

# BANNER LIGHT.



VOL. XX.

{ \$2.00 PER YEAR, }  
In Advance.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1867.

{ SINGLE COPIES, }  
Eight Cents.

NO. 23.

## Literary Department.

### THE RECOGNITION.

BY JOHN W. MONTCLAIR.

There comes a wanderer, staff in hand,  
Homeward returning from distant land.  
His beard is tangled, his face is brown;  
Will they know him again in his native town?  
Enraptured, he hears the city-gate,  
Where the toller of yore is standing in wait.  
'T was a youthful comrade, true and fast;  
Once many a wine-cup between them passed.  
Yet strange—the toll-gatherer knows him not:  
Do beard and sunshine his features blot?  
He shakes the dust from his trodden boot;  
He turns in silence, with brief salute.  
Behold—his true love stands at the door:  
"Thou blooming fair one, welcome once more!"  
But the maid, unconscious, remains unmoved;  
She knows not the voice of her once beloved.  
He bends his step 'ward his childhood's home;  
To his cheek so brown the teardrops come.  
Near the cot his mother is wending her way:  
"God bless thee, beloved!"—'tis all he can say.  
The mother—she turns and shouts with joy;  
In her arms she is clasping her truant boy.  
Though the sun may swart, and the beard may grow,  
The mother, the mother her son doth know.

### A QUAKER NOVEL.

WOODBURN GRANGE: A STORY OF ENGLISH COUNTRY LIFE. BY WILLIAM HOWITT, author of "The Man of the People," etc. One vol., 12mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

[From the Philadelphia Press, Feb. 5.]  
William and Mary Howitt, man and wife, commenced joint authorship, with a volume entitled "The Forest Minstrel and other poems," as far back as the year 1823. No two authors now living have done so much literary work, since then, as this able couple. Mary Howitt has confined herself for the most part to poetry and fiction, besides introducing the novels of Frederica Bremer in an English dress, while her husband has devoted his talent to a greater variety of subjects. His "Book of the Seasons," "Boys' Country Book," "Rural Life in England," "Visits to Remarkable Places," "Homes and Haunts of the most Eminent British Poets," and "The Hall and the Hamlet," exhibit his taste for and knowledge of country life. He has translated largely from the German, besides publishing his own experiences of foreign living. In "Colonization and Christianity," he has touched upon Politico-Religious Economy. He has written some excellent, because practical, books upon the "Australian Colonies." He has edited a magazine. He has written several works of fiction, of which "Madame Darrington of the Dene," and "The Man of the People," are best known. Above all, William Howitt is one of the ablest, as well as the oldest, of the Republican writers of England. There is a deep vein of liberal opinions underlying almost every one of his books, and, besides, he has written "The History of Priestcraft," of which about 100,000 copies have been circulated; a volume on "The Aristocracy of England," and a "Popular History of England"—the last being one of the most honest, truthful, and fearless of modern works. Mr. Howitt believes in Spiritualism, and this belief led him to write two volumes, entitled a "History of the Supernatural in all Ages and Nations," which appeared in 1863, and was republished in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co. Mr. Howitt, now in his seventy-second year, appears to have as much work in him as a man of five-and-twenty, and the volume before us (which has not yet appeared in London, and is published here by Messrs. Peterson from advance sheets purchased at a large price), shows remarkable freshness and vitality of spirit.

William and Mary Howitt originally were members of the Society of Friends, and still, though they are not in membership with that body, hold them in affectionate and respectful regard. We have designated the book before us as "A Quaker Novel," and it is all that. The principal characters of the story are Friends, and a great deal of the development of the plot turns upon the peculiar forms and feelings of the sect.

"Woodburn Grange" has its scene in that part of Nottinghamshire through which flows the river Trent. Mr. Howitt, who lived in the town of Nottingham for many years, (he was elected alderman on account of the ultra-liberal politics of his "History of Priestcraft") has walked over most part of that beautiful country, which still contains what is left of famous Sherwood Forest, and knows it more thoroughly than any other author—with the exception, perhaps, of Thomas Miller, the basket-maker, (also poet and novelist,) who traversed it for years, selling his handiwork, after the manner described in his own "Gideon Giles."

The story opens with the description of Sir Roger Rockville, of Rockville, one of the hereditary aristocrats of England. In contrast with this cross-grained old bachelor, the last of his line, the author has sketched the career of Simon Degge, the descendant of a race which had depended, time out of mind, upon the charity doled out, under the warrant of the law, to paupers; but Degge rises out of this condition, by his own enterprise and probity, founds a family, acquires vast wealth, and ends by purchasing the Rockville property, after Sir Roger's death, refusing a baronetcy offered by the Crown, because he is, intensely and from conviction, a man of the people. The one great fault of the book is that though Sir Roger Rockville is elaborately introduced, in the opening chapter, very little is heard of him until towards the close of the story, when he is removed by violent means. It is in Simon Degge and his friends that the interest of the late property centres.

Rockville of Rockville, whose first known ancestor "came over with William, must have been a man of some mark, either of bone and sinew or of brain, for he obtained what the Americans would call a prime location. As his name does not occur in the roll of Battle Abbey, he was, of course, not of a high Norman extraction; but he had done enough, it seems, in the way of knocking-down Saxons, to place himself on a considerable eminence in this kingdom. The centre of his domains was conspicuous far over the country, through a high range of rock overhanging one of the sweetest rivers in the kingdom. On one hand lay a vast tract of rich marsh land, capable, as society advanced, of being converted into meadows; and on the other, as extensive moorlands, finely undulating, and abounding with woods and deer." He built a castle on a rock, around which a few houses were erected in a course of time, and hence the surname—Rockville, and they managed to reign there like feudal sovereigns.

"Thus lived the Rockvilles for ages. In all the iron combats of those iron times they took care to have their quota. Whether it were Stephen against Matilda, or Richard against his father, or John against the Barons; whether it were York or Lancaster, Tudor or Stuart, the Rockvilles were to be found in the midst, and winning power and lands. So long as it required only stalwart frames and stout blows, no family cut a more conspicuous figure. The Rockvilles were at Bosworth Field. The Rockvilles fought in Ireland under Elizabeth. The Rockvilles were staunch defenders of the cause in the wars of Charles I. with his Parliament. The Rockvilles even fought for James II. at the Boyne, when three-fourths of the most loyal of the English nobility and gentry had deserted him in disgust and indignation. But from that hour they had been less conspicuous.

The opposition to the successful party, that of William of Orange, of course brought them into disgrace; and though they were never molested on that account, they retired to their estate, and found it convenient to be as unobtrusive as possible. Thenceforward you heard no more of the Rockvilles in the national annals. They became only of consequence in their own district. They acted as magistrates; they served as high sheriffs; they were a substantial county family, and nothing more. Education and civilization advanced; a wider and very different field of action and ambition opened upon the aristocracy of England. Our fleets and armies abroad; our legislature at home; law and the Church, presented brilliant paths to the ambition of those thirsting for distinction, and the good things that follow it. But among the Rockvilles did not expand with this expansion. So long as it required only a figure of six feet high, broad shoulders, and a strong arm, they were a great and conspicuous race; but when the head became the member most in request, they ceased to go ahead. Younger sons, it is true, served in the army and navy, and filled the family pulpit, but they produced no generals, no admirals, no archbishops, no nobles, no statesmen, no scholars, no poets, no philosophers, no great lawyers, great statesmen, great prelates, and even great poets and philosophers. The Rockvilles remained high, proud, bigoted, and born."

The Rockvilles had wealth, rank, and dignity, with little brains. Mentally, they had been gradually wearing out. They continued a tall and not bad-looking family, but, of late, there had been an only son, and at the period of this tale, (say thirty years ago), the last of the line was a bachelor of sixty.

"It is worth while here to take a glance at Sir Roger and his estate. They exhibited a strange contrast. The one bore all the signs of progress, the other of a stereotyped feudalism. The estate, which in the days of the first Sir Roger do Rockville had been half moor and three-quarters wilderness, was now cultivated to the pitch of British agricultural science. The marsh lands beyond the river were one splendid expanse of richest meadows, yielding a rental of four solid pounds per acre. Over hill and dale on this side for miles, where formerly ran wild deer, and grew wild woodlands or furze-bushes, now lay excellent farms and hamlets, and along the ridge of the ancient cliffs rose the most magnificent woods. Woods, too, clothed the steep hill-sides, and swept down to the noble river, their very boughs hanging far out over its clear and rapid waters. In the midst of these fine woods stood Rockville Hall, the family seat of the Rockvilles. It reared its old brick walls over the towering mass of elms, and travelers at a distance recognized it for what it was—the mansion of an ancient and wealthy family.

The progress of England in arts, science, commerce, and manufactures, had carried Sir Roger's estate along with it. It was full of active and moneyed farmers, and flourished under modern influences. How lucky it would have been for the Rockville family had it done the same. But amid this estate, there was Sir Roger, solitary, and the last of the line. He had grown well enough—there was nothing stunted about him, as far as you could see on the surface. In stature he exceeded six feet. His colossal arms could not be of a proper relative growth. He was as large a landlord and as tall a justice of the peace, as you could desire; but, unfortunately, after all, he was only the shell of the man. Like many of his veteran elms, there was a very fine stem, only it was hollow. There was a man just with the rather awkward deficiency of a soul.

And it was no difficult task to explain, either, how this had come about. The Rockvilles saw plainly enough the necessity of managing their lands, but they scorned the very idea of manuring their family. What that most ancient, honorable, and substantial family suffer any of the common earth of humanity to gather about its roots! The Rockvilles were so careful of their good blood that they never allied it to any but blood as pure and inane as their own. Their elms flourished in the rotten earth of plebeian accumulations, and their acres produced large crops of corn from the sewage of towns and fat sinks, but the Rockvilles themselves took especial care that no vulgar vigor from the real heap of ordinary nature should infuse a new force of intellect into their race. The Rockvilles needed nothing; they had all that an ancient, honorable, and substantial family could need. The Rockvilles had no necessity to study at school—why should they? They did not want to get on. The Rockvilles did not aspire to distinction for talent in the world—why should they? They had a large estate, and a large estate implies large honor and respect, though the owners of it be simply cyphers. So the Rockville soul—unmused from generation to generation—grew  
"Fine by degrees and beautifully less," till it tapered off into nothing.  
Look at the last of a long line in the midst of

his fine estate. Tall he was, with a stoop in his shoulders, and a bowing of his head on one side, as if he had been accustomed to stand under the low boughs of his woods, and peer after intruders. And that was precisely the fact. His features were thin and sharp; his nose prominent and keen in his character; his eyes small, black, and peering, like those of a hungry witch. Sir Roger was still oracular on the bench, after consulting his clerk, who was a good lawyer, and looked up to by the neighboring squires in election matters, for he was an unswerving Tory. You never heard of a rational thing that he had said in the whole course of his life; but that mattered little—he was a gentleman of solemn aspect, of stately gait, and of very ancient family.

With ten thousand a year, and his rental rising, he was still, however, a man of overwhelming cares. What mattered a fine estate if all the world was against him? And Sir Roger firmly believed that he stood in that predicament. He had grown up to regard the world as full of little besetting upstarts, radicals, manufacturers, and poachers. All were banded, in his belief, against the landed interest. It demanded all the energy of his very small faculties to defend himself and the landed aristocracy against them.

This is spirited and true, and Mr. Howitt is consistent in all that he makes this high aristocrat do and say. His one great object was to preserve his game, and poetical justice is meted out by making him perish in an affray with poachers in one of his own woods—the last of his race, but not of his class.

Simon Degge, sprung from pauperism to wealth, to whom the town of Great Castleshorough owes its prosperity and growth, comes out in strong contrast with the faded Baronet. He is surrounded by "troops of friends," among whom are several Quakers, and here we must say that, as a romancer, Mr. Howitt is decidedly anti-Malthusian, for he chronicles a dozen or so of marriages among the personages of his tale. The ancestor of Mr. Degge have a right to be mentioned, and we rejoice to say, the family and the class are wholly unknown in this country:

"These papers regarded their maintenance by no means as a disgrace. They claimed it as a right—as their patrimony. They contended that one-third of the property of the Church had been given by benevolent individuals for the support of the poor, and that what the Reformation brought to the poor, the great enactment of Elizabeth rightfully—and only rightfully—restored."

Among these hereditary paupers who, as we have said, were found in Castleshorough, there was a family by the name of Deg. This family had never failed to demand and enjoy what it held to be its share of its ancient inheritance. It appeared from the parish records, that they practiced, in different periods, the craft of shoe-making, tailoring, and chimney-sweeping; but since the invention of the stocking frame they had, one and all of them, followed the profession of stocking-weavers; or, as they were then called, stockingers. This was a trade which required no extreme exertion of the physical or intellectual powers. To sit in a frame, and throw the arms to and fro, was a thing that might be carried to a degree of extreme diligence, or be let down as a mere apology for idleness. An "idle stockinger" was then a very common phrase, and the Degs were always classed under that head. Nothing could be more admirably adapted than this trade for building a plan of parish relief upon. The Degs did not pretend to be absolutely without work, or the parish authorities would have soon set them to some real labor—a thing that they particularly recoiled from, having a very old adage in the family, that 'hard work was enough to kill a man.'

There was indeed an anecdote of three of the Degs which was continually quoted as exemplifying the three degrees of extreme indolence. According to this, three Degs were lying one fine autumn day under a neighbor's pear tree. One of them, in a languid tone, said, 'There! a pear has dropped.' The second observed, 'still more languidly, "I wish I had it." The third was too lazy even to open his mouth to express such a wish, much less to move and get it.

The Degs, then, were seldom out of work; but they did not get enough, or do enough, to meet and die. They had but little work if times were bad, and if they were good, they complained of large families and sickly wives and children. Be times what they would, therefore, the Degs were due and successful attendants at the parish payable. Nay, so much was this a matter of course, that they came at length not even to trouble themselves to receive their pay, but sent their young children for it; and it was duly paid. Did any parish officer, indeed, turn restive, and decline to pay a Deg, he soon found himself summoned before a magistrate, and such pleas of sickness, want of work, and poor earnings brought forward, that he most likely got a sharp rebuke from the benevolent but uninquiring magistrate, and acquired a character of hardness that stuck to him.

So parish officers learnt to let the Degs alone; and their children, thus regularly brought up to receive the parish money for their parents, were impatient, as they grew up, to receive it for themselves. Marriages in the Deg family were, consequently, very early, and there were plenty of instances of married Degs claiming parish relief, under the age of twenty, on the plea of being the parent of two children. One such precocious individual being asked by a rather verdant official why he was married before he was able to maintain a family, replied, in much astonishment, that he had married in order to maintain himself by parish assistance. That he had never been able to maintain himself by his labor, nor ever expected to do it; his only hope, therefore, lay in marrying and becoming the father of two children, to which patriarchal rank he had now attained, and demanded his 'pay.'

Thus furnished the Degs on their ancient patrimony, the parish, for upward of two hundred years. Nay, we have no doubt whatever, that, if it could have been traced, they had enjoyed an ancestry of paupers as long as the pedigree of Sir Roger Rockville himself. In the days of the most perfect villainage they had, doubtless, eaten the bread of idleness, and claimed it as a right. They were numerous, improvident, ragged in dress, and fond of an alcoholic and gossip. Like the blood of Sir Roger, their blood had become peculiar through a long persistence in the same circumstances. It was become pure pauper blood.

