

BANNER LIGHT.

WEEKLY JOURNAL OF

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

VOL. XVI. (88.00 PER YEAR.)

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1865.

(SINGLE COPIES, Eight Cents.)

NO. 22.

THE LESSON OF THE WINDS.

AN ALLEGORICAL POEM IN FOUR PARTS.

(The Prelude and First Part of the following beautiful Poem, said to have been composed in spirit, were spoken by Mrs. L. V. Hatch, while under spirit-control, at the close of her lecture on Sunday evening Jan. 15th, and Part Second after the close of the lecture on the evening of Jan. 22d. Parts Three and Four were designed for the following Sunday evening, but owing to the length of the address and the fatigue of the speaker the utterance was abandoned, and Mrs. Hatch was induced to write it out the next morning.)

PREFACE

In a low, old-fashioned chamber,
With the moss-grown roof overhead,
And the elm trees waving branches
Drooping o'er the violet bed,
Boysish face amid the pillows,
Half in courage, half in fear,
Listens to the midnight voices,
Eager, wondering what he'll hear.

Hears the winds amid the branches—
Word and strange their voices seem—
Hears them sighing, murmuring, shrieking,
Like a vague and fearful dream:
Hears a sound of high endeavor,
"Up and labor, 'tis the way,"
Hears of manhood's solemn duties:
Wonders what the winds can say.

Manhood, near the boundless ocean,
Gazing on the swelling wave,
Deeppling tides of life's emotion,
Heaving up to him who gave;
Soon anon, the rolling billows,
With their crests of shining foam,
Leap in angry, flashing surges,
Where the wind's low car has come.

Then he knows the tempest whispers,
Strange, dark secrets on its way,
Causing rage like human passion—
Wonders what the winds can say.
Childhood, mid the blossoms staying,
Gaily and clear the summer sky,
Hears the wanton zephyrs playing,
Sees the flowers nod in reply,
Hears the breezes' rippling laughter,
Through the shining poplar grove,
Wonders if the winds are wooing—
Wonders if the flowers love.

Mother dear, I heard strange voices
In the garden while at play!
"Twas the voice of summer breezes,"
"Tell me, mother, what they say!"
Mourner, shedding tears of anguish
On a green and narrow bed,
In the darkness where you languish,
Waiting for a welcome tread,
Something in the willow branches
Whispers a familiar tone,
Something through the cypress gleaming
Says the mourner's not alone,
And you think 'tis but the low winds
In a mournful, tuneful way,
Chanting dirges o'er your loved ones,
But you wonder what they say.

We have listened, we have questioned,
Tracked the cold and piercing north-winds
Far across the snowy main;
We have found them, and we've bound them
With our chain of magic art,
Until all their mystic stories
Have been traced upon our heart;
We have solved the wondrous meaning
Of the roof-trees' magic song—
What the winds say to the waters,
When the waves are high and strong—
What they whisper to the flowers,
In the sunny mouth of June—
What they murmur through the willows,
When they chant a dirge-like tune,
We will weave the mystic story,
In a quiet and simple lay,
Of the winds and their strange voices:
We will tell you what they say.

PART FIRST.

Song of Boreas, God of the North Wind.
I come from my kingdom wild and free,
From my kingdom beyond the Northern Sea,
My chariot the storm, my steeds are the gale,
My spear is the frost, my shot are the hail,
I ride on the top of the ocean wave,
I shout ho! ho! in each rocky cove,
In my kingdom wild and free.

Oh, great is my kingdom wild and free,
My kingdom beyond the Northern Sea,
Where shining spire and dome, and wall,
And tower and turret o'erlook with all,
Where ivory gates flash forth their light,
And no one passes their strength and might,
To my kingdom wild and free.

And how from the regions of Death some down
In silence add to their great renown,
Ondoomed for their crimes so bold,
To sail forever in lebbegs cold,
From my kingdom wild and free.

I come from my kingdom wild and free,
From my kingdom beyond the Northern Sea,
And I scatter the white and fleecy snow
From my wings of frost wherever I go,
And I sift over flower, and grave, and tree,
The smooth cold sheet of my wottery,
For naught can stay my solemn flight,
Nor noontide hour nor spell of night,
For I come from beyond the sea.

Death-Song of Flora.
Flora, the Goddess of the Flowers, feeling the approach of the North Wind, thus sings:
I am dying, I am dying!
For I feel the North Wind's breath,
And his glances fraught with death,
While his piercing, frosty dart
Has been buried in my heart—
I am dying, I am dying!

Hasten to me, hasten to me,
Ye sweet flowers, my children dear!
Come and weep above my bier;
The sweet zephyrs all are fled,
And the perfumes all are dead—
Hasten to me, hasten to me!

I am dying, I am dying!
Weave a robe of shining white,
Scatter leaves of flowers bright,
On this mossy bank I'll lie,
Flowers, hold me as I die,
Fare ye well oh fare ye well!

The Dirge of Flora.
The Flowers gather round their queen and sing.
All mourn.
She is dead, our queen is dead!
Dark and gloomy is her bed—
Alas! alas!
Never, floating o'er the plain,
Shall we see her form again—
Alas! alas!

The Rose mourns:
She is dead, our queen is dead!
Low and silent is her bed—
I weep! I weep!
Let my blushing petals fade,
Let me on her breast be laid—
I weep! I weep!

The Violet mourns:
She is dead, our queen is dead!
Low is laid her regal head—
I sigh! I sigh!
Let my blue eyes melt in tears,
Let me die amid my fears—
I sigh! I sigh!

Alone, alone!
Human heart, whose hopes are fled,
Whose choicest flowers are cold and dead,
In the world's dark, dismal chain,
Sentenced still in grief to remain;
From the Pine trees' mournful song,
Learn ye to be firm and strong;
Conquer passions, heat, and pain,
Till true Faith and trust ye gain—
With God you're not alone.

Triumph of the North Wind.
I reign, I reign,
O'er hill and plain!
I've clothed with snow
The valleys below;
I have crowned the mountain,
I have bound the fountain;
Each babbling brook
And mossy nook
Are cold—are cold.

I ride, I ride
On the stormy tide;
On the tony I spread
The sheet of the dead;
I have slain the flowers—
I have chilled the bowers—
So cold—so cold.

I march, I march
Through each frozen arch;
The forests are bound
With an armor 'round,
And my sentries stand
O'er all the land;
Each blade of grass
Is a sword to pass—
So cold—so cold.

I go, I go
With the sound of woe,
And the orphans' form
I pierce with the storm.
I drive the poor
To the rich man's door;
I laugh at their folk,
And I freeze their tears—
So cold—so cold.

The Desert.
But I cannot come,
To the warm, bright home;
The mother's love
I cannot move;
The virtues bright,
Are strong in their might
To charm—to charm.

I cannot kill
The kindly will;
I can never bind
The human mind;
Nor charity,
Nor sympathy
So warm—so warm:

Nor the land of the soul,
That blissful goal,
Where the sun of love
Beams from above;
Nor the living Thought,
From Heaven caught;
Nor the fount of Truth,
And of endless youth,
So warm—so warm.

But sweeter far
Than these, I ween,
Is the blush of my love;
The glance of my queen—
Of Flora, my queen.

Oh, bright is the beam
Of the early dawn,
When the sun's first ray
Lights the dewy lawn;
But brighter far
Than these, I ween,
Is the glance of my love,
My Flora, my queen—
My love, my queen.

Oh, sweet is the life
Of the happy child,
With its floating curls,
And its laughter wild;
But sweeter far
Than these, I ween,
Is the voice of my love,
Of Flora, my queen—
My love, my queen.

Oh, sweet is the light
Of the pale morning star,
When it flashes a ray
From its home afar;
But sweeter far
Than this, I ween,
Is the star of my life,
My Flora, my queen—
My love, my queen.

Then wake, love, awake,
I am blighting for thee,
And nature awaits
Thy beauty to see;
For fairer art thou
Than all things, I ween,
Oh, brown ye, my love,
My Flora, my queen—
My love, my queen.

The Factory of the Breezes.
Oh, whyfore blows
The blushing rose?
Why bloometh pale
The lily frail?
Canst thou tell?
No, no, no—none can tell.

Why is the blue
Violet true?
Like eyes of love
Fond faith to prove.
Canst thou tell?
No, no, no—none can tell.

Why chimes the bell
In woodland dell?
The bluebell sweet,
With chiming feet,
Canst thou tell?
No, no, no—none can tell.

