

BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XVIII.

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NO. 24.

MR. DE SPLAE.

BY MISS LIZZIE DOREN.

It may seem a strange question, good people—but say—

Did you never hear tell of one Mr. De Splae?
A man who made up for the lack of good sense
By a wondrous amount of mere show and pre-
tense;

Puffed up with conceit like an airy balloon,
He was hard to approach as the "man in the
moon."
Save when for some purpose it came in his way,
And then, oh how gracious was Mr. De Splae!

A sly politician—a popular man—
When all things went smoothly he marshaled the
van;
But when there was aught like a failure to fear,
He quickly deserted or fell to the rear.
His speech for the people went "gaily and glib,"
While he drew his support from the National
crib;
But when an assessment or tax was to pay,
Oh, how outraged and angry was Mr. De Splae!

He smoked, and he chewed, and he drank, and he
swore;
But then every man whom the ladies adore,
Is prone to these fallings—some more and some
less,
Which are all overlooked in a man of address.
It also was whispered that he had betrayed
The too trusting love of an innocent maid;
But the ladies all blamed her for going astray,
While they pardoned and petted—"dear Mr. De
Splae."

There was good Mr. Honest, who lived but next
door,
He was true, and substantial, and sound to the
core;
He had made it the rule of his life from his
youth,
To shun all evasions and speak the plain truth;
But the ladies—who always are judges, you know,
Declared him to be a detestable beau—
Not worthy of mention within the same day,
With that pink of perfection—"dear Mr. De Splae."

Withal he was pious—perhaps you will smile,
And ask how he happened the church to beguile;
Why, the churches accept men for better or worse,
If there's only a plenty of cash in the purse.
Gold still buys remission as freely and fast,
As it did in the Catholic Church in the past.
'Tis the same thing right over, and that was the
way.

That the church swallowed smoothly, "good Mr.
De Splae."
Oh, you ought to have heard him when leading in
prayer!
How he flattered the Father of All for his care,
And confessed he was sinful a thousand times
o'er,
Which 'twas morally certain the Lord knew be-
fore.

The ladies responded in sweet little sighs,
With their elegant handkerchiefs pressed to their
eyes,
But the pure, unsexed spirits turned sadly away,
From the loud-mouthed devotions of Mr. De
Splae.

Oh short-sighted mortal! Poor Mr. De Splae!
His mask of deception was moulded in clay,
And when his external in death was let fall,
What he was, without seeming, was known unto
all.

His garment of patches—his flimsy disguise—
Which had won him distinction in other men's
eyes,
Was "changed in a twinkling"—aye, vanished
away,
Leaving nothing to boast of to Mr. De Splae.

Ah, a great reputation, a title, or name,
Often brings its possessor to sorrow and shame;
But a character, founded in goodness and worth,
Outlasts all the perishing glories of earth.
O'er the frailties of nature—o'er the changes of
time,
It rises majestic, in beauty sublime,
Till the weak and faint-hearted are cheered by its
ray.
Far above all mere seeming and empty display.

Written for the Banner of Light.

LINES.

TO MY FRIEND, MISS H. S. INGRAHAM.

BY MISS E. C. OGDONNE.

May friendship's pure and never-dying flame
Remain within our hearts, toward each other,
Unchanging and eternal, still the same,
As years roll on, pursuing one another;
And may thy firm, true spirit ever be
Unshackled, bright, in all its purity.

Oh! may thy life be free from earthly care—
But 'tis the lot of mortals here below
To meet with grief, affliction's blight to bear.
And if thou sorrow hast, 'tis sweet to know
That death to us is an eternal gain,
Releasing us from trouble, woe and pain.

I miss thee, Helen, in the sweet communion
That binds so closely true and loving hearts.
And may time kindly hasten our reunion,
When we shall meet, though it be but to part.
For ties are broken in this world, and only
Is happiness above; we here are lonely.

Farewell; and let us hope our separation
Will be but short; but should we meet no more
In earth-life, in a near and sweet relation
We'll join each other on the eternal shore,
Where angels, watching o'er us, wait to guide
Our souls triumphant o'er Death's gloomy tide.

CORRESPONDENCE WITH S. B. BRITTAN.

The following letter was forwarded to the Ban-
ner, doubtless with the expectation that it would
reach the party to whom it is addressed through
our columns. We took the liberty to hand it to
Dr. Brittan, whose appropriate reply follows the
letter of his correspondent.

Grass Valley, Nevada Co., Cal.,
Nov. 22, 1865.

DOCTOR S. B. BRITTAN—Dear Sir: The high
appreciation I have of your character precludes
the necessity of offering any apology for intruding
upon your notice; so to the point, which is main-
ly to suggest to you the propriety of writing a
"sequel" to "Man and his Relations," and for
these reasons: 1st, No one can read your works
as much as I have without being fully satisfied
that a desire to benefit your fellow-man is with
you paramount to all other considerations. Now
I believe that millions of people are mentally con-
stituted like myself, and this is my situation: I
am verging on three-score years, and until within
a year or two have been a thorough Atheist, be-
lieving man to be the highest order (and nothing
more) of the brute creation, and that when he
died, whatever he might possess of an interior
principle superior to them, was like a vapor, and
lost forever. One may imagine but never express
the anguish I have suffered for a good part of my
life from this belief, and doubtless should have
gone to the grave with this incubus; but, fortu-
nately, the "Telegraph Papers," "Brittan and
Richmond's Discussion," Judge Edmonds, A. J.
Davis, Prof. Hare—in short, everything that I
could buy or borrow on the subject—I read criti-
cally, and I trust, understandingly; also, I ought
to mention, the "Banner of Light." Well, at
length, my mental sky became pretty clear, and I
felt I was becoming a new and different man; so
to be still more sure, I thought, all that is now ne-
cessary is Doctor Brittan's new work. I sent to
Boston and got this, with eight or nine other
books.

And now comes the sorest trial of my life; per-
haps my anticipations were too high; but, at all
events, I am now almost as miserable as I was
two years ago. Why so? you will say. Answer:
True, your work is physiological; but "Man and
his Relations" is a very comprehensive phrase,
and I, for one, believing you to be a true, and de-
cidedly the ablest Spiritualist I have read, ex-
pected to find something at least encouraging on
that subject, but have been sadly, painfully disap-
pointed. From the beginning to the close, all the
wonderful cures are only the result of knowing
how to control vital electricity; in fact, it seems
to me you all but make electricity, life, soul,
spirit—everything but flesh and bones. Clairvoy-
ance is nothing but the mind (whatever that may
be) passing from one place to another. A man
may be dead for an indefinite period, so that de-
composition has not set in, an infusion of warmth
and electricity calls back the soul from the dis-
tant spheres; for surely we cannot suppose the
spiritual umbilicus remains intact, or undetached
for so long a time. What difference (spiritually)
can any one perceive between the frog lying dead
(apparently) through the winter at the bottom of
a pond, and the Indian Fakir lying entombed for
ten months? I could mention many things of a
like nature occurring in the book but for being
tedious; suffice it to say that the fairest inference
to be drawn is, that you have entirely discarded
Spiritualism, hence the encomiums of the theo-
logical press. I hope I may be mistaken, and all
the fault lie in my own obtuseness. If Spiritual-
ism is false, God (if there be one) help me, or all
is lost.

Toward the close of the book you write beau-
tifully of spirit and immortality. So does, or did,
Dick, and many others, who deny the beautiful
theory of Spiritualism. Before I read the book
nothing within my means could have kept it from
me. Now I deeply regret having ever seen it;
for if Spiritualism is false, may I ever remain
blind to the fact. Finally, then, if your views on
this subject are as when you thrilled the hearts of
all true believers in your discussion with Doctor
Richmond, I hope, on mature reflection, you may
be induced to subjoin an addenda, or sequel, to
"Man and his Relations;" for I believe the good
will be incalculable, and thousands will bless
you.

I have never had an opportunity of witnessing
the slightest phase of spirit- manifestation, and all
I know of the subject is from standard authors;
but the theory, oh! how grand! how sublime!
how ennobling! It covers all our wants, and sat-
isfies all our aspirations—removes the dread of
death—smooths the dying pillow—assuages all
our sorrows—is full compensation for the loss of
all earthly comforts—renders the separation of
beloved children and all earthly connections and
attachments only temporary. Take from me
health, friends, property, all that earth can yield,
only let me say, as I close my eyes for the last
time to external things, I know that Spiritualism
is true. Respectfully, J. A. TYLER.

My good friend expresses the dissatisfaction he
experienced on reading the book entitled Man
and his Relations, and he kindly suggests the
necessity for a sequel to that treatise. My thanks
are due to my distant correspondent for the frank-
ness which characterizes his epistle. The mani-
fest earnestness and sincerity of his inquiry after
truth entitles his letter to the most respectful con-
sideration. I am sorry to have disappointed the
hopes which our previous intercourse, through the
commerce of letters, had contributed to in-
spire. But the disappointment may have result-
ed in part from a misconception of my design. In
order to fairly determine whether a treatise on
any subject is a success or a failure it may be
necessary to comprehend the author's original
plan, the method proposed to be adopted, and the
prescribed limits of his work. It would certainly
be a source of deep and lasting regret should it
ultimately appear that my labors had served to

weaken, in any degree, the common faith in the
reality of a spiritual and everlasting life. While
it is quite possible I may err in judgment, I do
not think that the treatise on the relations of the
human mind to the body and to the external
world, is of such a nature and tendency. On the
contrary, I am assured by many correspondents,
that it has supplied them with a natural and ra-
tional basis for their previous spiritual convic-
tions. Others, who have been severely trained
and tried in the schools of modern materialism,
have professed to perceive in it something like a
friendly hand outstretched to lead them forward
and upward, from the low plane of a sensuous
life and a material philosophy to the very portals
of the Invisible World.

