chapter on the horrors of San Domingo, a London sketch in a racy sketch The Vagabonds, a "sonnet" poem, "A Call to our Countrywomen," is a timely appeal, "Willie Wharton," and "Under the Pear Tree," exceedingly clever sketches. The "Lullaby" of the "Whisper," an interesting slice of maritime history. Still we need not commend, for all the titles are attractive, and and well conceived.

THE ILLUSTRATED STRAWBERRY CULTIVATOR.

This is the title of a neatly printed work, of some fifty pages, containing the history, sexuality, field and garden culture of strawberries, forcing or pot culture, how to grow from seed, hybridizing; reports of extensive experiments with seedlings, and all other information necessary to enable everybody to raise their own strawberries; together with a full description of new varieties and a list of the best of the old sorts. With receipts for different modes of preserving, cooking, and preparing strawberries for the table. Fully illustrated by new and valuable engravings. By Andrew H. Foster, Horticulturist. For sale by A. Williams & Co., 100 Washington street, Boston.

Ralph Waldo Emerson at Music Hall.

From amongst the many beautiful things Mr. Emerson said, on Sunday, Feb. 15th, in his discourse we quote the following:

One day is like another; so is one person deeply like another. All the various religions of the earth rise and fall—even Christianity is beginning to lose its strong hold, but the moral sentiments stand immutable. The world, to me, is as we are. If our ends are petty and sensual, we are like rats in a library, only seeking for the paste that is on the paper. People often read us with a smile, but they do not all us what they read. Even boys know each other instinctively.

When a man puts off his city dress to put on his red shirt for the country, he puts off what he did not know he was wearing.

The power of wealth often loses its splendor in the quietude and tamedness of the rich.

The romance of wealth is its expansion of thought and action. The use of all that money brings is the happiness of wealth.

The Brahmin shuns worldly honor as he would poison. So it is told of our Saint, that he made himself of no reputation.

Booth for the opportunity of doing what you can for the good of all.

All that is excellent must come of bold laborious life. To be heroic in any event, is doing something, is putting our capital in a bank that cannot break. We feel that we are greater than we know.

It is said that we benefit an age.

Tender, amiable boys, who have never realized an action beyond a game of football, are suddenly drawn up to a bayonet charge, or before the cannon's mouth, and they can afford to die, but not to misbehave.

Courage and chastity are silent concerning themselves.

Fear disenchants life. One said, "Nothing is so much to be feared as fear. I believe that God likes Atheism better. Courage puts a new face on everything. They can conquer who believe they can. The lion is fearless. A Greek proverb says, 'An army of stages led by a lion is better than an army of lions led by a stag.'"

Courage is the right state of a man when he is free to do what constitutionally belongs to him.

Will is the measure of power.

As soon as we rise to courage, we come to the grand model of mankind.

When a man rises to courage, all the metaphysics of the world are dumb before him.

He has not learned a lesson of life who does not every day surmount his fears.

It is the best use of fate to teach us that we can never suffer till our time comes.

Be always brave.

There is one's opinion that must always be of the highest consequence to you, viz.: your own.

Boston Spiritual Conference.

The subject for discussion on Tuesday evening, Feb. 17th, was *Soul Affinity*. Remarks were made by Dr. Bowker, Dr. Child, Mr. Goodrich, Dr. Lyon, Mr. Wetherbee, Dr. Gardner, Rev. Uriah Clark, and Mr. Bradley.

Mr. Goodrich contended that what Mrs. Spence had said at the last Conference on this subject, argued much in favor of the "diabolical selfishness of this world." Dr. Lyon contended in about the same strain, and also expressed a belief that every man and woman had an affinity in spirit that guarded their earthly lives. Dr. Child thought it was ungenerous to make an onslaught upon what Mrs. Spence had said, in her absence. The daily walks of Mrs. Spence were beyond reproach, and she had a right to her own views and her own utterances; so has every one that comes to this Conference, and if there is not fresh thought enough in the bosom of each speaker, for each speaker's remarks, without finding fault with, and condemning the remarks of others, the Conference had better be dissolved, and its members join in with those who make self-righteousness a virtue, and fault-finding a profession. Dr. Gardner thought that those who put forth such great pretensions of purity and virtue are not any better than those they denounce. From the fact that the house was packed this evening, it seemed that the subject before us was one that interested all. Uriah Clark thought that two thousand years ago Christ uttered sentiments just about as radical as those uttered by Mrs. Spence, one week ago to-night—Christ said in substance about the same that Mrs. Spence has said. Dr. Bowker took strong ground favoring the support of the existing state of matrimony, claiming that it was lawful and true to the present developments of humanity. The same ground has been taken in the discussion of this subject by all the speakers. Dr. Child related a vision which he saw the night before, on the subject of Soul Affinity.

The same subject is announced for the next Conference.

Correction.

Mr. Eorton—I see by the last BANNER that in the notice of meetings in Portland, you still continue them at "Bons of Temperance Hall." It should be "Mechanics Hall." And of speakers engaged you have placed Mrs. Middlebrook for April 5th and 12th and May 8th and 10th. It should be April 19th and 26th and May 8th and 10th. Dr. A. B. Child, of your city, is to speak for on April 5th, and Ralph Waldo Emerson on April 12th.

I call attention to these errors in the notice for the reason that the parties seeing themselves thus advertised in your paper might suppose they had been some mistake in regard to the time for which they are engaged, and make arrangements elsewhere that would cause serious inconvenience.

Very truly yours, M. A. BLANCHARD.

Portland, Feb. 17, 1863.

Married.

In Lowell, on the 15th inst., by Rev. J. J. Twiss, at the residence of the bride's parents (No. 84 Lawrence Corporation), Mr. Charles H. Foster, of New York, to Miss Ellen L. Foster, of Lowell.

[Accompanying the above notice was a slice of wedding cake, fixed up nicely in a beautiful little box. Only think of it!—a *banner* editor having wedding cake sent to him. As this is the first present of a kind we ever had, we make a note of it. We wish the happy couple much joy in their new relations of life.]

Opinions founded on prejudice are always sustained with the greatest violence.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

WHAT WILL PEOPLE SAY? OR, FANNY GRAHAM'S MOTHER.

