

BANNER OF THE LIGHT.



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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 clasps 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.

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 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 Political-Religious Economy. He has written some excellent, because practical, books upon the "Austral 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, setting his handiwork, after the manner described in his own "Gideon Giles." The story opens with the description of Sir Roger Rookville, of Rookville, 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 clarity 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 Rookville 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 Rookville 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.

Rookville of Rookville, 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—Rookville, and they managed to reign there like feudal sovereigns.

"Thus lived the Rookvilles for ages. In all the long course of those iron times they took care to have their quota. Whether it was Stephen against Matilda, or Richard against his father, or John against the Barons; whether it were York or Lancaster, Tudor or Stuart, the Rookvilles were to be found in the mêlée, and winning power and lands. So long as it required only stalwart frames and stout hearts, no matter how more conspicuous figure. The Rookvilles were at Borth Field. The Rookvilles fought in Ireland under Elizabeth. The Rookvilles were staunch defenders of the cause in the wars of Charles I. with his Parliament. The Rookvilles 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 estates, and found it convenient to be as unobtrusive as possible. Thereafterward you heard no more of the Rookvilles 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 road thence to the stars. But when the Rookvilles 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 be so. 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. The Rookvilles of Rookville were very conservative, very exclusive, and very stereotyped. Other families grew poor, and other families grew rich; but the Rookvilles remained the same. They were great lawyers, great statesmen, great prelates, and even great poets and philosophers. The Rookvilles remained high, proud, bigoted, and born."

The Rookvilles 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 family. The estate, which in the days of the first Sir Roger, the Rookville 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 the side far out over its clear and rapid waters, in the midst of these fine woods stood Rookville Hall, the family seat of the Rookvilles. 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 Rookville 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 elms could not boast 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, more in his case than about the Rookvilles saw plainly enough the necessity of marring their jaundice, but they scorned the very idea of marring their family. What that most ancient, honorable, and substantial family suffer any of the common earth of humanity to gather about its roots! The Rookvilles were so careful of their good blood that they never allowed it to any but blood as pure and true 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 stinks, but the Rookvilles themselves took especial care that no vulgar vigor from the real heap of ordinary human nature should infuse a new force of intellect into their race. The Rookvilles needed nothing; they had all that an ancient, honorable, and substantial family could need. The Rookvilles had no necessity to study at school—why should they? They did not want to get on. The Rookvilles 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 Rookville soul—unused from generation to generation—grew

"Fine by degrees and beautifully less," till it tapered off to 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 its character; his eyes small, black, and springing like a mole's or a hungry swine's. Sir Roger was still greater 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 beside upstarts, radicals, manufacturers, and paupers. 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 paupers 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 Castleborough 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 romanticist, Mr. Howitt is decidedly anti-Malthusian, for he chronicles a dozen or so of marriages among the personages of his tale. The ancestors 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 paupers regarded their maintenance by no means as a disgrace, and indeed it was their 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 wrongfully deprived them of, the great enactment of Elizabeth rightfully—and only rightfully—restored.

Among these hereditary paupers who, as we have said, were found in Castleborough, 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 in its social inheritance. It appeared from the parish records, that they practiced, in different periods, the crafts of shoemaking, 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, stockings. This was a trade which required no excessive 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 he let down a great apology for idleness. An able stockinger was not a very uncommon 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 sent them to some new labor—something particularly receded 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 temper of the race. It happened, according to this, three Degs were going one autumn day under a neighbor's pear tree. One of them, in a languid tone, said, "There's 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 tie. They had but little work if times were bad, and if they were good, they complained of large families and sickly wives and children. But worse than they would, therefore, the Degs were large 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 they ever get any more of their kind, they declined 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 a character of hardness that stuck to him.

So parish overseers 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. Large in the Deg family were, consequently, very early, and there were plenty of instances of married Degs clamoring 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, he replied, in much an outburst 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 over 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 had lived and flourished 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 Rookville himself. In the days of the most perfect village they had, doubtless, eaten the bread of idleness, and claimed it as a right. They were numerous, improvident, gossiped in dress, and fond of an alcoholic and raggish. Like the blood of Sir Roger, their blood was peculiar through a long persistence of the same circumstances. It was become pure pauper blood. The Degs married, if not entirely amongst 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 class of this kind does not die out like an aristocratic stereotype. 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 purities of Castleborough; 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 and 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 looked themselves on this as a signal for well-earned success 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—none turning out badly, but coming right at last. But, all through, the antagonism between hereditary noodledom 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 Qualls, the Drury's, the Claverings, the Thorsbys, Frank Leroy, and above all, Betty Trapps, maid of all work, Howell Crusoe, 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 habits and in their familiar circles of the kitchen 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 say, 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 imaginable. Look at the fair, smooth, unpassioned 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 temper which their aristocratic sisters wear 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 *féte* 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 god 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, 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

THE DREAM OF A MURDER.