Song of Jupiter, the Star of the Morning.
Forever, since the course of Time begun,
Each morning I have sighed and watched and
waited,
Till mourning night her solemn sands has run,
For one sweet form to come, though oft belated.

Forever, over meads and tower and dome,
I gaze in secret and in silent longing,
For her, the joy and pride of earth, to come,
With her bright train the eastern temple thronging.

Like a fond lover waiting for his bride,
Impatient that his strong arms may enfold her,
I watch above the oblong ocean's tide,
That my fond, longing eyes may first behold her.

I see the dew-tears in the flowers' eyes,
Which night has shed for some deep secret sor-
row;
I see her shadowy garments as she flies
Before the footsteps of the coming morrow.

Behold, where through the portals of the east
Aurora cometh! Goddess of the morning!
The torch of day burning upon her breast,
Her golden hair the eastern hills adorning.

She throws around me her entwining arms,
Her brightness all my paler light enfolding;
And I am bidden in her subduing charms,
Her spirit over me its empire holding.

Now mounts the Day-God on his fiery car,
Wheeling its course above the eastern ocean;
While hill and valley echo from afar
The thrilling anthem of the world's devotion!

Song of the East Wind.
O'er ancient cities, reared in crime,
Have rolled the mould and dust,
And leveled them in dust,
O'er China's massive guarding walls,
And Turkey's wide domain,
I watch each kingdom as it falls,
Never to rise again!
For the past is gone, and cannot return,
Its fires will not burn.

The splendid city of the Sun,
With streets of shining gold,
Perished before its light began—
Ere half its wealth was told!
Egypt, with all her power and pride,
Her hundred cities grand,
Corroded in the Nile's dark tide,
And left a lonely strand!
For the past is gone, and cannot return,
Its fires will not burn.

steel-blue skies, the glittering stars, and frosted silver of the moonlight nights of winter. There are inspirations broad and vast that herald humanitarian purposes destined to bless the world, that come to us in the still watches of the midnight. In the fairy traceries of the frostwork we catch glimpses of spiritual designs and significances; the virgin mantle in which the pure snow enfolds the earth, is suggestive of a fluid of thought. The dawn of day is beautiful, though no flowery incense and no bird-songs usher in the rising glory of the sun. And the short, busy winter day passes swiftly on, and brings the genial night, with its gathering of social and friendly import, with its sallies of mirth and wit, its recollections of the olden time, its uttered hopes and prophecies for the future.

All who are endowed with health can enjoy and should bless the winter time. Alas that even in this land of plenty so many thousands should be homeless, fireless, and without bread! But to the strong of nerve and limb, to the favored of fortune, to the aspiring and hopeful, this is the season of keen and bountiful enjoyment. For the cold air braces as with a mandate of heroism; the power to achieve and to fulfill thrills receptive souls as with a stirring martial melody. Over the obstacles in our path we pass, through storm and darkness, on to the resurrection morn of spring, when the flowers shall greet us; zephyrs shall play in place of howling gales; the ice-bound streams shall leap into enfranchised gladness, and the sun shall vivify as well as illumine. Thus in the spiritual, as in the material realm, the probationary winter time, fraught as it is with pleasures and revelations of beauty and contentment, shall lead to that unending summer which no frost-gale shall blight; but we must make of life a season of true uses, before we can claim its awaiting rewards.

GOVERNMENTS OF FORCE.

In the Banner of Light of Jan. 7th appears an article from the pen of Dr. A. B. Child, "Are we safe without a Government of Force?" The substance of this article seems to be two questions and the answers thereto.

- 1st. Are we safe with a Government of Force?
2nd. Are we safe without a Government of Force?

To the first, Dr. Child answers emphatically, "no." To prove the truth of his "no" he cites the workings of Governments in general, and our own, during the last four years, in particular. This appears as the summary in speaking of Governments of Force:

"The object of a government of force, it is claimed, is for the protection of man and his rights, in safety. But in the long trial of this Government, the object has not been gained. A Government of force is, to the world, a signal failure. It is entirely unsuccessful in doing what it has aimed to do. It does not lessen evil, but produces it; it makes a thousand murders where there would not be one without it; it makes a thousand robbers where, without it, there would be no need of robbing; it makes revenge, and cursing, and curses; it makes sorrow and suffering everywhere where it rules. Men who do not see curses unmeasured that come from a rule of force, are yet to have better sight."

If we apprehend Dr. Child in this, we cannot quite endorse his position, though what we may say is meant more in the spirit of inquiry than of criticism.

Is not the purpose of earth life, education or development?—the good or happiness of life being the natural fruits of this education or development? In considering Governments, therefore, we have but a single question to ask and answer: Do they aid to this end of life? If so, then are they useful and good?

Are not all Governments representative of the civilization of the community or nation?—sort of earthly bodies for a nation, just as the physical body is to the individual man? Are human bodies hindrances and curses to man's development? We cannot believe it. For through physical bodies we come into relation with all spirits conditioned like us; through this relation comes the large part of life's experience, its joys and pains; the happiness of life from the healthy working of our bodies; the pains from their friction or imperfect action. Shall we look alone at the dangers, pains, and warnings coming to us through the imperfections of our bodies, and pronounce them a failure, fruitful only, in curses? Evidently in our ignorance we pronounce our bodies good because we feel and see the joy and education of life coming through them. The higher consciousness looking even upon the pains and warnings which are the fruits of our physical imperfections, pronounce all these good—in fact the best part of the spirit's life experience—and so thank God for them all. Does not the same truth hold good for human Governments of force? They are the outward manifestation or body of the State or Kingdom. Through them a people has a united, common life, coming into relation with other States and Kingdoms, thereby receiving common blessings and education. None are perfect.

Through the imperfections come dangers, pains, and wars. Shall we pronounce the Governments failures, curses in toto, because their imperfections will bear pains, dangers and wars? Even in our ignorance we can thank God for the joy and education which comes through a Government of force: Does not the spirit's higher consciousness of infinite truth, the everlasting good, pronounce, also, dangers, pains and wars good, the nation's blessing, not her curse?

A Government of force is not a finality. It is a barbarous Government, sometime to be outgrown, passed beyond. This comes not at once, but by slow degrees. Caves for shelter, roots and herbs for food, skins for clothing, are good for barbarous people. The civilized world has come up through that stage; not good for us to-day, however. So a Government of force is useful, good for a selfish, ignorant people. Such can no more adopt and administer a Christian Government than could a South Sea Islander oversee a steam printing press. It is a question of growth of education, nothing else.

When a people, the ruling power of a nation, has grown to the grand idea of Christianity, then will it cast aside the barbarous rule of force and be safe and strong in another power, mightier than brute force, love. The ruling power of a nation must be a band of Christian lovers; then shall it be safe without a Government of force.

The plan that the ruling power of this nation is still barbarous, in its working faith, at least, when an enemy threatened, the unbeliever cried, "To arms! kill the foe." The professing Christians, in fear and trembling, died. There is no armor of defense save words and gifts. The pulpits of the North proclaimed far and wide, that night would save the country but fighting and killing. This plan such a North is not prepared for a Christian Government. They have apprehended neither the truth nor the power of Christ, so must work still longer under the old dispensation of selfishness and force. What shall we say of the fighting, the danger, etc., which come to this nation in its present condition? Good, that through the present horrors, wars and growings, God's hand

of good may be seen, working for infinite blessing to this North, slowly lifting it from its barbarism up to the truth and power of Christ.

Though governments of force are needful, good for a people not yet having outgrown the selfishness and warrings of barbarism, what shall we say of individual action therein? Shall all succumb to the popular law of command, the worshiped power, brute force? Let him whose highest law and power the Government represents, hold himself amenable to it in full; a working, faithful servant! But if there is one half-a-dozen, or a hundred, in whom consciousness of truth and good has revealed a higher law than the nation's, a power safer than brute force, and they ever hear this voice of consciousness calling them to preach this law, live this power, then let them fearlessly do it; though in so doing they must needs break every statute in the popular code of force. Better for them, better for the nation, that such should be traitors to a government of brute force, that they may be loyal to love and forgiveness, which is the Government of Christ. Such will be the prophets and kings—if only in meekness, in charity for the old, in Christian faith they proclaim the new—leading this nation from its barbarism of force, its hatred and warrings, up to a government of love and forgiveness.

Among such come-outers, there will be ever two classes—the destroyers and the up-builders; John the Baptists clearing the way, the Pauls laying the foundations for the New Church; both equally needed in moving a people from a low government of force to a higher one of Christian love. The one class with the two-edged sword, truth and condemnation, hew right and left among institutions and old superstitions so dear to the people, sparing naught. These are prone in their zeal to see naught good or true in the old, but crying, "This is a curse—a failure—of the devil all!" forgetting the good it has done, under Providence, when it answered man's needs, represented his highest civilization.

