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NO. 23.

EXPERIENCES IN THE SPIRIT-WORLD OF HENRY WHITTEMORE.

Written by himself, through the Medium-
ship of his Sister.

[CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST.]

October 8th, 1860.—It is a long time since I have written or particularly manifested myself to you, my dear sister, and I am desirous of coming again and adding yet further some of my rich experiences for the benefit of others; for what a world of resources have opened upon us from our entrance to that higher and better life, the birth of the spirit-man. I now come to you, after the lapse of two years, (the time of residence here,) hoping to unfold some new reminiscences brought from actual experience. Hitherto we have come more for the purpose of awakening within you a realizing sense that spirits do come back and impart faithful messages of love and affection to dearly loved ones in the flesh; but now we come not only to keep alive within you a remembrance of these facts, but to more explicitly reveal those hidden and inborn emotions of soul which constitute that higher and brighter life. We come to-day not so much to impart as to wake up anew your dormant powers, that we can come again and speak more forcibly to your understanding. I wish to establish upon an easy footing a sort of correspondential interviews with you, so that when I come you may know it to be me, and by frequent interviews become more receptive.

The spiritual senses become inactive by disuse, and impressions flow not freely, so that when I came before, it became highly necessary that you gave many sittings, to facilitate the power of induction or reciprocity of thought. The advantage gained heretofore will make our task a comparatively easy one.

Our entrance here has been doubly blessed, coming, as we did, after mature thought, earnest deliberation, faithful, persevering effort at a knowledge of spirit intercourse; and coming to me, as it did, suddenly. It was a grand, a solemn thing. I feel it more and more each succeeding day; and as time rolls on, there comes a fuller, more complete realization of happiness yet in store for me.

I visit you now, my sister, with devout thanks giving that I, too, have been permitted to come and add my mite to the general good, through the writing of that first message. I have followed its course through many channels, and invariably find it doing good; and it has strengthened within me a determination to come again. A full resolve has brought me here to-day, and you have listened, and I am happy. I return again, my sister, hoping, trusting, praying that the good seed which I have planted in many hearts is beginning already to spring up. I see it in the desire to know more, the awakening of some to that careful investigation so necessary to that solid understanding of the whole thing, in others a ceasing altogether of upbraidings and the continual cry of humbug.

Incredulous minds are more easily convinced that there is something in it, and are willing to hear more; and all classes of minds who come within the pale of friends, and others also, are doubtful about your being the sole agent in that message of mine, because a resemblance is seen, to accord with the peculiarities of that odd genius, Henry Whittemore. But of this you are aware, by repeated avowals from many of our friends. Would that this resemblance might be carried further, so as to become the fixed, living faith of all. Perhaps we are too anxious; but I do believe all would be happier could they but know this to be a truthful certainty. Could they be made to feel that we can visit the home circle as was our wont to come, gather about the little table and converse with you in mutual feeling, etc.; that we could come now as before, and be understood and welcomed, would it not be a pleasure, think you? And it could be done, but only under certain conditions. The gathering together of a few choice spirits is highly conducive to that spiritual harmony which enables us to come to you; but perturbation of mind, proceeding from whatever source it may, always repels the spirit from acting its part. The effort may be made, but without accomplishment, because all of the vital forces of mind should be called into action for the performance of its duties. This is what we term passivity—a calm, unruffled, peaceful mind; not one full of intruding thoughts, but quiet, clear, like the moment when sinking to rest; then the spirit voice can be more distinctly heard, because more passive.

There is a wellspring of joy coming bubbling up whenever I see you desirous of spirit-communion—a holy, inward, heavenly joy; because, the more you realize our presence, the more you commune with heaven-born intelligences, the more sure are we of gaining an access to your hearts, and thereby enabling us to produce deeper, more lasting impression. And you, my own dear sister, are the special object of my hopes, because through you we must breathe all our hopes, aspirations, desires, to friends dwelling still in the flesh. We come to you, and would find your mind peaceful, joyous and happy, not only for our sakes, but most essentially for your own.

Ask not, then, for spiritual guidance, for spiritual communion, unless you can calm all ruffled thoughts, and concentrate your mind to that needed harmony always so necessary to the impressionable state. There is a desire on the part of many here—friends to us both—to come as frequently as possible the coming winter, and through you give expression to their thoughts, and have obtained my permission, with your consent. There is a strong desire to effect a more perfect communion between us and you, but many lack the will-power. In some small degree I believe I possess it, but not to such an extent as to enable me to exercise it, only under the most favorable circumstances, and very many times when I come, I may not be able to accomplish anything. But persevere, my dear sister; we will both be patient, and overcome most of the difficulties in our way.

It makes me laugh when I think of my former obstinacy to a full belief in spirit-communion, (the writing of letters sent to you desiring tests, which must

be given, or it could not be spirits, etc.) but the pertinacity under which I labored was resolved into a more thorough investigation ere I left the body, and it was (the belief, I mean) a real comfort to me.

It now becomes us to gratify all such curiosity as mine; but as you once told me, it can only be done through peculiarly developed mediums. We work under certain laws—mental, physical, spiritual laws—the subversion of which frustrates the whole thing, and renders us inactive, as well as you. Clairvoyance only now and then finds a fit subject for her work—a perfect one never. All are subject to the same laws, and unless all work in unison, the subject sees not clearly, etc. It is with an impressionable, clairvoyant sense that the medium understands our proximity, and by none other sense whatever. We do not usurp the tenement brain, and drive from it the original possessor and implant our thoughts there, but draw, as it were, all the attractive elements of mind unto our own, and give tone to the presiding genius enabling them to give utterance to that which is within them. They do the writing, speaking, personating, etc., but under our direction, as when the clairvoyant utters thoughts not their own, you would say, because unknown to them before. They do see what they describe, because presented to their enlarged vision; you do know of what you write, speak, etc., because we have informed you.

There is such a thing as a clairvoyant perception of a thing without full clairvoyant power, and every medium possesses this power, in a greater or less degree; therefore some are fitted for one thing, some for another, because one set of faculties become illuminated in one individual, others in another, and the more complete the transparency, the more perfect the clairvoyant power, of course. Therefore, when we come, we seek first to quiet all wandering thoughts and draw the mind within itself; concentrate, as it were, the thoughts, that we may communicate with you; and in order successfully to do this, you must feel that the thoughts given are yours before impartation, else you have but in part received them; as the student, when a lesson solved becomes their own, so these thoughts are yours because you have interiorly adopted them.

This is what we call intuition. An intuitive faculty is one perceived, engrafted, comprehended from the mind of another—a bud of lovely growth, one easily wrought into the fabric mind, improved by cultivation, and one possessed by all, but not perceived by all. You are all intuitive beings, governed by impressions, yet you call it all folly, and believe it not.

Stop a moment. That man is about to attend to his daily duties. He stops and considers, had he better do this and so, reflects a moment, and then follows the decision made. What has he been consulting? His intuitive perceptions. He perceives his duty from his inward consultation, and no longer hesitates. Man is governed and governs by his reasoning faculties, the great master-agent in all that he does. And this it is which ennobles him above the brute.

The brain is a masterpiece of mechanism, more beautiful, as we now behold it, than anything you ever conceived possible, capable of the utmost expansion, or possible of dwindling away into the smallest compass by constant disuse or diseased malformation, (the intellectual department of brain we are speaking of,) capable of the most brilliant illumination, or of issuing the feeblest sparks of flame; ever radiating beautiful scintillations of genius, or debasing itself by low, sensual fires of self. Oh, that you could see yourself as you are—bright, beautiful, beaming over with happiness one moment, and the next showering forth furious sparks of ill will, malice, and all imaginary wrongs to yourself and others. We are in a deep study sometimes to know why we could not perceive the effect every evil passion had upon our manhood once, as we now see it—why we could not then have known it. But here it is that the spiritual life in advance of the natural, or earth-born. We now see and profit by it.

Man is a deep study, and we are continually glean- ing lessons of wisdom from the study. We do profit by past experience, and would not come back to earth, even to lead purer lives there, for in past ignorance we could do no better; but now desire to press onward, and throw all the light we can for you to follow.

The world might, must be better from the reflection of that light, and could you live in daily communion with us, and learn by intuition what little we could impart, you would be wiser, perhaps, by the relation of our experience, even though faintly given. There is a desire in every heart for communion, although many are loth to believe it; but so long as love exists, this must be so. The relations of life call for such demonstration of affection, and could the stricken heart, bereft of friends, see their multiplied attempts to retain a hold still upon those very affections, you would be charmed with even these faulty attempts. Could you see the loved friends, deceased to you, behind the scene adopting various means to become visible to your convictions, you would eagerly lend them every assistance in proving their identity, instead of repelling them by your indifference or callous unbelief. Many spirits are chilled in their first attempt to manifest themselves by the determined resistance of their very best friends, and although not easily repelled—so strong has the desire become on their part to prove their own happy state—still they are often deterred from coming, believing it impossible to convince skeptics, especially when remembering, perhaps, their own determined opposition.

Thus it is with us here as with you. The more liberal-minded usually are the most persevering; those who took the deepest interest on earth in ascertaining the possibility of spirit-recognition, are the most persevering here in bringing about intercommunion. Thus the bitterly opposed of earth, full of bigotry when there, cry out against the uselessness of the thing here, although they, too, would be as glad to manifest themselves as any, but believe the thing impracticable.

Wednesday, 17th.—We would come to you this morning, wishing to show forth some of the reasons why the light, as revealed by spirit-minds, will do the world good. This is a theme much written upon, perhaps; but still, one upon which all have their own individual notions; and an expression of mine may, in some respects, differ from those entertained by another. We all have experiences of our own, and for the bene-

fit of family and friends, our experiences are best. You first interested me deeply in the subject, and fearing you might be injured by the investigation of that which I then had no faith in, I, too, took hold of it, determined to know how far there was truth in it, and to what it tended. The result was, I became a Spiritualist. The natural result you would say. Yes, natural, because the truth was brought out, and all man wants to know, wherever he may be, is the truth. This has been the experience of thousands, prompted to look at the subject from curiosity, perhaps; then wonderment, amazement, conviction as, naturally follow, and the result proves that there is something calling for investigation.

The argument is no longer heard, to the extent it once was, that all is the work of miserable humbugs; but minds of the deepest research, greatest scientific acquirements, purest and loftiest intellects have given it their attention and decided approval; and the time has come when such opinions as these will be respected, and shall no longer ascribed to them; although, for a time, they, too, were a poor deluded set, over-credulous victims of the devil, etc.

The cry of humbug, temerology, are fast passing away, and the honest mind may investigate without these bugbears of opinion to take away caste and make men afraid to openly avow opinion. Circles once held in private, may now circulate thoughts freely, and lose not caste by doing so.

The investigation of a truth is always beneficial. And can there be any among you who do not care to know the truth as regards this very thing?—the actual coming back to your homes and hearts, of myself? One thing is certain, you believe me no longer of earth, because I always inform you of my whereabouts; and why should I not endeavor still to do the same, unless my whole nature be changed, and I no longer love my relatives? It would be the most natural desire of the heart for one, especially leaving as I did, suddenly, away from all family ties, and fresh in my mind the interesting inquiry, Can and do spirits come back to earth? I come, and some of you fully believe it to be me; others want to have faith, but find it hard to acknowledge, even to themselves; while others are scarce conscious of the existence of any faith in the matter at all. But there is a lurking approval of the thing in you all, and I have faith that my coming here in the very manner I do, has, in a measure, strengthened faith with you all. You were interested, and that is the first step toward belief, the most necessary step of all.

Uncle Henry has a work to do in many families, and he comes to you more frequently than ever before, and he never visits you without the satisfaction of knowing that he has dropped some thought, produced some impression upon your minds.

This is exceedingly gratifying to me, and each coming, I hope, may be more convincing to you. It rests wholly with yourselves whether this be so or not. Should my presence be desired among you, then I am there; if at all unsatisfactory from fear, prejudice, or other motive, then I absent myself altogether.

There are reasons why I cannot manifest with clearness to you all, as I would desire. Some of you know not the simplest rules of spirit-intercourse, and, do what I might, I should not be understood; but, nevertheless, I can come and speak to your imaginations without producing any visible manifestation.

The light which has entered the world—the coming back of friends—has its advantages over all other revelations ever made to man. It has opened a new channel whereby thought may enter in and enlarge understanding.

True, spirits have always come back, and occasionally manifested themselves, but not with the facility of present intercourse; because the world has never before been prepared to receive them. Mind has undergone a change—a remarkable change—and is more ready to make innovation on religious creeds and private opinions now than in times past.

It is an age of toleration, and inducements are held out by this change in man, never before seen. A freedom of expression, of action, is everywhere visible; and this will do more toward encouraging our coming than any other thing—the chief resistance having always been on the part of humanity.

There is a struggle going on in our hearts—an unconscious one almost—for that intellectual freedom of thought and action befitting the true child of reason; an arbitrary standard of prejudice slowly giving way to more simple rules of nature and of light. The standard by which you work is education; and as you have been reared, or interiorly educated yourselves, so are you the standard of your reason attained by yourselves. We do form our own characters by surrounding circumstances fully, but according to the bent of our own minds. For instance, we, in a measure, control these circumstances; for one among us, according to our own desires, settles down quietly in the home, always at home attending to home duties, and receives the bent of his mind from his occupation, place of residence, etc., because he chooses such manner of life. Another, partly from necessity, perhaps, but more from natural inclination, becomes an exile from the land of his birth, and claims no home, but all places are home to him, and his natural disposition becomes estranged from what it once loved, and he forms anew, as it were, his character; yet he was developed by surrounding circumstances. This is what is termed his surroundings, and an argument brought up by many that man cannot control circumstances.

In the end we cannot—that is, we cannot prevent the natural course of things; but I do believe that I might have led a very different life, have sought other occupation, given an entirely different impetus to life, thus molding my character into quite a different man. I am no advocate for the doctrine that what is must be, because I do not see the soundness of such doctrine; but I do believe a mother's love will do more for the child than any established faith whatever. There is a confidence in man, in himself, and this very confidence should be strengthened, and it will assist in establishing his moral character. He is a creature of habit, and draws upon all these surrounding circumstances for nutriment to build up and sustain character. Thus it is with us as well as you. We draw our vitality from elements about us, convert and reconvert our moral and intellectual natures by association.

Thus, when we find a man morally degraded, those

taking an interest in him here, strengthen within him all pure purposes, and by kindness and leniency, thaw out the rigid exterior and internally promote within him a lasting desire for real virtue. Now the good seed is at work, and he is a better man. This is the true secret of all virtue, not the cold conventionalities of custom, time, long-established usages, but an in-born desire to do right.

We have studied man as he now is, and what he is to be. This is a branch of study more interesting, perhaps, than all others, and as I am now writing for the benefit of those who would take no pains to read words from another, I feel like enlarging upon these topics and give you the benefit of my thoughts.

There is a halo of light encircling each soul among you, and according to the brightness of that light do we come to you. That light is the sensitiveness of nervous fluid encircling brain, and in some individuals extends much further than with others. This is very delicate and susceptible of impression; and according to its susceptibility, do we come and communicate. And in whatever portion of the brain this nervous fluid is capable of the greatest tension, do we collect our magnetic forces.

Thus, one sees, because each is impressed into that condition, from nerves of vision being so delicately attuned, others write the intellectual; being capable of receiving in greater quantities the inspirational element, or speech, much the same thing, slightly different, one step in advance, and so on. It is capable of attainment also, for the more intellectual man becomes, the finer the elements of brain; and as gradual change is constantly going on in all parts of the body, the most obtuse intellect may cultivate itself into the requisite condition, so that the impressionable state is not denied any.

The greatest intellects of the world were once altogether unlettered; so the finest organization may become more exalted in its impressions through contact with the spiritual world.

The nerve vital fluid pervades every portion of brain—exists to a greater extent with some individuals than with others, and in an exact ratio with that element do we control the will or mind of another. This is what constitutes impression.

A residence of but two years in my new home has unfolded more themes of interest than a whole lifetime in the body. And were it not so hard to impress you, I would call to your attention many interesting subjects. Most content myself with a simple outline, knowing full well that further attempt would be quite useless. Perhaps it is as well. Mere Philosophy sways many minds now, and subjects, abstract in themselves, cannot do the world that good that matter-of-fact certainties, which all may comprehend, will.

The fundamental doctrine of the Spiritualist will bless the world, but vain speculations through little light upon the true destiny of man. Embrace only that which appears reasonable, founded upon common sense whether it come from mind in the body or out of it. There is much idle speculation in the world, profitless, perhaps, except to the individual concerned, and a necessary element of character with them, because captivated to their natural inclination or bent of mind. The individual requires suitable nutriment to the formation of mind, and all cannot digest the same articles of food, either bodily or mentally.

We come and impress; you almost feel convinced there is something in it; and then, when we are called away to attend to other duties, skepticism again creeps in.

This is the experience of the multitude, and I do not expect it to be otherwise with you. Yet I would have you convinced, as it would be a double gratification to me in coming, to have my friends receive me as I am. There is no difference in the manner of my coming as regards my own feelings now, than when I wrote to you respectively from my home in Bermuda, save the different means employed to produce the writing. True, I cannot always give the same expression of ideas in writing through another, as though no other agency was at work than my own self; but enough can be given, and already has, to produce conviction in some minds, and I feel that I have done my mite in the spiritual welfare of many. I have shared with you many doubts and fruitless endeavors for a time, to understand why and how these things were done, and had my skepticism only removed by coming in contact with certain minds in whom I had confidence, and saw no design on their part to humbug or play the part of impostor, and I became convinced; and I believe all may do the same, provided they enter the field with candid inquiry.

Friends, brothers, sisters, there is a motive in coming to you at this time I never felt before. The earth life has produced no such incentive. The writing of letters was always pleasant work for me; but now, notwithstanding all difficulties, all imperfections, it has a sacredness in my eyes which will not permit of foolishness. I feel as though I wanted to talk of serious things—matters which will help enlighten your minds, give place to earnest thoughts, and an interior desire to understand truths.

I came to my new life without pain of body, but not without anxious, solicitous thoughts, as to whether I should be safely carried through the vale of death and awaken again into being. The suddenness of the near prospect of death staring me in the face with an almost absolute certainty, gave me but little time for reflection, yet it came with redoubled dread upon me; and had it not been for previous faith in spirit-communion, it seems as though my distress of mind would have been greater than I could have borne; that the mind must have yielded to despair, for it was a fearful sight. But thanks to God, I felt an inward trust which silenced doubts and misgivings, and encouraged hope, and enabled blessed spirit influences to come creeping through my soul, and I was sustained through the mortal agony—fear.

I leaned upon the arm of spiritual faith and was saved, and this may be the consoling support of all. My love of life was strong, and fear of death naturally stronger, than with many individuals, but my confidence in the world of spirits also stronger, when once a convert; and I would see each one of you seeking to place your faith upon the same foundation, that when we gather about you, to receive your new-born spirit, we can encircle you with the arms of love, sustain your drooping head upon our bosom, and sweetly close your eyes upon earthly friends, to open them upon fresher scenes in Paradise.

We want to come home to the individual heart and breathe out our happiness there, and mentally fit you, one and all, for our reception. But we find thick clouds enveloping many minds, some of denser material than others. One is blinded by superstition, and dreads our approach, lest we frighten them by too close a resemblance to our former self; while others clothe us with the morbid, visionary speculations of childhood's ghostly tales, and cannot recall as actually returning in other garbs than those. Some among you do not want us to come, because they do not want to disturb us. This is the most laughable of all—the idea of our being in that perfect state of rest that the love of kindred should disturb our peaceful reflections! Oh! the vagaries of the human mind that should forever wish to shut us out from all recollection of scenes which once animated us to action, that all former motive, desire, love, should be hushed within us, and we no longer be permitted to come and acquaint you with our present home and present means of enjoyment! It is a ridiculous fancy, not worthy a moment's credence.

Another class do not believe we are alive at all; that is, we are in a sort of torpid, unconscious state, from which we cannot be roused until the judgment day. This would be the most sensible belief, to consign us to that perfectly oblivious state of popular orthodoxy, if not allowed the pleasure of mingling among loved scenes and former affections until all were to become residents of the new resurrection body. To all such the only argument we can bring is, to consult your reasoning powers; seek to know what foundation Spiritualists have for their difference of opinion.

I would like to inform you more perfectly what the spirit-man is, and why we use the term "spirit" when speaking of ourselves. We are the embryo of our former self, the interior self emerged into being. Thought, mind, soul, or whatever you may choose to call it, withdrawn from one habitation-body to be infolded within a more delicate, finer and far more beautiful organization, one already forming within the natural body, and which is there called the spiritual nature. This nature or body—for it is a body—has been constantly forming from our earliest infancy, and is strengthened by every motive, thought, desire, within us, even as the exterior is supported and nourished by every element surrounding us.