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

"Oh! he was ejaculated by every one present. 'How odd, too,' 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 Hopcraft 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 hot 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 cart-borne-the-horse way, saying, 'I have a bull like a 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-beaten; his coat was had of a ruddy brown, his hat was battered and shabby. As I again looked toward the hayfield, 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. Hopcraft went upon the boat and stood ready to pull it over. As Mr. Drury rode 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 leading the hay on the wagons. He carried his shoes 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 shuddered, as it seemed, as I saw the numbers 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 footing 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 Hopcraft seizing him by the feet, they flung him into the river. The ruffian then hurriedly slipped on his shoes, whilst Hopcraft pulled the boat to land. As soon as they set foot on land the ruffian gave some part of his roll to Hopcraft, who went down the river bank toward his house, driving the horse further down toward 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 low-hanging trees, and descend 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 continually 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 latter, and said, 'No,' he says he had not at the writing of this heard a 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 into the woods, glen above 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 toward the village. In a few minutes more men appeared, looking full of affright, 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 as of life itself with which the whole of it was seen, and with which it remains combined with my two former experiences 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 ascending,
Come to me softly, with the falling dew;
Come where the shadows and the lights are blending,
And the heart fondly all its past reviews.
Come to me, loved one,
As I sit and muse.
Come to me in the hushed, dark midnight hour,
Fall with the spirit gladness on my heart,
Let me embrace thee in the fragrant power
Of that which once cemented cannot part.
Come to me, loved one—
Spirit through thine art.
Come to me, loved one, when the breeze is sighing,
And the far sky shines with a lovely light;
Whisper to me of the angels' choir,
Strike once this cloudy world divinely bright.
Come to me, loved one,
Let our hearts unite.
For I would love, and love, and ever be
A part of that, and those, the sacred few,
With whom my heart has grown in such degree
Of deep enjoyment as the heavens renew.
Come to me, loved one,
Say—the dead are true.
Come, when the days are dark, the storms are raving,
When friends are passing, and the heart is low;
Come, when the soul is sick, and only craves
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 soul's self free—
So startling touch, no vision dread be mine—
Enfold me in thy presence—let me be
Soul of thy soul in all its divine.
Come to me, loved one,
Whisper—thine, all thine!"

Here most 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.

Written for the Banner of Light.

TO "CUPRESSUS."

BY GRACE LELAND.

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 quick, ungarded 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 dreary 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!

East Medway, Mass., January, 1867.

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:

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

FRIENDS—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 6th 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 sum of human iniquities." 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 individuals, as other mental qualities vary—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.

2d, 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 Ecclesiastical 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 fifth 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) had arisen to such a height that St. Jerome in his preface to the Gospels complains that no one copy resembled another." In Cave's Literary History, Vol. 1, page 415, it is stated, "We have on record the most indubitable historical evidence of a general censure and correction of the Gospels having been made at Constantinople in the year 506 by order of the Emperor Anastasius." Beauvoisre says, "We have unquestionable historical evidence of measureless and inappreciable alterations of the same having been made by our own Lafranco, 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-ly 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 away 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 rummaging 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 innocent 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 folded 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 smell of burning fat. Spirits sometimes say that their earthly appetite 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 hevy 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 mundane 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 dimes 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 1: 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 deliverances come. 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 this kind. 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 Caeseta, 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. Sometimes 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 show the snares 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 Wittsburg, 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 viewless 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, S. H. Wertman; Assistant Conductor, C. F. Garretson; Guardian, Miss Sarah Brooks; Assistant Guardian, Mrs. J. Swain; Musical Director, E. C. Hotchkiss; 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 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, are 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 & on while they live; Born capable indeed of heavenly truth; But down to latest age from earliest 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. KITTREDGE. Buffalo, N. Y., Jan. 27, 1867.

THINGS AS I SEE THEM.

BY LOIS WASHINGTON.