With this class, Dr. Child seems to have taken his stand, in his last article. We wonder a little, for we thought him of the other class—those who see the good of the old, not condemning, not seeking to drive men from thence, but in patience and faith, luring men up to a higher, more perfect plan; healing the spiritual wounds which the destroyer must needs make in laying waste creeds and governments dear to the people.

The destroyers of outgrown creeds and laws are passing over the land, preparing the way for the new. Who shall follow them, gathering the creedless and lawless people into the spirit and truth of Christ, so founding a new Government of Christian Love and Forgiveness? W. A. C.

DREAMS.

BY REV. E. CASE.

When the night in solemn shadows Droppeth on the plain and hill, And the chariot wheels of heaven Seem to hold their coursers still; When the gathering gloom in silence Draws the veil that hides the stars, And the bright celestial army's Led by Dian and red Mars;

When the solemn hour of slumber Seals the soul from outward sight, And on spirit wings we wander With a spirit's thought and flight, Then, though mountain, plain and valley Stretch between and far away, In my dreams still, still I see thee, Fair as in life's morning day.

Time, that makes my footsteps falter, Flows my cheek, and hair turns grey, Thy glorious beauty cannot alter, Steal not thy bloom away. Golden locks and sunny features, Eyes like stars in heaven set, Graceful form, and step like creatures That the soul in dreams hath met—

These are thine as when I met thee In the light of other days, When the spell of love was on me, And my soul too full to praise; Thine, as when at eve we wandered And thy beauty fell on me, As the stars, whose light we pondered, Glisten in the summer sea.

But alone, alone I'm waiting, Far upon life's onward track, Weariness nor we abating, Gazing, ever gazing back, Where I lost thee, where I missed thee, As I turned my steps aside, For a moment from the pathway Where life's morning glories died.

Ever watching, ever praying, Onward bends my weary way, Where the dimness and the distance Swallow up the light of day; Where the valley of the shadow Oldens on the light of life, Where the muffled footsteps go From the tumult and the strife.

But beyond the mighty river Sweeping to the sunny clime, Bearing onward, on forever, All the good and fair of time, In the Morning Land is gleaming, O'er the silvery misted hills, One fair star, whose light far streaming, Tells my soul I see thee still!

See thee with a saintly glow On thy cheek and peerless brow, As the glorious hues of morning On the summer hills below. And I'm coming, yes, I'm coming Whose long parted love shall meet, For I feel the rippling waters Of the river bath thy feet.

THE SECRET.—There were two little sisters at the house, whom nobody could see without loving, for they were always so happy together. They had the same books and the same playthings, but never a quarrel sprang up between them—no cross words, no pouts, no slaps, no running away in a pet. On the green before the door, trundling hoop, playing with Rover, helping mother, they were always the same sweet-tempered little girls. "You never seem to quarrel," I said to them one day; "how is it, you are always so happy together?" They looked up, and the eldest answered, "I suppose 'tis cause Addie lets me alone, and I lets Addie alone."

The spider is wiser than the bee. The former sucks poison from everything, and the latter honey. So the former is not rubbed, and the latter is.

Spiritual Phenomena.

From the Cincinnati National Union, Jan. 23. The "Spirits" in an Editor's Sanctum. INTERESTING MANIFESTATIONS. The Spirits of Len Woodruff and Col. Martin Communicate with us.

We are not of those who "run after strange gods," and are slow to believe that which is not made perfectly manifest to our sight or understanding. Hence we have taken up with few new theories, and after day lamps, which we must confess we have not had the inclination to examine into or investigate. We have looked upon Spiritualism and the so-called manifestations of the spirits, as illusions of too vivid imaginations, or the tricks of unconscionable impostors, who deserved little short of the halter, for their deception, practiced upon old women, half-deafened men and world-weary families. We have always professed a willingness to be convinced, but studiously avoided the circles in which spirits were said to manifest themselves, and never, until last Thursday night, lent our presence to a gathering of those whose object it was to "call spirits from the vasty deep," or any other unknown locality.

Our paper of last week contained an extract from a letter written by Judge A. G. W. Carter, of this city, to the Banner of Light, a spiritual paper published at Boston, giving an account of a séance held in the city, at which the spirit of Len Woodruff, a well known local editor, made his manifest. This was the first time that the Judge to propose having a séance in our office, to which we willingly assented, although with many doubts and misgivings as to any important results, confidently expecting that the Judge would be disappointed in not securing the manifestations in an account of the presence of so great a skeptic and intimate disbeliever as ourself.

We were requested to procure some musical instruments, a cord, and to invite a few friends—the only requisites for a spiritual séance actually necessary. We procured a snare drum, a tambourine, a guitar and a fife, and a very strong new carpet, and on Thursday night, duly provided, awaited the coming of our guests, who were as follows: Judge A. G. W. Carter and lady, Charley Carter, Col. Wm. Oden, Capt. Smith, Thos. Shinkwin, short-hand reporter; Wm. P. Brannan, the poet, artist, and George J. Gullford, formerly of the press.

Mr. Oden was represented as a most powerful medium, and through him, it was expected the spirits would make themselves manifest on this occasion. He is a gentleman of medium height, and apparently in not very robust health—has no theory in regard to the manifestations—only knows that the spirits do with him pretty much what they please, moving him about at pleasure.

A common office table was placed in the centre of the floor, and we seated ourselves around it, first placing the musical instruments and rope thereon; the lights were turned off, but the medium declared there was entirely too much light coming in at the windows and from the stove, and that the spirits would not be able to get on. However, improved more substantial ones out of great coats and shawls, and smothered the fire with alkali coal and water. Meanwhile, the spirits had taken advantage of the partial darkness, and completely tied Mr. Oden to the chair, the rope passing around his crossed hands so tightly as to prevent the feet from being moved, and kept the feet fast in several places. This was done so quickly that no one was aware of it but the medium himself, who gave us the first intimation thereof, by declaring that he was tied, and that a little too tightly for his comfort.

The lights were put up, and we all satisfied ourselves that Mr. Oden could not possibly have tied himself in the manner in which he beheld him bound. We find that we are going a little too fast in our narrative of the facts. Previous to putting out the lights, by way of experiment, we gathered around the table, and the medium, Mr. Oden, placed his hands thereon, and had scarcely done so ere several of our friends were headed.

Judge Carter at once propounded questions, after explaining that one rap signified "No," two raps "Do not know," and three raps "Yes."

In order to ascertain what spirit was present, the alphabet was called, the spirit agreeing to reveal itself by spelling out its name, making three raps for each letter thereof was called. The name thus obtained was "Carson."

The question was then asked if it was Henry Carson, who died only a few months ago, and who was in this world a medium. This reply was in the affirmative. The Judge and his lady said they knew Carson well, and that he had been a very active and noble man, and that he had been a high order through him from the spirit-world, which were published under the signature of "Pneuma."

Another spirit then made itself manifest, and this was ascertained by means of the alphabet to be the spirit of Len Woodruff, a double rap being given at the call of the letter O, which is the first letter of his name, and the name was put down Woodruff, but when asked if it was Len Woodruff, the raps were decidedly in the affirmative, as if the spirit was glad that it had been recognized.

The question was then asked, "Shall we have good manifestations, to-night?"

Answered by unmistakable raps in the affirmative. He was asked if he would play upon the fife. Answer—"Do not know; will try."

Pleased with the assurance that we were to have excellent manifestations, Mr. Shinkwin tied another rope around Mr. Oden's neck to the chair behind him, which, shortly after the lights were put up, he threw into Mr. Oden's lap, and upon raising the lights Mr. Oden was found tied as at first, with the single rope.

The lights were again put out, when almost as quick as thought, the most ravishing sounds emanated from the guitar. Songs were hummed by some of the party, and the guitar accompanied the singing. We were then asked to swing to the right and to the left, and from almost the entire width of the room, the wind caused by its oscillations being felt by every one present. The sounds ensuing were most charming, and superior to those we ever heard produced by mortal hands from a similar instrument. It rang out a fire alarm, in fact, in the feet, and led to a great deal of head above our heads, and ever and anon touching the ceiling high above us. Every few moments the lights were put up, and Mr. Oden, the medium, would be found tied as usual, and the guitar balanced sometimes on his shoulder and head, and at others upon the drum or upon the table. We were then asked to raise our hands and the instrument would bound and rattle therefrom, every once in a while giving Mr. Shinkwin a tap over the head; sometimes a little more forcible than there was any actual necessity for to make its presence manifest. Not a soul in the circle moved, and conversation of the most general character was indulged in by all.