"WHAT WILL PEOPLE SAY?" is the title of a fine Original Story (which will appear in our next), by Miss SARAH A. SOUTHWORTH, with whose writings our readers are already familiar. Miss Southworth is a young lady of much talent, and is destined to excel in this branch of literature at no far distant day.

"ANCIENT AND MODERN SPIRITUALISM," No. 2, will appear in our next issue.

We copied a paragraph from the *Jameson* (N. Y.) Journal, recently in reference to Mr. Fay, the physical medium, with comments of our own. We supposed, when we quoted from the paper in question, that it was a respectable journal, and that its statements were worthy of credit. Now we are in doubt, and if Rev. Mr. Dobbs and others, we shall come to the conclusion that the whole concern is a *dawd* of billingsgate, unworthy of credence in any community. These remarks have been suggested by the perusal in that paper of what purports to be a reply to our article—and such a mass of incoherent jargon, it seems to us, never was put upon paper before. If Bigotry and Intolerance cannot wield a more facile pen than the specimen before us indicates, the scribbler had better attend the village school, and learn of the children there. "One thing is certain—and that is, that such kind of talk will never injure the cause of Spiritualism."

So intimate is the relation between soul and body, that our theology almost always tastes of the cask from which it is drawn. Disease, especially if it disturbs the normal action of the brain, is likely to modify essentially our creed. To say that Coleridge varied from the most liberal latitudinarian to the strictest adherence to the "Thirty-nine Articles," somewhat according to the quality and quantity of the opium which he consumed, would not be an extravagant assertion.

The following letter was sent by a man to his son at college: "My dear son, I write to send you two pairs of old breeches, that you may have a new coat made of them. Also, some new socks, which your mother has just knit by cutting down some of mine. Your mother sends you ten dollars without my knowledge, and for fear you would not spend it wisely, I have kept back half, and only send you five. Your mother and I are well, except your sister has got the measles, which we think would spread among the other girls, if Tom had not had them before, and he is the only one left. I hope you will do honor to my teachings; if you do not, you are an ass, and your mother and myself are your affectionate parents."

"Who is that Mr. Nongmouse that writes so much for the papers?" inquired a young lady. She meant the all pervading "Anonymous."

A negro girl entered a variety store and asked for "some flibberty taps, Sabberday coolers." She wanted a fan!

The following dialogue took place in a corporation school where the pupils are taught to believe in accordance with the portion of Scripture allotted to each occasionally to read: Mr. *Wrath Bone*—Pup, air, what is your belief? *Pup*—Please, sir, I believe in nothing. Mr. *Wrath Bone*—Yes, but you do! I'll "wollap" you, sir; you believe in the holy Catholic Church. *Pup*—No, sir; please, sir, the lad as believes in that has got the measles at home, and I've got his seat.

Here is an interesting scrap from the prayer of a man who was in the habit of filling the breaks in his petitions with the syllable *er*:

"Oh Lord I pray for our poor brother, who has lived for more than ten years on the Lord's side, and has one foot in the grave, and the other all but *er*."

To vex another is to teach him to vex us again. Injuries awaken revenge, and even an ant can sting, and a fly trouble our patience.

A recruit thus hits the pug-nosed nose of people: "A man with a pug-nose is a creature despised by gods and his fellow-men—he may be a counter-jumper—he may be a dandy—he will never command in the field or in the council. But a woman in a pug-nose—consider—Did you ever know such a one that did not in everything have her own way? that did not rule her husband, her children, her servants, her house, her shop-keepers, her whole world?"

I clasped her tiny hand in mine; I embraced her beautiful form; I vowed to shield her from the wind, and from the world's cold armor. She sat her beautiful eyes on me, the tears did wildly flow; and with her little lips she said, "Confound you, let me go!"

The following is not bad to take, about these times: "I'll die for the flag," cried a Treasury clerk. Quoth a soldier—My patriot friend, look here!—Thus shedding your blood twelve dollars a month. Ah! like shedding red ink for twelve hundred a year!"

Mr. Jenkins remarked to his wife that in her he possessed four *falls*. "Name them, my love." "You are beautiful, daffodil, youthful, and an armful." "You have the advantage of me, my dear." "How so, my precious?" "I have but one fool." Mr. Jenkins made no further inquiries.

MY GRAVE.

To need not build a tomb for me, A little flower will do as well; Or, if ye wish a willow tree, Or wild rose from the roadside dell.

Maybe some gentle mark of grief Will dedicate my lowly grave; Yet, any time, I would as lief The long grass o'er my bed should wave.

No human wish will I control, About the covering of my rest; I only hope my earth-freedom soul May dwell with spirits of the blest.

It was a beautiful expression of Burke's upon the death of his son, that his child in this world should be his ancestor in the skies. Elder-born in glory, the junior of the household is the senior in heaven.

Let friendship creep gently to a height; if it rushes to it, it may soon run itself out of breath.

The distinction between liking and loving was well made by a little girl six years old. She was eating an egg at breakfast, which she seemed to relish very much. "Do you love it?" asked her aunt. "No," replied the child, with a look of disgust; "I only like it. If I loved it I should kiss it."

When you hear a woman exclaim, "Oh, what a fool I was to reject no more lovers, and then take up with what I did!" be assured she married the first man who made her an offer, doing more than half the courting herself; and that many a time her hen pecked husband has wished she had rejected him!

IMMIGRATION.—The number of immigrants which arrived at New York in 1862, was 76,306, or 10,777 more than in 1861.

A lock of hair from a young woman's head is often a key to a young man's heart.

A CURIOUS PARADOX.—Balloons are never so lively as when they are in the clouds.

The peace revolution in the Illinois Legislature were defeated in the Senate. Two Democrats voted with the Republicans. Cheering Union meetings are being held in every county in the State, and the reaction against the "copperheads" has already begun.

A bill in the British Parliament, which punished a certain offense with a *gun*, one half to go to the Majesty, and the other to the informer, was slightly modified by substituting whipping as the penalty, leaving the destination matterless.