While we all possess the essential attributes
and qualities of one common nature, it can not
have escaped the most casual observation, that
the elements of mind and character are variously
combined. This diversity at once defines, and
enables us to distinguish, the separate individ-
ualities among men. It is not, therefore, to be ex-
pected that the same method, in the elucidation
of a subject, will be equally well adapted to all
minds. I have the means of knowing that the
treatment which proved to be so unsatisfactory
to my friend was happily adapted to meet the
wants of many others. However, this was not
because the author had "entirely discarded Spirit-
ualism;" not for the reason that he has treated
popular religious prejudices with remarkable
tenderness; nor yet because he has any disposi-
tion to enshrine the exploded dogmas of an effete
theology. When my correspondent intimates
that something of this kind may be fairly in-
ferred, I am prone to suspect that he has not read
the book to which he refers with the care and de-
liberation that warrant the expression of a de-
cisive judgment. Whatever verdict, in the case of
Man and his Relations, the public may be pleased
to render, the author may at least assume that in
his treatment of the subject he never deviated
from his course to conciliate any class of think-
ers, whether Christian or Infidel. He was not
engaged to deny the inspiring of ignorance
and superstition; not as a resurrectionist to dig
up the dry bones of old systems; not as the agent
of a fossil museum; nor as he bestowed on hoary
errors and venerable dogmas, however con-
secrated by the ministers and the offices of religion,
the respect that is only due to the truth. Let
those who will, serve in such capacities; the writer
has other and more serious work to do.

It is true that Man and his Relations does not
comprehend a particular discussion of the spiri-
tual phenomena; and for this a sufficient reason
may be assigned. They did not properly come
within the scope of the first volume on the rela-
tions of Man. It was but natural to commence
with his earthly constitution—to consider first the
relations of the human faculties and affections to
the corporeal organs; and, especially, through
these organic avenues, the relations of the mind
to the elements, forms and phenomena of the Vi-
sible World. If this is really accomplished, the
author's purpose—so far as it could be developed
in this first volume—is realized. The work was
composed with a view of the possible preparation
of a Second Volume, comprehending the relations
of Man to the realms of spiritual life and thought.
But the writer can make no promise in respect to
the execution of the second part of his plan.
When our venerable friend, Governor Tallmadge,
was obliged—against his inclination—to leave
anything undone, he was accustomed to excuse
the omission by saying, that he had been too con-
stantly employed on the "Committee of Ways
and Means." The present writer has long been a
member of that committee, and has a fair pros-
pect of serving in the same capacity during the
remainder of his natural life. The engrossing
character of the duties imposed upon him must
inevitably delay—may finally prevent—the full
accomplishment of the original design, especially
as he can not consent to a careless and hasty treat-
ment of so grave a subject as our relations to the
Immortal life and world. In that event, however,
the volume already published is not the less com-
plete and comprehensible in itself. And for the
rest, it were perhaps better to have a great ques-
tion involved in all its original obscurity, than to
have vainly meddled with it only to reveal the
narrow limits of our own powers in vivid con-
trast with what is immeasurable in the subject.

My friend seems to misapprehend the author's
purpose in the presentation of many of the facts
contained in his treatise. The phenomena of
Clairvoyance were introduced to show that the
power to see does not always and necessarily de-
pend on the eye—that a man may discern remote
objects and events in the absence of light, and
without the use of the organic instruments of
vision. So far as the general fact has any bear-
ing on the question, it sustains our hope of immor-
tality. It certainly affords strong presumptive
evidence that this sense will continue to exist,
and may be exercised after the body is disorgani-
zed. If one sense may, for a little season, be in-
tensely active and perfectly reliable, without the
use of the appropriate physical organ, why may
not all the senses be so exercised? And in view
of this fact, who is prepared to affirm that one
hundred and fifty pounds of flesh, more or less, is
indispensable to the mind's existence? I am not
able to discover aught in the nature of such a
faculty as the clairvoyant vision that can possibly
lead any man to distrust the existence of his own
soul. Whether his previous conviction did or did
not rest on a rational basis, how can the use we
have made of such facts unsettle his faith or oth-
erwise disturb the serenity of his mind? So far
as the existence of such a faculty and its mani-
festations can have any relation to the question of
the future life, they certainly carry with them a
significant and beautiful confirmation of our
hopes.

The cases of apparent death were introduced to
show that life, with all the powers of thought and
feeling, may remain a long time after the organic

functions are completely suspended; and hence,
that our conscious existence does not necessarily
depend on respiration and the heart's action. And
pray what is there in the nature of this fact either
to destroy or to enfeeble the conviction that we
are destined to possess and enjoy an uninter-
rupted life after the complete and final destruction
of the body? True, to illustrate the fact that a state
of suspended animation in man, and the subse-
quent restoration of all the powers of life, were
not impossible phenomena, in the nature of things,
reference was made to the hibernation of some of
the lower orders of animated nature. The possi-
ble occurrence of similar phenomena in the life of
man, was rendered the more apparent by the an-
alogies of the animal world. The course of re-
asoning on this topic was particularly designed to
discuss the essential condition of those persons
who, in one way or another, have been reinat-
ed long after the outward signs of life had disap-
peared; thus suggesting a natural and rational
explanation of a fact which biblical authors have
been pleased to regard as a miracle, in the super-
natural sense of the term.

My correspondent would do well to observe the
particular use which was made of the facts and
analogies under discussion. The writer certainly
never supposed that the question of immortality
was to be either settled or unsettled by the cita-
tion of such facts or the discovery of such analo-
gies. What if the vital functions in both animals
and men may be temporarily suspended. Men
and animals are alike in many other particulars.
They all eat and digest their food; they respire,
the blood circulates and they propagate their kind.
In short, all the processes and functions of organ-
ic chemistry and animal physiology are common
to both. But we are not accustomed to question
our manhood on this account; and of course we
look elsewhere for the evidence on which we rest
our own high hopes of a super-sensuous and im-
mortal life.

Let it not be said that the writer has deserted
Spiritualism. When one has pursued the even-
tenor of his way for twenty years, without wav-
ering—amidst the most determined and bitter
opposition—through evil and good report; it is too
late to falter and turn back when the goal is in
sight. If we required the light when the sense
was quick and the eye had lost none of its youth-
ful fire, do we not need it now? We can ill afford
to dispense with the immortal sunshine when the
frosts of fifty winters have gathered upon the
brow. When the shadows lengthen on the plane,
and our earthly expectations have been modified
by the discipline of a painful experience; when
our mortal passions decline, and time has chilled
the warm blood; oh, then, if our inward sup-
ports fail us, we are poor indeed! Happily
the writer's poverty is not of this descrip-
tion; and he ventures to hope that his distant
friend may yet enjoy the wealth that consists in
those imperishable hopes that sometimes spring
up from the ashes of earthly fortunes to glorify
our existence. The divine fires may yet be re-
kindled and burn brightly on the cold altars of our
faith and love. May they temper life's wintry
winds, and melt the glaciers that form about such
minds and hearts as are without light and hope in
the world. S. B. B.

THE MYSTERIES OF IRON.—There is no miracle
recorded in the annals of any religion more mys-
terious, more incomprehensible, more inconceiv-
able, than some of the well-known properties of
the simple metal, iron. Consider, for instance, its
change from its ordinary to its passive state. If
a piece of the metal in its ordinary condition is
immersed in nitric acid, it is powerfully acted
upon, entering into combination with the acid and
losing its metallic form. But if a piece of platinum
wire has one end inserted in the acid, and the iron
is then immersed in contact with the wire, it is so
changed that the acid has no power upon it, and
this condition continues after the platinum wire
has been withdrawn. The contact of a single
point with the platinum sends a transformation
all through its particles which renders them in-
vulnerable to the attacks of the most powerful
acid. Even more wonderful is its change under the
influence of a current of electricity. When a
bar of pure, soft iron is welded with an insulated
wire and a current of electricity is sent through
the wire, the bar is instantly converted into a
magnet. It is endowed with an unseen force
which stretches out from its ends, and seizes any
piece of iron within its reach, draws it to itself,
and holds it in its invincible grasp. The object of
insulating the wire is to prevent the electricity
from leaving it, and yet through this insulating
coat a power is exerted which changes so strange-
ly the nature of the iron, enabling it to act on
substances with which it is not in contact. As
soon as the circling current ceases, the iron be-
comes like Samson shorn of his locks, its miracu-
lous power has departed. No less mysterious
than either of these is the more familiar phenom-
enon of the fall of a piece of iron to the ground,
under the simple action of gravitation. What is
that invisible force which reaches out in all direc-
tions from the earth and clutches all matter in its
grasp? The fibres of this power are impercepti-
ble to any of our senses. If we pass our hands
under a suspended rock, we can feel nothing
reaching from it to the earth, yet there is some-
thing stretching up from the earth, taking hold of
the rock and drawing it down with the strength
of a hundred cables! We walk enveloped in mys-
teries, and "our daily life is a miracle."

MOTHER.—The education of children should
not be commenced at too young an age. The
body should be allowed all the vitality it can
possibly acquire without having it consumed by
brain-work. It is a mistaken idea that smart
children make smart men. The vast majority of
children who mature young, wear out the deli-
cate machinery before they arrive at an age to
enjoy their acquisitions.

A VISION OF JOSEPH HOAG.

Within the last ten or fifteen years I have con-
tributed quite a number of copies, to different por-
tions of the public press for publication, of a man-
uscript under the above caption, that was handed
to me, about twenty-three years ago, by a mem-
ber of the Society of Friends, the original never
having gone out of my possession since I received it.

It will be observed that there are six distinct
events foreshadowed in the vision—viz:
1st, Great agitation in the Churches, culminat-
ing in division; first in the Presbyterian order
and afterwards in the Society of Friends. Events
have vindicated in a remarkable manner the
truth of this prediction, and in the order of time
narrated. Unlike what might have been expected,
when the dividing spirit (which ended in a di-
vision) entered the Society of Friends, which was
after the division among the Presbyterians, so
violent became the contention among that peace-
able sect that many officers and members of the
meetings were forcibly ejected from their seats
in their houses of worship.

