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## Original Essay.

### IS THEOLOGY A SCIENCE? OR SCIENCE VERSUS THEOLOGY.

NUMBER TWO.

To my Friends in England:—

Principality and Powers are but the emanations of the substratum of individual natures. We will observe, technically considered, the difference arising in an individual and mortal point of view: From individualities spring associations which are denominated, in some form, Republics; from these, governments, denominated Nationalities; and these in this sense are but the estimates attained from consolidation and realization, so far as the capabilities and capacity of individual direction are concerned. In this instance, it will be observed, from the lesser comes the greater. Here Science may stride the eventualities and daily experiences of men as individuals, and deduce from their efforts and attainments its results. Why? Because thus it emerges, as it were, from the lesser to the greater. It measures its footsteps by the actualities of conditions. It ascends the mountain of promise, and may descry, in a limited view, its ultimate attainment, cherishing with freshness and vigor each successive step, whose birth-throes but recoil from the unseen to the conscious, its ultimates.

Where is Science, when thrown across the mighty course that threads in the trackless waste of the undeveloped, and when it proposes to bring to man the measure and circumference of the All?—the Almighty All! What space uninhabited, what isolation so unmeasured can it command wherewith it may be clothed to glorify in omniscience in more than itself?

But the capabilities and capacity of man emerge, as it were, from the tomb, and ascend to their zenith only to cast their foliage hence; while in quiet obedience they recline as the setting sun of a declining day. It closes the day that works with the hour of its departure.

But we have said that Religion is well. Why is it well? Because it arises as the best method of attaining, as is supposed, a given result, that is said to encompass the relations of the creature to or with the Creator. Here arises a question that may be pertinent: By what authority is this claim? By whom given? By the serpent in the Garden? or by the observations of the Creator, that men's hearts were evil? Or by the infusion of the sublime precepts of Love and Mercy as exhibited at the building of the temple? Or by the wrestlings of men in a supposed or real attainment? Or do we have it more thoroughly imprinted upon our inner perception by those who are paid to be the representatives of the Great Spirit of the Mosiacal and Levitical instructions of what is supposed the real, *ad infinitum*? Or is the blessed dower bequeathed not only through burning mountains and silvery lakes, but upon the tree where Humanity's God is said to have expiated the offence in the lost area donated by such sublime precepts of Love and Mercy as are dedicated to posterity in the Pentateuchal Reform? Or shall we go to foreign climes and behold the reeking sword in its desolating sway? So that every where the unbidden and still ever cherished memory may linger around the hearthstone where innocence is blighted and justice a stranger?—where Nature forgets her own?—where offspring, the intuitive of all intuitions, the life of all life, the flower of all seasons, ceases to give to Creator and creature its rightful bequest?—where Death sunders the tie?—where birthright is only acknowledged as an expiating for its origin?—and thus believe in this: that Creator and creature have performed the noble part? Or shall we come home to the eventualities of our day and time, and that without being lost to the imprints of the Past or the intuitive impress of the Present, and behold our relations as allied to us, as the beginning and the end, the circumference and diameter, depth and height of all possibilities? Improbabilities are but the adjuncts of diversity from the inherent causes of their own vitalizing forces—and how can we be but spears upon the mould? Measure the untold ocean and its life-flows? Where are its heights and depths—its beginnings and endings? Absorbed only as the spontaneous outgrowth of Time evolves from itself the unmistakable conscious realization that each day ministers with reflective power its successor. And who shall follow me into the labyrinth of the undefined? What ages upon ages may roll o'er the birth-throes of this innoculate life that I am threading? What future Records shall arise upon the horizon of Infinite duration, and permit me to read of the Past, and hold its true reflective semblance of that untold future whose mysterious confines appear to border, so far as human thought is concerned, upon the disintegrated portals on which Humanity sanctifies its sense of Divinity, called the altar of Deity? Where does its horizon ascend? In the conventionalities of form? In this the boast of its birth? or is the grave its requiem? Am I possessed of more than this?—that makes me hold the semblance of Rationality and Indebite me with the conditions of life and endows me to measure substratums, diversities, capabilities, realities, so called, which often prove that the semblance and the thing itself are two?

Now all this questioning brings us to the full and conscious recognition of individual actions:—With perceptibilities or faculties ordained of Nature or God for the fulfillment or ultimate ends of that creation, be it good, bad or otherwise. Then I stand upon the mountain peak to descry the horizon of fear and dread: to hope for future weal—perchance it may be less! But still I am the reflective evidence of a Power unseen, present with me every hour, conscious that existence has a birth and life a dower, whose unceasing flow is over on!

But where shall I begin? The unmeasured and immeasurable, the Source—the undefined and un-

definable, the end, if needs be. Oh! how mysterious yet how certain—for it is; no; alas! it is to be! From what point may we start or stand and survey the meanderings of the stream and look not in abeyance to that of which we know nothing and still within us has a conscious reality? To that bourne from whence 'tis said none return! Yet, living as we do amid the pyramids of the Past, whose ascending scale of records defies a measure of researches to unfold its beginning and end, we will stand amid these towering heights and exclaim—Enough! For it is for me to scan the Deific plan whose semblance is mirrored by the hand of Time in changes that await our being! And this is what? Do we call it Religion? Philosophical thought? Inspiration? Deific integration? Where the viewless souls that wear the garb of outer man may be enrobed in light divine, with less favored aspects of a common kind? Or shall I come to proportionate differences, whether great or small, good or bad, as termed by man, and weigh them for their worth, and look at all Nature as one vast Hecatombe, where lies buried the death of ages? Oh yes; I know thee, Religion! Thou art of mongrel descent. Thou livest in all climes, and fattenest on all fears! Thou art a hero that walkest the earth to descant upon possibilities and improbabilities, and ever showest thyself in the garb of Infidelity. For thou sayest, Without me there is nothing. Less is Heresy, and more is the domain of the forsaken and lost! The capabilities and capacity must yearn in vain! Susceptibility and originality are but mileposts on the great highway of time to destruction! Consequently the Enigma of Doubt must be the Presider over our destiny, be it for good or ill! Hope and Faith, twin-sisters in affliction, whose barque is moored upon the stormy sea of prospect, reels beneath the Avalanche that bids fair to bury it in its course and leave a last vestige of originality and self! For upon presumption—since it is nothing less than affords a scaffolding to futurity—thou callest upon Humanity to rest its claims for weal or woe! What Deific order of a transmundane event ever brought to the unfolded power its semblance of inner life, to say that God is dead, and the inherited evidence of his power is risen, and nothing less than this can rest its claim to individual sanction?

Then I take it for granted that the created is just, and if just, true, and if true, right, and if right, divine. And if so, we require no proxies of the soul, no mongers of the general good to usurp the capabilities and capacity of man upon the life-light of unfolded nature in its truth and essence to bring to our hearts the melodious response of the spheres above. How uncertain! how fallacious is this element called Religion! faith, that stalks abroad at noonday under the garb of Piety, and pictures to us the power of its own majesty! It tells us of Hope's Mountain! It soothes our cares in the valley of Despair! Creative grandeur and munificence aliko hold their claim with the Redeemed in abodes Celestial! Pearly gates, and gold-lined streets with imperial signets crown the Outlet of Mortality! How sublime! How grand! Oh, how high! How holy! Perchance Fortune's favored few may tread these regal courts—but alas! how insufficient the means; for alienation, corruption, dismay, doubt, fear, dread and insubordination are the landmarks of Piety. For these barriers are but the legitimate fruits of Creative Wisdom, and stand as the bulwarks to guard Justice from intrusion, and make us feel that our lot is but an inherited right from a Source that begets us in one condition, and damns us for the exemplification of its own intuitive edict! Well may we change the old exclamation, and cry out, Oh Justice! where is thy sting? and oh Grave! point to the victory! You have created, that the representative of that creation may reap Hell for its preserver as his own inherent consummation! That is Death in a Theological sense.

But I come to view Religion in a more amplified form, and as coming home more directly to the personality. Beginning, as we conceive, in a measure of conditions necessary and essential to the preservation and general order of Society as recognized by man upon the mundane plane; *Firg*, Religion is considered to be the salvo of the Soul. A greater enormity never was practiced in human Ethics; from this fact: Of the soul, what do you know? and how can you save that of which you have no knowledge? I allude to this casually and briefly, that you may see that it is easy to announce, not equally appreciable to give, an intelligent reason for so doing. Having premised what we consider to be the undefined relations of the creature as allied to the Creator, we come now from the pre or super-mundane to the mundane. Here we behold man apparently evolved from all surroundings of whatever diversified form. His capabilities, or capacity, are equally diversified as Nature in her varied manifestations of form and presentation. Viewing it in the semblance of itself analytically, we may reasonably infer that man is but the prototype we call God in an infant semblance. Then how measured is our view; our capacity of observation, necessarily in any defined sense, as applied to the cause of infinite operation. And what a diversity is here presented! Look at the races—at male and female genders of diverse kinds. From all this we facilitate, as it were, the consciousness of an inherent prompting, throwing from the Elyptic, or Source of creation, its resolve or contour, by which we observe its outer expression of magnified conditions of all Nature presented in form of observation. Now of its capacities, proclivities and tendencies, what have we to do? Meet it in its unmeasured diversity of outspread and inherent conscious reality that walks the earth alike from an inherited right, whose ministrings pour into the lap of Time a lullaby of a truthful future. Tell me that Nature is an aboriginal, and God the Divine Calumniator of His own Being, who sits enthroned as a Judge upon the actings of His own prompting, and call life a State wherewith we may be clothed to glorify the

Defamer!—In the antiquated asylum of ages to look down upon the damned! No! It is a Lie! to the jurisdiction of Nature. It is a wholesale calumny upon Hope. Religion, therefore, in the Theological sense, ministers, as it were, to Centaurs, who propose to keep the watch-fires of Futurity in the 'ascendant, that man may be made a party to the unenviable end and doom that too often awaits the purest thought and most desired good.

But the question recurs, What is Religion? But before requiring an answer to that question, I must ask of the honest investigator if he believes in God, or a Divine Principle that is the Source of all things? And if Divine, is it not perfect? To this he must answer affirmatively. *Secondly*, Religion in truth, as regarded by man, or estimated by conventionality or form, is a creature of the mind; or an evidence, so to speak, that arises spontaneously upon the equation of human thought, as given or directed to a future life, or the supposed relations existing between Creator and creature. Now the predicates of Religion are so diverse and antagonistic to truth, it scarcely requires the semblance of argument to dispel their claim; and for this reason: It is based on division, alienation from, opposition to itself, or the Source, which is the all; the beginning and the end, Omnipotent, Omniscient, All-powerful, ever-present, and without it nothing is nor can be. And this Supposition of Religious dogma is based upon destruction and that of a Power of itself all-powerful, overwhelming, without beginning and end! How can this be? It is fallacious in its truest sense.

Let us stop here and reflect but for one moment. Where is that which is more than all things? Where does it reside? What are its component parts?—its elements? Wherewith is it clothed, by which, from its inherent power, it draws a parallel which man is wont to descry as good and ill? It comes not within the boundary of human thought. It is a vagary of the imagination—an illusion, and nothing more. It has no resting-place; no inherent properties from which its emanations flow; a mere creature of Chance; a time-server, that lives on the hopes, desires and fears of men. Like the passing cloud, with no defined centre for its radius, it leaves us stranded, as it were, by the mere film that exists a shadow between the creature and its Creator, God!

All Science, conditions, circumstances and relations, prove unquestionably to the thinking mind, that Religion has a basis whose fundamental idea presupposes alienation and division from a common Cause, an abortion upon Creator and created. A universal law of inherent action, and the co-relation existing in all matter in diversified formation, unquestionably claims a common union and sympathy that binds together in one indissoluble bond, all, however diversified each manifestation may be. But the world, its sages and savans, who have looked far into the depths of the Future, and have drawn from sage experience in the Past its useful memories and written inscriptions, high above the common eventualities of our time, and have said there is a destiny to which we are tending that is ponderous in its effects, and bids us beware! as each sign of the grave, and each memory and inscription to be read when Nature shall have claimed her own! How far this reflective power may be entitled to our care, is a question undecided; for its birth is but of the eventualities of Time, and given through the administering condition that was in response, doubtless, to the demand. Such, unquestionably, may be headed when honestly sought and sincerely desired, and true to their time and place. God holds no false light to the sincere soul, from the headlands of immortality, to deceive an honest heart, but answers truthfully when sought. And shall we descry the men and say it is false? No! That measure is truth's full stature, developed aright for the good of man, doubt it who will! Disregard it who can! This is Religion! How much of it have we to-day? Its portals are ever closed. No throbbing visitants from worldly aims, crowd its vestibules to watch its coming, and, perchance, to drink from fountains never dry; where humanity's call is ne'er unheard and left to writhe in agony; but each aspiring thought is a heaven-born mission to revivify the life we have with one embrace that knows no parting! With no curative power to bless and damn! No none!

Then where is God? In our souls. What a habitation! A naturally depraved abiding place! Oh, weep, ye sons and daughters, that this is the best abode of our Lord! dedicated by the theological Heaven and Hell! What happiness in presence! What a revivifying feeling has reacknowledged this inestimable birthright that holds Him to us, and us to Him through the Infinite links of causation, whose confines are unmeasured and immeasurable! Yes; Blessed be the Lord, for I dwell in Him and He in me! Consolation comes as a deep drawn breath of the hour, from the inherent power of an overwhelming soul, and says, *Be still!* that God is undivided; that this tenement of immortality shall stand, for its inmates are one, and its foundation everlasting. Pigmies, then, are we, beside a giant, when we compare the outer to the inner truth, and attempt to ally it to Cause, and call it God! How susceptible is mortal, and how deceptive apparent effort for good! And by these palsied limbs is humanity carried along the pathway of Time, and led to believe it is the Divine solace of the hour that carries with it the intrinsic precept of Nature and her God! But let us think how diversified we are. What parts, portions, circumstances, conditions, make up the casket from whence we draw our precepts, and call them true, holy, Godlike attributes of the Deific One, whose purpose, plan, unmeasured, full, gives relief to the inquiring soul. This is Life. And what is that, pray? The rising and the setting sun—the individual. What do we know of the Past, before our birth? What of the unseen morrow? Nothing, absolutely nothing! What has Religion to do with this? It undertakes to administer a dose to Nature, and claims within

itself the curative properties for which it has no disease; for before life came I was not an inheritor; and yet it stands as an element reared as high as Heaven and as low as Hell, before it had any active agency wherewith to develop its efficacious power! And then it tells me of what passes o'er the meridian of my life, and showers its throes of sorrow o'er my pathway. Alike it would cheer, if through itself I could see what is not, and behold wherewith it claims it shall be. But alas! I am left mid Earth and Heaven, to know there is no star of Love or Light below that brings the requited solace to my soul, and speaks its comfort there, or ne'er acknowledges its claim; for imagination, doubt, fear, dread, dismay, all, have held their archetypes before my vision, and truth has ever paled before the light of such hideous mien, that I have sunk within myself, and asked of God if this trust, or Nature, is Divine? or is it a spell that shrouds from the outer gaze of mortal, and emboldens with the whole a mystery undefined? To such thoughts comes a Counselor who speaks Peace to the wearied heart, and asks me to pause upon the threshold of Doubt, and behold this weary semblance, whose garb clothes Humanity with outstretched arms; whose perfecting hue would woo away the sprites that dance before our vision, and hold us sightless to the Cause from whence we sprung. Doubt who will. Passing memory, that Reservoir of the Soul, calls me to listen to the requited Word, that gives enough 'tis said. Then should we want more? Yes. I want it to define where and what I am, after this Nature shall have disrobed itself and laid aside its present garb. Religion, Theology, professes to give a solution to this question, by trusting to an Infinite Being, at war with himself, working his own destruction—making two parts of one whole—both good and bad of the same thing! This is perplexing enough, but it does not stop here. Localities—Heaven, Hell—where are they? Opposites two in one, disintegrated. The centralization infinite, *versus* location! What an absurdity! But let me examine this a little more minutely: Religion presupposes a conditional relation affecting all conscious life before its existence. It presupposes and claims in destiny a final consummation. It decapitates the man, so to speak, for it has his head on one side, and his feet upon the other. Here the body is left. The life part or portion holds, it is claimed, in some infinite sense, its required end and beginning, and final destiny in ending. But upon what is this predicated? Upon the life throes, pangs, sorrows, afflictions, or apparent consummation of individual effort in some specific relation supposed to be in unison with the Deific plan? Who disarranged this machinery? Who effected this severance? Why was it done? Shall I believe, by casting my memory o'er the lapse of ages, to see that a creature and Creator, as one, mistook the origin and design of all that was, and brought from without those conditions more than was within them; and after the lapse of unmeasured Time, that I must act the puppet whereby, perchance, I may shun a frown or elicit pleasure for a life hereafter! that organic Nature is a lie, and her life throes have forbidden me to read in vain so absurd a lesson? No, *never!* These proxies of the Soul should show their credentials. God is here, every where, never absent. He speaks to me in the sunlight glory of the Morn, and the balmy breath of Evening alike reaches with the soul's consciousness, the unmeasured, the unfathomed—ever present and yet over to be.