MOSE 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 make 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 slumbers breath sets them in motion; and here is one that I find floating on the sea of newspaperdom, that I 'dly 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 blames 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 supersede 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 worshipped 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 infidelity 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 the truths he utters 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. BRADLEY.

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; and dad says he's gwine to set me to work in the tater patch."

Banner of Light.

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The Mediumist's 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 commence 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 circles and published in our "Message Department."

ST. LOUIS, SIERRA 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 Downville, 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 Cutler, 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 purported message from her daughter.

MR. CHARLES GOULD—Dear Sir: I received a letter from you, dated Dec. 30th, 1866, in which you said you saw in the BANNER of Nov. 17th a message from the spirit of Stella Rummels to her mother and sisters in Texas.

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.

Not So. The "bread-and-butter" press of this city are circulating the following item: "The Davenport Brothers, with their cords and gaiters and their wonderful cupboard, are drawing immense audiences at St. Petersburg."

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.

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 oven, 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.

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.

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."

THE RADICAL LECTURES. Rev. W. J. Potter, of New Bedford, delivered the third lecture of the Fraternity course, at their hall, 554 Washington street.

DR. PERSONS IN NEW ORLEANS. We hear good accounts of Dr. Parsons, 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.

THE HOWARD ATHENAEUMS 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.

A strange narrative connected with this fire is the story that Mr. Cary, who lives in Boston, had a presentation 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.

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

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 Spiritual Reporter.

Jamieson'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.

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."

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.

Spiritual Progress in Newark.

Since the organization of the Children'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 McGregor's Hall, on Broad street.

Personal.

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 Jeffreys, music by Stephen Glover. The frontispiece represents four figures: Joy, Meekness, Sorrow and Peace.

Lycium Festival.

A grand Festival will be held in Quinebaug 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.

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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.

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 \$650,000. 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 population of Paris, including the arrondissements of St. Denis and Sceaux, according to the census of 1866, amount to 2,150,816; which is an increase of 197,236 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 Mormon crusade against Gentile merchants is beginning to have effect. The Salt Lake City Yvette 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.

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. P. Mendum and Bela Marsh of Boston. Strict 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 70 cents. Life-line of Love One; Fictive Wife; American Crisis; and (List of Spiritualism, all sent by mail on receipt of \$2. Whatever is in the "Banner of Light" and "The People's Friend" of Life and Soul Antiquity; all by A. B. Child. Sent by mail on receipt of \$3.20. London Spiritual Magazine; monthly. Sent for 30 cents. Send subscriptions for BANNER in orders for books.

Popular Medicines. Dr. Jarden's Family Medicines are for sale at our office, 544 Broadway, New York, and are recommended by Warren Chase. Also, the Neutropathic Balm; recommended by Dr. Newton, and selling fast. And last, but not least, Dodd's Serrine; put up by our brother, Dr. H. H. Storer, 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 seedy 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 overbearing, why are we not organized? Can you, reader, give any good reason? We cannot. Who will start? 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 from our business. We do not know every thing yet.

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 Egyptian end of Illinois.

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

Rev. S. C. Hayward in the Work. Last week I had the pleasure of a call from the young minister, Mr. Hayward, 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 servicable 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 newboys 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 orderly 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 Career 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, 303 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-crest" 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 those 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 2d, 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 sentiments, enlivened 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 have shown to 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 during 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 her 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 Roney, 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. \$ 54
L. J. Bradford, Concord, N. H. 128
Thomas H. Hazard, South Portsmouth, R. I. 254
Leonard Porter, Dover, O. 100
J. M. Hitchcock, Middlebury, Vt. 50
Dr. John Seaboy, Sheffield, Iowa. 100
Mrs. M. F. Clark, Wallingford, Conn. 100

Donations to Fund to Send Banner Free to the Poor.

- T. M. Moreley, Boston, Mass. \$2.00
J. H. Mills, Hawley, Pa. 50
M. M. Stone, Chicago, Ill. 1.00
Amos Waring. 3.00

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:
N. C. Sherwood, Charlotte, Mich. \$ 3.00
Editor Banner of Light, (amount forwarded to Ira Havenport.) 25.00
Further donations solicited.

Donations to the Jackson Fund.

- To aid the poor and aged parents of the late Geo. M. Jackson.
Mrs. Oliver, New York City. \$1.00
Cash, Boston, Mass. 2.00

Donations to Bread Fund.