It is as necessary that the one receive support as the other, for the expansion of the one depends much upon the other. An undue growth of the one withdraws from the other; and in order that both proceed upon the journey of life together, an equilibrium must be preserved between the two, else there will be constant conflicts, one gaining the mastery one moment; the other the next. This causes all contrariety of disposition. The individual becomes fitful, capricious, irritable sometimes to the last degree, and, should the union remain unbroken, the patient lives a miserable life. Harmony between the two produces the opposite result, &c.

Health of mind affects health of body, you readily see; and the truly healthy state produces happiness. The spirit-man becomes slowly unfolded, and in due time wears out the exterior and becomes slowly emerged from its earthly dwelling-place in natural leave-taking, and produces not a struggle when it departs on its new mission—life in another sphere, among new surroundings, &c. The spirit-man, when thus unfolded, is a beautiful sight to behold; the halo encircling every part of his new body in its perfected condition being dazzlingly bright.

The spirit-man now starts upon its new life, and finds itself the same individual precisely that it was before, only in its adaptedness for a finer element, more susceptible to all sensation, all of its capacities for enjoyment greatly heightened, an increased perception given enabling him to a better insight into all hidden mystery, which now become matter-of-fact certainties, natural laws, &c., and a facility of thought and expression, as well as of locomotion, not before his. We receive, as it were, a more healthy mind and body, one which comprehends more—all of the obstacles to its free expansion removed. We do not realize all of this at first, but gradually. Great changes seldom move rapidly, but slowly, steadily, and we do not behold all of our advantages, but each day yields us some new enjoyment.

We speak of the new birth as the birth of spirit; and so it is, for in its formation-body it is not an individualized essence, but, performing all its duties dependent upon body, cannot act irrespective of that; the chief agent in its minority, early education, &c. But when the engagement has terminated, dissolution taken place, the same laws are no longer binding; the conditions have changed. The spirit-man becomes the sole proprietor, and disclaims all assistance from his former master, which withers and dies, being no longer supported. Thus you see it is the spirit within which gives vitality, not the body that supports the spirit. The tenant then becomes lord and master, disposes of its worn out clay, and manufactures for itself a better and more abiding home of and within itself. This is most beautifully typified in the illustration so often commented upon—the caterpillar and butterfly. It needs not repetition here, but you can recall it to memory and see the resemblance. Nothing better illustrates it, because all that is now butterfly was once caterpillar; and all that is now spirit was once man. The analogy is perfect; but all that was man is not now spirit, because the grosser particles lie buried out of sight, as the old carcass caterpillar was laid aside when the beautiful insect soared away to its native element.

The word spirit is suggestive, with some minds, with numberless horrors, ghostly countenances, &c., and leaves a very unpleasant memory with most people; consequently the thought of seeing a spirit is enough to scare one out of their senses almost. This is all wrong, pitifully wrong. It has deterred spirits from returning, in all generations, and will doubtless deter many now, so strong a hold has imagination upon you. In fact, it obstructs our coming, for it is really almost impossible for one to behold us as we are, while in the terrified state; hence the sudden disappearance, so often told about, when one has chance to see a spirit. It is only in the most perfect state of passivity that we can come and picture ourselves to the imagination; then not to all individuals. We would leave out the word spirit altogether in our writings, conveying, as it does, such imaginary terrors, were there any other word which would convey the same meaning; but association with the dreaded foe in time will, we trust

convey a different meaning. Spirit seems to be the only embodied word now extant which, to the public, seems to be so readily understood, so we speak of ourselves as your spirit-brother, being no longer of the body.

How common the expression, He is a spirit now. Truthful in itself, yet it does not always convey the right meaning to our comprehension. True, we are spirits now, but so are you; you all possess the same spirit now that you will hereafter, but not in so glorified a manner. Thought is spirit; you think now, but not with that perfect understanding that will be yours. You see now with the same spirit, but not with that clearness of perception you may; hear, but not with our ears; feel, but not with unclouded senses such as ours. Here is the difference. You have all the attributes of spirit, but not fully unfolded to that perfect fruition of the spirit-man. Spirit, thought, sensation, life, man, are all one and the same thing. We are spirit—you are spirit. Why then shrink from us more than you would from one another?

We trust the time will come when the atmosphere of educational prejudice will die away, and the world no longer shrink from an occasional intercourse with friends who have vacated the earthly tenement, that when the opportunity offers we may present ourselves just as we are, and be gladly received by the returning smile. It is hardly possible for me to believe that we can ever come only under the most favorable circumstances and make ourselves distinctly visible to any, and only now and then. To most persons we certainly could not, because all must be somewhat clairvoyant with enlargement of spiritual vision. We act upon interior spirit vision when we are seen, not upon the natural eye, and so of all the senses. The perceptive faculties are slightly entranced in order that impressions may flow, and this it is which prevents a flow of ideas when you cannot write; we cannot clear away all obstructions and illuminate sufficiently. At such times there is apt to be a mixture of your activity of mind mingled with our own, and not perfect impression. This is too often the case. Healthful activity of mind we can more easily displace than a morbid desire lingering about, constantly intruding itself.

You understand how this is, my sister; and when we speak of difficulties to be overcome, this is one of the most important. It is only now and then that we find you in that perfect state which enables us to come with power of expression. Deep thought can only be clearly given when the mind plays freely, the brain unclogged, working with energy, ready to digest thought even as the stomach is ever more ready for active service after a meal has been well digested. Mind becomes more and more expansive by active use, and can do a greater amount of work when in daily performance of duty. This is a natural law; and as we are all governed by law in every department of life, we come to you at stated intervals, and succeed better in writing when doing so. Thus it is. An occasional thought of spirit-land and its inhabitants fits not the mind for an habitual intercourse with them, but the renewed desire of the heart for spiritual things prepares the soul for the investigation of those things.

I would like to give you a clearer insight into my daily life if I could. But how could I begin? I must first entrance and take my sister with me to my new home, and that I cannot do; and were I to take her there I could not explain to her what she saw. I can only give faint outlines, as I am able now to impress them. There are limits to one's capacity, beyond which they can go no further. It would not be well if I could; it would serve greatly to draw the spirit unto me, and thus add to our happiness, but withhold that support from the earthly frame so necessary to its well being, and ultimately deprive you of her society.

Dolly Ann, your little one is here with me now, and asks Uncle Henry to describe her to her mother. She favors you more than the father, yet is like you both. She stands by your side now, and watches with eagerness to see the impression of these lines given. Says, "Tell her how I look, Uncle Henry." She is fragile, but perfectly healthy looking; not tall, but slender and delicate; mild blue eyes, light curly hair, very pretty, with happiness depicted in every feature, at this moment especially, while listening to Uncle Henry's description. Has a warm, affectionate disposition, and loves father and mother, as an only child should.

She has been reared by the hand of love, and taught to know and love you both as her parents, although truly a child of heaven.

And perhaps it would be well here to state that little children born thus unto the spiritual kingdom, are eagerly sought after by the parental heart, and no solicitation is necessary here, for many there are who earnestly desire the care of all such, and deem it one of their greatest pleasures; and to such they are given.

The mother of your little one you have never known during her earth life, but to you she will be known as a very dear friend when you meet her here.

She loves you as the parent of her child, and the little, golden-haired one loves you both. She clings to you both now, one hand in yours, the other in that of her spirit-mother.

The beautiful babe, when she first received it, so she tells me, was her all. She too had a little one, but it still lingered on earth, while she departed that life, and the constant longing for that child was soothed by the care of your little one, and she was strengthened and sustained, by doing for yours what she desired to do for her own.

Nettle tells me the name given by you has been retained by her mother here, as the one you would love to know her by, though I am privileged to call her by the one her mother ought to have given her, her own.

"Uncle Henry is willful," she says, "and likes to have his own way, but she don't care, so long as it pleases him."

She is a merry, happy, laughing creature, and is one of my pets. Will this description do? She says, "Tell her one thing more; that I do come to see her very often, and nothing makes me so happy as to know that she understands it and loves to have me come, for so many little children are never thought of by their parents as growing up and becoming men and women in the spirit-world, because they die so young."

And now, hand in hand, they go away, mother and child. Dolly Ann, she is a precious child, and you may cling to the thought that she is yours, for it is a precious, beautiful thought, and would make the world better to know that their loved ones could come to them and kiss the tears of sorrow away, cheer up the drooping heart, and make the loved one look up with the welcome smile of recognition. Your little one, now almost grown to woman's estate, is still the bright personification of childhood, and by her winning ways would weave a chord of love about your souls which would ultimately lead you on to joy and peace. Speak of her then, as your child; it will do you good to think of her thus; and she does and will come to you oftener now than ever before, for she begins to think you are better acquainted with each other, and you not only add to your happiness, but here also. She has gained an impress to your heart, and can impress you very readily now.

Uncle Joseph is here, and says, "You are really talking to Dolly Ann; and can you make her understand anything? It seemed like all idle talk to me once, but it is a glorious thing, if you can only make people believe it." The incredulous will be incredulous still.

Persons coming here with a belief that there should be no converse between the natural and spiritual worlds, are not so easily convinced of the practicability

of the thing, even when they behold it with their own eyes, as almost any other class of people, so long does it take to clear away all prejudices—are not willing to take the necessary steps to produce like impressions have no faith in their own powers. Thus with Uncle Joseph; he could scarce be made to believe that he could produce the same impression upon the mind of one of his family, that he has seen me produce upon your mind. Perhaps he could not until after repeated failures, and these very failures would weaken his perseverance. Therefore all spirit-born do not come and make the attempt of themselves.

Uncle Joseph might be tempted to try his power of will with you, by my assistance, but not as readily with one of his own family.

A mild and gentle influence comes hovering around you just now, all is so peaceful and harmonizing. I will help you give expression to it. It is the gentle presence of our dear mother. She has come, and says: "Henry, let me suggest a few thoughts this morning. I would say to my dear daughter that the world is full of happiness to those who know how to appreciate and understand it. It rests with the individual, whether or not we call the beauties as they pass, or only wound our fingers with the thorns encircling them. Life is made up of flowers, beautiful, never-dying flowers, but bear upon the same shrub among thorns, which may wound, without a knowledge of the way in which we gather and make them ours.

There are bright and blissful moments in the life of every one; also deep and trying sorrows; but of both life consists, and we must prepare ourselves for both. The trials of life not only purify but strengthen, and are a necessary attendant; none can forego them. I have come this morning to say but a few words, and these few are applicable to all my dear children. Forget not your mother who has never forgotten you. And here comes Ann, my grand-daughter, who has a word to utter in her own name, and I will leave."

"Strangely beautiful seems to me this manner of conversing with our dear friends, and I never yet have come without wondering why you do not all treasure it as the highest boon yet given to man."

"Oh! that you could all believe! How beautiful would life seem to you, and how satisfied with the decrees of our Heavenly Father you would all be. Pa, George, Charles, have faith, implicit faith in the coming back of us your children and our darling ma to your hearts, for we do come, and have never ceased to come, and never will.

"The holy communing of our hearts with yours is the work of Infinite Love, and only needs your hearty welcome to draw us often there, and, pa, we rejoice to know that we can rouse up within you the tenderest emotions, whenever we come and encircle our arms of love about you, as no one else among you has ever received us. Caroline responds to what I say, and ma, our beloved ma, says, 'Love one another, as we love you all.'"

Father is here and says, "Shall I say a word, Henry? Children, wife, I too am here, and desire with the rest, to add something to the general interest of the communication, gotten up by Henry, who works indefatigably in the good cause. Were I of earth, I would say to you all, believe nothing without evidence. Credit not all you hear because you have people's hearsay for it. It makes man no better to believe a thing, unless his reason pronounces it to be the truth; and until you be convinced that we do come and individually preach these things to your understanding, believe not a word of it. This is my advice, follow it."

"CLARE WHITTEMORE."

And now my dear friends, we have written a very lengthy communication, and it is not probable that we shall write again for a long time.

Try to have faith, because it will purify every emotion of your souls if you can but become earnest, heartfelt, truthful believers. And now that I must cease writing, I would say that you may expect me in each one of your home circles; and permit me to retain a warm hold upon your memory.

Love to all and kind wishes. Your affectionate brother,

H. WHITTEMORE.

Written for the Banner of Light.

LIFE'S COMPENSATIONS.

BY CORA WILKINSON.

For me no mother smiles; no father's hand
Caresses the oft weary, throbbing brow.
They are bright dwellers of the spirit-land,
I, 'mid a world of anarchy and woe,
A restless pilgrim wander; mine the gloom,
The toll-worn watcher's solitary doom!

Mine are no gifts of fortune or of fame;
No dear home-shelter by the hymning sea;
No loved, familiar voices breathe my name,
No kindred spirit longs and waits for me,
Over my lonely path, dark phantoms glide,
With me the haunting forms of Care abide.

Such were my plights of life, did not my soul
Strong in its fervent faith and deathless love,
Know that beneath its wisdom's sage control
All sorrow is commissioned from above;
That Discipline, strange, wayward guest that seems,
Brings the fulfillment of life's choicest dreams.

For me there beams Friendship's divinest smiles;
Fraternal hand clasps greet me by the way;
Rare, transient glimpses of the Upper Realm;
And shrines refulgent of immortal day
Enwrap my soul, expectant of release,
With the bright promise of Eternal Peace.

Along my path the summer roses blow,
The music-winds bear messages divine;
Angelic visitants go to and fro,
In the fair Soul-land that is wholly mine.
There, home and love and plenty are mine own,
I wield a sceptre, and I share a throne!

My mother smiles, and holds me to her breast,
As in the long past happy days of yore;
I find my solitary, life-long quest
Attained upon Resurrection's shore.
My father, old in wisdom's kindly guise,
Instructs me to be pure, and strong, and wise.

And Earth has daily lessons; duties sweet
As Spring-time blossoms to the loving heart;
Work for the willing hands and eager feet,
That seek and find the thronging worldly mart
To do the Will of the Great Soul above,
The Father-Care and Mother-Heart of Love!

There is no time for weak, repining tears
Of selfish sorrow, while the millions cry
Aid in depths of agonizing fears,
Unto the dread and unknown God on high!
While woman, fallen from her high estate,
Wanders unheeded past the saving gate.

While little children, urged by pain and cold,
By potent hunger's gnawing pang within,
Lose of the magic, heartless way of gold,
And tread the alluring paths of beckoning sin—
There is no time for thought of self, or care,
While human brothers grovel in despair!

Grand are thy compensations, life and toil!
Mighty the watchword of the brave and free!
For Time shall bear aloft no record spoil,
Naught save the gains of immortality.
The treasure-stores of heart and mind shall prove
Worthy the crowning of Eternal Love.

And every burden that the soul must bear,
Is lightened by submission's pure intent;
Every trial pangs the signet wear
Of calm acceptance to the glory sent;
Enshrouded to our mortal sight awhile,
Yet radiant with our Father's holy smile!

Thus from my soul's depths I rejoice and sing;
Secure of full fruition when the veil
Of earthly imperfection I shall fling
Alike forever; when the morning wall
Shall change to triumph songs for all the world,
The starry flag of Peace be o'er the earth unfurled.

The art of preparing liquors is the greatest curse
ever inflicted on humanity.—Dr. Paris.

Children's Department.

EDITED BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

ADDRESS 140 WEST 21st STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

"We think not that we daily see
About our hearts, angels that are to be,
They may be if they will, and we pray
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."
[LION HUNT.]

WILLIE'S TEMPTATION.

Willie Eames had often repeated after his mother's gentle voice the words, "Lead us not into temptation," but he did not fully understand what it meant to be tempted or delivered from evil, for he had been gently and tenderly cared for by a loving mother all his days, and now that he had become a lad, he felt quite secure in his power of doing right at all times. He had listened to the counsels of his mother, and at school he had a teacher that he loved and respected very much, and who ever sought to make him desire to act nobly and honorably at all times.

One morning, as Willie was on his way to school, whistling merrily the tune Dixie, he saw just before him on the sidewalk a gold pencil case. He picked it up and looked around to see if there was an owner near. There was no one to be seen for some distance behind him, or before going the way he was, and of course it did not belong to those he was to meet. A gold pencil-case was just the thing he wanted more than anything else; his silver one had become worn, and had a broken rivet; his gutta-percha one had lost its fresh look, and he had for some weeks been thinking how very pleasant it would be to have a fine gold one, as so many of his companions had.

He had thought that perhaps at Christmas, or New Year, he should receive one as a gift, but as he was not sure, the finding of this one seemed a great blessing. As he had started early for school, he had time to run back and announce his great, good luck to his mother.

"See here, mother, see what I gained by starting early for school, this beautiful pencil case! It is of the finest gold, and see how smoothly it works; you know that I wanted one more than all else, and does it not seem as if a good angel had supplied me? You see, if you had bought one perhaps you'd have had to sacrifice something you really needed, or else have worked all the harder on the machine, but now I have it without labor or cost."

"It is really a beautiful case, Willie; but did you think that perhaps the one that misses it feels quite as sad about it as you do merry?"

"Oh, most likely it belongs to some rich man up town, who will go directly and buy another; and then you know if it must be lost, it was best for one to find it who really needed it."

"But, Willie, suppose it was the gift to the owner of some dear friend, who may be far away, or perhaps dead, and nothing of its kind could be so precious. You of course will advertise it?"

"Why, yes," said Willie, slowly, "I suppose I shall; but I haven't time to write a notice now."

"Where did you find it?"

"Oh, just on the corner of the Avenue and Tenth street."

"Well, Willie, write a plain notice, and put it up on the corner as you come home from school."

This conversation made Willie a little late at school, but he took his place quietly and began his lessons; but he found he could not study well; there began in his mind a great struggle between the fear lest some one should claim his treasure, and the desire to have it restored to its owner. He knew that he ought to take every means in his power to find the one who lost the case, and yet he kept indulging in the thought that perhaps he should not be able to ascertain correctly to whom it belonged, and possibly there might be some mistake made about it, some one claiming it to whom it did not belong.

He got on very poorly with his lessons, and missed some very simple questions in his recitations, so that his teacher looked at him with surprise and trouble; but in the course of the morning he found opportunity to write his notice. On his way home he avoided the other boys, and he had left the school-room without the cheerful word of his teacher.

When he came to the corner where he was to place his notice, he hesitated what to do; he knew well enough if he placed it on the Avenue it would be seen by many more than on Tenth street, and he had good reason to believe that the owner was passing on the Avenue, but he tried to make himself believe that he was doing right by placing it round the corner.

"It is just as likely," said he to himself, "that the one who lost it was passing this way."

Now he very well knew that it was not, but a great temptation was springing up in his mind. He was tempted to conceal the finding of the pencil case the owner should claim it.

When he reached home his mother's first question was about his notice.

"And are you sure, Willie, that you wrote it in large, plain letters?" she said, "for you know that it is just the same as stealing to keep what is not your own, if you can find the owner."

"Of course, mother, I shall do all I can to find to whom the pencil belongs."

But Willie did not say this pleasantly, but half-patiently, so soon does a wrong thought poison the whole mind.

Several days passed and no one called for the pencil-case who could identify it, and Willie began to be quite sure it was his; but as yet he had not shown it to any of his school-mates. Perhaps he thought that they would be likely to find an owner, or that they would not think quite as well of him for using one that had belonged to another, as if it had been given him; so he resolved to keep it concealed until after Christmas, and then, though he would not tell a lie about it, every one would think that it was a Christmas gift.

But this concealment took away all his happiness. He felt that there was something wrong in his feeling, and the moment he touched it in his pocket his heart became sad. He gave up all the plays with the boys; he hurried away from his teacher, and even his mother's voice seemed harsh to him. If he went down town, he noticed every slip of paper on door and window, thinking of the notice he had put up; if he saw a gentleman with an earnest face, he imagined he suspected him of having the pencil; in fact, everything reminded him of the wrong he was trying to do.

Finally a week had past, a week of real unhappiness, for he had lost his high standing at school, because his mind was on the pencil more than on his books; he had lost many a fine play with the boys, and many a social chat with his teacher, and he had failed to be the joy of his mother's heart.

He entered school this day very different from the gay boy of a week before. He sat at his desk moody and indifferent; his books lay before him but he did not care to open them. It was dark and dismal day, and Willie sat looking at the clouds as they trooped past the window.

"Why am I so unhappy?" said he to himself. "Have I done wrong? Have I injured any one? No; and yet have I done right? Am I not acting a lie? and am I not really a thief? Oh, if some dear friend would tell me how to do right! I don't care for the pencil, but now I am ashamed to let any one know I have it. I have kept it so long. I wish I had never found it. I hate to know that I have it. Oh, if I did know what to do I would do it."