It was then asked if we were to have manifestations, and we were given to understand that it was Len Woodruff's.

Another spirit now made itself manifest. The question was asked, if it was the spirit of Col. Martin, and the reply was yes. But few of our old citizens who do not remember "Poor Col." One of the best and truest of our city was not, however, formerly connected with various newspapers of this city, and who has been dead about twenty years.

This spirit took up the tambourine, and similar manifestations were made to those on the guitar. Mr. Shinkwin asked the following: "Col., can't you give us a few items to-night?" The spirit was so eagerly out of his seat when he received a pretty good tap on the head from the tambourine. We all concluded this was emphatically one of Col.'s "flat items"—a technical phrase among printers and editors, signifying a small item characterized by a flat. At one time the tambourine balanced on the head of the medium, and he held it so tight that the lights were put up, and Mr. Oden was found still tied. Toward the close of the manifestations three of the instruments were played at one and the same time—the guitar, tambourine and drum, while the table quivered like an aspen.

A new spirit made its appearance, whose personality, it is believed, was not in the room, but who before he says may very decidedly manifestations the rope was taken from Mr. Oden by the spirit, and thrown into Mr. Shinkwin's lap.

Now as to attempting to explain the cause of these manifestations, or to say from whence they came, we beg to be excused. Not knowing, can't say.

Of one thing, however, we feel pretty certain; and that is that there was no collusion and no trickery in the production of the manifestations Thursday night in our editorial sanctum. An examination of the instruments after the séance showed that they were entirely uninjured, although they had been pretty well banged about against the ceiling and floor. The wrists of the medium were severely indented, showing plainly the marks of the rope—the imprints suggesting pain and the cessation of the vital fluid.

We have thus given a plain, straightforward and truthful statement of the scene at our office, for every word of which we pledge our honor as a public journalist. Our readers can draw their own conclusions, and may conclude with us "that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy."

The Iron Ring Test.

I would like to say a few words, Mr. Editor, with your permission, upon a subject which I think must interest some of your numerous readers, but one which has certainly interested me more than anything I ever before met with. I have heard and read much about the wonders performed by what was said to be spirit agency, and I have been anxiously waiting for an opportunity of investigating some of the strangest of them. That opportunity has just occurred.

A week or two ago, a lady from Toledo—Mrs. Ferris—arrived in Philadelphia, and it was made known that she would give the "ring test" amongst other wonders—that is, an iron ring would be put upon her arm while some other person should hold her hands. This seemed to me inconceivable. However, I at once determined to know, if possible, something more about the matter, and with that purpose I attended her first circle. On that night the rim of a tambourine was put upon the arms of several different persons. The operation was performed in the dark, but I saw no reason to think it was not performed fairly.

At the next circle I was called upon to take the hands of the medium, when the rim of the tambourine was put upon my own arm in the way it had been put upon the arms of the other persons. It may be said, by people who refuse to know anything of the matter, that I was deceived. I think I was not. When I took hold of the lady's hands I am certain there was no rim or ring upon her arm, and I am pretty confident there was none on mine. I am certain it was on the table beside us, for I felt it there; and I think I am quite certain I did not lose either of the lady's hands till the light was called for, and I found the hoop upon my arm. I feel quite certain I was not deceived in any one of these particulars.

After this I procured an iron ring of my own, with the intention of having the operation performed with it at the next circle. I was again called upon to take the lady's hands, and as on the former occasion, I took her left hand in my right, and her right in my left, having ascertained that there was no ring upon her arm. My right hand, still clasping hers, was repeatedly rubbed against the ring, which was lying beside us upon a table. After the lapse of a few minutes I felt the ring slide from off her arm over our still joined hands on to my arm. The ring of course I found to be my own, still bearing all the marks I had previously put upon it. It is impossible for me to doubt the reality of the operation, and it is equally impossible for me to account for it on any principle we have been accustomed to recognize in science or philosophy.

Some may doubt my statement altogether. To such I have nothing more to say. Others may suppose I was the subject of a trick. I think not. If I was, I must consider my senses and my intellect of little service in protecting me from trickery in the future. But I shall feel most especially obliged to any one who will show me how this trickery is performed. I am aware that believers in spiritual phenomena are looked upon with a sort of pity, and I must confess that my way of thinking has been rather the reverse of the spiritual; still one must follow the lead of truth, though it lead to the belief in Spiritualism, or give up all claim to be considered rational.

There is another point I would just allude to, which in itself I should at one time have considered sufficiently astonishing. The lady, in the abnormal state, speaks some half a dozen languages besides her own; and yet, in her normal state, she speaks only the English, and that not like a student.

Any Philadelphian who wishes to know more of the matter may find Mrs. Ferris at 1029 Market street.

Yours respectfully, W. HOWARTH. 11th St., Philadelphia, Feb. 1st, 1865.

The Randall and Allen Boy Scances Again.

In the Banner of Light of January 23th, I found an interesting account of a "private séance" in the presence of the "Boy Medium," written, as appears, by one who was present "by invitation," which has prompted me to give your readers a brief account of a séance at 8 Avon Place, on the 6th inst., at which I was present, and which I shall not furnish for the purpose of "continuing the interest which has been aroused in this community," or of discontinuing the same; but will endeavor to present the main facts which transpired at that séance as truthfully and impartially as possible, and add a few thoughts and suggestions, which, I hope, will lead to such an amendment of the "rules" as will make those séances more profitable, not only to the party exhibiting, but to the honest searcher after truth, and also tend, in some slight degree, to a satisfactory and true solution of the question as to what is the producing cause of the phenomena there occurring.

I have been considerably interested in the spiritualistic question for many years, and have rejoiced at anything like proof or evidence of spirit existence and spirit-communion, come in whatever form or way it might; and hoping (after the endorsement the séances had received from high quarters, in your interesting columns), to witness manifestations that would enlighten, convince and not perplex, I paid my dollar for the privilege of being present on the above-named occasion.

The company consisted of an elderly gentleman, who said he was from Vermont, and had been present at two previous sittings; another elderly gentleman and lady, one other lady, who came in late, Mr. Randall, the boy, and myself.

The clothes-horse, and other "fixins," were arranged substantially as has been previously described in the Banner. The Vermont gent and the boy both proposed that I sit by the boy as committee, and I did so. The same gent then tied the boy's right foot to one of mine, to which no objection was made. A proposition was then made to tie the boy's right hand; but that the manager objected to in toto. It was strongly urged by some of the company, but Mr. Randall peremptorily refused to have it done. This point decided, a coat was thrown over the boy's arms and my left arm in such a manner as to shield them from the light, and from view. I sat by the

boy, I think, about fifteen minutes, earnestly desiring that the manifestations would prove a decided success, but with the determination that he should take no active part in the matter without my knowledge. The boy then took hold of my left arm with his left hand near my wrist, and with his right hand above my elbow, apparently with the end of his thumb and fingers, pinching quite smartly for a little time, then slackened and let go his hold entirely. This he did several times, the sensation caused by the pinch continuing slightly, so that it was a little difficult to tell the precise time when he ceased his hold, or whether, in fact, he had done so, except by the use of my right hand, which I employed as a feeler. During this time I feel sure that his hand was not withdrawn from the vicinity of my arm at all; neither did I discover any attempt on his part to remove it, nor were his movements or appearance such as to excite suspicion. But there being no manifestations at all, while I was in the committee chair, the boy proposed that the gentleman who came in with the lady take it, which he did, and soon after the curtain began to move, noises were heard in the cabinet, the dulcimer was drummed on some, and finally thrown on the floor; articles were thrown out of the cabinet; the boy and the man by his side were both touched on the head several times with a fife, or stick; a hand was shown distinctly a number of times just above the top of the chair in which the gentleman sat, and also fingers at the side of the same, at the gentleman's right hand, but not in both places at the same time.