The legal boundaries of Humanity are not defined. Come who will. The saintly hypocrisy of the Past, or the sincere devotees of the Present, can only build altars upon which men may descry the smoke arising from the sacrifice of their own Gods; and that is a dead inheritance when the living light of the Infinite reverberates in every thought; sounds like the distant thunder on every hilltop, and measures every emotion, and tunes the lyre of solace that speaks to every soul of the Great I Am!

But we have said that Religion is well. The unfathomed was never found; the finite is absorbed in the infinite; and how unhealthily to reconcile a disparity so great and still we say that Religion is well. It certainly is false in theory, and cannot, from the above, be beneficial in practice. This may be reasonably claimed from the foregoing, at least in a measure. But we come to another department of our subject. We have endeavored to show that a Source Infinite, all perfect, loses all by a departure from these prerequisites. That, being so, it shows the Theological Structure to be a creative one; by whom and how is another matter. *Secondly*, Science, as applied to Religion, is an abortion to the principle upon which it proposes to act; for it judges entirely, when applied to the Creator, from effect, and not cause. This is not scientific truth. *Thirdly*, Religion, without attempting to define its Source, presupposes in its very nature—as we have said, a part of a whole or absolute, and makes a division in order to get a strata upon which to lay its premises. This is irrational. Again, it undertakes to give a rational solution or necessity for such a relationship. *Fourthly*, it goes beyond the grave to that bourne from whence, it claims, none return. Now if that is truth, what does it know of the conditions and essentials of a future hope, weal or woe? It appears to be an abortion of two extremes of which it knows nothing, and all founded upon what? Upon the very ignorance of the thing it proposes to administer! Religious faith is what? CHANCE! Religious life? a playhouse where we profess to act a part unknown, and expect by this to reap a reward of merit!

Now the desires, capabilities, capacities and proclivities of individuals are matters that associate us intimately within a sphere of individual, conscious action, in the common experiences of every-day life, and they are as varied as the hues of the rainbow. Every conceivable thought and reflection is diverse and opposed. Are these wrong? No; for they are true to the inherent cause that prompts and produces—and that is God—as much as the unmeasured depths of the ocean

or the altitude of the mountain—alike bequeathed by the One Omnipotent Hand; and shall we complain of these? No! all is wisely adapted for good. And what is susceptible of the greatest good is alike susceptible of the greatest ill. The measure to be attained is in accordance to the application, adaptation and use. Analytically, this is universal. Then what is the office of Religion? We have said it is well. On the other hand we have shown that its tendency, in a true and ultimate sense, is most deleterious, and its effect an abortion upon God and man. It appears, in the first instance,—it is said, to the downcast and weary. It bids them to hope and fear. It asks us to look with the eye of gratitude to the Source that made us. Gratitude for what? For defaming us? Fear that we may reap the reward of His own error? Hope that he created and cursed and will be fooled, that it may be well with us? Are those the components of creative munificence and Scriptural theorization? What more? What is the great stimulus, the leverage that moves the Earth, so far as mortals are concerned? It is professed. It is that which is to be. It is the hoped for. The unrealized. Religion thus appeals to my weaker part. It excites my fears by a awful picture. It tells me of the silent grave; of the cold clods of the Valley, where the worm revels; and of a fire that is unquenchable; of living Lakes of Scorpion fangs; of horrid demons gloating o'er man's mistake! It appeals to my doubts. It excites my fears. It writes in a realm of uncertainty. It flies, as it were, with imagination's wing, o'er all the undefined realm of mortality, and holds it all in the iron grasp of death, and calls it God, and asks me, as a creature from that Creator, to bow with gratitude before such a picture. It tells me more; to silence the incentive promptings. Oh, Heaven!—if there be one ruling my eyes and ears, and who is to that would conflict with such blissful future. Its claim is thrown at the sacrifice of my reason and judgment. It is held sacred through the instrumentality of fear. It is surrounded and shaded by uncertainty; that *salvo* of the soul called faith!

But, again, I am equally told that memories, like the sweet dew of the morning, pass athwart the earth, invigorating life with their freshness from a source superior, and bid me look not in vain, but be filled with the unperceived evidence of its power; to quiet every fear and dispel every thought that obscures my mortal vision, and hold forth its radiations for unceasing Time. And what is this, pray? The opposite picture: The Paradisaical mansion of the Blest. Humanity has no more a conscious thought, no form to portray its blissful memories. We are told it is God; I know not the name of the Name. For He is God, and what is not? I attempt, but it is vain. But this is a Theological definition called Heaven, God's presence!

Whatever may be the unmeasured depths of the contrast, it is said to be the emporium of Thought, or Reservoir of the Soul, when administered through the Pandora's box of the Theological chest, for the good of Humanity! It is well for us to state, then, specifically, our objection or reason *per se*, that is to say, to the alleged immortality, Heaven, I must embrace a system of *Reverend*. I must be lured, influenced and biased by a consciousness of a supposed gain! If my cupidly or acquisitive propensities are not sufficiently sensitive or susceptible, I must be influenced by a working upon my fears; by describing, as it were, the most sad and lamentable consequences that will ultimately attend me, if I fail to attain, the salvo of Religion has its subtle, as a system, by a most formidable appeal to the lowest—so to speak—passions of man's nature, namely: cupidity, acquisitiveness, fear, *Virtue, Love and Principle* are secondary considerations. You take away Fear, and the Theological Structure is groundless. And it is consistent in one thing: for the nobler sentiments of our nature could find no resting-place in such a habitation. Why? How could gratitude spring up and bely an existence that was a sorrow? How could virtue be tributed to an isolated condition that borders and throes on the brink of misery? How could principle reign triumphant with such an inconsistency as a Source perfect within itself, begotting or toying, for unending ages, with lifeless forms, for weal or woe? Well may the sentinels upon the tower of Thought cry aloud, and ask why Humanity should be drugged with such nostrums, said to be fresh from the God. No; Time will prove that as any people cease to think in the free exercise of an inherited right, that these mists will disappear and become the precursor of a brighter day, wherewith Humanity will stand forth unredeemed by the supposed virtues of another; but, alike to life and truth, the actor and partaker of his own nature, and not the libelous bequeather to posterity, but the semblance of the Infinite, true to itself and its God.

But we have said Religion is well. Why is it well? From the simple fact that there are no divergences, I care not how great, but what contain within themselves something of the nature of plan and purpose. Men's capacities and tendencies are as diverse as the currents of human thought. Now the principle of Fear is just as Divine as that of Hope. What is the difference? Its exercise—the application, the design, the object to be attained by its use. All Nature teaches us this. There are, doubtless, many natures that can only be reached through the medium of Fear; this picture of horror. Equally so through some supposed attainment of good. These are most prudent and feasible in their legitimate exercise; and they certainly would be required, in a great measure, as a security and application, as allied to Nature and her God. Then I admit the principle of Fear and the stimulus to attain as being precisely fitted and well qualified to subserve, in a measure, the wants and offices of Humanity. But this may appear to be needlessly precise, or as admitting too much. We may be told that it mars and defaces the edifice that we have erected for the claims of Theologic lore; but, alas! we would remember that theory and practice are two distinct things. If, through fear, man is kept from committing murder, is there any virtue in his not murdering, so far as he is personally concerned? Fear of the penalty is not only my preserver but may be his. He has the disposition to do it, but Fear or Reward keeps him from it. Is he a better man? This is Religion. We say it is well. We say that the Strata of Humanity is myriad in degree. Who shall say it is vain? Not I. Nay, more: Your whole System of Jurisprudence, from beginning to end, is based upon this inestimable bond of dread of penalty. It is an Excise upon whom we draw the Bill of Humanity, and is honored by your courts and defiled by your legislative enactments. Call you it what you will, its purpose is Divine. And when man shall see, in the unmeasured of the events of Time, an Infinite Realm, undefined, ever adapting itself to the good of all, he will hold but one thought in God, *THU AM I!*

Truthfully yours, &c., J. B. FRANKFORD.  
Mount Hope, Tennessee, U. S. A., Jan. 10, 1866.

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS, 102 WEST 27TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

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

VIRGINIA PERKINS.

CHAPTER XIII. New-Found Treasures.

Virginia and her faithful guide met with few adventures for a few days. Sammy seemed to have a keen instinct that led him to some comfortable resting place at night, and to the cool springs when the days were excessively hot. They traveled very slowly, for Virginia found that walking day after day wearied her feet, and made her feel sometimes faint and sick.

But sweet as were the blackberries, Virginia was more thankful for the nice bit of bacon and corn bread that Sammy brought to her, than for any food she had ever eaten. He never failed to provide a good breakfast for her, for he found friends ready to help him at every plantation. He gave glowing accounts of the importance of his mission to his colored friends, representing Virginia as a great lady, in unheard-of perplexities, from all of which he was to relieve her.

Sometimes Virginia would be awakened before the first dawn of light by a whole band of men, women and children, who seemed to think her a great princess, having heard from Sambo in their cabins the evening before a history of their travels and of the object, which she declared was something too great to be fully revealed.

At these times Virginia was so gentle and kind in her manner, thanking them for their interest, and hoping they all would find as good a friend as she had in Sambo, that they knew not whether to be disappointed or pleased; for they expected to see a tall lady in a diamond silk, with a ring on every finger and a long golden necklace about her neck, and bracelets on each arm.

But when Sambo ventured to tell why Virginia had left her home, then all the negro men and women bowed their heads, and many wiped tears from their eyes.

"She is de angel dat de Lord send 'fore he come," said one old man. "He be comin' right quick, dat sartin, for de second sign dat 'pear. One de great flock of crows dat fly to de South, leaving de others sittin' majestic on de oak, de oder dis angel."

Virginia could not help laughing at the absurdity of the omens, and she was pleased, too, to remember what she and Hugh saw on their excursion to the woods.

But Virginia began to be anxious, for Sambo could learn of no one like Estelle in that part of the country. They sometimes ventured to go together to a mansion, and Virginia would herself ask for her friend, but it was all in vain. Sambo often entreated her to let him engage a seat for her in some vehicle, while he walked with his long-practiced rapid step beside, to guard her; but nothing could induce her to enter a wagon, for she remembered her perilous ride with the cruel teamster. Sambo said, in reply to her objections:

"Why, dat be dar as de moon to dis darkey. De Lord know who his lamb needed to be scort through de country, where de prowling wolves make great danger, an' he use de wicked men as well as de good to serve his will, an' de teamster bring dat lamb safe to Sambo, an' Sambo have 'ticular 'fession to remain where he ware, to wait for de coming of de lamb."

This was a kind of faith that Virginia had never dreamed of, and as she traveled through the beautiful forests, when it was cool and still, she seemed to feel the peace of that faith enter her spirit. Was there surely some power ever bringing good out of evil, and watching her so tenderly that if she had faith enough it could direct her every step?

She began to feel a spirit of love toward every one, as she thought of this, and her wishes became so earnest to be led in the best path, that she knelt down as she had so often seen Milly do, and looking up to the clear heavens uttered a prayer as sweet as the perfume of flowers, or as the soft breeze that just touched her brow. While she knelt there, it seemed to her that the whole forest became luminous with a brightness not of the sun.

It was well for her that she had this season of sweet peace, for great trials were before her. Sambo had been very sure that he was traveling in the right direction to lead him toward a stream, the course of which he had determined to follow to reach a part of the country where he believed Virginia would find Estelle. He had a very high opinion of his own wisdom and sagacity, and although he could give no reasons for his belief, yet he felt very sure that he was altogether in the right.

Virginia had looked to the line of blue hills, always thinking that near them she should rest her weary feet. Therefore she felt disappointed as Sambo insisted upon taking a different course. But she allowed herself to be led by him, because he had been so faithful and sagacious. But they had not been long in the fine old forest, before she noticed that his step lost its elasticity, and his eye had no keen sparkle in it. There was also a weary expression on his face. She traveled on, however, with much comfort, for beautiful paths were cut through the forest, and Virginia was never weary of watching the lights and shadows on her path, and of listening to the rustle of the leaves.

But they had not journeyed long before Sambo became entirely confused in regard to his course. For a time he would go in one direction, and then turn and go in an opposite. He often put his hand up to his head as if he was in great pain. A cloudy day came, and this seemed greatly to increase his perplexity, for he had not the sun to tell him the points of the compass.

They had not calculated on a long walk through the forest and had not much food with them. All this Sambo insisted on giving to Virginia; but she put half of it away in her little bundle, feeling sure he would need it after a time more than she. They found occasionally some early grapes already ripened, and in sunny spots some berries, but no abundance of them, and they both felt very tired and faint.

But Sambo was seized at the close of an evening's march with a sudden giddiness, and was soon too helpless to rise from the bed of leaves which he always prepared for Virginia; for he would not allow himself to lie down, but sat bolt upright against a tree or stood up and slept, a

habit that he had acquired when obliged to wait a long time the will of his master. He always told Virginia when she begged to watch while he slept at his ease, that there was no rest so good as that he got when standing and trying to keep awake.

"It jes' like all de time keepin' in sight of de promiss' land. De sleep it come up close, like a big white cloud, and den it shake off and 'semble again, an' dat be jes' like de glory dat be alway' comin' dat de minister always tell about and neber get jes' here; but it so restin' to hear him tell ob it, dat it be mos' like de real glory ob de kingdom."