The Degs married, if not entirely among Degs, yet amongst the same class. None but a pauper would dream of marrying a Deg, even were she handsome as Helen of Troy. The Degs, therefore, were in constitution, in mind, in habit, and in inclination, paupers. But a pure and unmixed estate aristocracy, it increases and multiplies. The lower the grade the more prolific, as is sometimes seen on a large and even national scale. The Degs threatened, therefore, to become a most formidable clan in the lower purlieus of Castleshorough; but, luckily, there is so much virtue, even

in evils, that one not rarely cures another. War, the great evil, cleared the town of Degs.

Fond of idleness, of indulgence, of money easily got and as easily spent, the Degs were rapidly drained off by recruiting parties during the great French war. The young men enlisted and were marched away; the young women married soldiers that were quartered in the town from time to time, and marched away with them. There were eventually none of the once numerous Degs left, except a few old people, whose death was sure to draft off at no distant period into his regiment of the line which has no end. Parish overseers, magistrates, and master manufacturers facilitated themselves on this unhelped-for deliverance from the ancient family of the Degs."

How the son of a Deg, who had gone a soldiering, is taken out of pauperism, put forward in the world, made partner in a factory, and married to a rich young lady, is told by Mr. Howitt in a very general manner. So with all the other marriages—one turning out badly, but coming right at last. But, all through, the antagonism between hereditary noxiousness and honest labor rising into wealth is well defined; and in this book, as in others, Mr. Howitt presses heavily on the vicious system, arising out of the game laws, by which, in England, a man's life is estimated as of less value than the life of a pheasant.

The Woodburn family, the heritages, the Qualms, the Drury's, the Claverings, the Thorsbys, Frank Leroy, and, above all, Betty Trapps, maid of all work, Howell Cruso, the schoolmaster, Sylvanus Crook, the lodge-keeper, and sharp Tom Bodilly, are evidently drawn from life.

Few would think of likening Aristocratic and Quaker Society, but here it is done—with great plausibility, too.

### ARISTOCRACY AND QUAKERISM.

"I do not mean to say that the aristocracy, in their families and in the familiar circles of their birth and kin, are not as agreeable and as full of heart and pleasantness as other people. I am now only speaking of them in their general society, as you were speaking of the general society of the Friends; and, in fact, it may seem a strange fancy to you, but I have always seen a great similarity in the manners of the aristocracy and those of Friends. There is the same quiet, unexcited manner—a repose that expresses no surprise at anything. The women of the Society, in particular, are vastly in their manners and deportment, like ladies of rank, though so different in costume. Both one and the other class can live in society on the smallest possible quantum of ideas inconceivable. Look at the fair, smooth, unimpassioned faces of the Quaker ladies. On those placid countenances you trace no vestiges of the storms of passion or the cravings of ambition. Perhaps the Quaker ladies possess that tranquillity of tone and temper, which their aristocratic sisters were so admirably. Certainly I know no class of people who approach so closely to the aristocratic cast as the Friends. But, as to dullness, give me the Quakers rather than the titled great, for they do indulge in topics of the highest importance. On the means of putting down war, slavery, priestcraft and political injustice, and on the means of promoting freedom of conscience and thought, peace and knowledge, they will at any time grow eloquent."

Among the best parts of this story are the descriptions of a fête at a Quaker's villa in the country, of Quaker-life in London, (though there surely is some exaggeration in what is said of Friends frequenting operas, theatres, and balls), and of a Quaker wedding.

Of course, according to modern custom, there is a great sensation incident—the murder of a rich farmer, and the accusation, trial, and acquittal of Mr. Woodburn, of Woodburn Grange, for the crime. The ground of suspicion was that Woodburn, whose son was about marrying Miss Drury, was not on good terms with her father, and had been heard to exclaim, after being insulted by him, "Is there no good fortune which will come to rid this country of that nuisance of a man, with his cursed pride and concealed meddling with everybody's business?" Four days after this, Farmer Drury's corpse is discovered in the river, with marks of violence upon it, which could not have been accidentally caused.

As we have said, Woodburn's being remembered and misapprehended—for he wished that good fortune would remove the man—he was suspected, imprisoned, tried and acquitted, upon a strong alibi, and restored to his family and society. Months afterwards, a letter, written on board an Indian man, in the Hoogley, by Dr. Leroy, before landing in India, and before he had otherwise heard of the murder of Mr. Drury, discloses, in its narrative of a dream, how and by whom the crime had been committed. We give as much as is necessary here of

### THIS DREAM OF A MURDER.

"Well, then, I seemed to be somewhere in the great meadows between Woodburn and Beafon. The hay was all abroad, and numbers of people were busily getting it up. It was a splendid, still, reposeful evening. I saw Mr. Drury amongst his work-people, on his well-remembered, tall, roan horse."

"Oh! was ejaculated by every one present. 'How odd, ton,' said George, looking at the date, 'that this dream occurred on the night following the death of Mr. Drury! But to proceed:'"

"As I looked round I saw two men cross Wink's Ferry into the meadows, one with a hay-fork in his hand. They seated themselves under the alder bushes near the ferry, and on the banks of the river. One of these men, I recognized at once. It was that Nathan Hoppercraft who lives just below you, and whose powers of gormandizing I have witnessed to my astonishment in your kitchen. His short, thick figure was exact. As usual in his weather, his shirt-collar and bosom were open, displaying his red, sunburnt, and hairy chest, and his thick, muscular neck, which I remember him once speaking of in his stupid and careless before-the-horse way, saying, 'I have a bull-like neck,' meaning he had a neck like a bull. There he sat in his shirt sleeves, and with him a man I never saw before. He was a tall, muscular fellow, of about thirty. At first view I thought him a keeper, for he had on leather leggings and a cotton velvet shooting-jacket, with ample skirts and pockets, capable of holding a hare each if necessary. He had black curly hair, and full black whiskers. His face was burnt brown with exposure, and on looking closer his expression was sullen and savage."

"Oh, heavens!" exclaimed both Letta and her brother together. "Scammel, Scammel, to the life! How extraordinary!"  
"I soon saw," continued the letter, 'that he was no keeper; but the man had the look of one who had been degraded from a keeper to a poacher

and ruffian. His clothes were dirty and weather-burten; his coat was bad, of a ruddy brown, his hat was battered and shapeless. As I again looked toward the hay-field, I saw Mr. Drury leaving the people and riding toward the ferry. As he did that, the poacher-looking fellow slunk into the bushes and disappeared. Hoppercraft went upon the boat and stood ready to pull it over. As Mr. Drury rode on to the boat he touched his hat, and Mr. Drury appeared to say something to him, and then rode toward the prow of the boat, and sat looking forward ready to issue to the shore. But at the very moment that the horse set his foot on the boat the ugly fellow issued from the bushes armed with the hay-fork, a very heavy one—a pitchfork for loading the hay on the wagons. He carried his shock in his left hand, and set them down softly but quickly on the boat, and then, with the spring of a tiger, he darted forward and struck Mr. Drury on the back of the head a furious blow. I shouted, as it seemed, as I saw the murderous intention; but the deed was done. Mr. Drury fell backward from his horse, dragging the saddle round after him, and would have gone overboard but that he was caught by the ruffian-looking fellow, and stretched on the deck of the boat. In the fright the horse reared, and springing forward, fell into the river. For some time he seemed embarrassed, by the saddle under his chest, and floundered about as if he would drown, but then he recovered himself, and got floating in the shallower part of the river.

"During this time, for I seemed to see both things at once, I saw the ruffian take Mr. Drury's watch from his pocket and put it back again. He then took out a pocket-book from the breast-pocket of his coat, opened it, looked at some papers, and put the book back. Then he felt in his small clothes pockets and drew out what seemed to be a considerable roll of bank-notes. These he thrust into his coat pocket, and seizing the dead man by the shoulders, and Hoppercraft seizing him by the feet, they flung him into the river. The ruffian then hurriedly slipped on his shoes, whilst Hoppercraft pulled the boat to land. As soon as they set foot on land the ruffian gave some part of his roll to Hoppercraft, who went down the river bank toward his house, driving the horse further down before him."

"But whilst seeing all this, in some singular manner, I saw during the whole transaction, two old people, man and woman, occasionally peep forth from amongst the bushes near the entrance to the hollow road leading to the village. The man had the look of a tramp with a sackcloth wallet on his back. The woman was in an old, faded red cloak and battered black bonnet. Both walked with sticks."

"During this description the amazement of the listeners had momentarily increased, and their exclamations of surprise were continual. Now they said, 'Oh! those are the Shalcrosses—exactly—to a hair! How wonderful!'"  
"But," said Mr. Woodburn, 'Dr. Leroy had heard, or read in some newspaper of the affair.'  
George looked forward in the letter, and said, 'No; he says he had not at the writing of this heard any syllable of news, or received a single letter, though he hoped for letters at Calcutta, but they could not possibly convey any such news. For you forget this dream occurred on the night immediately succeeding the catastrophe at the ferry.'

All sat in silent wonder. 'Certainly,' said Mr. Woodburn, at length, 'it is the most amazing dream that ever occurred; but go on, George.'  
As the ruffian approached the end of the hollow road, these two old people came out and confronted him. They pointed toward the ferry, as if telling him that they had seen all, and the man made violent gestures in return, clenching his fist and seeming to menace them. Then he took out his roll, gave them some part of it, and he then hastened along the river-side cart-track, and disappeared in the wooded glen above on Mr. Woodburn's estate. Whilst they were yet in sight, Mr. Drury's horse galloped up the river-side and turned up the hollow road, and in a few minutes a few more men appeared, looking full of a fright, went down to the ferry, and were evidently seeking Mr. Drury.

"That was my dream. I trust that it is but a dream. I cannot persuade myself that any such horrible transaction has taken place; yet, shall I confess it? The distinctness of its life itself with which the whole of it was seen, and with which it remains, combined with my two former experiences of similar, though not so tragical a kind, makes me uneasy."

Here Mr. Howitt's belief in Spiritualism and the supernatural has greatly helped him. Let no one presume to scoff at the idea of the truth being revealed in dreams. There are many authenticated instances of it. In the novel, this dream leads to the pursuit of the actual offender, (who cheats the gallows by committing suicide), and the conviction and punishment of his accessory. This, occupying a large portion of the third volume, is equal, in power of narrative, to the most striking passages in Mrs. Wood's and Miss Bradton's narratives.

There is a lyric introduced into this story, as the composition of Millicent Heritage, a rural Quakeress, which, we presume, is one of Mr. Howitt's own performances. Here it is:

"COME TO ME.  
Come to me, loved one, from thy heaven descending,  
Come to me softly, with the falling dew;  
Come where the shadows and the lights are blending,  
Make even thy silence—let me be thy love.  
Come to me, loved one,  
Come to me, loved one,  
Come to me in the hushed, dark midnight hour,  
Fall with thy spirit glances on my heart,  
Let me embrace thee in the deathlike power  
Of that which once cemented cannot part.  
Come to me, loved one—  
Soft though thou art.  
Come to me, loved one, when the breeze is sighing,  
And the far sky shines with a lovely light;  
Where loving lips to loving words are playing,  
Make even thy silence—let me be thy love.  
Come to me, loved one,  
Come to me, loved one,  
Come to me in the hushed, dark midnight hour,  
Fall with thy spirit glances on my heart,  
Let me embrace thee in the deathlike power  
Of that which once cemented cannot part.  
Come to me, loved one—  
Soft though thou art.  
Come, when the days are dark, the storms are raving,  
When friends are passing, and the night is low;  
Come, when the soul is sick, and only craving  
For what it hopes and dreams and fain would know,  
Come to me, loved one,  
In thy star-like glow.  
Come in God's freedom of the souls set free;  
No strutting touch, no vision dread do mine—  
Nights in thy presence—let me be thy love.  
Come to me, loved one,  
Whisper—thine, still thine!"

Here must close our extended notice of a novel as thoroughly English as any we have read for a long time. It is very real—very truthful, and every incident might have happened, every character in it have lived. Only an imperfect idea of a book can be obtained, after all, from a review, but we think that our extracts will interest the public in this Quaker novel.

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

Address care of Dr. F. L. H. Willis, Post-office box 20, Station D, New York City.

"We think not that we daily see About our hearts, angels that are to be, Or may be if they will, and we prepare, Their souls and ours to meet in happy air." (LITON HEW.)

(Original.)

AUNT ZERA'S STORIES.

SUMMER THIRTEEN.

"Don't you think," said Grace, "that it's all right for Margaret to marry Mr. Tinkum? Will says that she is altogether out of her place in thinking of such a thing; but I am sure she is handsome and witty, and she can sing better than any of us."

"But then her position!" Will said, with a very important manner, as if he was saying something quite profound.

"She washes your mother's china instead of her own," said Aunt Zera, "and loves your mother's children instead of her own, and is patient amidst other people's confusion, and happy in the midst of other people's ill-temper, and is a sweet-tempered, accomplished young woman. Who could ask more for a bride?"

"But, then," said Will, "Mr. Tinkum is rich, and has a fine house, and keeps horses and—"

"And his father was a carpenter," said Grace, "an honest, hard working person, like our Margaret."

"I don't know anything about his father," said Will, impatiently; "all I know is that Mr. Tinkum is a gentleman, and I liked him till I knew he was going to marry Margaret. It makes him seem so common, just as if he was coming here to do father's work."

"I can't see," said Aunt Zera, "what is the difference between a person who works for himself or another, if the spirit in which the work is done is noble, and I am sure Margaret, when she comes here to help your mother and Eunie out of their troubles, is quite a heroine. She always makes me think of an eastern princess when she feeds the chickens, she holds her head in such a commanding manner and yet distributes her gifts with the grace that comes from high breeding. I was rejecting this very morning as I looked at her and thought how gracefully she would carry her honors, yet how gently and reverently she would bestow of her bounties."

"But, Aunt Zera, did you ever hear of anybody that married a person beneath them that was not miserable and despised, and all that?"

"I am curious," said Aunt Zera, "to know whose ideas you have got into your head; but to answer your questions, I will tell you of a poor Italian peasant girl."

"Do, do!" said Grace, "for I told Will that there were lots of poor girls that married rich men, but come to think I don't know one; but I was sure you did."

"There are indeed many instances, but the one I will give you is so full of heroism and love, that it will show how very wrong you are to judge of character by the position that one holds."

Bona Lombardi was born just seventy-five years before America was discovered. That seems a long time ago when we think of the great and powerful nation that now makes America as distinguished as Europe for its cultivation and its wealth."

"And a little more so for its freedom and its great men, and—"

"said Grace, trying to repeat what she had heard Stephen say, for Grace was a dear lover of her country, and all that belonged to it."

"Pshaw!" said Will, "talk of freedom, will you, when a nigger can't find breathing room in any court house, and as to great men you can buy them all for a song. There's—"

"Oh please," said Kate, "don't talk politics, but let Aunt Zera tell us about Bona."

Will placed his finger on his lips and put on a comic air of submission, and Aunt Zera went on. "Bona's father was a private soldier, and in those days a man was not much esteemed who had no office in the army. He was a poor peasant, and his little girl inherited nothing but beauty and a very intelligent mind. Her father died when she was only a baby, and her mother only tended her a little while, until her beautiful eyes began to look out upon the world to wonder about everything she saw, and then the mother left her to join her husband."

