

whilst the old man, fully believing his life in danger, ran frantically away, as fast as his aged limbs could carry him, and did not stop as I have done, until he dropped down exhausted upon Hampstead-heath, where he was found in a ditch at daybreak, without hat or coat, by some workmen, to whom he told his piteous tale, and asked for help.

"I think I hear the startled reader exclaiming, 'What has happened to you, Mr. Coleman? Where did you pick up this fabulous story? Surely, you must be biographical! Where is there to be found a man in all London who would suffer such outrages to be perpetrated under his own roof and the cover of his hospitality? Is it possible that six men, holding any position in society, could stand by and assist in such heartless, wanton cruelty?'"

Alas, my friend! I grieve to say this is not an imaginary scene—the story I have told is true to the letter; and here, at least, is a partial corroboration of it, taken from the Standard of the 6th of January last, not communicated by me, nor by any one known to me; and let me also add that the poor victim, Andrews, is an entire stranger to me; I have never seen him. Here is the paragraph:—

A GENTLEMAN IN A STATE OF CYCLOLOGY (sic).—An elderly man was found in the fields at Hampstead, on Thursday morning, by some laborers, without hat or coat, and his clothes completely covered with mud. He was in a very exhausted state, and had evidently been out in the rain all night. On being asked how he got in such a condition, he said he had been to see some spiritual manifestations, and that, under Mr. Southern's directions, he had endeavored to cyclologize some of the gentlemen present; that he succeeded with one, who became very violent, and who, after throwing everything in the room at him, seized a knife and swore to have his life; that he fled the house, and to escape his pursuer, ran into the fields and hid himself in a ditch, where he remained all night, afraid to move. The poor man was taken home, declaring he would never again try the effect of such a dangerous power, and which had nearly cost him his life. The gentleman he cyclologized, he stated, was Mr. Toole, the favorite comedian of the Adelphi Theatre.

MR. SOTHERN AT THE POLICE COURT. A day or two after Mr. Andrews' evening party, Mr. Tiffin applied to the presiding magistrate at Marylebone Police Court, and obtained a summons against Mr. Edward Askew Sothern to answer a charge of assault, and putting him in bodily fear. The hearing was fixed for Saturday, the 13th of January, when Mr. Sothern and Mr. Toole were present; but before the case was called, great anxiety was evinced by Mr. Sothern to have it settled privately.

The solicitors conferred together, and both pressed upon Mr. Tiffin to forego the public exposure, Mr. Tiffin's own solicitor urging him to accept an apology, as that was the way, he said, these cases were always settled between gentlemen. Mr. Tiffin so repeatedly urged, at length yielded, upon the condition that an apology should be made in writing, which was done, Mr. Sothern expressing his extreme regret that he should have committed such a folly, which he meant only as a joke; and the affair was thus settled. Mr. Sothern paying all costs, which I am told amounted to about £15.

The reader will no doubt rise from the perusal of these extraordinary chapters in Mr. Sothern's history, with mingled feelings of surprise and indignation. But those who are accustomed to trust the integrity of my statements, will not doubt me when I say, that I have ample evidence to support the revelations made in these pages.

If Mr. Sothern should be disposed to dispute any of my statements, I may have to recur to the subject, but I expect that he will see the wisdom of giving, in future, as wide a berth to Spiritualism, as his friend, Mr. Edmund Yates, the *Pander*, has found it prudent to give to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, since the severe castigation which the editor so mercilessly bestowed upon him.

AN ORIGINAL POEM.

BY MRS. M. S. TOWNSEND.

I send this little poem, which purports to come from my angel-sister, Miss A. W. Sprague, given me by inspiration one evening recently, just before retiring, which, if you please, you can publish.

Out of a cloudless heaven,
Though rich with golden light,
Alone came not the spirit
To make earth's beauty bright.

Without, sometimes, such darkness
As makes the poor heart quail,
Should mantle the golden glory
Like a rich and heavy veil.

No flower could ever blossom,
Or rich green verdure grow;
No river sing its anthem
Of praise to God below;

No billows shake the ocean
With silver-created wave
Without the storm and tempest;
Oh, naught on earth is brave!

Without the storm and tempest,
That bends with graceful power
The young and tender sapling,
The tall oak could not tower.

And man, the microcosm
Of Nature, needs the same:
Without affliction's tempest
He's weak, and poor, and tame.

But when afflictions settle,
Like dark clouds over the soul—
When deep convictions battle,
And great thoughts thunders roll;

When surge on surge is heaving
Rich jewels from the deep,
Oh, then the soul is strengthened!
'Tis glorious thus to weep!

Each tear becomes a jewel,
To deck the spirit-brow,
And thus thy crown, my sister,
I'm weaving for thee now.

When strength for coming glory
Hath fallen on thy soul,
The dark clouds from thy heaven
Will backward, backward roll!

Until the sun's great splendor,
In rich effulgent gleams,
Will shine upon thy nature,
Revealing more than dreams.

Up! onward! then, my sister!
Work while the storm may last,
For when the sunlight breaketh,
Thy days of toil are past.

Spiritualism not Dead in Glenn's Falls.

It has been commonly reported by our Orthodox friends that Spiritualism was "dead, played out," etc., in this place. Even some of our Spiritualists themselves became faint-hearted, saying that we could do nothing. But this week we have awakened anew, and have had three lectures—one by M. C. Bent, and two by S. J. Finney. The people turned out well, even more than the most sanguine of the Spiritualists expected—Quakers, Methodists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Baptists, and even some Catholics. The believers in the death of Spiritualism were completely astonished at the numbers that attended the lectures. Our numbers increased each night, and very many are asking for more of the same Gospel.

Glenn's Falls, N. Y., March 2, 1886.

Written for the Banner of Light.

LILLY.

BY DAN MITCHELL.

Darling babe is dead!
In the earth so chillily
They have made a bed
For our faded Lily;
And our hearts are sadly wailing,
Like the wild wind in a storm.

Shrouded in our fears,
Planted we bright flowers,
Watered them with tears
Falling like the showers;
While our spirits, torn by anguish,
Strove to burst their prison-doors.

"Lily dear is dead!"
Cried we, sadly sighing;
"In her gloomy bed,
Mouldering, is lying!"
Low and sweet as dying music,
Came a voice, "Not dead! not dead!"

Upward looking, there
In the moonlight stillly,
Stood an angel fair—
Stood our darling Lily,
Pointing with her shining finger
Upward to her home of light.

"No, not dead!" we cried;
Hush our foolish sighing!
Bitter tears be dried!
In the grave not lying!
Death is life; dying is living;
Death in life, and life in death.

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS,
192 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 Lincoln.

(Original.)

VIRGINIA PERKINS.

CHAPTER XVI.

Regrets and Rejoicing.

It is sometimes quite easy to do right, and to feel glad in doing it; but if it brings great suffering, it is very hard not to wonder if it would not have been just as well if we had done differently. Virginia had bravely adhered to the influence of the right and good. She had listened to the loving voices that bade her not be afraid, and to turn from Hugh's selfish wishes to the unselfish path of pure love. But up in a desolate chamber, in the heated air of August, with no sight of the green grass or the fresh waving trees, and only a little glimpse of the blue sky through the high window, feeling lonely, and weak, and half sick, it was not easy to have faith, or to be brave. The hours seemed to lengthen themselves into weeks, and so long seemed the time that at last she knew not whether she had been there days or months. She tried to count the hours, but her brain whirled; she tried to remember what day of the week it was, but she could only think of the hot sun's rays that came through the skylight and made her so uncomfortable.

Virginia had been taken to this uncomfortable place to await until some one should see if she ought to be punished or set at liberty. But who was to see? Everybody had enough to do, and the orders to keep her until it was known what to do with her, were strictly obeyed, and her weary heart seemed to be of no account. Poor little heart, so strong to do right! so full of love, and so tired!

She went over again and again all the journey with her faithful guide. How much better would it have been, she thought, if they had turned this way or that, or any way but the way they did! How much better if she had stayed at home! How much better if she had turned back when first her feet ached so! How much better if she had not tried to get Sambo away! Yes, she even thought that, for she was so tired and comfortless!

There is nothing so sad as these regrets. When one allows himself to keep wishing that this or that had been, all faith goes from the heart, and it is like a poor sick dove that folds its wings, closes its bill, and lies down in the barnyard, forgetting the green fields and sweet pastures, and the nice cote so snug and warm.

But almost all brave hearts like Virginia's grow strong again after seasons of weakness, and one night, when the air was cooler, and the starlight seemed to bring a glory that the sun had hidden, Virginia prayed the first unselfish prayer since her confinement. She had prayed many times before—sometimes that she might die; sometimes that she might be released; sometimes that she might go home. But this night she prayed again that beautiful prayer, "May the will of the best and holiest be done;" and she felt the prayer, and was glad in all she had suffered and endured for the right. It seemed to her as if some one came to her and took away all her restlessness, and gave her the strength that she needed, and she put her little hand under her head, and felt the cool breath of love fall over her, and soon dreamed that she was in heaven.

It is such prayers that angels love to answer, because it is so easy for them to do so. But the prayers of selfishness they find it hard to answer. This is because when one breathes a pure, loving wish, there is about that one an atmosphere as sweet as the breath of roses, and in it the angels can live almost as well as in heaven. But the selfish prayers give no such sweet life with them, and they must be listened to afar off.

Virginia slept, and dreamed she was little Tiddy under the dear old protective locust trees, and listening to the wrens and robins, and the soft rustling leaves, while old Milly sang her low song in the kitchen not far off; and she was still sleeping when the sun was creeping its way up into the heavens again. A gentle rap came on her door, and she still dreamed that it was Hugh and Estelle coming around the corner fence, and striking it with their little sticks, as they used to do.

But the second rap opened her eyes to the bare, dismal walls. She started to open the door, forgetting that it was closely barred; but a low voice spoke through the keyhole:

"Tiddy, is that you?" it said softly. And then, without waiting for a reply, as if quite sure that it was, "This is Estelle. Are you glad? It was Milly and Sambo that found you out, and got me to come and see you. And I will help you get away; don't be afraid. But I must go now. We will all come to-night, when it is all quiet in the streets. Good-bye, dear Tiddy. I'm so glad I could find you and help you!"

How short seemed that day to Tiddy! How full of the blessed faith that makes all days beautiful! She could almost see how the tender hand of love had brought her on. Then she had found

Estelle, and the dear faithful Milly! She wondered and wondered again how it all could happen so; and then she began to believe that nothing had happened, but that a wise power kept her and carried her safely through all her ways.

When evening came, and the streets were quiet, the gentle rap came again. Virginia had been sitting by the door for two long hours, so afraid that she should miss some sound, or in some way neglect to respond to her friends.

"Bress you, honey, darlin'," said Milly, between sobbing and laughing, "if dis yere arm could jes' be roun' your waist, and dis yere eye could see dat face, Milly be ready to go to heben! Oh, honey, darlin', such a wonderful time as we had all dat journey through! It was jes' like de children ob Jacob when dey go through Egypt. Der neber was notin' like it. Der was Ann, she feel berry sure dat de angels go wid us; but John, he say it was de Lord. An' sure enuf, dere was a blessed sign every time we don't know what to do. Sometime Ann see de flower lyin' right long our track, though where de flower was Milly could neber tell. Sometime we all get frustrated, an' don't know notin' what to do. Den Jo, he kneel down an' pray like de glory ob de camp meatin' on him; den Milly rose up, an' everyting be clear as de sun in de winter when der be no clouds, but jes' de sparkling air. Den Milly go on de right track again. An' so we keep de prayin' and de faith a workin' all de time, an' go straight on, though we neber fine notin' 't all."

"Well, dear Milly," said Virginia, "did you go to the camp, or how did you come here?"

"Dat be singularst ob all," said Milly. "We keep goin' an' goin', an' prayin' an' prayin', an' when de light de clearst, den we go right smart, but when it be 'scurd den we go mosin' along. Well, one day our prayin' did n't seem to bring notin' to pass, an' Ann she see notin', and Milly feel notin', an' so we jes' stay still in de woods, a waitin' an' a waitin', an' all at once dere come up Sambo, an' 'veal himself, and Ann she fell back as de dead for joy, but Jo he kneel down an' neber say a word. Den Sambo tells us all 'bout you, an' 'pears be de right smart close by Richmond, an' den we set to work to tink what we do; an' de Lord he jes' jes' dat we may go to Richmond an' neber fear, so we come, an' dere we find Estelle, jes' as if de Lord sent her, an' when we tells her all den she set to work an' fine you, honey, darlin', an' here we be, an' Milly Estelle fine lady now, an' she 'plays us all, notin' can harm us."

When Virginia had listened to this story of faith and devotion, she felt surer than ever that a loving power was keeping her in safety. Sambo told of his adventures, and how he heard through the faithful Gus that Virginia had been carried away, and also that the teamster, Gamble, having found that she had been in camp, was searching for her and endeavoring to capture her.

Virginia began to understand how she had been delivered from greater evils than she had found in her dreary imprisonment. She no longer dreaded to look on the bare walls; they seemed to her to have been protecting her from harm. The bars of the door had kept her secure, and she was ready to bless them. A little home had been prepared for her, she thought, by the angels, up in this comfortless upper chamber, and here she had been waiting.

It was not long before Estelle's influence had removed Virginia to a pleasant room adjoining her own, and now she had faith, air, and freedom, and love, for Milly was there ever ready to serve her, and Sambo kept faithful guard over her. Ann and Jo were employed not far off. The path of her life seemed to have opened to her this pleasant resting place. She had been climbing the mountain with resolution and sacrifice, and now she was looking at the beautiful gems that she had been able to gather. There was, first of all, Faith; what a holy treasure it was. She could trust the loving angels now, and the high power that kept her. Then there was Patience; what a bright jewel it seemed. She had waited, and trusted, and suffered, and now she held that rare gem that could not be taken from her.

The beautiful setting of these gems was Love. How it shone and gleamed, and how glad Virginia was that she had never thrown it away from her, by refusing to love even the poor and humble. Then she could look at the beautiful flowers of Hope. They were sweet and lovely. All the vision that had been shown to her seemed to be realized. She was glad in all she had suffered, and could remember only that it had brought her away from dangers, temptations and trials.

But she was still to have other tests of her love. Estelle had been kind and loving to Virginia, for she had not forgotten her gentle, loving ways, when Hugh was rough and unkind to her. But she was still the same willful Estelle, and cared little for the happiness or pain of others. She gave Virginia to understand that Hugh at last loved her, and that they were to be married as soon as he was strong enough. She read little scraps of his letters to her, in which he expressed such ill-will to Virginia as made her heart very sorrowful. She had chosen to do differently from what he wished, and he said he cared no more for her. She might go away with her petted "niggers" if she wished, since she chose their society to his.

Virginia listened to all these words with a silent tongue but a wounded heart. She had never thought about marrying Hugh, as Estelle talked of, but he had told her so many times of living near her and of their beautiful life, that she had always placed in the future a beautiful picture of Hugh and herself gathering flowers together, and spending happy days in the sweet olden time. But day by day Estelle took away parts of this picture, until she saw it fading and departing, leaving a great dark shadow in its place.