And so he took his post every night, while Virginia slept as peacefully as if in her little room at home. But now he could not stand, and he could only look his great sorrowful eyes, for he seemed too weak to speak. Virginia went in search of some water, and soon found a spring, in which she wet her handkerchief and bound about his head.

All the night through she watched by his side, and when the morning dawned she fell asleep, to be awakened by the warm sun. But Sambo was no better. She looked up to the protecting trees, as if they might tell her what to do; but no answer came. All the day she kept her watch, and cared as well as she could for her guide and protector; but she was herself faint and ill. She soaked carefully the pieces of dry corn-bread that she had saved, and gave to Sambo. He devoured them like a greedy animal. It was then she knew that he had been often depriving himself of food to give to her. But he did not return to consciousness, and Virginia had now no food, and was feeling the nervous anxiety that arose from the want of nourishment. Very sadly was her faith tried.

"Where was the good Lord," she said to herself, "that cared for his children?" She began to doubt his goodness and love; could he forsake her and the faithful Sambo, if he had half as much love as a kind earthly father?

These doubts made her much more miserable. Sometimes she cried heartily, and sometimes she sat down beside Sambo, and called his name, and rubbed his hands to arouse him; but he only moaned, and turned his head from side to side.

For three days and nights thus Virginia waited and waited, but however without trying to find her way to some plantation or cabin. She marked her path by straying branches, so that she should be sure and not lose the way back to Sambo; but she sought in vain. It seemed to her that they were in the centre of an impenetrable forest.

On the fourth morning, as she opened her eyes, she saw a little bird hopping about Sambo, picking up the little crumbs that had fallen. In her sleep she had dreamed of her mother, and her heart was very tender.

"Dear little bird," said she, "who tells you where to go for food, so that in this great forest you are as plump as need be? You have a keen little eye, and a strong little will, and a great deal of patience, I am sure. Oh, I wish, how I wish that I could see a sign, as you do, to guide me. Give me the faith and trust of a little bird, and patience, too. Oh, dear mother, can you not see your dear Timmy, and tell her what to do?"

She grew very calm, and kept looking at the little winged visitor, as it picked its crumbs, and lifted its cunning little head in a very wise and knowing way.

"Make the little bird my guide, dear Lord up in heaven, who loves all the little birds."

Even while she spoke, the little bird half flew and half hopped into a little path, and Virginia determined to follow it. Faint and weak as she was, she seemed now to have renewed strength, and her faith was so great that she looked up to the sky, as if expecting to see some face of love bending down over her.

The sun had not yet touched the treetops, but its light made the floating clouds rose-colored, and in them Virginia fancied she saw wreaths of roses from which looked forth smiling faces.

"I will have faith and patience now, like the little bird," said she; and her step grew light, and her face caught the hue of the clouds. She very soon came upon a wide, open path, and her heart gave a leap of joy. How strange that she should not have found it before. Following it she came upon a well-traveled road, and she immediately heard the sound of approaching wheels. With a feeling of dread she hid herself behind a thick cluster of bushes, and looked out through the half-parted branches. With a shiver she beheld the very man who had attempted to carry her away against her will. There was no mistaking his rough visage, and a rant in the covering of his wagon, familiar to her eyes, made her sure that she was not mistaken. It seemed to her that he looked directly at the bushes behind which she was hidden. Her impulse was to run, but all strength seemed to have left her, and she could only look with earnest eyes to see if indeed he saw her.

He was singing one of the rude songs that she had heard when riding beside him. But her fear was increased when she saw that he had now a large dog that walked beside his horses.

The wagon went past her place of retreat, and she gave a little sigh of relief; but the moment the dog scented her steps, he gave a short bark, and began scenting them out. Virginia knew well enough that unless called away he would soon make his master know that some one was near. Just then a little bird—she thought it was the same one that she had followed—flew in the middle of the road, and the man with a whistle called the dog to catch it. Virginia knew she was safe now, and her joy made her faint. She could not move, until a thought of Sambo lying helpless in the forest, recalled her to herself.

She now followed the road in an opposite direction from which the wagon went, and in a short time came to an open field in which she saw a man at work. She looked to see if he had a dark skin, and finding he had, she called as loudly as possible, and waved her arms.

Why was she so confident that she should be helped by the poor, despised black man? Because she knew that his heart had been made tender by his own sufferings, and that his pity would lead him to help all who needed aid. She did not understand that she was now finding some of those treasures only to be found on the mountain of Trial. She was climbing the ascent toward a true and beautiful spiritual life by the wearisome way of suffering; but only in that path could that tender sympathy and love be found which could make her feel for others, because she knew the bitterness of trial.

When the negro met her with a smile, as if saying, "How can I serve you?" she knew that she had found a friend. She quickly told her troubles, and in a short time she was guiding her helper back to Sambo, accompanied by another man strong enough to carry him to a comfortable place of shelter.

Virginia learned on her way back that her delay in the forest was all that had prevented her meeting with her captor, the cruel teamster. He owned this small lot of land in this secluded place, on which he made several slaves work under a

task-master more cruel than himself, his son, now away in the army.

If Virginia had lost faith a few hours before, she was now so sure of a kind, loving power, that had kept her and Sambo from danger, that she looked up to the sky, almost expecting to see the dear Lord himself looking down on her, telling her of love and tender care.

Sambo was removed to a comfortable cabin, where he soon grew better under the treatment of a kind negro named Aleta. She bound up his head in plantain leaves, and gave him tea made from various kinds of herbs and sweetened with wild honey. When Virginia told him of their escape, he said:

"De Lord know when to put 'fusion in de head of Sammy, and make him know nuffin' 't all, an' now let us hab faith and praise him foreber. Amen."

Virginia softly responded, "Amen."

[To be continued in our next.]

To Correspondents.

BLISS ROSE.—You did right to send the communication. But was it not meant for your own spiritual life—an outspoken word from an unspoken longing? And yet not the less from that source of inspiration that gives us often our impulses, and makes us long to be and do that which we have power to become and accomplish.

Written for the Banner of Light. SPIRITUAL FAITH.

BY MRS. C. A. K. POORE.

Wildly the storm's raging to-night, Fearfully o'er the wintry blast; And darkness o'er the starless sky Like a funeral pall is cast;

The driving rain in sudden wrath Bents madly 'gainst the window pane; The wind-god, like a tortured fiend, Rushes madly along the plain.

We draw around the blazing hearth, Secure from elemental harm, And wait in hope the breaking light Betokening the coming calm.

And yet, ah! thwart the human soul Far wilder storms their phoebus sweep, Wrestling our idols from our hearts, And leaving us alone to weep.

Alone, 'mid wreck of by-gone joys, We sit us down in shadowy gloom, And only dream, in our despair, Of light and peace beyond the tomb.

And yet, sure as the clouds of night Flea at the bright'ning morning's birth, And God's glad sunshine, streaming forth, Illuminates again the earth,

So sure will light and peace divine Baptize our souls with holy calm, And 'angel wings,' by zephyrs borne, Waft to our hearts a healing balm.

Oh human life! wert thou confined Within this narrow earthly sphere, T'wear but a hollow mockery, A thing of doubt and dread and fear!

Thanks to the faith that 's bridged the stream, Whose chilling waves two worlds divide, And links us to the 'shining shore,' Where our 'earth angels' still abide.

Almighty Power, for the best boon Of life immortal, life divine, We revere thee now on bended knee In grateful worship at thy shrine. Hammon, N. J.

A Parable.

A Rabbinical priest went forth to fulfill his sacred appointment in preaching to perishing souls. For he said within himself, "It were sin to neglect this precious opportunity to warn poor sinners of the wrath to come."

So he hurried by the hovels of the indigent, and the wretched haunts of the prodigal and intemperate.

He must needs go through the country. The air was redolent with song and sweetness; the grass was tender and green; the flowers opened their lips with kisses; the brooks gurgled a gentle melody; the birds chanted, and the insects buzzed a psalm of praise.

Then the Rabbi knelt down even under the shadow of a spreading elm, and thus he prayed: "Oh Lord, I thank thee that I am not given to the lust of these natural vanities, and that I am not as other men are, who worship nature as do the heathen. Oh Lord, save my soul from love of self and pride; and the glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to Holy Ghost. Amen."

Renewing his journey, he found a beggar boy sitting by the wayside, crying for alms.

"These beggars!" thought the Rabbi; "how they do annoy us—so many of them!" "Boy," he said harshly, "why dost thou not work and earn an honest living, like the rest of us?"

"Oh, sir, I am blind, and no man employs me. I am an orphan. Oh, sir, speak softly, for my heart is sore!"

"Get religion, my son—get religion; for the Lord loveth his own; he sendeth the ravens with bread to his elect. Here is a tract somebody will read to thee about the native depravity of thy heart."

The Rabbi passed on, meditating on "the plan of salvation."

Then a little ragged girl came running out of a log cottage, wringing her hands, and saying: "Oh, my mother is sick—she is dying!"

"God have mercy on her soul!" replied the Rabbi; but he turned not thither to comfort the sorrowing, for was he not going to preach the Gospel?

That night an angel appeared unto him, saying: "Rabbi, I heard thee thank God that thou art not as other men are, lovers of his works and worshippers in his living temples; for thou didst curse these as vanity. Thou dost reverence thy Bible; but dost it teach thee that God is bound up in its unbreathing symbols? Good as it is, it is dead to thee, for thou spurnest the present inspirations of which it testifies. Behold Nature where God lives to-day; hath he not written here fresher truth than on the translated records of what other men saw and felt? Listen to the voice of God in thy soul; is it not nearer to thee than the letter of a book? Learn, oh Rabbi! even of thy Bible, that God is alive, repenting ever the divinity of Christ and his apostles."

"Human nature," said the Rabbi, "is totally depraved; hence what appears lovely to our senses is sin's deception."

"True," said the angel, "a man's judgment of things is colored always by his moral condition. By this law I see thou art falsely trained; thy depraved dogma hath depraved thy pure nature."

"Scorn of the Word of God, who art thou, that thou presumest to instruct me?"

"I say not," continued the angel, "that thou art naturally depraved, but that thy theology hath led thee astray from truth and charity."

"Who art thou?" sternly demanded the Rabbi. The angel answered not, but said: "I saw thee when thou didst pass by the indig-

ent, the prodigal and the intemperate—when thou spakest harshly to the poor, blind boy, and gave him nothing from thy rich salary, save a poisonous tract—and when thou didst not regard the claims of the dying mother and her mourning children. Turn back from service to yonder mammon church; first do justice, and love mercy; then come and redeem the self-righteous."

"I adjure thee in the name of Jesus Christ to tell me who thou art," said the Rabbi again, trembling.

But behold! the angel had vanished. "Gone?" he inquired—"gone? What meaneth this? I have heard that spirits of late return to mortals! Oh, Most Merciful, save me from such a damning curse! He that is vanished taught that Nature, and even my soul in its depraved estate of Adam's fall, are fresher evidences of God and his inspirations than the Holy Scriptures! Surely, this must be the DEVIL! Let us pray."

EVANGEL.

Correspondence.

Children's Lyceum in Cleveland, Ohio.

LETTERS FROM A. J. DAVIS.

The Organization of a Children's Progressive Lyceum in the beautiful city of Cleveland, Ohio, is certain to work beneficially for the establishment of Spiritualism in that important region of the State. The steadfast friends and intelligent advocates of our divine principles will not only realize a fresh inspiration in the direction of unity and devotion, but the large outside progressive public will, ere long, respond to the noble practical efforts of Spiritualists in behalf of the young.

The Lyceum in Cleveland was attended last Sunday by numerous "little ones" who love to learn to feel and to think in harmonical and spiritual directions. The ways of wisdom are pleasant indeed, and the steps of children beat time to the order of heavenly progress. They learn in the Lyceum to acquire health of body and completeness of spirit.

The question adopted Sunday before last by the Cleveland Lyceum was, "What should we live for?" (You know, I suppose, that in our Lyceums the little people, including the young ladies and gentlemen of Liberty and Temple Groups, and also the Officers and Leaders, invariably propose and adopt, by a vote *risa voce*, the question which they will take home for intuition and reflection, and to which, on the following Sunday, all belonging to the institution are expected to give such replies, verbally, or in writing, as each is impressed to consider the best.) The young people and children in Cleveland accordingly gave in answers when the conductor, Mr. Jewett, called for them; and the large audience present seemed to take the liveliest satisfaction in what was spontaneously said by the youthful pilgrims in the path of progression. One fine boy in Star Group replied that he "meant to live to be a comfort to his father, and be prepared to meet his mother in the Summer-land." His voice trembled with deep emotion, and his accents were so touchingly freighted with affection for his darling departed mother, that the tears of sympathy flowed silently from many earnest eyes, and for a moment, a holy tenderness rested, like a divine spell, upon the bosom of the entire Lyceum. I was particularly gratified with replies from members in nearly all the Groups. The plan is so new that adults are non-plussed frequently, while the children, who are ever closest to the Divine principle of Nature, are not only happy and at home in the Groups, but are, with few exceptions, spontaneously prepared to give, in fewest possible words, the richest and truest and highest definitions to questions of their own choosing.

The Cleveland citizens assured me that they would stand firmly by the work they had adopted as part compensation, and for the innumerable beautiful teachings and consolations the inhabitants of the Summer-land had kindly bestowed upon them, through the several speaking, healing and test mediums who had, from time to time, visited their "Forest City." Bro. D. A. Eddy promised to write letters concerning the movements in Cleveland, and thus keep the readers of the Banner and Journal acquainted with Spiritualism in general and the progress of the Lyceum in particular. May his letters always convey "glad tidings of great joy."

Your friend, A. J. DAVIS. Philadelphia, Pa., Feb.

REPORT OF THE ANNIVERSARY EXHIBITION OF THE CHILDREN'S LYCEUM OF PHILADELPHIA.

The Second Anniversary of the First Children's Progressive Lyceum of Philadelphia, was appropriately celebrated on the evening of the 7th February, in the spacious and popular place known as Concert Hall. Notwithstanding the disagreeable, chilly and drizzling storm, which prevailed late in the afternoon and during the time of assembling, the citizens arrived in great numbers at an early hour, eager to gain admission. Long before the curtain was rolled up, the beautiful hall was almost full of ladies and gentlemen, accompanied by their children and youthful acquaintances—a first-class audience of citizens, Spiritualists, and large numbers of elderly persons, evidently strangers to the Lyceum, but all earnestly and respectfully interested in the programme for the evening. The outside storm had no effect upon the officers and members of the institution. They were all there in full force and in the best humor; maidens, and youths, and children, and the baby members of Fountain Group, all sparkling in beautiful dresses; all classified by their ornamental badges; all filled with music and innocent mirth; and all intent on the prompt and graceful performance of their part in the programme.