Bona had an aunt who was a hard working country woman. I don't know whether she did washing or worked in the fields, but I think most likely the latter. And that little Bona grew strong and handsome while she helped her aunt in her out-door labors. She had an uncle, too, who was an humble curate, and who probably educated her a little.

In her humble life, however, she showed herself to be possessed of great intelligence. She could do whatever she attempted in the very best manner, and she always had some information in regard to what she was doing. The people were all proud of her, not only for her beauty and smartness, but for her kindness and goodness. They always had some good word to speak for her.

There was a war raging between the Duke of Milan and the Venetians, and a captain by the name of Brunoro was left in command of a camp not far from Bona's home. One day this Captain Brunoro called forth a hunting party, intending to have a little pleasant recreation. They enjoyed greatly the beautiful scenery, and pursued their sport quite a distance from their camp. The captain felt weary, and concluded to stop for a little rest and refreshment in a pleasant grove. There chanced to be assembled there quite a number of peasants enjoying a rural festival. Among them was a beautiful girl of fifteen years of age. Her face was not only beautiful for its features, but from an intelligence and sprightliness that animated it.

Captain Brunoro wondered if this girl had anything besides her pretty face to recommend her, and he entered into conversation with her. He was greatly delighted with her wit, and her spirited answers to his questions. He watched her as she moved about among her companions, and thought that he had never seen any one more worthy of love and admiration.

"But, then, she is only a poor peasant," he said. "What a pity that she was not of high birth. I could quite easily fall in love with her, but then, low bred people—pshaw! one can't relish their manners."

But notwithstanding these very heartless remarks, there was a very warm and true place in this captain's heart. He left the grove that day, but not without feeling a little thread tugging at his heart, and drawing him toward the fair girl.

He found other opportunities to meet Bona, and the more he saw of her the more heartily he liked her. If he made any inquiries about her, he found every one ready to praise her. They

told of her goodness, of her smartness, and showed themselves proud of her beauty.

Brunoro determined to follow the inclinations of his heart, and to seek to wed this peasant girl. She was greatly admired the brave officer, and as they were the two persons to be consulted in a matter of such consequence, they consulted themselves and were married. But it seemed necessary to keep the marriage private for a time, but dreading to leave his young bride, Brunoro persuaded her to dress herself in the attire of an officer and accompany him. Accordingly she prepared herself to become an attendant of her husband. He taught her to ride fearlessly, and to perform feats of horsemanship. He also taught her all the military exercises.

Whatever she attempted to do she did well, and she was soon an honor to a gallant officer like Brunoro. It was not long before she was called with him into battle. Here she showed great courage. She did not for a moment consult her own safety, but sought to guard and assist her husband. Her love called forth all her energy. She determined to do nothing to bring a blush to the cheek of her husband, or to make him wish for a moment that she had remained behind.

But Brunoro was destined to meet something worse than the dangers of the battle-field. The king of Naples became displeased with him, because he had assisted a lord that was opposed to the king. It was necessary to take him at all hazards, the king thought; but as he was brave and a good fighter, he thought the safest way would be to seize him by means of an ambush.

This was done, and Brunoro, a captive, was put in a dungeon. It was no uncommon thing in those days to let men die in the misery of a dungeon, and this, no doubt, would have been the fate of Brunoro but for his loving and courageous wife. She went to the king with entreaties, but they were of no avail. She tried threats, but they did not serve her. She knew human nature well, and resolved to see if gold would not do what all else failed to do. At last she was successful in releasing her husband and bringing him from his miserable confinement to the gladness of her own presence.

You may suppose that after this her husband trusted her more fully and loved her more devotedly. I don't think that he for one moment cared whether his wife was a princess or a peasant. She was a faithful, loving, brave woman. Imagine that he saw a diadem resting on her forehead, of which he was more proud than if it had made her a duchess. She proved herself not only zealous and loving, but to have good discretion to control her courage. On one occasion the Milanese made an attack upon a castle of great strength; they were repulsed, and Brunoro was taken prisoner and carried into the castle. Bona felt only a momentary pang for she said, "To me belongs the proud duty of again rescuing my husband from danger." She took command of a fresh band of soldiers. She rallied those that had fled, and inspired their courage. She then led them on to attack the castle. She was not to be conquered, and the place yielded to her brave leadership. She released her husband and the other prisoners.

"Oh, how glad she must have been," said Kate. "I hope they lived together in a palace, and that he loved her more and more every day, and gave her all sorts of beautiful things."

"I have no doubt but something quite as beautiful came to pass," said Aunt Zera, "but it was not in this world. Brunoro died; she had no power to release him from the chains of disease, or to keep him from departing to a life which to her seemed far away from her own. She who was brave amid all dangers that were near to him, and trembled not amid the terrors of war, was dismayed at the thought of a life separated from him. She felt strong bands of love drawing her to his spirit-home. She declared that she must go to him, and soon she began to droop like a flower when it misses its sun."

She ordered a tomb to be built, that their bodies might rest together, and then she began to prepare herself to depart from this life. As she recalled their life together, so full of expressions of love and so blessed by unbroken faith in each other, she felt very sure that they should be united in another world. She watched the building of the tomb, and then grew so weak that nothing could revive her. She soon died and passed to the land of love and beauty. A brave, noble, trusting heart! a princess in her soul, though but a peasant by her birth!"

"Well, Aunt Zera," said Will, "that is a very nice sort of a story."

"History, if you please," said Aunt Zera. "Well, I like Bona very much, but then, you know, she was a person of great opportunities; and some one says that is next to being born great. To live in such times, when one could fight and storm castles, was worth while, and women could afford to be heroines."

"I believe that there are greater battles to be fought every day in the kitchen that supplies the necessities of a well ordered family than are often fought on battle-fields."

"You mean, don't you," said Kate, "that it's awful hard work to keep one's patience over a broiling hot fire, and have the biscuit burn up while the pot boils over and the milk turns, and there's nobody to stir the rice, and—"

"Everything goes wrong," said Grace, "just as it did for Margaret yesterday."

"Yes," said Aunt Zera, "no doubt it requires greater courage to ride a horse on the field and to charge the enemy, than it does to perform well all the duties of the laundry, the larder, the dairy and the general housekeeping. But I think that a person who with a gentle, graceful manner can do all that, and come to the close of the day with a spirit unruined, shows herself to be possessed of virtues that many a lady born to wealth and rank might envy."

"I am afraid," said Will, "that I shall have to admit that women do know something; but, for the sake of argument, let me ask if you think that Margaret can converse with Mr. Tinkum's friends. What will she do when he has a dinner party?"

"I hope she will not do what the rich Miss Storm did the other day. You know she moves in the very first circles in the city, and your friend, Mr. Jones, said that she was perfectly elegant."

"What did she do?" said Kate, "I am dying to hear."

"Well, she said to a professional gentleman: 'I have been endeavoring to inform myself on the subject of physiology, but I am a little troubled lest I should be led wrong in my investigations. Will you be so kind as to tell me if there really is such a thing as the alimentary canal?'"

"Most certainly, madam."

"Well, I thought so; and I have not felt well for some time, and I do believe I've got it, and I'm frightened to death. Is it really dangerous?"

"Oh, Aunt Zera, you really talk all up!" said Will.

"Not a bit of it; it is all a fact. I don't think you will fear Margaret's making such a blunder or one approaching it, yet you would have thought—"

that Miss Storm was a splendid match for Mr. Tinkum."

"Well, Aunt Zera, you do put things strong," said Will. "I do believe I begin to be proud of Margaret. If I could only get rid of the idea that she has been a servant."

"Margaret is not low born or ill bred. She has been simply unfortunate. If she begins now to be blessed by better fortune, I am sure she will be able to appreciate it."

"I want to know," said Kate, "how long Bona had to conceal her marriage?"

"I can't answer that question, though I wish I could, and whether she received the true honors belonging to her position. But I don't think it matters. The history tells us what a woman can do for one she loves, and what a man can do when he finds true worth."

"Oh, dear, dear, Aunt Zera," said Will, "I wonder if you wrote Cinderella; for you always have a golden slipper to put on some one's foot, or a crown on their head. But I've made up my mind, on honor, to make Margaret a bridal gift of my year-old lamb. So call me converted, auntie dear."

(Original.)

A LEAF FROM MY DIARY OF LIFE.

Perhaps my young friends would like to hear the story of my first lesson in moral training; or how I came to grief. If so, take a seat in the family circle, and listen to my simple tale:

It was sometime during the summer of my tenth birthday, that I was playing at some of my childish sports on the grassy plot of ground contiguous to my father's dwelling, when, chancing to stray to one corner where stood a shoe shop, I spied a small brush lying in the grass beneath the window. Childlike, I at once grasped it, and considered myself the luckiest fellow in the world to be the possessor of such a plaything. It did not occur to me that I was doing anything wrong by putting it in my pocket, without first consulting the proprietor of the establishment, to whom it of right belonged. If any one had called me a thief I would have resented it as an insult, young as I was, for I did not harbor one thought akin to dishonesty; but I had not received a lesson, as yet, sufficient to awaken my young mind to a full understanding of the exact relationship existing between honesty and dishonesty, but I was doomed to feel the full force of the descending rod of chastisement, as you will soon see. I do not mean to be understood that I received any corporeal punishment from my parents, but on the contrary it was a severe ordeal I was made to pass through which wounded my sensitive spirit, and left an impression so deeply imbedded on the mind, that during fourteen long years of trials, hardships, disappointments, exposures to vice, and the many temptations surrounding me incident to a life in the mines of California, it still remained to warn me of taking the first false step which might eventually land my life bark on one of the shoals which so thickly stud the golden shores of California—a perfect wreck of all that was manly, noble and Godlike.

But I am deviating, and will return to the thread of my story. On entering my home that evening, I was showing my prize to my brothers and sisters, and boasting of my new acquisition to my little store of wealth, when my mother, ever watchful and strictly exacting on all points of rectitude, questioned me as to how I came in possession of so valuable a trinket. I frankly told her the whole story, little dreaming that her maternal heart would judge me guilty of a wrong; but so it was, and after calling in my father and holding a consultation of a few moments, it was decided that James should take the brush and return it to the rightful owner, asking his pardon for taking it without leave. I saw at once, by the quick intuitive glance of childhood, that I was to be humiliated as a thief, and ask pardon for doing what I, at the time, did not deem a wrong. Long I pleaded in tears to be spared this bitter cup, but my parents were inexorable in their demands, and on the following morning I wended my way toward the altar upon which I was to offer up my first sacrifice. If any of my young friends who read this ever committed a wrong, and through the influence of parents, guardians, or teachers were compelled to make amends for the fault to the injured party, you can have some idea of my feelings as I went like a condemned criminal to the punishment of my sin. My young pride suffered all the pangs of anguish arising from my sensitive nature, which I inherited from my mother, and oh how I prayed that the lesson might be spared me; but I felt that from the judgment of my parents there was no appeal.

Arriving at the shop, I entered, feeling a sense of shame too deep for utterance; but I needed not words to proclaim my humiliation, for I am confident that every lineament of my face was stamped with the shame I felt at heart. With a stammering tongue I made known my errand and produced the brush, when lo! he told me in accents kind that I might have it, as he had cast it aside as a useless article.

You can judge of the reaction that took place in my feelings at this avowal. It was like the sudden shock of a galvanic battery, and sent the young life-blood coursing through my veins with renewed energy.

You may be assured it did not take me so long to make the short journey home as it did to perform it there. But still I felt humiliated, and tonight, as I am writing this imperfect sketch of my first great lesson on moral rectitude, I seem to live over again that day of soul-anguish, and I am impressed to say to you, Be strictly honest at all times, and if at any time you do wrong to another, whether intentional or otherwise, do not fear to go to that injured one and frankly confess the wrong. It will doubtless cause you more or less pain, according to the enormity of the sin committed, but the joy you will feel in doing right, at the time, and in after years, will more than compensate you for all the sacrifice of feelings you may be called upon to make.

Do not consider it dishonorable to make all due amends for every wrong action, but rather deem it a duty, which if performed, will make you nobler men and women, and add brighter gems to the crown of life.

J. K. CHANDLER.

(Original.)

EDIBLE BIRDS' NESTS.

In the streets of Canton one sees many curious things for sale, and among others, great quantities of birds' nests. Do you wonder what is done with them? The Chinese eat them, and consider them the most delicious of all articles of diet. These nests are built by a small swallow. They are formed of a mucilaginous substance that resembles isinglass. These little birds build in caves, and the danger of procuring the nests is sometimes great, for the birds are very shrewd in placing their nests in hidden recesses of the cave, and it is often necessary to take a torchlight to find them.

When the nests are dried they are about as large as a goose's egg, and those of best quality are white, and much valued.

They are used in various ways, and are considered a delicacy.

They are also used in medicine.

They are considered a delicacy.

They are also used in medicine.

They are considered a delicacy.

They are also used in medicine.

They are considered a delicacy.

They are also used in medicine.

They are considered a delicacy.

They are also used in medicine.

They are considered a delicacy.

They are also used in medicine.

and two millions and a half dollars worth are annually brought to China, mostly from the East India islands. The nests are good only a short time after they have been lived in, before they become soiled by the performance of Mistress Swallow's household duties. It seems cruel to break up so many pretty, snug homes for the sake of a little isinglass. But I suppose Mr. Chinaman thinks that there are no chemists like the swallow's, and that they can give him the best sort of a sauce to his dinner.

(Original.)

Charade. With weary and toll-worn, When many cares oppressed, How welcome is my first, The bringer of sweet rest.

My second you will find In great demand each day, 'Tis often out of place When school begins, or play.

My whole—a pleasant sight As out—peeps a golden curl. But put it down your throat And your head will be in a whirl.

If you can't guess what I am, Then ask grandmother there, As she sits by the evening fire Unblinking her silver hair.

She'll tell you that neat girls Will always have a store, But grandpa says, "My boys, Do not drink them any more."

Answer to Enigma in our Last by P. O. My God, why hast thou forsaken me.

Written for the Banner of Light.

MY BABY.

BY LITA BARNEY SAYLES.

Little waif upon Life's sea, whither didst thou come to me? Ere thy earthly life we claimed, what thy little self contained?

Where, amidst infinite space, hadst thou then thy dwelling-place?

Little waif upon Life's sea, whither hast thou gone from me? To what mansion in the sky, little spirit, didst thou fly?

Angel friends have borne thee—where? To what home in upper air?

Little angel in the sky, who will care for thee on high? Doth thine aunt, with heavenly grace, press to hers thy baby face,

Doth her mother-soul unfurl in thy love, dear little girl?

Baby in Eternity, wherefore didst thou go from me? Did she, in her higher home, call for thee with her roam?

Didst thou in obedience rise; needed to her Paradise?

Waif on Heaven's peaceful sea, wilt thou never come to me? As the years shall pass away, and thy mind shall find its day,

Will they tell thee, in that sphere, that thou hast a mother here?

Baby, when Life's sweet refrain ends, we all shall meet again; Till our trial day is o'er, come to us from Aiden's shore,

Then, from clods of earth set free, Dewdrop, we will go to thee!

Baby, born in spirit-life, knowing naught of worldly strife, Sweeter than our songs shall rise, o'er the hills of Paradise,

Triumphing in spirit-birth, all in Heaven, and none on Earth! Dayville, Conn., July 1st, 1866.

THE IGNORANCE OF THE CLERGY.