It was this that took the sunshine out of Virginia's life, and made the world look quite gloomy to her again. Sometimes she wished she could die, and sometimes she wished she had never left Hugh. Her cheek grew pale and her voice lost its cheerful tone. Milly saw all this with the watchful anxiety that love always possesses.

One day she said: "Honey, darlin', does you want to go to de ole home? Milly has been talking with 'Stelle about it, an' she say dat she can get a 'scort for us, an' dat if we say her name and show her writing, none will trouble us. An' Milly will go an' 'range everyting, an' Jo an' Ann will go an' lib dere wid us."

Virginia's face grew brighter than for many days. "Oh, Milly, it was just what I wanted. I grow so weak here, and I think the soft air among the locusts would make me strong again. And perhaps there would be something for me to do there. Estelle thinks I cannot do anything here, and she does so much."

And so it was all arranged in a few days that Virginia, with Milly, and Ann and Jo, should go back to the old home. Virginia looked like a little tender flower that was being carried back again to the pastures, from which it had been re-

moved to the dusty highway. She saw nothing bright before her, and no way to climb further up the mountain. Yet still in her heart was ever the prayer to ascend and to find the beautiful treasures there. Something within her continually spoke to her hopefully, and the sweet voices of love from the heaven she longed to go to, all ways assured and strengthened her.

[To be continued in our next.]

THE OLD BROWN HOUSE.

BY K. M. R.

"Mother, I wonder, when they wrote the Ten Commandments, why they didn't put in just another: 'Thou shalt not slander!'" and Kitty Wells carried the big Bible—just as much as she could lift—and placed it upon the quaintly-fashioned stand in the corner. "I wonder," continued Kitty, seating herself on the low stool at her mother's feet, "if they were so much better in those old times, so they didn't need any such command."

Kitty's blue eyes looked large and dreamy, as though she was wandering away among the Israelites to see if they were as wicked as we are now. "Thou shalt not steal, nor kill, nor covet. Honor thy father and mother; but it doesn't say a word about slandering."

"Why, Kitty, what put that into your head?" inquired her mother.

"You know, mother," answered Kitty, "that papa read us a story the other night about a philosopher whose name was so queer?"

"Was it Diogenes?" inquired her mother.

"Yes, that was it. He lived sometime in the fourth century B. C. He used to walk about the streets of Athens in the garb and manner of a sturdy beggar, and slept in a tub. Father read he was rigidly temperate and despised the forms of polite society, so when Alexander the Great came to see him he said he was astonished at Diogenes' indifference. I suppose that meant he did not treat him with any more attention than he did anybody else, if he was some great emperor. But I think he might have been more polite to him. When Alexander made an offer of service to him, you know, mother, he didn't even thank him, but only told him, 'I only want you to stand out of my sunshine!' I would have been more polite, I know. He must have been a very funny man, for he carried a lantern about Athens once at midnight, and when asked why he did so, he replied, 'I am looking for a man.' I suppose he meant an honest, noble man, didn't he, mother?"

"I think he must have been a wise man, for some one asked him once what was the most dangerous animal, and he answered, 'Among tame ones the flatterer, and among wild ones the slanderer.'"

"Papa said people that talked ill about their neighbors were nothing more or less than slanderers! I heard Mrs. Reed telling you to-day about the lady over in the old brown house on the hill, and I thought she said things that wasn't very good about her. At any rate, mother, if there had been another Commandment in the Bible that could have read this way, 'Thou shalt not talk against thy neighbor without any just cause,' then you wouldn't have had to sit there and nodded 'yes' to all she said, would you, mother, for you know Mrs. Reed says she keeps all the Commandments?"

And Kitty's blue eyes looked wonderingly into her mother's face, as though expecting to hear some good reason why that Command was omitted. But the lady still seemed on, sitting in her cool, shaded room that hot June morning, with the breath of the sweet-scented, jasmine and bright roses fanning her cheek by the window, and Kitty Wells crept away to her playthings wondering "why mother didn't talk to me as she most always does."

"I wonder if all Mrs. Reed said was true," thought the lady after Kitty left the room. "I thought it would be so nice and pleasant to have a neighbor in the old brown house, but Mrs. Reed's words—although she did not say it was so, she only thought so by things she had seen and heard people say—have quite taken the kindly feeling out of my heart. Kitty is such a strange child! I did not imagine she knew what we were saying, for she was playing most of the time. Was it an angel that whispered to her, 'A new Commandment give unto you, that ye love one another?'"

In letters of fire seemed written these words: "Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you," and the lady read those words over and over again.

"After all, I ought not to have nodded 'yes' to what Mrs. Reed said. I ought to have told her I had no right to listen to her words until I knew they were true; and then, admitting they were true, I ought to have covered her fallings over with a mantle of charity, for if my conditions had been different I might have been a 'poor unfortunate.' And somehow the lady's eyes grew humid, and the beautiful landscape she had so much admired from her window that morning seemed to fade away in a mist.

"Poor woman! sitting there all alone, with no one to speak to her only her little girl, for I have seen her every morning there by the window! If Mrs. Reed had not made those insinuations how much better I should feel."

"They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick!" and Mrs. Wells started to her feet, for these words seemed uttered close to her ear. She walked across the soft carpet, and, opening the blinds, she looked over to the old brown house.

"I wonder if those words were meant for me to go forth and do all the good I can, never thinking 'I am holier than thou!' I suppose it is no great goodness of mine that my feet have been kept in pleasant places; for I have never been weighed in the balance; and perhaps what would be great sin for me ought to be looked upon with more charity for those who are differently organized. I think I will call and see if I can't make one heart glad this morning."

The lady laid away her sewing, and finding Kitty she told her she might go with her to see the little girl in the old brown house.

"She'll be pleased with these flowers, won't she, mother?" and Kitty held up a large bunch of bright roses and pinks, which she had gathered in the garden.

It was an old-fashioned house, more admired for its antiquity than for its beauty. The low gambrel-roof, and quaintly-fashioned windows, reminded you of things that were, for whole generations had passed away since the moss had first begun to cover its walls. And childhood's song had once filled the old house with glees, soon stepping into boyhood, from thence into manhood, and some reaching old age; all of them laying aside this earthly raiment for a more spiritual one. But the old house kept standing, never uttering a word of the many heart-dramas enacted therein; and it kept old and brown, and passed out of the hands that had treasured it as being their birthplace. Stranger's footsteps echoed now through its rooms. And this was the house that little Kitty Wells and her mother went into that bright June morning.

I cannot begin to tell you how glad the heart of Minnie Ray was at the sight of the beautiful roses that Kitty gave her. You could have seen it beaming forth from her glad eyes, and the soft pink color that came dancing into her pale cheeks. You could have heard it in the low, musical laughter, that came rippling from her throat, making you think of the birds that sing so early in the morning, in the old apple trees.

The roses had faded away from the old house, because no loving hands had been there to plant them; so the little girl, when she came there that spring, had nothing but dandelions and daisies growing in the great front yard. She had seen the roses nodding in the breeze and sunshine over the way, and she longed to gather some.

"But to think, mamma, she should bring me some. It made me feel so glad; but I felt a good deal 'gladder' to think some one thought of us." The little girl laughed with tears in her eyes after Kitty went away.

Kitty wondered why tears came into the lady's brown eyes, when she thanked her for her gift of fresh, ripe strawberries, that laid so temptingly in the basket. She knew her mother said kind, loving words to the lady, just such as you and I love to hear, little reader; and she thought the lady's face lit up with smiles, when she said:

"The remembrance of this pleasant visit will make me happy all the week."

Kitty heard her mother telling papa, when he came home, of the pleasant call they had in the old brown house that morning; and instead of finding any "bugbears," they had found a gentle, refined woman. And the lady added:

"Suppose I was obliged to earn the daily bread for little Kitty and me, with no one to love and care for me, as you do; I am sure I should want some one to speak encouraging words to me."

Kitty was sure, after her mother said this, that papa's voice trembled, as he said, laying his hand caressingly over her mother's shining hair:

"Sure enough, what would you do, if people should speak cold, slandering words, instead of loving ones?"

Kitty wondered why mamma's eyelashes were wet.

Very sure was Kitty that her mother talked to old Mrs. Reed next time she saw her, telling her that slandering was bearing false witness against our neighbors, just as much as though we stood up in the court room and gave in a false testimony. Mrs. Reed held up her hands in horror, saying "she never told that such a thing was so, only she thought so; and other people thought so, too. She would not be guilty of doing such a thing; no, indeed!"

And Kitty heard her mother reply "that gossiping led people to say a great many things they ought not to. Our influence would be felt wherever we went, either for good or bad. If we tried to do good, and loved our neighbors as ourselves, not only those who lived next door to us, but everybody, then, when we laid aside this old worn casket, the gem would be most beautiful to behold. Our spiritual bodies would be clothed in raiments of white, and we should look with pitying sorrow on those who went about slandering one another."

Kitty did not hear Mrs. Reed say another word; but she was sure it was soon noised abroad that "Mrs. Wells was a queer woman, and preached a strange doctrine."

There were two glad hearts over in the old brown house.

Kitty Wells and Minnie Ray became firm friends; and Mrs. Wells and Kitty went about doing good, carrying loving words and cheerful smiles; and the lady over the way blessed her because she had come to her when she was sitting among the shadows, and her hope and faith had well nigh gone.

Sweet flowers were planted in the yard front of the old brown house; rosebushes were trained over the moss-covered fence, and climbed close to the old brown shingles; trailing vines covered the weather-beaten porch, and clambered over the old brown front, throwing fragrance upon the breeze, just as we ought to throw out goodness; and people passing by said "the old house looked like a thing of beauty," so full of life did it seem."

Floral gifts went from the old brown house, to lighten the hearts of other people who were sad and unfortunate.

Kitty Wells grew to be a beautiful woman; and people said she had the sweet ways of her mother, and the noble principles of her father.

She never forgot the New Commandment "that ye love one another." And if we would remember this, we never should slander anybody, and then we should have "Beautiful throngs of angels for company," and "our lives would be as palms; our foreheads wear a calm like the palm of beautiful hymns."

To Correspondents.

A FRIEND.—In the olden time they used to say the Lord put it into the hearts of his chosen ones to do this and that. The spirit that prompts to loving deeds is the same in all ages. There are little golden threads called prayers, that touch some answering heart, and whether it be in the breast of an angel or mortal, it is the divine love therein that prompts to noble, unselfish deeds that become the answers to the heart-prayers. And by the divine love in such deeds shall they be sometime known, and a friend feel friendship's best return, gratitude.

L. M. W.

A POEM.

BY MRS. V. POST.

[Read at the dedication of the new Spiritual Hall, in San Francisco, Cal., where Mrs. Laura Cuddy is now speaking.]

To the father and the mother,
To the sister and the brother,
To the husband, wife and lover—
We dedicate this hall.

To the blind and to the lame,
To the righteous and the profane,
To God they're all the same—
We dedicate this hall.

There are no high or low—
Away with pomp and show;
It is to Truth below
We dedicate this hall.

To the poor and to the rich,
The wizard and the witch,
To the beggar in the ditch—
We dedicate this hall.

To those who smoke and drink,
And those on ruin's brink,
They, too, who deeply think—
We dedicate this hall.

To the young and to the old,
To the gentle and the bold,
To the timid and the bold—
We dedicate this hall.

To the virtuous and the good,
And those whom vice has wooed,
To the stilly, pretty pride—
We dedicate this hall.

On the earth, and on the sea,
To all, wherever they be,
If no larger than a bee—
We dedicate this hall.

Look out and do not pin your faith on the sleeves of men who often change their coats.

LYNES.

Dedicated to the Banner of Light.

BY DAVID H. SHAFER.

Hail BANNER OF LIGHT! Thy radiance unfurling,
Beams forth with refulgence upon our sight;
Thy rays, in bright convulsions, are curling
In beautiful characters, Banner of Light.

Thou comest as a messenger, gently revealing
To each home, and all hearts wrapt in Error's
dark night;
How brilliant thy pathway through prejudice
stealing,
Filling Earth with thy loveliness, Banner of
Light!

Behold! on thy flagstaff the Star of Truth beam-
ing,
In purity's raiment all glorious and bright;
While through countless channels her blessings
are streaming,
Attracting our hopes to the Banner of Light!

Borne by Love, see this Banner its beauties un-
folding
To our sin-blighted earth, bringing joy and de-
light;
All glorious with smiles, in her hands she is hold-
ing
The blessings that come with the Banner of
Light!

While I gaze, I behold meek-eyed Charity wreath-
ing
Her golden-bued flowers, so fair to my sight!
In the ears of humanity sweetly she's breathing,
Oh come, and be led by the Banner of Light!

On the Apex sits Peace, like a gentle Dove rest-
ing,
Secure on her perch, naught shall harm or af-
fright;
While Error's fierce hurricane nobly she's breast-
ing,
Glad tidings she sends through the Banner of
Light!

Next Faith with reliance points upward to
Heaven,
And calling on man in one hand to unite,
Thus the bigoted chains of dark ignorance are
given,
And this Earth is illumined by the Banner of
Light!

Correspondence.

Spiritual Phenomena in New Hamp-
shire.

Having traveled for some length of time among
the mountain fastnesses of the grand old Granite
State, dispensing to the people thereof a little
of the bread of spiritual life, I thought that you
and your numerous readers would be pleased to
learn of the progress of our beautiful faith there,
through one whose inspirational poems have fre-
quently appeared in your valuable journal.

Some five or six years ago I bade farewell to
dearly cherished and beloved friends in the State
of my nativity, Massachusetts, to enter on the
onerous duties, embarrassments and perplexities
of mediumistic life in other places. To me, the
voyage on this untried sea of Spiritualism was
full of doubt and misgiving, and I saw before me
only poor remuneration, few friends and many
enemies, a liberal supply of scandal and misrep-
resentation from opponents, with a few poignant
thrusts from dissembling believers and pseudo
Spiritualists.

Such, dear Banner, was the uninteresting pic-
ture which obtruded itself before my vision as I
freshly unfurled the white sails of my life-bark,
and launched out upon the new and uncertain sea
before me. Kind friends I had left on the shores
of my native State, whose fervent prayers, best
wishes and hopes, I knew, would follow the voy-
ager on his uncertain journey, and such, I felt,
would strengthen me to perform faithfully the
mission which had been sacredly committed to
my keeping by the ministers of the celestial
spheres.

It was when Nature was clothed in her most
regal robes that my feet pressed the soil of the
Granite State. Her grand old mountains, loom-
ing up in magnificent and inviting beauty before
me; her beautiful rivers, winding their gentle
arms around hill and vale—the Merrimack, Pem-
igasset and Ammonoosuc—rendered nor
more hallowed and classical by the many sacred
graves which dot their peaceful shores; the many
pleasant hamlets nestling in the quiet beauty of
her lofty eminences—all seemed to extend to the
doubting pilgrim a general invitation to the hospi-
tality and friendship of the kind hearts and
homes so liberally sprinkled among them.