It is true that a good desire is a prayer, and such prayers are almost always answered. Willie felt happier the moment he wished to do right, and it seemed to him as if something spoke to his heart saying, "We will deliver thee from evil."

Just then a gleam of sunshine lighted up the room. It seemed to him an omen of good. "I am resolved not to keep the pencil, he thought; who ever it be longs to it is not mine, and I will not have it."

When school was closed, Mr. Blake, the teacher, asked the boys to remain a few moments. He said it was the last day of school before the holiday vacation, and that he had been greatly gratified at finding on the desk that morning a beautiful gift from the members of his school. It was a handsome gold pencil-case, that was to take the place of the one he lost a week ago, and that had not been found. He added, "the names of most of the scholars are on this list of contributors, and I know very well that those who did not contribute had some good reason for it, therefore I take it as a unanimous expression of the love of my beloved scholars."

Oh, how the blood mantled into Willie's cheek! Could it be Mr. Blake's pencil that he had found? And had he avoided the boys so that they thought him too mean to give something toward a Christmas gift to the teacher? And what could he do? If he arose and spoke now, telling what he had done, all the boys would know of his shame. He had reason to believe that Mr. Blake had mentioned his loss that very morning that he found the pencil, and as he was late he had not heard him. If he had told the boys at the time all would have been right; but could he publish his shame now? They would all think him a coward and a thief. There was no time to be lost, Mr. Blake was about dismissing the school. "I will do right let what will come!" said Willie.

He rose in his seat, and the school was so quiet that a pin's fall could have been heard.

"My name is not on that list," said Willie.

"I missed it," said Mr. Blake; "but I felt so sure of your love that I framed some good reason for missing it."

Another boy arose.

"Willie would give us no chance to ask him," said he.

"But Willie had a good reason for not signing his name, I am sure," said Mr. Blake, "and since it has been spoken of perhaps he will feel better to mention it."

"I have a reason," said Willie, "but I did not know of the paper or the gift; but I found, a week ago, a pencil, perhaps it is yours; it was just such a one as I wanted and could not have. I put up a notice of it, but put it where the owner would not be likely to see it, I am afraid, and I did not tell the boys of it because I wished it to appear to be a Christmas present; but I am ashamed of what I have done, and I say so before you all, and if you believe I am an honest boy now, I want you never to mention the finding of that pencil to me."

There was silence for a moment, and then the boys raised a cheer for Willie. "He's done right; hurrah for Willie! Let him be called Honest Willie! Hurrah for pluck! hurrah for the boy that was not afraid to tell! hurrah for gold pencils! hurrah for Willie Eames!"

At a motion from the teacher all were silent.

"This is a lesson for us all. He who overcomes a temptation is better than the conqueror of a kingdom. We must all be tempted at times to do wrong, but, if we overcome, the reward comes into our own spirits, and we are heroes forever after. School is dismissed."

Willie went up to Mr. Blake, and bravely took out the pencil; it proved to be the one he had lost.

"I am glad, sir, it is yours, and when you see it, I hope you'll think I mean to be an honest boy."

Oh, what a load was off Willie's heart! He was like another boy. His schoolmates flocked around him to tell him of their plans for the holidays, and he was admitted into all the arrangements most readily. "We are to go to the Park one day," said one. "And we want you over on the Jersey side one day," said another. "And I am to have a party," said another. It was as if he had returned from a journey.

When he reached home and told his mother of all that had passed, her heart was proud and thankful. She was proud that her boy was strong enough to do right, and thankful that he had at last triumphed over temptation.

The evening before Christmas had come. Willie was preparing himself for a sleigh-ride that Mr. Blake had arranged for his scholars, when his mother called him to announce that a package had been left for him. He opened it and found a beautiful gold pencil case and the following note:

"Will Willie Eames take this pencil, that was purchased for Mr. Blake, as a testimony from him and all his scholars that they honor his courage in speaking the truth and his strength in overcoming temptation." On one side was engraved "Honesty;" on the other, "Deliver us from evil."

It is not necessary to add that the lesson was one for life, and that Willie Eames, the honest boy, became Mr. Eames, the honest merchant.

"I WILL NOT FEAR."

MABEL'S GOOD-NIGHT SONG.

I will not fear; for round my life
The life of heaven doth flow;
I will not fear; some gentle care
Protects me, where'er I go.

When night's dark shades are over me
I will not shrink or cry,
For well I know that in the dark
Bright angels watch on high.

I will not fear when I am ill,
For I do I know
That to a blessed home above
My spirit glad will go.

I will not fear that I shall want
For home, or clothes, or bread,
For there's a care that watches me,
And knows the way I tread.

I will not fear for cold or heat,
For storm, or cloud, or sun,
For God keeps all things in their place,
And nothing wrong is done.

I will not fear, for if I trust
That tender care above,
It will bless all things, good and ill—
That tender heavenly love.

Thus little Mabel softly sang,
Wrapt in her snowy gown,
As, waiting for the good-night kiss,
To sleep she laid her down.

And tender angel care did keep
The trusting, loving child,
At noon and night, at sunset's hour,
And when the morning smiled.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA IN OUR LAST—"Try, try again."

When an un instructed multitude attempts to see with its eyes, it is exceedingly apt to be deceived. When, however, it forms its judgment, as it usually does, on the institutions of its great and warm heart, the conclusions thus attained are often so profound and so unerring as to possess the character of truths supernaturally revealed.

For the Banner of Light.

TO MY BELOVED MOTHER.

[The following poem was written by the hand of a somnitrance medium, a short time since, for Mrs. Daniel Farrar, of this city, from "her long unseen but not absent son, George," who passed to the spirit-world several years ago.]

In other worlds afar
Shines many a brilliant star
Unseen by mortal eye;
And in that world supreme
I'll weave a golden dream
Around thy destiny.

Mother, thy darling boy,
Who gave thee grief and joy,
Now lives above,
Where from earth's world's unrest,
He was a welcome guest,
In courts of love.

Let thy blest faith impart
A gladness to thy heart,
And mourn no more;
For thou shalt see me stand
Amid a glorious band
On the immortal shore.

And thou shalt see my home,
Where angels often come,
A palace fair,
A tower of sweet repose—
And when thine eyelids close
I'll lead thee there.

And then thy head shall rest
Upon my faithful breast,
My mother dear,
And little ones shall come—
Thou'lt know them in thy home—
Thy children fair.

Then down the golden street
Of Paradise thou'lt meet
Many a long lost friend,
And to their mansions bright
They'll lead thee with delight
That knows no end.

Welcomed with songs of love,
That thou art placed above
All earthly care,
Above all doubts and fears,
Above all griefs and tears,
Above despair.

The brave, the true, the free,
Thy spirit eyes shall see
In garden-fair,
And see, without disguise,
Thy guardian in the skies,
His power and care.

His power and truth and love
Have ruled thy soul above
All earthly dream;
And by thy side he waits,
To open the golden gates
Of joys supreme.

Mother, in heavenly home,
Beneath God's mighty dome,
I bend my knee,
Bow down my spirit's head,
Ask Christ for heavenly bread,
To bring thee to.

Fear not—"It is always given,
Sent down from highest heaven
To those who pray
To God's most holy Son,
The true and faithful One,
Who guides our way.

Farewell! let praise be given
To him who rules the heaven
With perfect love;
Farewell! but not forever—
Beyond the silent river
We'll meet above.

From the London Spiritual Magazine for February.

Persecution and Expulsion from his Patrimonial House of M. Joller, late Member of the Swiss National Council, by Disorderly Spirits.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

In this Third Volume of this Magazine, p. 499, the reader will find an article headed "Manifestations at Lucerne." This article consists of extracts from different Swiss newspapers, especially from those of Lucerne, giving an account of the extraordinary appearances, noises, and other anomalies going on, from the autumn of 1860 to the autumn of 1862, in the house of M. Joller, at Stans, a village on the borders of the Lake of Lucerne. Some of these newspapers, in the usual style of such journals, were inclined to be witty, if not wise, over these occurrences; but a correspondent well known to us, and one of our most valued contributors, signing himself B., whose letter will be found in also under the same heading, had taken the trouble to go himself to Stans, and ascertain what were the facts on the spot. He tells us that he found M. Joller, a lawyer, a man of middle age, having several children, his eldest son being about twenty. That he bore an excellent character, and was well known throughout the country. He found Stans a village about an hour's sail by steamboat from Lucerne, standing in a charming valley one or two miles from the shore, fruitful, well peopled, by no means sombre or solitary, and surrounded by magnificent mountains. M. Joller confirmed the supernatural facts which have proved so startling to the public and so grievous to him. The letter of our correspondent B. is dated the 4th of October 1862. On the 22d of the same month, or only eighteen days later, M. Joller was compelled by these unquieting spirits

the father, but she was not destined to live at peace in it. In truth, her story is a most remarkable and most sorrowful one. Before the house was completely finished, only three years and a day from the former flagellation, in the middle of a dark night, there was a knocking on the wall of the house and an unknown voice exclaimed:—"The reuch are again in the country! see with your children as fast as you can!" "Whence," says M. Joller, "this wicked lie came could never be discovered. She hastily snatched up what she could, and fled through the darkness with her terrified family towards Egelberg. My father, then a busy, stout, tanned, with grizzled hair, had procured, aside to Dallenwyl, but my grandmother, unwilling to make any halt, continued her flight over the Wolfenbachschnee, where they sought to pass over a narrow foot-bridge, across the impetuous Aa, to the house of a political friend. She went first, followed by her four daughters. The bridge swayed beneath her, and as she leaped to the further bank, fell crashing into the stream, drowning the four unfortunate girls, loudly crying, but in vain for help. The eldest of them being nineteen years old."

"Bronnegg" was crushed and stammered for a time by the terrible blow—she had already lost her eldest son in battle against the French—but she rose again with renewed energy against the oppressors of her country; she exerted herself to furnish arms to her compatriots, and lent money to the council of war for the same purpose. She induced the neighboring cantons, through an influential member of the council, to enter into a closer bond of co-operation, and had the satisfaction to pass her later days in her again enfranchised country, and to see her son occupying the house she had built. In this house M. Joller, in his boyhood, heard the deeds of his grandmother recounted by the winter side, and the songs of Emmette Dorle, the martial poetess and friend of Bronnegg, which had spirited the neighboring Swiss to the expulsion of the French, as frequently sung. Of ghost stories, and such legends as might engender superstition, little or nothing was heard there."

It was in this house that M. Joller, an active and popular lawyer, and member of the national council, lived from the death of his father, in 1845, to the summer of 1863, in peace and happiness. Then, suddenly, in the autumn of 1860, unaccountable sounds and lights began to show themselves to the astonishment of all, and for some time to the persevering disbelief of M. Joller. "In my house," he says, "bloomed seven healthy children, four boys and three girls. That I lived by preference in my family circle, I may remark as a testimony of my domestic happiness. In our abode superstition was, as it ever had been, a rejected thing, and I may assert that scarcely any fancy had been brought up with so little fear of ghosts as mine. I must, therefore call it the irony of Fate, that such unaccountable appearances should present themselves where they were sure to encounter the most positive incredulity."

The troublesome visitations made their debut by first rapping on the bedstead of the servant-maid, raps which she could not hear, but which, one night, in the autumn of 1860, she immediately expressed her belief that this was the token of an approaching death in the family. The maid slept in a room on the third story, so that it could not well be any mischievous person playing a trick; but M. Joller strictly commanded her to keep her superstitious notions to herself, and ascribed the raps to the girl's own imagination, which she would, however, on no account admit. The rapping was not again heard for some time, but after that interval M. Joller came home from a temporary absence and found his family in great alarm. His wife and second daughter, sleeping in his own room, had been awakened by loud rappings on a table in the room. On demanding if it were any living agent, that it should rap again, it did so promptly. They also now entertained the notion that it was the messenger of death, and a letter remaining there in a few days of the decease of a friend, confirmed that idea. They were soon, however, to be convinced that it was nothing temporary. In June, 1861, one of the boys, nine years of age, being in a wood-chamber on the third story, was found in a swoon. As he was a stout and fearless lad, great was the wonder, and on coming to himself, he said as he was in the chamber he heard knocks on the door, of which he took no notice, but immediately afterwards his indisposition opened the door and entered, when he lost consciousness. This M. Joller endeavored to account for by the erudite solvent of all difficulties, imagination; according to M. Joller's imagination, some person having really entered. But M. Joller was not to be let off so easily. The other boys in their bed-room heard noises in the night in the room above, and again in the room below them, and called out to know what was making the noise. M. Joller endeavored to persuade them and himself, by a second resource in such cases, Mr. Dickens's resource, that they were cats or rats, or a bird in the attic, that made the noises; that the raps on the table were only a natural cracking of the wood, or the giving way of a joint, and yet he now recollected to have heard similar unaccountable sounds on his own writing table, and that frequently, two years ago.

In the autumn of 1861, the maid renewed her complaints. She said she was afraid to remain alone in the kitchen. As she cleaned the shelves in an evening on the steps near the kitchen door, grey shapes appeared from the cellar below. They came up stairs into her chamber, and she heard them sobbing in the salon which was on the floor above, or in the fourth story including the lowest, which was half cellar, half lumber room. Mrs. Joller could not sleep, and she was then the same things appeared to the children, and the youngest daughter, about eleven years old, at her studies in her chamber, in the day, saw a child enter, walk up to her and vanish. The maid servant was dismissed in October of 1861, and a girl of only thirteen came in her place to do the more common work of the house, the mother and daughters, in Swiss and German fashion, undertaking the rest. From that time to the summer of 1862, all quiet, the medium seemed to have gone in the maid; but this was not the case, for two of the boys, who slept in a chamber leading by a terrace into the garden, declared that they still heard at night knockings on the walls; others said that they heard in the rooms above a going to and fro as of a heavy door, and knockings on the walls and the floors. Still M. Joller endeavored to persuade his family that these sounds proceeded from merely natural causes.

On the 15th of August, M. Joller had occasion to visit Lucerne, with his wife and eldest son, and on his return the rest of the children had relations of fresh apparitions to make. This time he threatened them sternly with the rod if he heard any more "such nonsense;" and the child complained sorrowfully that "their father would believe nothing." But the very same morning the children were frightened out of the house by knockings, and as they sat down on the door steps leading to the garden, a pebble the size of a man's fist was thrown from somewhere above or from the house and fell within two of them. Returning to the house they found all the doors of the rooms, and drawers and cupboards, standing open. These they closed and locked, only to see them fly open again. They then locked the door, the chamber door, and the dining room door, but the door of the night bolted, but, notwithstanding both, it was thrown open, and all the windows and doors standing open, were as suddenly closed. Hearing also a heavy step on the stairs, though nobody was visible, they flew again into the garden. Returning at noon to dinner, they saw a strange specter on the stair-case, and hurried once more into the garden with the dinner apparatus, and took refuge under a large walnut tree. As the girl carried the plates out from the kitchen, she saw doors still opening and shutting, and the children from the garden saw all the windows open.

The disturbances now came thicker and faster. The humming of spinning-wheels was heard in the house; occasionally a strange music; furniture began to move itself about; then the music was accompanied by the audible singing. In a melancholy tone of Camille's prayer in Zampa, "Gleiches Los" &c., and a voice said in the Nidwalden patois, "Hau au gar uster uster uster uster." "If I should never come again!" Still more extraordinary, not only they, but the woman of the adjoining house, saw on the house door, drawn with the accuracy of an engraving, a snow-white figure with a death's head, which they watched for some time till it faded quite out. The same evening, a fire being kindled in the ground story, called the but, a conflagration, surrounded by flames, came down the chimney and, dissolving into water, drowned the fire out, and raised a wild cry from the maid and children, which brought down the mother, who found the group sitting in the abutting house of the tenant weeping in terror.

M. Joller now received information of like things going on in other places, from persons of education and intelligence, but he still persisted in ascribing these things to natural causes. But the time was now come for him to meet the enemy face to face. On the 19th of August, as he arrived home in the evening, his wife called him into the house passage to hear the knocking going on. Then he saw his ample children, and the four and stories of the walls and children had foundation enough. The knocking went on briskly on the wall before him; then in the scullery. He followed, putting his ear close to the place, and, pretending that it must be a rat, struck some heavy blows on the wall to frighten the rat away. To his astonishment, the blows were returned with equal vigor and in equal number. He then called for a candle and examined the passage and scullery closely. In vain!

so he summoned his family to the sitting-room, declared he would fight it out, the next morning, and, bringing Zuckerkandl, a lawyer from Lucerne, who began to read aloud his 28th chapter, namely, "On the Power of Superstition."

The spirit, however, cared neither for M. Joller nor Zuckerkandl, but began pounding on the room doors so vigorously that his reading was soon brought to an end, and the children asked triumphantly, "Is this a rat then?" Increased at this, and strongly persuaded that some power was playing the fool with him, he seized a candle, armed himself with a stiletto, and sallied forth to hunt out the villain. The outer doors and windows being fast, he felt sure that he must soon detect him. He descended to the cellar, made a vigorous search amongst the barrels and behind the door; nothing there! but, above his head, the knocking was now going on blithely. He ascended, followed the sound from place to place, sometimes with his hands, sometimes without it, stealing along in the dark to pounce on the rogue. Taking nothing by his motion, however, he ordered all to bed. The noises, nevertheless, became such that the whole family had flown together into one room, and there the knocking came. The bedstead was seized and banged against the wall till the whole bed shook. M. Joller examined under the bed and into every corner of the room, but in vain, though he found the doors and windows all fast. As he was thus employed, he heard raps on the chairs, and felt a soft striking on the forehead of his left hand.

From this time till that when the family was driven from the house, the haunting was almost incessant; and the knockings, the throwing about of furniture, the visible presence of spirits was such that, has nearly his walls in his history of such phenomena. There might have been room to suppose that the maids and children had given way to imaginary fears, but from this time forward the disorders became the subject of incessant public observation. The news flew about, spite of all M. Joller's endeavors to keep it at home; and hundreds and thousands of people flocked from all the country round to witness the proceedings and did witness them in crowds. It is necessary, however, for us to select only a few prominent features of this most amazing case of ghostly persecution. From this time forward M. Joller kept a diary of all that took place; but we cannot condense a volume into an article.

The next morning he kept his word, and made a thorough examination of the house; and the spirits gave him the amplest opportunity to try his skill. They knocked and thundered everywhere. He is necessary, however, for us to select only a few prominent features of this most amazing case of ghostly persecution. From this time forward M. Joller kept a diary of all that took place; but we cannot condense a volume into an article. The next morning he kept his word, and made a thorough examination of the house; and the spirits gave him the amplest opportunity to try his skill. They knocked and thundered everywhere. He is necessary, however, for us to select only a few prominent features of this most amazing case of ghostly persecution. From this time forward M. Joller kept a diary of all that took place; but we cannot condense a volume into an article.

Driven to a late conviction of what he had to deal with, M. Joller now hastened out to beg the Commissary Niederberger to come and see these things, but he being absent, Father Guardian came, and watched the phenomena with deep interest, but without being able to suggest a solution of the cause. He thought an investigation by men of authority should take place; but M. Joller, dreading the consequences of publicity, for the present hesitated. The Father bestowed the usual blessing on the house and withdrew. The bewildered M. Joller then drew out his dust-covered college notes on experimental physics, made at Munich, while attending the class of Professor Sieber, but they afforded him no light.

Neither the note of the Reverend Father, nor the philosophical inquiry suspended the disturbances for an instant. The next day, as the Court of Justice was sitting at Lucerne, he was obliged to attend on business, but he was sent for before the court rose, the house at home being in the most frightful uproar. Arriving, he found all his family in the open air, not daring to stay under the roof. Numbers of people were collected on the high road looking at the house, in great excitement. Having no fear, he entered the house, and found the doors madly flying open and then banging to with a violence that threatened to demolish them. In the kitchen he found the glasses, bottles and earthenware standing on the table ringing as if struck with a metallic instrument. The knockings were in so many parts of the house at once, that had he been more with it, it would have been impossible for him, yet not a murmur in the house except himself. He here called in an old friend, the Councillor Zimmermann, Dr. K. von Deschanden, an accomplished natural philosopher; the President of the Court of Justice, Obermatt, Judge Schallberger, Master Builder Aloys Anstad, and Drawing Master Obermatt. These gentlemen witnessed with astonishment the phenomena. They sought everywhere for some physical cause, and, after a long and fruitless search, they gave up the attempt. M. Joller, however, grew more and more determined, when the eldest son of M. Joller, who had been cautioned by his father to be secret on the real cause, concedingly observed that it might be so. "This was enough. It does not appear that there was any electrical machine on the premises, but the frolics of the spirits went on with a violence that no twenty electrical machines in the house could account for. Doors were frequently drawn open, and bare dashed vehemently back. Figures were seen by different people, and the second son fainting and fell at the sight of one. The house was now rarely unoccupied by crowds of people, before whom the manifestations went on in full force and variety. Before the Land-Captain Zeiger, the Director of Police Jann, Dr. Christen, the President of the Court of Justice again, and many other persons of condition, the Episcopal Commissary Niederberger, and Father Guardian, made a very vigorous examination of the house, and retired advising a thorough physical examination of inquiry; but believing its origin to be still beyond the scope of such a commission.