2d, The violent outbreak and commotion that
broke out among the Masons at the time of the
abduction and murder of Morgan is still fresh in
the memory of many. This, too, is set down in the
vision in true order of time.

3d, The civil war just closed is next most dis-
tinctly in order.

4th, The abolition of slavery and the loss of the
power of the Southern States, is now a fact pa-
rent to every understanding.

5th, The arising of a monarchical power to take
control of the Government, and,
6th, The establishment of a national religion, to
be followed by persecution for conscience's sake,
which come next in order, are not yet accom-
plished, and it is devoutly to be hoped that we, as a
people, will be spared their infliction.

Joseph Hoag was a speaking medium, in fellow-
ship with the Society of "Friends," who, by their
tenets and discipline, profess to recognize no others
than such as ministers of the Gospel. He was of
a family whose organizations seem to have been
peculiarly fitted for inspirational mediumship, as
an unusual proportion of his name and kin have
been ministers in good esteem among Friends.
Like George Fox, the principal founder of the So-
ciety, and many other early Friends, as evidenced
in their published lives and writings, Mr. Hoag
was evidently highly gifted with both clairvoyant
and clairaudient mediumistic powers, which the
godless and truthful life he lived doubtlessly
rendered available to highly developed spiri-
tual influences—and hence the remarkable clearness
with which the coming events are foreshadowed
in the vision, and their (thus far) exact fulfillment.
Newport, R. I. THOMAS R. HAZARD.

THE VISION.

"About the year 1843, probably in the eighth or
ninth month, I was one day alone in the field,
and observed the sun alone clear, but a mist
eclipsed its brightness.

As I reflected upon the singularity of the event,
my mind was brought into a silence the most sol-
emn I ever remember to have witnessed, for all
my faculties were low and unusually brought in-
to deep silence.

I said to myself, "What can all this mean?" I
do not recollect ever before to have been sensible
of such feelings, and I heard a voice from heaven
saying, "This thou seest, which thins the
brightness of the sun, is a sign of present and
coming times. I took the forefathers of this
country from a land of oppression; I planted
them among the people of the forest; I sustained
them, and while they were humble, I blessed them,
I fed them, and they became a numerous
people. But they have become proud and lifted
up, and have forgotten me who nourished and
protected them in the wilderness, and are running
into every abomination and evil practice of which
the old countries are guilty, and have taken quiet-
ude from the land, and have suffered a dividing
spirit to come amongst them.

"Lift up thine eyes and behold!" And I saw
them dividing in great heat. This division began
in the Church on points of doctrine. It commenced
in the Presbyterian Society and went through the
various religious denominations, and, in its pro-
gress and close, its effects were nearly the same.
Those who dissented went off with light hearts
and taunting language, and those who kept to
their first sentiments appeared exercised and sorrow-
ful. And when the dividing spirit entered the
Society of Friends, it raged in as high degree as
any; and, as before, those who separated went off
with a lofty look and censuring, taunting lan-
guage, and those who kept their ancient principles
retired by themselves.

It next appeared in the lodges of the Free Ma-
sons, and broke out like a volcano, until it set
the whole country in an uproar for a length of time.

Then it entered politics throughout the United
States and produced a civil war, and abundance
of blood was shed in the combat. The Southern
States lost their power, and slavery was abolished.

Then a monarchical power arose and took the
Government of the States, and established a na-
tional religion, and made all societies tributary to
its support. I saw men take property from
friends to a great amount.

I was amazed at all this, and heard a voice pro-
claim, "This power shall not always stand, but
with it I will chastise my Church until they re-
turn to the faithfulness of their forefathers. Thou
seest what is coming on thy native land, for its
iniquity and the blood of Africa, the remembrance
of which has come before me."

"This vision is not for many years," but it became
such a burden that for my own relief I have writ-
ten it."

Three things only are essential to happiness,
namely: Something to do; something to love;
and something to hope for.

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."
(Lionel Hunt.)

VIRGINIA PERKINS.

CHAPTER XIV.
New Undertakings.

Sambo was quite well in a few days and Virginia was nicely rested, and she felt so happy and full of loving trust that she thought she should never doubt again the protecting power that made all things work for good. The world always seems very beautiful when the heart is truthful. If in our troubles we see that they will all work for good, then we do not fear them, and are quite ready to welcome others. Just as the farmer in the cloudy, stormy days, is quite satisfied to do without the sunshine, because he knows that his meadow needs the rain, and his crops require something besides the sunlight, so when we see that the cloudy days of adversity will bring the spirit more strength and beauty than unbroken ease and prosperity, we are quite willing to wait until the sunshine of better days comes.

Virginia and Sambo started again on their journey quite sure that some good was coming to them. The place where they had been stopping was so secluded that little news from the world outside reached it. There had been some rumors of a great battle; but none of the colored people seemed to believe them, and they told Virginia all about their life in that quiet place, and of their great sorrows that sometimes shut over them, making their whole lives seem like a passage through the wilderness, but never overshadowing their sky so that they could not see the face of their Lord smiling on them.

Virginia and Sambo had traveled a week when they found quite a change in the appearance of all things, and wherever they stopped they heard of arms, and all that accompanies them. Sambo insisted on keeping in the most secluded paths, and he seemed terrified when they approached those spots that bore traces of horsemen and soldiers. But at last at one place at twilight they beheld an encampment. What a beautiful sight it was. Far down in the distance the white tents appeared, and against the line of forest, now dark in shadow, they looked to Virginia like openings to the beautiful sky beyond. She almost fancied that they had at last reached that horizon that she had so often looked longingly to, and had found it all prepared for her entrance to the beautiful land where her mother had gone.

Sambo stood in wondering amazement at the sight before him. Much as he loved the new and strange, he was somewhat alarmed at what he saw, and felt disturbed that he had not been able to see the shoreward to avoid what seemed to him a danger. A shadow came over his face and lines of gloomy anxiety appeared.

"Is it not beautiful?" said Virginia. "Oh, I am so glad we came this way, and now I know just how Hugh likes it."

"It may be beautiful to you, Missus, but Sambo rather see de wolves in de Spring an' hear dere bark close up to de cabin door, than see dat sight. It 'min's me, Missus, of de time I was taken back to my ole Massa, after I had got so far away I was berry sure I neber go back."

"Oh, Sammy," said Virginia, "don't say so; it frightens me, if anything should happen to you I should never forgive myself for letting you come with me."

Sambo was quite himself again in a moment. "Oh, Missus," said he, "Sammy feel de honor, and neber 'gret anything. It 'pears like he fine some way out ob dese perils. When Moses told de children ob Israel through de fiery furnace, he neber glib up at de las' moment."

Sambo had not more than spoken this, when a rough voice accosted them and demanded the countersign. Of course they neither of them knew what to say, and in a moment they were taken in custody, and were on their way toward the white tents of the army. The deep shadows of night came on, and the lights began to gleam through the encampment. Virginia felt no fear, for it seemed to her as if the voice that had seemed to be calling to her was now close by. Only as she looked into the face of Sambo and saw the distress, then did she feel any regret.

When they reached the encampment, they were taken before an officer, for something in Virginia's manner made those who saw her respect her. On being questioned, she told her name and the object of her journey. She mentioned Hugh de Lancey's name.

"That must be our Captain," said one. "Let us take her to the hospital tent. As to you, Master Nig, we can dispose of you at short notice."

Now that Sambo was really taken he assumed an air of indifference. One would have thought that he had but little care for what happened to him, but Virginia, who had watched his face, knew that underneath this apparent calm a great storm of fear had gathered. She resolved on one thing; that he should not be permitted to suffer if she could prevent. She contrived to say a few words to him while he brought the bundle which he had carried for her through all the journey.

"My faithful Sammy," said she, "I will watch and contrive as you did, and will never rest until you are at liberty."

"Dress you," was Sammy's answer, but it was given in so submissive and despairing a tone that it made the tears spring to Virginia's sympathetic eyes.

She was soon brought to the hospital tent, and by the bedside of Hugh. She knew him only by the light in his eye and his dark waving hair, for he had sadly changed. When he saw who was before him he gave a start and then fell back unconscious. When he recovered he said, gently:

"Oh, Virginia, this is so good in you. I knew you would come, for I have called and called you, and I should never have got well without you. Now you will sit by me and talk and read, and bathe my head when it aches. But how did you get here?"

Virginia told of her journey on foot, and how often she had thought of him, and wondered if he would get well and go home before she returned, or whether the voice she seemed to hear was his, and if he wanted her. Then she asked of his wounds, and he told of the fearful battle, how it had raged, and sometimes the field seemed to be won and then lost.

Virginia folded her hands and sat very still, listening, the color coming and going in her face as he recounted the exciting events.

"We shot them down like blackberries," said Hugh.

"Oh! oh!" said Virginia, holding her hands tightly together, "do n't, do n't tell me any more. I wish I had not come. It is wicked to kill one another."

"Oh, my pretty," said Hugh, "where's the kind, loving young lady that wanted all the slaves at liberty, and was not afraid of what might happen?"

"And so I do," said Virginia, "and I would fight to help them."

"Say that here," said Hugh warmly, "and you'll be sent to Richmond."

"You can tell me if you will," said Virginia; "I am not afraid, and I will never deny it."

"Well, don't be angry," said Hugh, seeing that he had to deal with some one besides the little Tinny that he expected to think and feel just as he did; "we will not quarrel about the nasty niggers; come and wet my forehead, and sing that little song I taught you about the warbling warblers."

Virginia sang, and Hugh soon fell asleep. From this time she was called the little nurse, and the surgeons made her a great favorite, begging her to go with them to many a poor suffering fellow and talk in her gentle way and sing to them. She was not alone in her offices of love. She found several ladies who had husbands and fathers wounded, serving as nurses; but they had their servants, and had to be waited upon; but Virginia with a faithful heart put her hand to the work and shrank from no duty.