The "Twelve Messages from the Spirit of John
Quincy Adams," which were written through my
humble hand and sent to the world through the
generous munificence and influence of my highly
esteemed friend, Josiah Brigham, Esq., of Quincy,
Mass., had been received and read with pleasure
by a great many true believers and actors in our
beautiful philosophy in New Hampshire, and
also by many who did not then acknowledge
themselves to be believers in it, and such work
contributed largely to introduce me to the favor-
able notice and friendship of "her spiritual res-
idents." I received, wherever I went, a kind wel-
come from a few true and noble hearts, who did
everything in their power to lessen the burdens
resting on my shoulders, which more than com-
pensated for the slander, contumely and misrep-
resentation I was destined to receive from illib-
eral and bigoted minds throughout the State.

My first temporary abiding place, upon press-
ing the soil of the Granite State, was in Candia,
where I met with a few noble souls, who have
bravely struggled through the quagmires of bigo-
try and prejudice by which they were surrounded,
and have succeeded in placing Spiritualism on a
solid and durable foundation, and themselves
firmly in the esteem and affection of all who love
independence of thought and action. I gave a
number of lectures there, exercised the test pow-
ers of my mediumship to the satisfaction of many,
if not all, who witnessed them, and left the town
laden with grateful remembrances of my visit,
and of the kindness of its true-hearted Spiritu-
alists, among whom I may mention Messrs. Leon-
ard Dearborn, Austin Cass, Abner Guttererson, and
a few others. Mediums and lecturers canvassing
the State would find a hospitable welcome from
these generous souls.

Thence I proceeded to Concord, the capital of
the State, where I found the cause in quite a
promising condition, with a number of earnest
souls rallying to the support of our glorious stand-
ard. There I formed the acquaintance of many
warmly interested in the success of our cause,
and who gave to the truth-imparting wayfarer
those substantial tokens of interest and friendship
that greatly encouraged and strengthened him in
the performance of his mission. The most promi-
nent Spiritualists there are Messrs. Stephen Fos-
ter, A. P. Munsey, Elias G. Sylvester, together

with many others whose names are not distinctly
remembered, but whose precious images are hung
up in the halls of memory.

Franklin was the next place to which I was in-
vited and directed, where I found the cause sus-
tained by a few earnest hearts and hands. Spiritu-
alism there had received a severe blow through
the supposed derelictions of one of its exponents,
but which subsequent and candid investigation
proved to be the result of consummate bigotry
and religious persecution. The unfortunate man,
the victim of this martyrdom, was arraigned and
adjudged guilty by the jury which tried the case,
and after languishing a number of months in
Concord jail, was released, if I recollect rightly,
before the final expiration of his term of impris-
onment. Spiritualism there is slowly recovering
from the blow, and gaining a surer and stronger
foothold among the people.

In Andover, an adjacent town, I met with a
very warm and cordial welcome from the Spiritu-
alists, who constitute the most intelligent and
wealthy portion of the community. The cause
there is in a flourishing and progressive condition,
and many who a few years ago scoffed at the idea
that disembodied immortals could hold commun-
ion with those in the flesh, are now numbered
among its most zealous advocates. Mr. Wm. B.
Emery, W. H. Edmunds, M. W. Rowell, John
Fellows, George W. Thompson, are the principal
Spiritualists of the place.

Holderness next welcomed me to her generous
hospitality, where I received a cordial greeting
from Col. Jesse Ladd, one of the earliest and old-
est pioneers of the cause, who has struggled
through many adverse changes to sustain the
spiritual philosophy in the town, and who has
now entered on the endless intellectual and moral
activities of a life whose munificent inspirations
had made his earthly one so happy and pleasant.
Peace and progress to his released spirit. Mr.
Daniel K. Smith, another pioneer and practical
worker in the advancing cause, is left to receive
to the bosom of his hospitable family the way-
ward traveler as he stops to break the bread of
spiritual life to the famishing ones in that place.

My time was next divided among the progres-
sive souls of Campton, Thornton and Woodstock,
where I was privileged to drop a few crumbs
from the well-filled tables of the angel-land, and
which were eagerly and gladly devoured by the
truth-seekers in those places. But why cumber
your valuable columns with a repetition of this
citation? Suffice it for me to state that wherever
I was guided a spontaneous greeting awaited and
was accorded to me. To be sure, in a very few
places, I was obliged to meet with some pretense
of Spiritualism, *non-descript*, who have crept into the
spiritual ranks seemingly for no other purpose
than to stab those who may rank higher, mental-
ly and mediumistically, than themselves. The in-
fluence of one such has been and is of more dis-
advantage to the progress of the cause than a
hundred honest opponents. I have reason to
thank God, however, that the number of such is
"few and far between."

My labors thus far bring me to this town, be-
neath whose sheltering hills nestle a group of
true and noble souls as can be found anywhere;
souls that have long burst the chains of mental
and spiritual slavery, and risen to a full and per-
fect recognition of the beautiful harmony and
practical workings of our soul-uplifting faith. The
darkness of theological errors has long settled up-
on the aspirations of the people, here as else-
where, like a nightmare, but the black cloud is
slowly and surely lifting, and soon the glad vi-
sions of these enslaved ones will behold the radi-
ant glory of the star of Eternal Truth.

My lectures here have called forth a sermon
from one of the high priests, who dished out to his
hearers, as is customary with such, the usual
amount of vituperation and misrepresentation.
Rev. Mr. Martin, the priest referred to, has arrogat-
ed to himself, in his one-sided elucidation of the
subject, a vast amount of knowledge and wisdom,
but the generality of intelligent minds hereabouts
think him to be a mere intellectual pigmy! His
whole discourse was abundant in abuse and calum-
ny. The sanctity of domestic relations was in-
vaded, and the sacredness of private character
assailed. It was a shameful and shameless tirade
against worthy and honorable people, and he
eventually find that the bombshell which he
boastfully said he had thrown into the Spiritu-
alist camp, will injure and kill no other cause but
his own. Truth will live, despite the efforts of
priestcraft to destroy it, and never shall the folds
of our progressive banner be furled till error is
banished from the earth and the superiority of
Spiritualism is universally recognized.

Spiritualism of late has received here a great
impetus. Powerful physical manifestations have
been given through the instrumentality of Mr.
Charles Foss, of Thornton, (a gentleman whose
hair is silvered with the frosts of threescore years
and ten, but whose soul-experiences have ripened
him for the kingdom of heaven and a life of per-
petual youth), assisted by my mediumistic power.
Drums have been beaten, bells rung, musical in-
struments played upon, different articles trans-
ferred from as many different places, electrical lights
and forms displayed, and various other palpable
evidences of our continued existence beyond the
grave were given. Immortal hands, too soft and
gentle to belong to earth, clasped ours with the
familiarity of friendship, and light and airy fingers
smoothing our brows, sweetly lifted us into
a more blessed knowledge of the contiguity of an-
gels' presences.

But one manifestation, more striking than all
the rest, if possible, I will relate, and then I will
close. A magnet, weighing a pound and three-
quarters, was transported from the residence of
Mr. Abel L. Crosby, in Groton, to the residence of
Mr. N. Lamson Fowler, in North Groton, where
we were holding an evening séance, having trav-
eled in its passage the intervening distance of
six miles. One person affirms (not a member of
the circle) that he is quite certain he saw the
magnet only a short time before it was presented
to us in this strange and novel manner. The door
through which the magnet is supposed to have
passed was heard to open by the wife of Mr.
Crosby on the evening named, who ascertained
at the time that it was opened by no visible per-
sonage. We make no attempt at explanation,
only that the circle was so arranged as to preclude
all idea of collusion, with all hands closely united,
and was composed of the best men and women of
the town, among whom I will mention Mr. and
Mrs. N. L. Fowler and daughter, Ada, Ella and
Katie Fowler, Mr. and Mrs. Luther Elliott, Mr.
and Mrs. John Wilson, Mr. Artemus B. Crosby
and Mr. Carter Foss. The truthfulness of this
and other manifestations will be cheerfully and
gladly attested to by these exemplary individuals.

Artemus B. Crosby, a young man of great prob-
ity and moral worth, has fitted up a convenient
hall for lecturing purposes, where once in a while
the people of Groton are regaled with the true
bread of spiritual life.

But I will cumber your valuable columns no
longer with my stray and desultory thoughts. It
is not often that I encroach upon your patience
with my correspondence, preferring that the in-

visible should use your journal as a medium for
their inspirations. I have only written this time
that friends might ascertain my whereabouts and
that I am still a co-worker with them in the vic-
yard of Spiritualism.

I hope some time to gaze again upon the pleas-
ant faces I have left in my own dear Massachu-
setts. But, ah! many who gave me the fervent
God-speed as I started out on my new career, I
shall nevermore greet on the shady side of life's
river. Some have bent to the inexorable fates of
disease, others have garlanded the historical brow
of the nation with their immortal names, baptiz-
ing anew the altars of liberty with their patriot
blood that a nation might be lifted into a new
and diviner life. Such memories will ever be pre-
cious to me, and I shall hope to rejoin them

In that most bright and radiant land,
Where war is never heard;
And where from angel-lips there comes
No harsh, discordant word;
Where clashing steel and cannon's fire
No brother's life demand;
And where, thank God, is never seen
The war-dread's bloody hand.

Promising to work faithfully for the propaga-
tion of the principles of Spiritualism, and for the
extension of the subscription list of your glorious
Banner of Light, I am yours faithfully,
Groton, N. H., Feb., 1866. JOSEPH D. STILES.

Spread of Spiritualism in California.

Having received and thoroughly read each and
every number of the indispensable Banner since
the commencement of the second volume, with
perhaps more satisfaction than any other publica-
tion, there has necessarily grown up an intimacy
between us, which seems to sanction the act of
contributing a few thoughts, which may or may
not be worthy of a place in some otherwise unoc-
cupied corner of my favorite sheet.

We of the Pacific coast are so far removed from
the great centres of advanced Spiritualism, and
the length of time consumed in receiving the
choice publications of the Atlantic cities so great,
that some slight portion of their freshness appears
to have evaporated, and they come lacking that
newness and printing-house fragrance that many
of us remember so well.

But if we are late in our perusal of the many
good things you print, we are favored by grand
and noble truths, both new and old, from such
heaven-sent messengers as Emma Hardinge and
Mrs. Laura Cuppy. I have listened to some hun-
dreds of public speakers, among whom can just-
ly be numbered the choicest of the land, or, per-
haps, the world; but so far as my judgment or
fancy goes, Miss Hardinge stands in advance of
the front rank—leader of them all. Not that her
voice, her intonation, or the themes upon which
she speaks are so far superior, but there is such
grandeur of eloquence, such earnest enthusiasm,
full of beautiful flow of elevating, soul-stirring
thought, such exuberance of thrilling enunciation,
such lofty bearing, as she majestically moves up-
on the rostrum, that fixed me with ears and eyes
fast upon her from the beginning to the ending of
each lecture she delivered within my reach of her.
I made one or two attempts at becoming acquaint-
ed with her, but failed by reason of a feeling of
insignificance on my part, although I claim a
heart as large as my nature will permit me to
wear, and five feet eight-and-a-half inches of
stature. The natural nobleness and queenly
goodness of the woman, seemed to me such as
to prohibit the approach of such as possessed so little
to recommend them as I had or have.

The Spiritual Philosophy revived in this city
under the ministrations of Miss Hardinge, by ad-
ding to the numbers newly-awakened converts by
the score, and strengthening the wavering, en-
couraging the doubting, and blessing the believ-
ing, finishing her glorious work, for the time be-
ing, by turning the tide of our State politics in
favor of Abraham Lincoln. I have no means of
knowing how much she traveled in the wilder-
ness, nor how long she fed upon locust and wild
honey; but I do know that, like John the Bapt-
ist, she did cry aloud against the sins of the peo-
ple. It is also further known to me that she was
the forerunner of one that should come with the
Gospel of Peace; for we have received an angel
of light in the person of Mrs. Laura Cuppy, who
is doing—not miracles, for we have no need of
them—but a mighty work. How great the differ-
ence between Miss Hardinge and Mrs. Cuppy, and
yet both are grandly beautiful on the rostrum—
both are captivating speakers when they have a
theme worthy of them, and both are capable of
avowing the ranks of Spiritualism wherein they
labor. While Miss Hardinge, eagle-like, soars
away toward the bright sun in her lofty inspi-
rational intelligence, Mrs. Cuppy, not less eloquent,
delights her hearers by that gentle, calm, womanly
grace, so lovely in the sex. She has given us
already twenty-one discourses; and to-day her
popularity is greater than at the close of the tenth.
I therefore repeat, that she is doing a mighty work
for the cause. She is devoted to suffering and
down-trodden humanity; she worships at the ex-
alted shrine of Truth; her inspiration is of an ex-
alted and loving character; her earnestness often
manifests itself in a suffused countenance, and
moistened eyes. I trust her stay with us may be
prolonged to a lengthened period of time, that
through her rich ministry we may find much in-
crease.

When Miss Hardinge came amongst us, the
Spiritualists had no sort of an organization; they
were scattered like the sharpshooters of an army.
Mrs. Cuppy found us with an organized body, or-
ganized solely for business purposes, our title,
Friends of Progress. Recently a Children's Pro-
gressive Lyceum has been inaugurated, which
numbers at present some eighty little angels,
without, so far as I know, any little devils. The
hall we have occupied for some months past, re-
fuses longer to contain all that desire to listen to
the beautiful oratory of Mrs. Cuppy, which makes
it necessary to change our quarters to a much
larger and more centrally located hall, which we
shall enter next Sunday.

I have omitted, in its proper place, to thank
Bro. A. J. Davis for what he has done for the chil-
dren by the introduction of the Lyceum. This is
one of the best features of the age; it will teach
the young ideas how to shoot somewhat better
than their progenitors have, and consequently be-
come more efficient soldiers in the field of hu-
manity, and the camp of life-work. God bless
the spiritual teachers wherever they may be ear-
nestly engaged in labor; their end shall be peace,
and their reward bliss.

So far as I can learn, the good work is prosper-
ing in California to the satisfaction of its warmest
friends. A few months ago a gentleman from the
interior of the State informed me that in the
county where he resided, about every other per-
son was a Spiritualist in theory, if not in practice.
As men and women grow into a knowledge of the
sublime truth that the only rational interpreta-
tion of pure religion and undefiled lies through
spiritualistic philosophy, they will honestly em-
brace it, and cheerfully live it.

Already the watchful fires that were wont to
burn so fiercely in the breasts of the clergy and
holy laymen burn low, and seem smouldering

out; the oft-heard bitter denunciations have nearly
if not quite ceased, and Spiritualists are no
longer considered altogether insane.

Whether this state of things arises from our
having a respectable organization, popular speak-
ers, whose names and the subjects to be lectured
upon published in the city daily papers, in the
space allotted to all religious notices, or from a
knowledge of the general spread of Spiritualism,
not only throughout the United States, but
through all parts of Europe as well, is more than
my limited capacity will permit me to vouch for
at present.

There is, however, one thing that may be said
with perfect safety, or without fear of the slightest
contradiction, and that is, that should the Har-
monical Philosophy make the same progress for
the coming five years that it has made in the past
five, it will shake Old Theology out of his creed-
bound boots, and leave him high and dry on the
sands of barrenness, where no church windows
can shelter him, or sacrificial wine reach him.