Something was become highly necessary; the house was crowded from morning to night with ever fresh streams of crowds; some of whom talked of and hunted for the electrical machine; others challenged the devil to come out; and others, who happened to hear that the eldest son of M. Joller had been seen speaking with an actor in the streets of Lucerne, declared that it was all sorcery. And that young Joller had learned it of the player. The police-director, Jann, sent in two policemen to keep watch that the house was not plundered by thieves amongst the crowds. As the conduct of the visitor, both in the flesh and out of it, grew every day more outrageous, though a number of watchers were maintained throughout the nights; as the spirits grew bolder and showed themselves more openly; and as M. Joller seized one of the hands of the spirits and found it soft, and warm as a living hand, felt distinctly the thumb and fingers, which soon, however, drew themselves away; he went and demanded a formal examination of the house by the police authorities. This was accorded, and three of the heads of the police were appointed to prosecute the inquiry; but it was not till after some days that they entered on their office. Up to this moment the disturbances continued in full play. Doors opened and shut apparently of themselves; windows and shutters outside did the same; the knockings were as violent as ever. The directors of police were then left to take up their quarters elsewhere. They were then left to themselves and profound silence for six days. No knock was heard, no ghost appeared, no door or window opened or shut of itself. The profound dogberies of the police, therefore, drew up a report that there was nothing at all, and returned to Lucerne in the pride of ignorance of all psychology, and of having seen nothing at all about mediums, M. Joller did not even understand this fact in natural science; he was not aware that he had carried the mediums along with him; but he knew the moment that he recrossed his own threshold that the old ghostly power was there in all its force.

The tide of popular ridicule was now let loose against the unfortunate Joller. The press was in a heaven of triumph over the follies of this superstitious man, thousands had on the very strings that he had asserted to exist, though police-director Jann, though judges and magistrates, and dignified clergy, had all witnessed the phenomena, poor Joller and his family were treated as little less than idiots and lunatics. The thing was the talk, not of the little Canton, but of all Switzerland, and what wounded M. Joller most deeply was that all his political services and sacrifices to liberal opinions were at once forgotten. His own party, to a man, joined in deriding and denouncing him; even those with whom he had stood side by side in zealous battle against political corruptions threw their sarcasms at him. As is so often the case, however, some of his political opponents, some of those whom he had hit the hardest and spared the least, now stood nobly forward and defended him as an honorable, a meritorious and trustworthy man.

In vain did M. Joller protest against the injustice of his neighbors; in vain did he insist on another police examination, conducted in whatever manner the authorities pleased, so that the family should be in the house; the one already made was held to settle the whole question. On the contrary, however, the annoyances held their uninterrupted course from this time, the 4th of September, to the 22d of October, when they finally drove him and his family out. It is still a long story, but we must make short of it. We can only notice a few of the most striking phenomena. Chairs and other furniture continued to change their places, apparently at their own pleasure. Broken pots and glass, rags, lumps of butter, an old axe, cobs of Indian corn, a sickle, a great iron ring, were repeatedly brought out of the kitchen and cellar and thrust into a stove in a chamber, though the room had been long up, and the key in possession of M. Joller. In full view of the whole family, the eldest daughter, as she thought, the maid servant climbing the lattice-work on the house side to gather grapes. She saw her dress so distinctly, her hair net, smooth hair, and dark neckerchief which she wore on extraordinary occasions, that she called aloud to her, when, to her astonishment, she saw the maid issue from the kitchen below to see what was wanted; and the figure, as if crouching under the vine leaves, disappeared.

For some days there had been a moving about of furniture, a plucking of leafy branches and flinging of them into the chamber windows, or upon the heads of persons passing below, when on the 12th of September, as the whole family sat at coffee at half past two in the day, three students being present, and the maid in the room, a great noise was heard in the scullery above. All rushed up and saw the room in singular disorder. On looking, however, they found nobody. A parcel that had stood in the corner was spread out over an ornamental hanging lamp. Stools and chairs were thrown confusedly on a heap; and all the chairs were heaped one upon another around the table. A photograph of Winkelried's Departure, and a painting of an Underwalden Rifle-Corps Dance alone were left hanging in their places. Everything being restored to order, the next morning, early, the room was found in still greater state of chaos, as well as an adjoining chamber.

M. Joller having to go to Lucerne to pay in some money, heard, on his return, from his family, that he had, in an adjoining chamber heard the distinct counting out of money, piece by piece, and the rolls of it successively pushed aside, so that they were inclined to believe that there must be somebody there so engaged. On looking, however, they found nobody. On mentioning the time he found it agree exactly with that in which he was then counting his money at the bank. At another time, as he was at some distance on the estate, watching the felling and cutting up of timber, his wife and children at home heard the chopping and splitting of wood in the cellar. On the 10th of September they were astonished by the knocking and clanging of an apple, which came flying down stairs against the house door, and passed by M. Joller in the passage at several bounds into the kitchen. The servant, busy at her cooking stove, seized it, and laid it on the kitchen table, when it soon sprung away and hopped into the passage. The girl seized it again, and flung it through the window, but it soon came flying back through the same window, bounded on the table, thence into the passage, the sitting room, and finally into the adjoining chamber, where it lay in a corner and remained quiet. A pear descended from the ceiling, near M. Joller, with such force, as to lie smashed on the floor. Other pieces of pear were flung at the girls, while at work, and hung in their hair nets.

The family was repeatedly assailed with showers of stones, both in the house and in the garden. At twelve o'clock in the day, while at the well, a shower of stones fell round about the daughters without any striking her, and at the same time a sharp eddy of stone fell down the kitchen chimney striking the lid of a pan on the fire, and then falling to the floor without bringing a trace of soot with it. A knitting needle took to flying about from room to room, and being thrown out into the garden, it flew back again. There were continual sounds of humming and spinning wheels, and the drawing up of clock chains. On the 10th of September, a voice deep and growling, said distinctly, as out of the wall: "Just kommen der nimmer!"—"Now I come no more!" but it did not keep its word, or other actors stayed behind, for more variety of annoyances were played off than can be here enumerated.

During all this time the unaccountable intrusion of people continued, so that there could be no domestic privacy, neither could the family, or the legal authorities, get on their feet. M. Joller was so harassed, he felt to seek another home, and abandon this his natal one, on the 22nd of October, 1862.

Such is a brief notice of M. Joller's case, undoubtedly, taken altogether, the most extraordinary which has occurred of late years. In closing it, he says, that a great many similar ones, but none so outrageous have been brought to his knowledge by persons of the most competent and reliable standing. He has the most complete catalogue of witnesses of his unhappy spirit-persecution, but that it is too notorious to need it. The house, he says, stood empty till the following spring, when he succeeded in letting it, and that up to the time of his writing this account, nothing particular had disturbed the new tenant, nor had the troubles followed him. It may be conceived what a serious effect it had on the mind of the man who had been so long and so violently persecuted, and how he felt the loss of his family, in loss of peace of mind, and in infliction of censorious remarks. The nuisance of the invading crowd must, of itself, have been intolerable; for when compelled to lock his doors against them, they procured ladders and broke in at his chamber window.

To the reader familiar with manifestations of this nature, the above remarks will have suggested themselves. Shows of stone and other articles, and the common phenomena. Not to mention the pieces of time, the knives and forks thrown about at Slawenski Castle; or the missiles at Oldville Presbytery; the reader will find in M. Pierant's *Revue Spirituelle*, a number of such cases, with all the references to places and persons. To these we propose to devote a more particular attention shortly, with all their distinct evidences, several of them occurring in well known localities in Paris, others in the country, and one very remarkable one at the Presbytery, and in the church at Prunoy sous-Ailly; all within the three or four last years.

The most striking feature of M. Joller's case is the entire ignorance of the nature of haunting spirits both by M. Joller, the police, and the clergy of the neighborhood of Lucerne. Father Guardian blessed the house; but there seems to have been no further attempt to expel the troublesome spirits by prayer and exorcism. If the clergy was ignorant on this subject, still less knowledge was to be expected from the police. As for M. Joller, evidently a Catholic by faith, he seems to have had no idea whatever of getting rid of his persecutors by prayers and earnest appeal to the God of spirits. A worthy man, he was going on suffering both from the spirits of the house, the spirits of the Press, and the spirits of the public, and is actually driven from his home and natal property, without an idea that these troublesome guests might have been sent away instead. It is a fine example of the mischiefs of neglecting to study the mysteries of spirit-life, as revealed by such a host of modern instances.

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most often dismissed such. M. Joller was most unaccountably driven in distress from his own long-loved hearth. M. Joller, with all his worth and secular knowledge, is, in fact, the exile and victim of ignorance, and a standing warning to men of education to pay some little attention to the psychological facts that are daily rising around them.

It is satisfactory to see that a learned professor of one of the Swiss Colleges has professed M. Joller's plight by an assertion of the truth and the real nature of these phenomena, and contends that it is the duty of psychology and natural science, not to ignore these frequent facts, but to throw fresh light on them by honest inquiry.

Letter from Laura DeForce Gordon.

Dear Banner and Your Many Readers—My first greeting from a military camp I send you now, with a happy, heartfelt remembrance of you all. A few words in explanation of "Why am I here?" "Procuring substitutes" has been such a universal custom of late, that I have willingly followed custom for once, and procured a "substitute," though not to go soldiering, but to fill my engagements in Maine to lecture, and allow me to accept the "fortunes of war." I have not been making any new engagements for nearly six months, only fulfilling those made long ago, having decided, at that time, to change my field of labor whenever the opportunity should offer, and my "guides" said "go."

The time, I believe, has arrived, and my new field of labor is pointed out as the "Sunny South" the work before me not fully revealed; but all I have the ability to do, while sharing the fare and fortunes of my beloved companion, either in camp, field, bivouac or hospital, will be cheerfully performed.

The place I have hitherto occupied in the lecturing field will doubtless soon be filled by some one more capable and effective—but more earnest and sincere were impossible, for my whole life's energies and ambition have been consecrated to the great and glorious work of Spiritualism, in obedience to the call of the dear immortals; and all failures and profitless efforts have been the result of an imperfect head, and not an indolent heart. And now to the dear spirits on whom I have depended so long, do I look for assistance, encouragement and counsel, even more than ever before, if possible; and the universal promulgation and success of our beautiful Gospel of Angel Love is as dear to my heart, and as much the object of my ambition in life, now, as when, with inexperience commensurate with enthusiasm, devoid of distrust and suspicion, and a heart full of faith in the good intentions and honesty of the race, I eagerly grasped the hand of my immortal guide, and pressed forward in the great work assigned me.

I have learned—enough to say my experiences have sometimes been severe, and trials of strength oft repeated, yet my faith in the innate goodness of humanity still remains, and a belief that united and individual effort will eventuate in the triumphant reign of that goodness, still keeps alive my considerably decreased enthusiasm.

Our good cause in Maine is prospering as never previously, and the sudden increase of interest in the subject is sufficient to satisfy the most sanguine. The Spiritualists at Old Town and Milford, and vicinity, have united their efforts and means, and are supporting meetings regularly every Sunday in the Universalist Church at Old Town. Speakers visiting Maine will do well to make an engagement there, by writing to H. B. Emery, Esq., of Bradley, Miss Sarah Nutt fills the desk, in my stead, through February.

I am trespassing upon your valuable columns, and will conclude for the present. My destination in a few weeks will be New Orleans, La., to which place I hope my old friends will address frequent letters to me, in care of Capt. C. H. Gordon.

Awaiting the order to march, I am still, dear BANNER and friends, Thine fraternally,

LAURA DEFORCE GORDON.

"Camp Meade," Jamestown, R. I., Feb. 20.

Written for the Banner of Light.

WHAT! SHUT TRUTH UP WITHIN THE BREAST?

BY SARAH.

What! shut Truth up within the breast?
Let lavish fear obscure its flame,
When duty bids it be expressed,
Regardless of the scorn or blame?

What! shut Truth up within the breast,
Yet vowed to be its earnest friend?
Lest if 't were fearlessly expressed,
Thou mightest some timid heart offend?

Aye, shut Truth up within the breast,
And own thyself a coward mean;
When if 't were faithfully expressed,
Thou mightst a golden harvest glean.

Mightst joy, perchance, to see it grow
And blossom in thy brother's soul;
Speak, then; brave hearts no fear can know,
But onwards kneel to its control.

Speak, then; 't will make thy spirit strong,
Of which he is a large and free;
If others list not to thy song,
In thine own soul the fruit shall be.

Springfield, Pa., 1864.

Departed.

On Monday morning at the dawn of day, January 25th, at the age of 55 years, the spirit of Capt. Caleb Thomas, of Camden, Me., was released from its shackles of mortality.

His illness was of short duration, having contracted the disease of small pox, of the most malignant type, while in the discharge of his duties as a healing medium. It may be truly said, that the subject of this notice was literally born in the storm and cradled in the tempest. Born in humble life, he was forced to be the architect of his own fortune. From childhood to middle age, he followed a seafaring life, and gradually wrought his way from the lowest to the highest station on shipboard. For many years he was an energetic and successful shipmaster, a good disciplinarian, yet loved and respected by his officers and crew. But frequent changes of climate, and diseases incident to a sailor's life, impaired his robust constitution, and he was obliged to relinquish the profession of his choice, and remain at home with his family. He could not remain idle; his indomitable spirit would not permit him to rest. He accordingly entered the mercantile trade, and proved himself equally adapted to his new position in life. But a chance came over the spirit of his earthly dream. He became convinced that he possessed the requisite qualifications for a healing medium. Honest in his convictions, and ever ready to heed the promptings of the spirit, he at once closed up his business, and entered the field of spiritual labor.

For several years he has traveled in the New England and States, exercising his magnetic powers, and relieving the children of humanity from many of the diseases to which flesh is heir. He was always liberal in his religious views, and while he tarried here with us, he was an honored member of the Universalist Society, and many a weary minister has been refreshed at his hospitable board. He was an ornament to the Masonic Fraternity, and no man ever lived nearer to the principles of that honored institution; and the lodge of which he was a member, sincerely regret that they could not have taken charge of all that was mortal of his brother, and paid the last respects to him whose memory will ever be as green and fresh as the sprig of acacia which they would have sadly cast into his grave.

He has left a family behind him to mourn his loss; and the community among whom his lot in life was cast, deplore his removal from their midst. A truly honest man, a Christian in the true sense of the word, a good citizen, and a lover of his country and of humanity, has passed on to spirit life.

N. C. FLETCHER.

Camden, Me., Feb. 4th, 1864.

made up of all denominations, attended her funeral, at which a discourse was delivered through the wit.

NELLIE L. WILKINS.

Caldwater, Mich., Feb. 2.

LECTURERS' APPOINTMENTS.

[We desire to keep this List perfectly reliable, and in order to do this it is necessary that Speakers notify us promptly of their appointments to lecture. Lecturers Committees will please inform us of any change in the regular appointments, as published. As we publish the appointments of Lecturers gratuitously, we hope they will reciprocate by calling the attention of their hearers to the BANNER or LION.]

MOSES HELL will speak in Portsmouth, N. H., Feb. 28; in Charleston, March 6; in Lynn, March 13; in Providence, March 20 and 27. Will answer calls to lecture in New England. Address: Banner of Light Office.

MISS LIZZIE DODGE will speak in Providence, R. I., Feb. 28; in Chelsea, March 6 and 13; in Portland, April 3 and 10; in Foxboro, April 17 and 24; in Quincy, May 1 and 8; in May 15 and 22; in Philadelphia during October. Address, Pavilion, 67 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

MRS. M. S. TOWNSEND will speak in Chicago during Feb.; in Quincy, March 6 and 13; in Boston, March 20 and 27.

MRS. SOPHIA L. CHAPPELL, of New York, speaks in Taunton, Feb. 21 and 28; in Providence, March 6 and 13; in Portland, March 20 and 27. Is engaged on the first two counts in the city of New York, and in Liberty after March. Address at the Banner of Light Office.

MRS. SARAH A. HORTON will speak in Lowell, Vt., Feb. 28; in Lowell during March; in Plymouth April 3 and 10; in Portland, Me., April 17 and 24. Address: Brandon, Vt.

J. M. FARRIS will speak in Rockford, Ill., the first two Sundays of each month. Address as above.

MRS. BESS HANCOCK will speak in Bangor, Me., till July 31. Address as above, or East Soudown, Mass.

MRS. MARY M. WOOD will speak in Philadelphia during February; in Stamford, Conn., during April. Address, West Killington, Conn.

MISS MARTHA L. BUCKWORTH, trance speaker, will lecture in Hartford, Ct., during February; in Taunton, Mass., during March; in Chicago during April; in Springfield, Mass., April 8 and 15; in Lowell during June. Address at New Haven, care of George Beckwith, Reference, H. B. Storrs, Boston.

MRS. H. F. BROWN will speak in Philadelphia during March. Those wishing her services as a lecturer may address her till March 31 at Cleveland, O.; after that, care of H. T. Child, M. D., Philadelphia, Pa.

MRS. A. P. BROWN will speak in Plymouth, March 6 and 13; in Quincy, March 27; in Chelsea, April 3 and 10. Is engaged during March, April and May, in Lowell, fourth day of April; in May she returns to her home in Vermont. Persons wishing her services are requested to apply soon. Address St. Johnsbury Centre, Vt.

MRS. LAURA CUPP will lecture in "Harmonial Hall," Dayton, Ohio, every Sunday evening, at 7-10 o'clock, till further notice. Children and young people are invited to attend every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. Conference at the above hall every Wednesday evening at 7-10 o'clock.

AUSTIN E. SIMMONS will speak in East Bethel, Vt., on the second Sunday of every month during the coming year. Address, Westboro, Vt.

MRS. B. WHITMAN will make a tour through the Eastern States next spring and summer, speaking at Providence, R. I., the Sundays of April. Those desiring her services should address him at once at Albion, Mich.

MRS. HEATH, of Lockport, N. Y., will speak in Lowell, Mich., the first Sunday in each month; in Otisco, the second, in Lapeer, the third, in Albion, the fourth day of April. Address, H. B. Storrs, Boston.

MRS. ANNA M. MIDDLEBROOK, Box 429, Bridgeport, Conn., will lecture in Bridgeport, Conn., during February. Intends visiting Vermont in March, and will receive proposals to lecture in that State during the month.

MISS NELLIE J. TAYLOR will speak in Portland, Me., during February.

MISS SUSAN M. JOHNSON will speak in Chelsea, Mass., Feb. 21 and 28; in Portland, Me., March 6 and 13; in Quincy, Mass., April 10 and 17, and desires to make engagements for the spring and summer. Address, Chicopee, Mass.

H. B. STORRS will speak in Foxboro, Mass., March 6 and 20 and April 8.

WARREN CHASE will lecture in Kingsbury Hall, Chicago, Ill., during February. He will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light.

W. K. RIPLEY will speak in Stockport, N. Y., during February; in Somers, Conn., April 17 and 24; in Williamstown, Mass., May 15 and 22; in Little

Jottings by Moses Hull.—No. 2.

Bro. Enron.—When I closed my "Jottings" before, I supposed that would be the last you would hear from me, for some time, at least. But I have a few more words that may interest some. When I first gave you my whereabouts, you remember, I was in the trunk business. Like many others, I supposed that I had "enlisted for life"—in the trunk-shop, I mean. I had tried preaching ever since I was seventeen years old, and had become disgusted with many things connected with it. I thought that I had now got into a more honorable and better-paying occupation. But when Spiritualism really got hold of me, I found that there was something for me to do more important than making trunks.

Oh, the longing I had for an indescribable something! Sometimes I thought it was wings, to fly and publish the truths which had made my heart so glad. I felt that I could truly sympathize with Elihu, when he said, "I am full of matter; the spirit within me constraineth me." I will open my lips and answer."—Job xxxiii: 18-20.

My sleep departed from me. I must go and publish the truth. I commenced at home, in the city of Battle Creek. My congregations were large, and the result, I think, was good. The Adventists, however, with few exceptions, refused to hear, thus demonstrating that their cry of "free investigation of all things," was not from the heart.