Although Hugh demanded all her time, yet he yielded to the wishes of the surgeons and did not object to her carrying the light of her sweet face to the poor, friendless ones, who thought of mother and sister far away, and longed for some gentle word of love. To such she seemed like the angel of life, bringing sweeter sleep than all the anodynes that could be given.

But as the days went by she heard nothing from her faithful Sammy. She asked Hugh to inquire of the officers about him, and he promised, but always had some excuse for not doing it. At last she became very anxious, and determined not to wait for Hugh.

As she was one day going the round of her visits among the sick and wounded, she felt faint from the suffering she had witnessed, and sat down a moment to recover herself. A sprightly mulatto boy ran and brought her a glass of water. She thanked him so heartily that he opened his sharp eyes to their widest extent, and made so low a bow that Virginia laughed outright. Every day after that he watched for her coming, and repeated his low bow, sure of being rewarded by Virginia's hearty laugh. She determined to make him her confidant, and claim his assistance in finding where Sambo was. But to do this she must have some excuse for talking with him, so she told him to ask leave to cut her some nice fresh branches to hang about the head of the couch, and to use to brush away the insects. He was all willingness, and soon gained permission to execute any command of hers. This brought him frequently to her, and she was soon able to tell him what she wished.

As the boy listened, and understood what was expected of him, all the rogish fun left his face, and a look of manly determination settled on it. He promised to bring back word the very next day or he would die; he would kill himself; he would shoot himself with a revolver; and his eye sparkled, and the fun began again to gather about his face. Virginia hushed him to silence.

"Gus be my name," said he, "and Gus be my uncle's name, and Gus be my grandfather's name, and so I be jus' little Gus."

"Well, Gus," said Virginia, "you find out about Sambo and I will never forget you; and you will do me the greatest kindness possible."

Gus made one of his low bows, and retired. The next day he appeared at the same place, and so broad a smile was on his countenance, that Virginia was sure he had good news; but she was obliged to wait to hear it until she could send him on some errand. She thought of the beautiful boxwood trees that she had seen on her journey, and she sent him for some of their fresh boughs; and she fancied, also, making some oak trimmings to festoon about the tents. When he returned laden with the forest treasures, he had a good opportunity to tell her all he had ascertained. It was that Sambo had been recognized by his former master, who was in a South Carolina Regiment, and that he had been severely whipped and was to be sent back South the very next day, with many more slaves that were considered dangerous property so near the enemy; for then it was not supposed that the Northern armies would return the poor fugitives. He related that Sambo was at present guarded with some others, but that he, Gus, had been able to find a very safe way to pass the guard.

"All dat dis boy want be's some whiskey, and he hab 'em asleep in no time."

"But, Gus," said Virginia, "I can get a few glasses of whiskey from the surgeon, and a little alcohol, but not enough to intoxicate two men."

"You let dis nig alone for dat," said Gus; "dere be some what ole Suke tell dis boy to get for such 'casion; an' you jes' hab de whiskey an' de like, an' dis boy hab de 'casion all prepared."

"But, Gus," said Virginia, "I must go with you; and I cannot go in a girl's dress. Have n't you an extra suit of clothes?"

"Not a jib but what I hab on; but I hab a brudder, an' inch or so taller than I, an' he had a cut of clothes; an' I make him sick wid de feber, an' den he take 'em off, an' I fume 'em wid sassafras smoke, an' den dey de sweet as roses, an' fit you enter dan do mud round de duck's foot."

Virginia was only too thankful to find some way to help her faithful friend, and she did not pause to think of trifles. Her first object was to get as good a supply of whiskey and alcohol as possible.

She was readily granted several pottions without questioning. Her second object was to secure some soldier's uniform for Sambo, that he might pass unnoticed. Her third was to learn the countersign for the night. She had but a few hours to do all this, for she could not neglect her daily duties; and Hugh required much of her time.

Good fortune, or the good power that guided her, aided her. An officer that was in to see Hugh, asked her if she had been out at sunset on the top of the hill to see the encampment. Virginia told him that she had not seen outside of the encampment since the day she entered it, and she would never go without the countersign—telling him of her adventures on arriving.

"Only think," said she, "if I should be belated, what would I do but be brought back in disgrace?"

The officer whispered the word to her, and she thanked him, promising to see that very sunset from the hill, but insisting on finding her own escort. She had now only to find a uniform for Sambo, and this she felt quite sure Hugh had in his tent. But it seemed that afternoon as if he would never go to sleep. He talked of everything—of the days when they were children; of the pleasant home; of the old familiar places, and of the dangers he had encountered. Virginia tried to listen attentively, but her mind wandered. How much depended upon her promptness! Sambo's freedom was something to be accomplished at all hazards. He had run all the risk for her, and she could never rest if he suffered on her account.

At last Hugh's eyelids closed, but he did not sleep

quietly, but kept waking from a troubled dream. She bathed his head and sang; but when she stopped he would wake. She grew nervous, and almost irritable. When he slept it was five o'clock, and she had to search for and prepare the bundle to be carried to Sambo. She soon found the garments she wished; but now her anxieties began to increase; how could she get them to him, even with the help of Gus? She thought and contrived, but could find no possible way, and she must seek for Gus, and see if his ready wit could help her.

He soon discovered her, for he seemed ever to be on the alert. On listening to her doubts of their ability to get the bundle away unobserved, he replied:

"Nobber do dat; it mus' be 'served, and looked at mighty sharp; but you trus' dis boy once, an' den you see if he not up to de 'casion. Gus hab it all planned ready. You be great friend wid de doctor; well, you put dis yere package in de clothes, an' den you take de oder of dem, an' ask de doctor if it be not hery dangerous an' need to be 'fumed, an' he say 'sartin', an' den dis boy 'pear, an' you order him to take dem to some place and smoke 'em wid de sassafras, an' den I hide 'em whar Sambo find 'em right easy."

Virginia was so delighted with this plan that she was not long in executing it. So much was she trusted, that no questions were asked, and before sundown the clothes were in their safe hiding place.

Gus also arranged that Virginia should don his brother's clothing after he had gone her evening round of visits, and while she was in her own apartment; but Virginia doubted her ability to do this, therefore at her leisure she put on the boy's clothing, and her own over it, putting a shawl about her.

The shadows of night came on quickly, for the sky was cloudy, a storm having suddenly risen just before nightfall. It seemed to Virginia that even the clouds were her friends and assistants, and she lifted her eyes with a prayer of gratitude.

At the appointed time she went her usual round among the sick, who anxiously awaited her coming, and always wanted her to stay with them; but this evening no one asked her, for she looked so pale from anxiety concerning her undertaking, that they thought her ill. As she passed from the couch of her last patient, her heart trembled so she could hardly stand; but she had learned to trust the power that had proved itself ready to aid her in all her rightful undertakings, and as she whispered a prayer for aid, a spirit of peace came over her, and she felt as if the guiding hand of an angel was leading her. Perhaps there was; for the pure heart angels come so near that their very presence may be felt. She thought that a wiser mind than hers was directing her thoughts, and perhaps there was; for to the prayerful, trustful heart, come thoughts from the higher world, so clear and distinct, that to heed them is easy, and to obey their commands brings the best of gifts to the spirit.

[To be continued in our next.]

DARA.

BY JAMES R. LOWELL.

When Persia's sceptre trembled in a hand
With wild harem-haunts, and all the land
Was hallowed over by the sacred shrine
That snuff decaying empire from afar,
Then, with a nature balanced as a star,
Dara arose, a shepherd of the hills.

He who had governed feeble subjects well,
Made his own village, by the selfsame spell,
Secure and quiet as a guarded fold;
Then, gathering strength by slow and wise degrees,
Under his sway, to neighbor villages
Order returned, and faith, and justice old.

Now when it fortune'd that a king more wise
Endued the realm with brains and hands and eyes,
He sought on every side men brave and just;
And having heard our mountain shepherd's praise,
How he refilled the mould of elder days,
To Dara gave a satrapy in trust.

So Dara shepherded a province wide,
Nor in his viceroy's sceptre took more pride
Than in his crook before; but envy finds
More fold in cities than on mountains bare;
And the frank sun of spirits clear and rare,
Breeds poisonous fogs in low and marshy minds.

Soon it was whispered at the royal ear,
That, though wise, Dara's province, year by year,
Like a great sponge, sucked wealth and plenty

Yet, when he squeezed it at the king's behest,
Some yellow drops more rich than all the rest
Went to the filling of his private cup.

For proof, they said whoso'er he went,
A chest, beneath whose weight the camel bent,
Went with him; and no mortal eye had seen
What was therein, save only Dara's own;
But when 't was opened, all his tent was known
To glow and lighten with heaped jewels' sheen.

The king set forth for Dara's province straight,
Where, as was fit, outside the city's gate,
The viceroy met him with a stately train,
And there, with archers circled, close at hand,
A camel with the chest was seen to stand.

The king's brow reddened, for the guilt was plain:
"Open here!" he cried, "this treasure chest!"
'T was done, and only a worn shepherd's vest
Was found within. Some blushed and hung their heads;

Not Dara: when as the sky's blue roof
He stooped, and "Oh! my lord, behold the proof
That I was faithful to my trust," he said.

"To govern men, lo! all the spell I had!
My soul in these rude vestments ever clad,
Still to the unadorned past kept true and leal,
Still on these plains could breathe her mountain
air,
And fortune's heaviest gifts serenely bear,
Which bend men from their truth, and make them reel."

For ruling wisely I should have small skill,
Were I not lord of simple Dara still;
That sceptre kept, I could not lose my way."
Strange dew in royal eyes grew round and bright,
And strained the throbbing lids; before 't was night
Two added provinces bled Dara's sway.

Quincy, Mass.