Considerable discussion is going on among the Canadian journals relative to the power and rights of the two nations of people, French and English, of which the population is composed. From this discussion, it appears that the Anglo-Saxon population is 127,000, while the French population is 860,000.

Here is a specimen of one of the "born pacifists" of the South, as a notorious Yankee literary man calls them: An old wretch came within the Union lines at Newbern a few days ago, looking for an escaped slave, a handsome girl of sixteen years. Finding that a master's claim was not recognized, the pitiful old villain insisted upon claiming her by right of being her father! Oh, the chivalry!

"I say, Bill, Jim's caged for stealing a horse!" "Barred him right! Why did n't he buy one and not pay for it, like any other gentleman?"

The treasure receipts in San Francisco the past year were from the Washoe, \$6,000,000; from Oregon and Washington, \$3,000,000; from British Columbia, \$1,500,000; from other foreign countries, \$1,000,000; and from California, \$80,000,000. Making a total of \$91,000,000.

SONNET TO YN KEATER.

Woe to the wight when first he feels The slippery stairs beneath his heels; Who, trembling, treads the dangerous play, And scurries out his first essay. By his side he feels with dread The ice has cracked and cracked his head! A double danger thus we see, Alas! how much in company: Stars in little round his shining eyes, Amazed, he sees new suns arise; To him celestial wonders open, Without the aid of wonderer's pen. With shuffling heels he seeks the shore, And vows at least to state no more.

A bed properly constituted can accommodate itself to whatever pillows the vicissitudes of fortune may place under it.

At a late ball at the Tuilleries, an American was presented to the Emperor as a distinguished author. On inquiry among his countrymen it appeared that he was rather a compiler, and that the work to which he owed wealth and distinction was *Cytherean Cream*, or *Balm of a Thousand Flowers*.

Professor Whitney, the State Geologist of California, found among the Sierra Nevada, about 2,000 feet above the level of the ocean, an almost perfect jaw of a rhinoceros. Huge petrified oyster shells were also found among the mountains of the interior and at a great elevation.

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.

FAMILY DYE COLORS!

LIST OF COLORS.

Black, Dark Brown, Salmon, Buff Brown, Dark Red, Light Brown, Light Red, Blue, Yellow, Light Yellow, Orange, Green, Magenta, Pink, French Blue, Royal Purple, Violet, Crimson.

FAMILY DYE COLORS.

For dyeing Silk, Woolen and Mixed Goods, Shawls, Scarves, Dresses, Ribbons, Gloves, Bonnets, Hats, Feathered, Eldorado Children's Clothing, and all kinds of Wearing Apparel, with perfect fast colors.

A SAVING OF 50 PER CENT.

These Dyes are mixed in the form of powders concentrated and put up in neat packages. For twenty-five cents you can color as many goods as would otherwise cost one dollar.

Manufactured by HOWE & STEVENS, 288 Broadway, Boston. For sale by Druggists and Dealers in every City and Town.

MRS. L. ELDER.

TRANCE MEDIUM, has removed from No. 6 Oxford to No. 15 Tyler street, Boston. Feb. 25

DR. J. E. BANGS

RENOVATING MIXTURE,

PREPARED FROM

VEGETABLES OF AMERICAN PRODUCTION.

It cures the Rheumatism, Sciatica, Painful Affections of the Bowels, all kinds of Indigestion, Headache, Neuralgia, &c. &c. It is a powerful purgative, and cures all kinds of Biliousness, Constipation, &c. &c. It is a powerful tonic, and cures all kinds of Debility, &c. &c. It is a powerful sedative, and cures all kinds of Excitement, &c. &c. It is a powerful anodyne, and cures all kinds of Pain, &c. &c. It is a powerful emetic, and cures all kinds of Nausea, &c. &c. It is a powerful cathartic, and cures all kinds of Constipation, &c. &c. It is a powerful diuretic, and cures all kinds of Dropsy, &c. &c. It is a powerful expectorant, and cures all kinds of Cough, &c. &c. It is a powerful antispasmodic, and cures all kinds of Spasm, &c. &c. It is a powerful antineuralgic, and cures all kinds of Neuralgia, &c. &c. It is a powerful antirheumatic, and cures all kinds of Rheumatism, &c. &c. It is a powerful antiscorbutic, and cures all kinds of Scurvy, &c. &c. 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FOREIGN INTERVENTION, ETC.

on the spoke of the universe, and looked down at you, sitting on the little "bus" rolling round so quietly, that you could not see some things any better than I could. There has been a good deal of fear expressed by some of our timid folk about meditation; intervention of the cosmos of Europe. There are few things so little understood by the people as the positions of Emperors, Kings, Presidents, Governors, &c.—a singular infatuation exists in regard to these, just as of the peak of a house, or the topmost point on the

spire of a tall steeple, where the wind blows on you from all quarters, and the equinox and storm come right at you, were the most comfortable and desirable places to live. The following epigram translated from the German of Lessing, by my friend R. D. Owen, shows that the king's fool had a keen

appreciation of this popular fallacy:

"The throne was empty; and its cushion soft, and Nicholas, the king's fool, a lazy elf. Thought that 'a very comfortable chair. So down he sat, and yawned and stretched himself. Just then his master entered at the door. And at the sight, his anger scarce restraining, 'How now, sir knave!' he cried, 'What dost thou there?'"

"Nothing at all," said Nicholas, "I'm reigning!"

It is not to be wondered at that those whose

iron hand of poverty and stern necessity have driven into the dark underground cellar of the basement of life, should feel, while tolling painfully under the grinding hand of oppression, that anywhere above ground would be better than the treadmill life the

now lead; but the truth is, extremes are not pleasant, and king and kaiser, vassal and slave, are violentious of humanity, compensations balancing each other, and leaving the victims on either side without the true enjoyments which are realized by the moderate middle classes of society.

My friend, Isaac T. Hopper, comes smilingly up

and says, "Thy story recalls a scene in my experience, when I sat upon the throne of England, with my broad-brimmed hat on, and thought it rather a easy chair. I see now, clearer than I ever did before, that kingcraft and priestcraft are complementsary to oppression, and slavery, and that so long as the one exists, the other will be found. The former being positive, and the latter, negative, to eradicate both, the first must be removed from the breasts of

The great problem of human government is day agitating the best minds in your sphere, and in all ours, and every one feels that it is environed with grave difficulties.