The Lyceum of Philadelphia is under the Conductship of an indefatigable and competent gentleman, our esteemed Brother M. B. Dyott, who is in every particular most effectively seconded and assisted by his intelligent and graceful wife, Mrs. Mary J. Dyott, whose large home is ever open to officers, leaders and members of the Lyceum, and to all the true and faithful teachers, either in the private walks or on the public platform of Spiritualism. I am invariably refreshed and revived in spirit by a visit at the hospitable dwelling of these earnest friends. The Philadelphia Lyceum children, and all the adult members and officers of the institution, regard Mr. and Mrs. Dyott as best friends and benefactors. A beautiful present was given them at the Christmas Festival; and on every suitable occasion the people testify the sincerity of their friendship and esteem for these faithful workers. May all Lyceums have equal good fortune in the selection of their principal officers. It is a gratification of no ordinary kind to find both husband and wife as one engaged, with every member of their family, in promoting the cause of spirit-culture and physical health in the homes of their fellow men, by means of the Lyceum.

At eight o'clock the curtain rolled up. The entire force of the Groups was represented in a splen-

did combination called a "Patriotic Tableau," from the baby members, who were standing in the foreground and at the base of the pyramid, to the young men and beautiful maidens in the far background of the scene, each holding aloft the ever-victorious "stars and stripes," and led and accompanied by Mr. Sargent, the Musical Director, who presided at the piano, the musical voices of the entire Lyceum burst forth in singing an original song, by Miss Orlorne, the Assistant Musical Director, entitled:

"HAIL TO THE FLAG."

Hail to the Flag that proudly waves o'er us,  
Fought for by Freedom so noble and brave;  
Bear the great Banner in triumph before us,  
All who live 'neath it can never be slaves.  
Freedom, we crown thee, gather'round thee  
With the bright garlands of Love and Peace,  
Far from thy power tyrants shall cower,  
Our Nation's greatness shall ever increase.  
May our great Banner, ever victorious,  
Wave over a Nation just, generous and true;  
Spotless preserve it, its reign shall be glorious,  
Unstained its escutcheon by Slavery's dark hue.  
Then firm forever we shall be as ever,  
With our hearts throbbing so proud and free,  
Liberty, we bless thee, none shall express thee,  
But as a Nation united we'll be.

The audience applauded this beautiful song, as all had cheered the Tableau when the curtain first went up. Next came the glorious "Banner March," by the leaders and members of all the Groups. The music, although not enough in quantity, was excellent in quality, and the marching gave the greatest satisfaction. The Guardian of Groups, Mrs. Ballinger, led the march in stately style, and with admirable time to music, and brought the long line, by counter-marching, into a solid body in front of the platform, when, led by the Conductor, all repeated the Silver-Chain Recitation, in the Manual, entitled "Thanksgiving." In the pronunciation of words, in order to develop the full sense of the thoughts and sentiments, the school has made decided progress.

Following this, and after the children and leaders were all comfortably seated in reserved seats, between the audience and the stage, the "Dialogue" between Sir Peter and Lady Teazle was "done" in the best style of Mr. Gourlay and Miss Orlorne. The latter surprised and delighted her most intimate friends. Her talents are varied, and her elasticity of spirit is remarkable; and the Philadelphia Lyceum is the recipient of her friendship, highest inspirations, and valuable labors. She is much beloved by all.

"Come, now, and haste away," was sung with fine effect, by Miss Crowell, and received hearty applause.

The Infant Group in Parlor Gymnastics, led by Charlie Dyott, performed the Dumb Bell Exercises, with music, to the highest satisfaction of all. They elicited frequent applause. The merriest was greatest when the little ones, without a smile, seemed lost in amazement and earnestness, equally divided between looking at the audience and trying to make motions just like Charlie Dyott. This juvenile class was very well drilled and beautifully dressed, and every one was perfect in manner and appearance, and the large audience sustained them with their heartiest approbation.

This was followed by a pleasant dialogue between Miss Kuhn and Miss Blackwood. Next was a trio, "Nearth the Greenwood Tree," sung by three beautiful sisters, Misses Fithian; all the sweetest singers, and giving promise of much success in the world of music.

"The Court of the Fairies," a charming musical tableau, was next presented. It was an elegant piece of art, and combined with singing, it merged into the spiritual, as do all very high forms of beauty and harmony. The chorus, sung by girls and boys behind the scenes, was in the following words:

We have come floating from gay woodland bowers  
Merry and happy and free,  
Sporting all day 'midst the blossoming flowers,  
Dancing in fairy-like glee.

Fraises we'll sing to our Monarch so bright,  
And to Titania, his beautiful Queen,  
Long may they reign in their power and might,  
In their proud glory supreme.

Pride of our Fairy Court,  
Pride, pride of our Fairy Court.

After this fascinating tableau was a dialogue between Cassius and Brutus; the first was admirably taken by Mr. A. Chase and the second by Mr. F. Gourlay, both young men of education and more than usual capacities for dramatic impersonations. The Philadelphia Lyceum is rich in talent and inspiration. In dramatic and musical abilities, as also in gymnastic accomplishments, the institution is second to none in the city or State. Mr. Gourlay has won the title of "Champion Speaker." In a fair contest between a Literary Society of New York and a similar Young Men's Association in Philadelphia.

After a very valuable comic duet, entitled "Quaker Courtship," by Miss Fithian and Minnie Harris, who were so much applauded that they were obliged to "come out" and repeat the courtship, Mr. Gourlay recited a glorious inspiration that came through Miss Lizzie Doten, called "Life," in which the gospel of Spiritualists concerning death was perfectly and concisely set forth, and by which old time opinions and false theology received some of the hardest hits. In this selection Mr. Gourlay not only indicated a rare judgment and good taste in poetic composition, but he equally demonstrated his natural talent for the most effective recitation of dramatic writing. The Conductor, Bro. Dyott, in conversation informed me that the Lyceum had no knowledge of Mr. Gourlay's talent until he voluntarily recited this poem, "Life," at one of the Conventions of Groups.

Miss Mary Fithian now sung a beautiful song, "Will he be Home to Night?" which elicited applause. Then came a comic recitation, called "Pin, Needle and Scissors," by Miss Harris, who is first rate in sustaining a part, and may attain to much usefulness as a speaker in a few years. In fact, the Lyceum girls and boys manifest talents for speaking and singing of the first order; and it is not improbable that many of them will take leading parts on the stage of human progress, both in the beautiful quiet of private life and on the platform of public teaching in behalf of the coming millions. Then will the fruit of our Children's Progressive Lyceums appear on the trees of Social and National Life—better men and better women—the fathers and mothers of the coming generations, approaching nearer and nearer the Era of Peace and good will all over the earth.

The Anniversary Exhibition closed with a grand emblematic tableau, representing "Universal Progression." There was displayed an unusual artistic skill in the combination of the characters, and in their emblematic drapery and symbols. The tableau when analyzed revealed Liberty as progressing; Truth, which has been bound, is rising, because justified from Error's shackles by the sword of Justice, who was seen sheathing the weapon, prompted to the act of peace by the spirit of Love. On the right of Love sat Wisdom, with golden light in her face. In the background were visible both Faith and Peace. Wisdom looked backwards to gather the philosophy of history, which through the long era of the past

dotted with Mercy and Hope. Mercy looks kindly on the record of events, while Hope fixes her eyes forward and upward.

Upon this instructive original tableau the curtain rolled down. The most enthusiastic tokens of approbation and delight were given by the audience throughout the whole evening's performance. The officers and guards of the Lyceum performed their duties with promptness and in perfect good taste, and on all sides the most cordial good feeling prevailed. The children were happy and free, and "behaved" like so many angels of humanity. Although the expenses of the exhibition were very heavy, I was informed that the proceeds, from sale of tickets, paid every bill, and put a nice little sum into the Lyceum Treasury.

The Philadelphia Lyceum friends take the liveliest interest in the prosperity of this new work for a world's education. They send greetings to Officers, Leaders and Members of fellow Lyceums throughout the country. "Lyceum number 2," in Philadelphia, is already a promising school, under the conductors of Bro. I. Rehn. Who would have supposed that the "Quaker City" Spiritualists would thus carry off the palm?

Your friend,  
A. J. DAVIS.

A Motion to Amend.

Our true and tried friend, M. A. Townsend, of New Brighton, Pa., nobly and generously proposes to be one of a thousand or more, to pay in to a fund fifty or one hundred dollars each, to support the teachers and extend the cause of Spiritualism, &c. This is certainly a worthy and commendable object, and, no doubt, arises from what so many of us have seen and felt, and what I have often alluded to: the want of some means and compensation sufficient to keep in the field of labor, with tongue and pen, more of our best developed and ablest speakers and writers. Of all the defects of Spiritualism, the one I have deplored most is the inability or indisposition to employ and support our ablest advocates, not for want of means, but for want of organizations, concentration and cooperation of believers in the glorious truths. We ought to be ashamed to have, as we now have, at least five ex-editors of spiritual papers in clerkship for the Government, at Washington, and such minds as S. B. Brittan, Tiffany, Ambler, Newton, Forster, Pierpont, Charlotte Beebe, Mattie Hulet, Lucy Stone, Julia Branch, and at least a score of other talented persons of each sex, most of them our best and noblest speakers, seeking and obtaining other occupations and means of support, when we have the greatest work of the age, and the very work to which they are best adapted, actually languishing for want of their time and talents, and have ample means to support at least as many, and as well, as the Methodists do.

When a female speaker marries, under our present system of unjust and unequal relationship of wives to husbands, of course I expect she will leave the field; to which I am glad there are a few exceptions, as Mrs. Middlebrook, Cora L. V. Daniels, Emma Jay Bullen, &c. But such men as I have named, with many more, have no excuse but want of support, since they are as firmly attached to the principles as any of us who remain in the field without regard to pay, while their responsibilities or necessities may have been greater than ours. One of them, now in a lucrative office, said to me some years ago, he thought I had done missionary labor enough without pay; he was sure he had. I could not see it—I cannot yet—but I can see the need of his help and others of our old pioneer band. I have expected, and still do hope, that our national and State and local organizations will ultimately secure this object; but they must first be legally organized under some act of State or National Legislation—special or general—so that bonds can be required and given, and responsible agents appointed, &c. Thus a plan like that of friend Townsend's can be carried out; but I fear at present it could not, as the contributors could hardly have their names carried out, without partially, by any one or more persons selected to receive and disburse the money. With my knowledge of the whole field and the laborers, I could not disburse it satisfactorily to even myself, and am sure I could not satisfy all contributors; and now while I hold this noble offer a little way off, let me propose, as an amendment, that each person send one or more new subscribers to the Banner of Light and Religio-Philosophical Journal; and that one thousand or more persons send each fifty dollars to A. J. and Mary F. Davis, to be expressly and exclusively expended by them, according to their judgment, in opening and sustaining Children's Progressive Lyceums, and in opening and sustaining a Normal Institute to educate and qualify teachers for that purpose, and, in this way, put in the mortar to cement and build the real and substantial foundation for the temple of physical, mental and spiritual education for the age of reason and rational Spiritualism. Their lives, labors and promise will be ample bond for the faithful disbursement of any sum. Who will second these amendments?  
WARREN CHASE.  
Vineland, N. J., Feb. 10, 1866.

Matters in Detroit, Mich.

DEAR BANNER—You have had no report of progress from Detroit, of late, and I dare say many of your readers have supposed that our place has been left behind in the "progressive movement," while other leading cities—nay, even towns scarcely heard of in business circles—are "up and doing," and alive to the real interests of the hour.

I am pleased to inform you that the Spiritualists of our beautiful city, on becoming impressed with the necessity of doing something, a few humble but earnest ones, a few months since, took the matter in hand, and we have been holding occasional meetings, and have had several able discourses from those well-known speakers, Messrs. Leo Miller, A. B. Whiting and Moses Hill. We have had, usually, very large congregations, particularly—as is the case so generally with Spiritualist meetings—in the evenings.

ler engaged for the four Sundays in March, and we are anticipating a season of pleasant experiences. We know you will help us with your sympathies.  
H. N. F. LEWIS.  
Detroit, Mich., Feb. 6, 1866.

Interesting Notes from J. G. Fish.

Amid all the fears of its friends and opposition of its enemies, our glorious cause is still onward, and the marshaling hosts of truth prophesy for themselves a final and complete victory over error, bigotry and superstition.

Our friends in Providence are awakening to a renewed effort for the furtherance of Spiritualism in their midst. They are about obtaining a charter for their society, and taking a place in their city as a permanent organization. Their late fair and festival, as the many in attendance and the present state of their treasury fully attest, was a complete success. Whether fair, festival, levee, exhibition or excursion, Spiritualists always have a good time. So everybody who attends says, and nobody doubts it. Miss Laura V. Ellis, the "child medium," has been there confirming the weak and confounding the skeptical by her startling "cabinet manifestations." The Children's Lyceum, now under the conductors of that earnest and successful worker, L. K. Joslin, is in a prosperous condition and doing much good. Mrs. M. S. Townsend during last month spoke most acceptably and effectively to crowded and highly interested and instructed audiences, made better and wiser by her high toned inspirations. May the angels send us more such workers. Last Sunday I opened on my fifth month in Providence, with a full and highly appreciative audience. The choir there is one of the best in New England. It is under the direction of the very competent L. Town, and led by the accomplished and highly gifted musical artist, Mrs. Cella Robinson, and forms a great attraction to the Hall.

I spent last month in Lowell, the city of "splendids." Audiences were small at the commencement, but increased to an almost packed house at the close. Lee street church, one of the best in the city and formerly Unitarian, is rented by the Spiritualists by the year, and no congregation meets in a more commodious place. They have an excellent choir, led by an organ, which charms the audience with many an echo from the angel choirs above. The society should buy the church where they meet, which is for sale cheap, and it is to be hoped they will. Their Lyceum, under the faithful labors of Conductor Young, is very interesting and very profitable to both young and old. Noble, persevering and earnest workers are at the helm in Lowell, and the work must and will go on.

During last month I visited Worcester, on the occasion of the State Convention, and find the cause more deeply rooted in the earnest, holy sympathies of the friends there than ever before, and greater progress is the result. I have never witnessed so much earnestness in Worcester before. President Eaton, a truly noble man, with others who stand by him, is bound to keep the standard of truth floating. Their Lyceum, hitherto faithfully conducted by Dr. Richard, is now receiving a fresh impetus by the efficient labors of that western "trekking-up plow," Benj. Todd, who always leaves a furrow where he moves, and which, unlike the "furrow from the keel," does not "soon close."

The Convention at Worcester was marked by the greatest harmony and unanimity of feeling throughout all its proceedings. Men and women came there, not envious or jealous of each other, nor bursting with speeches, but with arms "made bare" for work, and work they did, and work they will, till all the heathen of Massachusetts that have heard no gospel but ancient heathenism, shall see, hear and receive the glorious light and truth of the present Inspiration.

This week I am speaking in this place. It is my third visit here. There are several mediums, and much interest on the subject of our Philosophy. Many come from five to seven miles to hear the truth, and drink it in as the thirsty earth the showers of June. "Calvinistic" and "Six-Principled Baptists" have well nigh starved their souls. I love to feed such hungry ones. It is truly more blessed when I give, than when I receive the supply. These old Six-Principled—I guess that will do—are holding a protracted meeting at present, for the purpose of converting souls to Christ. I wish they would let me come in and preach Christ to them. I am afraid they do not understand what Christ is. It does appear to me that, if preached aright, people would more readily receive the teaching. I hope our Missionary will visit this place as soon as may be.