Now these things did take place. Who, or what caused them? The committee man averred, with all apparent sincerity, that the boy's hand was not removed from his arm; that there was nothing to be seen in the boy's countenance (which was closely watched,) indicating that he had any hand in the business; and the supposition that he and his manager are so exceedingly wicked and bold as to be playing the part of jugglers in the case, seems quite too monstrous to be willingly received. But the hand which was shown was certainly very much like the boy's, and was shown only in one place at one time; and where, and only where, and as, and only as, the boy could have shown it, had it been at liberty. The dulcimer was placed within his reach, and no movement was made with that, or with anything else about the cabinet at that séance that did not seem quite possible for the boy to have made, if his right hand had not been otherwise employed; but without the use of that, it does not, to me, seem possible that he could have had any active agency whatever in the movements. Could the committee man have been deceived? I think it not impossible. The sense of feeling under such circumstances is a very fallible watchman.

If one was sitting by the side of a professor of legerdemain, instead of that apparently artless boy, and the professor should say to him, "I shall take hold of your arm and hold it the half hour," and he should feel, or think he felt, the professor seize it, and feel the continued grip, and be willing to swear, if need be, that the professor's hand was not removed from his arm at all, would it follow to a certainty, that that very hand was not in his neighbor's pocket at the same time, if the professor chose to have it there? And if that boy had in his possession a self-closing hand—not the production of disembodied spirits, but such as some ingenious mechanic might easily prepare for the purpose, that would take hold of the arm in the manner the boy took hold of mine, or clasp around it, or otherwise, as a lady's sewing-needle will close upon whatever is placed within its beak—could he not very easily fasten upon the arm of any one who did not use his right hand vigilantly as a feeler, without being detected or suspected at all, and have his own hand free for other use? And even without such self-closing hand (by the use of which any one might surely be deceived,) I am not sure, after my experience as Committee, that one might not be misled; the boy's hand was not closed upon my arm all the time, and I could not have known where it was without the use of the right hand, which my successor did not employ with the same vigilance.

It should be remembered in this connection that while no objection was made by the manager to the tying of the foot, which could not, seemingly, if at liberty, take any part in the performance, the tying of the hand was positively, and, as it seems to me, unnecessarily and unfortunately (if the séance is not a wicked cheat) prohibited. I say unfortunately, because it could not fall to subject the manager to a very unfavorable suspicion, and exceedingly perplex the honest investigator. I think unnecessary, because I can conceive of no plausible reason why the securing of the hand in or near the place where, as we are assured, he constantly keeps it, could in any way interfere with the movements of the unseen agencies, unless the "laws" by which they are governed are different in different localities—as the Dayports and others are tied in the most rigid and extended manner, without the least hindrance to the most surprising manifestations.

It does not seem to me that if the manifestations which occur at those séances are, as is claimed, produced by disembodied spirits, or any other unseen or unknown agency, the matter is of quite too much consequence to be left in any unnecessary doubt or uncertainty. Everything should be done that can be to render that fact plain, and to exclude from the mind any other conclusion. No "rule" not absolutely necessary should be set up that would in the least have any other tendency. Such surely must be the desire of the spirits, unless they are of a very dark and uncertain kind.

The old gentleman from Vermont, who had sat as Committee at two previous séances, expressed himself, at the close of this, as "fully satisfied," and left, apparently in disgust, evidently believing and feeling that the community were being grossly and wickedly imposed upon. And this was his return for the pains he had taken and the three dollars he had paid, with the hope of getting some further assurance with regard to the nature of the change which soon awaits him. I thought, at the time, that he was a little hasty in his conclusion, and faintly hoped, and now earnestly desire, that such manifestations will yet be had at these séances, and under such rules and conditions as will prove satisfactorily to him and all others that he was not only hasty, but entirely mistaken. Essex, Mass., Jan. 20, 1865. A. I. B.

Who does not delight in fine manners? Their charm cannot be overstated. Hans Andersen's story of the cobweb cloth, so fine as to be invisible, woven for the garment of a king, most mean manners. Manners are greater than laws; by their delicate nature they fortify themselves with an impassable wall of defense.

Always try to have a worthy competitor. See the hare run with the tortoise, and he will probably fall asleep and lose. To the usual catalogue of lost arts, we may mournfully add that of listening to two-hour sermons.

A Terrible Calamity.

The coal-works on North and Federal streets, Philadelphia, took fire on the 8th inst. and were destroyed together with three thousand barrels of oil and forty-seven buildings. But the saddest part of the story is, some twelve or fifteen persons perished in the flames under the most heart-rending circumstances, as we learn from the Philadelphia press:

The oil that escaped from the burning barrels poured into North street and down to Federal, filling the entire street with a lake of fire, and lighting the houses upon both sides of North street for two squares, and carrying devastation into Washington, Ellsworth and Federal streets, both above and below 7th street. Fully five squares of houses were on fire at once. The scene was one to make the stoutest heart quail. Men, women and children were literally roasted alive in the streets. Capt. Joseph H. Ware, five daughters and two sons met with a sad misfortune. They all succeeded in getting into the street from their house just as they left their bed, but found themselves in a river of fire. The family became scattered. Mrs. Ware had her youngest child in her arms and was endeavoring to escape, when she fell and both herself, the child and another daughter, fifteen years of age, was burned to death in the street. One of her two sons is missing. One of the bodies recovered is supposed to be that of James Gibbons. It is thought that several other persons, besides the six taken out, have perished, and are still under the ruins.

Henry B. Allen, the Boy-Medium. This extraordinary youth is still with us, giving great satisfaction to numerous visitors. He is doubtless a powerful medium, through whose instrumentality spirit-hands are made visible, and that, too, in the light, etc. Yet so strange, so out of the common course of events are these manifestations, we do not wonder in the least that skeptics entertain a different opinion. It is well that they criticize sharply, because, if fraud there be, it should certainly be exposed; but we can discover nothing of the kind as yet.

The Winter. We have so far had a steady spell of winter rigors. The snow has lain on the ground for some six weeks, or two months, without being melted enough to expose the surface. As a consequence, the sleighing has been uniformly excellent, and people everywhere have enjoyed it correspondingly. Probably very few winters have furnished a larger share of the pleasures of sleighing. This state of things will be good for the earth, keeping the surface warm, and giving us promise of an early spring. It is generally true, we believe, that extremes of heat and cold follow one another; the past unusual summer is followed by this very "snappy" winter, the heat and the cold managing to average themselves pretty evenly over the twelvemonth. Between the two influences, people ought never to say they have come short of both.

The Peace Conference. Little was practically accomplished at the recent interview between the President and the rebel representatives, on the James River. So far as we are advised, it was merely an inquiry on the rebel side to know if we would grant them an armistice of ninety days, but with no suggestion or hint of whether they would submit to the authority of the Union afterwards or not. The President was kind and courteous to them, and agreed to waive all minor considerations in reaching the desired ultimatum of Peace, but he insisted that the States in rebellion should acknowledge the authority of the Union first of all things, by laying down their arms. The conference ended in nothing tangible and decisive, but rather in a total antagonism of the views of the two sides. The Union was insisted on, from beginning to end, by the President.

Dr. Coonley at the West. We learn that Dr. L. K. Coonley has been laboring with good results in Hannibal, Missouri, recently, and that the friends there, have organized a Spiritual Association, before whom the Doctor lectured during the five Sundays in January and was still speaking there at last accounts, which shows that he is well appreciated. Spiritualism is attracting much attention in that State, and many are anxiously seeking to understand its teachings. Efforts are being made to induce Dr. C. to visit Kansas. Should he feel it his duty to do so, he will do much good, for he will find there a large field to work in, and one which will not only bring into requisition his lecturing ability, but also his clairvoyant powers of correctly giving diagnoses of disease, and thus in a double capacity he can work for the welfare of the needy.

Napoleon and his Clergy. The Pope's Encyclical Letter is making trouble for Napoleon by disaffecting his clergy toward him. Of course they obey whatever the Pope tells them, and he does not say to them that their temporal master is to be obeyed before their spiritual one. The Bishops of the Catholic Church in France have been issuing letters to their clergy, really exciting animosities under the guise of allying them. In fact, the relations of episcopacy in France with the Government have become more difficult than ever, and may readily lead to open rupture. We do not see, in such a case, how Napoleon would manage to hold his own, unless, like Henry the Eighth of England, he broke away violently from the Pope, and established an independent Church for France, placing himself at the head of it.

Notice. The meetings heretofore conducted by Dr. A. B. Child, under the name of "The Gospel of Charity," will be hereafter held every Thursday evening, in the Hall corner of Broadway and Province streets, under the name of the "Boston Spiritual Conference," and be under the charge of J. Edson, John Wetherbee, Jr., and Thomas Pike. All friends of human progress are invited to attend. Subject for next Thursday evening, Feb. 16th, "The recent Constitutional Amendments, and the influence it will exert upon the future of America."