Having received several applications from speakers recently to lecture before our Society, I would respectfully inform all such that we have adopted a system of engaging a speaker for three months, for several reasons: one, that it saves the committee much labor in engaging speakers for every Sunday or two; next, we want the speaker to reside with us, to make it his or her business to interest the many Spiritualists here, and such an one we recently engaged, in the person of Mrs. Sarah Helen Matthews, of Vermont, and a good choice it is; for she not only gives us two interesting and instructive lectures on the Sabbath, but some remarkable tests during the week. Although having already been with us six weeks, every week brings her into greater favor with the people, and the Spiritualists generally consider themselves exceedingly fortunate in securing the services of this excellent medium, for rare it is, indeed, that good speaking and the power to give such wonderful tests is combined in so great a degree as is manifested through the mediumship of Mrs. Matthews. L. E. RICHARDS, Quincy, Mass., Feb. 18, 1866.

To relieve the oppressed is the most glorious act man is capable of; it is in some measure doing the work of his Maker.

Original Essays.

MAN ONE WITH GOD AS AN OBJECT OF THOUGHT.

BY HENRY C. WRIGHT.

I am often asked, Do you believe in God? My answer is, No, I do not believe in the existence of a God—I know there is a God; and where my knowledge begins my faith ends. But as to his nature and character I have no conception of them, except through his manifestations. No one has. I cannot think of him as apart from his works. I know he exists apart from his manifestations in and around me; but the moment I close my eyes upon these, I dismiss them all from my mind, and strike out into the illimitable void from all I see, hear and feel, and ignore all that transpires within the depths of my own soul, and try to form a conception of God, and think of him as separate from his works, I am lost. I can think of him only in connection with his manifestations. We are told to fix our thoughts on God. To do this, Theology tells us, we must dismiss from our thoughts all our fellow-beings, even those who are nearest and dearest; and, in proportion as we ignore the existence of husband and wife, parent and child, brother and sister, friend and neighbor, and all visible and tangible things, we shall be able to think clearly and correctly of God. In proportion as our heads are empty of all our loved ones, they will be filled with God. As man goes out, God comes in. As husband, wife, parent, child, and all human objects of endearment are turned out of our thoughts, God will be able to enter into them.

It is said by Theology, that as we cannot think of but one thing at a time, while the husband thinks of his wife, he cannot think of God; while the mother thinks of her babe, she cannot think of God; and while our thoughts are on men, women and children, to save them from war, oppression, drunkenness, and from all wrong, they cannot be on God. Therefore, it is said, as it is our duty to have our thoughts mainly fixed on God, to devise ways and means to promote his interest, we must be careful not to allow them to be too anxiously fixed on those human objects of affection, and too absorbed in planning how we can most effectually elevate them, and secure their health and happiness. We are constantly warned not to rob God by thinking too highly and too constantly of human beings; not to neglect God by concentrating our thoughts on our human loved ones. We are earnestly urged to beware lest the husband, wife, child, parent, friend, lover, or best beloved, come between us and God. It is an almost universal feeling in Christendom and Heathendom, that the less we think of our loved ones, the more we shall be able to think of God; that the less we care for human beings, however victimized to legalized and baptized outrage, the more we can care for God; that the less absorbed in the human, the more likely to be absorbed in the divine.

This feeling is the basis of the Monastery and Nunnery; of the practice of retiring into mountains, deserts, caverns, closets and secret places, far from human presence, in order to fix the thoughts in meditation more intently and earnestly on God. On this rests the cellabey of the Romish priesthood. The Christian, the Jew, the Mahometan and Pagan, in order to get close to God in their thoughts, get as far as possible from their fellow-beings. They shut their eyes upon men, women and children, in order to see God more distinctly. They talk and act as if it were with them a law of life—THE FURTHER FROM MAN, THE NEARER TO GOD; and that the less they are absorbed in the human, the more they are absorbed in the divine. They close their eyes, and shut out from their sight all human loved ones, in order to fix their thoughts more acceptably on God in prayer.

Such are the spirit and tendency of the theology of all nations and ages, of all religions of the present and past. As an object of thought they separate the existence, the interests and glory of God from the existence, interests and destiny of man. So that religionists and theologians of all creeds come to feel that they can be true to God while untrue to man; be loyal to God, and disloyal to man; prayerfully and reverently mindful of the interest, character and glory of God, while utterly indifferent to the interests and glory of man. They claim that they can be devoutly mindful of the character and feelings of God while they slander and outrage the characters and feelings of their fellow-beings; that husbands and wives, parents and children, brothers and sisters, neighbors and friends may think honorably of God, while they think contemptuously of one another; that they may despise and enslave the negro, and yet have their minds filled with exalted thoughts of God; that they may torture and slaughter human beings, and do it all to the glory of God; that they may make men drunk, and cast them into the gutter as poor, helpless souls, and yet entertain true and noble thoughts of God. Such theories are fatal delusions. Such a religion is a curse.

Man is "the likeness and image of God." Each human being is "God made manifest in the flesh," exactly as Jesus was, differing only in degree. Man is the highest manifestation of God known on this planet. Therefore, to think of man, is to think of God. As we think of man, so we think of God. What we think of the human, that we think of the divine.

Husbands and wives who think most of each other, think most of God. The husband whose thoughts are most intent on the health and happiness of his wife, has them most intently fixed on God. The wife that most anxiously studies to promote the nobleness and comfort of her husband, thinks most acceptably of God. Parents who study most anxiously how to give to their children healthy organizations before they are born, and how most beautifully and healthfully to develop their bodies and souls after they are born, concentrate their thoughts most acceptably on God. Children who most tenderly and reverently study how to promote the comfort and honor of their parents, think most truly and nobly of God. Those who have thought most intently and successfully how to deliver the negro from the horrors of chattel slavery, and who are now most intent on securing to him equality before the law, and his rights as a man and citizen, have given and are giving their thoughts most truly to God. Those whose thoughts are intent on the abolition of war and death-penalty, and on rescuing man from blood and carnage—and those who are most earnest in saving men, women and children from the pollutions and horrors of drunkenness—and those whose thoughts are earnestly intent on making home heaven, rather than hell, are the men and women whose thoughts dwell most truly on God.

They give themselves no trouble to think of God, aside from their fellow-beings, and from his other manifestations. They feel that God, outside of man, can and will take care of his own affairs. Their concern with God, as an object of thought, is in connection with man; and especially with those who are nearest and dearest, and who are

most dependent on them, and on whom they are most dependent. As having an existence and interests apart from man, they cannot honor and glorify him, nor do him any good by thinking about him. But as being one with man in existence and interest, the more highly and nobly we think of man, and the more intent and constant our thoughts are on him to devise plans to develop his nature in all its beauty and glory, and in making him good, great and happy, the more certainly do we honor and glorify God.

Why, then, do theology and its devotees so constantly warn us against thinking too much of our fellow-beings? Husbands and wives, you cannot think too tenderly, reverently, and constantly of one another; for the more you do this, the more tenderly, reverently, and constantly you think of God. The husband embodies God to the wife; the wife to the husband; parents to children, and children to parents. Man embodies God to woman (would that he would never embody any other element), and woman to man. Each in planning to enable the other, plans to exalt God. The man who plans to vindicate the rights of the negro, plans to vindicate the rights of God. Those who study and labor to extend to woman the right of suffrage, and perfect equality with man before the law, are studying and laboring to glorify God; for woman, as a woman, a wife, a mother, a daughter, sister, friend, protector and saviour, is "God made flesh" to dwell with man, to lead him up to loftier heights of goodness and nobleness.

NO MAN CAN THINK TOO HIGHLY OF HIMSELF, OR OF HIS FELLOW-BEINGS. We may think too highly of wealth, title, station and outward surroundings, of the mere incidents of our being; but we can never think too highly of our nature, our manhood, or womanhood. We may think too highly and too constantly of our bodies, for the body is not the man. That which thinks, wills and loves, and gives life and motion to the body, that is the ever-living, ever-growing man or woman. Of this we cannot think too highly, too reverently, or too constantly; for, in thinking of this, we think of the incarnate, manifest God. It is with this personified and manifest God that our thoughts have to do. With God, as an invisible, intangible, mysterious agent, power, principle, being, or element, our thoughts have no concern. They cannot grasp him. They can never fathom him. But the embodied, manifest God we can, to some extent, comprehend. The ever-present call of the human soul is, "Oh, for a flesh and blood God, whose caresses and endearments I can feel, and on whose great, loving, manly or womanly heart I can lean in the hours of my loneliness or weakness!"

MAN ONE WITH GOD AS AN OBJECT OF THOUGHT. This idea is to underlie the religion and theology of the future of this world. Anthropology and Theology, or the science of God and the science of man, are to be one and the same. By a fixed law of our being, these two are one and the same. The theology that puts asunder what God hath put together, must disappear. Fiction must yield to fact. Each man, woman and child may say in truth, as Jesus said, "He that hath seen me, hath seen the Father; for I and my Father are one." As an object of thought, man's existence and interests are one with God's.

THE DIVINITY OF MAN AND THE HUMANITY OF GOD must be one great watchword of the religious future of the race. Such a religion, no matter by what name called, clothes man with honor and majesty, without divesting God of any of his attributes. It elevates man without sinking God. It honors man without dishonoring God. It glorifies God by glorifying man. It presents to the human race the true God, by presenting the true Man or Woman.

"DIVINE CAUSES."
A REPLY TO "NOEL."

BY ARMAGEDDON.

The writer of the above named essay, published in the Banner of Light of Jan. 27, 1866, after repudiating the all right and necessary doctrines, takes the ground that man is a free agent; that conditions have made man what he is, individually and collectively, and that these conditions he has created himself; that man is a progressive being, and therefore is not chained to the car of fate; that the Divine Intelligence does not interfere in the affairs of mankind. These are the principal points in the essay to which this reply is directed.