So the work goes bravely on the while, and so it will go on against any and all opposition. Bibles are but paper barriers against a present Inspiration, but they are written by Moses, Paul or Matthew, and creeds are as so much gossamer webbing, that the breath of angels breaks through and lets in, through the rent, the light of truth and immortality.  
J. G. FISHER.  
Searses, Feb. 7, 1866.

Spiritual Meeting at Omro.

The "Northern Wisconsin Spiritualists' Association" held its regular quarterly meeting at Omro, on Saturday and Sunday, the 3d and 4th of February inst. The meeting was called to order on Saturday, at two o'clock P. M., by Col. A. B. Smedley, the President. The committee appointed at a previous meeting to consider and report as to the propriety of effecting a more permanent organization of the association, reported in favor of an organization, and submitted a Constitution and a "declaration of principles," which were adopted with great unanimity, after a brief discussion. About a hundred names were immediately given in to be enrolled as members of the association.

Saturday evening an attentive and numerous audience listened to a lecture from N. Frank White, on "The duties and responsibilities of the hour." Sunday morning, from nine to half-past ten o'clock, was spent in social conference, at which hour Prof. E. Whipple, of Michigan, spoke upon the "Proofs of immortality scientifically considered and explained." Dr. H. P. Fairfield followed in a lecture, which was claimed to be the joint production of Sylvester Judd and Lorenzo Dow. At two o'clock P. M., lecture by N. Frank White, on the "Saviours of the World." On Sunday evening, Mrs. S. E. Warner gave the closing lecture, on an immense congregation, upon the duties of reformers in general, and especially of those who call themselves Spiritualists.

On motion, a Committee, consisting of J. H. Spencer, of Fond du Lac; John Wilcox, of Omro; Dr. Carter, of Oakbrook; F. Hamilton, of Berlin, and Mr. Blanchard, of Appleton, was appointed, for the purpose of conferring with other organizations, in relation to holding a State Convention. The exercises were enlivened with excellent singing, assisted by instrumental music. The large number of persons from a distance were beautifully provided for by the citizens of Omro, and the Convention was every way a success. On motion, the Convention adjourned to meet at Fond du Lac on the second Saturday and Sunday, the 9th and 10th of June next.  
J. P. GAJAZUP, Sec.  
Oakbrook, Wis., Feb. 7, 1866.

INSPIRATIONAL POEM.

I have often been solicited to send the Banner the following beautiful little poetic gem, with the history thereof, for publication. I think it time to comply. Some four years ago I was visiting with a dear and intimate friend, Mr. Wm. A. Forham, of South Haven, Mich. His excellent lady had recently been developed as a medium of rare merit for writing poetry. In the course of the visit, she read to me a poem to her husband, from the spirit of Burns. It was so beautifully witty, and so like Burns, I had no doubt of its authorship. As she closed the reading, I said, in a laughing way, "I wish Burns would write a poem for me." Instantly she was under control, and wrote the following:  
J. G. F.

TO MY BROTHER J. G. FISHER, IN EARTH-LIFE.  
By Robert Burns—Mrs. C. A. Fordham, Medium.

Shall Burns, the poet, come to ye,  
With spirit song as sweet and free  
As that he warbled by the Doon,  
Upon a golden autumn noon?

To tell ye of the flowery braes,  
Where he with Highland Mary strays,  
And of the breezes soft and bland,  
And heather bloom of aprit-land?

Of warbling birds, whose woodland wild  
Still charms the ear of Nature's child;  
And murmuring streams, with gentle flow,  
Like lover's accents, sweet and low?

Of sunset skies, with burnished gold,  
Whose glories pen may ne'er unfold;  
And morning, flooding vale and mount  
With beams from Inspiration's fount?

Of night, whose flocks of silver stars  
Leap o'er Aurora's golden bars,  
While heraldman rough, the brave old wind,  
Loud whistling, follows close behind?

Or weave for ye a spirit wreath,  
Of flowers that spring by hill and heath—  
The Hawthorn white, the purple bell,  
That Flora's poet loved so well?

Or trace with him the winding Ayr,  
Of Scotland's bonnie streams the fair—  
Oh Ayr! what streams compare with thine?  
Not classic Tiber, nor the Rhine.

Oh Scotia! Mother of the free,  
The ploughman's muse still turns to thee;  
Though he at will through heaven may roam,  
He'll ne'er forget the Highland home.

HAUNTED HOUSES.

Readers of newspapers are seldom called upon to peruse detailed accounts of supernatural occurrences. Superstition went out as the printing press came in, and yet we have plain, circumstantial accounts of a seemingly supernatural affair to lay before the readers of the Inquirer this morning. We say seemingly, because we believe that there is some trickery in the case, though thus far it has baffled detection.

In South Fifth street, in the old District of South-west, stands an unpretending three-story brick house, the front apartment on the first floor is used as a dry goods store, and the remainder of the building is occupied as the dwelling place of the proprietor of the store and his family. These people have lived in this house for the past ten years, and have found it a comfortable residence until last Thursday evening, when their troubles began.

Three young ladies of the family, after having retired for the night in their usual apartment, the third story front room, were awakened by clattering on the floor, and on rising to ascertain the cause of the noise they found that their combs, brushes, head dresses, &c., had been thrown upon the floor; they replaced them on the top of the bureau and again retired, and again the articles were thrown upon the floor, they arose a second time somewhat alarmed. To heighten their repudiation, a looking-glass jumped from the wall into a par corner of the room, and was shivered to pieces. They awoke their father, and he came up stairs to be astonished by the mantle ornaments jumping from their accustomed positions and vaulting around the floor. There were strange knockings in the ceiling and walls. There was more sleep for the family that night.

With daylight they began to call, but while the lady of the house was placing the breakfast dishes, a saucer sprang from the table, flew against the wall, and was broken into a dozen fragments. The members of the household, who are not over nervous, partook of their morning meal, and commenced the business of the day.

On Friday night the annoyances began again; almost all night long a great violence, an ivory ornament jumped from the table through the pane of glass, and chattered on the pavement below. The mantle ornaments again became erratic, and chased over the floor; pictures became loosed from their fastenings, and flew across the rooms with remarkable velocity, at times dashing the glass to pieces, and damaging the frames, and in other instances sustaining no damage from their rapid transit as they whizzed.

Not liking to suffer the furniture destroyed, the pictures and mirrors were unhung, and placed upon the floor. But this did not deprive them of their powers of locomotion. One large looking glass took a zigzag flight across a room, brought up against an opposing wall, and was smashed out of all semblance of a respectable reflector. It was a night of horror to the afflicted inmates of this three-story brick New England tenement. From the dressing room, and dashed themselves to atoms against floor, walls and ceiling. The morning meal had to be partaken from the laps of the haunted people. During Friday they removed all their pictures, looking glasses and valuable mantle ornaments to the house of a neighbor, where they still remain.

The next mistress of the family being communicative of the Baptist Church, imparted the circumstances of their strange visitation to their pastor, and on Saturday evening that gentleman, accompanied by another clergyman, went to the haunted dwelling to pass the night. With one of these clerical gentlemen we had a protracted interview. He is a very clear-minded scholar, has received a collegiate training, and during his visit he considered the phenomena of natural philosophy. He assures us that he entered the haunted dwelling with the belief that the inmates were the dupes of trickery, and he left the house yesterday morning perplexed in the extreme.

Soon after he entered the parlor a hymn book was projected from a table and thrown with violence against the door. With his own hands he picked up the book and replaced it, before his eyes the volume was seized by an invisible force, and for a second time thrown across the room, and a testament sent to keep it company. Again the books were replaced, and again sent whirling around the room, at times making the entire circuit of the apartment, then they would fly off at a tangent and come to a full stop violently against the walls. Bibles, testaments and hymn books were picked up to break the glass, crashing the panes, the model of a boat was sent sailing through the air, and finished its aerial voyage by a violent cut against the wall. The well known picture of the late President Lincoln and his son Tad was taken from a nail on the wall, by the unseen force, sent diagonally across the room with great swiftness, and dashed against an opposite wall with such force as to break the glass, crushing the picture into minute pieces. Over this picture hung a green balzo bag, such as legal men carry; the picture, although hanging under the strings of the bag, was removed as stated, while the bag itself was undisturbed. A young gentleman present

who expressed himself an unbeliever in supernatural phenomena, was roughly jostled by strong, though invisible hands. The violent manifestations continued for about three hours, when they ceased.

Yesterday morning they began again. A servant of the family, while cleaning the dishes, had a tumbler fly up from the wash-pan and strike her violently in the forehead, leaving an ugly mark in the shape of a flesh wound. The keys flew from the locks of the doors; the few remaining dishes threw violent assaults from shelves to floor. A last attempt was made to set the table yesterday for the Sunday dinner in vain; the plates jumped off the table and went to atoms against floor and ceiling, so the hapless family ate their Sabbath-day dinner from their laps.

A daughter of the family, on her return from church yesterday, on entering the parlor had her Bible torn from her hands with such force as to leave the cover entirely off.

Even the bread became endowed with life, and went splashing over the table in the most eccentric manner. During yesterday afternoon there was comparative quiet; there were rattling noises, but no movements of inanimate objects. Our reporters visited the house during the afternoon; they heard the strange, unaccountable noises, but saw nothing in transition through the air. Broken dishes, scattered books, damaged books, and the absence of all ornamental furniture, here, ample evidence of the strange annoyance to which the dwelling was subjected.

Several Spiritualists have visited the house, and expressed themselves confident that evil spirits were at work, though who invoked their power they were unable to tell. None of the mediums seemed to have sufficient power to pay the disturbing spirits banishment to the Red Sea.

By the urgent requests of the family we suppress the number of the haunted house, as it would become uncomfortably crowded with curious visitors. The facts are substantially as above stated. The pastor of the church to which the annoyed family belong passed last night in the haunted house. One of the attaches of the Inquirer shared the night. The family in this house are all opposed to the dogmas of Spiritualism, are communicants of the Baptist Church, and bear a high character for Christian integrity and rectitude.

The only theory advanced thus far by the supernaturalists to account for the outbreak of these mysterious manifestations is that they are caused by a lady who boarded in the family for some months, and left the house on rather ill terms with the inmates. This woman is reported to be a Spiritualist, and it is said by some that she has conjured the evil spirits into the house. Those in the immediate neighborhood who profess Spiritualism are considerably exercised over these manifestations.—Philadelphia Inquirer, Feb. 5.

Later information about the above affair, we find in the same paper, of the date of Feb. 7th, as follows:

The haunted house in Fifth street continues to be the town talk. It forms the principal topic of conversation in social circles, places of business, on the street and wherever "men most do congregate." The bewitched dwelling is the great centre of attraction; for during the entire day yesterday and last evening hundreds of persons from all parts of the city congregated in front of the house, and gazed with open-eyed wonder at the wall of brick and mortar which was reported to be the seat of the evil spirits, uncharitably, blood-chilling doings going on within.

The family are well nigh distracted with the rush of curious visitors. During yesterday a posse of police were stationed at the front door, who were kept busy in preventing persons from entering the dwelling. Nobody but members of the family, intimate friends or clergyman are now permitted to enter. Yesterday it was found necessary to remove two or three of the female members of the family to other quarters, their nervous system having become so shattered by the excitement of the past few days as to render the step necessary.

The older members of the family express their determination to "stick it out," although there does not appear to be any necessity for doing so, unless there is a society of turbulent spirits, or evil spirits, and acquaintances in the neighborhood who belong to the same church with the afflicted family would gladly give them refuge until the ghost, hobgoblin, spirit, or whatever it is, has taken his departure for parts unknown.

During yesterday there were no particular manifestations on the part of the ghostship. Whether he, she or it is taking a holiday, or whether the silent exertions of the last few days, and gathering up strength for a renewed attack on furniture, picture frames, crockery, &c., or given the whole thing up as a bad job remains to be seen.

The advent of this spirit has been honey and nuts for the Spiritualists throughout the city. They have absolutely besieged the house morning, noon and night, and each one has his or her theory concerning the nature of the spirit, and the best method to remove it. There are some unbelieving heathens who unhesitatingly assert that the Spiritualists are at the bottom of the entire affair, and that they got the exhibition up for the purpose of making spiritual capital. The family, however, all solemnly aver that they are not Spiritualists themselves and have not the slightest belief in such nonsense.

During yesterday afternoon a party of Spiritualists almost forced themselves into the house, and proceeded to one of the rooms said to be haunted, set themselves deliberately to work to investigate the phenomena in their own peculiar style. Their "incantation scene" was, however, slightly interfered with by a well-known Episcopal clergyman who happened to enter the house about this time, and learning what was going on, advanced to the room where the "circle" was sitting, and striking the table with a great noise, ordered them to leave the circle. The spiritual party took this delicate hint, and left in high dudgeon. The clergyman then called the family around him, and after offering up prayers, proceeded to comfort them with his advice, and remained some time talking to those around him.

A HAUNTED HOUSE IN IRE, PENN.  
The Erie Dispatch of Saturday, Jan. 27th, has the annexed:

We mentioned a day or two since the existence in our midst of a veritable haunted house, or at least, one which has gained that reputation; whether rightfully or not, we leave our readers to judge. We came into possession of the information accidentally, as we were one day on the lookout for items which plucked up sufficient courage to make the acquaintance of the owner of the house, and questioned him as to the truth of the report. Although at first very reticent on the subject, he at last invited us to his house on —th street, to see and hear for ourselves. There were two provisos connected with the invitation, however, one of which was, that whatever we might say upon the subject, we should keep his name and the locality of his dwelling inviolably secret—and the other, that we should come alone. We begged hard for the privilege of a companion, but he was immovable. "You need not come until ten o'clock, or past," said the gentleman, "as you would probably hear nothing before that time."

On Wednesday evening, punctual to the hour, we rang at the door, and were ushered into the parlour, where a dim fire was burning in the grate. The gas was turned on, and in another moment our host made his appearance.

"I was half hoping you would not come," said he; "I don't like the idea of making the thing public, and beside yourself there are not half-a-dozen people in the city who have any suspicion of anything of the kind."

We sat for nearly an hour in conversation, and as last began to despair of seeing anything of an extraordinary nature. All at once a child's rocking chair, which stood within a few feet of us, commenced rocking—very gently at first, and then violently. We leaned forward to touch it, when it suddenly removed itself out of our reach and stopped. At the same moment the gentleman touched our arm and called attention was quite toward it we saw the surface assuming a singular appearance, precisely the same as if one were breathing upon it. "You can see it better with less light," said Mr. —, and he turned the gas down. In a few moments the indistinct outline of a human arm appeared, and white and felt-like, reaching out from the darkness which enveloped it. The latter, perhaps, two or three minutes, and then slowly disappeared.

"You will see no more to-night," said Mr. —. "The manifestations—if one may call them so—always end with that. Some nights they last for two or three hours. They come and go without

any apparent reason. We first became aware of something singular about the house, nearly ten months ago. The noises have been irregular—sometimes making themselves heard every night, and then remaining quiet for months. My wife is a woman of nerve, and we have both become so accustomed to them, that though unpleasant, they do not especially trouble us. We can in no manner account for the phenomena, nor do we try. Sometimes, by the sound of footsteps, one would imagine the room filled. Often steps go up and down stairs without any visible bodies accompanying them. Furniture is changed from one room to another. No injury has ever been done, however, to any article. We think that by paying no attention to whatever it is, the trouble will sooner cease. If you care to pursue your investigations further, you are welcome at any time to do so."