Oh, how my waiting spirit yearns for the ap-
proaching period when men will reverence the
truth for its own sake, and deal charitably and
kindly with every brother and sister, white or
black, red or tawny, rich or poor, learned or ig-
norant, pure or defiled. The world is, and has been,
full of grand and beautiful philosophy, nobly sub-
lime sentiments, of exalted knowledge, and large
professions of righteousness and wisdom; but the
world of humanity remains to be redeemed. Old
teachings have had their day and opportunity;
they have done what they could, and our condition
is the result of their culmination—our status their
best endeavor. For this we should be grateful,
but not content to remain quiet while there exists
within our reach any of the numberless classes
of human bondage.

We are unquestionably here for a purpose; let
us seek to know what that purpose is, and how to
live the fulfillment of it.

Modern Spiritualism must certainly be credited
with the introduction of a better morality than
before existed, through the intellectual advance-
ment most persons make who are really genuine
Spiritualists, devoted to the cause. And the more
intellectual a people are, the more of unadulterated
honesty and respect for truth will prevail.
Seeing this to be to myself true, there is reason to
believe that California will make rapid strides in
the good cause, for her people are destined to
reach a high intellectual attainment. Only the
best talent is acceptable now for either pulpit or
stage.

San Francisco, Cal., Jan. 30, 1866.

To the Man who styles himself the
"Hub," when he's only part of it.

"An individual we every one have got
Our duty, then, most surely is, to make the most of that."

DAN. H. HAMILTON.

DEAR BANNER—That "Hub," there to Boston,
doubtless thinks "Waukegan" might easily dis-
pose of, by the exhibit of his reply. He recalls
to my mind an anecdote told of a New-York slave-
holder in bygone times, who had a big "colored
boy" that drove his team when he rode out. Once
he traveled over into Connecticut, when that State
was very sensitive about Sabbath intrusions. As
he passed a meeting-house, an official approached
and took his team by their bits, ordering a halt
over the Lord's day. "Jack," says the master,
"get out and give that man a d—d horse-whip-
ping."

So our "Hub" seems to imagine he disposes of
"Waukegan." He's called to his man, Herbert
Spencer, thinking, doubtless, he's a settler. But,
Mr. "Hub," we, out here on the fellows, can't see it
by that physical glimmer. We see here by the
light of science.

You'll come to know, some day, Mr. "Hub," that
science deals with facts which no mind, not even
Herbert Spencer, can refute. But "Hub" calls me
transcendental because I alleged that God (or the
Divine Principle) could demonstrate through my
organism the absolute of immortality. But "Wau-
kegan" never fancied "Hub" to be anything of
the sort, when he told what God could n't do. That
was all in order. "Oh, wad some power," &c.
"Waukegan," for the life of him, can't see as
"Hub" has set aside one of my positions, with all
his authorities and hootings to boot. "Hub"
seems to think that what Spencer, or some other
popular author, do n't disclose, it must be ridicu-
lously preposterous and presumptuous for any
others to pretend to know, till such great notabil-
ities have decided the matter. Now we can say
to "Hub," that if he do n't peer round more sharp-
ly when he's out, and see to it that he has a good
big hole bored through his centre, sufficient to let
light through, he'll find himself the subject of a
general hot one of these days, for his ignorance
of the laws of being. Why, "Hub," we've got a
big high school out here, where principles and
their laws of unfolding and development are
taught scientifically and philosophically, without
any help at all from Herbert Spencer, or even so
much as Agassiz, etc. Our tutors are near about,
if not quite, as learned as Spencer and the rest
of your celebrities. We are taught from the Great
Book of Self-existent Divine Principles. Our teach-
ers seem to find no difficulty in demonstrating the
absolute of immortality, philosophically, syste-
matically and analogically, notwithstanding we
can't comprehend all thought at one swoop. "Hub"
do n't see immortality demonstrated. Well, I
might have known that, had I reflected a moment
on the immaturity of his mind. Mind matures, as
a general thing, about forty to forty-five. So
there's my mistake in pitching into a mind un-
matured and undeveloped in the science of prin-
ciples.

About, say one in fifty of "Hub's" age, will re-
cognize a self-existent principle with its inherent
unfoldings. Very few indeed, in rudimental ex-
istence. "Hub's" sphere confessedly, are posted
in the fact that principle is the primary, innate
property and quality of all elements, whether pos-
itive or negative, and eventually will unfold and
bring everything into proper order; and that every
form in all existence, is as self-existent as the
principle which unfolds it. The man, the horse,
the dog—in fine, every organism in existence, which
the elements unfold, stand, in principle, in form
and outline in said elements, mathematically de-
veloped; and when organized, will show them-
selves in the negative elements, clothed in their
appropriate garb. And the horse principle can
never unfold itself in any other form, of neither
rattle, dog or any other horse even; for he is that
identical horse, and no other, "Hubby"; and now
grin from ear to ear, and offer us your hat; for it
is what Herbert Spencer, nor any other of your
crack philosophers, never dreamed of yet; al-
though these principles he folded in the very
elements of their organisms. Here's fate for your
consideration, "Hubby." The elements are un-
folding more things now-a-days, "Hubby," than
your philosophy ever dreamt of. Now, "Hub-
by," if principles are self-existent, (which "Wau-
kegan" holds himself competent to demonstrate
to all philosophic and scientific minds,) what more
of the absolute can you have, pray, although you
wait and wait, till your patience is used up, in
looking into the "beyond?"

Here's the trouble—the mind is ever astounded

with sudden facts; and self-existence is a poser to
many otherwise good strong thinkers. I find them
in my way frequently. I've solved the doubts of
many a skeptic as smart as you are, "Hubby," on
the immortality of consciousness. The argument
generally is: "If that which begins to be must
have an end, how can you establish eternal con-
sciousness, inasmuch as it begins to be with the
birth of the organism, or later?" Theology solves
it by ascribing it to a special gift of God. But if
consciousness were not a self-existent principle in
the elements, where would God get it to give?

Surely, even he can't make a new principle out
of nonentity! The Great Elementary System
must be a Grand Truth. If one particle is lacking,
its harmony is marred, its completeness is broken.
But consciousness is a self-existent, innate prin-
ciple, inherent in elementary life—unfolded to its
ultimate by the Great *trine forces* of Light, Life
and Motion. There can be no Light without Life,
nor Life without Light; and there can be neither
Light nor Life without Motion. Here's, the un-
folding Godhead.

Now, "Hubby," if you're in any way puzzled at
my learning the laws of my being, take old Jeru-
salem's prophecies, and read in the thirty-first
chapter about a certain new covenant announced
to be developed to mind. Ask yourself whether
we shall have to go to Herbert Spencer and his
 ilk, for mental assistance? And ask the same in-
dividual how far I shall have to stoop to touch
your loftiest thought? WAUKEGAN.

Spiritual Oversight of Mortal Affairs.

As an illustration of the interest which our spirit-
friends continue to have in mortal affairs, and
also as affording proof that they are not ignorant
of earthly matters, I relate a few facts in con-
nection with the mediumship of Mrs. A. J. Kenison,
which have been highly convincing to me, and
will, I doubt not, prove interesting, to your read-
ers.

On my first interview with Mrs. K., being at
that time a perfect stranger to her, who saw and
described a spirit that purported to be my moth-
er, and at the same time gave me a communica-
tion, the nature of which would identified the spirit
communicating, as being what she claimed. After
this, my mother would impress upon the mind of
the medium messages not at all understood by
her, but which were intelligible to me, and had re-
lation to my business affairs, until one day I re-
ceived a communication from Mrs. K., signed by
my mother, giving me advice in a matter of busi-
ness that I was then contemplating, to the effect
that if I pursued the course I had in view, it would
result in my disadvantage. Being somewhat in-
clined to doubt the sagacity of a spirit in such
matters, I carried out my original intention; but
sure enough, it did most unexpectedly terminate
in my loss, as the spirit of my mother had fore-
seen. This occurred about three years ago; and
at the same time I was informed that I should not
hear again from my mother for some little time.
Thus matters remained until the 1st of Feb., 1866,
when I received a note from Mrs. K., to the effect
that my mother wished to communicate with me,
and that there was no time to be lost!

I accordingly called on Mrs. K. The spirit of
my mother controlling, earnestly advised me to
abandon the project I was then considering, which
would have required my presence in South Caroli-
na during the sickly season, telling me that if I
went, it was the same as certain that I would not
return alive.

Now this warning was timely, and somewhat
startling. In three days I should have been ir-
recoverably committed in this matter; and par-
ticularly, when I considered that in the interval
which had elapsed Mrs. K. had known nothing of
my whereabouts, and that her note reached me
through my address being furnished her by the
spirit. Furthermore, the previous season I had
been in South Carolina, and experienced the pro-
stration incident to a hot climate; in fact, I barely
escaped with my life, and my system is still de-
bilitated from the effects of my former visit.
Therefore, when I considered the manner as well
as the matter of this advice, and bore in mind the
previous prediction, in which the foresight of the
spirit had proved correct, I must say it was suffi-
cient to work a change in my plans, and to leave
upon my mind the conviction that my mother,
through her cognizance of my affairs, and the
timely advice she gave, saved me from another
fit of sickness, and perhaps from death.

In conclusion I would say, that Mrs. Kenison,
formerly of Quincy, has taken rooms in Boston,
at No. 16 Hudson street.

Dorchester, Mass., March 3, 1866.

Spiritualism in Pennsylvania.

Though a stranger to your columns, I presume
your readers in general will not object to read a
short account of the state of the great cause of
emancipation from a barbarous theology in our
vicinity. As elsewhere throughout this country
we have a full supply of Orthodox Churches and
a vast number of men who advocate the doctrine
of eternal damnation, vicarious atonement, the
necessity of water-baptism, and other formalities
equally absurd and unprofitable. But in the
midst of all this superstition and ignorance, in
many instances, no doubt, willful, we have a con-
siderable interspersing of free thought, and no lit-
tle of the latter freely expressed, especially of late.
The doctrine of Spiritualism here has but re-
cently become a subject of discussion and agita-
tion, which is owing to the fact that a copy of the
Banner of Light and another of the Religio-Phil-
osophical Journal have found their way into our
midst. The subscribers to these papers make no
secret of their faith, and are free in lending copies
to their friends, many of whom, though not as yet
fully convinced, express their admiration for the
beauty of the Philosophy, and the apparent sound-
ness of the arguments by which its truth is affirm-
ed. This agitation will lead to the exercise of
thought, and good will doubtless spring from it.
Already inquiries are made by those who have
only heard of these papers but have not had the
good fortune of reading them. "Where are they
published?" indicating a desire to know what is
said by them in reference to this new subject of
discussion. Our pulpitanians have, up to this
time, I believe, refrained from any allusion to this
heresy, but there is no doubt we shall shortly hear
the thunders of the pulpit directed against us, and
their poor, personal devil—acutely recognized out-
side of popular theology—will be dealt with in all
severity, at the command of those priests and
preachers who seem to delight in the prospect of
eternal hell-fire for the torment of God's children.
Well, let them go ahead. They will become the
cheapest if not the noblest missionaries in our
cause. The attempt to repress a truth for the
purpose of maintaining an error, has often led to
a glorious and speedy victory for the former.
However abundant the gold in the auriferous
sands, that precious metal is never obtained ex-
cept by considerable stirring and agitation, and it
matters little whether he who stirs the sand be-
lieves, at the same time, that there is gold inter-
mixed with it or no; if there is gold in it there is
a manifestation of it. So I would say to theo-
cratibarian pulpitanians, agitate this question to
your heart's content. Arouse the lethargy of the
members of your congregations for this will su-
periorly lead to the investigation of a subject which,
if once fully comprehended in all its length and
breadth and depth, will decide the fate of this
theology whose effect has ever been, not the lib-
eration of our God-given souls, but the pronoun-
cement of the mission of a priest to pronounce carnal-
—but the enslavement of the human mind.

SAMUEL R. RITTENHOUSE, M. D.
Macungie, Lehigh Co., Pa., Feb. 27, 1866.

Correspondence in Brief.

Mrs. Hutchinson in Connecticut.

Once more I greet my friends with a soul full of love and gratitude, for the many kind expressions of esteem and good will so lavishly bestowed upon me. Ever will I endeavor to merit them, though at times the black storm-clouds of keenest sorrow gather around me, causing me to tremble with fear lest my strength give way and my soul cease to struggle for the right. Oh, my sisters, could you see the many miseries that are unlocked to the gaze of a traveler, you could not longer say that the world might take care of itself; it was naught to you; but with something like the spirit of the old Spartans, you would seek to redress the wrongs of life.

In December and January I lectured in Connecticut. Many of the citizens are joining the ranks of the liberal thinkers of the day; and instead of asking, "What shall we do to be saved," are asking, "What shall we do to spiritually grow."

Williamette, where I am lecturing during March, is turning out some of the best thinkers and doers, who are earnestly striving for freedom of thought and expression. The women of that town are active, and accepting life in its earnestness more truly than in most places; perhaps it is because they are brought up under the singing machinery of the cotton mills and early learn to keep time to the music, and have thus developed a great amount of intellect and humanitarian love than it is possible to gain nursed in the lap of luxury.

Thinking women are everywhere on the qui vive to know what Government will do in regard to the unfreeholders millions. They are willing the blacks should have every right and privilege, but not the same for themselves. As long as we are not citizens, by what reasonable authority are we made to pay the full penalty for the violation of the laws we had no voice in making. Arise, women, to the work, and exercise the only right in your possession, that of petition, until you obtain your rights.

SMITH A. HUTCHINSON.

Beecher and the Devil.

I notice in the last number of the Independent, a sermon by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, the scope and design of which seems to be to use the narrative of Saul and the Witch of Endor in a way to frighten and deter people from the investigation of spiritual intercourse. While Mr. Beecher seems to admit the genuineness of the communication as coming from the spirit of Samuel the prophet, he condemns the mediumship through which it came, and says that Saul, having failed to obtain a communication from the Lord to guide him out of his troubles, concluded to try the devil. And does Mr. Beecher think that the spirit of the pious old prophet would have vouchsafed a communication through the devil or any of his mediums. Whether it was the spirit of Samuel or not, it seems to have been a truthful respondent, for it told Saul what was to befall him, which was fully verified in the sequel. Mr. Beecher seems to regard this kind of intercourse as the offspring of superstition. If it is superstition, it is not real. If the spiritual phenomena are only the phantom of superstition, disordered imagination, rational and searching investigation will explode them; whereas a superstitious fear and dread of them will only tend to foster the delusion. If such be the case, Mr. Beecher, to revive the superstition of former ages of comparative darkness, it seems to me his sermon will have that tendency. I would like to see a review of this discourse by some one of your able correspondents.

Groton, Conn., March 1, 1866.

A New Lecturer in the Field.

A goodly number of Spiritualists of Syracuse, Onondaga Co., N. Y., have organized themselves into a Society for the advancement and benefit of each other, and all who may come under their influence. They held their meetings Sunday at 11 o'clock, P. M., at the Mayor's room, in the City Hall. On the 21st of last month they were addressed by Mr. Warren Woolson, of Hastings, Oswego Co., and Mrs. Hill, of Onondaga Co., both trance speakers. Each speaker took a part in each of the exercises of the day. The audiences were not large, but were attentive, and manifested much interest. Mr. Woolson is an honest, laboring man, poor in this world's goods, but rich in inspirational gifts; no one can sit and listen to him without being satisfied that there is a power independent of his control, speaking through him. His discourses are interspersed with beautiful and sublime flights of poetry, which cannot fail to interest the listener. He needs only to be known to be appreciated. Such speakers should be sustained and encouraged by conductors of spiritual meetings. His name is not enrolled among the popular speakers, for he is humble and unpretending, yet capable of doing much good. His discourses cannot be listened to without profit.