Meetings in Washington. L. Judd Pardee speaks before the society of Spiritualists in Washington, D. C., the next two Sundays in this month.

Changes in New York.

We learn that the friends in New York, who for some two or three years past, have rallied around Mr. Davis, at Dodsworth's Hall, have been obliged to give up that old and familiar place of resort for Spiritualists and reformers, and take another hall for the accommodation of the Children's Progressive Lyceum.

The friends of Rev. Mr. Willis being determined to keep him in New York, have secured Dodsworth's Hall for his services, and he opened there, on Sunday, February 5th. This is a good move, and we sincerely hope Mr. W.'s society will permanently worship there. There is no sort of reason why the New York Spiritualists should not easily sustain free meetings; and we know of no man more worthy to occupy the desk than Rev. Mr. Willis. Surely this hall, the headquarters of the Spiritualists of New York, should not be closed. Mr. W., at any rate, is announced to speak there till further notice.

Making Over Territory. There is a good deal of doubt in the popular mind about the binding nature of the late transfer of property in Mexico which Maximilian has effected for Louis Napoleon. He has turned over to his French master several of the finest and richest of the Northern States of that Republic, to be erected, it appears, into a Dukedom under Dr. Gwin, for the purpose of getting out what gold and silver the Emperor of the French wants to help him keep up his financial system, and, more than all, to be of use in blocking our natural pathway to the Pacific. This disposing of a population of over three hundred thousand souls, with all they are worth, territory and all, is a rather new thing on this continent, whatever they may think of it in Europe.

Spirit-Portraits. We understand that a lady residing in Plymouth County, this State, paints spirit-portraits. A gentleman in that section, who has had painted pictures of his two children, pronounces them correct likenesses. We should be pleased to hear from the gentleman in question upon the subject.

Gospel of Charity. This society has just closed its winter's course of meetings, which have been pleasant and interesting; and, as it was the original design of these meetings, we trust that they have benefited the social and moral character of many people.

The Banner in New York. Our friends in New York City can hereafter find the BANNER OF LIGHT, each week, at the Book Store of C. W. THOMAS, No. 40 Fourth street, and at wholesale at the office of the American News Company, No. 121 Nassau street.

Particular Notice. Mrs. Conant, the medium through whose instrumentality the spirit messages published in this paper are given, takes this method to inform her friends and the public that she cannot possibly make engagements for private sittings; therefore, no one need apply.

Bro. Pardee don't wish to be considered as identified with Dr. Hamilton's plan of "Reconstruction." On the contrary, he remarks in a note to us: "I do not propose to do anything. I am but calling attention to what must, ere long, religiously and philosophically develop. I see, that before ten years have gone by, the Celestial aspect of our dual movement will show itself—constituting the third phase, and the fullness of that Truth Dispensation now simply being. If my book were out, the statement would be made more clear and ample. Then the labor of practically applying the light or principles of that Unitary scheme of Truth, would be a gradual and progressive one. I do not look for any sudden change. But I see that events are rapidly ripening in their womb, which will demand just such a Unitary Gospel, as I am trying to indicate, when they are born." We hope some one will come forward and aid Bro. Pardee to publish his book.

New York Matters. Since this month came in the Spiritualists in New York have had quite a change in their base of action. I think if they make a few more moves they will be able to surround old theology. The Spiritualists formerly meeting at Dodsworth Hall had hired Irving Hall (7th trial) for two Sundays. Mr. A. J. Davis said last Sunday forenoon that he had no doubt they would keep it one year. In the evening he received a note from the proprietor, saying that it would not be satisfactory to have them continue there any longer, giving as a reason the extra care required for the Children's Progressive Lyceum. Mr. Davis thought they had had a short but brilliant career in that hall. They now think of going up town (to a new hall, corner of Broadway, Sixth Avenue and 34th street) until they can find some permanent place.

It does seem as though there was wealth enough amongst the Spiritualists of this city to build a hall, so that they might be more independent. I do not see why it would not be a good investment for any capitalist. I would rather own stock in it than any old-school church. Mr. Willis spoke in Dodsworth Hall last Sunday, and I learn is going to continue to speak for the present.

The two conferences which have met in this city for a long time, have, or are talking about, uniting. They held their conference at Dodsworth Hall last Sunday afternoon, and probably will continue to do so hereafter. The old workers seem to take hold of this move. Such men as Dr. Gray and Mr. Partridge, &c., are held to be leaders of the movement. No doubt, but what Dodsworth Hall will still be a resort for strangers and many Spiritualists.

I see no reason why there cannot be large congregations in both places, and both harmonize in promulgating the great truths of Spiritualism. Mr. and Mrs. Anderson have their receptions at 244 Fulton street, Brooklyn, every Saturday afternoon, instead of at Dr. Larkin's, 13th street, New York. Mr. Anderson has been very successful of late in getting some valuable pictures. Their Saturday receptions will be missed in New York, although I think they will now go over to Brooklyn. These receptions are very interesting, and have been well attended; and a great many strangers to Spiritualism have received spirit pictures at these receptions, free of charge.

Bread for the Starving Poor. Fresh bread, to a limited extent, from a bakery in this city, will be delivered to the suffering poor on tickets issued at the Banner of Light office.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

This number of the Banner is a choice one. The matter is varied, to suit all tastes. Read it, friends, then show it to your neighbors who are not subscribers, and induce them if possible to subscribe. This is the best way to sow the good seed.

Read the appeal of Mr. E. W. Lewis, under head of "Correspondence in Brief," in behalf of our sick and destitute brother, George M. Jackson. He will hear from us.

A correspondent at Coldwater, Michigan, writes: "I am glad that you have been able to obtain a renewal of the 'Whitmore Messages.' It is singular that spirits do not seek to give more communications of a like character." We shall print another of these messages soon.

In our introduction to the "Remarkable Spiritual Manifestations," printed in the Banner of the 28th Jan., which we copied from the Ohio Repository, printed in Canton, we stated that the manifestations took place in that town, as no other place was named by the paper; but one of the gentlemen who composed the circle at which they occurred, informs us that they were held in the neighboring town of Maillon, where the editor resided who wrote the account.

A correspondent, writing from Springfield, Mass., says: "There seems to be quite a spirit of inquiry among the Spiritualists here, but they think their belief should be grounded on philosophy more than on phenomena." The philosophy of Spiritualism can only be demonstrated through the phenomena. What is known to the world, today, as mere phenomena, will be an established scientific fact a few years hence.

Our good, conscientious friend, Thomas Cook, is back again at his old quarters, viz: Huntsville, Indiana, from whence he will dispense the "Kingdom of Heaven," as in former days, we suppose. He will answer calls to lecture.

"THE AGE OF VIRTUE." We have on file another paper, entitled "Woman to be Man's Redeemer," from the pen of our talented correspondent, Geo. Stearns, Esq. It will appear soon.

Spiritualism is rapidly on the increase in France. One of our "Washington correspondents is anxious that Mr. Foster, the test medium, should visit that city soon. He will, ere he leaves for Europe, unless some unforeseen circumstance prevents. We can't spare him yet, however.

MRS. PAIGE'S NEW METHOD FOR THE PIANO FORTE AND SINGING.—This method is rapidly gaining ground, and all who make a practical trial of it are delighted with the facility with which they are able to master those intricacies of the science of music which have hitherto occasioned so much expenditure of time and exhaustion of patience. By reference to our advertising columns it will be perceived that her rooms are in Chickering's Building, Washington street.

The Spiritualists of Kalamazoo, Mich., are wide awake. They recently held a Festival, which afforded them money enough to buy a good melodeon, and have twenty-five or thirty dollars left for lecturers. Jo Cose had been reading that the ex-senator from Richmond was lodged in Fort Warren. "Now that the rebels have got one foot in it," said he, "there is some hope of getting the whole body before long."

At a recent Convention held in Seth Hinshaw's Hall, Greensboro, Ind.—which hall Mr. Hinshaw specially built for Spiritualists and liberal thinkers.—Dr. Bailey said, "Last year everybody thought that Seth Hinshaw made a foolish waste of his money in making his hall so large. To-day it is crowded to its utmost capacity, and Uncle Seth had better make it larger."

The Friends of Progress of Battle Creek, Mich., have organized a "Moral Police Fraternity." Charles Merritt, President, John Manahan, Treasurer, F. L. Wadsworth, Secretary.

"Barleigh," in one of his letters from New York to the Journal of this city, says: "A great change has come over our merchants within a short time. Six months ago goods could be purchased for cash, and for nothing else. They were sold as a favor, apparently, and the merchants did not care whether one took them or not. Now credit is not only given, but runners are sent out into the towns and cities soliciting custom, after the old fashion. Goods must be sold; and if customers will not come, they must be sent for."