Some time ago the Round Table charged the religious press with being "unpardonably stupid." The number for Feb. 2d charges the clergy with being "shamefully ignorant whereof a modern educated man should know something—we mean that of natural science—the intellectual glory of our time. And the ignorance of the clergy is clearly inexcusable. \* \* \* But who so loud as that profession, in denouncing science in general, and its fresh utterances in particular? \* \* \* They derive their notions from a sketchy and prejudiced review article, or, more likely, from the gibes of their religious papers, edited by clerics as superficial as themselves." While other professions speak with becoming modesty of matters with which they are unacquainted, "the cloth alone assume to speak of things whereof they know nothing."

This is quite a severe count in the indictment, but who can say it is not true? and true, too, of the clergy in all ages, with barely sufficiency of exceptions to form a rule, whatever be the cast of the religion or the sect, with the blind populace at their heels. In the Christian name, they have made the Bible an idol, and warned away the sciences from peering too curiously into its ark, denouncing as infidels all who sought the truth beyond its pasteboard barriers, and have made the Church a twin relic from the barbarism of old time. "Supernatural and infallible" is the assumption of the Church and its clergy; hence we have the blind leading the blind, with ritual foolery on the one hand, and the liberal clergy afraid of the "mathematics" on the other. Instead of proving all things and holding fast to the good, Dr. Hedge comes up to the help of the Lord against the mighty, lost the underpinning of "ecclesiastical continuity" he knocked away; so he charges those who would seize upon truth wherever found with "seeking after knowledge which looks not up, but underneath and behind; which peeps and peeps and peers; and not satisfied with the radiant and majestic face of truth, puts forth its impious hand to detect the forbidden form. Its desire is not for light and manifestation of the Godhead, and heavenly guidance, but for penetrating into dark corners, and disemboweling sacred mysteries."

What a gratuitous and ungenerous charge is this! What a confession that the Bible and the Church will not bear scrutiny at their foundations—that if we look in largest vision of all the truth, neither Bible nor Church can stand, but will fall into those natural relations which will show how much the people have gone to blind. Yet Dr. Hedge, in his timid twilight, would claim to be of the broad church; that is, only so broad as shall insure "ecclesiastical continuity," and not enlighten that ignorance which is so much the mother of ecclesiastical devotion. He despises the day of small things in Spiritualism; "He would

leading of more intellectual food—would not have philosophers to be born again from the old theologians, and in a humble and contrite spirit be thankful to the angels for such help as they could give in our needs, and so he declares that "in our day, many who professed philosophic doubts of Christianity, and could not accept the alleged improbabilities of the gospel history, have given an unhesitating credence to pretended visitations from the spirit-world, of which table tipplings and angle gossip have as yet been the only fruit."

We need not stop to ventilate this dogmatic ignorance, whether by the dreams and visions of God's Word, or by the boring of Sunday sermons of concentrated stupidity. Dr. Wells, in the Radical, also showed himself equally ignorant of Spiritualism, arguing that spiritual phenomena could not be, when the facts demonstrate that they are. What a wonderful alacrity on the part of the clergy in elucidating that whereof they know nothing. The Baptist Reflector, nothing wanting in clerical ignorance and impudence, compounds what he is inclined to, by damning that he has no mind to, and would have us take Biblical Spiritualism as "supernatural and infallible," by berating "modern Spiritualism" as an outgrowth of "Satan who has lost his wits." Nor less ignorant ex cathedra is the Nation newspaper "concerning spiritual things." When all these shall learn the law of mesmerism being as lapping that of the spiritual, they will see how ghostdom, revivals, panics, &c., have their tidal flux and reflux—how they sweep certain planes of being by the aggregation of their forces, whether in the name of the Lord or of his angels. But the Nation declares that though "Spiritualism be perfectly real it is just as perfectly worthless"—as if, in this age of skepticism and unbelief, that the soul in truth survives the body, was not the very truth above all truths the most needed and the most useful by so opening a new world that the light may shine into the darkness, and the darkness comprehend it, unless made very thick from the ignorance of the clergy.

Of this ignorance the Round Table concludes: "There is no space here to search for the causes complained of. Doubtless one of the roots is to be found in fossilized and fossilizing colleges and theological seminaries. For the rest, let it be left as unaccountable why mental fossils should be so blindly prejudiced against their representation in the mineral world." He then recommends for the enlightenment of the clergy, Dana on geology, and Spence on bugs. Well, the "superficial cleric" may learn somewhat of the *Scarabaeus*, or tumbler, the symbol of the Creator in old time, supplying the pattern for trundling the world out of chaos, and for rolling the heavens together as a scroll. Let us hope that our clerical brethren in the Lord will not be afraid of bugs, nor of any stone of stumbling or rock of offence in Dana's geology. We Spiritualists move hand in hand with the sciences, and seek their greatest light. We fear not to weigh the Bible and church in the best of modern scales, accepting freely their truths and as freely dumping their errors by the wayside as salts that have lost their savor, and are now to be cast upon the dunghill to be trodden under foot of men. O. B. P.

UNFULFILLED. BY HIRAM HICH.

Our little table is spread for two, With quaint old china, gold and blue. Weird things are wrought on the homely walls, As the conjuring freight climbs and falls.

In the corner my ready sea-chest stands, Filled to the brim by the busiest hands. Wife mirrors her face in the silver tongs; I think of the morrow's rude sea-songs.

"I have pictures, love," she says, "that gleam From a troubled easel—last night's dream. A ship ashore on a cruel reef, And a woman wringing her hands in grief.

She kneels in prayer; a whirling wheel Grows out of the dead ship's plank and keel. She stands in the spinner's tolling place Till the rose in her cheek hath lost its grace.

Her lessening form is changed to wool, Yet the hungering spindle ne'er is full. A weed-grown raft keeps company With a vacant boat on a sailless sea."

How apt is woman's thought to build, Where a varying dream may darken or glid.

Life files; my last sea voyage is done; Or wind or calm, to me 'tis one. Tea things are set for a golden few, Again our china, quaint and blue.

The conjuring home light climbs and crawls O'er ladies laces and India shawls. Wife mirrors her face in the silver tongs; I think of yesterday's glad sea-songs.

"Tell, love, I pray, of the ship on the reef, And the woman wringing her hands in grief; Of the spinner whose white arms changed to wool, And the hungering spindle that ne'er grew full."

There are tears imprisoned within her eyes, Which are loosened soon, as her voice replies: "Woman will dream, and man will build, And each will have prophecies unfulfilled."

Prairie City, Ill.

I address you from this benighted little town, out in the Prairie State—the adopted State of two of the most out-spoken statesmen that ever lived. How painful it is to witness the deplorable ignorance of the pastors of the different churches scattered over these broad prairies, where liberal teachings can be so easily promulgated, and the people educated to think for themselves, were there only men and women of undaunted courage prepared to hurl, with defiance, great truths at the people, and plead with eloquent and convincing speech the cause of the angels. Oh, for two such intellectual "giants" as Lincoln and Douglas to "stump" the Prairie State for the "spirits"—yes, the never-to-be-daunted and "still-existing Lincoln and his colleague Douglas, working as they are to liberalize and fraternize the people who hailed with acclaim their never-to-be-forgotten sentiments.

Where is the man or woman who will stand before the people as a mouth-piece for these great minds, to pour forth their hopes and aspirations, and again attract attention to their utterances, as of yore, while they (the mediums) suffer persecution and ignominy at the hands of ecclesiastical bigots perched on pulpits warning their woo-be-gone flocks of the delusion of Spiritualism?

Many mediums may desire to be servants of these "still-living" statesmen, but how little do they realize what poisoned arrows of hate and revenge will be hurled at their devoted heads from every Christian ambush.

Painfully realizing the importance of every medium being well advised of the lurking hatred and sneaking designs of the deacons and elders of the land toward all who pretend to teach of the "life beyond the grave," yet I would urge them to "go on," unfeared, and cause all opposers to stand aghast at the power and glory that attends them as they demand their respect, attention, or their silence, while they "before a creed-ridden people the reality of the future beyond."

Address you from this benighted little town, out in the Prairie State—the adopted State of two of the most out-spoken statesmen that ever lived. How painful it is to witness the deplorable ignorance of the pastors of the different churches scattered over these broad prairies, where liberal teachings can be so easily promulgated, and the people educated to think for themselves, were there only men and women of undaunted courage prepared to hurl, with defiance, great truths at the people, and plead with eloquent and convincing speech the cause of the angels. Oh, for two such intellectual "giants" as Lincoln and Douglas to "stump" the Prairie State for the "spirits"—yes, the never-to-be-daunted and "still-existing Lincoln and his colleague Douglas, working as they are to liberalize and fraternize the people who hailed with acclaim their never-to-be-forgotten sentiments.

Where is the man or woman who will stand before the people as a mouth-piece for these great minds, to pour forth their hopes and aspirations, and again attract attention to their utterances, as of yore, while they (the mediums) suffer persecution and ignominy at the hands of ecclesiastical bigots perched on pulpits warning their woo-be-gone flocks of the delusion of Spiritualism?

Many mediums may desire to be servants of these "still-living" statesmen, but how little do they realize what poisoned arrows of hate and revenge will be hurled at their devoted heads from every Christian ambush.

Written for the Banner of Light TO "CUPRESSUS."

BY GRACE LLELAND.

In the life that you are leading, You are crying, hoping, pleading, Pleading for a better life, Pleading for an end to strife, And your weary heart is bleeding, Weary with its endless pleading.

Oh! the heart-break deeply hidden, That yet gushes all unbidden From the restless, dreamy eye, From the quirk, unguarded sigh— Oh, you cannot keep it hidden, For it gushes out unbidden!

Nevermore shall end your crying, Nevermore shall cease your sighing, Never end this pleading vain, Never peace shall come again, Till, each spirit fetter breaking, To the better life awaking, Peace immortal you shall gain!

Pause not, rest not in your striving! Deeper yet, and deeper diving, Bring up jewels from the deep! Rest not in inglorious sleep! And from all this tireless diving, From this restless, earnest striving, To adorn a holy living Precious jewels you shall reap.

From this silent, weary aching, From this spirit nightmare waking, From these chafing fetters breaking To a higher, nobler strife— Then will dawn the better life: And the downward paths forsaking, And of angel gifts partaking, You will bless the glorious waking To a purer, nobler life!

A SPIRITUALIST TO A METHODIST.

The following well written letter from a believer in Spiritualism to a skeptical friend, is too good to be "hid under a bushel," therefore by permission we give it to our readers:

FRIENDSVILLE, SUSQUEHANNA CO., PA., Nov. 24, 1866.

FRIEND S—Having nothing of moment to occupy my mind to-day, I will reply to the questions or suggestions contained in your very welcome letter of the 5th inst. I had not expected you to consume any time in replying to what I had said on theological subjects; but having done so, it may be a matter of amusement to you to know what I would say to your objections to a religious faith which gathers all humanity in its ample embrace, freely granting that all stand within the pale of Divine love and protection, and that without special regard to their rejecting or accepting any particular faith. I do not understand that a mutual exchange of opinions on this, or any other subject, between you and myself, will in the slightest degree disturb the flow of kindly feelings which have ever characterized all our intercourse.

I will say that there is no church toward which I am more favorably inclined than the one of which you are a member. I except those portions which, by virtue of their locality and surroundings, have felt constrained to "covenant with death and league with hell, and wallow in the sun of human villanies." The northern wing has been eminently loyal to human rights. Christ-like it extends the lifting hand of fellowship to thief, drunkard and Magdalen, asking no questions about mere worldly reputation; upon its altars burn a living spirituality, and unless too much wealth and worldly pride intervenes, it has a grand mission to humanity. From such a church one need not fall away, unless it were as an autumnal leaf, rich with the golden tints of a world-wide philanthropy—the soul sending out its waves of religious devotion toward every child of the common Father, stopping not at creed, or nation, or clime. My objections are to those churches covered with moss, rusting and rotting in a cowardly conservatism—keeping neither step, nor time, nor tune to the beating pulse of humanity. Like parrots they mouth the name of Christ, and live in rank infidelity to his life and teachings.

In the first place, you say that in all your readings and conversations, "I have never been able to discover but two religions that seem to have the sanction, or approbation of the great I am, and they are the Jewish and Christian religion." Science, you will recollect, long since exploded the Mosaic system of world-making, and it has just as surely settled the question, beyond all reasonable cavil, that religion is an integral element of the human soul—as absolutely so as music, mechanics, or any other quality of the mind, varying in some weak, and in some strong, but for its legitimate, or natural action, not dependent upon any particular system of religious culture known to humanity. It is a plastic element, susceptible of being shaped in its manifestations by educational forces and surroundings. Every people or nation naturally take on systems of religion suited to their conditions or intellectual development. That individuals attached to any particular system should esteem their pre-eminence in excellence over all others, is quite understandable. What particular style of religion would be most acceptable to the Deity, might indeed be difficult to determine. I think the subject must always remain a subject of finite speculation; yet it seems reasonable to presume that a system bringing the largest amount of civil and religious liberty, physical well-being and mental excellence, would be most pleasing to Him. From our personal point of observation we may select which fits us best, and advocate it in all sincerity. Less we cannot do and be true to our own convictions; in so doing we shall be faithful to ourselves, and true to those around us. At the same time, upon this subject as upon all others, the mind should not be closed to more light.

23, You say, "If Christ be not really and truly what he is represented to be in the Scriptures of the New Testament—the God-Man, the great sacrificial atonement for man and saviour—then the Jewish religion is the only true religion, and all the rest are heathens, and sinners."

I do not incline to the opinion that Christ ever intended to represent himself as God. He was taught of his Father—did not know when certain events spoken of in 24 Matthew and 13 Mark were to take place. He was dependent on his Father; his power was derived from his Father; he could do nothing of himself, and his Father was greater than he; his doctrine was not his own; objects to being called good; could not do many works in his own country among his friends or kindred, on account of their unbelief; showing clearly that he was subject to limitations and the law of conditions. When the Governor puts the question, pointed to him, "Art thou King of the Jews?" the answer is, "Thou sayest," which is just as perfect an evasion of the question as Moses re-

ceived from the burning bush, when he desired to know the name of the one speaking to him; the reply was, "I am that I am," which might just as well be construed to mean, do not trouble yourself about my name. But the writer speaks of this bush and voice as an angel of the Lord, and then again as God. Another analogous case of evasion is found in the case of Jacob—"and Jacob was alone, and there wrestled a man with him until the breaking of day;" "and Jacob asked him, and said, tell me, I pray thee, thy name; and he said wherefore is that thou dost ask my name?" On the strength of this Jacob goes on to say, "I have seen God face to face, and my life is preserved;" while other writers in both the Old and New Testaments are just as certain that "no man hath seen God at any time"—no man can see God face to face and live. I mention this to show that when the God of the Universe is claimed to be the actor in the Old Testament, or Christ claimed to be God in the New Testament, there is always jumping at conclusions which a careful investigation of the subject, even as stated by the authors, may not warrant. Now let us take the strong language, much relied on, to prove that Christ was nothing less than God. "He who hath seen me hath seen the Father." I and my Father are one. No man can object to this who believes in the unity and Divinity of Life—not merely in one, but in all—in every separate and distinct manifestation of Divinity, and of life. Life I believe to be a unit—Divinity also a unit, else it is not omnipresent. Of the various manifestations and uses of life combined in one stupendous whole, "Whose body Nature is, and God the soul," I might speak at much length, but will not at present. Suffice it to say, that the simplest flower smiling along your path, might justly say, "I and my Father are one," or who hath seen me hath seen so much of the Father as is in me expressed. Then the language of Christ, was philosophical in the highest sense, and in keeping with the record, "in him we live and move, and have our being"—"We in him, and he in us." In looking to the New Testament as well as the Old, touching plenary inspiration, it should be borne in mind that they do not bear concurrent testimony; that they have been subject to misinterpretation, mistranslations and interpolations, no one at the present day knows the extent.