Let us see if these propositions are true. Is man a free agent? To be free no circumstance, no condition must be powerful enough to control his action; he must be positive to all his surroundings, yes, even to his fellow man. Why? Because if man's object be in one direction, and an event or circumstance transpires to divert him in another, it, the event or circumstance, for the time being is the controller or cause of action. To illustrate: A man leaves his family and home for some distant town. When half way, he is met by a robber, who demands his money or his life; and having great love for his family and home, and having no means of defence, he says to the robber, "Spare my life; here is my money." But supposing him to have the means of defence, and he shoots and wounds the robber, and the robber begs for his life, saying that he also has a dear wife and children that are now suffering for bread; then would the man say to the robber, "I have a family that I love; I am overcome with pity and good feeling toward you," and open his purse and give him his money? In the first instance the man was caused to part with his money out of fear; and in the second place, love for his family and pity and sympathetic feeling toward the man's suffering family, were the cause of action.

It is true that conditions have made man what he is, individually and collectively. But man did not create these conditions, neither can he change the direction of his thoughts, associations or conditions, without being first caused by his surroundings.

I cannot change the direction of my thoughts unless I am attracted. For instance, had I not seen the essay in question, this reply would not have been written, and it could not have entered into my thoughts. The essay was the cause; the reply the effect. If I could, without any previous cause, change the direction of my thoughts, I should be positive to the whole of my surroundings.

Whatever I gaze upon elicits thought, and is a cause. Every touch, sound, and every inward feeling, are causes of thought, and corresponding action. I do not produce these causes, therefore I do not change the direction of my thoughts without being caused so to do by powers outside of myself.

The writer of the essay says that the laws controlling the cause of misdirection are as universally operative and of equal power with those controlling in another direction; and asks the question in surprise, "Is one more powerful than another?"

I answer, that it depends on the subject to be controlled. We are all differently constituted. For instance, a man is born with a strong desire for alcoholic drinks, and the habitual use of them

without the knowledge of his wonderful gift in connection with spirit-pictures. The portraits represent different tribes, and are very distinct in dress and features. Clairvoyants have seen these chiefs about me, and described them accurately although they were strangers to me, and I know nothing of these pictures. All who know any thing of spirit-influence, have heard of the *Chieftain Black Hawk*. His special medium informs me that he first appeared to her in the year 1838; loud raps were heard, and he manifested his presence in many ways: *This is a fearful spirit demonstration to me* undoubted proofs of his ability to communicate. He has written with a pencil his name on a slate, in my room, at a distance from his medium, and on the walls of my house. It would far exceed the limits of this article to relate all that transpired at these sances. History tells us he died aged seventy-three years, and was buried

Not far off is the peninsula of "Saint Maurice," formed by the retreating upon itself of the beautiful river Marne. There one finds that famous House of the Benedictines, dear to all those who prize the great and conscientious labors of history and erudition. It was founded for the education of youth and the elaboration of history and philosophy. A grand division of labor—some having the religious duties and others charged with the material—permitted each to follow their peculiar tastes in study, so that their researches and labors were most wonderful and valuable.

Queen Victoria is far richer, probably, than any sovereign in Europe. She receives a large sum—she spends little, gives less, has all her expenses paid—and her property is accumulating to an enormous amount. All her children are provided for by the State, and if she lives forty years longer—as she well may, coming of a long-lived family—she will die worth more millions than any one but a Rothschild could realize.

and strengthen each beating heart and point it to the glories of the coming future, when earth will

Chicago, and twenty from Burlington, Iowa.
A. G. SMITH.

The Progress of Spiritualism in Providence, R. I.—J. G. Fish.

Our prospects for the coming year are most hopeful, in every point of view. Our audiences are large, frequently equal to the capacity of the hall. It has been a fact with most of our speakers, the last year, that their audiences have increased from Sunday to Sunday, and they have had an influence and a power greater than I have ever known. Particularly, we are much better off than ever before. We went through the last year quite easily, sustaining free meetings by voluntary subscriptions and our faith. Our annual fair to raise funds for the coming year was well attended, and we realized from it rising of seven hundred dollars to start with. Subscriptions are coming in very liberally. We have started with the liberal idea of paying our speakers better, for we find that the West is out-bidding us, and unless we do so, will exclusively enjoy the services of the best.

We have just procured an act of incorporation, a charter having been granted by the General Assembly. We shall organize under it soon. Our charter designates the corporation as "The First Congregation of Spiritualists of Providence."

Brother Fish closed his labors with us to-day. He was engaged during the month, but being about to enter another field of labor, he was obliged to ask to be released from his engagement. He secured the services of Brother Storer to supply his place. I regret to part with Brother Fish, for he is an earnest worker, able and conscientious. His soul is in the cause; he is just the man for the times. He is a solid thinker, and a skilled controversialist—qualities which make his labors valuable. He is hereafter to be engaged in the educational field. He is to be Principal of the Exegetical Normal Institute, Connersville, Bucks Co., Penn. So we are not to lose his labors; his light is not to be put under a bushel, but he is to exert his influence at the fountain, where the current of life is to start from. He carries with him to his new field the benedictions of a large circle of friends.

Sunday evening, before the regular exercises, the following Resolutions were unanimously passed by the congregation:

Resolved, That we regret that Brother J. G. Fish has concluded to withdraw from the lecture field, for this hour of activity, when Truth and Error are face to face, one striving to enslave the human mind, the other to hold it in freedom, we can ill afford to lose the services of the champion of Progress.

Resolved, That we tender our thanks to our brother, for his earnest and persevering labors at various times he has been among us; for that self-sacrificing spirit of devotion which we have trusted him to do missionary work, in which we trust the good seed was sown, which shall germinate and fruit in the future.

Resolved, That we tender our brother our sympathy in his new field, and though his public labors before the people are to cease, we are rejoiced that his talents and energies are to be exerted in such a field, that they will influence the mind in its forming stages and prepare it for the virtues of life.

W. FOSTER, JR.
Providence, R. I., Feb. 19, 1866.

French Non-Intervention.

The latest news from France give us, among other matters, an account of a conversation between M. Drouyn de L'Évy, and our Minister, of date three days later than the Emperor's speech, and this conversation does not seem to justify the rosy anticipations in which some few of our contemporaries have been lately indulging, in consequence of that speech in relation to the Mexican question. M. Drouyn de L'Évy says to Mr. Bigelow:

"We return to the principle of non-intervention, from the moment we accept it as our rule of conduct, our interest and honor require us to demand its equal application to all. Relying upon the equitable spirit of the Washington cabinet, we expect from it the assurance that the American people will conform to the law of non-intervention which they invoke, by maintaining a strict neutrality with regard to Mexico. When you shall have informed me of the resolution of the American Government in this matter, I shall be in a position to acquaint you with the result of our negotiations with the Emperor Maximilian for the return of our troops."

That is to say: Having crushed out liberty and liberal institutions in that unhappy country, and inaugurated in their place a despotism which is already manifesting its tyrannical tendencies and true character in the cold-blooded murder of its enemies taken in battle, for no other crime than that of fighting for their country and for that liberty so dear to the heart of every true man and patriot; therefore: Provided Maximilian thinks the time has come when the "French troops can be withdrawn without endangering his throne or those French interests which are to be defended in that distant country," and, provided, the United States will agree, that when he has accomplished all that he went to Mexico to do, and when the French bayonets are no longer needed to secure those French interests or to prop up a falling Empire, that they will rest quietly under this bold violation of their favorite policy of non-intervention; and that they will, by no word, look, or deed, betray any sympathy for their brother Republicans, weighed down by the yoke, by his armies imposed upon them. Then Napoleon will be willing to endeavor to "come to an understanding with Maximilian, in order to fix an epoch when the French troops can be withdrawn from Mexico. In other words, after Napoleon has entirely, or as nearly as may be, crushed the life out of a Republic; bound it hand and foot in chains too strong to be broken; and, thus bound, bleeding and defenceless, delivered it over to its enemy, the Empire—if we will agree in no manner to interfere or aid in undoing his bloody work—then, and only then, will he recall his troops or talk about their recall, and maintain a "strict neutrality."

If Louis Napoleon imagines that this plan will be successful, he very much mistakes the temper and character of the American people. They are too much in favor of "fair play" too much the lovers of republican institutions, too thoroughly in favor of their cherished Monroe doctrine, too fully appreciate what is due to their own national honor and dignity, in maintaining that doctrine, to be willing that this mammoth outrage should much longer continue; and they are now calling upon their Government, in unmistakable tones, to take such action as is best fitted to speedily remove the Austrian usurper, and restore the blessings of freedom, peace, and tranquillity to our neighboring Republic.

New York, Feb., 1866. METROPOLIS.

THE RELIGIOUS WAY.—M. Lacroix, the publisher of Proudhon's "Commentary upon the Bible," is to be prosecuted by the Government for spreading Freethinking tendencies in that country, and it is said that he will be banished from France. That is the religious way of dealing with heretics. Not being able to prove them wrong, they must be killed or banished for the glory of the Church and the good of souls!

Conversation is a very serious matter. There are men with whom an hour's talk would weaken one more than a day's fasting.

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BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1866.

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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

Spiritualism on Trial.

Emerson says he is in the habit of putting very close questions to himself, when he finds himself praised in the papers. The surest sign that a creed or a party has become popular is the fact that it is complimented and flattered either by those already in power, or by those who want power. There is a class of minds that instinctively pay respect, and even reverence, to whatever has numbers at its back. Enlarged views of Truth—often times styled new truths—are never popular at first. The world has as a rule always fought the introduction of such truths, and persecuted those who brought them to view as its worst enemies. Every reformer, therefore, understands beforehand what he deliberately denies himself, what crosses he takes upon his back, what privileges he is to forego, what smiles of favor he is to put behind him—when he enters with a quickened conscience and a firm resolution upon the path which leads the world to better things in spite of itself.