- Mrs. Vredenburg, Newark, O. \$2.00
Samuel Weston, Haverhill, Mass. 2.00
Mrs. Oliver, New York City. 1.00
Mrs. 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 PHOTOGALLERY at 730 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 14th 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, of the World's great remedy that cures it.

DR. W. K. RIPLEY, of Foxboro', Mass., may be consulted at the Hancock House, (Court Square,) Boston, on Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 20th and 21st, from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

CARTE DE VISITE PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE LATE REV. JOHN PIERPONT 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 Arcton Woll), may be obtained at this office. Price 25 cents.

A treasure indeed is DR. TURNER'S TIC-DOULOUBOURX or UNIVERSAL NEURALGIA PILL. In it you have a reliable expeller of NEURALGIA. Apothecaries have it. Principal depot, 120 TRUMONT STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

Special Notices.

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Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT was spoken by the Spirit whose name it bears, through the instrumentality of...

Mr. J. H. Conant. while in an abnormal condition called the trance. These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether for good or evil.

The questions propounded at these circles of mortals, are answered by spirits who do not announce their names.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by Spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason.

All proper questions sent to our Free Circles for answer by the invisibles, are duly attended to, and will be published.

Invocation.

Thou Spirit of Eternal Truth, thou who hath said, "Ye believe in God, believe also in me," draw nigh unto us on this occasion.

Oh, let us hear thy voice sounding over the rough billows of life, saying unto all souls, "Peace, be still!" When the soul recognizes thy presence in every form, by every manifestation of life, then the soul is at peace.

Dec. 17.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—The propositions of your correspondents we are ready to consider.

Q.—By J. M. Sterling: There are various opinions and theories relative to the origin of the Gulf Stream. Can you give us any light upon the subject?

A.—A class of minds have in preparation a certain fragmentary theory that they are about to present at this place, concerning the origin of the Gulf Stream.

Q.—By Edwin H. Green, of England: Can you give any information on the polarization of light? A.—Light has been called the result of motion.

Q.—By the same: By what means can it be made of practical use to the human race? A.—The present age is answering that question every day; and through every step in science the question is being answered.

Q.—What temperament is most favorable to a large amount of electrical or magnetic power? A.—A nervous temperament, certainly, or one whose nervous system is so finely organized, so perfectly attuned to the od forces (so-called) in Nature.

Q.—How can the faculty which gives us faith be increased? A.—St. Paul says that "faith is but the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things unseen."

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Richard Alden.

Stranger, I'm not used to sending despatches in this way, but I suppose they will go all right. I am not here wholly for revenge, although it may be that a certain amount of that kind of trap lingers around me.

What I'm here for to-day, is to ask what your Government proposes to do with that devil in human shape? What do you propose to do with him? Allow him to make war with every rich trait that passes through his dominions or near it?

only his power would be arrayed against them, but the power of the government of the United States.

My brother is waiting to know, to be satisfied himself, that the outrage was committed by Mormons, not by redskins, for he has sworn to be vindicated. I don't blame him; no, I don't blame him.

I want my message to go to Virginia City, Nevada, and there I shall await its coming, and be ready to assist in whatever action may be taken upon it.

I am thankful for you—for the great road you've opened for us to come back; hope it will be instrumental in washing the earth of many stains, and teaching people that there are no places so secret that they cannot be penetrated by the inhabitants that live in the spirit-world.

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Dennis Winnens.

I have come back, sir, to see, like all the rest of us, what I can do to make myself known here. Now in order to do that, in the first place I suppose I must give the name I was called by here.

I have a plenty to help me back here, sir, but they all say, "Dennis, you must cast your bread upon the waters, and by-and-by it will come back to you."

I am not back here to fight in anyway, like the other chap. I had no money to fight about when I was here. I had a bounty, but not much beside that.

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it a freed spirit. A glorious way to die, friend White, a glorious way. If I were going to wish that any blessing might befall you, it would be to go as I did.

Say to all my friends I am happily situated. I am fully awake. I understand myself perfectly; and I send a kind greeting from over the river to them all.

Lilian S. Gray.

We turn Life's leaves very reluctantly, because we do not know what lies beyond.

When I stood face to face with death, knowing there was no escape, I suffered most intensely, because I thought that the great wonders of eternity into which I was going, were controlled by a God who was ever angry, and only a few should find favor.