The government of the animal propensities is by force. Might makes right here. The government of the intellect is shrewd, cunning, philosophical.

The true government of the moral nature is through love, justice, and mercy, often, however, wanting of intellectual acumen, bigotry, and prejudice usurp the place of these. This government, which should be the most mild and apparently the easiest, then becomes the most difficult. The cruel tyranny and persecution of the so-called religious government, has marked the pages of history with the

blackest and most infernal crimes that human nature has been guilty of. This, however, is not the true reflex of the moral nature, but rather the result of the action of a few of these faculties controlled and directed by the animal propensities. My present ideal of a model government, both for the individual and the nation, is that in which there is a beautiful blending—a marriage between the intellectual and moral nature and where the soul

and animal feelings are made subservient to these. Such a government is free and pure, and has respect for the rights of all according to their capacity.

The government of this nation is to be remodelled, and all the old relics of barbarism that have clung to it, must either be cut off or allowed to slough off and pass away. And then a brighter and more extended foundation, in which the principles of

Now, as individuals and members of the com-

manity; let every one labor for this grand result
and it will come." *—*

I was going to write a short letter, but like the
boy who was reprimanded at school; I can only say,
"It whistled itself." Yours truly,

HENRY T. COMB, M. D.
634 Race street,
Philadelphia, Pa., Feb. 1863

PROPHETIC.

The following lines by Mrs. Henrietta Wellington Bonte, were written "many years ago, when the author was in England. The last two stanzas are truly remarkable in their prophetic import."

You tell me of a bright land over the sea,
But ah! can you call it the land of the free?
Where the image of God, for a handful of Gold,
Like a beast in the field, in a market is sold—

Where the child from its mother's fond bosom is torn
Where the father is chained, leaving orphans forlorn—
Where the daughter is bartered like merchandise rare
Then doomed to the lash, and the groan of despair!
Woe! woe to thee, fair land, far over the main;
For the canker of death—dark Slavery's stain—
Shall gnaw to the vitals, while every sigh
From the victims who, writhing, mounts for justice
And He, the great Lord of the Universe wide,
Shall smite thee to earth in thy strength and pride.

For vengeance must fall for foul cruelties done
On the helms redeemed by His own beloved Son
The sound of the war drum shall thrill thee at night,
As thy gods and thy brothers are borne to the fight;
The slave and the cotton shall stab thee with pain;
And the North and the South be divided in twain;
And brother against brother shall strike in the fight,
And battles be fought in the dead of the night;
And the white maid and widow in sorrow shall mourn,
And the flag of thy freedom in tatters be torn.

And the North, in her might like a whirlwind shall
And the notes of her trumpet be borne to the skies
And though the warm blood of her heroes be shed,
The light of her freedom shall never be dead;
The Stars and the Stripes an Excelsior shall be;
Proud Liberty's banner by land and by sea;
And the Union, though spurned by the slaveholder
Shall be guarded by Northern for ages unborn.
I was in childhood if you can, that happiness I

not outside, but inside. A good heart and a clear conscience bring happiness; which no riches and no circumstances alone can do.

"A celebrated philosopher used to say, 'The favor of fortune are like sleep rovers: they catch and leave us as they please.'"

...breeding things mount to the summit

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GEORGE STANLEY,
Westford, Mass.

1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 26

Pearls.

And quoted odes, and jewels five words long,
That on the stretched fore-finger of all time
Sparkle forever.

A KINGDOM BY THE FIRESIDE.

I am a king in my own domain,
And my little wife is queen;
And jointly over our realm we reign—
A royal couple, I ween.

Beauty and grace are the robes that flow
From her lily shoulders down;
The gems of truth on her bosom glow,
And love is her golden crown.

Her dainty hands are brown with toil,
Her cheeks with the breezes' kiss,
And she works for a tiller of the soil,
As if work for him was bliss.

I am the king and the tiller, too—
My farm is my proud domain;
And the will to dare, and the strength to do,
Are the sceptres of my reign.

At my touch the teeming earth yields up
Her wealth for my feast and store;
The nectar of health brims high my cup,
My measure of bliss runs o'er.

Oh! ne'er was a happier realm I ween,
Than ours 'neath the arching sky,
And never a happier king and queen
Than my little wife and I.

The mind has more room in it than most people
think, if you would but furnish the apartments.

GOOD NIGHT.

Good-night! I have to say good-night
To such a host of peerless things?
Good-night unto that fragile band
All quently with its weight of rings;
Good-night to fond, uplifted eyes,
Good-night unto the perfect mirth,
And all the sweetness nestled there,
The snowy hand deftly me, then
I'll have to say good-night again.

But there will come a time, my love,
When, if I read our stars aright,
I shall not linger by this porch
With my adieu. Till then, good-night!
You wish the time were now? And I,
You do not blush to wish it so?
You would have blessed yourself to death
To own so much a year ago—
What! both these snowy hands! Ah, then,
I'll have to say good-night again.

—T. B. Aldrich.

Gayly yourself by reason; though some like it,
Others do not.

FREEDOM.

Heaven made us agents free to good or ill,
And forced it not, though he foresaw the will:
Freedom was first bestowed on human race,
And precedence only held the second place.

—Dryden.

INFIDELITY AND FIDELITY.

A Lecture by Leo Miller, Esq., before the
Lyceum Society of Spiritualists, in Ly-
ceum Hall, Boston, Feb. 18, 1893.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

Leo Miller commenced the exercises of the after-
noon by reading extracts from certain celebrated
Orthodox divines (?), which very forcibly elucidated
the fact that the moral world, at least, moves in the
progress of religious ideas.

We will give our readers but two or three of these
extracts from a past and passing theology:

"The happiness of the elect in heaven will, in
part, consist in witnessing the torments of the
damned in hell. And among these, it may be, their
own children, parents, husbands, wives, and friends
on earth. One part of the business of the blessed
is to celebrate the doctrine of reprobation. While
the decree of reprobation is eternally executing on
the vessels of wrath, the smoke of their torment
will be eternally ascending in view of the vessels of
mercy, who, instead of taking the part of these mis-
erable objects, will say, 'Amen, hail, praise the
Lord.'"
—Emerson's Sermons, xvi.