Men of profound erudition, like the learned Scaliger affirm that the Ecclesiastics interpolated into their manuscripts what they thought would be to their advantage. Take for example the verse, John v. 7: "For there are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost, and these three are one." Here you will see is a direct purpose to make out a clear case, and this is regarded by many as proof of the Trinity. Now I am not aware that it is claimed that this is found in any Greek manuscript which was written earlier than the fifteenth century, nor in any Latin manuscript earlier than the ninth century, and it is not found in any of the ancient versions. I think it is St. Jerome who states that the marginal notes which he had made in his manuscript were printed as a part of God's word. Theological historians inform us that "there were of the manuscripts of the New Testament, at the time of editing the last printed copies of the Greek text, upwards of one hundred thousand various readings." Bishop Marsh says, "The confusion unavoidable in these versions (the ancient Latin from which all our European versions are derived) has arisen to such a height that St. Jerome in his preface to the Gospels complains that no one copy resembled another." In Caye's Literary History, Vol. 1, page 415, it is stated, "We have seen several of the most indubitable historical evidences of a general course and correction of the Gospels having been made at Constantinople in the year 506 by order of the Emperor Anastasius." Beausobre says, "We have unquestionable historical evidence of measureless and inappreciable alterations of the same having been made by our own Lafrance, Archbishop of Canterbury, for the avowed purpose of accommodating them to the faith of the Orthodox." I find it further stated by Bishop Marsh that "it is a certain fact that several readings in our common text are nothing more than alterations made by Origen."

In the year 210, A. C., Origen arranged a distinct catalogue of the books of the New Testament, which was the same as those embraced in sacred canon of the Nicene Council (325, A. C.) with the exception of the books of James and Jude, and these he owns in other of his writings." Origen, it would seem from history, was among the most talented and influential that embraced Christianity in that early period, but afterwards relapsed into Paganism, and publicly denied Christ.

My friend, I doubt not that you, with many millions more, believe that the advent of Christ brought new and unheard of ideas and principles into the world, but I am inclined to the opinion that he developed no ideas which were not previously familiar to many of the human family, and so far as Christian principles (so called) are concerned, they ever were, are now, and ever must be the natural property of the human soul—germinal in every one—springing forth in great spontaneity with some, and by slow degrees, requiring much culture with others. The eminent religious Confucius of China uttered the golden rule 300 years before Christ, and various philosophers had expressed the same principles in different forms previous to the birth of Christ. St. Augustine, the Roman Christian Emperor, (born, I think, about 350) says, "The Christian religion was known to the ancients, and existed from the commencement of the human race, to the time of Christ, whence the true religion which previously existed was denominated Christian, and this in our day is the Christian religion, not as having been unknown in former times, but as having recently received the name." I find in Paul's Epistle to the Colossians, 1st chap. 23d v., that which would appear to be an allusion to the same fact. The verse reads thus, "If ye continue in the faith grounded and settled, and be not moved any from the hope of the Gospel, which ye have heard, and which was preached to every creature which is under heaven, whereof I Paul am made a minister."

The Old Testament is evidently a book of many authors. The Pentateuch seems to have been lost for so many hundred years, that the Jews had forgotten about the book. Hilkiah the Priest, in rumaging among the old antiquities of the Temple, found it. It might not be presuming much to say that it came forth to the public in a shape to suit the high contracting parties who concluded to bring it to light. It bears upon its face strong evidence that Moses was not the author. Men who write an account of their own proceedings, are not apt to state just how long they lived, what valley they were buried in, and that no one knows to that day the place of burial.

The sacrificial atonement to which you refer, was a natural outgrowth from the Pentateuch as applied to Christ. It was but too natural that those who had been taught to believe that the slaughter of unoffending animals could appease an angry God, that the murder of an innocent man

would be a satisfaction to the same God. I do not believe that an individualized, personal God of the Universe ordered the Mosaic sacrifices, and think no better of such sacrifice than did the prophet Isaiah. (See chap. 1, 11 to 17.) If that sharp financial scheme which foisted over twenty thousand Levites upon the poor Jews, to live off from their sins, was directed by any power outside the priests, it must have been individual Jews, liberated from the outer form, and yet in spirit-life delighting in a small of burning fat. Spirits sometimes say that their earthly appetites for liquors or tobacco impels them to linger about old familiar resorts, that they may contact with the fumes of the same. Gross spirits may delight in a smell of grease, but I am not prepared to believe that the Infinite God lingered about a Jewish camp for any such purpose. That God can be pleased with the death of any innocent person to satisfy his displeasure, is to me but a falling shadow from out the dusty past, which light, more light, will dissipate. All laws, spiritual and physical, being subjective or unseen by the human eye, it is nothing strange that men should blunder in finding out their precise demands. Do not men know from their own experience that they have no quarrels with God, or his laws, when they have found the straight line and how to the same?

A careful perusal of historic accounts of the rise and progress of religious ideas, leads to the conclusion that all perceptions of God are ideal creations of the human intellect; therefore while we say "an honest man is the noblest work of God," we may with equal propriety say that "an honest God is the noblest work of man;" all we do know, or probably ever shall know of God, is the law, and when we are in harmonious relation with that, we are in heaven, and contrariwise in hell. Truly Christ said "heaven is within." The man who steps into the drunkard's hovel, with his soul full of mercy, and loving purpose to assist an erring brother, is in heaven, and that without regard to the surroundings. A man does not need to fly to the stars to get to heaven, or believe "that three is one, or one is three."

3d, Referring to the spirits that engineered the Artesian Well at Chicago, you say, "Why not some of the same sort or degree of spirits tell us poor mortals where to find other beneficial luxuries in the great subterranean vaults, caves or bowls of the earth, &c." Some men need tests touching the fact of immortality as applied to material things, and very many are abundantly satisfied with tests pertaining alone to the spiritual. In laying the foundations for a wide change in theological thought, I see no special objections to a wide range of proof in arranging the first rounds in the ascending ladder. But this ladder, my friend, points heavenward, and not to the bowels of the earth. I believe our Catholic brethren claim there is a hell down there, but Spiritualists have no special attraction toward such tropical regions. I do not ignore the excellence and utility of material things, but all great religious movements should, in the main, point skyward. Christ's mission was to heal the body and dispel mental darkness, an innumerable company of angels assisting him and his followers. The more recent pouring out of the spirit has the same office. Fossilized conservatism said then that the movement was full of Beelzebub, and the same is said now. They have murdered Christ for blasphemy, and now the opposition would be pleased to hang us for breaking up their time-honored incrustations of thought. Christ was inaugurated a God, and I doubt not the generations to come will look round for large slabs of marble to set up in honor of the reformers of to-day. Your personal observation must have satisfied you that an increase of temporal prosperity among men is often subservive of spiritual growth. The early church fathers complain of this. The church got rich, and angel-ministrations which gave it great vitality for several hundred years, did mainly cease. Did you ever go into a church where all were rich? You might as well look for the power of the Holy Ghost (or angel world) in a dog kennel. The mere money scratcher knows but little about religious emotions. He passes to the spirit-life with no dime wherewith to gain entrance to the higher courts of knowledge. The gulf between the rich man and Lazarus was significant of the status of paupered souls. It is fortunate that eternity is before them, and that the more advanced will come cheerfully to their assistance.

The founder of your faith, Rev. Mr. Wesley, must have known somewhat about the return of spirits, as he had demonstrations in his own house for some time. His opinion as to the important uses in their return, you will find set forth in a sermon preached by him from Hebrews i: 14: "Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?" He says, "May they not also minister to us with respect to our bodies, in a thousand ways which we do not understand?" They may prevent our falling into many dangers which we are not sensible of, and may deliver us out of many others, though we know not whence our deliverance comes. How many times have we been strangely and unaccountably preserved in sudden and dangerous falls? And it is well if we do not impute that preservation to chance or to our own wisdom or strength. Not so; God, perhaps, gave his angels charge over us, and in their hands they bore us up. Indeed, men of the world will always impute such deliverances to accidents or second causes. To these possibly some of them might have imputed Daniel's preservation in the lion's den. But himself ascribes it to the true cause: "My God hath sent his angel and shut the mouths of the lions." Dan. vi: 22.

When a violent disease, supposed incurable, is totally and suddenly removed, it is by no means improbable that this is effected by the ministry of an angel. And perhaps it is owing to the same that a remedy is unaccountably suggested, either to the sick person or some one attending upon him, by which he is entirely cured. It seems what are called divine dreams may be frequently ascribed to angels. We have a remarkable instance of this kind related by one who will hardly be called an enthusiast, for he was a heathen, a philosopher and an emperor; I mean Marcus Antonius. "In his meditations he solemnly thanks God for revealing to him, when he was at Cajeta, in a dream, what totally cured the bloody flux, which none of his physicians were able to heal." And why may we not suppose that God gave him this notice by the ministry of an angel?

And how often does God deliver us from evil men by the ministry of angels? overturning whatever their rage or malice or subtlety had plotted against us? These are about their bed and about their path, and privy to all their dark designs; and many of them, undoubtedly, they brought to naught by means of that we think not of, sometimes when they are just ripe for execution. And this they can do by a thousand means that we are not aware of. They can check them in their mad career by borrowing them of courage or strength, by striking faintness through their loins, or turning their wisdom into foolishness. Some times they bring to light the hidden things of

darkness, and show us the traps that are laid for our feet. In these and various other ways, they bewilder the senses of the ungodly in pieces.

I might also refer you to the opinion of Martin Luther, the founder of the Protestant religion. In a discourse delivered by him at Wittenburg, concerning good and evil angels, among other things he says, "After this manner would I teach a child from early youth, and say to him: Dear child, thou hast an own angel. If thou prayest morning and evening, this angel shall be near thee and shall sit by thy little bed, &c." Again he says: "Why, then, should we be ashamed to wait upon little children? And if the dear angels did not take charge of children, what would become of them? for parents and magistrates are far too feeble to bring them up. Were it not for the protection of the dear angels, no child would grow to full age, though the parents should bestow all possible diligence upon them. Therefore hath God ordained and set for the defence of children, not only parents, but also emperors, kings and princes, and lastly, his high and great spirits, the holy angels, that no harm may befall them."

Quite unlooked for, your daughter Jennie came to us one evening, through a little girl some eleven years of age. I asked her if you would yet be favorably inclined to these things. She thought not. I did not have time to talk with her much, for the control changed hands rapidly; between twenty and thirty old friends communicated that evening. To you this must seem like a dream of fancy, but to us who understand these matters "It is a beautiful belief— That ever round our head Are hovering on vicarious wings The spirits of the dead."

"Our friends are not wholly gone from us; we see across the river of death, in the blue distance, the smoke of their cottages," and hear the merry voices of loved ones cheering us on through life's checkered way. It is a serious objection to many, that so great a number of ignorant spirits return. They forget that about nineteen out of twenty leave in that condition, and that the mills of progress grind slow here, and may not very much faster hereafter. The ladder which Jacob saw, upon which angels were ascending and descending, was probably of the Jeffersonian Republican stamp, upon which common people could tread just as well as aristocrats.

However widely my sentiments herein expressed may diverge from yours, you will bear in mind, that, in my communications to you, I am governed by feelings of unfeigned personal regard, and very sincere friendship. Most kindly and truly yours, W. C. W.

Letter from G. F. Kittredge—A Progressive Lyceum in Buffalo—Timely Remarks on How to Make Spiritualism Popular, etc.

When I last wrote to the BANNER, I did so complaining that Buffalo was without a Children's Progressive Lyceum, and after making this painful announcement through your columns, I resolved not to write again unless I could promulgate something worthy of the great cause of Spiritualism, and interesting to your zealous and intelligent readers. That time has now come.

Through the arduous exertions of a few noble sisters and brothers enlisted in the cause, and the salutary influence each brought to bear by word and action, culminated on the 9th of December last in an organization, hereafter to be known as "The Children's Progressive Lyceum of Buffalo." At a subsequent meeting of the friends of the cause, the following named officers were chosen: Conductor, B. H. Wertman; Assistant Conductor, O. F. Garretson; Guardian, Miss Sarah Brooks; Assistant Guardian, Mrs. J. Swain; Musical Director, E. C. Horchikins; Treasurer, Joel Garretson; Secretary, G. F. Kittredge; Librarian, John Swain; also, a full corps of efficient guards and able leaders of groups.

Six weeks have only elapsed since the Lyceum was inaugurated, at which time the incredulous and timid could be heard saying one to another, "I guess it will be a failure;" "Where they going to get money to carry it on?" and the prevailing interrogatory of all was, "Where you going to get the children?" Yet notwithstanding these "wet blankets" thrown upon the cause, by those who have not yet learned that a truth will grow if the seed is only planted—I say notwithstanding all the discouragements urged upon the project, we have thus soon a full equipment of paraphernalia and books, nearly every group filled with children—keen, bright-eyed boys and girls—eager to learn, and quick to understand our beautiful philosophy, which is equivalent to saying that they will grow up noble men and women, comprehending their mission and knowing their destiny.

You cannot conceive how gratifying it is to me in being able to give you this joyful intelligence. If there is any one thing every true Spiritualist should take an interest in, and a deep interest, too, it is inculcating in the minds of every youth of the rising generation with whom we can be brought in communion, a religious freedom in its broadest sense. I would not here be understood as advocating the instilling into any child's mind a mere belief in this thing or that; but let us rather teach them truths that we have a perfect knowledge of, and at the same time, with the aid of the spirit-world, demonstrate those truths to them in so tangible a manner, that our knowledge may become a knowledge to them also.

As the elementary rules, viz: numeration, addition, subtraction, multiplication and division, in simple arithmetic are a key which elucidates problems of higher mathematics, and ultimately demonstrates great scientific facts, so, likewise, the simple lessons deducible from and demonstrable in Nature's works, keys which unlock and throw open the shutters of spirituality in the young mind, and let its eager vision read its own great lesson of immortality.

The sooner the youth whom we can reach, (and their name is legion,) are imbued with the principles of our glorious Philosophy, the sooner will humanity at large realize and acknowledge its beneficial influence and results. It is the quickest and surest method of rendering Spiritualism popular.

It is a humdrum theory of too many of our public speakers, i. e., judging from their discourses, that to gain accessions to our ranks and make Spiritualism popular, we must first open the eyes of the wealthy and influential adults, who are both blind and bigoted perforce of their early education in Orthodox theology. Hence we hear and read of their appealing to the skeptical, that such and such noted persons in the past and present were and are Spiritualists; or, at least, believed or do believe in spirit-communication and ultra-mundane influence, by quoting passages from their writings, until almost every personage of historic renown has been proved an out and out Spiritualist. Yet all this historic research and information avails nothing, so far as making converts from the thousand and one sects is concerned. Although the comparison borders on vulgarity, still it is nevertheless true, that "it is useless to try to learn an old dog new tricks;"

showing him what another dog has done or can do, will not make him do the same.