A SPIRITUALIST.

From Vermont—J. M. Allen.

The cause is going on most gloriously in this place. We hold meetings every Sunday in Union Hall, and usually have a very excellent attendance. Our brother, J. Madison Allen, has occupied the desk for the last three Sundays in February, and has lectured with much acceptance to these people. He is a young man of true modest worth, possessing rare abilities. His style is very exalted, his diction pure and beautiful, and I think he is preeminently qualified to interest and instruct the most fastidious minds. I most cordially recommend him to the Spiritualists throughout the country. Let them give him a trial, and they will find that they will never regret their choice. He has been lecturing not only on Sundays but week-evenings, and has given the most unqualified satisfaction wherever he has been.

He leaves us on Thursday next to lecture in Ludlow, and on Sunday in this town, and in Rutland on the second. He is a noble and unselfish worker in the cause, and is doing much good. He is a young man any family may feel justly proud to entertain, and we bid him God speed in his work of faith and labor of love.

Fraternally yours, THOS. MIDDLETON.

Woodstock, Vt., March 1, 1866.

Query.

In number 19 of the Banner there is a paragraph headed "Disabled Soldiers," referring to the John Quincy Adams Farm Home, superintended by one G. W. Caffey. A home for such purpose and object is right, just, and what the people still need. But I wish to make some inquiries as to the bona fide work done for such purpose at this institution. The public demand it, humanity demands it, and thus the response cannot be withheld. There are parties here as well as in New England who are interested in the welfare and comfort of disabled soldiers.

Who is *John G. Caffey*? What have been the average numbers sustained there? What amount has been contributed for their support? In what manner have these sums been expended?

In other words, where can the annual reports be procured, with statement of Dr. and Cr. of the accounts, and who have audited those accounts? New York. J. B. LOOMIS.

Meetings in Marlboro'.

The Banner of Light is a welcome visitor at our home circle each week. We think the inspiring and elevating truths it reveals are calculated to encourage a life of purity and devotion to the best interests of humanity. I thought I would add a word to the notice already given in a previous number of your paper. We enjoy, once a fortnight, angel-teaching through the mediumship of Mrs. Yeaw, of Northboro', a lady of intelligence and culture; and one whose purity of life, and self-denying efforts for the good of others, would do honor to any Christian sect. Besides her inspirational gift, she is also an excellent test medium. We think the true and honest and steady progress through her eloquent and instructive teachings.

A SEEKER AFTER TRUTH.

Marlboro', Mass., Feb. 28, 1866.

A new material for soles shoes has made its appearance. It is a substance of which India rubber is the basis, but it is heavier and whiter as solid as iron, is flexible and elastic. It is said that one pair of shoes soled with this article will outwear four pairs soled with the best English leather.

LETTER FROM A. J. DAVIS.

Children's Lyceum Organized in Vineland, N. J.

Last month the enterprising and prosperous dwellers in Vineland, N. J., opened their large new hall, and welcomed in the young people and the little ones of the community.

Warren Chase lectured very acceptably in the morning of Sunday, Feb. 11th, and in the afternoon, at 2 o'clock, the Lyceum was duly organized. A full corps of Leaders entered voluntarily, all the officers were duly elected, and children to the number of eighty-three were grouped according to their ages. No one expected to see so many children enlist in the army of eternal spiritual progression.

All the equipments were ready in time for the next session, Feb. 18th, and in the seven days that intervened, the Lyceum had increased its influence, so that one hundred and eighteen members were duly enrolled. The hall was filled with men, women, and children; and, as is usual in all places, the spectators were as numerous as the room outside of the Groups could accommodate, because the questions, that are chosen by vote in the Lyceum, are subjects of great interest to adults as well as to children. Besides the general question, (to which the children and others give answer on the Sunday succeeding the choice,) there are so many other exercises exceedingly interesting to adults, and in which many of the spectators everywhere freely participate—such as singing the beautiful songs of progress, the silver-chain recitations of devotional and spiritualizing sentiments, the wing-movements, by which the arms and upper portions of the body are gracefully exercised and healthfully "rested on the Sabbath day," preparatory to the interior, mental and spiritual exercises by the children and adults, of giving open and distinct answers to the general question before the Lyceum.

In order that every spectator may participate in all the songs, recitations, &c., we invariably recommend the members of Spiritualist audiences to purchase for themselves copies of the Manuals used by the children, and it is found very satisfactory to all who thus participate; they enjoy the Lyceum sessions greatly more than those who merely "sit and look on." The most troublesome "grumblers," the self-appointed "fault-finders," and meddlesome characters, are found, as a general rule, among those men and women who positively refuse to do anything publicly to help the Lyceum. When individuals sit for an hour or more without exercising physically in this nervous climate, they become either deeply interested, or else "critical," and even "peevish," and the latter class are the first to whisper and throw impediments in the way of the Lyceum. There are two plans for the removal of these obstacles—first, induce the spectators to provide themselves with Manuals, and urge them to rise when the children rise to sing; invite the visitors to mingle their voices with the Lyceum, to read the silver-chain recitations in perfect time with the children, and to stand up, also, and take the wing-movements when the school is exercising. And, second, induce visitors, as far as possible, to take some active office—to do something to give greater success to the work of harmonizing and unfolding the tender natures of children. Of course, I would not be understood as making this charge altogether sweeping. Some visitors at the Lyceum are constant in attendance, because their hearts sympathize with childhood, and because they rejoice and are exceedingly glad to behold the groups of beautiful and happy little ones. But in every congregation there are representatives of the "do-nothing" class, whose qualifications for "fault-finding" are never doubted by those who know them best. It is to put this class on the road to improvement that I make the foregoing suggestions to Conductors, Guardians, and other principal officers in the different Children's Lyceums.

But you must not infer from these remarks that Vineland, N. J., furnishes a crop of these grumblers. Far from such are the Spiritualists and Progressives of that remarkable community. The Vinelanders are second to the residents of no other locality for intelligence, for enterprise, for industry, for progressive modes of thought, and for the bravery and courage of pioneers. I am not much of an agriculturist, and have consequently a very small sum of sense as to "land," "soil," "seed," &c.; but I could not help thinking to myself that "it took more than ordinary intelligence to discern the basis of a flourishing community in that remote corner of the foreign land of New Jersey." And the people who first "settled" on that broad plain of country, who cut down the pine trees, pulled the stumps, plowed and fertilized, and filled the unpromising ground with seed, or planted roots for berries, and established nurseries of many choice varieties of fruits, are people worthy the proud title of "brave pioneers," and by their perseverance and success they have proved themselves "lords of creation" in the most literal sense of the word.

Thousands of people now reside in the township, which is ten miles square, and some four thousand have homes in the village. Vineland is not yet a land of vines, but it is a land of progress spiritually, and of health physically. The sweet potatoes are not "small over there"; they grow very large, sweet and abundantly. Peaches, pears, and other fruit look as though they were "at home" in that soil (?), and New York and Philadelphia citizens will content for the first chance when the trees of Vineland in the early autumn say, "Come, judge us by our fruit." And as to the "strawberries!" carload after carload will be rolled into New York this spring. The Vinelanders are making great preparations and "calculations" on their forthcoming strawberry harvest. They have scientific reasons for believing that they will not be disappointed.

The cottages and comfortable homes look very attractive; and the people, so far as my acquaintance was extended among them, are intelligent and hospitable. There are Methodists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, and a few Unitarians, and a very large proportion of Friends of Progress. The influence of the Spiritualists is in the ascendency. All have churches and halls, except the Unitarians. The new hall built by the Friends of Progress, will accommodate eight hundred people, and it is often filled by citizens of the village and township. They have considerable musical talent under the directorship of a progressive gentleman who was formerly a Presbyterian minister. Works of benevolence, reformatory enterprises, and literary and dramatic matters, to say nothing of things more external, flourish in Vineland. And there is a goodly degree of neighborhood feeling, notwithstanding the interposition of creeds and unfriendly views of mankind, which the disciples of sectarianism impute as a part of their so-called religion.

And all you may behold the waving banners of the Children's Progressive Lyceum, and hear the youthful voices sing the glad songs of a world's final salvation from the punishments of demonic ignorance and enslaving superstition. Angels guard the Lyceum! It is the army of deliverance to all who think in bondage to error. It is to the sectarian institutions of this age what light is to darkness. The young people march forward! They carry the national emblem of Liberty—the flag of freedom to all the nations and races of men. The true harmony, and the true democracy of the future are foreshadowed in the plans, genius, and principles of the Children's Progressive Lyceum. Your friend,

A. J. DAVIS.

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

ALL SPIRITUAL WORKS, and other LIBERAL or REFORM PUBLICATIONS constantly on hand, and will be sold at the lowest current rates. The BANNER can always be obtained at retail at the New York Branch Office—but it is mailed to subscribers from the Boston Office only, hence all subscriptions must be forwarded to the "BANNER OF LIGHT, BOSTON, MASS." Having thus taken upon ourselves new burdens and greater responsibilities—the rapid growth of the grandest religion ever vouchsafed to the people of earth warranting it—we call upon our friends everywhere to lend us a helping hand. The Spiritualists of New York especially we hope will redouble their efforts in our behalf.

J. B. LOOMIS, who superintends our New York Branch Office, has long been connected with the former conductors of that office, and will promptly and faithfully attend to all orders sent to him.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1866.

OFFICE 158 WASHINGTON STREET, ROOM NO. 3, UP STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO., PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

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

Disgusting Death.

Most persons are willing to avail themselves of every device that promises to rob death of its terrors. But these terrors are in a great degree fancied. They have been superadditionally imposed on the mind. There is an instinctive shudder in the thoughts of man, we agree, when Death is seriously contemplated as our portion. But that instinct has been improperly turned to account by ecclesiastics, and such as seek to build up power on the depression of human individuality and independence. It has been worked up until it really amounts to outright superstition; and men dread death now, or did until the light of Spiritualism dawned on them, as the Hindus dread the anger of their wooden, lifeless gods, the animals and serpents.

To release the imagination from this thralldom, some build costly monuments, making sepulchres within them, as if somehow corruption might be kept from the body which the soul desires to occupy no longer as a tenant. Some keep flowers at their tomb doors, and leave a fund expressly to maintain a fresh supply. Some make their places of sepulture like chambers, light and open, as if the flat of the common face could be suspended in their case by the intervention of architectural taste and ingenuity. There are numerous ways chosen to cheat the spoiler of his triumph if we can, so that it shall seem to be apparent rather than real.

But among the most ridiculous of all these devices are the showy and utterly hollow ones connected with the rites of burial. These make themselves manifest chiefly in the imposing styles of funerals, and the pageantry with which these decent ceremonies that naturally pertain to death are overlaid. In New York, they are to-day carrying this folly beyond the reach even of the shafts of satire. The correspondent of one of our city papers writes that "Fashion is as imperious in the death chamber as in the ball room. Funerals are got up in style, and fashionable undertakers for the elite are in demand, as are fashionable dressmakers or costumiers. The style of dress, the cut of a cap, the width of a ribbon, the breadth of a piece of crape, indicates the depth of grief and the nearness of the relative dead. A widow hangs out her signals, which are as well read as flags at sea. At funerals rooms are darkened, and the lights are put on the boards of the parlors, and persons, as much as on the boards of any theatre. Men who arrange these things have specialties, and their fame is as celebrated as that of a pastry cook or an artist. The hearse is a gorgeous thing, as elegant as the cataphage of kings. The favorite style has been black; the sides and ends of heavy plate glass; plumes on the top, with horses from two to six, richly caparisoned. But a new sensation awaits mourning New York. A hearse, wholly white, with gold, gilt and silver trimmings. It looks something like a tender to a fancy fire engine. It is said the horses are to be white and caparisoned with corresponding colors, edged with gold lace."

There is fashion in all this vulgarity, but the spirit that controls the fashion is the same that seeks to disguise the fact of death itself. It is too serious a truth for many to contemplate. But all this parade and pomp will avail nothing. There stands the naked fact. Better accept it just as it is, and strive to conform to it. To rob death of its terrors, ascertain what death is. Satisfy yourself that it is a release from cramping conditions and set limitations, and the entrance into a larger freedom than it has been given us to enjoy. Learn that it is but passing through a door, always open, through which mortals are all the while going and immortals continually returning. Fear not for the gift of a broader and freer life. Thus may death be made a familiar and a pleasant thought to us, and nothing will be needed to disguise from our minds a reality that is so desirable. We shall think only of what lives, and have no fruitless lamentations for what dies.

Prices.

The price of many commodities are falling, coal among the number. Since the last day of January, coal has come down from a dollar and fifteen cents to two dollars and forty per cent, at the regular auction sales in New York. But we see no signs of any general receding among the dealers here. Coal is got out of the mines for two dollars and a half; there is, therefore, no earthly reason why it should go to fifteen dollars in Boston. And when it is rapidly receding there ought to be a like reason for looking for its decline here in a like proportion. It must come down, however, and so must other articles of necessity. The railroads have been dividing fortunes among their stockholders, which is substantially the cause of a good deal of the price which is put on articles of consumption. Specie payments and comparatively low prices will surely be reached some time.

Mexico.

Napoleon keeps sending troops to Mexico, whatever he may say about removing them. Three thousand have just gone there from France, and Marshal Forey tells the French Senate it will not do to bring them away till Maximilian's Government is strong there. "Forey says in one breath that the people voluntarily voted that Government into existence, and in the next that the people to be governed are only a race of slaves, poor Indians, who shout for almost any change that comes along. But Napoleon is not altogether easy about the situation, which accounts for the many attempts made to explain to his apparent advantage.

Our Circles.

The interest in our Free Public Circles is deepening daily. At every sitting of Mrs. Conant, the circle room is crowded to repletion with anxious ones from all parts of the country to listen to the teachings of the invisible; and we are told that millions of spirits, who were once inhabitants of the earth-life, are also in attendance, patiently awaiting their turn to communicate with loved ones yet in the form. Oh, what a glorious knowledge is this we possess to-day, that our fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters are near us, and able to prove to us that they still live, although their earth-bodies have turned to dust!

Nine years ago we announced this sublime fact to the world in the first number of the BANNER, when Spiritualism was comparatively in its infancy; when but a few faithful ones rallied around our standard; when we were denounced in the Boston Courier by Professor Felton, President of Harvard College, in glaring capitals, as impostors! Mark the change a few brief years have wrought! Then we were few in number, but firm in purpose. Though materially weak, we were spiritually strong, for that which we taught was based on TRUTH; hence we successfully repelled the assaults of our enemies. To-day a mighty host of good and true souls are gathered under the folds of the banner of SPIRITUALISM. We welcome all—rich and poor, ignorant and learned, Pagan and Christian—into our ranks. The people of earth have worshiped the Dead Past long enough! Come, then, to the living fountain, and quench your thirst, all ye who have been feeding on the dry husks of Old Theology for so many long years!