"The Rev. Thomas Boston, an Orthodox divine, in
his 'Fourfold State,' page 336, says: 'The godly
wife shall applaud the justice of the judge in the
condemnation of her ungodly husband. The godly
husband shall say amen to the damnation of her who
is in his bosom! The godly parent shall say hal-
lujah at the passing of the sentence of their ungodly
child. And the godly child shall from his heart ap-
prove the damnation of his wicked parents who be-
got him, and the mother who bore him.'"

"The Orthodox Ambrose, in his sermon on 'Doom's
Day,' says: 'When the damned have drunk down
whole draughts of brimstone one day, they must do
the same another day. The eye shall be tormented
with the sight of devils, the ear with the hideous
yellings and outcries of the damned in flames; the
nostril shall be smothered as it were with brim-
stone; the tongue, the hand, the foot, and every part
shall fry in flames!'"

"Dr. Jonathan Edwards says: 'Reprobate infants
are signs of vengeance, which Jehovah will hold over
hell in the tongue of his wrath, until they turn and
split venom in his face.'"

"And John Calvin disposes of juvenile sinners
without ceremony. He tells us: 'Children bring
their condemnation with them from their mother's
womb, being liable to punishment, not for their
own, but for their own; for although they have
not yet produced the fruits of their iniquity, they
have the seed inclosed in themselves; nay, their
whole nature is, as it were, a seed of sin; therefore
it cannot but be odious and abominable to God.'"

Dr. Watts sings:
There is a never-ending hell,
And never-dying pains,
Where children must with demons dwell
In darkness, fire and chains.

Have faith the same with endless shame,
To all the human race;
For hell is crammed with infants damned
Without a day of grace."

The speaker announced as his subject, "Infidelity
and Fidelity." He stated that there was a great
deal of infidelity among the Spiritualists, the Meth-
odists, the Baptists, the Presbyterians, etc.; gener-
ally, we shall find more infidelity among those
who think they have the least, and who are con-
stantly crying out against it.

What is infidelity? If we go to the lexicon we
find this word is formed from two original words;
namely, *ignifying* not, and *fid*, faithful, which together
signify unfaithfulness. He is an infidel, then, who is
unfaithful, according to the literal construction of
the word. But unfaithful to what? To books? To
creeds? To bibles? Does infidelity consist in dis-
believing 'a part, or the whole of these? By no
means, however, much others may receive, and be-
lieve them as infallible guides. Infidelity, to carry
with it any moral obloquy is unfaithfulness to

something higher than a mere external standard of
authority. It is unfaithfulness to our own souls, our
highest light and best convictions—to the divinity
enshrined in the temple of our own hearts. In-
fidelity is professing to believe what we do not be-
lieve, and acting contrary to our highest convictions
of right. It may also be defined as rejecting as
false that which we secretly feel to be true. This is
the only infidelity that can ever possibly alienate
man from the great Spirit, or shut out the kingdom
of heaven from the heart. If infidelity consisted in
disbelieving what another believes, then were we all
infidels, each to the other, for no two can believe
alike on all subjects.

In every age, kings, priests, and organized bodies
of men have arrogated to themselves the right to
set up authoritative standards of truth, branding
all as infidels who dared to think contrary to
these self-styled infallible guides. In the land of the
Persian it is gross infidelity to reject the Zend-Aves-
ta. In Mahometan countries we should peril our
freedom and life, by daring to call in question the
divine authority of the Koran. The Mahometan
calls the Christian an infidel for rejecting the
Koran, and the Christian calls the Mahometan an
infidel for rejecting the Bible. Each is infidel in the
eyes of the other, but perhaps neither is infidel in
the eyes of God. It is evident then that we must
look elsewhere than to men and books to determine
whether we are infidel or not. And where shall we
go? I answer, to our own souls, to the God within
us; if we have the approbation of these, we shall
ever bear the welcome plaudits, "Well done, thou
good and faithful servant."

Every individual must make his own soul the
standard of authority in deciding what is true or
false in principle, and right or wrong in action. If
we aim to do right, if our motives are approved by
the highest convictions of the soul, although we may
err in judgment and run into trouble, we shall never
fall under self-condemnation—the only condemnation
that can possibly bring with it remorse of
mind. The God within shall bring us into judgment,
and if we stand acquitted before this inward
tribunal, no other "judgment seat" shall have au-
thority or power over the happiness and destiny of
the soul.

But while our own souls must forever be to us the
only standards of authority in deciding what is true
or false, right or wrong, we should be very careful
not to run into the opposite extreme of stubborn-
ness, and reject as false all that we may not at the
time comprehend to be true. All subjects should be
carefully examined in the light of reason, nature
and science, and then if the soul's intuitions recog-
nize them as congenial friends, take them in; if not,
bid them stay out, in a friendly reception room, so
to speak, till they can come with the true "pas-
sword" which shall usher them into the innermost
sanctuary of the heart's affection and confidence.

But never, oh never admit a guest into that inner-
most temple of the soul which is uncongenial; for
however much it may afterward be entitled to your
love and confidence, it is at present an intruder, a
destroyer of peace and harmony—admit not; for
though it should be *divine truth* to angels, it is to
that soul that comprehends it not, a *living lie*. This
may seem a paradox; nevertheless, it is the normal
condition of the soul in its reception of truth. The
soul grows upon the elements of truth it is able to
digest; but that which is indigestible, that which
will not assimilate with its present nature, is poi-
sonous and destructive; as strong meat which is
good for the full grown man is poisonous to the
child. The great law of demand and supply hold
equally true of the soul as of the body; and when
the soul has not been poisoned by error or enfeebled
with indigestible truth, its instincts are almost un-
erring in the selection of the quality and quantity
of food best adapted to its moral and spiritual
growth. If it be so that men love error rather than
truth, and darkness rather than light, it is because
the soul's instincts have been perverted; disease
has destroyed their discriminating sensibility, and
like the unhappy dyspeptic, they may, and often do,
crave unwholesome food.