So ended the first visit, and though we were somewhat startled, we were not altogether convinced. We intend to make another trial next week, and if possible, after the thing thoroughly. Truly "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy."

An Explanation.

Allow me space in the Banner, to give a brief statement of the case of the late Mrs. Laura M. Hallett. I claim this for the reason that two of your correspondents have, in substance, charged the Spiritualists of Maine with ingratitude for her past services, by neglecting to provide for her wants and comfort during her last sickness. It is true that she had labored faithfully as a speaking medium, for some three or four years in this city and vicinity, principally the latter, only a small proportion of her time having been occupied by her. I cannot give exact dates, but about the month of October, 1864, at Kenduskeag, twelve miles from here, she was stricken down by the loss of her mental faculties, and greatly impaired physical energies. She remained at that place until last June, in the care of brothers Dooliver and Palmer, mostly with the latter. About this time Brother Palmer wrote to her niece, a Mrs. Annie, of Goffstown, N. H., stating her condition, and in reply she stated her desire to have her nursed with her, but was unable to bear the expenses incident to her removal, but agreed, if she could be sent to Boston, to meet and receive her there. Accordingly she was brought to Bangor and provided with a passage, but no one appearing to meet her in Boston, she was brought back. By subsequent letters, another time was stated to meet her, and was sent the second time with the same result. I cannot give exact dates, but feeling that the hospitalities of my house for about two weeks, but the condition of my family was such as to render it impossible to have the care of her longer. A consultation was therefore held with the committee and the friends generally, and it was decided to place her at the Almshouse, this being the only alternative, as no family could be found in a condition to take the care of her, and the number of large compensation, which the friends were most willing to contribute. Whilst at this institution she was visited by myself and many others, who can testify to the kind and humane treatment received by her at their hands. Early in the month of September, we had some reason to expect a visit from Dr. J. R. Newton, who was then at Portland, and who, as we thought, would benefit his treatment; but finding, a few days later, that we were to be disappointed in our expectations, made arrangements to take her to Portland, in which we were also disappointed, as she had about this time manifested strong symptoms of insanity, and requiring a great amount of care; the authorities had decided, unknown to us, to remove her to the Insane Hospital at Augusta, (which they did the very morning of the day we decided taking her to Portland,) where she remained until she passed off peacefully and quietly to her spirit-home, the 24th of October. Since her departure I have learned through Mrs. Joseph D. Rich, with whom she made her principal home when stopping here, or passing through this city, that more than two years ago, in speaking of the probabilities of her soon passing away, that should she become sick and unable to take care of herself, she desired to be taken to the Almshouse, where she might not be a burden to her friends; and gave directions in regard to her burial, and the disposition of her clothing, &c., which latter I have attended to, by causing them to be forwarded to her niece aforesaid; but the former would not probably have been regarded, had not circumstances compelled us to do so. Within the past week she has paid us a kindly visit, through the mediumship of Mrs. Littlefield, of this city, expressing thanks to myself and wife, and the friends generally, for the kind attention and course pursued in her case. In view of these facts, and the want of a knowledge of them, was the cause of harsh judgment against us; and upon our accusers I am not disposed to cast any blame, as it may seem to admonish others to suspend judgment until they shall have heard the evidence. Whose duty will it become to censure, or call down shame upon the heads of the Spiritualists of Maine? Let him or her that is without fault make the first assault. I feel that we did the best we could under the circumstances. Experience is always a good teacher, and if others can profit by our faults, then good will have been the result. I am thankful that she had a large circle of friends, possessed of enough of the love of human kindness to see that, although she had no relatives nearer than New Hampshire, she was well and faithfully cared for during the whole of her year's infirmities and sickness; and also that when it was impossible for private individuals to do what was necessary to supply her needs, that we have benevolent public institutions to assume and faithfully accomplish the high responsibility. If any important errors or omissions have occurred in the foregoing, I will thank any friend to correct them. Having briefly stated the case according to my best knowledge, I now leave the subject in the minds of your readers to pass sentence, and that without any fears of their condemnation. Yours, very truly,  
L. STROCKWELL.

Danvers, Me., Jan. 6, 1866.

Dewdrops.

Habits take deep root in a favorable soil. Youth is like the spring garden, and what is sown yields a harvest of the same kind. If thou dost wish for knowledge, apply thyself to attain it while thou hast few cares and thy memory cannot receive it; so shall the summer of thy days be fruitful and the autumn be crowned with sheaves of honor.

The graces of the spirit are developed from the performance of duty in a well regulated life. Let a laudable ambition stimulate to action, and the action shall procure thee renown. Thy fame shall live and teach multitudes after thee. The consciousness of having done thy duty is to thee a pearl of great price. The slander from the tongue poisons the atmosphere of the soul. Exhort thy friend. It may be he will not listen for a reason, but consideration will render him more yielding to thy will.

Liberty of conscience is the law of life. Counsel thy friend and sinner him in time of trouble. Thy interest and sympathy shall blend, and harmony shall effect the desired end. Beauty and chastity are like the lily and the rose. Cavillings and dissensions are the bane of social intercourse in all conditions of life.

When truth and equity harmonize the forces of action, they become the joys of sunshine. The dew of affection flows from the memory past follies. The time-honored sage will descant on the various duties of life. Blitheness are the sallies of youth. Wisdom and age direct their steps.

A picture of vanity is the emblem of folly. Variety crowns the life of all. True repentance is the refraining from evil. The prayers of the penitent are answered by their own deeds of love. The fattery of the fawning is like the sting of the wasp to him who studies his own faults.

Application is the key of knowledge that opens the door to wisdom. August, Me.

Lay by a good store of patience, but put it where you can find it.

Our Washington Letter. WARREN CHASE—SEC. HARLAN'S CONDUCT. Our worthy friend and brother—the ever earnest and indefatigable worker as well as talker, Warren Chase, has been here during January, giving us eight lectures of his undiluted and unadulterated rationalism.

Whatever criticism one may feel disposed to make, relative to Bro. Chase's manner and manner, he certainly possesses the great merit of making himself understood; there is no mistaking his meaning; he is always plain, direct, forcible and effective. These are virtues which the "common people" particularly admire, and which render him such a first-class lecturer.

To the shame of Spiritualists it must be said, they compensate their public teachers less than any other religious body in the land. Though there is much that might be said in extenuation of this, many apparently justifiable reasons for this ill treatment—one of which is a lack of even good local organizations—still it is no valid excuse why our lecturers, particularly the best ones, male or female, should not be respectfully remunerated.

No little commotion has been recently made here, both in literary and political circles, by the publication of Mr. Wm. D. O'Connor's pamphlet called "The Good Gray Post: a Vindication," [Bunce & Huntington, N. Y.] wherein is fully set forth in the strongest light, the unmitigated meanness, the smallness of character and soul, of Sec. Harlan, of the Interior Department, for dismissing from office the author of "Leaves of Grass"—Walt Whitman—solely on the allegation that the book contained immoral passages.

Every one knows, who knows aught of the machinery which governs the appointment to, and retention in, a political office here, what a revolution would be produced throughout the country if the Government, in this respect, allowed the principles of common sense to prevail; if it permitted merit, ability and character, to form the basis of action, or if it had a soulless man of weight with the selecting and appointing power.

Perhaps I can do your readers no greater service, than to quote from this Good Gray Post: "Being interrogated by an eminent officer of the Government, at whose instance the appointment had, under a former Secretary, been made, Mr. Harlan averred that Walt Whitman had been in no way reprimanded in the discharge of his duties, but that on the contrary, so far as he could learn, his conduct had been most exemplary. Indeed, during the few months of his tenure of office, he had been promoted. The sole and only cause of his dismissal, Mr. Harlan said, was that he had written the book of poetry, entitled 'Leaves of Grass.' Mr. Harlan afterwards acknowledged that, as regards the book and the author, he was utterly unable to maintain his assertions, and was forced to own that his opinion of him had been changed. Nevertheless, after this substantial admission of his injustice, he absolutely refused to revoke his action. This an author, solely and only for the publication, ten years ago, of an honest book, which no intelligent and candid person can regard as hurtful to morality, was expelled from office by this Secretary, and held up to public contumely by the newspapers."

The vindicator, after quoting from the North American Quarterly Review, the London Dispatch, in a review written by Rev. W. J. Fox, the London Leader, and from our own Thoreau and Emerson, and to the mastery strength of expression, wealth of thought, and native originality of the poems in question, imagines all the great authors of the world, from Moses to Victor Hugo, condemned to clerkship under Mr. Harlan, and the treatment they would receive at his hands because of their having written certain "indecent passages," concludes with the following noble and eloquent peroration:

"Personally, apart from this act, I have nothing against Mr. Harlan. He is of my own party; and my politics have been, from my youth, essentially the same as his own. I do not know him; I have never even seen him. I criticize no attitude nor action of his life but this; and I criticize this with as little personality as I can give to an action so personal. I withhold, too, as far as I can, every expression of resentment. I waive every other consideration. I rest solely and squarely on the general indignity and injury this action offers to intellectual liberty. I claim that to expel an author from a public office, and subject him to public contumely, solely because he has published a book which no one can declare immoral, is to affix a penalty to thought, and to obstruct the freedom of letters. I declare this act the audacious captain of a series of acts and a style of opinions whose tendency and effect throughout Christendom is to dwarf and degrade literature, and to make great books impossible, except under pains of martyrdom. As such, I arraign it before every liberal and thoughtful mind. I denounce it as a sinister precedent; as a ban upon the free action of genius; as a logical insult to all commanding literature; and as a precedent in every way as most serious and heinous wrong. Difference of opinion there may and must be upon the topics which in this letter I have grouped around it, but upon the act itself there can be none. As I drag it up here into the sight of the world, I call upon every scholar, every man of letters, every editor, every good fellow every where who wields the pen, to make common cause with me in routing upon it the full tempest of reprobation it deserves. And if there is aught of that old chivalry of letters, which in all ages has sprung to the succor and defence of genius, I summon it to act the part of honor and duty upon a wrong which, done to a single member of the great confraternity of literature, is done to all, and which flings insult and menace upon every immortal page that dares transcend the wicket hour of the censor. I send this letter to Victor Hugo, for its passport through Europe; I send it to John Stuart Mill, to Newman, and Matthew Arnold for England; I send it to Emerson and Wendell Phillips; to Charles Sumner; to every Senator and Representative in Congress; to all our journalists; to the whole

American people; to every one who guards the freedom of letters and the liberty of thought throughout the civilized world. God grant that not in vain upon this outrage do I invoke the judgment of the mighty spirit of literature, and the fires of every honest heart!"

Mutes Taught to Speak. "Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb shall be loosed."—Job, xxxv: 6. It was said by a certain writer, "You cannot teach a deaf and dumb boy to speak." Those who have practiced reading the Banner of Light, find that, notwithstanding the dreadful bloody calamity that has been hanging over this nation for a few years past, there is wonderful progress manifesting itself; and I have found by experience that the dumb can be taught to speak.

I now have a son near forty years of age, who was born so deaf that he was entirely shut out from all conversation of the family, consequently made no attempt to speak. But when we saw that he had a little deaf son, who must be a mute unless something special was done, and seeing, too, that he would make no attempt to utter anything in the shape of talk, or language, unless he was looking directly at the person's face who was making the attempt to teach him, we set ourselves immediately at the task of teaching him. Not, however, by motions and signs, other than with the mouth and lips, as if talking; and we so completely succeeded in teaching him, that he became a fluent talker, learned to spell, read, write, and cipher; can go into any place of business, such as a store, &c., and do all necessary business, not hearing a word while there. And those who have been doing business with him (if not previously acquainted with him), would never mistrust but that he heard as common men.

Having had such great experience with my own son, and having made the trial on several mutes, and never failed in having them speak, I often have thought of the passage quoted, of the "lame leaping," and the "lame leaping as an hart." And more especially have I thought of the lame leaping, since having had the Banner of Light taken by my son, who lives in the house with me, and seeing or reading what wonderful cures are constantly being made by the laying on of hands.

The reason of my writing the above is, because I know there are many who can hear some, but so imperfectly that they cannot receive an education by hearing the voice of their teacher. I mean they are not learned to talk, because they hear so imperfectly that it is thought they must be mutes. And so they are neglected, even by their parents, and pass off as mutes, and really are such; and if the poor mute happens to be a child of wealthy parents, they then are favored with the advantage of the finger education, which is a great satisfaction to both parents and child. But how much greater would be the satisfaction of both parents and child, if the child was taught so as to be fluent in language, as is the case with my son, who cannot hear as well as a number whom I have seen who were mutes.

I know by experience the mute can be taught to speak. I find there are but a few mutes who can hear none at all; and one of this kind (according to his own statement) I had a few moments' exercise with, and so succeeded as to have him speak the words, "water," "butter," "bread," and "melon," which were uttered in quite a plain manner.

I have written somewhat lengthily on this subject, feeling that duty almost demanded it; for teaching the dumb to talk I consider a science, and it will be successfully practiced; as we all know that all the mute lacks is the knowledge of using his organs of speech; he has them, but knows not how to use them.

I now have a young man with me, whose hearing is so imperfect that he could convey nothing by language so as to be understood by a stranger. In fact, he was a mute, and his father was pursuing to send him to the Dumb Asylum in Hartford for an education; but happening to fall in with me and my son, and seeing that my son could talk in a perfect manner, and could hear no better than his son, he altered his mind, concluding (or hoping) that he could be learned to talk as well as my son. On the 4th of December last he came to my house with his son, and since that time he has been with me, his father having seen him but three times, (the last being about one week since), when he appeared well satisfied with the progress his boy had made.

JONATHAN WHIPPLE, Mystic, Ct., Jan. 30, 1866.

The Convention which was Not Held. Undoubtedly some of the readers of the Banner of Light have been somewhat muddled at the fact of a Convention being called at Providence, and then seeing the letters from Bro. Joslin and Fish withdrawing their names from the Call, and one of them (Bro. Joslin) more than hinting that the use of his name was "unauthorized." As people would naturally infer that somebody had blundered—if, indeed, it was not something else—I propose to state the facts in the case, so that all can see it was the mistake occurred.

At the Worcester Convention, there were several persons present from the States of Rhode Island and Connecticut, and it was understood that they were desirous of having a similar arrangement for those two States as we had made for Massachusetts. Before leaving Worcester, it was arranged between Bro. Fish, Todd and myself, that if a Convention was determined on, I should write the Call and put it in the Banner, as I was to be in Boston for a few days. Bro. Fish was to decide the time and place of holding the meeting, and send me word. The first of the ensuing week I received the following letter:

BRO. LOVELAND—I wrote to L. K. Joslin on Saturday, in reference to the proposed Convention for the States of Rhode Island and Connecticut, and proposed Providence as the place, and Feb. 15th as the date. He will write you in a day or two in reference to it. I have consulted several from Rhode Island, and all are in favor of it. I will send you a copy of the Call; J. E. Ballou, S. H. Vose, S. Shaw, N. Peckham, W. Peckham, J. A. Williams, L. K. Joslin, Mrs. M. S. Townsend, J. G. Fish. I leave a good strong Call. Friends here are well pleased with our designs at W., and respond well to the claims of the Convention. Your brother, J. G. Fish, Lowell, Mass., Jan. 25, 1866.