Then let us cease at once trying to make Spiritualism popular, by gaining some influential and aristocratic convert from the Church. Let us rather say in the language of Cowper:

"Peace be to those (such peace as earth can give) Who live in pleasure, dead 'e'en while they live: Born capable indeed of heavenly truth; But down to latest age from peaceful youth Their mind a wilderness through want of care. The plow of wisdom never entering there."

And when we have adopted this conclusion, let us turn our attention at once upon the young, whose reasoning and intuitive faculties have not been seared over by the ideal flames of an Orthodox hell, or carried away with the erroneous teachings of modern Christianization, and implant the rich seeds of wisdom, truth, love and virtue, that will spring up while in their youth, blossom in their manhood and womanhood, and bear ripe fruit ere they grow old.

GEO. F. KITTEREDGE. Buffalo, N. Y., Jan. 27, 1867.

THINGS AS I SEE THEM.

BY LOIS WAISBROOKER.

MOORE PEBBLES.

We are told that a round, smooth stone from the brook (it must have been a pebble) was very effective in the hand of the stripling David, when Goliath came against him, and why may not I be successful in penetrating between the joints and harness of modern Goliaths with a similar weapon? Surely, if I keep trying I shall at length unmake myself (or the pebbles) felt. It may seem small business to be pelting straws, but if a giant tries to blind us with such, why, by throwing in the direction from whence they come, we may be able to hit the one whose smother breath sets them in motion; and here is one that I find floating on the sea of newspaperdom, that "I try to send back to its source."

"ANOTHER BLASPHEMER STRUCK DEAD." "One of the convicts of the Pennsylvania Penitentiary, named Holmes, on Thursday morning indulged in the most blasphemous language, cursing everybody, cursing Christ, cursing God, and pronouncing God the author of all sin, and ridiculing the Bible. While uttering his blasphemy, he was suddenly struck down with apoplexy, and remained unconscious till he died, at 12 o'clock noon on Friday. This is the second instance in which a blasphemer has been struck dead within a few days past."

The self-righteousness of those who claim the name of Christian, and the facility with which they interpret events in accordance with their own superstitious notions, would be amusing, were it not dangerous to their own best interests, and that of humanity in general. Now here is an effect that a little knowledge of physiology and one grain of common sense would enable any one to trace to its natural, legitimate cause—excited brain action, produced by disease, and ending in death. But the victim is unfortunate, he is wicked; consequently the self-righteous saint blasphemes the Father of all by asserting that he has so belied his infinite heart of love as to visit this erring, suffering one with especial vengeance. Did the Infinite ever supervenient the action of fixed law in order to the infliction of especial vengeance, surely the author of the above libel upon his character would not escape. Had brain disease been produced by religious excitement, and ended in apoplexy and death, then these same pious ones would have said that God had taken him to himself. A strange state of things this, but is there not a cause?

NOT REASON, BUT BIBLE.

Not long since the members of a Bible class were commenting upon a certain portion of Scripture, when one of them asked, "Does it look reasonable?" "We don't want reason, we want Bible," said the deacon, in a tone that was intended to silence opposition; and here we find our answer to the above question, "Is there not a cause?" Men have ignored reason and worshiped a book, and are reaping the reward of their idolatry; not that the Bible is in fault, not that it does not contain much, very much that is calculated to bless humanity, but it must bless as a servant, and not as a master. Bible infallibility is the Juggernaut of Christendom.

LIFE OF THOMAS PAINE.

Finding a book recently with the above title, I purchased it on the merits of that title, but I shall not purchase another of Calvin Blanchard's publications without an examination of its contents; for while making an illustrious name a cat's paw to enable him to thrust his own ideas upon the world, even to trust his utterances and the principles he tries to set forth are so badly handled as to make them disgusting, to say nothing of the low slang and sneering thrusts at that which is held sacred by millions, both in marriage and religion. There are evils enough, God knows, connected with both of the above, in their present form, but such is not the way to provide a remedy. There are no more vital questions pertaining to the welfare of society than those propounded in reference to the relations of the sexes, questions that can never be answered by sneers and taunts. It is true, also, that were the Pharisees of to-day as honest as those of old Jewry, all that need to be said to them, when they condemn those who honestly differ with them, would be, "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone." I would not condemn those who differ with me on social questions; but I do object to many things that are found in the above book going forth as a part of our philosophy, and such will be the case if it is sold among spiritual books without comment. I bought it of one who sold spiritual publications, he probably taking it, as I did, upon the strength of a name. I purchased to sell again, but I cannot do so except under protest. Will not some one give us a clean history of the life of the great Apostle of Liberty, for surely, could he be permitted to speak in reference to the one referred to, he would exclaim, "Deliver me from my friends,"

Written for the Banner of Light.

TRUTH.

BY CHARLES H. HADLEY.

Truth is worthy; stand up bravely For whate'er is just and true; And your heart shall strengthen daily, In the light that's brought to view;

Light that shines o'er all our pathway, Through the darkness of the soul; Like the sun at brightest mid-day, Shall the Truth our hearts control.

In that light all fear dispelling, Let us work with all our might; Till we have a happy dwelling, In a land of truth and right.

"My dear boy," said a young lady to a precocious youth of eighteen, "does your father design that you should tread the thorny and intricate path of a profession, the straight and narrow way of the ministry, or revel in the flowery fields of literature?" "No marm; dad says he's gwine to set me to work in the tater patch."

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1867. OFFICE 158 WASHINGTON STREET, ROOM No. 3, UP STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO., PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

WILLIAM WHITE, CHARLES H. CROWELL.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

All letters and communications intended for the Editor of this paper, should be addressed to the Editor.

SPRITUALISM is based on the cardinal fact of spirit-communication and influx: it is the effort to discover all truth relating to man's spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare and destiny, and its application to a regenerate life.

The Mediumistic Gift.

The mystery of it all is, we none of us know ourselves. We are not less ignorant of our capacity than we are of the mode after which our faculties operate.

There is of course a connected and profoundly interesting history of mediumship, although it is not with that we now have to do.

Mediums connect us visibly with what still remains invisible to us. They make tangible what we had despaired of ever touching bodily again.

A true and exalted medium is, in fact, our really effective priest and intercessor, and ought so to be considered.

The Progress of Ritualism.

In this country, the few clergymen of the Episcopal Church at all tinctured with this partiality to Romanism, have been forced to keep their sentiments pretty much to themselves.

The Bishop of London has pointedly condemned this childish practice, characterizing it as it deserves. He has even gone so far as to threaten the class of clergy guilty of following it.

A Princely Donation.

George Peabody, the Banker, has just made a bequest which far transcends his previous munificent gifts. He has given in charge of trustees one million of dollars for the purpose of educating the people of the South without distinction of color or race.

Meetings in Boston.

Miss Lizzie Doten will continue a course of afternoon lectures in Mercantile Hall, Summer street, the first Sunday in March.

Recognition of Spirit Messages.

We occasionally publish notes from those who recognize and verify the correctness of messages from their spirit-friends received at our free circle and published in our "Message Department."

ST. LOUIS, SPIRIT CO., CAL., Jan. 1, 1867. Having been a reader of the BANNER for the past six years, we consider it one of the best papers in the world, and we cannot do without it.

The Messenger, published at Downsville, California, copies, as matter of interest in that locality, the message from the spirit of W. F. Long, published in the BANNER of Nov. 17th.

NEWARK, N. J., Feb. 4, 1867. In the Message Department of the BANNER for last week, (Feb. 2d,) I noticed a communication purporting to come from Bill Cutter, an actor.

On the appearance of a message in the BANNER from the spirit of Stella Rummels, Mr. Charles Gould, of Milan, Michigan, wrote to Stella's mother, to ascertain if there was any truth in the reported message from her daughter.

MR. CHARLES GOULD—Dear Sir: I received a letter from you, dated Dec. 19th, 1866, in which you say you saw in the BANNER OF LIGHT a message from the spirit of Stella Rummels to her mother and sisters in Texas.

I observe that in the message the initials of my name are not correctly given. I always use those of my husband's name, Mrs. Charles M. McCook, whereas in the message it is given as J. M. Lewis.

The editor of the Daily Republic, printed in Springfield, Ohio, in his paper of Feb. 2d, published the message of Charles M. McCook, with the following remarks, which tacitly admit its correctness—with but one slight exception, which may not however be an error:

"The BANNER OF LIGHT, (the organ of the Spiritualists, published in Boston,) in its issue of Feb. 2, has the following in its department of Spirit Messages, received through the mediumship of Mrs. J. H. Conant, Charles M. McCook, from whom this communication is supposed to come, is well remembered by Company E 24 Ohio, otherwise known as the 'Springfield Zouaves.'"

The Era of Expansion.

This is the epoch when men's thoughts let themselves out from the old limitations, break from their former channels and seek larger forms in which to embody themselves.

In a word, this is the age of Progress. It is not to be overlooked, either, in estimating the causes that have led to it, that mechanical invention and the application of machinery and the arts to the needs of civilized life have had much to do with hastening the emancipation era.

Lecture by Emma Hardinge.

In the next issue of the BANNER we shall print an able discourse delivered by Mrs. Emma Hardinge, in Dodworth's Hall, New York, before the First Society of Spiritualists, Dec. 2d, 1866.

British Civilization, so called.

The several meetings of the Social Science Congress, of England, of which Lord Brougham is the President, reveal a series of facts in connection with the actual state of British civilization that are calculated to startle the common mind from its customary propriety.

He spoke, in particular, of the gangs, and mobs even, of filthy, ragged, blasphemous and thieving children, to become men and women in time, who infest the streets, alleys and docks of the seaport cities and the large towns; and seriously warned the British nation that such an offence against public morals and the demands of our common humanity could not be tolerated without having to pay the forfeit—and a terrible forfeit would it be.

Among other items, the most of them absolutely shocking to contemplate, which Lord Shaftesbury brought into the light, were the cases of young girls at work in the mud and clay of the brickyards, entirely besmeared with the plaster in which they delved, and presenting the appearance of wild savages or beasts.

This is all in the rural districts. To see the very worst side of England, one must go to the bottoms of the large cities—London and Liverpool. Lord Shaftesbury describes their lanes and alleys and over-crowded streets and courts as "the hot-bed of pauperism, immorality, disease and drunkenness."

The Queen's Reception.

That the people of England are radically and fundamentally bent on reform in the basis of representation, as the direct means of securing all the other reforms which they desire in their civil and social life, is apparent from the way they shouted that significant word in the Queen's ears, while returning from Parliament to Buckingham Palace—"Reform!"

Unless something is done by the Tory leaders and the Government to indicate a willingness to cooperate with the people in their plans, we may pretty reasonably conclude that the form of the British Government will undergo a radical change.

The "bread-and-butter" press of this city are circulating the following item: "The Davenport Brothers, with their cords and guitars and their wonderful cupboard, are drawing immense audiences at St. Petersburg."

Not So.

The "bread-and-butter" press of this city are circulating the following item: "The Davenport Brothers, with their cords and guitars and their wonderful cupboard, are drawing immense audiences at St. Petersburg."

Now we happen to know that the above is sheer fabrication, so far at least as the statement relates to the Brothers Davenport having given up the idea that their invisible friends use them as mediums.

Lies travel rapidly, we know; but Truth finally catches up with and annihilates them in good time. All we ask is that the public press treat us and our mediums with the same respect they do those who profess a different religious faith—not slur us on every frivolous occasion, because we are yet in our teens.

Woodburn Grange.

This is the title of a stirring new story of English Country Life, by WILLIAM HOWITT, many of whose articles on Spiritualism have appeared from time to time in these columns.

The Howard Athenaeum.

The Howard Athenaeum is one of the best places of amusement in this city.

Fire—Clairvoyant Test.

On Sunday morning, Feb. 10th, about half-past six o'clock, fire was discovered issuing from the rear of the Trinity (Methodist) Church, situated on High street, Charlestown, and soon the church and its contents were entirely destroyed.

The Herald, after giving an account of the fire, relates a singular case of clairvoyance, that seems to verify the saying that "things done in secret shall be proclaimed upon the house-top."

"A strange narrative connected with this fire is the story that Mr. Cary, who lives in Boston, had a presentiment yesterday morning that this property was being burned. He claims that he saw with what may be termed a supernatural vision, a man enter the church with a can from which he poured kerosene oil, which he afterwards set on fire.

The Indian Question.

Col. Parker, an Indian on Gen. Grant's staff, has digested and proposed to Congress a plan for the better treatment of the Indian tribes. The subject is at length receiving the attention from the country which it deserves.

Give the Indians a chance to come personally under the influence of the civilized whites, to live among them, to be one with them in the avocations of daily life, though the latter comprise no higher demands than the simplest uses of agriculture, and their nature would gradually undergo a change.

Another Spiritual Paper in the Field.

We have received the first number of a neat folio sheet of medium size, published in San Francisco, Cal., by Benjamin Todd & Co., entitled the "BANNER OF PROGRESS;" B. Todd and W. H. Manning, editors.

"As Spiritualists, we claim that we have advanced ideas of truth, that, when understood by mankind, will be of incalculable benefit to them. We know, also, that they are diametrically opposed to the commonly received religious theories of the present day.

The Radical Lectures.

Rev. W. J. Potter, of New Bedford, delivered the third lecture of the Fraternity course, at their hall, 654 Washington street. Mr. Potter is a Unitarian clergyman, but so radically liberal that the Unitarian creed hardly chafes him badly, and he will soon slip it off.

His lecture on this occasion was on "the relations of Christianity to the preceding forms of religion." He demonstrated conclusively that the basis of the Christian religion existed and was taught long before the dawn of Christianity.

Dr. Persons in New Orleans.

We hear good accounts of Dr. Persons, the healing medium, who has gone to New Orleans, and taken rooms at the St. Louis Hotel, for the purpose of healing the sick by the laying on of hands.

Spiritual Progress in Newark.

Since the organization of the Newark's Lyceum, in Newark, N. J., the Spiritualists are "experiencing a revival of religion," and find that the people are so eager to gain admittance to the lecture-room and Lyceum that Music Hall, which for a long time has been more than sufficient to accommodate the audiences, is now altogether too small; and they are now seriously thinking about leasing the large and beautiful place known as McGregors Hall, on Broad street.

Read what the Newark Evening Courier says of the Lyceum:

A SUNDAY SCHOOL AMONG THE SPIRITUALISTS.—Last Sunday at Music Hall, No. 4 Bank street, in this city, Mr. A. J. Davis and wife organized what is termed by the Spiritualists a "Children's Progressive Lyceum."

Personnel.

L. Judd Pardee, not able to speak at present from a severe cough and general indisposition, is stopping in Philadelphia. Mrs. M. S. Townsend is speaking in Washington to large audiences, and winning golden opinions.

New Music.

Oliver Ditson & Co., 277 Washington street, have issued the following fine musical compositions: "The Bridge," poetry by Longfellow, music by Lady Carey; "Sea-side Reverie," composed by T. Bricher; "Snow-Bound Polka," by John M. Holland; a song entitled "Fare thee well," words by Byron, music by J. R. Phelps; "Father, dear father, come down with the stamps," song and chorus by Frank Wilder; "The Beatitudes," a song of peace, written by Charles Jefferys, music by Stephen Glover.

Lyceum Festival.