Much as Spiritualism has been made the butt of shallow men's ridicule and the object of their meaningless abjections, it has spread as a faith as no other ever did before it. Not only this country, but civilized Europe is filled to-day with unmistakable tokens of its progress and power. Those who would openly oppose it, if by that means they thought they could more effectually hold it in check, so far pay regard to the popular sentiment and popular tendencies as to decline that impulsive mode of attack, and even insist that it is nothing new to the world, but only the old system of signs, dreams, charms, incantations, and what not, come back again. It is a tub that they throw to the whale; but the only end it secures is the exposure of their inborn prejudice and their unwillingness to see any good that has its origin in Nazareth.

To whatever point of popular favor Spiritualism may attain, it can never kick away, as the creeds all have done, the ladder by which it climbed. As the Christ of the world was found hidden away in a stall, and came to the notice of men, as he said of himself, "eating and drinking" and "the friend of publicans and sinners"—and as he selected to be personal hearers of his new truth a class of humble and unendowed men, mere fishermen as they were—so has the great truth of Spiritualism dawned on the world from a quarter entirely unexpected, presented itself to the soul of man by instrumentalities not at all in fashion with the creeds that are in present favor, and made its way to the wide extent it has without any of the factitious aids such as are employed in revival seasons, for mere aggrandizement and increased power.

The instruments by which Spiritualism as a great truth and a distinct faith has made its way among men, are not so humble but that they were readily chosen by the intelligences employing them; and it would therefore argue an imperfect faith indeed if we were willing to underrate them so far as to let them go because, as a body, we number by the millions instead of by the handful. The same link connects us to-day with the upper spheres that always did. The same laws of communication, to and fro, continue in active operation. Were we to attempt to break away from them, we at once surrender all. They rule the universe. While we remain Spiritualists, we must obey—may, we are to reverse them as the sign of the Divine Presence itself.

There are those who are like-minded with Spiritualists—liberal in their views, uncramped in their sympathies, and unfettered in their reason—who would be glad to form an outward union with us, if they were ready to accept as openly and unequivocally the broad fact of direct spirit ministrations to man. They agree to the general doctrines and theories of Spiritualism as a religion, but are utterly indisposed to accept it as a philosophy, with the living basis of its faith. Like Rev. Mr. Frothingham, of New York, they account themselves spiritual, while unwilling to subscribe their faith as Spiritualists. And so they would readily acknowledge the flower and fruit, while holding the hidden seed and germ in low esteem indeed. It is a strange manifestation of faith, for it is an acceptance of a truth at its top while refusing to recognize it at the bottom. These men style themselves Rationalists, which they certainly except on this point; broadly, liberally, nobly so. But they imply, by their subscription to the spirit of Spiritualism while denying its operative agencies and instruments and laws, that Spiritualism is not rational, but dogmatic and mechanical rather, at least in respect of its methods. Now we hold, and so do all intelligent Spiritualists hold, exactly the contrary. We consider, and with reason, that Spiritualism includes Rationalism, instead of being outside of it; that it presents facts of the profoundest personal significance in the largest possible variety; and, with the light which is continually shed down on them from above, that they form a body of phenomena to which every human soul may go for comfort and sympathy, with no restriction imposed upon the use of its reason, and no fetters fastened upon its faith.

The Rationalists need just the inspiration which Spiritualism would bring to them, to make their faith whole and complete. The inevitable tendency to intellectual pride, too, would be checked by being constantly brought in contact—familiar and personal contact—with the grounds of their faith. Humility would all the time present itself to them with its sweet and humanizing suggestions. Charity would grow in their hearts daily as an active influence, rather than an abstract

idea. Sympathy would take hold strongly of the nature, and keep hold until it succeeded in establishing a living belief in human brotherhood.

We have thought that such a discourse as one which Mr. Frothingham recently delivered in New York, on Spiritualism, conveyed the idea that he could swallow the truth itself if it could be taken without its concomitant proof. He admits the reality; but has an aversion to what he thinks an unnecessary method of its manifestation. He is glad of the possession of what is, in his opinion, essential; but he refuses to see, to know, or to respect the very facts which make what is essential so sure and so dear to every heart. In short, he is one of those who would kick away the ladder by which men climb. And there is a vein running through his discourse that seems to say, "The Spiritualists and we Rationalists can come together, if they will only agree to give up their ideas of spirit ministrations." This is exactly what no true Spiritualist can give up, even were he desirous of doing so. Break this single link in the chain of God's universe—a truly golden link to thousands of souls—and the whole faith loses its power and its blessedness.

Another writer—a Rationalist of the Unitarian creed also—whose letter we published very recently in these columns, suggests a Review for the conjoint purposes of Rationalists and Spiritualists, classing them together. Such a review could never live by the aid of Spiritualists unless it were a truly Spiritual Review. It will not answer to shirk either the facts or the name of Spiritualism. It has done too much, proved too much, made itself too strong and vital, to be overshadowed by any other name, and especially by one which has a secret dislike of the simple methods by which its demonstrations impress themselves on the individual soul. Were Spiritualism a creed merely, it might without inconsistency pay regard to what is polite and promising, in a matter of this sort. But as it is an exalted and exalting Truth, indifferent to the strength which numbers are supposed to give, shining out like the sun for all the children of men, it can afford to sacrifice nothing to popularity merely, but must remain constant and fixed in the heavens to the end. Those who are inspired by it would gladly welcome those who come to their higher plane, but they can never go down again into the valley out of whose fogs and mists they have happily emerged.

Miss Emma Hardinge.

A correspondent, writing to the London Spiritual Times, says:

"This gifted lady continues to deliver her addresses at the Winter ascribes to crowded and delighted audiences, upon various subjects which have generally been submitted to her only after she had taken her place upon the platform, and, therefore, have been spoken extempore without a moment's preparation. It is impossible to conceive anything more perfect of its kind, both in the matter and the manner of its delivery. If I had had any remaining doubt of the power of spirit to control and to influence our thoughts and actions, it would have been removed by what I have heard flowing so eloquently from the lips of this highly inspired lady."

There is no reasonable explanation which can be given, short of spirit, to account for such a power as Miss Hardinge exhibits. No attribute of natural genius, no scholastic and careful training could accomplish what she does with so much apparent ease. It is, indeed, marvelous, and to me the highest phase of spiritual development."

Miss Hardinge's lectures at St. James's Hall, London, on America, are attracting the attention of the press of England. The Saturday Review having criticised one of the lectures severely, and, in the opinion of the London Spiritual Magazine, unjustly, in a rejoinder the editor of the latter publication thus sharply hits off its contemporary:

"Coleridge says that it takes far more education to make a pair of shoes, than to write articles for a newspaper. We can only regret that a far-seeing parent of a degenerate son did not put him in the way of making good shoes, rather than of writing articles which should bring the blush of shame to every manly cheek."

The Trichina Case in Detroit.

The Chicago Journal says the case of trichina in Detroit, (the only one believed to have taken place in this country,) proves on investigation to have been an exotic. The victim was a German woman who had been infected before she left her native country. "After her death a post-mortem examination was held, which has resulted in proving, beyond a doubt, that the disease was trichina. A small portion of flesh, about the size of a pinhead, was examined through a microscope, and found to contain large numbers of animalcules wound round and imbedded in the fibres of the muscle, exactly similar in appearance to the trichina spiralis." Meantime people are very shy of pork—so much so as to seriously affect the markets. The Chicago papers inform us that a load of pork put on sale at Peoria, Illinois, last week, was examined microscopically, and two of the hogs were alive with trichina. Dressed hogs examined at Dixon were also discovered to be inhabited by these infinitesimal creatures. The St. Louis papers of Saturday announce the poisoning of two families in that city from eating "diseased pork," though no attempt appears to have been made to identify the death of these persons by trichina. There are, however, people who have great power of inferring, and consequently the unusual prejudice against the "unclean animal of Scripture."

The Price of Coal.

A correspondent of the N. Y. World writes from the southern centre of the great Pennsylvania coal beds that he has made it his business to find out why the people of New York have to pay \$12.50 per ton for their coal. He shows that the miners have fifty-four and a half cents per ton for mining that quantity, and under the most favorable system of contracting not more than fifty-five cents per ton. The transportation to Schuylkill Haven costs per ton twenty-one cents; the Government tax and weighing per ton, adds another four cents; transportation by sea to New York costs \$1.50 per ton; total \$2.30. Adding royalty paid in cases of mines leased and wear and tear, profits, &c., \$2.40, a ton of the best anthracite coal at New York should cost \$4.70, and the ton be 224 lbs. Allowing for storage, drayage, &c., \$2.80, the coal dealer ought to have a very remunerative profit at \$7 per ton, reserving at the same time his two hundred and forty pounds extra to partly account for waste. We give the statement above as we find it.

Welcome, Spring.

Here we are, right upon the new Spring again! We never write that welcome word without a feeling much like what Wordsworth describes as experiencing when he beheld a rainbow in the sky. His heart leaped up. The blue skies begin to look very blue. The winds are hushing, sharp, and bring earthy smells with them. Pretty soon the crocuses will start, and then we catch the sound of bluebirds in the still leafless trees. After that, is heard of across the country—reaches, the piping frogs' melancholy trill, starting a chain of associations for which there is no possible description. The past and future are strangely blended by the magic of that simple voice in the country marshes.

Meetings in the Melodeon.

During the month of February, F. L. H. Willis has occupied the platform of the Society of Spiritualists. The large audiences which gathered each Sabbath—composed of the most intelligent minds in our city—were not outnumbered, probably, by any other gathering of religious worshippers in the city. It indicates the increasing determination of the people to cut free from the restraints put upon them by the teachings and creeds of a false theology; and obtain a clearer and truer knowledge of the great problem of the life hereafter, which is being solved by the invisible intelligences who have spanned the chasm between the two worlds, and return to us with tidings from beyond which fill our souls with joy and hope. Although, in theological parlance, this glorious truth is "contraband," yet the multitudes gladly receive it and become satisfied that they have found the truth their souls have ever been yearning for but could not find in any of the Churches.