From Battle Creek I went to Charlotte. There the Advent people were not so much under their leaders; hence the result among them was salutary. But as the editor of the Charlotte Argus has spoken to the point, I will insert the following from his pen:

"Spiritualism.—Rev. Moses Hull, of Battle Creek, last week gave three discourses in this place on modern Spiritualism. Mr. Hull is now more earnest in his advocacy of Spiritualism than he formerly was in its denunciation, having, since his previous visit here, learned the error of his way. Without presuming to speak of the correctness of the reverend gentleman's position, he is clearly entitled to credit for the ability with which he handled his subject. The Court House, though no public notice had been given, was each evening more than full, and many went away, unable to find even standing room. Having left the Adventists, Mr. Hull proposes to go over his old tours, so far as he can, and give his reasons for withdrawing from that denomination, preaching his present belief at the same time. The change causes quite a fluttering here, and we doubt not many old friends and many new ones will be convinced that the new belief is the correct one.

Yes, many are becoming convinced that indeed "the new belief is the correct one."

I also, under very unfavorable circumstances, gave a few discourses in the village of Burlington, Mich., to good effect.

February 8th, in consequence of calls from numerous friends, I started for Boston. I wanted to see how the spiritual card was worked in this "Hub of the Universe." I could not resist the temptation to "lay over" on my way, in Rochester, N. Y., and visit Dr. Bryant, and see whether things were "altogether as I had heard." After visiting and talking with this gentleman ten hours, I was led to exclaim, in the language of the Queen of Sheba, "The half had not been told." I found the Doctor doing a work similar to that practiced by Jesus of Nazareth eighteen hundred years ago. He causes the blind to see, the deaf to hear, and "the lame man to leap as an hart."

The Doctor commenced his labors of love July 17, 1832, and up to February 9, 1864, he had operated upon more than *nineteen thousand* persons, giving almost universal satisfaction. October 22, 1833, he commenced at the Waverly House, in Rochester. He has since that time operated upon *thirty-two hundred* cases. I looked through his books, and found that four-fifths of those upon whom he operated were on the free list, and in all other cases his charges were in accordance with the wealth of his patient. All manner of crutches, canes, bandages, etc., are in the Doctor's operating room, on exhibition as trophies of his good work. One circumstance I will relate. I give it in the Doctor's own language:

"Little Eddie Yates, of East Avenue, Rochester, N. Y., came with his mother for consultation in November last. I told him I could cure him, and that I would do it in welcome; but the mother thought they had better defer it till some other day, as they had no money with them, whereupon I declined taking any money, and wanted to operate immediately, according to my impression. I consumed fifteen seconds in the operation, taking the crutches, and have them still. This little boy is known by many here, and the case is very remarkable."

The above is only one of a thousand. I myself conversed with a lady who, upon the first operation, left the crutches with the Doctor which she had used eight years. But enough of this.

I arrived in Boston on the 10th inst. Have found many warm-hearted friends, who are imparting to me the things of this world. In exchange for the little "spiritual food" that I am trying to impart.

I am more than ever impressed, since coming Eastward, that Spiritualism is a "big thing." I find much more to do in the East than I anticipated. I fear that I shall not get to return Westward as soon as I expected. The Western friends must have "long patience." More anon.

Matters at Washington.

Since last writing you, our meetings have constantly been increasing, until we now find that our hall is too small to accommodate the audiences, as many every evening are unable to obtain admission. Our venerable brother, John Pierpont, lectured one evening recently, giving one of his ablest efforts. His lecture was able, forcible and convincing. It has been up-hill work to establish permanent meetings in this place; but by the energy of a few, what seemed to be insurmountable obstacles, have been overcome. If to any one more credit is due, than another for our success, that person is A. B. Newton, for many Sunday days has filled our desk when it seemed almost impossible for us to succeed. The few who engaged to meet the expenses of the meetings were taxed largely—for the hall has been opened free to all—the collections taken up were not sufficient to defray the expenses. Bro. Newton has kindly lectured for what could be given. His lectures are considered among the very best ever delivered here. Our audiences are very intelligent, and the universal verdict has been that Bro. Newton is worthy the fullest thanks, both for the able lectures, and the self-sacrifice he has shown in aiding us in establishing our cause in Washington. I feel as though an apology may be due him for thus speaking publicly of him, but it is his due.

Dr. L. K. Cooney is now supplying our desk. He lectured last Sunday evening for the first time, and gave one of his best efforts. The hall was full, and many were obliged to stand the whole evening, yet they seemed to feel amply repaid.

Next month, as I have before stated, we are to have Mrs. Susie A. Hutchinson, of New Hampshire. She will be heartily received, and we hope all will be materially benefited. The favorable reports we have of her, lead us to expect a treat.

The announcement in the BANNER, a few weeks since, that the world-renowned medium, Charles H. Foster, was to visit Washington, has been realized. He has arrived in town, and taken rooms at Judge Horst's, No. 450 Sixth street. From present appearances, he will not be able to leave for many weeks to come. Through his means an impetus will be given to the cause here which will have a good effect. The public would be astonished could it know who calls upon him for sittings, and to whose residences he goes for the purpose of holding sittings. Suffice it to say, that among them are to be found the most prominent men of the country, now resident in Washington; and

moreover, he gives the fullest and most convincing tests to all. I have been enabled to witness many of Mr. Foster's manifestations since his arrival, and find him to be all, and more, than I had expected.

Not the least among the philanthropic movements here is that of educating the contrabands, and other colored people. Evening schools have been established, and are doing a great work. It is very interesting to see with what avidity they embrace the opportunity given them. The schools are taught by clerks in the departments, and Massachusetts is not behind-hand in giving her share. The schools are free in all respects, except that of the books, which are provided at the smallest price. Great good will result from this movement, as well as justice done to this abused race. Truly yours, A. HOBSON.

Washington, Feb. 15, 1864.

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

Banner of Light.

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PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

The Issue.

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

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

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

Theodore Parker.

The recently published life of this individual American product, is having the effect to awaken discussion on points which had for a time been crowded out of mind by the more stirring and important events of the war. We have not yet received a copy of the publication alluded to, yet we intend to avail ourselves of the fresh interest which it excites in his character, to remark with a running pen (*currente calamo*) upon those strong, personal traits, and that heroic and persistent course of conduct, which made his career so marked and influential.

The great points on which Mr. Parker's fame will probably hang, are his learning, his tenacity of will, his thorough and entire obedience to conscience, and his undying mental energy. It seemed as if nothing could tire him out. He courted labor, and loved it better than most men do idleness and ease and luxury. He was never so happy as when he had the most to do. While traveling on his lecturing tours, which extended from the Mississippi River to the Penobscot, he always had his bag filled with books, out of which he was engaged in studying, and many of his most trenchant letters were written in the railway cars. The trouble with him was, he refused to give himself the time for recreation and rest which his physical, if not his intellectual system absolutely demanded. With an unquenchable thirst for knowledge, it may be believed that he would, in time, come to be ranked among the most learned men of his time, which he was. An omnivorous reader, his never failing, never treacherous memory came to his support, in enabling him to retain all that passed under his eyes on the pages of books. He could name the shelf, and the exact number on the shelf, of many a book in the large library of Harvard, to which he had gone for the knowledge he craved. A more wonderful memory is given to but few men, nor is it ever made better use of.

An early anecdote, which he tells himself, about his raising a stick which he carried in his hand, to strike a speckled turtle, on his way home along the road one day, is the first evidence furnished of the awakened conscience within him; from that notable day, marked by an incident apparently so trifling, the boy grew in tenderness and truthfulness, under the care of the most loving and devoted of mothers. His early efforts to acquire an education are among the most remarkable, if not astonishing, incidents of biography. For a young man at eighteen and twenty, to teach a school six hours each day, and afterwards to study ten and twelve more, is certainly a fact in personal history well deserving of comment, although it could not fail to prove a draft on his strength and his years, which his later age would be rigidly forced to honor. He fitted himself for Harvard College, and, though not an active and present member of that institution, he kept up with his class in all their studies, while he taught school in Boston; passed his examinations along with the other members of the class, and, on reaching his junior, or third year, in college, felt impelled to begin a course of study of divinity in the Divinity School, unwilling to wait for his graduation. It is said of him, too, that he was never too reverent toward the Scripture heroes, and was once expostulated with for speaking of St. Paul, as "old Paul"; whereupon he apologized, and named him "the gentleman from Tarsus." In fact, this total lack of reverence in his mental organization, which was betrayed and even displayed all through his life, was not tramped up trait of his, but an honest and real lack, which never helped his influence, either, with such as would otherwise have thrust fewer prejudices in his way to their reason and hearts.

But however interesting the recital of mere personal reminiscences may be, we have not space to give them here. It is upon the character, the teachings, and the influence of the man that we are prone to dwell. He inherited all the inquisitive habit of thought, the rugged energy, the resoluteness of purpose, and the tenacity of will which belonged to his father; while his heart was made tender, and his sensibilities acute and delicate, his sympathies large and active, and his conscience awake and sensitive, by the impress of his devoted mother's teachings and example. An union of the opposite qualities of two such parents was requisite in order to produce a man like Theodore Parker. And his teachings, whether in sermons or lectures, in speeches or letters, were what might naturally have been expected from such an inheritance and such a training.

He broke away from Unitarianism because there was not enough of it, and it had not the strength to go alone. He said of it himself that it was altogether too mild to live long in the midst of the needs of modern times. He would establish something more positive and dogmatic; and it was in his very dogmatism that he offended those who had followed him only to denounce all dogmatism whatever, but who saw that he was falling into the sole vice—if such it be—which he condemned. But Theodore Parker, as he advanced in experience, both spiritual and human, found that a mild and inoffensive statement of a religious theory, or code of principles, or system of truths, would not take the place of those positive assertions, commands and habits repeatedly enjoined, on which the mass of men and women have to rely in order to keep aloof from evil, and to grow in the exercise of charity and love. He found it necessary to employ some sort of forms,

after all, much as he was opposed to them all. It was another signal proof that the old limitations of human nature and the human character could not be transcended to any good purpose.

He was liberal in his teachings and precepts, to the last verge of liberal interpretation. Yet, after all, he sought—perhaps unconsciously, perhaps from the force of habit rather than with design—to set himself in the place of the system he sought to overthrow. He had nothing like ambition in this, however; much less anything like vanity, which had no lurking place in his nature; but it grew out of the sheer necessity which drove him to substitute something where he had taken all away. Had he preached spirit-presence, and personal spirit communion, dogmatism would have been out of place, and with no demand; but advocating the Divine Government and Rule only through the processes of his reason, aided by a faith which had neither eyes nor hands in this world, he was obliged to make up for a deficiency which was fatal to his preaching, unless in some way supplied.

His tenets were a long step in advance of Protestantism; he protested against Protestantism to the last day of his life. And we want no more better evidence that modern Protestantism is untrue to the great idea on which it is established, than to know that it persecuted, denounced and openly damned Theodore Parker, with an intolerance truly malignant and devilish. The prayers which were offered up for his removal by death, at a revival in Park Street Church, in this city, argued anything but a devotion to the leading Protestant idea, as stated and defended by Luther, much less anything like the spirit of the Christian religion. The early seceders from the corrupt Church of Rome were Protestants, because they insisted, or protested, that all religious liberty rested upon the free study and criticism of the Scriptures; Theodore Parker occupied exactly the same ground, yet was publicly denounced and condemned by professed Protestants, because he took larger liberties than they did in his examination and criticism of the Bible. Out of a body of such hide bound religionists it was very necessary that some great leader should come; and although they may fondly suppose that his influence is dead because they see him no more in the flesh, they forget that the seed which he planted and Heaven has watered, will, in due time, spring up in many a heart, for influence and power.

After all is over, it cannot be denied that Theodore Parker was but a human being. He loved knowledge more than wisdom, or he would not have destroyed himself in the very prime of his manhood in seeking to accumulate more stores of learning. It was necessary that he should know much, seceder as he was from all creeds, in order to place himself properly on his defense, and especially to preach the truth with greater efficiency; but he might have left some portion of his work to divine agencies solely, nor deemed it so necessary that he should be found everywhere at the same moment, and should perform all the work with his own hands. The trouble with him was, he tried to do the work of many men, all of them strong and great, with his own single set of faculties; the flesh was not strong enough to bear the strain, and he broke down, as he should have known he must, in the very middle of his attempt. But for all that, how many *ideals* did he not overthrow, in his too brief life! What mountains of doubt and bigotry did he not remove! How many chains did he not break, freeing souls which would otherwise have been captive all their mortal lives!

Re-publication of "Peculiar" in England.

Mr. Epes Sargent's novel of "Peculiar," which has already reached its eleventh edition in this country, is announced for re-publication in London by Hurst & Blackett. The English edition will be in three elegant volumes, printed by Spottiswood & Co.—a guarantee that the typographical execution will be elegant and correct. The eminent author and well-known Spiritualist, William Howitt, adds an introductory preface, and superintends the edition. "Peculiar" will do the Union cause an incalculable service in England, in reforming public opinion in regard to the slaveholders' rebellion. It will also insinuate some wholesome notions in respect to Spiritualism. We may look to see it well abused by the pro-slavery and anti-spiritual papers, but the sale is expected to be large, nevertheless—or the publishers, Messrs. Hurst & Blackett, would never have paid a hundred pounds sterling for a book which is not copyrighted in England, and which may be stolen from them the day of its publication there, and issued in a cheaper form. To the good services of Mr. Howitt this result is mainly due. We shall look with interest for the notices of the English press. In this country the sale continues large. Every intelligent Spiritualist ought to have "Peculiar" in his library. It may be had at the office of the BANNER OF LIGHT; price \$1.50. The English edition will cost \$7.

A Lieutenant-General.

It is, no doubt, very necessary that the country should have a Lieutenant-General, or a somebody who, first, knows something; and, secondly, can go ahead and do it. But much as we think Gen. Grant has earned the compliment of such an honor, we should be extremely sorry to see him taken from the field, where he has shown such remarkable military ability and energy, and hidden away in a Washington office, or bureau. Such mastery power to combine, direct and command is not to be found for the mere looking, and while we have it in hand we had better keep it where it is, and proceed to make the most of it. No matter who else may be made Lieutenant-General, he cannot take from Gen. Grant the laurels which he has won already, and has it still further in his power to win.

Davis's Address.

The head rebel has issued another proclamation to his troops, in which he uses up the beauties of the English tongue and the unrelenting confidence of his readers at a rate really awful. He thanks his armies more especially for reënting, and believes—or pretends to—that no cause can fail while sustained by a body of such single-minded, devoted men. *Per contra*—the debates in the rebel Congress seem to indicate anything but that buoyant hopefulness with which Jeff's address abounds. It is pretty plain that they are stating the case about as it is, while he is doing the desperate part of the business. He affects the proud ruler, and professes to feel as well as the king of a realm long since in possession of a name among the nations. But this is clearly his last season; he can never repeat the effort of this year.

The European Situation.

At last accounts, Denmark was conscientiously exerting herself to get out of the dilemma in which she finds herself placed by the very hasty action of Austria and Prussia. It is believed that she would retreat from some of her more positive positions, were she to be assured of the countenance and sympathy of an European congress; but she cannot afford to disgrace or demean herself before the eyes of Europe, and have them taunt her with it in the future. England, France and Russia are believed to favor her claims, and to ally themselves with her position. Denmark is a country very easily defended, the water approaches on all sides making it extremely difficult for foreign enemies to get at her real strength and power.

Meetings in Washington.

Mrs. Susie A. Hutchinson, of New Hampshire, is to lecture before the Society of Spiritualists in Washington, D. C., during the month of March.

Persecution at Rome and Elsewhere.

In last week's BANNER we instanced several cases of cowardly persecution in this country, of persons who are engaged in lecturing on Spiritualism; and we have no doubt that all our readers felt the glow of an honest indignation along with us, at thus realizing the fact that even in this land of boasted freedom, we are still anything but free. The treatment of the distinguished medium, Mr. Home, by the Governor of Rome, at the instigation and order of the Pope, call for our attention this week; not because it is of more importance in point of the principle at bottom, but to show to the liberal minded men and women of the age, that the same spirit of persecution lives and is active at Rome, which manifests its hideous features in free America, and that we have nothing to boast of in this country, until we prove that we have entirely cleared ourselves of those practices which pertain to the infamous inquisition.

The case of Mr. Home is striking enough to demand considerable public attention. He was first ordered out of the Pope's dominions, in a most peremptory manner, because he was reputed to practice "the black art," and not because of any misconduct whatever. Then he was allowed to stay on condition of not holding any conversation with spirits at all. And finally, to turn the coat back to its first side again, he was ordered to depart *with* *he, nil he*, and went accordingly. Such treatment, at the last, could have been inspired by nothing less than the impulses of a childish fear, and a childish passion. It argues for Poper a timid state which will generate its certain ruin.

How thoroughly inconsistent, too, is persecution for such reasons, from the Head of the Romish Church; when that Church claims to be established upon the almost continual working of miracles, and parades all sorts of wonders before the eyes and minds of the common people, everywhere, in order to secure their subscription to its iron dogmas! Surely if Mr. Home were worthy of any direct treatment or attention, at the hands of the Pope, he should have been made a Cardinal at once, or even placed in the calendar of the Romish Saints. According to the statements and belief of that Church, a young girl is able to see, in the trance state, the real Virgin Mary, and a chapel is erected by pious subscription upon the spot where the vision was beheld. St. Francis, St. Ignatius Loyola, and St. Theresa were reported to have been raised in the air, before the eyes of the Pope and all Rome, in the great Square of St. Peters. Mr. Home has enjoyed visions too, and been suspended in mid air, as well as the saints of Rome; but for his visions and miracles, and for the communication which he continually holds with superior spirits in other worlds, he is ordered out of Rome, and threatened to be removed by force unless he goes quietly.

Rome is only the same Rome she has always been, in this affair, and so long as we consent to practice on similar principles, and in a like spirit, here in America, we demonstrate to the world that we have made no advance on her inquisitorial spirit; Luther's sturdy protest goes for nothing, if, after three hundred years, it comes round again to the tyrannical practices of the Pontiff. We do not condemn the spirit of the Pope in this matter, without openly condemning ourselves also. We cannot wonder so much, either, that the Pope is afraid of spiritual manifestations, which he has the best of reasons to believe to be real and true, while the nameless and numberless mummies on which Poper rests, are so thick all around. Well may it fear for its own downfall, when real spirit manifestations are brought into open contrast with its own frauds and impositions.

A correspondent of the London Times speaks of the treatment of Mr. Home, as an outrage on any individual, yet offers no indignant comments on the outrageousness of such conduct; in the latter half of this century. In this respect, we can see how easily the leading press of the day accommodates its conscience—if any it have—to the most iniquitous practices, under the guise of religion. Not a word of serious protest has the Times for it all—nothing but a bald and bare statement of the matter, and its attendant circumstance. This alone shows how venal the public press is, and how sadly it needs a living conscience, as well as true courage, to give it the right influence, and to preserve that influence sweet. The London Spiritual Magazine, however, takes up the case where the Times is content to leave it, and treats it with the rigor of strict justice. It reminds the Pope, too, in this matter of kicking one out of a kingdom, and of getting kicked out oneself, too, that his holiness cannot quite forget that he was once obliged to escape from his own palace, dressed up as a dunkey, behind one of his own carriages; and quietly hints that Napoleon III., the great patron and supporter of Pope Pius, who is a marked friend of Mr. Home, too, will probably enjoy a hearty laugh with the latter when next he comes to Paris, and all about nothing and nobody but the "old gentleman" at Rome.

This open confession that the presence of one quiet and unoffending individual in the Holy City threatens to overturn the whole system of the Roman Church, is an important one to make at this time. We are glad it has been extorted from the Pope at last. It shows us, that this great rock—St. Peter—on which the Roman Church is professedly established, is so delicately poised, that it can be toppled and rolled by the hand of a child. It proves, too, that the professed miracles of that Church are so unreal and false, that they cannot stand before the real and true manifestations which are made by veritable spirits. We say we are glad the day has dawned that proved to the enlightened, modern world, that the presence of a single medium in Rome, was enough to startle the Pope himself from his delusions, and to shake the Romish Church to its foundations. The Pope may banish, where he has the power; but he cannot verify the cheats and falsehoods of his own vaunted miracle-workings, nor can he obstruct the course of that great spiritual law, which searches and tries all systems and all persons, and thoroughly finds us and our beliefs out at the last. But whatever "His Holiness" may do at Rome, let not us of free America make haste to follow his pernicious example.

Mr. Home has taken up his residence at Naples; was received with demonstrations of joy by all classes, and is the honored guest of the most prominent of its citizens.

Amendment to the Constitution.

The world moves. What we would not have dared to seriously think of yesterday, is made a very common topic to-day. Mr. Sumner has introduced a proposition into Congress to amend the Constitution, by engraving upon it an article prohibiting Slavery within the United States, or any place subject to its jurisdiction. His proposition consists of a joint resolution, to submit the amendment to the several States for their ratification. It is believed that such an amendment will virtually supersede all proclamations of every sort, including confiscation bills and everything else, making it fundamentally wrong and unlawful to hold property in man. The proposition is opposed on more sides than one.