Keep the soul unperturbed. Be true to thyself,
to the unperturbed and unprejudiced convictions of
the heart. Too commonly have we been taught to
distrust ourselves, and the secret utterances of our
higher and better natures. This false education
commences even in infancy and childhood, and by
the time we have attained to manhood we become
morally perverted, poisoned through and through,
so that in reality we have little confidence in ourselves
or anything else—mere trembling slaves of super-
stition and fear. Yes, we are taught to be false
to ourselves: The mother holds her new-born babe
in her arms. It has just commenced to prattle. It
speaks a few words, but most distinctly of all, "pa"
and "ma." The mother looks down into that un-
perturbed heart through the "windows of the soul"
and the innocent "face divine" and asks: "My
child, who do you love best?" Ah, will it answer
truthfully? Yes, its answer will be as true and
natural to the state and condition of the child as
the twinkling of the stars, or the dislled exhalations
of the rose—aye, the spirit of the infinite
breathes through the tendrils of the soul, and an-
swers in hushing accents of affection, "I love pa and
ma best." The mother shakes her head, and says,
"No, my child, you must answer, 'God.' Here
was the first lesson of distrust. The child felt that
it had spoken truthfully. What does it mean?
The next time the mother propounds the question,
the child, with a downcast look of conscious shame
and guilt, blushing answered, "God." That child
told the first lie it ever told. Before it answered
there was a struggle in the infantile breast that
might cause an angel to weep! For it was the begin-
ning of misdirection which should cause that soul
untold misery in after life. The catechism is placed
in its hands, and it is systematically taught to believe
in an angry God, total depravity, and endless mis-
ery; every profession of which is false to the soul, a
terrible outrage to the divine instincts of the heart.

And thus this false education goes on, till the
world is full of unfaithfulness, of infidelity. Men
and women are daily making a profession of faith
with their lips, which the heart repudiates, which
the soul abhors. They subscribe to thirty-nine arti-
cles of faith, more or less, when they do not, from
the depths of their souls, believe any, if any. These
are infidels, professing to believe what they do not
believe. Think you that Edwards, Calvin and Watts
found a sanction in their hearts for the abhorrent
doctrines we have just read? No, it is not possible
for human nature to become so wholly perverted.
The heart must ever have rebelled against the false
logic of the head. Had the religious teachers of the
past listened to the intuitions of the heart, rather
than the speculations of the head, they would have
given to the world a warm and genial religion, full
of love to God and love to man. Every step human-
ity has taken in the progress of religious ideas, con-
firms the divine infallibility of the heart.

Mr. Miller's application of the foregoing prin-
ciples was practical; they were to be carried out in
every department of human life, under all circum-
stances; never swerving from the motto that "Fi-
delity to conscience is obedience to God."

He spoke in the evening on "Spirit Communism,"
giving some excellent advice to skeptics and other
ingenuiters to believers in the spiritual world.
He also related many interesting incidents and facts
of his own experience in Spiritualism. The discourse
was very instructive, and was well received by a
large audience.

Answering Sealed Letters.

We have made arrangements with a compe-
tent medium to answer Sealed Letters. The terms
are one dollar for each letter so answered, in-
cluding three red postage stamps. Whenever the
conditions are such that a spirit addressed cannot
respond, the money and letter sent to us will be re-
turned within two weeks after its receipt. We can-
not guarantee that every letter will be answered en-
tirely satisfactory, as sometimes spirits addressed
lack sufficient control of the medium, and do so well
as they can under the circumstances. Address
"Banner of Light," 168 Washington street, Boston

Obituary Notices.

The spirit of NELLIE RIPLEY, wife of G. W. Ripley,
passed into a better land, on the 14th of January,
leaving a much-loved husband, and infant child three
weeks old, and many other relatives and loved friends
to mourn.

Nellie was a woman of a nature that was almost all spiri-
tual, amiable in disposition, combined with a well-de-
veloped intellect, and was one that can truly be said
of, she was known only to be loved. For many years
she had been a firm believer in the truths of Spiritual-
ism, and her daily life plainly showed that she made
that belief practical. Through her medium powers
she was often assisted to see beyond the dark veil of
earthly life, and to witness the spirit world. Although her
earthly life numbered but twenty-seven years, she re-
alized a life of sunshine and happiness such as only
the pure in heart can enjoy. We deeply mourn her
loss, yet we know if we have lost a dear friend, and
earth one of its most loved children, that the spirit-
land retains the gem, where it will grow more beau-
tiful and angelic upon that fair shore.

Her husband has the assurance that she still lives,
and often visits him, soothing him in his hours of an-
drew, making sorrowful heaven. Two short years
she had been the sunshine of his home, and now that
sun is darkened for a time, in memory it will be cher-
ished and ever kept bright. The writer attended the
funeral, at the close of which several stanzas of ap-
propriate original poetry were given.

Mrs. A. W. FARMER.

At South Boston, Feb. 23d, ROBERT O. youngest
child of JOSEPH D. and MARY A. ROBBINS, 4 years 6
months.

Ere his brow had trace of sorrow,
Ere his blue eyes learned to weep,
With the grating heart of childhood,
"Little Robbie" went to sleep.

Death's dark stream did not afflict him,
For an angel led the way
To that land where gleams the sunshine
Of one bright, eternal day.

You will miss his merry footsteps,
You will mourn, but not despair,
For heaven will seem nearer to you
Now that "little Robbie" is there.

Death is but the change—the passing
From a life of pain and toil,
God, transplanting wilted flowers
For a more congenial soil.

Passed into the spirit-land, from West Hawick,
February 11th, THOMAS SMITH, aged 77 years and
4 months, wife of Capt. Samuel Smith. From her
childhood she was a friend of the slave, and in her later
years was in full sympathy with all the reforms of the
day, and a firm believer in the spirit-life beyond the
grave. "Peace and good will to all," was her motto
through life.

Mrs. H. Clark and Mrs. L. Nickerbocker, both
speaking mediums, made impressive remarks at the
funeral.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, LYON HALL, TOWNSEND ST.,
(opposite head of School street).—Meetings are held every
Sunday by the Society of Spiritualists, at 2-4 and 7-9 P. M.
Admission Free. Lectures by Mrs. Laura De-
Forest Gordon, March 1 and 8; H. B. Storer, March 22 and
29; Miss Lizzie Jones, April 5 and 12; Mrs. Augusta A. Cur-
rier, April 19 and 26.