A grand Festival will be held in Quinehang Hall, Putnam, Conn., for the benefit of the Progressive Lyceum, on Wednesday evening, Feb. 20th. The Lyceum will give an exhibition of the light gymnastics, marches, and other exercises peculiar to this novel and interesting school.

At Work Again.

Mr. Henry Houghton is in the lecturing field again, having recuperated his health. He held a discussion in Bradford, N. H., in the early part of February, with Mr. J. Cummings, Adventist. The discussion lasted through seven sessions, and we learn from correspondents, the audience decided that Mr. H. made decidedly the best and most satisfactory argument.

The Spiritual Reporter.

Jameison's Reporter has reached its sixth number, each one containing a lecture, in rotation, from the following persons: Da Child, P. B. Randolph, H. Green, Seth Paine, J. S. Loveland, and E. Whipple. The price of the Reporter is ten cents a single copy, or \$1.50 per year in advance. Printed at Chicago, Ill.

Rev. G. H. Hepworth.

This popular divine delivered a discourse in his church on Sunday evening, on "The possible communion between this world and the next." He did not evade the vital point of Spiritualism, but asserted that he held communion with the spirit of his father.

A Call for Aid.

DEAR BANNER—A few more words in behalf of the Eddy trial. This prosecution must not be lost sight of. Aside from securing common justice to the four worthy individuals indicted—and to do which would simply be our duty—the present opportunity should be gladly, eagerly accepted by all true Spiritualists, as affording the means of placing before the world a mass of evidence pointing conclusively to the truth of the fundamental features of our Philosophy.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

Mr. Chapman's reply to Dr. A. B. Child's article in our last issue, came to hand too late for this week's paper. It will appear in our next.

The Rhode Island House of Representatives has taken decided action toward putting a stop to an enormous, but very prevalent crime. It has unanimously passed a bill which punishes murder in procuring abortion, by twenty years imprisonment, and the publication of pamphlets or advertisements giving information where its commission may be sought, by three years imprisonment. The extent to which the above mentioned crime is perpetrated in this country is incredible. Read a little book on the subject, issued not long since by Dr. Storor, M. D., of this city, and you will be not only astonished but instructed.

Henry Ward Beecher thanks God that he was never able to smoke a whole cigar, and thinks that any young man who does not use tobacco in any form has a right to say, "I have a badge of honor."

The subscriptions to the new national steamship company in this city have nearly reached the required \$450,000. When that amount is raised the steamers will commence their regular trips between Boston, Southampton and Havre.

He who gives up is soon given up; and to consider ourselves of no use is the almost certain way to become useless. Therefore we shall continue to fight "the battles of life" for the benefit of down-trodden humanity, come weal, come woe.

The Eastern Railroad Company, at its annual meeting at Boston, Monday, voted to make arrangements for the lease or purchase of the Portsmouth, Great Falls and Conway, N. H., railroad, and for its extension, if judged advisable. The directors were also authorized to issue stock for the completion of the new bridge at Newburyport, and for the double track from Salem to Beverly. Micajah Lunt, of Newburyport, declining a reelection as director, Nathaniel Thayer, of Boston, was chosen his successor, and the other members of the board are as follows: George M. Browne, Samuel Hooper, Franklin Haven and Benjamin E. Bates, of Boston; William L. Dwight, of Portsmouth, and Henry L. Williams, of Salem.

The population of Paris, including the arrondissement of St. Denis and Sceaux, according to the census of 1866, amount to 2,150,816; which is an increase of 197,256 above the number given in the census of 1861.

Thomas S. Lang, of North Vassalboro', has been offered forty thousand dollars for his famous horse, Gen. Knox.

A Portland schoolmaster recently testified that he had been obliged to remove boys from school who were helplessly drunk, and had found bottles of liquor secreted under their desks. The temperance men are talking of affixing imprisonment as the penalty of the first conviction for alleged liquor selling.

Twenty-five years ago, but a single house, and that a log cabin, stood upon the site of what is now the large and flourishing city of St. Paul, Minnesota.

The Mormon crusade against Gentile merchants is beginning to have effect. The Salt Lake City Vidette announces the closing of two business houses, on account of a warning from the church authorities to their followers not to trade with the Gentiles who owned the stores.

It is announced that a wealthy gentleman of this State is ready to give fifty thousand dollars for the establishment of a school or schools for the education of deaf mutes, as is proposed by Dr. Howe, of our Board of State Charities, and, moreover, will agree to bequeath it the magnificent legacy of the balance of his large estate.

The chandelier at the Boston Theatre—the largest in America—is now lighted by means of electricity.

"THE BANNER OF LIGHT."—This valuable and widely circulated Journal of Spiritualism is not only a very interesting, but an exceedingly profitable family paper. We advise all classes to take the Banner, even if they do not share with it in the belief of the soundness of spiritual doctrine. The Banner is devoted to literature, romance, and general intelligence—and is a favorite with all who read it. It is published at Boston, Mass.—National Magazine.

With fifteen millions of inhabitants in Spain, only three millions can read and write.

There is to be an international anti-slavery conference in Paris, on the second or third week of June, during the great exposition. The slave trade, the results of emancipation, and the abolition of slavery where it still exists, are the leading topics of discussion proposed.

Steady, uniform and persistent advertising unquestionably benefits every man in business.

Large quantities of the earth kaolin are exported from South Carolina to New York. In the South it is used to make China-ware, in the North to adulterate candy.

The Boston Recorder takes issue with The Round Table upon its assertion of the "ignorance of the clergy," and denies that they oppose new discoveries in science. If so, why do not they investigate the science of the spiritual phenomena?

Hiram Tucker & Co., have contracted for the labor of the Charlestown State Prison convicts for \$1.07 each per day. Holmes & Co., who have lately employed them, paid 50 cents per day.

A codfish breakfast, and an India-rubber coat will keep a man dry all day.

"REMEMBER THE POOR."—Rev. R. Thayer, whose heart overflows with love to his fellow-men, has written a song with the above caption, for general distribution. Copies may be had at room 24, No. 3 Tremont Row.

THE MAGIC COFFEE SETTLER, a new patented article, is all that it purports to be. Those who have tried it like it. It is most convenient for housekeepers. Step in at 17 State street and look at it.

The model for a "Freedman's Monument to Abraham Lincoln," designed by Miss Harriet E. Hosmer, has been on exhibition at the Boston Athenaeum, where it has attracted much attention. It is intended to have the monument erected at Washington; the entire cost will amount to about two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

H. S. Brown, M. D., of North Clarendon, Vt., is a worker. His pamphlet, "The Signs of the Times," is having a great run. It will be sent to any address on the receipt of two red postage stamps.

Our city registrar complains of being greatly troubled by boys, or legally, "infants," applying to him for certificates of marriage, and misrepresenting their age, to avoid the risk of obtaining their parents' written consent. The legal penalty for false statements in such cases is three hundred dollars.

New York Department.

BANNER OF LIGHT BRANCH OFFICE, 544 BROADWAY.

WARREN CHASE, AGENT.

Spiritual Books. We are now ready to forward by mail or express nearly all the Spiritual Literature in the market, and shall endeavor to get and keep a supply of all that can be procured, or is worth reading, and also most of the popular liberal books published by J. J. Mendum and Bala Marsh of Boston. Strife and immediate attention given to all orders. We shall also be able to tell the day any book leaves our office, by mail or express. All persons sending money for books, and trusting our judgment to select, will have our best judgment used in selecting for them. All of A. J. Davis's works can now be supplied, and will be put in strong and uniform binding for those who wish them rebound, thus making an elegant set of works on Spiritualism. Judge Edmonds's ten tracts, making a neat little work, highly interesting and instructive. Sent by mail for 10 cents. Life-Line of Lones One; Fugitive Wife; American Crisis; and List of Spiritualists, all sent by mail on receipt of \$2. Whatever is in Right; Christ and the People; A H C of Life; and Soul Admity; all by A. B. Child. Sent by mail on receipt of \$3.25. London Spiritual Magazine; monthly. Sent for 30 cents. Send subscriptions for BANNER in orders for books.

Popular Medicines. Dr. Barden's Family Medicines are for sale at our Office, 544 Broadway, New York, used several years, and recommended by Dr. Newton, and selling fast. And last, but not least, Dudge's Service; put up by our brother, Dr. H. R. Storor, and fast gaining a reputation as a cure for diseases of the nerves, which are so common in our nervous country.

Pulverizing. No city in the nation, or perhaps in the world, so effectually and suddenly pulverizes and dissolves the individual and character, reputation and person, as New York. If he or she has no moral, social or intellectual power or influence outside of self, he, she or it is soon lost, with as little effect or influence as a bucket of fresh water thrown into the ocean. Nobody knows you here until there is something of you to know beside the cloths and flesh you wear and bones you stalk about with. You must be felt, as well as seen, and felt with more than fingers, to be somebody in New York. Lamp-posts are fixtures here, and tangible, and people have to turn out for them; but they will not turn out for you unless you have a soul, as well as body, that can be felt. Persons with mental or spiritual power to influence society around them, are and will be appreciated here, whether for good or evil, and in due time exert an influence equal to capacity for good or evil. Here is a scale on which your true weight is ascertained. Cloths weigh but little; forms, if beautiful, more; if ugly, less; but souls have a real and true specific gravity, by which they are carried, and a measure for which they have room and a pathway. Society is colored in various shades and to various distances around such persons as have power of mind and soul to effect it. There are thousands of little centres, hundreds of larger ones, and a few very large, some reaching to all parts of the city, the focus of each of which is a human soul; some in ugly bodies, some in beautiful; some in fine, some in seely clothes, and many very careless of their garments; but there are more than all that are nothings, or "know nothings," and only appended as cyphers to the figures to swell the population to its thousands, known only in name on the register, or at the market where they spend their pennies. If dead or alive, nobody knows, or cares, except for the loss of pennies, or the count in the population, or if voters, missed at election polls by the candidates. If you desire to be lost, to be weighed and measured, or to show your strength of mind and power of influence, New York is the place for either. If you have money, and not much else, here you can serve as a cloth screen to show dry goods in the streets. If you have mind, here you can show and use its power to greater advantage than in any locality of the nation, for here is work of all kinds for mind, and more need of moral, social, spiritual and intellectual labor than in any locality of our nation. If you would only add to the flood-wood of this gorge of drifts, keep out of its currents, and out of the city, unless you come on purpose to be lost. You must carry your own light here, and see by it, and light others if it is sufficient to do so, or, like a moth, you can flutter about some other light a few days or weeks till your wings are burned.

State Organization. Letters of inquiry are reaching us from distant parts of the State, and from other States, asking why the Spiritualists of New York have no State organization. Entitled as she is to the largest representation in Congress, which gives her the largest in our National Convention, and with near or over half a million Spiritualists, it is indeed strange that she is yet without an organization that will enable her to exert her due share of influence in the national body, to which millions are now looking for the evidence that Spiritualism is a practical and living reality in the heads as well as hearts of its votaries.

Certainly this "Empire State" has interest enough, talent enough, members enough, leaders enough, and now comes the wry, the everlasting why are we not organized? Can you, reader, give any good reason? We cannot. Who, or what? Will our friends in Utica, or Syracuse, or some suitable, convenient and central locality, offer us a hall and the best they can do in cheapening our expenses during a session of three or four days? Will not Bro. Seaver, as President of an organization for the western counties of the State, speak for that organization and his part of the State? We can carry a call through our papers to most of the localities in the State where our friends live. It is certainly time we were working in this matter, if we would be represented in the fourth session of the National Convention. That body has declared its faith, and laid out its work on a large scale, and needs all the help and strength that can be added to it, and needs it now. No State in the Union can do more than New York, if she takes hold with united hands and gives her aid to this most important movement of the age.

Queer Requests, etc. A Western friend, in a note at the foot of an order for books, asks us the price of muskrat skins in New York. Cannot say, brother. It is furrier in our business. We don't know everything.

We ran an hour in the mud and rain after strawberry boxes the other day; but that was for a strawberry patch we are interested in in the Egypt end of Illinois.

Another friend sent us on a tramp after knitting machines, and we found the mitton, but did not take it.

Rev. S. O. Hayford in the Work. Last week I had the pleasure of a call from the young minister, Mr. Hayford, and take this opportunity to commend him to the Spiritualist Societies as an earnest, talented, intelligent and inspired teacher of the New Ideas. He was present in Newark at the organization of the Children's Lyceum, and from what he there witnessed, and by careful study of the plan and principles of the Lyceum system, I think him qualified to assist Spiritualists in starting these holy institutions for children.

He is young and industrious, and waits only for opportunities to make himself serviceable in

the New Dispensation. Societies will cheerfully pay a larger amount to speakers who have the additional qualifications for inaugurating Children's Lyceums. But it is too much labor for any one to deliver two lectures on Sunday, and also organize and properly conduct the Lyceum between the discourses, and I trust, therefore, that Spiritualists in every locality will deem one perfect Lyceum session and one regular lecture sufficient for one day.

Let our young brother, so recently emancipated from the conservative chains of sectarianism, be welcomed into the field and well paid for his labor. Fraternally, A. J. DAVIS.

An Unpleasant Situation. Did you ever get caught on a narrow sidewalk in the rain without an umbrella, close behind a woman with a broad umbrella over her head and a broader one over her heels, slowly and cautiously sauntering along the whole breadth of the sidewalk, and forcing you into the muddy street to get by her, or compelling you to be patient out in the rain? If you ever do get caught so, ask her to take you in out of the rain, and if she has pity on you she will let you pass.

Hon. John Morrissy has begun his work in a cheap edition; does not say if bound in calf; but the newspapers are harping the first speech in Congress of Hon. John Morrissy, "only one cent." How he got into this Congress, they do not say; probably he is ahead of time, or they are in selling his speech before it is made. It is one of the wonders of the age, like the telegraph, which outruns time when traveling westward.

We envy the spirits when we have such streets and sidewalks as New York is now blessed with. Heavy bodies sink deep, and often fall.

Read Mrs. E. D. Simons's advertisement in another column.

Meetings at 544 Washington Street. A body of spiritual believers with liberal Christian views, having no creed but the Golden Rule, are holding regular circles at 544 Washington street every Tuesday at 7 o'clock, and Sundays at 2 and 7 P. M. The meetings are, opened by singing, reading, a passage of Scripture, after which the time is free for any one to offer their best thoughts, give tests, or any oratory manifestation, according as the spirit moves. This course, by carefully avoiding all discussions, has resulted in great harmony of feeling, much interest, and full attendance.

Mr. C. H. Rines, who has acted as Moderator of the meetings, has been induced to see what interest can be created in regard to a Children's Progressive Lyceum, and the work has been fairly commenced.

Dr. Lawrence, who has been one of the speakers for the past few weeks, has been selected to act as Conductor, and Mrs. L. will assist as musical director.

On each Saturday evening a "Young Folks' Concert" will be given by the children for the benefit of the Lyceum. Some of the little ones have been found to possess superior talents, and it is the intention of the Conductor finally to organize a little troupe of those who excel, and visit different places, giving original reformatory entertainments during the week, improving the "chance for kindness" to the suffering poor, week days, and assisting in the starting of Lyceums on Sundays. Persons knowing of children who are gifted in speaking or singing, are requested to persuade them to attend and participate in the exercises on any Saturday evening or Monday morning. Those at a distance wishing to cooperate in such a work may address

B. M. LAWRENCE, M. D. 27 Carver street, Boston.

Glorious News for Children's Lyceums. To Spiritualists—Brethren: At length I have made satisfactory arrangements for the manufacture of all articles required in the organization and development of the Children's Progressive Lyceum.