An Excellent Test Medium.

We have of late again tested the mediumship of Mr. J. V. Mansfield, through whom the invisibles who possess the magnetic power to come into rapport with him answer sealed letters sent to him for that purpose.

We recently received an answer to a sealed letter addressed to one of the former proprietors of this paper, containing indubitable evidence of the genuineness of Mr. M.'s mediumship. Matters of an entirely private character were alluded to, which Mr. Mansfield could have known nothing of. More than this, the signature was a perfect fac-simile of the original.

A letter was recently sent to this office from Columbus, Ky., the writer requesting us to forward it to some good medium for answer. We accordingly mailed it to Mr. Mansfield. In due time the sealed letter, and an answer—purporting to be signed by a spirit-friend of the writer—were returned to us. We forwarded them to Columbus at once, and in due course of mail received a letter of thanks from the party in question, in which the writer stated that each question propounded, excepting one, was satisfactorily answered. We subsequently addressed another letter to the medium, covering one closely sealed, for answer. This letter was written by us to a person still in the form! An answer was promptly given by our late partner, stating that the friend we had appealed to was not in the Summer-Land; but that a spirit whose surname was the same, had communicated instead. Our late partner then reverted to personal matters that had occurred while he was still in the form. The circumstances related were not known to Mr. Mansfield, and could have been given in no other way than the one we assume, viz, direct spirit-communication.

Mr. Mansfield informs us that he has been so urgently solicited by his friends in California to revisit them, that he thinks of starting sometime in June next.

Resignation.

S. B. Brittan, who has been the chief Acting U. S. Appraiser of Fine Arts, Books, etc., at the Port of New York, for some four years past, recently resigned his office, and is now engaged in other business. The place is one of unusual responsibility, requiring extensive and varied information respecting the foreign commercial values of the Art Works of all countries. The invoices that passed through his hands were in all the currencies of Europe, and more than one-half of them in French, German, Italian, Spanish, Hebrew and other foreign languages. It appears, however, that Dr. Brittan had discharged the difficult duties of his place in such a manner that the announcement of his intention to resign—made to one of the heads of the Appraisers' Department—elicited such expressions of regret and remembrance that he was constrained to withhold it for some weeks. Although his resignation was offered in October, we understand it was not accepted until December.

Dr. Brittan's present address is No. 68 Broadway, New York.

Human Electricity.

The Washington Chronicle of March 4th says that Dr. Fitzgibbon is giving a series of lectures and illustrations in human electricity every evening in the parlor of the Clarendon Hotel, in that city. These lectures increase in interest every night, and are attended by ladies and gentlemen of the highest respectability, anxious to inquire into the truth or falsity of the theory advocated by the doctor. Miss Ella Vanwie, who assists in the lectures, is a young lady of remarkable power as a medium, and the fairness with which the exhibitions are conducted, coupled with the sensible remarks of the lecturer, has increased the number of his audiences nightly until it has become necessary to engage Metzerott Hall, to accommodate all who desire to hear him, where he will commence on the 8th instant. In this course of lectures he intends to give his experiences in Central America, and exhibits a large number of photographic views of the ruins of that interesting country, taken by himself, with his theory of the Lost Races, a subject to which Dr. Fitzgibbon has devoted great study.

Conventions this Week.

The Spiritualists of Connecticut and Rhode Island will meet in Convention, in Putnam, Ct., on Thursday, March 15th, for the purpose of instituting missionary labor in those States, by forming a similar association to that recently organized at Worcester in this State.

THE PEACE CONVENTION will assemble at the Melancon (Tremont Temple), in this city, on Wednesday, the 14th, at 10 o'clock A. M. The session will probably last two days. All are earnestly invited to attend, irrespective of sex, color, creed, nationality or residence.

The Davenport Brothers.

At the latest accounts from Europe the Davenport and Wm. M. Fay were still in Ireland. The Belfast Morning News of Feb. 21st, in giving a detailed account of one of their sittings, pronounced it "wonderful—in some parts actually startling—and utterly unaccountable." The Northern Whig of the 20th February says the sittings were "quite a success, and wholly unaccountable, and by many would have been pronounced marvelous," and then proceeds to give a fair and impartial account of the proceedings.

New Publications.

A SYNOPSIS OF LECTURES ON MEDICAL SCIENCE. By Alvah Curtis, A. M., M. D. New York: Andrew J. Graham.

This work by Dr. Curtis embraces the general principles of medicine—or Physiology, Pathology and Therapeutics, as discovered in Nature, and the practice according to those principles, as applied by art. This is really the third edition of the present work, although it is styled the second. Although the author has been ten years, first and last, in getting the work into its present form, yet he says he can discover, on reviewing those portions of it which were prepared long since, no fundamental error taught, and no important governing truth omitted. It purports to be a treasury of medical learning reduced to such simple and accessible form as to be at all times of value to the individual. It used to be the custom with medical men, and with a certain class is to a large extent now, to conceal what they know in the field of medicine, and so confuse and blind those who were obliged to place themselves in their hands. Dr. Curtis has here pursued a directly opposite course. He does not hesitate to lay open the whole subject to the popular eye. Nothing is too minute or important to be passed over by his searching analysis, and he proceeds to put it forth in the possession of his readers.

We cannot, of course, pretend to do anything like justice to such a work in the space of a mere notice, nor yet have we room to discuss the merits of any medical theory, new or old, which may be advanced. We can, however, freely commend Dr. Curtis's book to public attention, bespeaking for it a consideration which his learning, scientific pains and desire to impart information to the people for their own good really merit.

We have received from J. Burns, London, the Proceedings of the First Convention of Progressive Spiritualists in Great Britain, held at Darlington. They were reported by Mr. Burns himself, and are a standing credit to his industry, tact and quickness of apprehension. This record will be widely called for and read, especially among the English people, for it marks a point of departure in religious matters for the nation. It cannot be long before the truths of Spiritualism become as widely known and accepted in England as they are in the United States. France and Germany are far in advance of Great Britain in all that pertains to free thought and progressive movements.

CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM MANUAL. By A. J. Davis, Reels Marsh, Boston, Publisher. Fourth Edition.

This indispensable work for organizing and conducting Children's Lyceums, finds a rapid sale. Two months ago it reached its third edition, and now the publisher sends us a fourth edition, elegantly bound, full gilt. The entire contents are very interesting, especially the "Silver Chain Recitations," among which we notice (on page 214), that gem of a song which we published in the Banner, by "Birdie" Wilson, through Miss Lizzie Doten, entitled "Fountain of Divine Love," with this beautiful chorus:

"Love Divine! all things are thine!
Every creature seeks thy shrine;
And thy boundless blessings fall
With an equal love on all."

Every youth should have a copy of the Manual.

We have from the London Spiritual Times, and published by Trübner & Co., a little volume entitled, "Life Incidents and Poetic Pictures," by J. H. Powell. The temperance cause would be much helped by the perusal of this touching story. The narrative is interspersed with little poems which the author styles his Poetic Pictures. The mass of human sympathies are touched at a variety of points, and touched very tenderly, by this simple and effective recital.

A. Williams & Co. have Hours at Home (Scribner's Monthly), for March, which contains original papers of high interest. The discussion of the patriot Sam Adams's character is well worth the price of the number. Dr. Spencer reviews Morley's "Conversion of the Roman Empire." Prof. Taylor Lewis has a timely article on Dr. Nett, late President of Union College. There is also a paper on the Centenary of Methodism.

"Our Young Folks" for March is as full of fresh life as the spring days coming. There are sweet stories that will interest "old folks" as well as the young. Little Bessie's Shoes will do to read along with Ebenezer Francis's communication in our Message Department two weeks since.

THE AMERICAN ODD FELLOW for March is an attractive number of a valuable magazine. It is published by J. W. Orr, 96 Nassau street, N. Y. The reading is various enough to engage all tastes, and is of real value.

The Herald of Health and Journal of Physical Culture is published by Miller, Wood & Co., New York, and offers suggestive reading for the present month.

NEW BOOK JUST RECEIVED.

"Lucy Arlyn," a novel, by J. T. Trowbridge. From Ticknor & Fields.

To Lecturers.

Lecturers, society committees, and others interested, are particularly requested to notify us of all changes necessary to be made from time to time in our Lecturers' List and notices of meetings, as it is very desirable to all parties concerned that the List and notices of meetings should be reliable. We have reason to apprehend that there has been remissness of late in this respect. As we publish the List and notices gratuitously, those who are especially benefited thereby, should certainly keep us posted.

Third National Convention of Spiritualists.

It will be seen by referring to the Call in another column, that the Spiritualists of America (including the British North American Provinces, of course), are to hold their Third National Convention in August next at Providence, B. I. As this will probably be the most important gathering of the Spiritualists ever held on this Continent, it is to be hoped that all Societies included in the call will make it a point to send delegates.

Dr. F. L. H. Willis.

We will remind our New England friends that Dr. Willis can be secured for a limited number of engagements, to lecture Sundays in the vicinity of Boston. See his notice in the Lecturers' column. We believe he is at liberty for the last three Sundays in this month. Address care of this office.

Meetings in the Melancon.

Mrs. Laura DeFore Gordon will occupy the spiritual platform next Saturday afternoon and evening. The large audiences which assemble twice a day show that the interest in Spiritualism is unabated. All are freely invited to attend.

DR. I. W. STEWART

DR. J. W. STEWART
 I HAVE BEEN AT WILLIAMSBURG, PA., at the City Hotel,
 since Feb. 1st, and will remain there until April 1st.
 I cure without medicine with marked success.
 March 17.

MRS. R. COLLINS
 STILL comes to heal the sick, at No. 15 Pine street,
 Boston, Mass.
 March 17.

NEW AND ELEGANT EDITION
 OF
"BRANCHES OF PALM."
 FULL GILT SIDES AND EDGES.
 THIS DAY PUBLISHED.
 PRICE.....\$1.75.

For sale at this office, 271 and 286 Washington street, Boston
 and at our Branch Office, 271 Nassau street, New York City.
 March 17.

I. O. O. F.
THE AMERICAN ODD FELLOW:
AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE
DEVOTED TO disseminating a knowledge of the Sentiments, Principles, Operations and Condition of
THE INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD FELLOWS.
Published in New York City,
BY JOHN W. ORR, P. G. F. and P. G. M.

THE AMERICAN OLD FELLOW is the Official Organ of the
GRAND LODGE OF THE UNITED STATES.

Since the commencement of this Magazine (Jan'y 1, 1862), it
has been published by the Grand Lodge, and volun-
tarily supported by the members of the Grand Lodges of
California, Michigan, Kentucky, Connecticut, New York, Canada West, Rhode Island, New Jersey, Maine, Massachusetts, Oregon, Pennsylvania, New Hampshire, Illinois, Maryland, and Virginia, and others, have endorsed and recommended it to the patron-
age of all the brethren throughout their respective Juris-
diction.

GRAND LODGE OF THE UNITED STATES.

At its session in 1862, adopted it as an organ for communicating
more directly with the Fraternity at large, and recom-
mended it to the patronage of the members of the Grand
Lodge—\$2.00 a year; ten copies for \$18.00. Specimen copy
will be sent, postage prepaid, on receipt of 20 cents each.

March 10. Address: 98 Nassau street, New York City.

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An Original and Startling Book!
THE ORIGIN AND ANTIQUITY
OF
PHYSICAL MAN,
SCIENTIFICALLY CONSIDERED,
PROVING MAN TO HAVE BEEN CONTEMPORARY
WITH THE MASTODON; DETAILING THE HISTORY
OF HIS DEVELOPMENT FROM THE DOMAIN OF THE
BEUTE, AND DISPERSION BY GREAT WAVES OF
EMIGRATION FROM CENTRAL ASIA.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

THE design of the author's well set forth in the title of his description. The manner of its accomplishment may be an desideratum to some, but is especially endowed with the rare facility of preventing the reader from being weary of science in each a vivid and striking manner, that the author has been able to make his subject so interesting, that it stands directly before the scientific and unscientific alike. His education as an interpreter, and as is proved by the success of his former works, has enabled him to make the popular heart, and the best manner of meeting it, in a most successful manner.

Numbers through no wearisome detail, but at once presents his subject, clear, terse, and comprehensive. He does not write so much for the man of leisure as the laborer who has to learn by the way, and who is not likely to read the author, and he crowds it to overflowing with knowledge, the richest practical value. His sentences gladden in their brevity and clearness the reader's eye, and his style is enriched with the calm logic of science. Originality is stamped everywhere, and the author is not content in high-sounding terms, but that the plainest and most common words are used, and that the plainest and most common words are used.

Price 61.50. For sale at our Boston and New York

Office. Jan. 6.

THE GREAT LYRICAL EPIC OF THE WAR

GAZELLE,

A TALE OF THE GREAT REBELLION

A Purely American Poem.

It is an Autobiography.

Its Characters are from Life.

ITS SCENES are the Great Lakes
NIAGARA FALLS, THE ST. LAWRENCE, MONTREAL
THE WHITE MOUNTAINS, and the sanguinary BATTLE
FIELDS OF THE NORTH. It episodes the world legends which
cluster round these places. Its measure changes with the
subject, joyful or sad, and by its originality and six legitimate
awakens at once the interest of the reader, and claims to the
end. It has all the beauties of a poem, the interest of
romance, and the truthfulness of real life.

57
Price \$1.25. For sale at our Boston and New York
Offices. Dec. 30.

A NEW PEOPI BY A NEW AUTHOR

MANOMIN:
A MYTHICAL ROMANCE OF
MINNESOTA, THE GREAT REBELLION
AND
THE MINNEAPOTA MASSACRE.
BY MYRON COLONY.

This work recites some of the most celebrated battles of our War, such as Bull Run, Williamsburg, Fairfax, Mechanicsville, Savage's Station, Malvern Hill, Chantilly, Antietam, Fredericktown, Sharpsburg, Gettysburg, &c., &c., following Sherman to the sea; recites the heart-rending account of the Minnesota Massacre, &c. In short it is a ROMANCE of a NOVEL AND A MYSTERY of a WAR, and so interesting to every American reader.

This book belongs to the Progressive Series, theologically speaking, and the moral and political "truth" which is scattered through it, will be found instructive.

Price, \$1.25 per copy; Library edition, extra binding, \$1.50.

For sale at the HANSEY OF LIGHT PUBLISHERS HUNTER, 310 Washington Street, London, and at the Branch House, 250 Canal Street, New York.

The Children's Progressive Library

[illegible]

DYSPEPSIA AND FITS.

FITS—A Sure Cure for these distressing complaints now made known in a Treatise on Foreign and Native Diseases, published by DR. O. FIEBIGER.

FITS—Hortal prices to cure, published by DR. O. FIEBIGER.

FITS—now a prevalent manner that he cannot conscientiously recommend.

FITS—body who has used it, never having failed in a single case. It is equally sure in cases of Fits as of Dyspepsia.

FITS—the Impediment to knowledge and talent.

FITS—judiciously sent free to all on receipt of five cents per copy.