In my childhood I was educated under the rigid auspices of the Orthodox Church. My father was a teacher of that faith, and so rigid was he that he did not believe that even his own children would find salvation outside of his faith.

I return that I may benefit the friends I've left, to ask them that they furnish some way by which I can speak to them. I will dispel all their doubts, and I will be to them friend and teacher.

And to my father—should my voice, over the river called Death, reach him—I only ask that he will look beyond the present into the future; and that he will look, also, abroad in Nature, and learn from Nature somewhat of the goodness of God.

I remember, too, in my childhood, of going with my father to attend some religious gathering held in a Universalist church. And over the altar was inscribed the words, "God is love."

It is very true, on that occasion I disobeyed orders; and I suppose from that arose the story of my desertion.

Now I've said my say, stranger; and if it only makes its way through the minds of my friends, I'll be all right; if it do not, I shall not be.

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ing its course and its character. This great ring, called the equator, has a similar effect upon this body of water that the common water-wheel would have, producing a deep and rapid under-current, while at the same time it must of necessity determine its course, and its component parts also.

It is a well known fact that all the wonders of Nature, when most truly and clearly defined, are resolved to simplicity. The power of steam was conceived of by the mere boiling of a kettle.

Well, I am not here to discourse on the compositions of worlds, or anything of that sort, though I must say I had sort of a sort of an attraction for that old chap whose shoes I had to step into.

My name, sir, Hiram Jarvis. I'm from Missouri. The real whys and wherefores of my coming here, might be summed up in a nutshell.

I have been troubled very much about certain things since I left earth, but the one that troubles me more than all others is this: My friends look upon me as a deserter.

Now it's like this: Some of my folks on the earth look upon me as a deserter. They're loyal, and some of them intensely so, and they think of me as one of the greatest wretches that ever went out of Time into Eternity.

It is very true, on that occasion I disobeyed orders; and I suppose from that arose the story of my desertion.

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overruling all things, and determined that the North should conquer. I have much sympathy for the North, because I was here some five, near six years, and formed quite an attachment for places and people.

I should like that my sisters, Laura and Alice, and Mary, too, should know that I can come, and that the way is open for all spirits to come, and if they're only so minded, we can do a great deal toward enlightening the people of earth, and making their passage to the spirit-world more pleasant.

Nothing would give me greater pleasure. I know I have myself said many things to discourage them in that. When they asked me if I had seen anything of Spiritualism at the North—as they had heard of its spread there—and what I thought of it, I said, "It's the greatest humbug of the age."

(To the Chairman.)—I am very thankful to you, sir, for all you have and all you may do for me. Shall be very glad if at any time I can repay you.

Fannie Powers.

I want to go to my mother; yes. [Can you tell where she is?] Yes, sir; she's in Columbia street, New York City. [We can't let you go to-day.]

Well, I want mother to know who I want her to know who I be. You tell her who it is. You tell her it's Fannie, won't you?—Fannie Powers, won't you? You tell her father's here, too, and she mustn't come to us yet awhile, because it ain't best she should. I don't want her to stay there; but 'tain't best for her to come to the spirit-land now.

But we have enough of everything. I have beautiful clothes there. I do have real nice things. I have feathers, and everything nice, and flowers, and everything nice I want. [Did n't you have them here?] No, I did n't have nothing; no, sir.

And won't you tell my mother that the first thing I had given me in the spirit-land was a great long white feather? That's because I wanted it so much when I was here; wanted it ever so much when I was here.

But I had one given me in the spirit-land a great deal nicer than that, and I've got it now. I shall look so nice my mother won't hardly know me when she comes. Oh, I am nice here. I've nice things. Oh, I look grand, I can tell you, now.

Do n't forget to tell mother I got the feather, will you? [No.] I want her to see me all dressed up so grand. Oh, I've got a blue dress, with stars all over it, and my hat has got a long white feather on it.

Oh, I had the nicest place to rest, for I was so tired! Oh, and the children did sing so soft. I did n't know where I was. I did n't know I was dead because, you know, when you're dead, ain't it all dark if you're dead? It is n't dark. You won't think you're dead. Did you ever hear of fairies?

That's what I thought, and that's what I thought. Oh, it is fine! And you ain't ashamed there, because first you know, before you try, you have everything you want. You don't have to cry for them at all; don't have to buy them. You have them. I don't know who brings them to you.

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