Our friend Jo Cose thinks it very singular that Milk street and Water street, in this city, should be so near together, and Spring lane should pass between them.

John Bright recently made a radical speech in England, in favor of universal suffrage. Speak of the good in an individual—never of the bad. Kindness alone will redeem the fallen.

The Supreme Court of Pennsylvania has just decided that in sales of real estate the seller must pay for the government stamps that the deed requires.

We hear from good sources, says the New York Post, that the emancipation movement is gaining adherents rapidly in Kentucky. A well informed friend writes us that the sentiment in favor of extinguishing slavery is sweeping like a whirlwind through the State, and that Kentucky will set even more rapidly and decisively than Missouri did.

It is computed that there are a million beggars and vagabonds in France.

A company of forty-three women recently attempted to flee from the bonds of Mormonism in Utah, but they were overtaken and carried back. It is said that the females in Utah are becoming so determined to escape from their degrading bondage, that a crisis in Mormon affairs will necessarily soon come.

The London Court Journal has an editorial lamenting the prevalence of slang among the fair sex, more especially in the higher classes.

Rev. D. A. Watson has accepted the call of the First Unitarian Society of Olinquast, and left Worcester, Mass., for his new charge, carrying with him the warm wishes of a large circle of friends for his continued health and enlarged usefulness.

A young lady residing in Philadelphia, one of a skating party recently, strapped the skates on her feet so tightly as to impede the circulation of the blood. Her feet became very cold and insensible, until sensation ceased. When the skates were removed she was helpless, and has not since risen from her bed. Mortification has already begun, and in order to save her life it is the opinion of her physician that she will be obliged to have both feet amputated.

Why is a "room full of mistletoe people empty? Because there is not a single person present."

THE BEST MUSICAL INSTRUMENT FOR THE FAMILY.

"The piano-forte," says the American Baptist, "is extensively as it is used, is not so well adapted to all the purposes of sacred and secular music as another instrument which is now justly claiming a large share of public attention, and which is better adapted to the tastes of the people, and into schools, churches and families, and received the endorsement of the chief organists, musicians, and artists of America—we mean Mason & Hamlin's Cabinet Organ."

To Correspondents. [We cannot enclose to return rejected manuscripts.]

We have received \$1.00 (subscription to the Banner) from Elliot A. Tarbell. Will please send the name of the town and State he desires his paper sent to?

C. W. H. PHILADELPHIA.—We refer you to Dr. H. T. Child, 634 Race street.

W. C. MONROE, MD.—\$3.00 received.

TO CURE CHILLS AND FEVER.—When the chill comes, take wine-lass full of Dr. T. B. Tallbot's Medicated Wine. It is a powerful tonic, and is as hot as can be taken, pleasantly; it will remove the chill in a short time. The Chills may be taken without the water, if desired, every half hour until the chill passes off. When the fever comes, on drink half a pint of cold water, with ten drops of the Medicated Wine every half hour, and the fever will pass off, and a speedy recovery will be the result.

For sale everywhere. B. T. BARRITT, SOLE AGENT, 61, 63, 65, 67, 69, 71 and 73 WASHINGTON ST., NEW YORK.

Hilton's Insoluble Cement, For wood, leather, crockery, and other substances, is the best and most economical that the housekeeper can have. It is a liquid form, and insoluble in water or oil. It will adhere to any substance completely. Two-ounce bottle, with brush (family package) 25 cents. Sold every where.

HILTON BROS. & CO., PROPRIETORS, Providence R. I. On retail packages, a family package will be sent by mail. Feb. 11—3m.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

THE NEW BOOK, BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE, Author of "Cudjo's Cave," "Neighbor Jackwood," &c.

THE THREE SCOUTS! TENTH THOUSAND! ALREADY IN PRESS.

ALREADY AHEAD OF "CUDJO'S CAVE" FOR THE SAME TIME AFTER PUBLICATION. W. F. FICHTER, THE NEW YORK, N. Y. "The Three Scouts," is the best novel of the war we have yet read, and will be equally read by children and their parents. It is full of adventure and character.—(The Philadelphia Press, J. W. Forney's well known paper.)

It has already passed its tenth thousand, and promises to have a larger sale than "Cudjo's Cave." It is certainly an improvement on that popular book. The passages of description are vivid and brief, the course of the narrative is rapid, and the presentation of the characters close to Nature and life. It is interesting to the end, and is a work without parallel struck by the quick movement and pervading animation of the story.—(Boston Transcript.)

The New Book, "THE THREE SCOUTS." Our young people will welcome with a keen delight their old friend, Mr. Trowbridge, in this, his latest work. The whole work is full of interest, which keeps the interest unflaggingly to the happy ending. The moral lessons are full of wisdom, and the characters are all American youth more loyal and patriotic, cultivate in them a true moral character, and enforce a true, manly honesty and uprightness, by the success which came to our "scouts" through their practice, aided by the living picture of the reverse side in the story of the miserable "Red Crumple." Not our youth alone should read it, for it will repay our older readers for an evening sitting around their fire. Get it, and read it, and you will be glad to see it again.

"The Three Scouts." The New Bedford Mercury, speaking of the book, says: "It is a work of fiction, founded upon incidents in the war in the Southwest, and yet no more wonderful than the simple action of history. It is thrillingly interesting, as was Cudjo's Cave, by the same author, and brings before the reader the life and death of the noble fellows who do the hazardous work of scouts."

It is a sort of sequel to "Cudjo's Cave," and "Neighbor Jackwood," and is a book of the same kind. Although it is a sequel to "Cudjo's Cave," it is a great sale made before publication it is put at the low price of \$1.75.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR, THE FAMOUS CUDJO'S CAVE, \$2.00. Ditto, Illustrated, Paper Covers. "TRAVELER'S EDITION," \$1.50.

SECRETARY CHASE (now Chief Justice of the United States) said of this book, "It is a book of the highest merit, and it interested and impressed me profoundly."

ALSO, BY THE SAME AUTHOR, NEIGHBOR JACKWOOD, \$2.00. MARTIN MERRIVALE, \$2.00. FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE. Feb. 18.

ATTENTION, SOLDIERS! HEAR YE, ALL PEOPLE! Chronic Diarrhea and Dysentery can be cured. See the testimony of Mr. Horton, who writes: "I was cured of my chronic diarrhea by Dr. Brewer's medicine. It was my first cure, and it has since cured me of all my troubles. I have been in the army for several years, and I have been in the hospital several times, but I have never been cured of my chronic diarrhea until I took Dr. Brewer's medicine. It is a great blessing to me, and I hope the Doctor will be enabled to introduce his medicine to the public."

This medicine is prepared by and had only of the subscriber. Price per package, \$2.00. Sent by mail on receipt of price. HORACE DIBBERN, M. D., 187 N. W. ST., N. Y. CITY. Feb. 18.

DR. E. P. GODSELL, Practical Physician for all Curable Diseases, HAS taken rooms at No. 166 Central street, Lowell, Mass., where he invites the sick and suffering, and all who may need his services. Feb. 18.

THE EARLY PHYSICAL DEGENERACY OF THE YOUTH OF THE FUTURE. A GREAT BOOK FOR YOUTH. Send two red stamps, and obtain it. Address, DR. ANDREW STONE, 95 Fifth street, Troy, N. Y., Feb. 18.

An Original Book! MAN AND HIS RELATIONS. ILLUSTRATING THE INFLUENCE OF THE MIND ON THE BODY; THE RELATIONS OF THE FACULTIES AND AFFECTIONS TO THE MIND, AND THE INFLUENCE OF THE MIND ON THE FACULTIES, OBJECTS, AND PHENOMENA OF THE EXTERNAL WORLD.

BY PROF. E. B. BRITTON, M. D. FOR fifteen years and upwards, the author has been engaged in researches which have at length resulted in the production of this extraordinary book, covering the wide range of Vital, and Mental Phenomena. It is a work of the highest order, and is, however, especially devoted to MAN—the constitution and immortal existence of the Soul; its present relations to the body; to the external forms and internal principles of Nature, and to the realm of Universal Intelligence.

The curious mental phenomena that hover along the horizon of our present existence—which the sacred laws of either regarded as illusions of the senses, or hallucinations of the mind, while they have hurried the superstitious of the ignorant—into the belief of witchcraft, and expellings with peculiar rites, and great copulations of illustration; with singular independence of thought, and rare philosophical ability. In the language of one of our ablest literary reviewers, "The author has a happy facility of illustrating obscure and profound subjects that has rarely been equalled by the common mind."