FITS—single postage, etc. Address, DR. O. FIEBIGER, No. 10 Grand street, Jersey City, N. J.

March 10, 1872

NATURE'S CURES WITHOUT MEDICINE!

A WONDERFUL increase of success attends the treatment of all kinds of disorders, by DR. THOMAS HARRIS, at his INSTITUTE, 19 Chaucery street, Boston, Mass.

Hours from 10 to 2. 2w-March 10.

PHOTOGRAPHS

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in a satisfactory manner, at moderate price, by MISS G. B. WING, & MICHAEL ST., Charlestown, Mass. 17 MAR. 10.

100

Washington street, Boston, and at the Branch House, 270
Wall street, New York. March 16.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum.

FOURTH EDITION—JUST ISSUED.

A MANAGER, with directions for the ORGANIZATION AND
MANAGEMENT OF NIGHT SCHOOLS, adapted to the Home
and Minds of the young. BY JESSE JACKSON DAVIS.
Price, per copy, 80 cents; and 9 cents postage, if sent by
mail, for 15 copies, \$4.00; for 100 copies, \$15.00, or by ex-
press, \$1.00. ADDRESS, BELLA MARINI, No. 14 Bromfield street,
Boston. If-Dec. 2.

THE LIVING PRESENT

AND
THE DEAD PAST!

OR, God made manifest and useful in living men and wo-
men as he was in dead ones. A new and stirring treatise, author
of "The Empire of the Mother," "The Unwilling Men," &c., by
"A Kins for a Hour," "The Self-Abnegationist," "Marriage
and Divorcement," &c., &c., &c.

15¢ Price 50 cents, postage 4 cents. For sale at this office and
our New York Office. Nov. 25.

A B C O F LIFE.

BY A. B. CHILDS, M.D.

THIS BOOK, of three hundred Aphorisms, on thirty-six
pages, contains all the facts and principles of life, health,

nearly found in hundreds of printed pages of popular reading matter. The work is a rich treat to all thinking minds.
 Price, 25 cents. For sale at this Office. Dec. 17.

DYSPESIA AND FITS.

FITS—A Sure Cure for these distressing complaints is now made known in a Treatise on Foreign and Native—
FITS—Hereditary predispositions, published by DR. O. PIEZELT—
 HOWN'S—
 FITS—such a prevalent manner that he cannot communicate—
 FITS—body who has used it. It is known, as has been cured over and over—
 case. It is equally easy in cases of Fits as of Dyspepsia—
 FITS—the use of this medicine may be obtained from any—
 druggist. *Sent free.* Address, DR. O. PIEZELT—
 FITS—to prepay postage, etc. Address, DR. O. PIEZELT—
 106 Grand street, Jersey City, N. J.
 March 10.—16. 2w

NATURE'S CURES, WITHOUT MEDICINE!

A WONDERFUL increase of success attends the treatment of
 a whole class of sufferers, by DR. CHAS. CLARK, at
 his INFIRMARY, 106 Grand street, Dec. 17. 2w—March 10.
 16 Hours from 10 to 2.

PHOTOGRAPHS

COLORED IN INDIAN INK OR WATER COLORS

C. B. WING, 44 MURRELL ST., CHARLESTOWN, MASS. 15 MAR. 19.

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER was spoken by the Spirit whose name it bears, through the instrumentality of Mrs. J. H. Conant.

While in an abnormal condition called the trance the Messages with no names attached, were given, as per dates, by the Spirit-guides of the circle—all reported verbatim.

These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether for good or evil. But those who leave the earth-sphere in an undeveloped state, eventually progress into a higher condition.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by Spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

The Circle Room.

Our Free Circles are held at No. 158 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 4, (up stairs) on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS. The circle room will be open for visitors at two o'clock; services commence at precisely three o'clock, after which time no one will be admitted. Donations solicited.

Mrs. CONANT gives no private sittings, and receives no visitors on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays or Thursdays, until after six o'clock P. M.

Invocation.

Oh, Life, thy beauty and thy wondrous power and wisdom are everywhere manifest. From all things and all places there comes unto the soul a challenge to praise. The glory of the rising and setting sun, the humble beauty of the violet, each speak unto the soul of its Maker, saying, "I am the Lord, thy God. Come, oh soul, and worship me!" Oh our Father, we see thee here. We recognize thy presence in all these forms, animate and inanimate. We hear thee in the silence as through the audible voice of humanity. We know thy footsteps are ever marking the sands of Time as of Eternity. We feel thou art ever in us, around us, perfecting all our inner lives. So, oh God, for this consciousness accept our praises; and not ours alone, but that multitude of praises and prayers that are going out to thee from the great heart of human life. Oh, may thy children in the cold world love thee as we love thee; understand thy love as we understand it. May they know that to minister to the needs of all sorrowing ones of earth is to minister to thee, to worship thee in spirit and in truth. May they go forth with garlands of charity bound upon their brows and living emblems of faith and trust within their breasts, asking, nay, more, knowing thou wilt bless their endeavors. Oh Spirit of this nineteenth century, beautiful Life, we praise thee because we have in all the past. We know thou wilt bless us, because thou ever hast blessed us. We know thou wilt never leave us, because thy love is constant and eternal. Amen. Jan. 3.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Mr. Chairman, we are ready to answer whatever queries you may have.

CHAIRMAN.—Information concerning the spirits of JAMES T. Dwyer, Newton Baker, Robert B. Gilmore, is desired by their friends. Also an inquiry from I. B. Browne, of Warren, Trumbull County, Ohio.

ANS.—The questions relating to personal affairs of those who have questioned us, we will do our best to attend to by investigation.

QUES.—Do spirits know those persons, upon their entrance to the spirit-land, whom they never knew or saw while in the form?

ANS.—The same facilities for recognition are in vogue in the spirit-land as here, setting aside that of sight, that which comes by virtue of the organs of the eye. You know your friends here by certain signs, symbols, through speech and through various other means. The life of all these various means is used in the spirit-land. Souls are attracted to their counterparts in the spirit-land, or to those in harmony with them. They are grouped or aggregated together by virtue of law—the law of their being and those with whom they are grouped.

Q.—Do the spirits of infants, upon their entrance to spirit-life, commence immediately to learn language, or are they obliged, like those in the form, to wait for the development of their powers?

A.—Language is by no means a necessity to the disembodied spirit; therefore, as language, it is not used.

Q.—Two weeks ago last Monday, the spirit who controlled this medium said that there were no premature deaths; that God ordered every event. If so, how are we responsible beings? I have heard other spirits say that it was the intention of the Creator for man to live until old age. If he died in infancy or youth, it was on account of inherited disease, or else through the ignorance of those who took care of him. Please explain this contradiction?

A.—Every living soul perceives differently from every other living soul upon all subjects; and all have a right to their own method. No one has a right to infringe upon the method of another. I may see that an all-wise Providence ever rules in all the minor manifestations of life. Therefore there are no accidents in Nature, no premature deaths to me. I cannot conceive of a Power that is in all respects divine and Godlike, who would suffer any accidents to be committed in Nature. I believe in an all-wise, overruling Intelligence, who, being all wise, is all good, and, being all good, brings forth all things in perfection. Perfection differs in degree, according to the life it is imposed upon. God, being God, is everywhere. This being true, no minor or opposing influence can find room in Nature.

Q.—Is there anything that resembles our use of books in your spiritual training?

A.—Aggregated ideas sometimes take the form of books even with us as with you.

Q.—Can you tell us something about the worship of the spheres?

A.—The soul, in its unclothed state, worships everything that is beautiful, everything that is grand, everything that has power to inspire it with worship.

Q.—How does God himself now appear to you of the spheres, compared with what you knew of him while on earth?

A.—Your question is so vague and indistinct, that our answer, we fear, will be equally so. We look within ourselves, and we see our God there. We look in the faces of humanity, and we see our God there. We look at the humble flower, and we see God there. We look at the towering mountain, and we see God there. We look at the sunlight, and we see God there. We look at the moonlight, and there we see God. We look at the falling raindrops, and there is God. Everywhere and in all things we see our God.

Q.—Are your opportunities for a correct knowledge of the Bible greater than ours, and if so, will you give us some of your thoughts, especially respecting the errors and abuses of this book?

A.—We will only say this much concerning it: Where you have one truth you have ten errors. Where one passage has been correctly rendered, ten have been imperfectly rendered. You can see yourselves how much real faith you ought to place in the record. Your own common sense—

if brought to bear upon this, as upon other subjects—will teach you that there is much of man's frail nature there.

Q.—What to us is the value of a written Revelation?

A.—It is valuable to you in so far as it contains that which is truth to you, no further.

Q.—What is the moral standard which you of the spirit-world acknowledge?

A.—The Golden Rule, as given by Confucius and demonstrated by Jesus, is the very best moral standard we know of.

We have been requested to give in brief our views concerning the mediums known as the Davenport Brothers. A good friend from over the water asks, "Do you believe that these people are, in all respects, what they should be?" That is a very hard question to answer. One person might be able to see that they were faulty, while another might not be able to detect any fault in them. You all judge of things and persons according to your capability of judging. But, supposing that our querist refers particularly to the genuineness of the manifestations that occur in their presence, we will confine ourselves particularly to that point.

These manifestations are but the result of not unknown natural law, but misunderstood natural law. The persons or spirits who produce these manifestations, by virtue of what they are able to obtain from these mediums known as the Davenport Brothers, are possessed of a variety of what we shall call human characteristics. Some are very anxious to know the whys and wherefores of human law; therefore they are engaged in giving these manifestations to satisfy themselves; to unfold themselves in that particular direction. Others lend their aid because they find their greatest happiness, or heaven, in so doing. Others come to them and aid them, because they feel as if it were their duty so to do. They owe something to the world human, or the inhabitants of this earth plane, and can pay in no other way. Others have an earnest, honest, most holy desire to elevate humanity; to free them from their thralldom of ignorance, religious superstition, and, above all, the fear of that angel, Death, who must come to all sooner or later. Here, you will see, are aggregated quite a variety of objects. One has one object in view; another, another; yet all are thrown in to the scale—all act harmoniously. That these manifestations are exactly what they purport to be, we need not declare; for if the world of science for the last seven years has failed to detect fraud, then why should we return denouncing them, even if we could. Have you not power by which to unfold all the mysteries of Nature? These people are plain, simple, honest-hearted humans. Can you not read them and their surroundings? If you cannot, then we must set you down as being deplorably ignorant. The way is open for you all, and a wayfarer man, though he be a fool, need not err therein. This much we have to say concerning the Davenport Brothers. Jan. 4.

Frank Converse.

I come to answer a call from some who are not at all favorably disposed toward this new philosophy. They are in trouble, and are like drowning persons who catch at straws. They say, "If there is any truth in these things, I pray that some one may return to give us information concerning the fate of our friend."

So they plainly ask of a something that they do not believe in, to come back from the shadowy realms of the spirit-world, to tell them whether or not their friend will suffer the extreme penalty of human law.

I know of no one who is better able to answer their question than myself; also of no one who has a better right to answer it than I have. It is my belief that their friend will suffer the full extreme of law. I cannot discern aught else for him. I would to God I could! As far as I am concerned, I would see him pardoned. I hold no ill-will against him. I feel kindly toward him; and, although I say it, no one has done more to try to put off that terrible day to him.

I cannot believe that he murdered me because he wished to harm me. He was misguided, because there were influences around him that made use of the weakness of his own nature in that particular case. Therefore he did as he did.

For my own part, I pity him and all his friends. I did so from the moment I woke to consciousness in the spirit-world. I am sorry to be obliged to come back giving what I know will be an unacceptable truth to them. They have asked for it, and if it does bring them sorrow, the consequences must rest with themselves. I only hope it will learn them a lesson of forgiveness and charity toward all.

If I am right in my predictions, I shall endeavor to do all I may be able to, to alleviate the sufferings of the offender, and cause him to see himself aright; for when he does that he will begin to take steps forward. Now, to me, he seems to be standing still, although I am finite, of course, and cannot see the operations of Nature in all her ways.

My name, sir, Frank Converse. Jan. 4.

[The above was spoken by our medium Jan. 4th, written out by our scribe a few days afterwards from her notes, and placed in our hands for publication in regular routine. We could not have known then that the Governor would sign the warrant for Green's execution. He has done so recently, however, which, to those at least who listened to the speaker's remarks at the time they were given, is a capital test.]

Anna T. French.

"The fear of the Lord, that is the beginning of wisdom." That is the inscription upon my tablet at Greenwood.

I have read it many times, and at first wondered what it could mean. But lately I have come to the conclusion it must have reference to my early profession of the Christian faith.

I had seen but thirteen years on the earth, when the hand of sickness was laid heavily upon me; and after suffering near three months, I was released by the angels—made free.

It was said that during my sickness I made many wise remarks; said many strange things, that were far beyond one of my age. If I did, I have now no recollection of the fact; and, indeed, I am informed that that which was attributed to me, should more properly be attributed to intelligences outside my body, who were in control at the time, for I was a medium, although I know nothing about it, nor did my friends. But they supposed, no doubt, in their ignorance of these things, that God had especially favored me; that wisdom was particularly showered down upon me; that I was particularly inspired because of my early profession of religion. I have gained this meaning from the inscription on my tablet.

Cold marble sometimes conveys much to us. We often wander through your cemeteries and read the inscriptions upon the tablets, each spirit upon his own; and it wonders why this was said, and why that was left unsaid. It is a good school; and I suppose the Great Father, in love and wisdom, guides us often thither for our good. You call these places "cities of the dead." More properly they are the places where the living, freed

spirits congregate, not because they have any particular attraction for the dust that slumbers beneath the sod, but because they would study these tablets; because they are books to them, containing whole volumes of thought. Yes, we learn much from them.

Having thus thrown out a knowledge that I can return; having thus in one direction, if in none other, identified myself to those who know me best, I ask that they will, in all honesty, in love, and in hope—that they may find a rich reward—do something toward opening communication with those who have passed on a little before them, and who are so anxious to return.

It is now near three years since I passed on. My name, Anna T. French, from Fourth Avenue, New York City. Jan. 4.

Margaret Buckminster.

I thought I had stayed away long enough to prevent any such feeling as I had when I died. I suppose I died of hydrophobia; so they said. I was twenty-two years old. Margaret Buckminster, my name. I lived in Waverly, Lancaster county, England.

It is, in all, nine years since—nine years this season. I have been called upon to come back, and have always felt I might be called to pass through what I did at dying; so I stayed away. I am glad to come, only I am sorry this terrible law always attends us. [You won't feel so bad the next time you come.] I hope not. Jan. 4.

Circle closed by John Longley.

Invocation.