Faunt Davis Smith.

This favorite trance speaker is to occupy the desk in Lyceum Hall, in this city, on Sunday next. Those desirous of hearing her, will bear in mind that she is to speak but one Sunday.

THE CONTINENTAL MONTHLY for March has made its appearance. Hon. Robert J. Walker has two more letters on "the American Finances and Resources," which will interest everybody on this continent. 'Tis and life are visible in all its contents. Read them and see if it is not so.

Moses Hull's Lectures.

On Sunday, February 14th, this gentleman occupied the desk in Lyceum Hall, and gave two lectures before the Society of Spiritualists in this city. Mr. Hull, as our readers are well aware, is a recent convert from the doctrine of the Adventists, which doctrine he has preached ever since he was seventeen years of age, till within about two months past. He was welcomed by two good audiences, who appeared to be very much pleased with his discourses.

Mr. Hull is about thirty years of age, medium height, with a large, intellectual head, large, expressive eyes, a mild and genial countenance. His voice is strong and full, but pleasant, and his style of delivery very agreeable. When he gets well under way with his subject, his words pour forth with great rapidity and fluency. It is not surprising that he was put forward so prominently by the Adventists, for he is capable and convincing in argument.

On the above occasion he gave his reasons for renouncing the doctrine of eternal death, as taught by the Adventists, and accepting that of eternal life and endless progression. His reasons were cogent, and his argument conclusive. He knocked the props from under Adventism as fast as he came across them, leaving the fabric in a tottering condition. We hope to print his first lecture in full.

Polygamy.

Among the Mormons, after years' practice of "polygamy," a physiological inferiority among the people will strike the most casual observer. The commonest form of this, and perhaps the first that develops itself, is a certain feebleness and emaciation of the person, while the countenances of almost all are stamped with a mingled air of imbecility and brutal ferocity.—*Investigator*.

We have no doubt of the truthfulness of the above statement. We have been informed by a physician who has made it a speciality to watch for a long time the effects of polygamy on the progeny of the Mormons, the result of which is precisely as above described. Children born under such circumstances will not only be tainted with imbecility more or less in the earth-life, but when they leave their mortal forms and enter spirit life, we are informed by our spirit-friends, they will remain in that sad condition for myriads of years, thus showing that the laws of Nature cannot be tampered with with impunity, either here or hereafter.

Mrs. Chamberlain's Seances.

To be a guest at one of Mrs. Chamberlain's seances for musical manifestations by spirits, is a privilege which all cannot enjoy, on account of the limited number admitted to each circle. Therefore we wish to inform those who may desire to attend one of these truly wonderful exhibitions of spirit power, that Mrs. Chamberlain will continue her seances every evening during the present week, at the house of Mr. T. D. Lane, in South Malden; after which time she has engagements to fill elsewhere. Parties from Boston can take the horse cars at Scollay's Building, at half-past six or seven o'clock, and be landed at Mr. Lane's house, by notifying the conductor, in time to join the circle, which commences at half-past seven o'clock; and can also return by the same conveyance after the circle is over. Tickets, admitting a lady and gentleman, \$1.00 each. A limited number can be obtained at this office.

The Boston Spiritualist Convention.

The Spiritualist Convention called to meet in Mercantile Hall, this city, at 10 1/2 A. M., Wednesday, the 24th, promises to be one of the largest and most important gatherings of the day. The friends in this city and vicinity, and throughout New England, as far as we are able to learn, are wide awake with interest and expectation. The hall, No. 10 Summer street, is only about two blocks from the BANNER office, a few doors out of Washington street, east.

The first day's proceedings of the Convention will be reported in our next issue, and the remainder of the report follow in the two subsequent numbers of the BANNER.

President Making.

There is too much of it altogether, and this year it comes too soon. This is the moment when our public men should second, to the full extent of their energy, the efforts making by the brave army of the Union against the chaos of secession and the disintegration of the Republic. If Mr. Lincoln is popular, let him remain so; if somebody else wants his place, let him wait. Nothing could come more awkwardly or dangerously for us than the Presidential election of this year. One thing at a time is enough. We want no mixed arrangements. Wire-pulling and war do not go together. Politicians ought to keep entirely out of public sight now, unless they mean to vie with one another in the work of bringing this war to as speedy an end as possible.

A Jestling Prophecy.

A prophecy is at present going the rounds of the papers, which was published in an English Magazine in the year 1821, and which is looked upon as a positively wonderful thing, considering how near it is to-day approaching to fulfillment. It was entitled, when it first appeared, "Specimen of a Prospective Newspaper, A. D. 4790"; and among its contents has been picked out the following:

"The army of the Northern States (of America) will take the field against that of the Southern Province early next Spring. The principal Northern force will consist of 450,000 picked troops. General Congreve's new mechanical cannon was tried last week at the siege of Georgia. It discharged in one hour 1120 balls, each weighing five hundred weight. The weight of the objects fired at was eleven miles, and so perfect was the engine that the whole of these balls were lodged in the space of twenty feet square." A subsequent article in this specimen says that "by means of a new invention, Dr. Clark crossed the Atlantic in seven days."

Our Free Circles.

These circles for spiritual manifestations, free to the public, are held at 158 Washington street, (Room No. 3), on the AFTERNOONS of MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY of each week. No public circles are held at this office at any other time. We make this statement for the information of those who reside in the country, as many have visited us for the express purpose of attending our circles, but, coming on the intermediate days, meet with disappointment.

The circle room is open to visitors, on the days above named, at two o'clock; services commence at three o'clock precisely.

Will appear in the next BANNER:

The second lecture by Hon. J. B. Hall of Maine, delivered in this city, last October, on "The Intimate relations existing between the material and spiritual worlds; and the necessity of further revelations from the eternal world." Able and good as his first lecture was considered by those who heard it, or have read it, this one is still better.

Also, number 10 of the able papers on "Ancient and Modern Spiritualism."

Dr. James Cooper going to Kansas.

It will be seen by a notice in the lecturers' column, that our friend and collaborer, Dr. James Cooper, of Bellefontaine, Ohio, is intending to start on a lecturing tour to Kansas next month. The Doctor is an earnest and able advocate of the Spiritual Philosophy; and his visit to that section of country will do much toward opening the way for the spread of its light and truth.

The Truth as It Is.

We cannot well avoid making the following extract from a well-known and practiced writer, who sends his lucubrations to the New York Times, and signs himself "Veteran Observer." He has touched upon the Currency recently, and now he is on the subject of the marvelous and thorough change of opinion which is working with such rapidity through the length and breadth of the land. We rejoice to see our own ideas, prophecies and speculations of years ago, which the readers of the BANNER have ever met with in its columns, finally recognized by the leading journals of the continent. The New Time is at hand, and the New Men will come with it. But to the extract:

"The supposed divine right of kings is no more false than the supposed right to hold slaves. Yet this fictitious right was imbedded in the Constitution, made practical in laws, entered into commerce, and became literally an element of the American mind. Men were in all ranks and conditions of society who were continually asserting they were not for slavery—not they! Yet they were continually siding with the party, the men, and the acts which sustained slavery. They seemed to be utterly unconscious that their words and their acts were in direct contradiction. They were not to blame. It is one of those common historical delusions which are prevalent among all people who thoughtlessly adopt popular and fashionable opinions. It is as prevalent in politics as in dress. To such people the rebellion was like the earthquake at Caracas. They were shocked into truth by falling houses rendered uninhabitable, their political structure was in ruins. Their political ideas were vague, in search of other dwellings. But such a revolution never stops half way. Rebels and Nationalists have been compelled to adopt a new philosophy. It is a healthy, invigorating process, beneficial to both. The nation will sail grander, nobler, better from the revolution of ideas. In a brief time the new homes—the men of the new ideas—will rise to the note of government in both North and South."

The Old Style.

On reading over the numerous pleasing incidents in the recently published Life of Dr. Lyman Beecher—of which we have not received a copy as yet—we were all the time impressed with the thought that the men of past generations have accomplished more with their slender means than the men of this day have, or ever will, with all that can be accumulated around them. The conditions of these times seem to be, that we should be supplied with everything, and more, too, before beginning to do; and when we have finally got through, it does not appear to amount to nearly as much as the work done by our fathers and grandfathers. We insist that it is not all prejudice on our part, but honest truth. Columbus discovered the Western World in a little vessel of ninety tons; we go forth now with a squadron, if we seek discoveries in new guano islands. There is great difference between these days and those.

Petroleum.

It is an anomaly in the history of trade, that a new discovery, like this of rock oil, should so rapidly have made its way to one of the important staples of commerce. No other country ever furnished these new staples with the readiness and generosity which have marked the history of our own. In a twelvemonth the gold of California became a staple; and within the brief term of four years Petroleum has risen—from the worthless condition of a floating pellicle on an obscure creek—to the rank of a prime commercial staple. Its progress has been truly wonderful. It is exported to every country in the world.

Spiritual Literature.

We are pleased to learn that Mrs. Hale's experiment of opening a literary depot in the "City of Brotherly Love," has succeeded so well thus far, that it may now be considered a success. In addition to the literary department, excellent trances and clairvoyant mediums are engaged, to better facilitate the progress of those seeking to know more of the Spiritual Philosophy. Mrs. L. F. Hyde, from Boston, a well known test and business medium, is sitting daily, from 9 to 1; and Mrs. Jeannie Martin, rapping and clairvoyant medium, sits from 1 to 5 o'clock, at Mrs. Hale's circulating Library Rooms, 331 Race street, Philadelphia.

Escape of Federal Prisoners.

One hundred and ninety-nine Federal officers recently made their escape from Libby Prison, at Richmond, and twenty-seven of them have reached Washington. About twenty had been recaptured at latest accounts, but the rest had not been heard from. It is hoped they will succeed in reaching our lines. They were fifty-one days digging a tunnel, through which to escape. They managed to get access to the cellar, where they commenced work, relieving one another as opportunity offered. The instruments used were case knives, pocket knives, chisels, and files. After getting through the wall they disposed of the excavated soil by drawing it out in a spittoon, which they attached to a cord; the dirt was then disposed of by spreading it in thin layers over the floor, concealing it beneath the straw. The outward end of the tunnel terminated under a wood shed, a distance of fifty-six feet. Once out, the fugitives for the greater part escaped out of harm's way as soon as possible, while a few lingered in the city. The latter walked the streets unmolested.

Conflagration at Gloucester.

About three o'clock on Thursday morning, Feb. 18th—one of the coldest nights this season—a fire broke out in Sawyer's Block, on Front street, in Gloucester, Mass., which destroyed fifty stores and fifteen dwelling houses, rendering homeless about forty families, and destroying near half a million of property. The night was so intensely cold the engines could not be worked to advantage, and the flames spread east and west with great rapidity. It was not got under till late in the afternoon, and then by the aid of a steam engine from Salem.

The Army Movements.

The army which left Vicksburg under command of Gen. Sherman, has advanced on Jackson, the capital of Mississippi, and taken possession of that and several other places, and is moving onward in conjunction with other portions of Gen. Grant's command. Nothing new from the Potomac army.

Psychometry.

Those who desire a knowledge of this science, should purchase "The Soul or Things," by William and Elizabeth M. F. Denton. See advertisement.

Announcements.

Mrs. Amanda M. Spence will lecture in East Boston the two last Sundays of Feb.; in Boston the first two Sundays in March; in Charlestown, Mass., the five Sundays of May; in Chiopees, the four Sundays of June.

Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes will speak in Milford Sunday, Feb. 28th; in East Boston, Sunday, March 6th; and in Chelsea on Sunday, March 20th.

Moses Hull lectures in Portsmouth, N. H., next Sunday, the 28th, and Uriah Clark the first Sunday in March.

Mrs. Eliza C. Clark speaks in Old Town, Me., next Sunday, and the two Sundays after. The friends in Maine will appreciate the superior inspiration of Mrs. C. Her address till March the 15th, will be in care of E. B. Emery, Bradley, Me.

Warren Chase's address will be Chicago, Ill., till further notice. His business engagements in the West will prevent his return to New England till late in the summer or fall.

Fraternity Lectures.

George Thompson, Esq., of England, late member of the British House of Commons from the Tower Hamlets, delivered the third lecture of the Fraternity Supplementary Course, at the Music Hall, Boston, on Tuesday evening, Feb. 10th, before a full audience. His subject was "Popular English Sentiment in regard to the War."

In the outset he expressed his thanks to heaven for having been, for the third time, permitted to land on Pilgrim soil, and to witness the fruition of the seed he had sown in the soil of America, and to him by many friends, and beneath the star-spangled banner.

He held in honor the people who, passing party hacks by, at a time like this, placed at the head of the nation one who was the representative of high principle, and bore the title of "Honest Abraham Lincoln." He could not help recurring to the extraordinary changes which had occurred in the country since he was here last, twelve years ago. An anti-slavery man in the presidential chair. Congress going ahead of him and passing radical acts, liberty supplanting slavery in the District of Columbia, the party that was seeking to fasten slavery on the territories, overthrown, and freedom taking ground south of the Missouri Compromise line, the fugitive slave law a dead letter, this government and that of Britain, and in the work of suppressing the slave trade, two millions of slaves free with a prospect of the remainder, the colored man armed and fighting heroically for the flag and the national union, and now he hoped the work would be finished by plucking out the last fibre of that root that had troubled so long, and the land from ocean to ocean should be the possession of a free people.

The hope and desire of all in England, and there were many who loved this country, began to be that it would complete this great work, and go hand in hand with her in all that pertains to the elevation of mankind. He knew well the history of the past here, and his heart had admired the forbearance and sympathized with the struggles of this great people, and it had been his meat and drink to serve the cause of freedom in this country and place her right before the British community, in which many strange illusions had prevailed.

Months before secession was a fact, the country was filled with rebel emissaries, poisoning the minds of editors, of rulers, and magistrates, telling the North would be divided, and Lincoln powerless, and speaking of what they called British interests in the matter. The British people were afterwards impressed with a belief that it was not an abolition of slavery that this war portended, but that it was only a territorial question, one of mere power, and the Confederates were more active in misleading the public.

Mr. Lincoln's message to Congress calling for resolutions to compensate States which should free their slaves, gave this Government an anti-slavery complexion, and the English masses began to rouse from their apathy, believing it to be the first of a series of measures in behalf of justice and freedom. Next they were electrified by the proclamation of September, 1862, and he would say from what he had then seen of them, that if some of the British statesmen had gone wrong, the heart of the British people was right, and we would never again have cause to complain of a want of sympathy on their side.

Mr. Thompson next described the different ways in which those interested in behalf of the two belligerent parties had severely endeavored to carry out their desires. In speaking of those interested in the anti-slavery interest, the speaker exhibited a variety of placards and pamphlets circulated for the purpose of effecting public opinion in that country. Reference was made to the prominent persons on either side, and an allusion to John Bright was received with much enthusiasm.

The friends in England had wished for a proclamation of freedom to all the slaves, but they hoped it would come soon. They had been laboring heartily, self-sacrificingly for the cause of America, for non-intervention, for justice; they had been carrying on a constant battle with the foe of the nation, and the advocates of Slavery. They had had enough to do to keep their hands full, but they had done it, he trusted, with no small share of success.

Many parts of the address were loudly cheered; and a warm expression of the gratification of the audience was called forth when the President of the Fraternity announced that, on the next Tuesday evening, (Feb. 23d) in the same place, a meeting of Public Reception would be held to welcome Mr. Thompson to this country, at which Gov. Andrew will preside.

The concluding lecture of the Supplementary Course will be given on Tuesday evening, March 1st, in the Music Hall, by Wendell Phillips.

Theodore Parker and the Union.

The London Inquirer of Jan. 24, in a notice of Mr. Weiss's book, after speaking of the old Union as "this home system of shame and compromise," adds: "Theodore Parker is more than missed in the great crisis of the national history. His clear penetrating eye would have seen in the present war a new form of the old national idolatry he so manfully denounced. The man who so far from urging on civil strife, is those who systematically continued the South in their technical rights; who enacted the Fugitive Law, and renounced 'The Union—the Union with whatever compromise.' Would Theodore Parker have followed their leadership? Would he have consented to a new compromise?"

If Theodore Parker were living now, he would, undoubtedly, be found in company with Mr. Garrison, Phillips, Rev. W. H. Channing, and other veteran abolitionists, in laboring for the reconstruction of a Union based on the idea of universal liberty. Our worthy contemporary still persists in closing his eyes to the real nature of the present struggle. Blind to the marvelous changes going on, he stands where Chubb stood before the war, and in the midst of the friend across the water reminds us of the legend of the seven sleepers—after having buried himself in the past, he rouses himself and walks among men, talking of things which belong to that bygone time, as if they were the issues of the living present. We would tell him that not an abolitionist in America but is now hoping and laboring for the reconstruction of the Union on the basis of universal liberty. The Union as it is now alive, he would throw himself, heart and soul, into this work. His clear voice and stirring words would echo from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico, in denunciation of the Slaveholder's Rebellion, and in behalf of the unity of the nation and human freedom.—Christian Register.

IMPORTANT FROM JAPAN AND CHINA.—An arrival at San Francisco from Kanagawa, Japan, bringing dates to Jan. 7th, informs us that the Tycoon's Palace at Yeddo was burned on Christmas. The next day the Custom House was closed. The officials declaring themselves so grieved at the Tycoon's misfortune that they were wholly unable to transact business. It is reported that the fire originated in a gunpowder plot to blow up the palace for the purpose of killing the Tycoon.

Yeddo was again ravaged by fire on New Year's day. Eleven large streets in a wealthy business quarter, besides numerous adjoining back streets and alleys, were destroyed. It is estimated that five hundred houses of the better class were destroyed.

News had reached Kanagawa that on the 31st of October nearly all of Hakodadi was burned by incendiarism.

Just before the barque Rogers left Kanagawa, the brig Mary Capen arrived from China, reporting the steamer Morning, on the 2d of January, off Amoy. Her commander reported the Alabama in the port of Amoy, going into dock.

The following letter was received by a mercantile firm of San Francisco, extensively engaged in the China trade:

To Messrs. McCondy & Co.—Dear Sirs: We are enabled, by the delay of the Rogers in the harbor, owing to calm, to give you good news that the privateer Alabama is in dock at Amoy, China, and the Wyoming, Captain McDougal, standing sentry over her. We may hope her career is ended. The steamer Mary Capen, five days from Shanghai, is a southern tier. (Signed) WALSLEY, HALL & Co.

Warren Chase.

In alluding to the public labors of this gentleman at the West, a correspondent of the Herald of Progress remarks:

"As a speaker of clearness and power, Brother Chase has few, if any, equals, and certainly no superiors in all the speakers of the Spiritualist army. He does not profess to be a Christian Spiritualist, but his preaching is full of the wisdom of the ancient philosophers, and of the love, goodness, mercy, purity and spirituality of Jesus. The Christian, with me, is not the man who professes to believe in the dogmas of the schools or of the churches, but who is like Jesus, in what he says and does, and in the manner of saying and doing it. I know of no man who is more like Jesus, in this respect, than Brother Chase, and none that has done more good in the great Northwest than he. We are always pleased to see and hear him. He can get a congregation, if any man can."

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

The Experiences of Henry Whittemore in Spirit Life, which we have continued in this, from the previous issue of the BANNER, should be read by everybody. We have printed large editions, in order to supply the extra demand we anticipate for this interesting document. Our friends would do well to order copies for distribution among skeptics.

The Narrative, also, of Chaplain Fuller in Spirit Life, which is continued in this number from our last, is worthy of the especial attention of the reader.

By his card in another column, it will be seen that Dr. P. B. Randolph has opened an office at No. 11 West 41st street, and will practice as a Medical Clairvoyant. He was very successful, as a clairvoyant, while in this city several years ago, in locating disease and prescribing the proper treatment.

Read the Spirit Messages on our sixth page. The Questions and Answers are especially interesting.

We shall publish a message from "Stonewall" Jackson in our next.

See advertisement elsewhere of "A Remarkable Book."

See advertisement of Snow's Pens. These pens are a prime article, and will be sent by mail to any address.

The attention of our readers is called to the advertisement of Dr. B. H. Crandon in another column. His success in the treatment of various diseases is said to be very successful.

Dr. Harlow has returned from the army and permanently located in Detroit, Mich., for the practice of his profession.

Peace brings plenty, plenty pride; pride quarrel, quarrel war; war spoli, spoli poverty; poverty patience, patience peace. So peace brings war and war peace.

Mrs. Currier's lectures at Dodworth's Hall, New York, we are pleased to learn, are fully appreciated by the packed audiences in attendance.

The U. S. Senate special committee on slavery have decided to report a bill legalizing the President's Emancipation Proclamation.

The General Government has more gold on hand than it has use for, and intends to sell \$12,000,000 worth of the precious metal. This don't look much like bankruptcy.