Dr. Britton grasps exactly with the facts that have puzzled the brains of the philosophers of every age and country, and has grasped his masterly classification of the great words of this mortal world. In this respect his remarkable book is a collection of Rare Observations, and a most interesting and instructive work. At the same time, the student of Vital Chemistry, Physiology and Medicine; the Divine and the Moral; the Metaphysical Philosopher, and the Political Reformer, will find it replete with profound and profitable instruction.

BLOSSOMS OF OUR SPRING.

BY HUDSON AND EMMA TUTTLE.

In this elegant volume of two hundred and twenty-eight pages, will be found some of the finest Poems in the language. All lovers of beautiful literature will find a rich treat in their perusal. The spiritual harmonies which pervade the most of them will find a response in the hearts of believers in the Spiritual Philosophy.

The book opens with a National Poem, entitled, "AMERICA," from which we make the following brief extracts: "The messenger approached, and in his lips An ear of Indian corn his graceful call; From the North, where icebergs guard the pole, Crossed toward heat the antarctic zone, Inhabited like floating on the sea, And daring chase devoted. They but waste The hours of Nature lavishly bestowed; Colossal in her beauty, her lowly form, Thy coming as the bride awaits her lord; Her monarch mountains, were they blind, would our Golden river in a nation's heart; Her rivers vast, marching to the sea, Would flood the commerce of a mighty realm; For all things hence, from the high mountains Let the broad ocean sweep from rocky shores; The happy souls who rally to thy start! The ocean's roar, where the red man's yell Rings heralded through the forest abode, And, as a noble, come hither, tortured souls, And rear a noble race!"

"America, thou art get child of the world, Thou brightest of all worlds in the crowd; The Goddess of the Nations wears, long live Thy Liberty, Thy Honor, and Thy Peace! Thy Liberty, thy Honor, and thy Peace, But thou, Eternal Nation, will live on Forevermore. Thy starry flag shall float Above all nations, and thy power Of thy intrinsic Truth and Liberty, The Tyrant's throne shall vanish from the earth; No man be master, none a tyrant's heir; But all shall share the earth in brotherhood, And hence shall nestle in the earthy suburbs, Throw out thy banner, bid it round the world, And, like thy eagle, onward to thy Destiny!"

The next poem of any considerable length, is a "VIEW OF DEATH," and is worth the price of the book, the reader can form a faint idea of its plot, by reading the first and last stanzas, as follows: "The mortal part fell from me, and I woke In blinding light, My Guardian Angel spoke! Mount this magnetic stream, and soar away From earthly shadows to eternal day; Swift as an arrow on its fearful race, On, on we sped, through countless leagues of space, Before we were met in angelic lands, And heard the welcome voice of spirit-hands."

"I saw the Spirit-world, and I was glad, Had opened my vision to its vast design; The spheres appear'd around me, and I looked far through The ocean of Space's ether blue; I paused in thought; I must to earth again, Or distance soon would break the silver chain Which bound my soaring spirit to the thrall. I sped, and ere in glass a sand could fall, By a galvanic touch the body woke, And earthy accents throng'd upon me broke."

A touching heart story is told in the fitness of "LUNA": "A year has gone by with its wilds and anguish, And I feel again as arranging her hair; She clings to her father, but wears not the languid Air Of those who may never see her dead white hair. To-day he is coming! With him, pallid lips, she wears the green grass, which lives on decay, Among her brother's grave, he is coming to-day! The madman's hand, Took a glass, and And passed from our sight like a pale beam of light, Floating in the land which knows not any night."

"THE COURSE OF EMPIRE" is another noble poem, beginning thus: "Honest the moss-grown arches of mighty cities dead, Whose harts and heroes cherished, the ancient Ages led; I passed with ringling rings of grey and white, While on the crumbling columns sat the ghosts of ages flow."

"A VISIT TO THE SEA-SHORE" has the true poetic ring. Hear the pleading for: "A blushing shell, or sea-weed green, Some trifling gift from thee, grand sea, Memento I can ever keep— A souvenir from thee to me Is all that I can ask of thee. The Ocean's sullen anger glow'd, A lock of algæ hair, And a sea-pearl's curious wand, And jewels of all with ruby sand."

"THE BIRD" is a theme for another fine poem, in which the Winter wind utters a truth which should come home to all hearts, at this severe season: "I searched among the poor; I found my prey—by God my prey! I bore grim Death upon my cold white wings; I went to conquer and to freeze the world; And yet you welcome what the million curse!"

"SPIRIT-VOICES" is a sweet gem: "When the sunset clouds, like veils, descend, Count upon the airy sea, Beaming with the light of angelic eyes, Spirit-voices come to me."

Price, in cloth, \$1; postage 20 cents. For sale at this office. Jan. 21.

MRS. SPENCE'S POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS. GRAND DISCOVERY! MEDICINE REVOLUTIONIZED!

Magnetism is the key to medicine. Polarity is power. The Positive and Negative forces lock and unlock everything. Disease is a Positive or Negative magnetic state.

The POSITIVE and NEGATIVE POWDERS are based upon the true cause of disease. The POSITIVE and NEGATIVE POWDERS are magnetically polarized. The POSITIVE and NEGATIVE POWDERS have revolutionized medicine.

The POSITIVE and NEGATIVE POWDERS act like a charm. The POSITIVE and NEGATIVE POWDERS are unparalleled. The POSITIVE and NEGATIVE POWDERS are like magic. In FEVERS of all kinds.

NEUROUS DISEASES of all kinds; such as Neuralgia, Headache, Cramps, Spasms, Convulsions, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, &c. AND DISEASES OF THE THROAT, and many other diseases. For full list and particulars send for our splendid circular.

Mailed, postpaid, on receipt of the price. Truck, \$1.00 per box; \$2.00 for six; \$3.00 for twelve. Foreign orders, local or traveling, male or female—per-secularly medium—in all the towns, cities and villages of the United States, and foreign countries. A LAUD and LIBERAL commission given.

Office No. 87, MARKS PLACE, NEW YORK CITY. Address, PROF. PAYTON SPENCE, M. D., General Delivery, New York City.

For sale at the Banner of Light Office, No. 158 Washington St., Boston, Mass. Jan. 14.

JAMES B. NEWTON, M.D., THE HEALER!

WILL heal the sick in a "Public Hall," in CHICAGO, Ill., for thirty days, beginning WEDNESDAY MORNING, March 6th, at 10 o'clock.

"WITHOUT FEE and without Price" Dr. NEWTON has the gift of healing, by touch, or touching any article of clothing of the sick who may be at any distance, and has cured over three thousand in a single day. 14-Jan-25.

WONDERFUL PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS IN THE LIGHT!

THE extraordinary manifestations, through the agency of spirit power, will be given in the presence of Master HENRY B. ALLEN, the medium, (only thirteen years of age,) EVERY AFTERNOON, (excepting Sunday,) at 3 o'clock.

At No. 8 AVON PLACE, Boston. Tickets, 75 cents; to gentlemen, \$1.00; single tickets to ladies, 50 cents; to gentlemen, \$1.00. DR. J. H. RANDALL, Manager of the Circle. Jan. 28—1f

SOME FOLKS CAN'T SLEEP NIGHTS! DODD'S NERVINE

IS A POSITIVE BLESSING to Nervous Sufferers. It allays the excitement, and induces sleep, promotes all the secretions, thus equalizing the Nervous Fluid throughout the system. It produces a delicious sense of repose; calms the agitated mind; regulates the throbbing nucleus and twining nerves; and repairs the waste of the vital force. IT CONTAINS NO OPIUM or MERCURY, neither poisonous mineral or herb. It is ALWAYS SAFE, and ALWAYS BENEFICIAL. Sold by BELLA MAHINI, 14 Bromfield street, Boston, and by all respectable druggists. 14-Dec-21.

AND WILL SHORTLY BE PUBLISHED, A NEW VOLUME OF POEMS, ENTITLED, "VOICES OF THE MORNING."

BY MISS BELLE DUSH, AUTHOR OF "THE ARTIST AND THE ANGEL." Orders received at this office. Price, per copy, \$1.00; postage 20 cents. Dec. 24.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

COMPLETE in one volume—three hundred and twenty-eight pages. This edition is printed on fine, thick paper, and published in America. Price 25 cents, postage 7 cents. For sale at this office. Feb. 6.