CONFERENCE HALL, No. 14 BROMFIELD STREET, BOSTON.—
The Spiritual Conference meets every Tuesday even-
ing, at 7-9 o'clock.

ORANSTOWN.—The Spiritualists of Oranstown hold
meetings at City Hall, every Sunday afternoon and evening.
Every arrangement has been made to have these meetings
interesting and instructive. The public are invited. Seating
free.

MARLBOROUGH.—Meetings are held in Bassett's new Hall
Speakers engaged—Mrs. M. S. Townsend, March 1 and 8;
Warren Chase, March 22 and 29.

FOXBORO.—Speakers engaged—Warren Chase, March 1;
Mrs. M. S. Townsend, March 15.

TAUNTON.—Meetings are held in the Town Hall, every Sat-
urday afternoon and evening. The following speakers are en-
gaged—Mrs. M. S. Townsend, March 22 and 29; Miss
Martha L. Buckwith, during May.

Lowell.—The Spiritualists in this city have removed from
Wells Hall, where they have so long met, to the church
corner of Central and Merrimack streets, where they will
continue their Sunday services, afternoon and evening, at 2
-12 and 6-9 P. M. Speakers engaged—Miss Lizzie Jones,
March 1 and 8.

MASS.—Music Hall has been hired by the Spirit-
ualists. Meetings will be held Sunday afternoon and evening.
Speakers engaged—Miss Martha L. Buckwith, March 1
and 8; Mrs. Laura DeForest Gordon, March 15 and 22;
Mrs. M. S. Townsend, March 15 and 22; N. Frank White, May 5
and 12; Mrs. M. S. Townsend, May 19 and 26; and June 1 and 8;
Miss Emma Houston, June 22 and 29.

NEW BEDFORD.—Music Hall has been hired by the Spirit-
ualists. Conference Meetings held Sunday mornings, and
speaking by mediums, afternoon and evening.

FOXBORO, Mass.—The Spiritualists of Foxborough hold regu-
lar meetings every Sunday in Mohegan's Hall, on Con-
gress, between Central and Green streets. Sunday school
and free conference in the forenoon. Lectures afternoon and
evening, at 2-4 and 7 o'clock. Speakers engaged—Miss
Emma Houston, March 1 and 8; Miss Lizzie Jones, March
15 and 22; Dr. A. B. Child, April 5; Ralph Waldo Emerson,
April 19; Mrs. M. S. Townsend, April 19 and 26, and
May 3 and 10. Meetings, Monday of next week.

PAIDSBURY.—Speakers engaged—Mrs. M. S. Townsend,
during April.

NEW YORK.—Dorchester Hall. Meetings every Sunday
morning and evening, at 10-12 and 7-12 o'clock. Andrew
Jackson Davis will occupy the desk for the present.

LIST OF LECTURERS.

Parties noticed under this head are requested to call-
ation to the BANNER. Lecturers will be careful to give
notice of any change of their arrangements, in order
that our list may be kept as correct as possible.

Mrs. L. A. GORDON, Foxborough, will lecture in Boston,
March 1 and 8; in Chelsea, March 15, 22 and 29. This
distinguished of securing her services, along the route of the
Great Western Railroad, O. W., for the first two weeks of
April, will please address as above immediately.

Mrs. M. S. TOWNSEND will speak in Marlborough, March
15 and 22; in Foxboro, March 15; in Taunton, March 22
and 29; in Providence, April 19 and 26; in Orange, May 19
and Jan. 7 and 14; in Philadelphia, Pa., first four Sundays
in May.

H. B. STORER, inspirational speaker, will lecture in Bos-
ton, March 22 and 29. He may be secured for Sundays in
the vicinity, by addressing him at 30 Pleasant street, Bos-
ton.

Miss EMMA HASTINGS will lecture in Troy, N. Y., March
1 and 8. Address, Lexington Avenue, 33 door above 52d
street, New York City.

WARREN CHASE speaks in Foxboro, Mass. March 1;
in Farmington, Me., March 8; in Lewiston, March 15; in Mar-
blehead, Mass., March 22; in North Rochester, N. Y., April 19;
in Waterville, Me., April 26; in Chelsea, Mass., May 3;
Y. May 8. He will receive subscriptions for the Banner
of Light.

Dr. JAMES COOPER, Bellefontaine, Ohio, will speak in
Greenboro, Conn., March 1; in Cudde, March 3, 8, 15, and 22;
in Marlborough, Mass., March 15; and in Andover, 15 and 22;
in Chelsea, 15; in Northampton, March 22.

Miss EMMA HASTINGS, will lecture in Portland, Me.,
March 1 and 8; in Bangor, March 15 to May 10; in
Old Town, May 17; in Quincy, Mass., May 24 and 31;
in Chicago, June 21 and 28. She may be addressed at either
place as above, or East Stoughton, Mass.

Mrs. MARTHA L. BUCKWITH, trance speaker, will lecture in
Bangor, March 22; in Bradford, Pa., March 29; in
22 and 29; in Bradford, April 5 and 12; in Taunton, Mass.,
during May. Address at New Haven, care of George Back with,
Reference H. B. Storer, Boston.

Mrs. AUGUSTA A. CURRIER will speak in Providence dur-
ing March; Boston, April 19 and 26. Address, box 316,
Lowell, Mass.

Mrs. LIZZIE DOTY will speak in Lowell, March 1 and
8. Address, care of Banner of Light.

Mrs. SARAH A. HORTON will speak in Bridgewater, Va.,
March 1; in South Reading, March 8. Once in four weeks
in the above places until further notice. Also, at Rutland,
Vt., March 15.

Miss P. J. GARDNER will speak in Old Town, March 1;
in Bangor, March 22; in Bradford, Pa., March 29; in Exeter Mills,
23. Address, Exeter Mills or Bangor, Me.