The new enrolment act, which has just passed the House, is very stringent. Aliens who have voted or held office, will be liable to draft.

A young lady in Paris, rich, handsome, and inclined to matrimony, has had twelve suitors; but by some singular fatality, each lover has died within a few weeks of the time appointed for the nuptial ceremony.

The fashions tell us that bonnets just now are in the hands of stylish milliners transformed into very pretty things. The floral decorations in the face are reduced to moderate size, and the sugar scoop is not so evident.

The use of spirituous liquors, even in the greatest moderation, tends to shorten life.—Prof. Hitchcock.

In Nicaragua they produce a variety of cotton of a buff color—darker than the yellow cotton of Nanking; the fibre is coarse but strong, and the color remains unchanged in manufacturing.

A correspondent, writing from York, Pennsylvania, thinks we were mistaken in supposing Bro. Cooley not as eloquent as other speakers in the field. We are sorry that our good brother misapprehended our meaning. We only meant to say that the lecturer in question was not perhaps considered quite as "flowery" as others, and hence not so popular. But true merit will always be appreciated, although the process is slow, sometimes. We agree with our friend, that Bro. Cooley is eloquent. The promulgation of the great fact of direct spirit-communication will make any man eloquent!

The soul being in connection with two worlds, the one the seat of its shrouded head hidden from our sight, but to which by its tent nature it belongs; the other foreign to its proper nature, but in which it is now embodied, and according to the laws of which it effects its development, and attains the consciousness of itself; it is therefore natural that it should receive the influences of both worlds.—Newman.

CREAM TOAST.—Toast the bread, and turn over it boiling sweet cream diluted with milk.

The Congressional Committee on Elections, in the case of Sleeper vs. Rice, reported in favor of the latter, taking ground not only that the recount by the Ward officers of Ward 12 was legal, but that Mr. Rice actually had the majority of the votes.—Boston Traveller.

In the U. S. Senate, Mr. Arnold, of Illinois, Feb. 15th, offered a resolution declaring that the Constitution shall be so amended as to abolish and prohibit Slavery wherever it exists. It was adopted—yeas 78, nays 62.

The weight of the great gun—the largest in the world—recently cast at Pittsburgh, Pa., is 112,000 lbs.; total length, 20 ft. 3 in.; length of bore, 17 ft. 6 in.; maximum diameter, 5 feet 3 inches; minimum diameter, 2 feet 10 inches. This gun, it is estimated, will use a spherical shot of half a ton weight, and a shell of seven hundred and fifty pounds. The amount of powder to be used in charging the piece is estimated at from eighty to one hundred pounds.

"Attend your church," the parson ories: To church each fair one goes: The old goes to close their eyes, The young to eye their clothes.

The call for a mass meeting of the citizens of West Tennessee, to be held in Memphis, on the 22d of Feb., for the purpose of taking steps to secure the reconstruction of the State, has received the signatures of a number of the largest slave-owners in that portion of the State. They accept the "present condition of the institution of Slavery as the legitimate results of the wicked war it has caused," and conclude that it must be removed.

The Sunday school children of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, made a gift on Sunday, Feb. 14th, of \$310 for the Sanitary Fair of that city, to be held on Washington's Birthday—a great many pennies for little fingers to pick up, and a good example to other folks, big and little.

We children of men are on earth already members of Two Worlds, the outer or material, and the inner or spiritual.—Zachokke.

Bishop Colenso has been "suspended" for heresy: An old woman was "suspended" on Boston Common many years ago for being a Quaker; but not exactly in the same way the Bishop has been, for she was suspended by the neck until death ensued; but the Bishop can't preach any more to "the elect." The world progresses, but the wheel revolves slowly.

"Mamma," said a child, on hearing his mother say she formed an opinion at first sight. "Well, my dear, what do you want?" "I want to know what you thought when you first saw me?"

RICH OR POOR.—Aunt Mary often said "Poor little Nellie!" One day the child replied, "I'm not poor, auntie; why, I've got twenty-five cents and a good mother!" Rich little Nellie.

AN ANCIENT LANDLORD. Grave in his aspect and attire: A man of ancient pedigree, A Justice of the Peace was he. Known in all Sudbury as "The Squire."

LIBERTY IN HEALTH.—Liberty is to the collective body, what health is to every individual body. Without health, no pleasure can be tested by man; without liberty, no happiness can be enjoyed by society.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

I deprecate much the mischievous opinion—A wife should stand free for her lord's just dominion; My husband may scold till he is as sore as scorpions, Provided I have the last word in the quarrel.—Carrie.

ANOTHER WORLD.—Muggins recently reproached a friend for reading that secession sheet, the N. Y. World. "It hegets a religious frame of mind," was the reply. "How?" "Why, it makes me long for another and better World."

Both Houses of the Iowa Legislature have passed the bill repealing the law of 1861, depriving colored persons of the right to live in that State.

IN REDEMPTION AND OUT.—The poor women and children in suffering Southern Missouri chop wood at sixty cents per cord, while common house servants get \$30 to \$40 a month in San Francisco, and the stable-boys have just struck for \$75 per month, payable in gold.

Col. Andrew J. Butler, only brother of Maj. Gen. Butler, died in New York, lately, of consumption, aged about 49 years.

Sanford Howard, Esq., of the Boston Cultivator, has been invited to become Secretary of the Michigan State Agricultural College.

On eagles' wings immortal scandals fly, Whilst virtuous actions are but born and die.

Donations to our Public Free Circles.

R. M. Bolton, Washington, D. C., \$50; Wm. S. York; Boston, \$50; Mrs. F. P. Kingsbury, Oakland, Cal., \$25; Ira Gill, Walpole, Mass., \$100; Milo Clarkin, San Francisco, Cal., \$100; a friend, Boston, Mass., \$100; R. L. H. Newburyport, Mass., \$50; "Truth," Charlestown, Mass., \$50; Elias Eveleigh, Marietta, Ohio, \$50; Heman Winchell, Pavilion, Ill., \$50; Joseph Walton, Portsmouth, N. H., \$50; Josiah F. Felt, Lynn, Mass., \$100; O. A. Bancroft, Addison Point, Me., \$50; E. H. Crandon, Providence, R. I., \$50; E. E. Noble, M. D., Port Huron, Mich., \$234; O. B. Payne, St. Francisville, Mo., \$500; J. P. Snow, New York City, \$50.

Three Days' Spiritualist Convention in Boston.

A Three Days' Spiritualist Convention will be held in Mercantile Hall, (Mercantile Library Association Building), No. 10 Summer street, Boston, Mass., on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, February 24th, 25th and 26th, 1864. The object of the Convention will be to afford opportunity for the free interchange of sentiments, experiences and standpoints; the expression of freshest inspirations from the celestial world; and every phase of advance thought; to consider the demands of the present crisis as regards the civil, religious, moral, social, and every other department of life, and the claims and aims of Spiritualism as the harmonious gospel of the age.

Among the speakers positively engaged to attend and participate are J. S. Loveland, Mrs. A. M. Spence, Rev. Moses Hull, Miss Lizzie Doten, Dr. E. H. Crandon, A. Hayden, Eliza C. Clark, Mrs. S. L. Chappell, H. B. Storor, Hon. F. Robinson, Dr. A. B. Child, Dr. H. F. Gardner, J. Edson, John Wetherbee, Jr., Dr. D. H. Hamilton, H. C. Wright, and others. All public speakers, whether constant or occasional ones, who can meet on the broad, harmonious platform of Spiritualism, are invited.

The meeting will open at 10 1/2 A. M., on Wednesday the 24th, when it is desirable that all who are interested in the order of the Convention should be present, and decide as to each day—1 1/2 A. M., 2 and 7 P. M. JACOB ENSON, Boston, S. P. BOND, Charlestown, A. B. CHILD, M. D., J. S. DIMOND, Roxbury, DR. W. L. JOHNSON, C. C. COOLIDGE, Medford, F. F. GARDNER, M. D., J. S. DODGE, Chelsea, BELA MARSH, L. S. RICHARDS, Quincy.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

Boston.—Meetings are held at Lyceum Hall, Tremont street, (opposite head of School street), every Sunday, at 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 P. M. Admission ten cents. Lectures engaged:—Fanny Davis Smith, Feb. 28; Mrs. A. M. Spence, March 6 and 13; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, March 20 and 27. Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, at Lyceum Hall, will meet every Monday evening, at 7 1/2 P. M. Spiritualists are invited. Admission free.

CHARLESTOWN.—The Spiritualists of Charlestown will hold meetings at City Hall, every Sunday afternoon and evening, during the season. Every arrangement has been made to have these meetings interesting and instructive. The public are invited. Speakers engaged:—Charles A. Hayden, Feb. 28; Moses Hull, March 6 and 13; Mrs. E. A. Bliss, April 3 and 10; Mrs. E. H. Crandon, April 17 and 24; Mrs. Amanda Spence during May; Mrs. A. A. Currier, June 5, 12 and 19.

CHelsea.—The Spiritualists of Chelsea have hired Fremont Hall, to hold regular meetings Sunday afternoon and evening of each week. All communications concerning them should be addressed to Dr. E. H. Crandon, Chelsea, Mass. The following speakers have been engaged:—Miss Susie M. Johnson, Feb. 28; Miss Lizzie Doten, March 6 and 13; Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, March 20; Dr. A. P. Pierce, March 27; Mrs. A. M. Spence, April 3 and 10; Mrs. E. A. Bliss, April 17 and 24; Charles A. Hayden, May 1 and 8; Mrs. R. A. Bliss, May 15.

Quincy.—Meetings every Sunday, at Johnson's Hall, Services in the afternoon at 2 1/2 and in the evening at 7 1/2 o'clock. Speaker engaged:—Mrs. M. B. Townsend, March 6 and 13.

LOWELL.—The Spiritualists hold meetings in Lee Street Church, "The Children's Progressive Lyceum," meets at 10 1/2 A. M. The following lecturers are engaged to speak afternoons and evenings:—Mrs. O. F. Works, Feb. 28; Mrs. Sarah A. Horton during March; Charles A. Hayden during April; Miss Martha L. Beckwith during June, October, November and December.

WORCESTER.—Free meetings are held at Horticultural Hall every Sabbath, afternoon and evening. Lecturers engaged:—Mrs. Mary M. Wood, Feb. 28; Charles A. Hayden, March 6 and 13.

TAUNTON, MASS.—Free public lectures are held in the Town Hall, every Sunday, at 2 and 7 P. M. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. S. L. Chappell, Feb. 28; Miss Martha L. Beckwith during March.

Foxboro'.—Meetings held in the Town Hall. Speakers engaged:—H. B. Storor, March 6 and 20 and April 3; Lizzie Doten, April 17 and 24.

MILFORD.—Meetings are held every Sunday afternoon, in Irving Hall. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. Fanny Davis Smith, second Sunday of every month; Rev. Adin Ballou, third Sunday; Charles A. Hayden, March 27.

PORTLAND, ME.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every Sunday in Mechanics' Hall, corner of Congress and Casco streets. Sunday school and free Conference in the forenoon. Lectures afternoons and evenings, at 2 and 7 1/2 o'clock. Speakers engaged:—Nellie J. Temple during February; Miss Susie M. Johnson, March 6 and 13; Lizzie Doten, April 3 and 10; Mrs. S. A. Horton, April 17 and 24; Wendell Phillips, May 15; Theodore D. Weld, May 22; Frederick Douglass, May 29.

ANDOVER, MASS.—The Spiritualists hold regular meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening, and a Conference every Thursday evening, in Pioneer Chapel, a house owned exclusively by them, and capable of seating six hundred persons. Speaker engaged:—Miss Emma Houston from February, April and July.

NEW YORK.—Dodworth's Hall. Meetings every Sunday morning and evening at 10 1/2 and 7 1/2 o'clock. The meetings are free. Mrs. A. Currier lectures during February.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Spiritualist Meetings are held every Sunday, in room 131 9th street. Speaker engaged:—Mrs. Susie A. Hutchinson during March.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.—The Spiritualists have secured the Church, (formerly Swedenborgian), on Longworth street, where they hold regular meetings on Sunday, and also on Wednesday evenings, Dr. J. B. Campbell, I. Atkins and J. Burge, are the Trustees.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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THE beautiful song, "LENA DE L'ORME," with Piano Accompaniment, Words and Music, composed by A. B. Whiting

Her royal mistress heard of the circumstance, and instantly caused the girl to be treated with the utmost kindness, while her persecutors became afflicted with a disease known as "a flea in the ear."

For the Banner of Light.

A NARRATIVE OF SOME OF THE EXPERIENCES IN THE INNER LIFE OF ARTHUR BUCKMINSTER FULLER, Late Chaplain of the 16th Regiment Massachusetts Volunteers.

BY HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

631 Race street, Philadelphia, Pa.

CHAPTER II.

CONSCIOUS INTERCOURSE WITH EARTH-FRIENDS.

I was intensely desirous now to go to a medium; but the answer was, "Be not impatient. We, your guardian spirits, will arrange this in the proper time and manner, so that you will not be disappointed."

My desire for this intercourse grew stronger, and occasionally I saw others thus engaged. I was not idle, but was learning all the time. I had seen you, and felt rather inclined to look toward you, but no word was given. And so I waited. And when I heard you speak the familiar words, "Chaplain Fuller," a voice came from the interior, saying, "Here is a medium through whom you will be able to communicate."

I waited, still earnestly hoping to begin my labors, and I was told that my spirit friends had arranged for the book to be placed in a position that you would see it, and that all things were working well. I felt that I had a work to do, and never did I desire more earnestly to enter upon it. I had spoken a few words on several occasions, but never before had I been so fully recognized. The kind and friendly manner in which you welcomed me for a time overcame me, and when you stood up in that little hall, and the echoes of my voice, blending with yours, reverberated through the air, and fell upon the ears of mortal and immortal listeners, I felt a joyous thrill go through my entire being that gave me compensation for all the long and weary waitings that had seemed so hard to endure.

I had known, in my earthly experiences, times when in the earnestness of my soul I was speaking to the people, a holy fervor was kindled within me, which was fed by the gushing currents of love that flowed from sympathetic natures, as they drank from the fountains of a divine inspiration, even though it was in ignorance that I smote the rock of theological unbelief, and caused the waters to come forth, but now I thanked God that I perceived the streams of living inspiration flowing freely, and as I drank of these, and witnessed how mortals and spirits were everywhere aspring after these living waters, I could not help exclaiming, "Oh, how blind and dark is that theology which teaches that a living inspiration ceased when the last page of the sacred volume was written. It would be far wiser, and more reasonable, to suppose a physical organism, constructed with all the beauty and harmony and evidences of divine wisdom which now mark that of man on earth, to be capable of continuing its existence and performing its functions without air to breathe or food to eat, than to suppose that that most beautiful and sublime structure, the human soul, could live and become unfolded without inspiration. I perceive that there is an inspiration flowing out of everything, from the cold and lifeless granite rock, throughout all the ascending grades of Nature up to the highest archangel and God himself, an inspiration peculiar to each, and adapted to their conditions and surroundings, and which can only be rightly appreciated by the soul as it becomes freed from the errors and dogmas of false education, among which there is no one more calculated to close up the avenues to this inspiration than the positive denial of its existence."

And now, as I look over the church and contemplate the effect of this teaching, I perceive that souls have been dwarfed, starved and driven away from its enclosure into the world to find the little inspiration which they have received; and through this, perhaps, more than any other cause, has the mission of the Church been a sad and deplorable failure. And could I to-day enter every church in our land, I would seek to roll away the stone which they have laid upon the mouth of the sepulchre in which they have buried a living inspiration; I would break open the seal with which they have sought to fasten this stone, so that hungering and thirsting souls could receive of that inspiration which they are so earnestly seeking, and which would indeed be in them as a well of living water springing up into everlasting life. They who deny a living inspiration, and attempt to minister the bread of life to human souls, are like those who are casting buckets into empty wells, and seeking to draw water therefrom.

But I am anticipating subjects that I will speak of hereafter. This beautiful intercourse once established through aspiration and inspiration, I found a still greater influx of light on all those subjects which I had sought to understand, a clearer and more perfect vision was given to me; and as I looked forth into the boundless fields of immensity, I saw that in the past I had taken an outside and superficial view of everything. Now the interior and divine realities came before me, and as I lingered here, I realized many hidden beauties that had been veiled in the interior of everything around me. Gazing thus into the arena of Nature, new fields were ever opening before me.

I had now learned the great lesson of spirit communion and intercourse. You recognized my presence, and my thoughts were open to you, and I could come into the inner temple of your soul and realize the same. And now, when this came to me as a living reality, I remembered how many of the great and good men of the past ages had left on record their testimony to this fact.

The bold and fearless avowal of good old Socrates, that he had a familiar demon, was now a reality to me. I had always doubted this, because it had not been my experience, but I had never denied it. The fallacy of negative denials, based on non-experience, is illustrated by the story of the African Prince, who fiercely denied the phenomenon of solid water, because the experiences of his climate had never furnished an instance of it. And the blind man who denies the existence of light, is equally wise with him who denies the existence of spiritual intercourse simply because it has not fallen within the lines of his experience. Solomon hath said, "A fool is wise in his own conceit." But "wisdom is justified of her children."

CHAPTER III.

EXPERIENCE CONTINUED—INSPIRATION.

I have said that when intercourse was freely established between myself and some of the dwellers of earth, an entire new phase appeared around and within my soul. The simplest fact in Nature, and the most familiar events of life, assumed new characters. Thought became so intensified and clear that I was at once filled with a desire to examine and study over again all the past, and in doing this, I found myself aided by and attracted to certain spirits, who were similarly engaged. The rapport which had been established between myself and conscious mediums, furnished me with a key to the means of establishing such connection with those around me in the inner life. And the first lesson which I am impressed to give you is a relation of my study and experiences on the plane of inspiration; and in doing so, I wish it understood that I stand in a sphere of inspiration, and am continually receiving an influx from all things around me and in the utterances which I may give you, will

be found the feelings that are flowing directly into my being, and many of them are now for the first time expressed by me.

The law of inspiration is based upon the fact that it is not only "more blessed to give than to receive," but that it is positively essential to give before you can receive. This condition is universal in its application. Go into the external world, and look at the hard, unyielding granite, the primitive crust of Mother Earth. Age after age rolled away, and it gave neither to the fires beneath nor the rushing tempests above, and during all this time it received nothing. Year after year, for countless centuries, the rains descended, the rays of the sun by day and the dew of heaven by night fell upon and kissed the bleak and changeless rock, and it neither gave of its substance nor received the inspirations of heaven.

At last, in the cycles of the rolling centuries, the rock began to give, and as it slowly crumbled into decay, behold the virgin soil; and this, following the example of its ancient and venerable sister, continued to give and to receive, till, through the inspiration of God, life came upon the earth in the form of simple plants; and these, catching the echo of the Divine command to give, gave themselves up, and in turn the same All Creative Power spoke into being, through inspiration, new forms of vegetable life, higher in the scale, more perfect in structure and form, till the earth was carpeted with verdure and blossomed with every-varying beauty. And as one by one these forms gave back to our Common Mother that which they had received, higher and still higher came the inspiration. Still no animated being had yet been inspired with life; but all this vast labor, these countless inspirations were for a purpose—a grand and noble design; and though all these seemed lost in the wild waste, yet each had its mission in the Divine Economy.

The law by which the earth is covered with its green carpet and the flowers present their varied tints of beauty, is based upon inspiration and its complementary principle, expiration, or giving out. Thus, the law by which an object receives its color, is that it absorbs all the primary rays except those which mark its shade and character. Light is food for plants; and most plants are inspired and fed by all the rays except the green, and this is given forth as an inspiration to surrounding objects. The flower feeds upon all the rays save those which mark its color, and these are those which it does not need, and with which it is enabled to inspire the beholder and surrounding nature.

Thus, in the rolling cycles of time, inspiration after inspiration came, and one by one the higher forms of plants appeared, responsive to the gifts of the John the Baptists that had gone before them in the wilderness of life; and when, in the course of time, the earth was prepared, by this continued giving and receiving, for the reception of another phase of being, the inspiration of animal life came first in simple forms, and when these had laid their gifts upon the altar of the world, huge monsters came, beneath whose tread the earth shook and trembled; and after these, by renewed inspirations, came more refined specimens of animated nature, until in the rolling ages an aspiration was given forth high enough to receive the inspiration of humanity.

Let us pause a moment and contemplate the beautiful gradations, step by step, that inspiration has traveled in its course from the granite rock up to man; how perfect and uniform has been the law of compensation, or giving and receiving, amid all the vast range of nature, from the rock to the plant, from flower to bird, from the animal to the human, one unchanging plan. Give and thou shalt receive, is everywhere the law divine. Amid all these ante-human conditions, inspiration was nothing upon all things. The rock felt its penetrating and dissolving influence; the flower its gentle breath, calling forth its rich perfume; and the animal the warm glow of its influence, waking it into motion and sensation—life.