Spirit of all times and seasons; Soul of all Souls; thou who art our strength, our hope, our life, our all; thou who art our Teacher, our Father and Mother, thou, our Brother and our Friend; thou who hast been with us through all the past; thou who art so near us in the present; thou who wilt go with us in the future, need we ask thee to bless us? need we ask thee to shed thy love upon us? The sun shines, and shines because of thy will; and it shines to bless us. Winter has come, and to some it has brought sadness, sorrow, death, it may be. But with its coming, it has brought to some thankful hearts, bright blossoms of hope and trust. So while on the one hand there is darkness, on the other there is light. While some have need, others are crowned with plenty. Shall we say that thy gifts are unequally distributed? that thou art unjust? No, we cannot, for thy wisdom is greater than ours; and all these things that seem to us, in our weakness and ignorance, to be wrong, are all right, and best of all, are in the order of thy providence and thy love. So, oh Lord, for the darker shades of human life, we will give thee thanks and praises, as well as those sunbeams that shoot across our pathway, giving light and hope. Need we ask thee to stretch forth thine hand and help those who suffer want? No; for thou art all merciful, and thy love is unbounded. Need we ask thee to open the hearts of thy children to benevolence and charity? to kindly deeds? No; the angel that stands there at every individual, will knock; the door will be opened, and the angel will be made welcome. Father, we trust humanity, as we trust thee. We know it is in thy hands, and every soul is in thy keeping. So, oh God of this hour, and every other hour, we praise thee as our Father and our Friend. Amen. Jan. 8.

Questions and Answers.

QUES.—By John Little, of Danville: Being a believer in Spiritualism, and wishing to lead others to the light, I wish to give a test question. I have had two sons. The name of the oldest son is Charles Little; the name of the younger is James Little, both having a middle name. Now if we can get a communication through your medium, giving the middle names of the two boys, it will be very convincing to many in our place, and will advance the cause very materially, by its being published in the Banner of Light. And yet another, which would be full more convincing, is this: Lodavick Poast sold a tract of land. If any of your mediums can tell who the property was sold to, and where it is located, and where the papers may be found, that will be yet more convincing. There is yet another friend we wish to hear from—Miss Della Kelhie. She has a middle name.

ANS.—Your correspondent takes a very superficial view of this thing. Like the scabbard he skims on the top of the waves, and does not even so much as dip his bill beneath the water. He supposes because that would satisfy him that these things are what they purport to be, that it will others. But he is mistaken. Every soul needs food adapted to its own degree of unfoldment. No soul can feed upon food adapted to another with satisfaction.

The curious and ignorant are constantly calling upon us to overthrow this stone and that stone, to tear down this edifice, that something better may be erected upon its site. But because we are called upon to do these things, we do not always feel that our duty lies in that direction.

CHAIRMAN.—S. B. McMillan, of East Fairfield, Ohio, sends four questions to the Circle.

1st Q.—If in the spirit-land the names of earth-life are retained, how are those multitudes of spirits distinguished whose names in earth-life were the same?

A.—Names such as you have in earth-life belong not to spirit.

2d Q.—Had the different races of men their origin in distinct creations, or variations of the original species?

A.—It has been said that the various distinct types of human life have always possessed distinct human individuality. But this is not so. We believe there has been a time when all the various races inhabiting the earth were one. Therefore all the various races that are now in human existence are offshoots of this one humanity. This is our belief. If it affords no truth to you, do not accept it.

3d Q.—From what portion of the earth's surface did the first human spirit pass to the spirit-world?

A.—We do not know.

4th Q.—Do you consider life, spirit and God, as absolutely identical? and if so, how related to, or distinguished from natural law?

A.—Natural law is, we believe, a manifestation of Divine Intelligence. All these various names are but terms used to signify different gradations of life. Life remains ever the same, and life is God. Jan. 8.

Robert Algiers.

If I had been told three years ago I would be back here in this way, I should hardly have credited the assertion.

I never had any belief in these things before death, always felt quite sure it was one of the grandest humbugs that the Yankees had ever conceived of. But I am forced to accept it, I am also forced to use it; I say forced, because I feel absolutely impelled to come here and free my mind, as they used to say in the prayer meetings. I am Robert Algiers, from Hubbardston, Maine. I went out in the 8th Maine, and left my bones to

bleach on Virginia soil. I'm not sorry for it, for I can look back and see that by the united action of the North, as well as by the spirit of rebellion at the South, there has been great good accomplished, that I believe could have been accomplished in no other way.

So I think we ought none of us to regret having lost our bodies in the cause, if we do feel as though we had not done all our work, as though we were obliged to finish up things under hard circumstances.

There was a little chap belonging to one of the Massachusetts regiments called Corney Graves. I don't know whether that was his right name or not; Graves I presume was, but Corney may have been a nickname. That was the name I knew him by. He was one of these impressive persons, mediums, I suppose, by what he said to me.

While we were laying in camp waiting for orders, we had a good chance to talk over spiritual matters. A good share of the boys were disposed to speculate upon the chances of going across. Occasionally we would come across one who would throw out some of his spiritual ideas, and Corney was one of that class.

The last time I saw him he said to me, "Now mark what I tell you: you will see the day when you will thank me for having given you some light on this subject." Said I, "you haven't given me any light." "Oh yes, I have, only you don't see it now." "Well," I said, "maybe you have, but I don't so see it." "Well," said he, "the day will come when you will see it, and I'm very much mistaken if you don't tell me so when we meet on the other side, as I hope we shall; or you will tell me so on this side; or you'll stretch out your hands and shake hands with me from across the river Death." "Oh!" I said, "your ideas are pretty fine, but I can't understand your Spiritualism. To me it's all nonsense." "Very well," said Corney, "if you should go across first, pray come back and tell me if my belief is true." Said I, "I will."

So, true to my promise, I am here. However, not knowing where Corney is, I shall throw out my line waiting for a bite.

I am very glad to be able to come back giving my testimony in favor of his beautiful belief; and I'm very glad to be so early favored with the power of coming back.

I should be very glad to communicate this truth to my friends. They have no inclination to believe in Spiritualism. I don't blame them for their want of belief, because I was once right there myself, and I was obliged to experience the realities of this shadowy realm, before I could understand this thing myself; before I could believe that the spirit had power to come back and take upon it bodies like this (the medium's) to identify itself to friends.

But it is a truth that has been demonstrated many thousand times within the last fifteen or eighteen years. I only add my mite to a thousand other mites. Now it may count something for me, if it do not for anybody else, and I've no doubt but that I shall gain something.

Now if Corney is anywhere round, let him give me a call. I've called the roll, and I want him to respond. If he is in the ranks—material ranks—let him sign out, ay. If he's on my side—and I don't believe he is—let him call me round, give me a shake of the hand, and I'll own up that he was right and I was wrong. Good-day. Jan. 8.

William Buckman.

I reckon the way is open now, so I can send a letter to my mother.

I went with the 3d Georgia regiment, I was Captain Albro's boy—not his son, I don't mean, not black. No, sir, I was no nigger; and I wanted to go to war, and I accepted the offer to go with him.

My father had gone off in the 4th Virginia. I could not get in there, but I went down to Georgia and got in there. And I got killed; in the second engagement I got killed.

I been trying all this time to get back to my mother. She's bad off; she's feeling bad all the time. The niggers have all gone, the place is all used up, and everything is all changed.

Now, Mister, if you'll just be good enough to tell her that her son William—and her name is Jane Buckman—that William is alive. He's dead, though, well, he—I'm alive, but I was killed. I want to go home. That's what I want; want to tell them about my being killed. I'd like one of these [mediums] yes, that's what I want. [Where does your mother reside?] She's in Virginia, sir. [What part?] In Portsmouth; yes sir, she was there when I went. [Do you think she's stopping there still?] Yes, I do. [Did your father own a plantation?] No, he didn't, no, he had a little piece of ground; no, he didn't have a plantation. He had nine niggers, that's all. [What did he do with nine?] Oh, he kept them, always had just about nine on hand. He kept them until he got a good chance to sell them. [Did he trade in negroes?] Yes, he did; that's what he did. [Was your father killed, too?] No, he didn't, no, he didn't get killed, I believe he got sick and went home. [How old were you?] If I'd stayed still I'd have been in the—[in the spring, in May, 1863—if I'd stayed still till fall, I'd been fourteen years old. [Do you remember where it was?] Yes, sir, I do remember where it was. I ought to, if anybody had; yes, I know that. [Where was it?] Where was the battle? Was you ever at Malvern Hill? Well, it's there I was killed. Yes, yes, the Yankees fought like the devil. [Your folks thought the Yankees could not fight.] Well, they did say so, but they did fight, for I was there and see the whole of it. I was n't in the ranks, sir, but I seen it all. The Captain told me to go to the rear, but I didn't want to. I disobeyed orders, I suppose. I wanted to stay and see the hottest of it. Oh, I don't care, I'm all right, I don't care now, no, I don't, only I want to tell my mother about it. [We'll help you.] So do; I'll do you a good turn sometime. I can't pay you. Yes, I'll help somebody else.

Don't forget to tell her that it's William. She may think it's Sam, because he ain't come. [You didn't say anything about him, so we could not possibly know about him.] Oh no; so you could n't. I might have said I was her son, and forgotten to give my name. [Is Sam on your side?] Yes. [How long has he been there?] Come before I did. [In the war?] Yes, but he ain't here, he ain't come back, don't want to. Jan. 8.

Joseph Somers.

I would be greatly obliged, sir, if you would say that Joseph Somers, of the 15th Connecticut, has reported himself to you; that he finds himself well and happy on the other side, and knows that the Philosophy of Spiritualism is true. This is all, sir. Good-day. Jan. 8.

Thomas Brady.

Well, sir, I been some time collecting myself to come back this way. I am Thomas Brady, sir, and lived in Boston. I was a soldier in the 38th Massachusetts. Now, sir, I want to know, in the first place, what you are going to do for me; then I look about and see what I can do for myself.

I suppose I am 'to make myself known to me friends by my name, me age, and some of the characteristics of myself. Well, sir, I suppose I was between thirty-one and thirty-two years of age, and me name you have. I was an Irishman by birth. I felt it was me duty to go out and fight for the country that had used me so well for fourteen, most fifteen years. That is the time I was here.

Now, sir, I have a wife, I suppose, in Boston. I would be very glad could I reach her in some way. She has been told—and very well told, too—that I was killed; because I was killed in battle—me body was—but she do n't know I'm alive now. [Won't the Church prevent your reaching your wife?] Oh, sir, the Church has believed in the coming back of spirits ever since the Church was formed. Oh, yes, sir, it's not ones like myself that can come back to friends in the Church, when the Church is not willing to receive us. No, the way must be open if we would come in the Church, that's all. But the Church won't let us, shuts the door on us, and finds fault with us if we come outside of the Church.

Now I am as good a Catholic as I ever was, in many things, and in other things I suppose I'm not so good. No, sir; and now I think it's right—if the Church won't help us to come back—to come outside the Church. If we can't come in it, we have a right to do that. I verily believe that the priest is against our coming back this way. I think that the priest should invite us to come back to our friends in the Church, because just as sure as he does n't give us the chance, why, we will go outside of the fold of the Church and give all our strength, our love, to those outside of the Church, if she shuts us all outside, and then she'll soon grow weak.

We demand our rights, as free and independent spirits. Now, sir, we are not under the rule of Great Britain, or any other rule, except that which is the highest good within us. If the Church can give me any light, I like it. If I can give the Church any light, she ought to receive it. It's not because she's the Church, that she knows everything. I once believed that. I am not the Catholic now I was here, I know, though I am a Catholic still. I was in the way of reading many things. I like to inform myself as much as I could. I was not like those Irishmen who could not read nor write, nor anything of the kind. I like to inform myself as much as I could. When I was here, I know, I'd not do certain things, because the Church would say you must go in this same way. Now I do these things, but I am a Catholic, I want you to understand. I don't know but what I may sometime so change as not to be, but I am still a Catholic.

Now, sir, I've this much to say: Let the priest find some medium—one of these folks—and give the Catholics a chance to come inside the Church. Then we'll stay at home. Then we'll not go outside. That's a privilege the priests have. Just let them furnish the medium inside the Church, and when they do that, they need not fear to have us come back. That is all very well, I suppose.

Now I would like, sir—well, I'd like in some way to reach me wife, Margaret Brady. [Undoubtedly you will.] I suppose so. I have thrown out me letter here in sight of the Church. But it may be that they have never been asked to let us come back inside the Church, or that they do n't care to us, now that we can't pay our shillings into the treasury. But there's something else to be paid into the treasury besides shillings.

No, sir, I have no children. I leave my wife, sir, in Washington Square. I was not long married before I went away. She was to take care of herself, and receive me half-pay till I come back. I shall do the best I can to make compensation to you for your kindness. Good-day, sir. Jan. 8.

Julia Gaines.

I am Julia Gaines, sir. I have come to tell where the body of my brother is. There were but two children in our family—my brother and myself. Theodore was his name; Julia, my name. It is two years now since I died. I have never tried to come until now.

Three nights ago my brother was drowned. His body has not been found. Now please understand me: he's not been found. He is not in a state himself to inform me why he was going in that direction, so I'm not able to tell that. But I know his body lies under Pier No. 9. I presume it is frozen there, but I'm not sure; and as no one knows where to look for him, and no one supposes that he went in that direction, so no one has looked there. But there he will be found; or he may float out and go to some other place. But if they seek for him before he becomes unfrozen, or untangled—or he is frozen there, or fastened in some way, I can't tell how—they'll find him. [Pier No. 9, in North river?] Yes, sir.

It may not be understood how or why he is not able to explain why his body is there. He is weak, bewildered, and cannot be made to understand that he has changed worlds; yet this may seem strange to those who do n't understand it. But I know there are some who will.

We were poor people. My mother and myself did sewing to maintain ourselves, and with the help of Theodore we got along very well. But I took a violent cold, I suppose, went into consumption, and so died, and then only Theodore was left. Now she is alone. She is in great distress about him. But when my mother knows that he is with me, that we can return, that we are happy, that we can watch over her, then she will be glad that we are gone.

I am sorry that Theodore left her, but then I think she will the sooner come to me, and so I cannot regret it so much, after all.

I am thankful to you, sir, for your kindness. I was twenty-three years of age. You were going to ask if it were advisable to publish in advance? No, sir; because I am well aware that my word would not be taken. It will weigh for its full worth when it's proven to be true, and the natural flow of circumstances will prove it.

If I had money to offer, if I could say to certain individuals, "Go and seek for my brother's body; recover it, and I will pay you all," I might expect it would be done. But I have nothing of that kind to compensate them with. I come principally that my mother may be able to look back by-and-by, and say that this is true. Farewell. Jan. 8.

Circle closed by H. Marion Stephens.

Louis Rogers.

[The following communication from the spirit of Louis Rogers, was given through the mediumship of Charles A. Morton, of Dubuque, Iowa, and sent to us with the request to publish.]

To old Ben Rogers, of McGregor, Clayton Co., Iowa. I am Louis Rogers, old Ben's son. I want my father to know that although my body is in the grave, I am yet alive. I enlisted in the 1st Minn.; 2d Brigade, 45th, 1st Div. I was wounded at the battle of Pittsburg Landing. I was carried from there to Memphis, Tenn., and died in the hospital. I left a young wife. She is out to work for a living. I want my father to take her home and keep her and take care of her. I have land, and I want her to have the benefit of it. I want the old man to know that I am not dead, but alive, more alive now than I ever was, and I am going to watch his care of my wife, Louis Rogers, to old Ben Rogers.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—Mrs. Laura Cuyper lectures for the Friends of Progress in their hall, corner of 4th and Jessie streets, San Francisco, every Sunday, at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Admission free. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets in the same hall at 3 P. M.