L. E. COOMBS, trance speaker, will lecture in Pittsburg,
Pa., the last of Feb. and first of March. Will answer
calls to lecture in New England any time after the first of
April. Mrs. R. A. Conley can be addressed at Newbury-
port, Mass., with her notice.

W. K. RIPLEY will speak in Lowell and Bradley, March
1, 8, 15, 22 and 29; in Oxford County, March 22 and 29;
in Milford, N. H., April 19 and 26; in Lowell, Mass., April
22 and May 5. Address, as above, or Snow's Falls, Me.

CHARLES A. HAYDEN will speak in Bangor, March 1;
in Exeter, March 8; in Bucksport, 15 and 22; in Oldtown, 22;
in the vicinity through April and May; in Dover, Me.,
through June, and in Bangor, Me., in July.

At BOSTON, during March and April, will speak Sit-
tume in Borden, Me., and will comply with requests to
lecture, attend funerals, or perform the marriage rite, in the
vicinity. All letters or papers intended for him should be
addressed to Littlefield Corner, Me.

Miss LIZZIE M. OAKLEY, care of Dr. A. B. Child, 15
Tremont street, Boston, the lecturers in Pittsburg, Mass.

H. T. LOWLAND will answer calls to lecture, accompanied
by his wife, clairvoyant mediums. Those wishing his ser-
vice, please address immediately, East Foxboro, Mass.]

D. H. HAMILTON is ready, after twenty years' prepa-
ration, to respond to calls for lectures upon the Science of
Meditation, with a view to answer and settle the great ques-
tion: How shall we marry? Friends give us a call on your
own terms. Address, Lexington, Mass.

Dr. A. B. Child will lecture in Portland, Me., on Sunday,
April 5.

Mrs. M. WOOD will speak in Taunton, Mass., March
1, 8 and 15; in Chelsea, April 5 and 12. Address, West
Killingly, Conn.

Mrs. M. A. O. BROWN will answer calls to speak in Ver-
mont, New Hampshire and Massachusetts. Address, Bangor,
Me., Vt.

ANNE LONG O'BRIEN, Musical medium, may be ad-
dressed at Hopedale, N. H., until further notice.

H. D. DAVIS has returned from his lecturing tour to his
home, Nauck, Mass., and will answer calls to lecture on
the Sabbath, for a month or two, at any place within thirty
or forty miles of Boston. Address as above.

B. B. CRAWFORD will lecture during the winter in Western
New York. He is willing to visit places where lectures on
Spiritualism have never been given. Address, Alden, Erie
Co., N. Y.

Mrs. H. F. M. BROWN will lecture in Milwaukee Wis., the
last two Sundays in Jan. She will, if desired, speak in the
vicinity of Milwaukee on week day evenings. She may be
addressed Waukegan, Ill.

LIZZIE R. GILPIN, trance speaker, will accept calls to
lecture the second and fourth Sundays of each month. Ad-
dress as above.

J. M. ALLEN, Norton, Mass., will answer calls to lecture
in Bristol and adjoining counties.

Mrs. SARAH ELLEN MATTHEWS, of Lowell, Mass., will re-
ceive calls to lecture in towns in the Western part of New
Hampshire, or Southern and Central Vermont. Address East
Westmoreland, N. H.

Geo. A. PIERCE, of Dover, Me., Trance Medium, will speak
in the vicinity of Springfield, Mass., in the vicinity of his
home, occasionally, if the friends of the cause request for
two or three months, or till further notice.

Mrs. and Mrs. H. M. MILLER will answer calls to lecture
on the Principles of General Reform, anywhere in Pennsylv-
ania or New York. Also, attend funerals, if desired. Ad-
dress, Elmira, N. Y., care of Wm. B. Hatch, or Ridgebury
Road, Conn.

Mrs. E. E. WATSON will answer calls to lecture on two
Sundays in each month. Is engaged the remainder of the
time in Berlin and Orono. Post office address, box 14, Berlin,
Wisconsin.

LEO MILLER will make engagements in New England for the
month of March. Address as above, or Springfield, Mass.

J. S. LOVELL, will answer calls to lecture. Address
for the present, care of Bela Marsh, 14 Broadfield st., Boston.

Dr. H. F. GARDNER, Pavilion, 57 Tremont street, Boston,
will answer calls to lecture.

F. L. WADSWORTH, care of A. J. Davis & Co., 214 Canal
street, N. Y.

Mrs. O. M. BROWN may be addressed till further notice,
care of T. J. Freeman, Reg., Milwaukee, Wis.

M. A. HUNTER, M. D., will receive calls to lecture. Ad-
dress, box 2001, Rochester, N. Y.

Mrs. FANNIE BURNHAM FALCON may be addressed at Wor-
cester, Mass., care of James Dudley.

H. WHEATLEY is lecturing on Geology and General Reform.
Address, care of the Hall and Winfield, Kalamazoo, Michigan.

Mrs. C. F. DORR, of Plymouth, Wis., will respond to calls
to lecture or attend funerals.

Mrs. M. B. KERRY, Lawrence, Mass., will respond to
calls to lecture and attend funerals, as she has done for the
last eight years.

Mrs. A. J. WILSON, trance speaker, 24-1-3 Winter street,
Boston.

Mrs. A. P. THORNTON, No. 7 Davis street, Boston;
L. JUDY PARKER, Boston, care of Bela Marsh.

Mrs. MARY A. RICKER, Chelsea, Mass.
Mrs. SARAH A. DYKES, 87 Spring st., Cambridge, Mass.
Mrs. BERNARD FALCON, Fall River, Mass.
Mrs. JAMES H. RUD, Taunton, Mass.

B. J. BUTTS, Hopkinton, Mass.
N. S. GARDNER, Lowell, Mass.
Wm. F. WITWALL, trance speaker, Athol Depot, Mass.
Mrs. B. ANNA EYRE, Plymouth, Mass.

Mrs. J. C. FURMAN, Hanson, Plymouth Co., Mass.
FREDERICK ROBINSON, Marlborough, Mass.
Mrs. E. A. BATES, Springfield, Mass.
J. J. LOCKE, Greenwood, Mass.

F. T. LANE, Lawrence, Mass.
Mrs. E. A. BATES