All these were subjects of inspiration, though they comprehended it not; this was left for man. An ancient writer has declared that "There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding."

Here is the grand characteristic feature of man; as he giveth forth his aspirations there cometh unto him living inspirations which give him an understanding; and it is only through inspiration, in answer to aspiration, that man can understand anything. And if there be anything in the universe, from the granite rock up to the archangels, and God himself, that does not inspire man, it cannot and will not be understood by him.

Humanity, imperfect as its early condition was, presented the first practical realization of conscious inspiration. As the ages rolled on, the conditions of inspiration were measured by the race; as humanity ascended slowly in the scale of development, the inspirations mounted higher and higher. In almost every age of the world, certain individuals, by peculiarities of organization and the force of the interior spirit, have risen to the mountain peaks of a lofty and divine inspiration, the vision of which has been more or less clear, according to their purity and development; and these have from time to time, under this influence, uttered truths far beyond their powers of conception or realization.

Man, as a physical being, is inspired by the material world and all its elements, because he is a microcosm, and comprehends within his physical organism all these elements. As a mental being, he is inspired by everything on the intellectual plane that corresponds with his condition and capacity. As a spiritual and immortal being, he is also inspired in exact correspondence with the unfolding and development of that spark of Divinity—his soul—which has found a central point of consciousness in the physical and intellectual organism.

The physical being continues to receive its inspirations by development upon its various planes. The intellectual organism is inspired by its own innate love of freedom, and it soars aloft to the stars, and bounds forth into immensity, and finds no limit to its vast sweep, save its own uncultured powers and the chains which bigotry and error have too often placed around it.

The human soul, an uncreated essence, immortal in its past as well as its future, awakens to consciousness by its association with the physical and mental organism, and is for a time confined within very narrow limits by this association. The physical body is dual in its nature; the external body in its growth, from a simple cell through all the varied and multifarious changes which lead up to the most perfect physical organism, is governed and developed throughout by an internal or spiritual physical body, which, while it thus furnishes a beautiful illustration of the law of progressive unfolding by this outgrowth on the external plane, is, in turn, a recipient of the same unfolding influence, and is prepared by its association with the external physical, for its more perfect mission as a physical body for the spirit in the inner life.

The mental organism is similar, in form, to the two physical bodies of which we have spoken—still more interior in its nature, and infuses itself throughout the former. Engendered within these lies the central soul of humanity, that which gives to the others an immortality of identity and continued consciousness. The recollections of the physical and mental become immortal, because they are entangled more or less clearly upon this most interior nature of man. But perhaps I am going too far into metaphysics. I cannot give you my ideas of inspiration as I now perceive them, without saying something in relation to the phenomenon of sleep, which is purely on the physical and intellectual planes, being common to plants, animals and man.

Change of elements, waste and supply, mark the career of every living being. The reception of new elements, and the throwing off of old ones, is the universal law subject to variations which mark the grades of life. The new elements and compounds which enter into any living body, come more or less perfectly under the controlling influence of the vital force, which is the spiritual physical body, which exists in every living thing, though not of itself immortal in any one.

These new elements, under the influence of the vital forces, play their parts, brief though they be, in the drama of life; then ensues a condition in which that control ceases to be sufficient to use them longer, a part of these become effete, or dead matter, to be thrown out of the system. Another part, not so far removed from the control of the vital force, requires a condition of quietude and repose, or sleep, in order that they may come under its influence again.

Thus, in all physical systems, there are three classes of elements or compounds—the newly received, the effete, and a middle class, consisting of those which have been used, but not so far consumed by the vital forces as to be unfit for further use in the system, when restored by sleep; but which, if not thus restored, will produce pain and disease; hence the positive necessity for sleep. This, then, is the law and function of sleep on the more physical plane of plants, and on the feeble intellectual plane which is manifested in the animal kingdom, and I have received this inspiration mainly from you, though it is confirmed to me by the spirits around us.

For humanity, sleep is subservient to higher uses; for while it thus serves its part on the physical plane, it furnishes to the soul a beautiful recess from the dull routine and monotonous study of earth-life, by giving it, temporarily, more or less freedom from the shackles which the physical necessarily impose upon it. Well hath the Psalmist declared, "Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge." It is the senses and perceptions of man which go forth by day, listening to the speeches which visible and tangible things are continually uttering, and gathering up such fragmentary knowledge as these speeches can give, while the soul, in a measure freed from the trammels of the physical form as it lies in the calm repose of peaceful slumber, goes forth into its own native realm, and drinking from fountains of celestial wisdom and purity, is refreshed and invigorated; and if the links which connect it with the outward be such as to enable it to bring out upon the external plane that which it has received during this intermission, it will give forth harmony, beauty, and truth, that shall gladden the whole nature of man.

It is especially in the moment of transition from peaceful, natural sleep to the waking condition, that flashes of light from the inner life often illuminate the external. Thus most of the important discoveries which man has made in the domain of art and science, in the various ages of the world, have come to him at these moments; dawned upon his intellect with the return of consciousness after sleep.

Intuitions, which come to man's interior nature outside and independent of the physical senses, furnish the highest and best illustrations of inspiration; this influx of superior wisdom and knowledge to man, constitutes a royal road to learning, which is open to all who properly cultivate their intuitions.

I hope to be able to give you further accounts of my experience here, and in the next chapter I will relate my impression of the True Church, as at present realized by me.

NOTE.

The subject of sleep is sufficiently important to merit a few remarks in this connection. In the present condition of society, almost all sleep is dull and stupid, filled with vague and unprofitable dreams, often extremely distressing, which, like turbid streams, send forth their influence far into the ocean of day. The habit of eating largely of unwholesome food, especially in the latter part of the day, the pernicious practice of taking what are falsely called refreshments, in the form of sweetmeats, pastry, and stimulants, just before retiring, although it ever receives the earnest protest of the soul, is far too common among intelligent and enlightened people. Habits of indulgence in regard to the appetite, blind the judgment and forestall the reason, more than almost any thing else; but I need not dwell upon these; it is not so much for want of knowledge as for its practical application that mankind are suffering.

A few hints as to the proper plan to be pursued in order to invite healthy, refreshing, and inspirational sleep, will be given. A modern writer on this subject has said that one of the essentials of sleep is a good conscience "at peace with ourselves, mankind and God."

Mental excitement—at, or near the time of retiring, will often interfere with sleep. All physical violations manifest their effects more powerfully, because the voluntary power cannot ward them off. The natural and healthy stimulus of light is essential to the proper performance of the human functions, and the withdrawal of this at night, indicates the time for sleep. Twilight is the appropriate season for meditation. Man would accomplish more useful labor, and realize much greater satisfaction in it, if nearly all the hours of night were devoted to repose; but we are so much the creatures of habit, and civilization has turned so much of night into day, by artificial means, that few realize this fact. A singular error prevails, that the time spent in sleep is almost entirely lost; this is owing to the fact that the sleep is not healthy and natural. Men are too apt to measure the results of their labors by the efforts they require and the effects they produce upon themselves, and thus lose sight of the real effects that mankind derive from them.

Drops form the ocean, atoms the solid crust of the earth, and trifles apparently insignificant, the sum of human life and experience; true dignity consists not in ignoring these, but in so arranging and classifying them, that their value may be appreciated. I shall give here some suggestions in relation to the manner in which sleep may be properly induced. First, then, the apartment should be well ventilated and have a supply of pure, fresh air, not admitted, however, in currents, as the changes which frequently occur during the night season are injurious; the room should be kept moderately warm, and of a uniform temperature of about 60 degrees in winter, as the functions of calorification are not so active when we are in the recumbent position.

The best bed is a metallic spring-mattress, covered with another of vegetable matter—cotton and striped muslin of corn, or, as Dr. Lewis recommends, clean straw, which may be changed frequently. Animal substances, either hair or feathers, are objectionable, on account of their decomposition. The bed should be very thin and light—not over two or three inches in thickness. The tick, or covering, should be of different color on the sides, and there should be two loops at each end, so that these may be hung upon hooks in the ceiling of the room, near an open window, where the sun may shine upon them during some part of the day. Take care to place the side which has been uppermost toward the window. At night place the other side upward, and the end which had been at the foot of the bed on the previous night at the head. The pillow should be of the same material, sufficiently large to elevate the head without any sudden bend of the neck, as this interferes with the circulation. Soft pillows are very injurious, as they tend to keep the head hot, and are calculated to produce unpleasant dreams and disease. The bed should be elevated, so as to avoid the currents of air which

move freely about the floor. It should be placed in the centre of the room, with the head turned in a direction nearly north; about 10° east is the best line. The most refreshing and inspirational sleep will be obtained by sensitive persons if they sleep alone.

The position of the body is important. That which is preferable to all others is upon the back, with the limbs nearly straight, and separated from each other and from the body. This permits the currents of exhausted vital force to flow out freely. The habit of sleeping with the arms closed over the head, is very injurious, as it forms a current around the head and lungs which frequently lays the foundation for disease in these organs. Many persons are obliged to lay upon one side. The same care as to separation of the limbs should be observed here. I have recommended sensitive persons to sleep alone. It is especially important that they avoid sleeping in the same apartment with the old or sick, as disease is much more readily introduced into the system in the negative condition of sleep. In the most perfect sleep the physical system is rested and renovated. The soul goes out and mingles with its kindred—in its own native and beautiful sphere—and the mental organism, which is a connecting link between the soul and the physical is also permitted to roam in freedom, and absorb knowledge from the intellectual spheres. And when the transition moment comes in which they must return to the limited sphere which the physical throws around them, they are often enabled to bring back some of the rich treasures which they have gathered in these fleeting hours of physical repose.

H. T. C.

[CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

"Blossoms of our Spring."

Life has its summer-time, its winter-time, its fruitful autumn, and its blooming spring. The beautiful home of the spirit, our friend Mr. Davis calls the "Summer Land;" others say of heaven, "There springs shall never cease." Certain it is Spring and Summer represent the happy time. We incline to think that a true life on earth, filled with the beauty and purity of love—a life that centres in a home in which taste and simplicity reign, and whose magnet is the loving hearts within—may be called the spring-time of the spirit, that awaits its summer in the land that gathers within it the purest and holiest objects of love, and draws, by its silver chain of beauty, our hearts ever thither.

From this spring of two loving hearts have come words of life—the flowers that grew on those tender plants of Aspiration—the apple-blossoms from the trees of Content—the scented grape blossoms from the vines of Trust—the snowy cherry-buds of Anticipation—the hawthorne tufts of Refinement—these blossoms, and many more, have been given to the world, twined in with the ivy, the oak, the chestnut leaves, that are the strong endeavor, the willing purpose, the consecrated will.

No words ever miss their purpose more than flower, or tree, or shrub; and these heart-blossoms are to do their work in the great year of the Lord. Perhaps their sweetest and best work was done in the blooming, for thus it almost always is. The Spring, that comes first in the warm air and gentle breath, is Nature's own—the buds and blossoms only tell of it to others. And yet there is perhaps nothing so good for the heart as to give itself out to the world by words that come from the centre of its life. When this is done, then on the thousand-stringed lyre of Sympathy come back the gentle touches of recognition, and one knows where one's place is in the world's orchestral melody.

We hope that the writers of this volume are having that blessed assurance of sympathetic recognition. They are no strangers to the world. When the voices from the land of love began to speak with clearer tone to the listening ear of the world, it was Hudson and Emma who heard with well-attuned ear, and gave the deaf interpretation of their new gospel. The Arcana of Nature, in its first and second volumes, is a work for the future, although it has won the highest praise at home and abroad, the first volume having been translated into the German, and passed through three editions; the second volume having reached its second edition.

Let us, then, step into the inner life of these time-tried friends, for we are sure that they could write no poems that did not reveal some gleam or shadow of their real life. Opening the volume, we mark as one of these gleams:

SPIRIT-VOICES.

When the Day-god, worn and weary,
Slunk behind the shadowy hills,
And the cooling of the ring-dove,
And the sweet loves, my bosom thrills:
When the sunset clouds, like vessels,
Coast upon the airy sea,
Beaming with the forms of angels,
Spirit-voices came to me.

When the shadow-wand of Midnight
Casts around my couch a spell,
And the images of dream-land
Stray from out their fairy-dell;
And with airy, velvet fingers
Fold my eyes, and hush my glee,
Like the notes of elfin music,
Spirit-voices come to me.

When Night's pet child, Morning Twilight,
Trips along with flying feet
O'er the pastures strewn with clover,
Redolent with fragrance sweet;
And with dainty, rose-tipped fingers
Folds the shadow shades for me,
Fraught with love-words, softly spoken,
Spirit-voices come to me.

Yester night I joined the giddy
Throng that revelled in the dance,
And when gleaming lamps were lighting
Floating forms and Beauty's glance,
Sweeter than the softest music,
Or the silver gush of glee,
Straying on the perfumed ether,
Spirit-voices came to me.

Ne'er is there a night so starless,
Or a day so fraught with bliss,
That I hear not spirit-voices,
Or return some angel kiss.
When I'm sad the gentle angels
Fold the heart-shades all aside,
And they smile when golden joy beams
O'er me, like May sunshine, glide.

This is followed by a dream, which has a touching beauty in it. The vision of memory is of the childhood of Emma, where fancy made the simple treasures of flower and moss and seed-cup more precious than any of the realities of after-life.

"When my cup of joy seemed fullest,
And I saw my mother stand
Beside me from the low-roofed cottage
To me, with her pale thin hand,
Like white wings, bare feet flew onward,
Skimming grass and daisies o'er—
One more bound and I should meet her,
Waiting for me in the door!

Then the briding at my bosom
Nestled, waking me from sleep,
And I passed from Child to Woman,
At that hurried, flying leap!
I woke to feel Life's duties
Press upon the dream-child free;
Woke to quiet the war-darling
Clinging trustingly to me!"

The pleasant thought inspired by "My Home," we will waken by quoting:

"Shining shade it with their wings,
Shining out unlovely things;
Witching music round it floats,
Breathing for me late like notes;
Fancied thoughts are treasured there—
Fancy-pictures, wild and fair;
Beauty's fingers glid each part—
O, my Home 'a noble heart,
Love's pure sunshine round it gleams,
Shedding over me its beams;

All the angels' choicest flowers
Bloom within its cherished bowers;
Buds of purity are there,
Truth is wreathed in garlands rare;
Intellect its blossoms pale
Opens to the perfumed gale.

Beautiful to me it seems,
As a palace framed in dreams;
And I cannot be more blest
Than within its peace to rest.
Since I'm called its bliss to share,
I would rest forever there,
Till the spirit vales I roam,
Happy in an Angel Home."

And now let us, in proper manner, turn to the opening poem. This is a national tribute, and embodies many fine thoughts on America. Its closing stanzas seem now likely to be fulfilled.

"America, thou pet child of the world,
Thou brightest of all jewels in the crown
The Goddess of the Nations wears, long live
Thy Liberty, thy Honor, and thy Peace!
Thy humble birds will fleet from earthly scenes,
But thou, Eternal Nation, will live on
Forevermore. Thy starry flag shall float
Above all nations, conquered by the power
Of thy intrinsic Truth and Liberty.
The Tyrant's throne shall vanish from the earth;
No man be master, none a chafed serf;
But all shall share the earth in brotherhood,
And heaven shall nestle in the earthly sphere.
Throw out thy banner, bind it round the world,
And, like thy eagle, onward to thy Destiny!"

We turn to "Life's Passion Story" with more pleasure than to any other portion of the volume. It seems like a story that has been lived, and not fitted up from portions of many lives. When Spiritualists give expression to such thoughts on Love and Marriage, why are they so grossly misrepresented? Helen and Rudolph are two of the characters:

"Helen was beautiful, and young as I,
And in her bosom beat as warm a heart,
Which Rudolph won, and ever since has kept,
Though, if he could, he'd toss it idly by,
As lightly as an unprized gift.

They wed;

And when slight difference in thought arose,
As all may look for, and which is no harm,
Instead of trying to assimilate,
He dashed off comet-like, away from her,
In the orbit of a false philosophy.
Which ever since he's kept, as you well know,
Saying they were mistaken, and he clogged,
In bondage to a brainless girl, his wife
In eyes of law, but not in truth.
Could intellect unfold in such an air?
Could love flowers blossom 'neath such chilling
snows?"

In this false philosophy Rudolph founders, but not forever. Helen does not sit idly down to weep and pine, but with true womanly heart determines to win a position that shall show her to be worthy of her husband's reverence. She achieves fame, and with a strong and earnest purpose, makes life a grand success, spite of her heartache and disappointed hopes.

This course finally blinds the strong bonds of love about her husband's heart again, and he returns to her, not as a philosopher, but as a loving husband. We thank our friends for this testimony in favor of the power of true, noble action. This false philosophy taints many hearts, but it is not so strong in its power as a woman's consecrated desires. There are in this poem many fine passages, both descriptive, philosophical and spiritual:

"How grand the Forests are on such a night!
The giants of the wood have gone to sleep,
Like heroes on the hard-fought battle field;
How many storms they've braved, yet unconcerned,
In silent dignity of noble rank,
They rear aloft their rugged arms to heaven,
And bid defiance to the god of winds,
And shake their drapery limbs at the coming stars.
How beautiful they are, bathed in the sea
Of light the orbéd moon pours around;
The rustle of their branches in the wind
Seems like the movements of a sleeping man.
Trees, do you dream—do you e'er dream of love?
Does sturdy oak ne'er love the graceful elm,
Or ash? or are you 'bove such mortal whims?
Why, laughing brooklet, hurry ye so swift?
You've huddled all the trees to sleep, and now,
Enamored with the quiet lake, you steal
Away into his bosom."

The interview between Lucien and the Spirit reveals our beloved philosophy:

SPIRIT.

"The tomb—the gateway to another sphere!
I threw my body off—my dwelling changed—
But still remained myself. My spirit-form
Unfolded in a flood of light, and wore
A garb as gleaming as sun-lighted snow;
A holy bliss came, with departed friend
To welcome to the pleasures of the blessed.
I stepped from lower to a higher room—
From workshop into parlor—and I found
A change as great as Hottentot would find,
If he, from native wood and barren plains,
Was ushered into the palaces of kings.

LUCIEN.

Then why not leave the dreary scene of Earth,
And mount at once into the golden skies?

SPIRIT.

Because man is of Earth, and should remain,
Like fruit upon its parent stem, till ripe.
O, would you bear the piercing wail of him
Who, with stern hand and uncongenial soul and sent
Up uncalled, unwanted, to this sphere,
Hoping that Death would bury all his woe!
Death cannot still the anguish-throbbing heart;
It cannot hush one plaintive note of grief;
It cannot dim one haunting memory;
Beckon not Death, it will o'ertake you now,
Before you are prepared to launch from Earth.
Live! and leave Earth the better by your stay!
Ay, write a nation's wrongs, a nation's rage,
As wide and deep as avalanches write
On mountains' sides.

With all its mantling gloom
Earth has more happiness than pain.

LUCIEN.

Hast seen thy Love and angel babes?

SPIRIT.

Ah, yes;
They welcomed home the tardier. I heard
The music of their voices 'cross the waves
When I was floating o'er to angel-land;
'And when I stepped o'er to the spirit-land,
They met me in the chambers of the sky.
I saw thee, with cold fingers, write a tale
About the sorrows of a martyred one.
Then stood I by thy side, and thought "one heart
On Earth thinks of my pilgrimage 'mong men."
Those days of anguish and of woe have fled,
Never to haunt me more.
Here every one seeks out his sphere of friends,
And want, distrust, and poverty remain
Unknown. We live ideal lives of joy,
And one eternal sunshine lights our home."

Thus we close our extracts, hoping that though our selections may not be the best that could have been made, they will awaken an interest in this volume, and that the love of these blossoms may grow in many hearts, till Hudson and Emma be household words. They tell us in their Proem that they do not claim renown, but we know that they do claim to have their aspirations meet the desires of other hearts, untiring, they find a common life in the true, the beautiful, and the good.

Answering Sealed Letters.

We have made arrangements with a competent medium to answer Sealed Letters. The terms are One Dollar for each letter so answered, including three red postage stamps. Whenever the conditions are such that a spirit addressed cannot respond, the money and letter sent to us will be returned within three or four weeks after its receipt. We cannot guarantee that every letter will be answered entirely satisfactory, as sometimes spirits addressed hold imperfect control of the medium, and do as well as they can under the circumstances. To prevent any apprehension—as some suppose Mrs. Conant to be the medium for answering the sealed letters sent to us for that purpose—it is proper to state that another lady medium answers them. Address "BANNER OF LIGHT," 158 Washington street, Boston.