By the same mail I received the letter from Bro. Joslin, in which he explained the probabilities that it would not be so promising for raising funds in Providence now as at some other time, on account of efforts about being made to support their meetings for the current year; but added that if it was thought best to call the Convention in Providence, he would do the best he could to procure a hall. I was in doubt about calling the meeting in Providence, especially as it had been requested in Putnam, Conn.; but Bro. Todd, enclosing Bro. Joslin's letter, and requesting him, if he judged from its contents that it was not best to have the Call issued for Providence, to send me word on the instant, even if it was compelled to telegraph, and I would change the place. No word came, and the notice went out.

From this statement the readers of the Banner can form their own judgment as to who authorized the Call; and some of the sensitive ones of Providence can determine who the outsiders were who were attempting to force a Convention upon unwilling people. My own agency was simply that of secretary. In the Worcester meeting I had a more direct agency. The real difficulty was, apparently, a want of perfect understanding between Bro. Fish and the people as to the place of meeting. But I hope the friends of the movement will not yield their purpose, but call a Convention in some other place.

BANNER OF LIGHT BRANCH BOOKSTORE, 274 Canal Street, New York.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO., SUCCESSORS TO A. J. Davis & Co., and C. M. Plumb & Co., will continue the book-selling business at the above-named place, where all books advertised in the Banner can be procured, or any other works published in this country, which are not out of print.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1866. OFFICE 158 WASHINGTON STREET, BOOK NO. 3, UP STAIRS. WILLIAM WHITE & CO., PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS. LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

Another Warning! We hold up to public attention—though we regret to be compelled to do so, in defence of the cause of Spiritualism from its satirists and defamers—the case of a flagrant lapse from virtue, which ought to suffice to stop the mouths of those who are continually laying the vices and sins of the day, in a common bundle, at the door of Spiritualism. The New York correspondent of the Boston Journal, himself an Orthodox minister, writes to his paper that a clergyman in that vicinity came home late one night recently, in a pretty much battered condition. Says the account: "He was bruised, his clothes soiled and torn; his watch, purse and breastpin gone. He said he was attacked at the corner of Beekman and William streets, by highwaymen, six in number, who beat him and robbed him. He gave the exact spot and the exact time of night. His friends went over to headquarters and complained of the policemen on the beat, and demanded protection for citizens who patrolled the streets at reasonable hours of night. The case was immediately put into the hands of the officers for investigation. It was proved conclusively that no such robbery could have taken place at the time and place designated, and no six men were together that evening to make the assault on the charge laid; for not only was the patrolman on his beat at that point, but a private watchman was with him, and the captain happened to be on duty not half a block away. Our detectives are shrewd men, and they did not believe the story of the robbery at all. Upon investigation it was found that the man had been drinking, that he had been into improper places, was there robbed of his money, watch and jewelry, and being noisy, was beaten and turned into the street. No longer able to disguise the facts, he admitted them. His friends withdrew their complaints against the police, but the preacher still maintains his pastoral relations among us."

We give the clergyman in question the benefit of a free republication of the story, as told upon him by his brother clergyman, because we are painfully conscious of a liberality of the same sort on the side of the devotees to Old Theology. Had this offending hypocrite been a Spiritualist, how the press would have rung with anathemas against our faith! If he had been a medium especially, what blazing headings would have been put at the head of the articles announcing his downfall! Suppose we were to practice the same spirit which Old Theology practices in such a matter, and deal out on our readers' attention a similar tirade with the one we might expect from them. We, of course, should head our article somewhat after the following manner: "The influence of Orthodoxy! A Minister confessed a Drunkard! The peculiar Creed calls the Clergy out very late at night and into questionable places! A Pretty Mess for a public Pleist! Orthodoxy makes drunkards and night-walkers! Shocking effects of Creeds! A Rotten Church System! Society called on to protect itself against these monstrous Hypocrites!" etc., etc. To tell the truth, we think so much of ourselves that we should feel thoroughly ashamed to descend to such blackguardism.

It is a good thing for people to be made, once in a while, to see themselves as others see them. The theologians and sectarians can see, in this instance, how they might appear, if held up to popular reprobation by a strong painting of their doings, not in untrue colors, but just as they are. The case above cited is a bona fide one, certified to by one of "the cloth," and what is more, the guilty individual is permitted to continue his ministrations in the pulpit, and his Church thus partakes of his sin themselves; i. e., if they really believe in their own "creed."

A Stimulating Example. The work of collecting funds in the Methodist denomination goes on favorably. It is hoped, we see it stated, to raise five millions of dollars, all told, during the present year, which they style Centennial Year. This large sum is to be appropriated to the work of extending education and establishing what may be called Memorial churches. One wealthy Methodist of New York gives three-quarters of a million. A Methodist Bishop has made a computation of what many reasonably looked for, from the contributions of the nine hundred thousand persons whom he counts into his scheme. He divides this number of contributors into nine classes of one hundred thousand persons each, the lowest contributions being set down at twenty-five cents. His footings count up five millions; and there are plenty of the denomination who consider it within bounds.

This shows what can be done with organization, perseverance and determination. Now if the Spiritualists were to unite for a great and worthy purpose, such as might be properly proposed in a general Convention, what might they not accomplish. We need more publications, and the very best that can be secured. We need the foremost men and women for public lecturers, whose training has not been neglected, and whose experience, as well as capacity, will secure for them a wide popular influence. Why will not Spiritualists make a movement for erecting places of public worship of a character in keeping with the principles and faith enunciated in our philosophy? There will have to be a movement in this matter sometime; why not now? The field is before us, and labor is needed in all parts of it.

Washington. Mrs. Cora Daniels is engaged to lecture in Washington, D. C., during this month. She arrived there in season to speak on Sunday, Feb. 11th, to crowded audiences.

Spiritual Meetings in the Melodeon.

Large audiences were in attendance at the Melodeon on Sunday, Feb. 11, to hear Mr. F. L. H. Willis's discourses on the Philosophy of Spiritualism; its science and its religion. The truth and beauty of his argumentative reasoning was so clear that all could comprehend the teachings, although it was exhaustive and profound, going to the very depths of science and religion.

The eloquent lecturer had not proceeded with his subject but a few moments before his hearers were deeply interested, and followed him to the end with close attention. Such discourses, at this time, would be of more benefit to humanity—could all church-going people hear them—than all the theological teachings which have been given to the world.

As it was, quite a number of persons were present who had never before heard any elucidation of our philosophy, and were greatly surprised and delighted with its apparent truthfulness and beauty, and resolved to learn more of it. So it would be with thousands, if they would only listen to the expounders of Spiritualism, instead of its villifiers, who really know but little else about it than that false creeds and dogmas fly at its approach like chaff before the wind. No one, unless a deep-dyed bigot, can listen to one such discourse without having his soul enlightened and made happy.

Every one who can should embrace the opportunity to visit these free meetings in the Melodeon, Sunday afternoons and evenings. We assure the skeptics that Spiritualism is based on the eternal principles of truth, and they will, sooner or later, find it to be so, and halt the demonstration with joy. Sincere prayers are ever ascending to God and the spirit-world from grateful souls who are redeemed from the shackles of a false theology and the galling bondage of a bigoted priesthood.

Next Sunday will be the last opportunity, for the present, to hear Mr. Willis. The following Sunday Mrs. Laura DeForce Gordon, an eloquent and talented trance-speaker, will occupy the desk, and continue to do so through the month of March.

The Haunted House.

The Philadelphia papers are much exercised over the doings of a class of invisibles who seem to have taken full possession of a three-story brick house in that city, occupied by a "good Baptist" and his family, all of them being, as one of the touting dailies expresses it, "opposed to the dogmas of Spiritualism," and "communicants of the Baptist Church," bearing "a high character for Christian integrity and rectitude."

The house in question has been subjected to a pretty rough visitation, evidently from a class of spirits that owe the inmates some grudge, or else are bent on making all the mischief they can for some ulterior object. It appears that the Baptist minister who remained in it for a night or two, to see the doings for himself, was willing to admit that the intelligences present were evil ones, which they very clearly are; but why should he, and others like him, be so prompt to deny that good spirits can manifest themselves as well? The whole matter, at all events, was inexplicable to him; and he said so. The spirits banged hymn-books and testaments about him in a way to astonish him. And others who kept him company, all unbelievers, were impressed in the same degree. There is a class of minds that will never credit spirit power of manifestation, unless it is declared in just such a mode as this.

On our third page will be found full particulars of the affair, which we copy from the Philadelphia papers.

The Providence Convention.

At the request of parties interested, we gratuitously published the Call for a Convention of Spiritualists, to meet in Providence on the 15th inst. Some misunderstanding having occurred between several who signed the Call, the Convention was not held; although quite a number of people went to Providence to attend it, supposing it would take place as per Call. No one authorizing us to withdraw the notice, we published it again in the last Banner; and those who went to Providence found no hall open to receive them.

Mr. Loveland, in another column, explains the manner in which the Convention was called. We hope those who feel like making personal apologies in regard to the matter, will correspond with each other, and not send their notes to be published in the Banner, for it is not of sufficient public interest; besides, our columns are crowded with matter of more general interest to the great body of Spiritualists. We throw out these hints with the utmost good feelings to all parties concerned.

The Concord Bank Robbery.

The principal robber of the Concord Bank, of Concord, Mass., has been arrested, and \$100,000 of the stolen bonds and money recovered. The rogue's name was Langdon W. Moore, alias Charley Adams, a counterfeiter by profession. He had been planning for the operation for six months, before he finally accomplished it. He resided on the bank eighty nights, with false keys; but could not gain accession to the vault until the day of the robbery. As soon as the cashier locked the bank and went to his dinner, Adams boldly walked up to the door, opened it with his false keys, went in and locked it after him, and with other keys opened four or five doors, till he reached the safe, the key of which he found in the room. He soon took out some \$300,000 and decamped. He was arrested in Paulsborough, N. J.

To our Subscribers.

As the present volume of the Banner closes with three more numbers, we earnestly request our friends to renew their subscriptions before that time, as all names are taken from our mailing-machine as soon as the time for which subscribers have paid expires. By so doing they will avoid the delay occasioned by resetting the names in the machine, and thus accommodate all parties.

Musical Scenes.

Annie Lord Chamberlain's musical scenes, at 158 Washington street, are as attractive as usual, and serve a purpose beyond the mere entertainment they produce, viz., to establish the fact of direct spirit-communication. These physical manifestations are the alphabet of Spiritualism, and, as such, are of great use. The above circles are held on Tuesday, Thursday and Friday evenings of each week, at half past seven o'clock; also every Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock.

Emma Hardinge's Address on America.

Miss Hardinge commenced a series of public addresses on "America," in St. James's Hall, London, on Saturday, Jan. 13th, and has continued them each succeeding Saturday afternoon to audiences of upwards of fifteen hundred persons. The press and correspondents are taking considerable notice of them. The Spiritual Times says: "Nothing was said of Spiritualism, but much was said that, to a Spiritualist, would convey the thought that the spiritual idea was not lost sight of, in fact, that it was the ruling idea of the entire oration. Instance the lady's references to Columbus and the 'higher law,' the work of inspiration. We must not forget the strong prejudice nursed in this country against women appearing on the rostrum, and we feel, therefore, that Miss Hardinge, from that fact alone, should receive the sympathy and support of every true social reformer."

The London correspondent of the Saturday Evening Gazette, speaks of Miss H. and her orations as follows:

"Perhaps Boston remembers a young and interesting Spiritualist, who used to occasionally lecture there, and was originally an actress in England—Miss Emma Hardinge. She has passed several years in America, and is now giving lectures on that country in St. James's Hall, London. It is almost unnecessary to say that lady orators are very rare in England, as indeed they are everywhere. The English, too, delight in a quiet, practical speaker; one who takes them over the ground carefully and does not disturb the equilibrium of their minds by any flights of eloquence or indulgence in what they term 'the American spread-eagles.' It would be difficult, therefore, to imagine the astonishment which filled the hearts of those fifteen hundred sturdy Britons, who beheld a young and prepossessing female for two hours filling a large hall with a strong, sonorous voice, marching theatrically to and fro upon the platform, waxing more and more eloquent as time rolled on, and ending in a peroration of ten minutes' duration without once taking breath. Such an overwhelming stream of words, garnished by wonderful melodramatic starts and movements about the stage I never beheld, even at home, and the peroration in which she designated our land as 'God's America,' and pictured the hand of destiny pointing thither as to the country where was to be found the combined excellence of all other lands; when she told us that the sun and infinite hosts of planets were joining in the chorus 'Westward Ho!' and calling upon the nations of the earth to follow the cry and press on to the land of promise, we all sat spell-bound with awe, feeling that it was either superhuman bombast or spiritual inspiration."

It is very evident Miss Hardinge is creating quite a sensation in the English metropolis.

Death of Bishop Fitzpatrick.

The Right Rev. John B. Fitzpatrick, Bishop of the Roman Catholic Diocese of Massachusetts, died in this city on the 13th inst. The deceased was born in Boston, receiving the rudiments of his education in our common schools, from which he graduated with honor, and entered the Sulpician College in Montreal, pursuing his studies there for eight years. He then spent three years in the Sulpician Seminary in France, where he was ordained as priest. Returning to Boston in 1840, he commenced his ecclesiastical duties here, and in 1841 was consecrated as Bishop of the Diocese of Massachusetts. His health becoming impaired by the labors of his office, he sought, in 1862, its restoration, by a voyage to Europe. His sojourn in foreign climes had an effect, however, but partially restorative, and on his return in September, 1864, to his duties, his health began again to decline, till he breathed his last. The Bishop was a man of great intellectual culture and of eminent personal virtues.

Steamer Disasters.

The past month has presented a fearful record of disasters by steamship and steamer, on the ocean and our inland waters, from the perusal of whose details the sensitive heart recoils. One noble screw steamship left the Thames for Australia, with about two hundred and fifty passengers, and foundered in the Bay of Biscay in a hurricane, carrying down with her all her passengers and crew save nineteen. Another foundered on the same day, in the same waters. We have lost a national steamer in the Gulf, with all on board. On the Ohio, Mississippi and Arkansas rivers there have been numerous steamboat boiler explosions, with confagurations following after, attended with a most wasteful loss of human life. Hundreds of men, women and children have gone out of the world in this dreadful way. The season has been one of remarkable fatality by shipwrecks, and foundering, and boiler explosions.

The Great West.

The rapidity with which the far West is settling is a matter calculated to excite general astonishment. A tier of large mountain States are fast forming, that will constitute the backbone itself of our free federation. The opening and successful working of the gold and silver mines of Colorado, Idaho, Nevada and Montana, almost put the tales of old romance itself at fault. These are the future seat of Republican empire. The sections will all be held together, and be made to rest, on this firm basis and pivot. A hardy race of men are going out and making homes in that country, educated and trained in the principles of civil liberty, and ready to protect and defend free institutions to the end of their days. It will not be many years before there will be a railroad all the way to the Pacific, and Europe will cross our Continent on its way to the East.

The South American States.