Mr. Elisha Waters, 363 River street, Troy, N. Y., one of the most faithful and intelligent men in the ranks of progression, has just written me that he has concluded to undertake the manufacture of all the equipments, and has already ordered machinery for the purpose.

One of the chief stumbling-blocks in the way of organizing these Lyceums in new places, has been the difficulty and expense attending the preliminary steps. With a view to economy, some of our friends have purchased a few articles, made some things among themselves, and omitted to procure other things prescribed by the inspiring principles of the Lyceum, and thus the usefulness and glory of the work, in some cases, have been almost entirely lost. And these defects, and the imperfections of the management, have been sometimes attributed to the Lyceum System itself.

But now I rejoice to announce that much of this can for the future be prevented by the kindness and skill of Bro. Waters. He will perfectly manufacture all the targets and badges in true colors, and arrange all the equipments, and make the "Banner-chest" in first rate style, put all the needed articles in it ready for immediate use, and thus the entire outfit for a Lyceum can be sent by express to any part of the United States or the world, and at a cost considerably less than is possible by any other plan.

Allow me to say further that Bro. Waters will furnish parts of any set of targets, badges, banners, tickets, &c., that may be wanted by Lyceums already in operation. He will put his heart in the work, and do all in his power to aid the development and happiness of humanity. The Manual can also be obtained of him at publishers' prices.

A. J. DAVIS. Orange, N. J., Feb. 6, 1867.

Meetings in Worcester. Mrs. E. A. Bliss is this month lecturing to us, and though in feeble health, speaks with earnestness and eloquence. As a society, we continue to flourish and prosper, for we have good, active, working Spiritualists here. In point of numbers and intellectuality, our audiences are excellent. In fact, right here in the heart of the Commonwealth, the Philosophy of Spiritualism is firmly rooted, and though our meetings are held every Sabbath in a circle of six churches, Congregational, Methodist and Baptist, where pulpits occupants from Sabbath to Sabbath bitterly denounce our faith, yet this tree of knowledge grows strong, and shelters hundreds of the members of these same churches, who like "Agrappa" are "almost persuaded" to acknowledge the power of the truth they willingly listen to. Many others are now disposed to seek for more evidence, through the mediumship of Charles Foster, (who has been with us a few weeks) and have thus become cognizant of the facts, and are now confiding in the truths of Spiritualism. It is our earnest desire that all may be brought into that glorious life and liberty which is the privilege of every one of God's children. Yours for truth, MARTHA P. JACOBS.

A Card.

Will you permit me to express my thanks through your columns to the kind friends of Westmoreland and vicinity, for the liberal donation given by them February 20th, for the benefit of myself and family. Seventy-five dollars was received, sixty-six in greenbacks, the remainder in provisions.

The hall was full of smiling faces; good order was observed and good-nature prevailed. The company was entertained with appropriate speeches and songs, and followed by sweet soul-stirring music, both vocal and instrumental. The entertainment closed with refreshments and dancing. I shall ever hold these generous friends in grateful remembrance, and all other friends who have been kind to me in the hour of sickness and sorrow. I would take this opportunity to express my thanks to the good friends of Quincy and vicinity, for the respect and kindness they gave me in my recent severe illness while in that place. I am still suffering from the effects of that illness; but hope when the balmy breath of spring comes, strength will return, and I shall again be able to enter the lecture-field and attend some of the calls I have received from my illness.

Your friend, faithfully, SARAH HELEN MATTHEWS. East Westmoreland, N. H., February 12, 1867.

A New Work on Spiritualism. Mrs. Emma Hardinge will be glad to receive any well-attested facts, phenomena, mediumistic experiences, or other records connected with the history of American Spiritualism, to complete her projected work on this subject. Any such contributions will be carried by Mrs. Hardinge to Europe, where her work will be written; but those who may be willing to lend their printed matter or MSS. for reference, or extracts, can receive them back within two years from the present date. Mrs. Hardinge starts for Europe in July. Those who are willing, therefore, to aid in this matter, will please send in their contributions as soon as possible. Address, after February, care of Thomas Ranney, Esq., 50 Federal street, Boston; up to then, 8 Fourth Avenue, New York.

Our Office in New York. No. 544 Broadway has been newly fitted up and neatly arranged, and will be kept open for the reception of customers and visitors, every day—except Sunday—from six A. M. to eight P. M. Every Spiritualist visiting the city, is invited and expected to call and see Warren Chase and the BANNER Bookstore, where information of all kinds appertaining to our work will be collected and distributed. Do not forget the place, nearly opposite Barnum's Museum, up stairs.

DONATIONS IN AID OF OUR PUBLIC FREE CIRCLES. George W. Shepard, Geneva, O. \$1.00; L. J. Bradford, Cortlandville, N. Y. 1.25; Thomas R. Hazard, South Portsmouth, R. I. 2.50; Leonard Pratt, Dover, O. 1.00; J. M. Hitchcock, Michigan City, Ind. 1.00; Dr. John Scoley, Shell Rock, Iowa. 1.00; Mrs. M. F. Clark, Wallingford, Conn. 1.00.

Donations to Fund to Send Banner Free to the Poor. T. M. Moseley, Boston, Mass. \$2.00; J. H. Mills, Hawley, Pa. 50; Mrs. A. M. Stone, Cincinnati, O. 1.50; Amos Waring 2.00.

The Eddy Persecution Fund. We acknowledge the receipt of the following additional sums, to help defray the expenses of the trial of the Eddy mediums: S. C. Sherswood, Charlotte, Mich. \$1.00; Editor Banner of Light 10.00; Geo. McDonald, Rutland, Vt. (amount forwarded to Ira Haysworth) 25.00. Further donations solicited.

Donations to the Jackson Fund. To aid the poor and aged parents of the late Geo. M. Jackson. Mrs. Glover, New York City. \$1.00; Cash, Boston, Mass. 2.00.

Donations to Bread Fund. Mrs. Vredenburg, Norwalk, O. \$2.00; Samuel T. Weston, Placerville, Cal. 2.00; Mrs. Glover, New York City 1.00; M. Stone, Kappa, Ill. 1.00; Friends 4.00.

Business Matters. THE RADICAL for February is for sale at this office. Price 30 cents.

Our Society has a FERO-TYPE GALLERY at 739 Broadway, New York.

DR. URIAH CLARK'S LARGE, NEW INSTITUTE FOR INVALIDS AND STUDENTS, GREENWOOD, MASS., near Boston. Send for Circular.

JAMES V. MANSFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 102 West 16th street, New York. Terms, \$5 and four three-cent stamps.

NEVER WEAR A COUGH, or irritation on the lungs, when you can buy AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, the world's great remedy that cures it.

DR. W. K. RIPLEY, of Foxboro', Mass., may be consulted at the Haucock House, (Court Square,) Boston, on Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 20th and 27th, from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

CARTE DE VISITE PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE LATE REV. JOHN FRIEPPONT for sale at our Boston and New York Offices. Price twenty-five cents. Postage free.

ABRAHAM JAMES.—Fine carte de visite photographs of this celebrated medium (the discoverer of the Chicago Artesian Well), may be obtained at this office. Price 25 cents.

A treasure indeed is Dr. TURNER'S TIC-DOU-LOU-BREUX or UNIVERSAL NEURALGIA PILL. In New York, have a reliable expatriator of NEURALGIA. A theocaries have it. Principal depot, 120 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

Special Notices. This Paper is mailed to Subscribers and sold by Periodical Dealers every Monday Morning, six days in advance of date.

J. BURNS, PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY 1 WELLINGTON ROAD, CAMBERWELL LONDON, ENG. KEEPS FOR SALE THE BANNER OF LIGHT AND OTHER SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.

MRS. SPENCE'S POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWERS, for sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, Boston, Mass. June 16.

VERMONT. DR. URANN, of BOSTON, who has made so many wonderful and instantaneous cures of various chronic diseases, will be in Middlebury, Vt. Feb. 10th, and at Burlington, Vt. 20th, to remain a few days at each place. Notice of other places to be visited will be given hereafter. 3w-Feb. 16.

Consumption, the result of a neglected cough, which, if treated with COE'S COUGH BALM in season, might be cured with very little trouble and expense. The proprietors do not claim that it will cure Consumption, but will greatly relieve any Cough. They have a certificate from a gentleman whom physicians pronounced incurable with Consumption, stating COE'S COUGH BALM cured him.

Such curative and healing power as is contained in Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders, has never before been known in the entire history of medicine. See Certificates of Cures and advertisement in another column.

Remember that Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders are the Greatest Family Medicine of the Age. See Certificates of Cures and advertisement in another column.

The most liberal terms, and also the sole agency of our country, for the sale of Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders, given to Druggists, and to Agents, male and female. See Certificates of Cures and advertisement in another column.

Physicians of all schools of medicine, use Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders. See Certificates of Cures and advertisement in another column. Jan. 5.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Our terms are, for each line in Agate type twenty cents for the first, and fifteen cents per line for every subsequent insertion. Payment invariably in advance.

Letter Postage required on books sent by mail to the following Territories: Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, Utah.

Published This Day.

WOODBURN GRANGE.

A Story of English Country Life.

(Three Volumes in One.) BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, Esq., the literary editor of "Forney's Daily Press," says, in closing a critical notice of this book, that Mr. Howitt's belief in Spiritualism and the Supernatural has greatly helped him. Let no one presume to scoff at the idea of the truth being revealed in dreams. There are many unattended instances of it. In the novel itself dream leads to the pursuit of the actual offender, (who eludes the galloway by committing suicide), and the conviction and punishment of his accessory. This, occupying a large portion of the third volume, is equal, in power of narrative, to the most striking passages in Mrs. Wood's and Miss Braddon's narratives.

The American edition of this work is complete in one large Duodecimo Volume. Price \$1.50 per copy, or \$2.00 in cloth. For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 158 Washington street, Boston; and at our BRANCH BOOKSTORE, 544 Broadway, New York. 17-Feb. 23.

MRS. E. D. SIMONS, MEDICAL.

CLAIRVOYANT, MAGNETIC & ELECTRIC PHYSICIAN, 1249 BROADWAY, corner 31st street, New York, formerly a resident of Hartford and Bristol, Ct., and one well known through the New England States as a Clairvoyant and Physician of several centuries.

Mrs. E. D. Simons's Magnetic Treatment acts like magic in curing Rheumatic Difficulties, Rheumatism, and all inflammatory, and truly is the great remedy of the age. 50 cents, \$1.00 and \$2.00 per bottle.

Mrs. E. D. Simons's Anti-Bilious Pills—the best Blood Purifier and Stomach Corrector ever brought before the public. They are composed of purely Vegetable extracts, and cure Hypertrophy, Liver Complaints, and all diseases caused by an impure circulation. Price, 25 cents per box. Medicines can be forwarded by mail or express. 4w-Feb. 23.

VALUABLE USES OF MAGNETISM! DR. J. WILLIAMS, MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN, Office 112 Mason Street, MILWAUKEE, WIS., cures patients at a distance with magnetized paper. All that is required is fifteen cents, and an unobstructed circulation. 4w-Feb. 23.

MRS. DR. WREN, known in Washington, D. C., during the war as a powerful healing medium, is now located at 240 South Third street, Williamsburg, L. I., N. Y., where she continues to heal by the laying on of hands. She makes up, by spirit direction, a sure cure for Neuritis and Rheumatism, at 61 per bottle, or six bottles for \$5. Also, a Magnetic Ointment, at 61 per box, or three for \$2, with full directions for use. Sent to any part of the United States. Feb. 23.

INDIBLE PENCIL—For marking Linen, Ac. Better than ink—warranted indelible. Will not blot; will last a lifetime. Splendid case mailed, sealed, post-paid, for 50 cents; 12 for \$4. Agents wanted. THE PENCIL CO., Feb. 23.—1w HINDSBALL, N. H.

MRS. STAFFORD, Trance, Test and Business Medium, No. 1 LINCOLN ST. Hours: 10 to 12, 2 to 6. Feb. 23.

MISS PHELPS, Healing and Test Medium. No. 3 Tremont Row, Room 57. 2w-Feb. 23.

MISS PHELPS'S Musical Sciences are held Friday, at 7 P. M., in No. 3 Tremont Row, Room 57. Admission, medium. Admittance 25 cents. 2w-Feb. 23.

IF J. C. NEALE will send his address to JOHN M. MASS, LAWRENCE, MASS., he will do a deed of kindness. Feb. 23.—1w

The Greatest Invention of the Age!

THE CELEBRATED VOLTAIC ARMOR, OR MAGNETIC APPLIANCES FOR THE EFFECTUAL CURE OF COLD FEET, AND IMPERFECT CIRCULATION.

THEY will keep the feet warm under all circumstances, by stimulating the circulation of the blood. The equilibrium of electric action is restored in the extremities, and tone and vigor imparted to the system. They are a sure preventive to RHEUMATISM, AND THE TRAIN OF DISORDERS arising from GENERAL DEFECTIVE CIRCULATION.

These MAGNETIC INNER SOLES Have been thoroughly tested by thousands of sufferers, with the most satisfactory results. They will be found of great value to those who are deficient in magnetic susceptibility.

MANUFACTURED AND SOLD BY THE VOLTAIC ARMOR ASSOCIATION, 132 Washington Street, BOSTON.

Also for sale by THOMAS HALL, ELECTRICIAN, 15 Bromfield street, and all Druggists. Price \$1.50 per pair. Sent to any address on receipt of price. In ordering, state the size of the foot or shoe worn; also the width required, whether full, medium or slim. Feb. 23.

Just Published, in Pamphlet Form, THE MAN OF FAITH. ABRIDGED VIEWS OF MODERN MIRACLES AND SOCIAL INTERCOURSE.

BY HENRY LABOIX. For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, 158 Washington street, Boston, and at our BRANCH OFFICE, 544 Broadway, New York City. Sent by mail on the receipt of 25 cents. Feb. 16.

ATLANTIS, AND OTHER POEMS. BY AMANDA T. JONES. JUST PUBLISHED, and for sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, Boston, and at our BRANCH OFFICE, 544 Broadway, New York. Sent to any address by mail on the receipt of the price—41.75. 17-Feb. 16.

First Abridged Edition of the Manual, FOR CHILDREN'S LYCEUMS. BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS. It contains Hints, Marches, Lessons, Invocations, Silver Chain Recitations, Hymns and Songs. Price, per copy, 4 cents, and 4 cents postage if sent by mail for 12 copies, \$1.50, and for 100 copies, \$34.00. Address the Publisher, BELLA BARRETT, 14 BROMFIELD ST. BOSTON. 17-Feb. 16.

WHY NOT? A BOOK FOR EVERY WOMAN. THE PRIZE ESSAY OF THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION. BY DR. H. R. STORER, of Boston. Surgeon to the New England Hospital for Women, and Professor of Obstetrics and the Diseases of Women in the Boston Medical College. Price, cloth \$1.00, paper 50 cents; postage free. For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, 158 Washington street, Boston, and our Branch Office, 544 Broadway, New York. Room 5. July 1.

SOUL AFFINITY. BY A. B. CHILD, M. D. Price, 20 cents; postage, 1 cent. For sale at the Banner office, 158 Washington street, Boston, and at our Branch Office, 544 Broadway, New York. Room 5.