Mr. Willis has given a course of lectures explanatory of the Spiritual Philosophy which will prove of incalculable value to many. The prejudices of many skeptics have been removed, and light has dawned into their souls. Such elucidations of our faith should be kept constantly employed in the good work.

LAURA DEFOURCE GORDON.

During the month of March, Mrs. Gordon will fill the desk each afternoon and evening in the Melodeon. She has long been in the lecturing field, and is one of the best developed trance speakers, and a most acceptable and eloquent lecturer. At the close of her engagement here she goes to Washington to speak during April and May. The meetings in the Melodeon are free to all who choose to come.

Lizzie Doten in the West.

This excellent trance medium and lecturer has just closed an engagement at St. Louis, Mo. She spoke before the spiritually-minded of that populous city every Sunday during the month of February. The local secular press speak of her in terms of high praise. The Press remarks: "Miss Doten has been called 'Massachusetts' most eloquent daughter' by several of the Boston papers, and seems to merit the compliment. At each lecture the house was literally packed full, and the deepest attention was given to the eloquent and pathetic remarks which flowed forth with a remarkable ease and grace from the lips of the fair Yankee girl." The Democrat says "her discourses were eloquent and logical." On one occasion a reporter for that paper happened to be present when Miss Doten delivered a satirical poem entitled "Mr. De Splat," and was (says the editor) "influenced to rescue this gem from oblivion, and set it in the coronet of the Democrat." As a production of the spirit-world, it is a smooth and piquant emanation. We print it upon our first page, carefully revised and corrected by the author.

Miss Doten, on her return East, will tarry at Cleveland, Ohio, a brief period, and probably address the people there she leaves for home. She is engaged to lecture in New York city during the month of April, and will speak at the Melodeon in this city every Sunday in May.

The Davenportes.

The Davenportes and Mr. Wm. Fay have been giving séances in Cork, Limerick and Waterford. They return again to Dublin on Monday, says the London Spiritual Times of Feb. 10th. The Cork papers contain reports of their séances, giving a tolerably good outline of what takes place at them.

AN APOLOGY.—The Isle of Wight Observer published the scandal about Mr. Fay having turned "Queen's evidence," which appeared in the Morning Star and the Times. The Davenportes, through their solicitor, have demanded an apology. The amende honorable appeared in the Isle of Wight Observer, of February 23, as follows:

In our impression of the 6th of January a paragraph appeared, the substance of which was copied from one of the London papers to the effect that Mr. Fay, who had so cleverly assisted them in London to gull the credulous, had turned Queen's evidence, and was actually engaged in New York in making money by showing the American public how the Davenportes do their tricks, and what impostors they had been. We, of course, knew nothing of the writer of this paragraph, but having been informed that it is not only untrue, but that a contradiction has appeared in the paper alluded to, we do not for a moment hesitate in expressing our regret that we should, in common with many others, have been so misled. Our object is only fair and legitimate comments on passing events, and that certainly with no intention to injure any party or individual.

The Church Movements.

The revival efforts are maintained in the Orthodox churches in this city with more or less persistency. There is a determination to get up a "revival of religion," if it can be done by any of the methods known to such as are long familiar with the business. In one of the meetings it was narrated as something to be gratified with that a boy of eight or ten years said he was willing to come out before his class and openly admit that he "had found the Saviour." The opportunity was given him, of course, and the result was, as expected, a similar confession from several other lads of his own age and size. The excitement is to be kept up in such ways as this, as long as possible. We are glad to chronicle an increase of true spirituality whenever and wherever found; but we do not believe that mechanical efforts or nervous excitement is the same thing.

Sir in European Cities.

There is hardly a large city in Europe that is not stirred by the presence of revolutionary or reactionary elements. The great popular wave of 1848 did not altogether spend itself on nothing, leaving no positive results behind. Berlin, Vienna, Rome, Florence, Paris, Madrid, London—all are in fear of what the future may suddenly reveal to them. The monarchical system being based on force, and having established and kept itself by force, it is of course stands in dread of the very elements it has so far managed to keep down. This is the penalty it has to pay, under the law. There is no help for it, as there is no justice in grumbling about it. We may not expect that the people of Europe, seeing what we in this country have done, are going to remain contented as they are.

Freedmen's Bureau Bill.

President Johnson has vetoed the Freedmen's Bureau Bill, which had passed both Houses of Congress by large majorities. On its return to the Senate an exciting debate took place, and an attempt was made to pass it over the veto by a two-thirds vote, but failed. The vote stood 30 to 12. Two Senators were absent.

Wanted.

A liberal price will be paid for twenty copies of number one, volume eighteen, of the BANNER OF LIGHT.

The Physical Manifestations of the Brothers Davenport.

A writer in a late number of the London Spiritual Times, concludes a well written article in regard to the wonderful manifestations given in England through the instrumentality of the Davenport Brothers, in this wise:

"The brothers very judiciously suppress all Spiritualism, they are more exhibitors of phenomena for consideration, worthy the age and country they come from. They profess nothing but their own integrity as honest passive agents to some power, and leave us to explain. Their experiments should be looked upon as rudimentary essays in a new branch of knowledge, of which it would be impossible at present to predicate the result. Already no less than four millions of people are religiously influenced by this movement across the Atlantic, and though we are slower we are not less certain thinkers. All truly religious men should immediately see how far this science of Spiritualism affects matters of deep interest to them, and the imponderable forces should be studied by the scientific. It won't do to hush it up, as the views are spreading, widely, and as we cannot stop any stream of thought springing from facts, surely by trying to understand its principles we are in the best position to direct its course. Let all true men do their duty in whatever way they think best, and then let the approaching torrent take whatever direction the providential arrangement of human thought determines. If the merest trifles are under our Father's care, how much more shall the interests of His children be safe, both here and hereafter, no matter what new views or sciences each century brings forth!"

A Grand Worker.

N. Frank White is doing a noble work in the West. He is engaged in speaking almost every evening in the week, besides Sundays. We hope his strength will hold out for the arduous labor he has undertaken. He is an eloquent speaker. In a private note to us under date of Feb. 14th, he says, "My Sundays are all engaged now until July, when I go East for a short rest. If I had a dozen bodies I could not answer all the applications for my time. I have only week evenings now to give, but will improve them, if the friends desire, anywhere within a hundred miles of my Sunday engagements; so far they have been well occupied. I have averaged about five evenings in the week, besides my Sundays. I sometimes get quite weary, but am standing it finely, and have not yet been obliged to disappoint an audience; neither do I think I shall. I am having a grand time here in Berlin; Spiritualism here is flourishing finely. I go to Fond du Lac the next two Sundays. Next week I give a course of five lectures in the Unitarian Church, at Ripon. I am kept on such a jump, I get no time to write."

The Telegraph.

We observe a reduction—real, we hope, as well as apparent—in the charges of the American Telegraph Company, brought about, no doubt, by the competition which has sprung up in this important field of business. THE FRANKLIN COMPANY offers to serve the public at much reduced rates, and sends back important messages to the points whence received, for confirmation, at half rates. This insures perfect safety in the character of every despatch, and makes it tell a true story for the person sending. The office of the Franklin Telegraph Company is at 99 State street, in Boston, and it also has offices in Worcester, Springfield, Hartford and New York. We commend it to the favor of the business public, and of all those who have occasion to make use of the telegraph.

Christ and the People.

Dr. A. B. Child, of this city, is now engaged in the preparation of a book for the press bearing the above title. It presents Christ as he presented himself; it presents a new view of sin; a new view of justice; a new view of charity; a new view of human law; a new view of government for the people; a new view of man's inseparable relation to Christ, in the present and future, and of the unseen ties that in all times, places and conditions bind man to his fellow-man. This new work will be printed on fine paper, with handsome type, and neatly bound. It will be published by subscription, at \$1.25 per copy, postage fifteen cents. Those who desire early copies of this book, which will be ready in April, can be accommodated by remitting the price to us, as we are authorized to take subscriptions for it.

Lecturers' Movements.

J. S. Loveland is still busily engaged in spreading the spiritual gospel in Connecticut.

Mrs. Susan E. Slight is speaking for the Society of Spiritualists in Yarmouth, Me., with very general satisfaction.

J. M. Allen is very actively engaged in Vermont, lecturing Sundays and week evenings.

E. S. Wheeler, of this city, speaks in Haverhill during this month.

Doan Clarke, a modest man, but a fine trance speaker, is in Brandon, Vt. We hope our friends will keep him busy. The fire of inspiration burning in his soul will yet break forth in utterance of truth, and warm the hearts of the cold and indifferent.

Hudson Tuttle's new Book, "The Origin and Antiquity of Physical Man."

This excellent work should be in the hands of every person in the land whose mind is not bigoted by the fossil ideas of the writers of past generations. We fully reviewed this book in a recent number of our paper; but we again, although briefly, call the attention of our readers to it, because we believe they will derive both pleasure and profit from a perusal of its pages. The Boston Post, in criticising this book, says: "The author discusses the great question relating to the antiquity of man with considerable ability. He has read widely, and writes clearly, and reasons well." Sold, wholesale and retail, by Wm. White & Co., publishers of the Banner of Light.

To our Subscribers.

As the present volume of the Banner closes with two 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.

Marlboro', Mass.

The Spiritualists of this town have organized a society, and now hold regular Sunday meetings there. "Let the light shine for the benefit of man," says Bro. Sidney Howe, Secretary of the Society. So say we. And it will. The clouds which have obscured the glorious sun of Spiritualism, are fast passing away.

Shorthand Writing.

Attention is called to the advertisement of Andrew J. Graham, in another column, author of a system of standard shorthand. Those who have learned his style of shorthand writing, consider it an improvement on "Pitman's System."

Mediums in Boston.

[illegible]