Peru having revolutionized her Government because of the indignation felt for the treaty it made with Spain, has now hastened to the assistance of Chili in its war with that European power, and made an offensive and defensive treaty with its prosperous neighbor. There is a promise, too, of a still further confederation among the free States of the western coast, to aid one another in repelling foreign invaders and preserving their own independence. It is perfectly plain that the South American republics do not mean to give up their liberties to other nations, whether they consent to waste them by internal dissensions or not. In our opinion, it will not be long before an enlightened public sentiment will give the governments of those States the right turn for their own elevation and perpetuity.

Soldiers' Benefit.

We style the Grand Military Ball which is to come off in Boston on the 5th of next month, the Soldiers' Benefit. It is so set down in the advertisements to be found in the newspapers. The Governor is at the head of the chief executive committee, and any number of military men of distinction are on the other committees. The Boston Theatre is the place which is to be favored with this brilliant scene, which the managers of the affair promise shall be in all respects superior to everything hitherto attempted in Boston, the Prince of Wales' Ball not excepted. The profits of the ball are to be appropriated to the needy and deserving of the brave Massachusetts Volunteers, and we hope the same will be largely beyond the most sanguine expectations. Boston has had nothing like a ball, this long time.

Personal. A. J. and Mary F. Davis are now at work in Vineland, N. J., organizing a Children's Lyceum.

D. D. Home is announced to deliver a course of lectures on Spiritualism, in London.

Warren Chase will lecture in Westfield, Mass., on Sunday, Feb. 25th.

A. A. Pond, of Northwest, Williams county, O., an inspirational speaker, has decided to devote more of his time to the lecturing field.

Chas. A. Haydon, the young New England orator, who has been lecturing in Chicago for the last six weeks, is meeting with great success.

Mrs. A. P. Brown, of St. Johnsbury, Vt., an able worker in the lecturing field, has been recuperating for the last five or six weeks.

I. G. Atwood, M. D., a gentleman of education, is quietly doing a noble work for suffering humanity, at his institute at No. 1 Marks Place, New York.

Mrs. Anna Cora Mowatt Ritchie has written a new novel entitled "The Clyffards of Clyffe."

Dr. F. J. H. Willis. It is with pleasure that we announce to our New England friends that they will have an opportunity to listen to Mr. Willis's fine lectures, as it is his present intention to locate in Boston early in the spring, where he will practice as a physician.

For two years past Mr. W. has confined his speaking mostly to New York, and we are glad New England is to have the benefit of his noble inspirational teachings.

The scenes on the ponds in the vicinity of Boston for the past month have been animated almost beyond description.

The largest crowd ever assembled in Pittsburg to witness any amusement, were gathered at the Central Skating Park on Tuesday, Feb. 6th.

Long words, like long dresses, frequently hide something wrong about the understanding.

The Ragged Schools in England have educated over a quarter of a million of children of the dangerous classes in England within a few years.

The Vinmas cigar ship, now building in London, is expected by the projectors to run at a maximum speed of twenty-seven miles per hour.

The luxury of toilets at the Imperial ball in Mexico, is said to be beyond the limits of description of a Republican pen.

The Louisville (Ky.) Journal says: "No matter, dear reader, what you see in the papers; Jeff Davis won't have a military trial, and he won't be convicted."

The new Cabinet Minister, Mr. Crocker, appears to have burnt upon London like a meteor.

A girl who had become tired of single blessedness thus wrote to her intended husband: "Dear Bill, come right off if you're comin' at all."

A newspaper is about to be published at St. Petersburg entitled "The Woman's Question."

The Richmond property owners have begun to suffer for their extortionate rents.

A dashing young bachelor has appeared in London with two handsome ponies, whose tails are done up to look like a lady's "waterfall."

The Independent says Charles Sumner's argument for the Rights of Men ought to be printed by the hundred thousand, and scattered like seed-grain throughout the nation.

A friend of ours says "It's all very well to be rich, but it is extremely annoying to be beset daily in consequence by priests and laymen asking aid for their Churches, especially when he has no sympathy with the 'dry bones' of Old Theology."

Read the Questions and Answers, Spirit Messages, etc., on the sixth page. All interesting. We are testing the truth of many of these messages almost daily.

Read the letter of Mr. Whipple in relation to teaching mutes to read and to speak audibly.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

It is said that scientific lectures on Sunday evenings in England are frequent and popular, much to the chagrin of Old Theology, which turns up its sanctity nose at the innovation.

I. O. O. F.—The institution of Odd Fellowship appears to be the most beneficial of any similar organization in this country.

Francis II, the ex-King of Naples, has pawned his crown diamonds to the government pawn office at Rome for \$40,000, which he had hard work to obtain.

We are never rendered so ridiculous by qualities which we possess, as by those which we aim at, or affect to have.

The House of Representatives of the Ohio Legislature, on the 13th, passed the bill fixing eight hours for a day's labor by a vote of 70 to 14.

A CHILD'S QUESTION.—"Wonder why mamma told Bridget the other day to say that she was not at home when Tommy Day's mother called, and then puts me to bed without my supper every time I tell a lie?"

The false hair business in Paris amounts to \$300,000 per annum.

Wherever there is pleasant laughter, there inevitable memories are being stored up, and such free play given to the nerve and brain that whatever thought and power the family circle is capable of will have a fair chance of due expansion.

The man who "carries everything before him" is the winner.

A Florence letter says the brigands continue their operations with success.

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An old theology Christian in Illinois wrote to a colored brother, protesting against his worshiping with the whites, and saying: "I and many others would think quite as well of you, if you would attend church among your own kind, and after we leave this world, if it is the will of God that all races should be equal, I am willing."

Very decided evidence of the great efficacy of Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders, in diseases of both the mind and the body, will be found on page five.

The truly illustrious are they who do not court the praise of the world, but perform the actions which deserve it.

Prof. Hough, of the Dudley Observatory, speaking of the comparative changes of the barometer and thermometer during the cold snap of last month, says that in January the barometer attained the greatest elevation ever known in the United States.

The Philadelphia Quakers have raised a fund of \$125,000 to found an institute for colored children in that city.

The death of a Moravian bishop is thus announced: "He was thirty-seven years old, and leaves an interesting family of eleven wives and forty-seven small children to mourn his death."

"That was a horrible affair," said Mr. Marston to Mr. Southgate, "the murderer of Deane, and sealing up his remains in a tin box." "What Deane?" asked the bewildered musician. "Sar Deane," replied the funny actor.

I hate to see a thing done by halves. If it be right, do it boldly; if it be wrong, leave it undone.—Gilpin.

Among the articles taken into the far West last year by one or two Indian traders, were a few gross of Phalon's "Night-Blooming Ceruus," with which some of the red ladies were so delighted that they would not look at the other notions as long as it lasted.

NEW YORK MATTERS.

Yesterday was set apart for a visit to the "Children's Progressive Lyceum," which, in New York, meets at Ebbitt Hall every Sunday afternoon.

Meeting at the appointed hour, the children resort to their respective Groups, to which they are assigned in accordance with their age.

Being called to order by the Conductor, the exercises consist, first, of singing, in which all join, under the Musical Director's charge.

The Guardian of the Groups selects a poem, or other appropriate subject, the reading of which is alternated or "silver-chained," as it is termed—the Guardian reading the first and each alternate line, the whole Lyceum devotionally reading the second, and so on, in concert to the end.

It takes this opportunity to acknowledge the reception of the above-mentioned book, which was sent to the Lyceum, and likewise to express my deep gratitude to the generous giver thereof.

MARY M. LYONS, Poetical, Inspirational, and Musical. Test and Binding, Albany, N. Y., Office, 231, Nassau St., N. Y., box 126, care of Mrs. Wm. B. Hatch. \*Feb. 21.

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MRS. ADELAIDE COOMBS, Unconscionable France, and Catarrhal Medium. Also, examines the sick at Harrison Avenue, Boston. 2nd—Feb. 21.

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MRS. N. J. WILLIS—MADAM: Please accept the enclosed bank-bill as a slight remuneration for the very able manner in which you delivered the course of Lectures on the "Bible and the Human Mind" at the Lyceum, Boston, Mass., Feb. 15, 1865.

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Business Matters.

JAMES V. MANSFIELD, TRAT MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 102 West 11th street, New York. Terms, \$5 and four three-cent stamps.

COPPER TIPS protect the toes of children's shoes. One pair will outwear three without tips. Sold everywhere.

L. L. FAIRBANKS, Medium for Answering Sealed Letters. Address, Box 1071, Boston, Mass. Terms, \$3.00 and 3 three-cent stamps.

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

DR. URIAH CLARK CURES WITHOUT MEDICINE! 18 Chauncy street, Boston, Mass. Dec. 5.

ALLEN'S LUNG BALM.—The remedy is a most valuable preparation for the cure of Consumption. Men who prepare it are reliable. The afflicted can use it with entire confidence.

FOR SALE BY M. R. BURR & CO., Boston. 2w-Feb. 11. Also, by the Dealers in Family Medicines generally.

MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP WITH P. T. BARRITT'S PURE CONCENTRATED POTASH SOAP MAKER. Warranted double the strength of common Potash, and superior to any other soap or ley in market.

PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION. Prepared only by P. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, No. 49 Broad street, Boston, and for sale by all druggists. Price \$2.00 per bottle. Call for

Notice to Subscribers.—Your attention is called to the plan we have adopted of placing figures at the end of each of your numbers, as printed on the paper or wrapper.

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

DR. BUTLEY'S WORK IN ZANESVILLE, O. This, Feb. 11. During his short stay many very remarkable cures were effected.

RED HAIR GRAY HAIR LIGHT HAIR! WHISKERS and MOUNTAIN CHIEFS a beautiful brown in three weeks. Also, hair prevented from falling out, or becoming thin, and new hair produced where there are none.

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DISEASES OF

Both the Body and the Mind

CURED BY

MRS. SPENCE'S

POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS.

Prof. Spence—Dear Sir: I use this medicine to let you know what your Positive and Negative Powders have done.

I have inherited a tendency to Melancholy and Depression, but I can now say, like your correspondent, E. Dayton, of Hunter Grove, Ill., that your Powders are good for the Blue Devils.

My son, a lad of seventeen, has been afflicted with the Catarrh, but he is now much improved by the use of your Powders.

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Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER was spoken by the Spirit who gave it, and bears the instrumentalality of Mrs. J. H. Conant.

Our Free Circles are held at No. 158 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 4, (up stairs), on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS.

Invocation. Oh God of all nations! Oh light of our souls! Whose loving hand guides us, whose wisdom controls,

Questions and Answers. CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Mr. Chairman, if you have questions from correspondents or the audience, we are now ready to consider them.

QUEST.—Will the controlling influence enlighten us on this subject? The answer to a sealed question is this: "With you, not here—Here with me, and not here."

QUEST.—Mrs. A. Duell having lost two members of her family by typhoid fever, and not knowing but it might be from some fault in the nursing,

QUEST.—Every particular case demands its own particular sphere of action. It would be absolutely impossible to set up a general rule in this matter, or any other.

QUEST.—By Samuel Eddy. I am informed through spirits, that eternal progression and harmony are the inherent principles of spirits who have passed out of the form.

QUEST.—There are no premature deaths, because there are no mistakes made by Nature. Progression does not mean simply the going forward in life. It means something more than this.

Caroline L. Wiseman. In 1861, by the advice of friends, I left my home in Virginia and came to reside, until quiet should be restored, in Trenton.

as fair a chance as any, of transmitting some intelligence to my friends. My brother, who reached the spirit-world from the battle-field before me, also joins me in sending word to our friends that we are alive; that we can come; that we rejoice that the war is so far over, that things are beginning in some respects to assume quietude.

Major William H. Dixon. Fully expecting I shall meet justice at your hands, I present myself here to-day to receive favors. I was Major William H. Dixon, and I lost my life at the storming of Fort Danielson.

QUEST.—I shall, sir, from Georgia. I have friends who are dear to me, for whom I would, if I could, part with all my future hopes, if I could only assure them, in their own souls, that spirits can return;

QUEST.—I would make special communication to my brother Augustus, if I can. I want him to put down all fear of death, all fear of public opinion in this matter; give me a chance to talk to him, and I'll tell him some things I do not care to tell here.

QUEST.—Well, sir, I've been ever since 1853 trying to come to this place. Yes, sir, it was in 1853 that I died. I know something about this thing; went to a clairvoyant to see what ailed me.

QUEST.—Yes, sir, my name is James Welsh, and I lived in Boston, on High street. Yes, sir, and it was down at a hotel in Haymarket Square; yes, sir, and me wife was with me, and we talk the matter all over when we go home—me wife and me.

QUEST.—Oh, I am so glad to be able to come. Oh, I know Mary's thinking all the time, "If Spiritualism was true, James would have been back before this. It's not so easy to come, no, it isn't."

QUEST.—Oh, I was sick a long time, sir; I was ailing more than eight or nine months. I took a very bad cold, and somehow it settled on me lungs, and I grew bad all the time.

QUEST.—I am Arabelle Stearns. My father keeps a store in Canal street, New York. I lived there. I was eight years old.

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If I had not been sick, I was going to Washington. I was going to the inauguration hall with my mother and father. I got sick, and they had to stay at home.

Invocation. Infinite Jehovah, we thank thee for as much of thy will and way as the stern forces of Nature have revealed unto us.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Mr. Chairman, if you have inquiries we are ready to consider them.

QUEST.—Will the talked-of "war of ideas" be universal, or limited to America?

QUEST.—Why were so many swine kept in Jerusalem, when the Jews were forbidden to eat their flesh?

QUEST.—That we do not know.

Osgood Eaton. There are many reasons why I have deemed it well to avail myself of the privilege you offer at this place for the return and manifestation of those spirits who have thrown off their own material organizations.

QUEST.—It is not necessary for me to go on with a review of my past life, to prove that I am the spiritual personage that I purport to be.

QUEST.—I am not here to prove that I live; no, I am only here to answer the demands of my own nature; to do what my God determines that I shall do.

QUEST.—I am Osgood Eaton, formerly a resident of your city. I passed on to the spheres of spiritual life from Fortress Monroe. I shall be known, sir, far and well.

QUEST.—Ha, mother! look here! I can't answer any letters, (referring to a sealed letter that lay on the table) but I want you to tell Sarah for me, that so sure as she submits to that operation, she will die.

QUEST.—I have come here before, and I was then, as I am now, in an unhappy, miserable state. I had ears here, but I didn't hear. I had eyes, but I

QUEST.—I have a brother George. He was sick too, but he got well. My grandfather Parsons is in the spirit-land, and he has learnt me to come; and he says if my mother will believe, it will be a balm of Gilead to her soul.

QUEST.—I am a stranger not only to you but to the conditions I have undertaken to make use of, that I may manifest myself again, as a spirit, to those I have left.

QUEST.—I am Annie Slade, of Thompsonville, Ohio, nine years old. It's most a year since I left. I've been trying all the time to come back. I had a fever and ulcerated throat. [A sore throat?] Yes, sir.

as first a private in the 7th Louisiana Infantry. I rose to First Lieutenant, and held that commission at the time of my death.

QUEST.—I know there are some who do good with their money, but these are the exceptions. They are very, very rare.

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